



# ALDERSHOT NEWS



VOL. 2. No. 9.

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

CHRISTMAS, 1944



*Dianna*

Best Wishes for

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year



# ALDERSHOT News

## EDITORIALS

Published by A-14 C.I.T.C., Aldershot Camp, Aldershot, N. S. Managing Editor, Capt. J. H. Henderson; Assoc. Editors, Capt. F. E. Scammell, Lieut. M. E. E. Turner, C.W.A.C.; Staff Artist, Pte. D. E. Shaw; Staff Photographer, Cpl. Mutch.

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Vol. 2. No. 9.

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER

1944

### UNREST IN EUROPE

Over the last few weeks there has been a decided trend from one or two sections of public information sources to throw England into an unfavourable light before the rest of the world for her various policies in the liberated countries of Europe.

According to these experts and commentators, England alone has been responsible for the upheaval in Greece, the bitterness in Poland, the unrest in Italy, the friction in Belgium, the fervor in France. England, they say, is backing the wrong group of people in these countries, and is selling the real patriots down the river. They say her foreign policy is resulting in the loss of the war altogether. And the utterly tragic part of the whole business is that people are listening to these ideas and are beginning to believe them.

Now, let's look at this thing squarely. In every case the countries concerned are war-torn, battle-scarred, financially and economically unstable. Similar situations throughout the history of the world have produced similar domestic strife. It is both childish and ignorant to try to place the blame for this on England. Her foreign policy may have been wrong sometimes, but she cannot be wrong all the time. She can have no object in trying to turn Europe into a seething hot-bed of civil strife.

What's the answer? It is a deliberate attempt to belittle England at a very crucial moment when she needs the loyal support of all democracy to help solve a particularly trying situation. This is the exact type of stuff that the enemy wants us to believe. Kill it, discredit it, wherever you can.

### IN THIS SIGN CONQUER

These words form the motto of the Army Chaplain Service, circumscribed around a small cross which is their badge. By this badge and motto is the Chaplain Service known to every man and woman who puts on the King's uniform and to this Service goes the Army's highest praise and gratitude for a work well done.

The Padres go into action with the lads in the very thick of battle, entirely unarmed, occasionally wearing a Red Cross armband. Their work there is the succoring of suffering humanity, in moments when the word "Compassion" seems to have lost all meaning. Caring for the wounded, comforting the dying, burying the fallen, their efforts are without end. In more quiet times they minister to the spiritual comforts of all those who wish for help, write letters, hold services, spread confidence, lift morale.

Already in this War many of the Padres have paid the highest price at the front. Many more have won high military decorations. True to their traditions, the Chaplains, for their numbers in battle, have received heavier casualties and more awards than any other branch of the Service.

It is therefore with pride that we take this opportunity to pay tribute to all those men who have put on the khaki to conquer in the sign of the Cross.

LONDON.—During the five years of the war, London's Trunk Exchange telephone operators have handled 150,000,000 calls, remaining on duty during all types of enemy raids.

## Holiday Greetings RSM Shanton & Sgt. Catt

Christmas and New Year's Greetings  
From General H. D. G. Crerar, C.B.,  
D.S.O., M.C., Commander of the  
First Canadian Army.

On behalf of the First Canadian Army, of which I have the honour to be Commander-in-Chief, I take this opportunity to send heartiest Christmas greetings to you men who are presently training in army camps across Canada and who in due course will be joining us in common cause on the battlefields of Europe.

That you will, when the time comes, uphold the splendid traditions of those who have gone before you and who are to-day meting out terrific punishment on the enemy in Italy and on the Western Front, I take for granted. You are Canadian soldiers and as such have a reputation to live up to that is unexcelled among all the fighting men in Europe.

I wish also to send greetings to you on the camp training staffs, whose responsibility has been to carry out the initial training of our soldiers and to express my sincere admiration for the splendid job you have done in laying the all-important groundwork upon which has been built the high standard of fighting efficiency that has now become the hallmark of the Canadian soldier overseas.

With this sixth, and let us hope, last Christmas of the war about to slip into history and a new year pregnant with the promise of victory close at hand, I extend to you, our comrades in battledress, best wishes for Christmas and good luck in the new year.

CRERAR.

### POPULAR OFFICER DIES SUDDENLY

Lieut. P. F. Morris, 36, Intelligence Officer, Camp Aldershot, passed away very suddenly Wednesday evening in his quarters. He had been in good health right along and carrying out his duties as I. O. and O. C. fire department and police. As a member of the Camp Entertainment Committee



LT. P. F. MORRIS

he was quite active in connection with the Children's Christmas party now being arranged at the Camp.

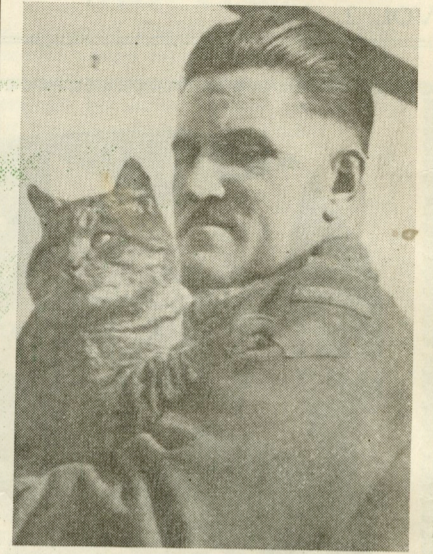
Prior to enlisting in the Canadian Army in November 1940, Lieut. Morris was a member of the R.C.M.P. and attached to the Liquor Preventive squad. Promotion carried him up through the ranks at Aldershot where he was Company Sergeant Major, receiving his commission last December.

A native of Prince Edward Island, he is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alice Morris, and four children, residing at 56 Upper Queen Street, Charlottetown. The remains will be forwarded to Charlottetown Friday morning for burial.

The sympathy of the entire Camp personnel is extended to his family in their loss and bereavement.

### OUT OF DANGER

Mrs. Harry Keizer has received word that her husband, Capt. Harry Keizer, who was wounded in Italy, is now out of danger. Capt. Keizer's many friends in the Valley will be pleased to know that his injuries are not now considered serious.



May we present Sgt. Tom Catt, a fully qualified and recognized member of the Sergeants' Mess at A-14.

This N.C.O. is noted for his great size and benevolent disposition. He is the ideal of all Mess members inasmuch as he is the happy possessor of about 18 girl friends, all of whom are really wild women who live under the Mess proper.

Sgt. Catt is a real soldier when it comes to routine. He doesn't vary his habits one little bit. Each evening he leaves the Mess right after supper, apparently headed for night schemes and bivouacs. He is the first one in every morning; when the Mess cook opens the door Sgt. Catt stumbles in and collapses under the table, or as near under as he can get. Neither food nor milk, kicks nor curses, can awaken him until along in the afternoon when he opens a jaundiced eye and eats the rations that have been set out for him. He then washes up, apparently gaining strength from minute to minute and around dusk, shined, shaved and properly dressed, he saunters out on another night patrol or scheme and isn't seen again until the door is opened in the morning and he stumbles in again.

Reports have it that there are several members of the Mess who are quite envious of Sgt. Catt and his remarkable recuperative qualities, and are trying to emulate him. They claim that if they were allowed to sleep as much in the daytime as Sgt. Catt they could be equally as vigorous at night. (As if most sergeants didn't sleep in the daytime anyway.)

Incidentally the big bruiser holding Sgt. Catt in the picture is none other than our popular RSM, Frank Shanton.

### FREEDOM

Freedom! If you doubt it

Worth its bitter fee,

Go and ask about it

Of some refugee.

Ask some fellow-being

Belgian, Czech or Dutch,

What it is he's fleeing

That he fears so much.

Listen to his story:

Thousands jailed and slain

So in regal glory

Hitler might remain!

Good folk held in terror;

Spied on night and day;

Thinking truth and error

Can be checked that way.

Freedom! Lest it perish,

Land and sea and sky,

All it means to cherish

Free men dare to die.

## Padre's Message

The true celebration of Christmas is so very much like a pilgrimage. For it is during this Holy Season that our hearts and minds go back nineteen hundred years to a humble cave on a hillside near the obscure town of Bethlehem. It is there that we join the Angels, the shepherds and the dumb beasts of the field in adoring the new-born King in the arms of his holy Mother. And this is no ordinary child, for faith tells us that He is the long-promised Messiah, God the Son, become Man, the Word made Flesh.

We might say that the story of Christmas is the greatest love story ever written. It never grows old; it never loses its attraction. And yet it is a story that is told in so very few words: "She brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger."

The miracle of Christmas seems to bring light and warmth even to the coldest and most callous of hearts. The cheery smile, the warm clasp of the hand, the exchanging of gifts, are the order of the day. Everyone, it seems, catches a part if only a small one, of the peace and happiness of the Birthday of Christ.

Today, poverty, death, war and famine, stalk the earth. Because of this some have said that Christianity has failed. G. K. Chesterton answered this charge, when he replied: "Christianity has not failed; Christianity has never been tried." The world will know peace and contentment when it heeds the message of Bethlehem— "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good-will." The least that may be asked of us is that we should put out of our hearts, at this Christmas season, everything that is unworthy, everything that is uncharitable, everything that impairs the spirit of brotherliness among us. For as the whole can never be greater than the sum of its parts, peace can never prevail in all the world until it lives first in the hearts of each us. We are—all of us— peacemakers and there can be no peace that is not made within and among ourselves.

To each and everyone, I extend the greetings of the Season, and my wish that you and yours may enjoy an abundant share of the blessings of this holy day. May I add my prayer to yours for the welfare of all who bear arms in defense of our liberty.

H. F. CALEY,  
Padre (RC)

## PERSONNEL SATISFIED WITH ADMINISTRATION

There have been several instances recently where "beefs" or complaints have been recorded or voiced as to the manner in which the canteen funds have been controlled or expended. Such complaints have reached the ears of those responsible for the operation of these accounts with the result they decided to hold an open meeting of the committee, to which all personnel in the Centre were invited.

The meeting, presided over by Lt.-Col. E. A. Chater, Chief Administrative Officer for the Camp, was held in the Camp theatre last Wednesday evening. Apart from the duly appointed members of the committee there were only six other members of the entire Camp who were interested enough to attend and express their views. Five of the six were from the same platoon.

It is therefore apparent, from the

## Remembrance Day Service Held



Monument Replica with Guard of Honor and Band.

A solemn and fitting Remembrance Service, not soon to be forgotten, was held in this Camp on the morning of November 11th, when the entire personnel of the Aldershot Area paraded on the Square before a magnificently constructed Cross of Sacrifice, and paid honour and respect to all those who made the supreme sacrifice during both the last Great War and the present one.

Under command of Lt. Col E. A. Chater, the parade was drawn up at 1045 hours and was actually larger than could be accommodated on the Square. All veterans of the last Great War, and all those who had seen active combat during this present conflict, were in a separate group directly in front of the Cross under command of Major G. F. Turner. The base of the Cross was covered with wreathes of Flanders Poppies, and every person on the Parade wore a small poppy in their headdress.

The Service commenced with an address by H/Capt. F. Bennett, Protestant Chaplain for Aldershot Camp. Pointing out that the lives of those who fell during these wars were but a part of the cost that we have paid for our freedom, he said: "This freedom is the costliest heritage we possess. It has ever to be defended, constantly appreciated, and unselfishly shared with others. A people that becomes complacent in its security, isolat-

ed in its policies, or indifferent to the cries for help of other nations, soon loses its right to freedom—and deserves to do so."

The address was followed by the singing of that great hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our Eternal Home.

This was in turn followed by prayers offered by the Roman Catholic Chaplain, H/Capt. H. F. Caley.

At one minute before 11 o'clock the bugler stepped forward and sounded the strains of the Last Post, and for two minutes the parade stood at attention in silent tribute to fallen comrades. The bugler raised his instrument again and the stirring notes of Reveille resounded throughout the Camp. The Benediction was pronounced and the Parade was dismissed.

It is pointed out that the Cross of Sacrifice was constructed by S/Sgt. C. Margeson and his capable group of carpenters at the Camp Carpenter Shop. Having nothing more than a picture from a magazine as a plan, Staff Margeson made the blue prints to the proper proportions and all the lads had a hand in its construction. The excellence of their work can be clearly seen in the accompanying picture.



The members of the training center who saw service in the First Great War and who were overseas already in the present war, are shown above when they took part in the Remembrance Day Service held on the paved square.

small number attending, that the majority of the Camp personnel are quite satisfied with the way the canteens are being administered.

Interviewer: Have you had any experience in defence work?

Young girl applicant: Oh, yes, I used to go with a soldier.

## Halifax Concert Group Entertains Camp Troops

Hugh Mills, better known to radio listeners as Uncle Mel, brought one of the Concert Guild Groups to Aldershot last Sunday to present a variety show for the troops stationed here, and their guests.

The talented performers lived up to previous reputation established here and the whole show was well presented and as well received and appreciated by the troops.

Included in the program were several dance numbers provided by Miss Irene Spence in which she showed that she was equally as adept in a clog as in a ballet number.

The two pianists, Miss Charlotte Guy, and Miss Lila Tredwell, in addition to accompanying the other artists, gave out in several piano accordion duets.

Faye Webber delighted the large audience with her tap dancing and was brought back repeatedly for encores.

Miss Dorothy Hamilton, talented vocalist who is to appear on the "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" program at Toronto on Christmas Eve made a real hit with the audience, being called back for several encores.

Fred Stone, R.C.N., gave some clever imitations on his violin and then really played a few close to the floor that had the boys bringing down the rafters. When he hit into the old-time numbers everybody's feet hit the floor. Miss Spence and Miss Webber joined their talents in a clever hawaian dance "the Dance of Love."

The West Sisters gave their interpretation of several popular numbers and had the troops howling for more.

Two Russian lads, returned from overseas after duty with the R.C.N. were a real sensation with their piano duets.

"Smookey Joe," known as the unhappiest man in the world, entertained the audience with several stories and skits.

In the afternoon the concert party entertained the patients at the Aldershot Hospital, a gesture which was deeply appreciated by all.

Capt. L. R. Riddell, chairman of the entertainment committee opened the performance by introducing Uncle Mel to the audience. At the conclusion of the program Col. H. C. MacKendrick, Commanding Officer of the Centre, expressed the thanks of the troops to the concert group for the splendid entertainment.

## OVERHEARD—ADM. BLDG.—STENO'S ROOM

A Lt.-Col.—"Do you realize that one of these things on my shoulder is NOT a pip?"

Another—"I'm going to buy Tubby a Christmas present and maybe he will buy me one."

A Major—"Nothing in the Aldershot News this month. They didn't even mention my name."

A Capt.—"Every d— time I get in a good mood the Adjutant slaps me down."

A Lieut.—(Orderly Officer).

"Do I HAVE to sleep in Room 7. Last time I did the perfume kept me awake all night."

R.S.M.—"From now on those concerned will observe my rank."

Sgt.—"I don't like girls! They're too feminine."

Cpl.—"I could make more money flipping dimes if the darn Army didn't insist on Part 11 Orders every day."

"The next time an M.O. calls me 2 i/c of the M.I.R. I'm going to tell him off."

Pte.—"They named it right when they called me a runner, Doesn't anybody appreciate the fact that I have the soul of a musician?"

## Sergeants' Mess

In the following paragraphs and the accompanying pictures we would like to give you an inside story on the Sergeants' Mess at Aldershot, one of the finest of its kind in any military camp in Canada, and one of which its members are justly quite proud.

The Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants' Mess of A14 C. I. T. C. was started on the 30th of January, 1940, with a total of twenty-six members. Since that time it has enlarged to 137 members. Its original location was in the building which is now used by the School of Instruction.

The present quarters, situated on the East side of Jeffery Avenue and to the North of the Camp, can accommodate up to 175 members with all the necessary facilities under the one roof. These facilities include a very extensive library of 1800 books, a games room which in reality is a billiards and lounge room combined. A beer garden is enclosed by the building and is a favorite spot for relaxation on warm summer evenings. S/Sgt. Harry Lusher is the caterer and an exceptionally good one.

Last year the dining room at the Mess was improved considerably and new tables and chairs secured which adds much to the set-up.

While the present membership is around 140 there is no telling how many have been members at one time or another. Many of its former members are now holding commissions and are serving in the various theatres of war in addition to being on the staff in this and other training centres. Included in this list are Major Blanchard, S. of I., Capt. Barney Hudson, Bob Gelston, Harry Davies, Walter Garber, all overseas.; Lieut. P. Morris, I.O.; Lieut. Stan Charlton, P. R. I. A large number of former members have paid the supreme sacrifice, the most recent being Lieut. Larry Lacey.

The first RSM to hold forth at the Mess was RSM D. McLean and he was succeeded in turn by C. R. Rines, A. J. Blanchard, B. Hudson, W. L. Gaudet and the present RSM of the Camp, Frank T. Shanton.

The mess has always been noted for its hospitality as will be testified to by many an Air Force man or sailor who has had the privilege of being entertained there. Imperial units, several of which have been stationed here, were royally entertained and have spread the good name of Aldershot wherever they have travelled since. One of these groups made a presentation to the mess of a handsome silver tray, appropriately engraved, which is on display at all times.

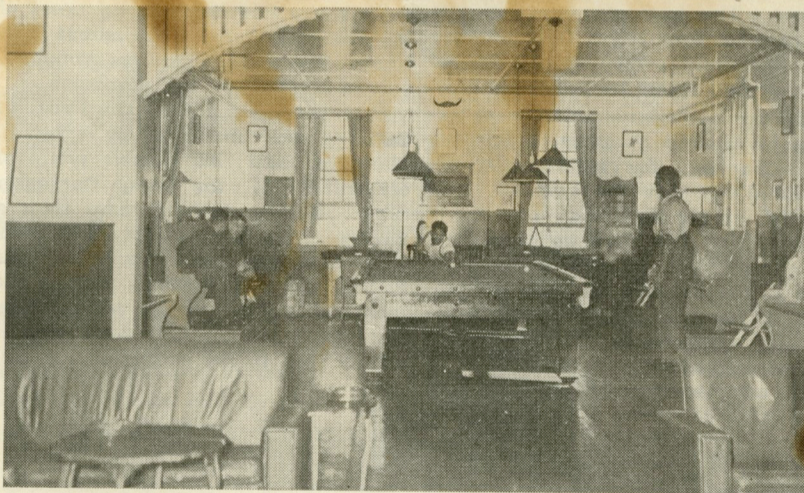
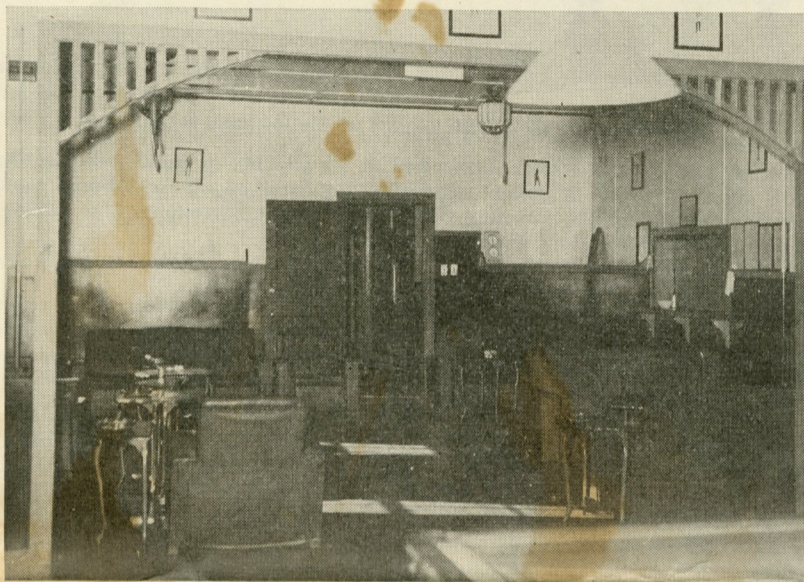
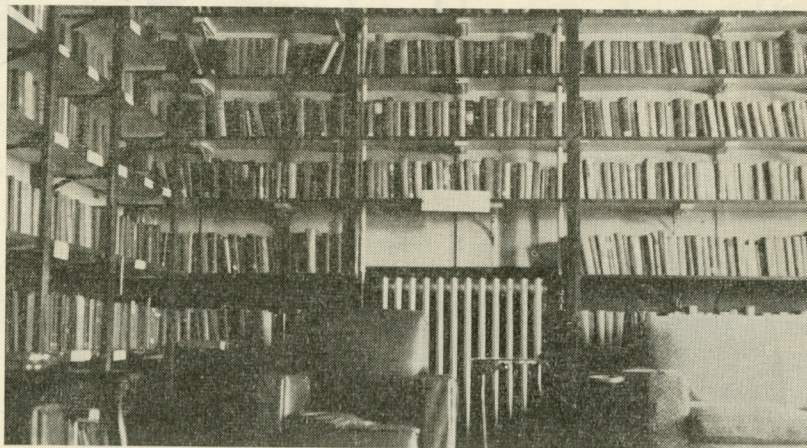
The motto of the Mess is a simple one—"Hospitality with Informality"—and every mess member takes great pride in the reputation the Mess has made in living up to it.

### TRAINING CENTRE "HEAD-QUARTERS"

What certain Sgt. from Cape Breton is seen mostly every night at the "Palace Grill?" Is it the good grub Sgt. or is it the head waitress? Come clean now Sergeant.

Why is it that a certain C.W.A.C. always laughs so hard when the big, rugged, H.Q. Sgt. starts singing? Is it because they gave a different kind of singing lesson in his day? He claims he took singing lessons for two years but believe me, I'm doubtful. Perhaps the lessons are like my vaccination, it never "took" on me.—The Green Hornet.

## GLIMPSES AT SERGEANTS' MESS



The pictures above show a corner of the extensive Library in the Sgts.'s Mess; the Tap Room, Billiards Room and Lounge and the Dining Room.

(Mutch photos)

## SECURITY . . .

We divide SECURITY into three classes:

- I. Security of Information Against Espionage.
- II. Security of Personnel Against Propaganda and Rumours.
- III. Security of Material Against Sabotage.

### CAUSES OF BAD SECURITY

SELFISHNESS

EGOTISM

CONCEIT

UNIMPORTANCE

RANCOUR

IGNORANCE

TALKATIVENESS

YOU

## "Reminiscences"

Once more to France's war torn shore  
We come again as once before  
To free all people in this land  
From the oppressor's cruel hand.

As cows graze idly o'er the fields  
'Neath clear blue sky, the army wields  
Its heavy forces in the fray  
Superbly trained in every way.

The air is filled with shrieking sound  
As shells go screaming o'er the ground;  
The birds are fluttering from their nest  
With fearful chirps in every breast.

Our boys in blue are flying high  
To drive the foe from out the sky,  
They wheel and soar, they turn and dive  
Like angry bees chased from their hive.

The poppies here are still in bloom,  
They dot the fields where crosses loom  
O'er comrades who have gone before:  
Their memory lives forever more.

To our brave comrades who have gone  
We pledge ourselves to carry on;  
Till they're avenged, each single one,  
And not till then is our task done.

The cause we serve is true and clear,  
The end of the oppressor near;  
And once again the Bells of Peace  
Will ring out clear and never cease.

If we should die for Freedom's cause  
We have not died in vain, because  
We feel you won't betray us when  
The Bells of Peace ring forth again.

Oh, mothers, wives, and sweethearts dear,  
Whose love we fondly cherish here,  
May God protect and guide us through  
The combat safely home to you.

We pray that soon the war will end  
And homeward bound our way we'll wend  
To homes where all our loved ones wait  
In a world devoid of fear and hate.

(The above poem was written at Les Buissons, Normandy, by Lieut. R. G. MacDougall, N.N.S.H. on June 29, 1944. Since then Lieut. MacDougall was wounded, suffering the loss of an eye and has returned to Canada.)

# TRAINING TALK



## WINTER TRAINING

By the C.I.

Training can be considered effective only when it enables the soldier to use his weapons effectively under conditions such as exist at the point of battle.

With this in mind, we must study carefully the conditions under which our troops may fight and ascertain the type of weapons that may be used effectively.

Reports from Active areas reveal that physical fitness, training in living under difficult circumstances, and the ability to look after oneself in the preparation of food and sleeping quarters, are essential. Weaknesses in these subjects have shown up in some reinforcements.

To overcome these weaknesses, rigorous night training is being carried out. Bivouacking under trying conditions and preparation of winter quarters and sleeping shelters is an important part of our training.

As cold weather approaches, some troops may consider it a bit tough to be turned out of a warm bed, do an eight or ten mile Route March and then bed down in the bush.

It is tough, but there are tougher things ahead and probably it can be summed up by saying "The tougher we make it for you here, the easier it is going to be for you when you get where the going is really tough."

## Warning! Danger!!

### WHAT HAPPENED

On the 12th of December a 2-in. Mortar bomb was left on the counter in one of the Coy. stores. The Storeman in charge picked the bomb up and noticed by looking at the propellant, that it had been fired. He gingerly placed it in the safest place he could find and reported his discovery.

The bomb was examined and found to have been fired and to have been a blind. A safety cap had been screwed on. The bomb was very carefully removed to the open and exploded by means of an electrical demolition set from a safe distance.

The above is what **actually** happened—This is what **might** have happened:

### WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED

Four or five men were working in the Stores and another dozen were due to turn in some equipment. If any one of these men had handled the bomb the least roughly or if by chance it had received a knock, it would have exploded and killed a dozen or more men, to say nothing of wrecking the building.

The moral is:

Never touch an explosive bomb, grenade, or any other sort of explosive unless you know for certain that it is safe to handle. If you don't care about **your** life, remember that other people value theirs. Even if you don't get killed playing with one of these things, it is an easy way to a Court-Martial. — LEAVE BLINDS ALONE. Notify the nearest officer of its exact location. If you can't do that, mark it off with sticks, branches, stones or anything so that the next fellow won't step on it or kick it.

### C. S. & T. O. NEWS

We always spend several long moments wondering how to start each month's news flash. Eventually we come up with a new O.C. This month it is Capt. "Jerry" Major, who has been transferred to this Depot from Windsor. We hope you will enjoy working with us, Sir, and that there won't be another new boss to introduce for a long time.

Sgt. Alexson of the issue room left recently for Camp Debort. Good luck, Alex., and congratulations on the promotion.

Congratulations are also in order for that good-looking blonde with the moustache who is now wearing a couple of stripes out there among the rations—Cpl. Polinsky.

Lookie, lookie, where is Cookie these days? Don't you think it is time you left "A" Coy. for a few days again?

Cpl. Kazdan has mentioned a new procedure for convincing drivers that their vehicles are in need of greasing.

Just when is this to come into effect? —or was that a rash moment?

Sorry to lose Pte. Dotty Farr, who has been transferred to Halifax. We miss your hard-working presence, Dotty.

We hear the male shortage is to be alleviated in Ottawa—know anything about it, Penny?

And—have you heard about the chocolate icing fad in C.W.A.C. make-up?

### Things We Would Like To Know

Could Major Blanchard learn to dance in "Ten Easy Lessons?"

What fellow in the S. of I. gets his hair cut every other night?

What man of brawn and muscle slings weights in his room—privately of course.

Have we a "Romeo" named "Joe" at the school?

Why Capt. Major has been seen chewing his tunic . . .

And why must the visiting great al-ways come calling on a week-end????

## WELCOME ADDITION TO STAFF



The fine looking group of A/I's, or if you rather, the group of fine looking A/I's, in the above picture, were Aldershot's gain when the Basic Training Centre at New Glasgow was closed. All these Assistant Instructors were on the staff over there and after completing a refresher course on the School of Instruction here will go to the training coys. Several of them have already been selected as POM's and we wish them luck in their studies.

## BALLAD TO A BIVOUACER

With Apologies to Robert Service

The Corporal gazes at Orders 1  
Scarcely daring to breathe,  
And flips the pages one by one,  
As his brawny chest doth heave.  
Then a noisy shout of pure delight,  
Gushes from his lips,  
"It's Camp Patrol on Tuesday night!"  
And off to town he skips.

In Aldershot Camp we have our beer,  
Our beans and the occasional chicken,  
We have our sports, we clean our gear,  
And we all do a lot of kicking.  
We have our periods and M.E.D.,  
And doubling and learning and such.  
But there is one night we want to be free,  
And that nobody likes very much.

The officers sit at the officer's bar,  
And drink to many things.  
The sergeant at the sergeant's bar,  
And the corporal's canteen rings.  
They drink to Canada and their King,  
And all things new and old,  
But I will drink to the unfortunate things,  
That must sleep out in the cold.

From our Privates to the ones with crowns,  
And stripes and badges and pips,  
This is when we hear strange sounds,  
And muttered moving of lips.  
When dusk doth fall with all its might,  
And the lines are void of chatter,  
Then from his lair into the night,  
Goes the wretched bivouacer.

There are strange things done in the midnight sun,  
By all men who moil for gold,  
All of us have seen things done,  
That would make your blood run cold.  
The northern lights have seen strange sights,  
But the strangest they ever did see,  
Is the poor old ham out by the dam,  
The bivouacer, under a tree.

L/CPL. CONGER, J.D.,  
(Easy Company)

## OF COURSE WE'D LIKE TO KNOW . . .

When will Sgt. "Sinatra" remember that the Ration Return must be in by 1430 hours every p.m.?

How many times a day vehicle No. 68-372 goes up the hill towards the hospital?

## Swish Past Revue in Repeat Performance

The Swish Past Revue, variety concert staged by the Camp personnel, was seen in a repeat performance at the Camp Theatre during the month when they made an even greater hit than on their original performance. Due to transfers, courses, etc., several changes were made in the program and in several of the numbers. This however did not detract from the excellence of the show and everything went over with a bang.

Again as in their first performance, the Ballet, staged by a group of officers with half-mast skirts and abbreviated "bras," brought down the house. Several new faces were also seen in the cast for it but the quality of the Ballet didn't suffer.

In addition to the repeat performance staged in the camp the troupe went to Greenwood where they put on a double bill for the entertainment of the Air Force personnel stationed there.

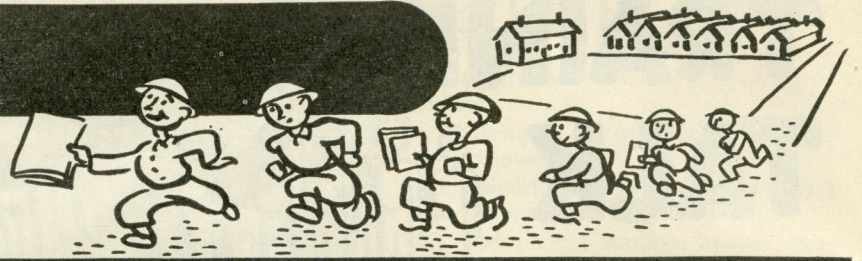
The splendid treatment accorded the party while there and the very fine supper served to them after the show was certainly recompense enough for putting on the show. They really did themselves proud and there was nothing but praise for the way our boys and girls were treated.

It would hardly be fair to mention the Concert Party without paying special tribute to Mrs. Edith MacPherson, steno at the Battalion Orderly Room, under whose guidance the whole show was conceived and produced. Her experience in the entertainment field was invaluable and the time she spent on the different numbers was reflected in the fine way in which they were presented.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Pte. Albion Summara, of Springhill, well-known to sport fans throughout Nova Scotia, has been killed in action according to word received by his father, Frank Summara. During his baseball years "Alby" Summara pitched for the Springhill Fence Busters, Pugwash Maple Leaves and the Kentville team. He was rated as one of the top moundsmen while pitching for the Kentville squad in 1938 and the Fence Busters in 1939. Pte. Summara went overseas with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders.

# Coy. BRIEFS



## "A" COY.

Taking time out to give our readers some more nonsense, sense but mostly no sense from the hustle and bustle of preparing for Christmas and New Year's Leaves which as we see it in this company is going to be grim.

Since last writing, our O.C., Capt. Denney, has taken a course at Camp Borden and C.S.M. Foley a course at Halifax, N. S.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Nadeau, R. A., who is now a one hooker. What a celebration!

Our 2 i/c is sure in bad shape these days, what with a cast on his right leg, bandage on left hand and getting punched in the arms with inoculations. The next thing will be the old flivver dying out. It looks as though he has ceased firing.

## "B" COY.

Our Coy. has just finished the second week of the Syllabus and although the boys find the training more rigorous than the Armoured Corps, the switch over hasn't done them any harm. Muscles are beginning to show in places where it was once fat and according to our Chef their appetites haven't suffered any either.

Sgt. Crout has been transferred from "B" Coy. to Staff of T.S. Coy. We know he will be as popular in his new Coy. as he was in the old.

Sgt. LeBlanc has been taken on Staff of "B" Coy. from T.S. Coy. and is doing a good job in a quiet and efficient manner.

Congratulations, Emmett "Sinatra" Fodey, we were all pleased when the other "hook" arrived. While we miss you at the Corporal's table we know you will be right at home at the Sgt's. Mess.

The event of the month was the arrival of the second "hook" to quiet industrious Cpl. Clow. It certainly has rejuvenated this gentlemanly N.C.O.

We extend our welcome to 2/Lt. Finley and 2/Lt. Macauley recently arrived from Brockville. While A-14 is not new to them as both have instructed here before, however they are in a new role now and "B" Coy. should benefit from their previous experience.

Sgt. Mitchell is to proceed on a Winter Training Course. When this course is finished he should be about the best informed Sgt. in Camp.

No. 1 Platoon is leading in the Hut Cleanliness Competition. The boys are working hard and Sgt. "Old Bill" Frampton, Cpl. MacDougall and L/Cpl. MacBain deserve credit for keeping them at it.

Morale in the Coy. was very low when the notice came through saying "No travelling time at Christmas." But when Major Miller explained the new plan to them they slapped one another with joy. Maybe the Infantry is not so bad after all.

Since Sgt. Sam Sears the Pilot of the "Green Hornet" introduced "Gallant Fox" to a School Marm at a Pie Social recently, the "Gallant Fox" has shown a propensity for the higher Arts and they say he cannot get enough night classes to suit him.

Congratulations to Handsome Tommy

Martin on receiving his first "hook." We wonder if looking at his sleeve had anything to do with his carrying his dirty dishes from the Mess Hall to the Q.M. Stores?

Most people claim that it is impossible to do two things at the same time, but Mr. Duffy can telephone and do his documents with the greatest of ease. Hope the Major doesn't find any mistakes!

Sgt. "Brigham" Sears got his dates mixed last Sunday and they all arrived at once. We hope he was able to talk his way out.

L/Cpl. Cheverie has been admitted to the Camp Hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Sgt. Pat Kelly has taken a lot of Courses and maybe the load is upsetting him mentally. One week he was drawing all sorts of things in the sand and lecturing on them. On a recent route march he sat down and much to the amusement of all present he demonstrated Part 2 of personal de-contamination. Tough luck Pat.

At this time of year when the temperature gets lower, most Canadians immediately think of skates flashing across crystal clear ice or sitting in a rink cheering their huskies on in a game of hockey. "B" Coy. has some real good material for a hockey team led by that young Professional Lou Prete of the Pittsburgh Falcons of the American Hockey League.

With a good spring line of former Senior and Junior players on our Nominal Roll the other Companies had better take warning.

A suggestion, instead of bivouacking out this winter why not just put the fires out and open the windows in the huts?

Some men smile in the evening,  
Some men smile at dawn.  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When all his front teeth are gone!

This little ditty was sent in by Pte. Russell of our last Coy.

## Wanted

● Several persons in the Centre who are interested in writing or newspaper work, to take over a certain amount of responsibility in connection with the Aldershot News. At present there are two vacancies on the staff and more are expected early in the New Year.

● If you are interested in doing this please get in touch with the Editor or Capt. G. MacLeod, Adjutant, without delay.

● The work will entail a certain amount of your spare time and the only recompense you will receive is the satisfaction of knowing a job well done and the fact you will be helping to keep our Camp newspaper a going concern, comparable to any Service publication in Canada.

Well Folks we have come to the end of the news for now. You will be hearing from us again in the near future. Cheerio and all the best.

## "C" COY.

Through the medium of the press, "C" Coy. wishes to take this opportunity of welcoming the following instructors into the fold of "Major Scott's Commandos":

Sgt. Jordan, E.A., Cpls. MacIntosh, E. L., Spurdakes, C., Miller, T., Pettipas, F. W., Wilson, D.A., and L/Cpl. Frank, O.C., who have just come to us from the S. of I. They were formerly instructors at No. 61 C. A. (B) T.C., New Glasgow. Having left New Glasgow Training Centre they have gotten away from their "Batteries" but they still have plenty of the "old spark" left, eh fellows? In addition to the above we welcome back Sgt. Deveau who has also returned to us from the S. of I. and also L/Cpl. Knight and Ptes. Pierce, Bassett, Kowlan, Huwgewt, Campbell, Cheeseman and Davis. The majority of this latter group will be going up for their commissions very soon, and we wish them every success in their military endeavors to come.

Your "C" Coy. correspondent wants to know:

Is it true that Cpl. Stafford mailed a letter in one of those fancy garbage cans at Long Branch? Be careful, Cpl. O.H.M.S. does not mean "Our Home Made Sausages."

Dame rumor has it that Capt. Dagnall, our genial 2 i/c is taking that fatal plunge very soon. He is apparently of the opinion that two can live as cheaply as one. We say they can . . . but only half as long.

Is it true that Major Scott is taking lessons in ventriloquism? After all, eight platoons is a long, hard yell. Maybe semaphore would help, sir.

What "C" Coy. Officer is the "Pin-Up Girl" of the Aldershot Chorus? Is it true that "she" has been voted the "Chorine of 1944 most eligible to haunt a House?" (Hollywood news please copy).

Is it true that "C" Coy. Orderly Room staff was well represented at the last CWAC Dance? Ask the "Roving Macs."

What "C" Coy. Captain had his picture retaken recently? What was the reason? Is it the Rogues Gallery or the Matrimonial Bureau? Our money is on Cupid.

Has Lieut. Miller really received the Swish Past Award for November and the title of "The Officer most likely to represent Aldershot at the Kentucky Derby?"

What Sgt. in "C" Coy. wants to go home Christmas despite the fact that married men have the preference? Better leave it to New Year's, Mac. The snow will be deeper in Inverness.

We are glad to welcome back Lieuts. Leonard and Yule who have been "Guest Artist" at "D" Coy. for the past two or three weeks. Incidentally, is Lieut. Leonard a qualified "Sapper" now that he has really gotten himself established at the Engineers' Office?

They say that Lt. Diochon's theme song is now "Under a Blanket of Blue." Of course a little rain varies the color

of the blanket and adds to the zest of the scheme, doesn't it George?

"C" Coy. has temporarily lost the services of Lt. Bill Lawson and Sgts. Roy and Tummonds, who have left us to take a Refresher Course at the S. of I. Refreshed from WHAT, is what little Audry wants to know. How about it Bill?

Signing off till next month and with, "Oceans of Notions for Odd Minute Motions."

I remain your "C" Coy. Correspondent  
WALTER WINDSHIELD.

## "D" COY.

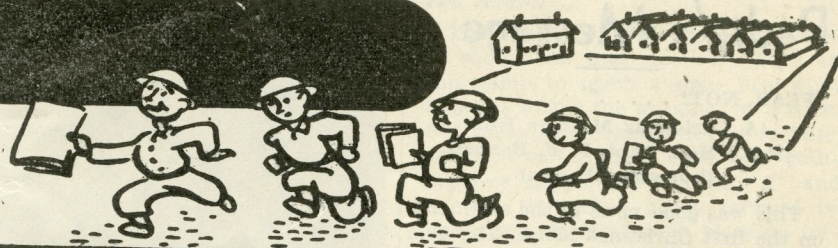
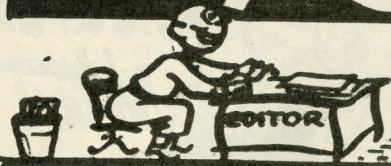
Along with other news reports to our editorial dept., came a soft and almost timid hint that Christmas was on the way and soon the entire staff and sub-staff became imbued with that effusive and almost elusive sprite, familiarly termed the "Christmas Spirit." The general discussion therefore has been Christmas Leaves. ? ? ? How many days will we get? Will "Short Leave" be added? Will we have both combined? Will they give us ten days and show a real high "Christmas Spirit?" This latter seems almost possible now, since reinforcements are not so urgent because the "Zombies" are going over. It is noted they are well trained, so a few days off for the instructors would not be, to our minds, in any way detrimental, unfortunately we can only suggest.

Since our last news report, staff and company have undergone the horrors of a four-day scheme, and what suffering and horrors we underwent cannot be vocabularized. The chief detriment in such undertakings, in our estimation is a fatal breaking down of morale to such an extent that the men are not in a receptive mood to absorb instruction and so a great deal of information goes by the boards and has no effect whatever. None of us died of course, except metaphysically, so we suppose the scheme was a "success." Bivouacking weekly may be commented upon as above.

As this goes to press, our former Coy. is away on leave and furlough and it is interesting to note that passes were issued for every province in Canada and whilst we are on the subject it would only be appropriate to give you a general idea of the tremendous amount of work necessitated for a considerable amount of men proceeding on leave. For instance the distance and time it takes to reach a point in each Province via different railway junctions has to be figured out and the soldier is granted the right amount of travelling days with ration allowance provided. Transport warrants have to be issued and also ration cards. Furlough forms and passes have to be issued. So when you see in Part II Orders the whole works neatly printed, you can be sure that those responsible have had a day's work. Our appreciation to the B.O.R. staff for putting everything through the Orders without a single mistake. To Sgt. Farrell, i/c of the B.O.R. staff, we say, "Flowers to you Sgt. and please take a Bow"

A new Company is on its way and we are looking forward to receive these

# Coy. BRIEFS



men and prepare them for overseas services. A new Company is always full of surprises—pleasant and unpleasant.

Welcome has been tendered to Capt. Ripley who is now 2 i/c of our Coy. and his genial smiling countenance around the orderly room is quite contagious. My, this could be the reason why our O.C., Capt. J. A. Bird, is so cheerful these days, or it could be the fact that he goes around distributing promotions in the same manner as Mr. MacLean, of Toronto, distributes moneys! Good work Capt. Bird and you are a Morale Builder. The Company was enlarged during the last stages by the reception of three platoons from "C" Coy., including Officers and N.C.O.'s. To those staying with us, a hearty welcome, to those leaving us, our heartiest sympathy!

There have been several ranks confirmed and many promotions. Among those promoted, our genial quartermaster strolled forth with an extra hook. Congratulations "Army," we'll see you in the bar soon and don't forget your violin.

All in all, the training goes on at an accelerated speed and we were sorry to lose our diminutive Lieut. D. E. Macdonald. He was lost in a shuffle, nobody knew where he went until we found him again at the S. of I. taking a refresher. Happy hunting Sir!

Sgts. Rand and Tynski drew conducting duties recently; we are wondering how much it costs Sgt. Rand to get the Woodstock trip?

Cpls. Banks, Blanchard and Smeltzer had an interesting interview lately with the result that now they are on the H.W.E.

Lieut. Morine is his usual self once again after a few days "light duty," for what we can only conjecture that maybe the "scheme" had something to do with it. Perhaps Mr. Morine could take a few tips from Lieut. Turner, because we are wondering how Mr. Turner comes out of the worst storms uninjured!

Our winter bivouacs are practically complete and we are almost ready for hibernating, but only a few are fat enough as yet, such as Sgt. LeClair and L/Cpl. "Chuckles" Steele. The others will be fed on "K" rations until they are considered prime for hibernating.

Now, what "D" Coy. Officer was being discussed so romantically by two members of the C.W.A.C. proceeding on furlough?—Nice going Sir, they weren't bad to look at. Another cause of wonderment is why a certain Sgt. returned one and a half days earlier than expected?

Did anyone in the Army ever hear about a Cpl. missing his dinner—Remember, a Cpl.! Well, we witnessed that oddity on Sunday when at least two of our full fledged Cpls., (one from Hamilton) missed their Sunday dinner. It just left us gaping and gasping. Of course the O.C. was there and they were perhaps looking for something. Wonder what? Both of them are going on course in the near future, draw your own conclusions.

Before parting, what do you say that we all wish for peace in the near future and unity among men. . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

## "E" COY.

In last month's issue of our paper we stated the belief that we had the makings of a smart Coy. and now it is with considerable pride and credit to the lads in training that "E" Coy. is able to say that their prophesy came true. A rugged bunch of lads they are, too, for it is indeed a peculiar situation when the MO complains of not being kept busy enough by our Coy. sick parades.

Changes have been occurring in our staff establishment. "E" Coy. heartily welcomes as its new 2 i/c the efficient Capt. A. O. Gunn, recently returned from Italy and bringing with him many new training ideas which have proved interesting to the lads in training. That pulsing heart of the Coy., namely the Orderly Room has had a noted addition also. Pte. A. W. Currie has taken over for the indomitable Pte. Roy, and under the true and good guidance of Pte. Hiscock, who knows all the answers, has progressed with great strides and is turning in a corking good job. We are sorry to lose Mr. Butts who is at present at the S. of I. and we hope to have him back with us again before long. We are pleased to have Lieut. Quigley back after his short sojourn in the hospital and it looks as if he will be back in harness shortly.

We notice with some consternation the recent efforts of the R.C.A.F. to dive bomb Lieuts. MacDonald, Davis, and Saunders off the sports field. Can it be they are on the receiving end of some gleeful vengeance by their former Maitland friends or is this really combined operations. We understand that stern and worried look on Lieut. MacMillan's face these days has something to do with Canadian politics. Every day brings a new smile, though, so things must be looking brighter.

## "F" COY.

Well Ed. as we go to press our Company is nearing the Battle Drill stage of training and shaping up into first class soldiers, under the able guidance of those two "Western Gentlemen," Maj. Jansen and Capt. Riddell.

Sorry to lose Cpl. MacDonald to T.S. Coy. but knowing the "Killer" as we do, he will be a welcome addition to T.S. Staff.

By the time the news is distributed Pte. Neil Clark, our genial Coy. Clerk will be on course in Toronto. We're going to miss you around the office "Clarkie," and we know P.B.X. will share our sentiments.

If it is true that "In the Spring etc." can anyone tell us why our Sgt. Mjr. gets the urge when the weather is turning chilly?

Our new Sgts. Wambolt, Fry and Worden apparently forget that they are no longer R.C.A. We're referring to the enthusiastic way they have gone "Gunning" since coming to Camp.

Say Ed. if you are ever short of material, may we suggest you participate in the "Friday Night Frivolities" at that well known "Dine and Dance" just out of town? You will find the "Fleet Footed Faculty" of Freddy Coy well represented. Among those seen (and heard) on almost any Friday night will be the fast talking, faster stepping, Cpl. "Snafu" Gregor, cutting a mean rug with a certain "Dit Da Delovely;" Cpl. Grant playing the field; "Butch" with that dreamy look in his eye that means only one thing; the two "Gordies" Henry and McLeod; our Sgt. Mjr. "Smally" Smallbeck . . . why Ed. you could take the Staff Roll Call and not find an absentee.

Comes now the inevitable—And just in case any lawsuits develop we assure you that the following "Quizzers" are not the brain child of your Correspondent, but the result of a request to all and sundry for contributions to the "News." We give you . . .

## Things We Would Like To Know

Why won't the "Butch" allow that other Sgt. in the same coy. to drive home from Turner's with him, when his girl friend is around. "I tot you guys wuz buddies."

How our 2i/c gets dust on his fingers when he rubs them over a spotless window ledge. Legerdemain?

Is it true that Mr. Hall is gunning for the ex-reporter of the "News."

What well known Lt. developed a bad case of "sunburn" when he discovered the Lady was married to a friend of his?

Doesn't Sgt. "Tod" Wambolt's conscience bother him when he leads that other innocent Sgt. off the straight and narrow?

Do the "Gruesome Twosome" know they aren't fooling anybody with their "Leg-pulling?"

Whose favorite remark on hearing the 'phone ring is, quote "If that's for me I'm at Longbranch?"

Is it true that our Runner is having heart trouble?

## DENTAL CORPS

Once again the time has rolled around for a word or two from the "Clinic on the Hill," though there isn't very much we can say this trip.

Since our last issue we have had an old member of our staff visiting us, Capt. R. C. Crosby, better known maybe as "Bing" who inspired Capt. John MacLeod to write "The Ode to the Egg Cup." We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Crosby is a patient at the N. S. Sanatorium.

There have been no changes in our staff the past month with the exception of the reposting of Cpl. Snow to No. 60 C. A. (B) T. C.

Christmas and New Year Leave is in the air. This is a bit different than heretofore being a straight five days as previously but no travelling time allowed. This is rather "tough" on those members of our staff who have long distances to travel to their homes for the holiday.

Congratulations to Sgt. Rozee on the award of the Canadian Efficiency Medal.

Congratulations are also extended to Cpl. Hollis, for whom wedding bells may soon ring out loud and long.

This winds up the story for this month. Hope to have more items of interest by the time the next issue rolls around.

## TRANSPORT PLATOON

News for this month's issue is very scarce, so here are our skits for the Transport.

The following personnel have been posted to us recently and are welcomed to our lair: Pte. Stewart, A. M., Pte. Greene, J. M., Pte. McIntosh, W. B., Pte. Redden, H.H.

With regret we report the loss of the undermentioned personnel as they have been reposted: Pte. Lessie, L., Pte. Misner, M.R., Pte. Rotenburger, A., and Pte. Ruth Leedham.

Sorry to report that our O.C., Capt. Bannatyne, was confined to Camp Hospital for a period of approximately a week. It is nice to see you around again, Sir.

Pte. Pete Morrison is a patient at Debert Military Hospital; the boys wish you a speedy recovery, Pete.

The boys listed below are qualified as Driver Mechanics and are now in receipt of Trades Pay: Pte. Clark, D.E., Pte. Fitzgerald, C.N., Pte. Hashem, P.F., Pte. Richard, R.J., Pte. Roop, W.D., and Pte. Tomlinson, V.E.

Pte. Boutillier is stowing away the money as he is now drawing Group "B" Trades Pay (Motor Mechanic).

Well, Pte. Buchanan is a JEEP, an animal or a vehicle? Regardless of which it is, the KICK is tremendous, especially when delivered directly to the nose.

Pte. George Hoare is with us again after spending 30 days on Farm Leave.

(Continued from Page 8)

Greetings from the C. O.

To all ranks Aldershot Camp I extend my heartiest greetings for the Christmas Season and wish you all a Victorious New Year.

H.C. MacLennan

Col.

## Padre's Message

"FEAR NOT! . . . ."

(A Christmas Message from  
[Rev.] Hon. Capt. F. F. Bennett,  
Protestant Padre.)

This was good news to the shepherds on the first Christmas Morn. The God of whom they had stood in fear and trembling spoke to them in the peace and gentleness of the Infant Jesus. The mission of the Son of God was to dispel our fear of God in the glad knowledge that a Saviour is born.

"Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long.  
Let every heart prepare Him room  
And every voice a song."

Good news!—that God has come to us in the person of His Son. Ended are my struggles to reach Him, for now He reaches down to me. High are my hopes of heaven, for Jesus brings heaven to my soul. Ended is my quest for the forgiveness of my sin, for God is with us, and "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin." "And they shall call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

The Christ of the first Christmas is with us today. To know Him as Saviour gives us the real joy of this Season, for with Him as our Companion, life finds its fullest meaning and expression.

The love that causes us to remember our loved ones with gifts at Christmas time is but a token of that greater, sublimer love of God that gave us the Saviour: "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"Love caused Thy incarnation,  
Love brought Thee down to me;  
Thy thirst for my salvation  
Procured my liberty.  
O love beyond all telling,  
That led Thee to embrace,  
In love all loves excelling,  
Our lost and fallen race."  
(Paul Gerhart, 1653)

## Company Briefs

(Continued from page seven)  
Is "Smokey Joe" (your car) still in A-1 condition or is it on the sick list?

Who is the mechanic that put the gears in backwards? Do they work just as well that way?

Why does L/Cpl. Murphy like to visit the English Mountain, could it be a dame?

What certain Cpl. makes the occasional visit to Canaan?

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Anthony on his recent promotion to Lieut.

Cpl. Dorey is spending his annual furlough at his home in South Rawdon, N. S.

### "TS" COY.

T.S. Coy. welcomes to the fold, Lt. Zinck, formerly of "F" Coy. and Cpl. Todd, fresh from the Scenes of Battle in Italy.

Lt. Zinck will show his "operation" to anybody for a small nominal fee.

Cpl. Todd will be able to tell our boys what to look forward to in the near future.

We also would like to welcome to our Coy. the following personnel. Sgt. Crout from "B" Coy., Sgt. Walker from "D" Coy., Cpl. Evans and Cpl. Lowe from



The nurses at the Camp Hospital do have a few idle moments to themselves and it was on one of these occasions that our staff photographer, Cpl. Mutch, caught them in the above informal set-up. N/S. G. Mosher seems to be right in her element presiding at the tea pot (or is it coffee). N/S. Helen MacDonald is seen passing a smoke to N/S. H. Campbell (unusual for Helen to have any); N/S. MacNeill is doing the honors with the cream and sugar as N/S. MacCormack reaches for the second spoonful. Nursing Sisters Ripley and Butler seem quite happy with the whole thing judging from their smiles.

"E" Coy., Cpl. "Bob" Pulsifer, "B" Coy., Cpl. "Bill" Norwood, Adm. Wing and Sgt. Legge "E" Coy., who has just recently returned from the Vernon Battle Drill School at Vernon, B. C.

We also welcome Lt. McIntyre as our new Training Officer, Lt. Bowser as the new Platoon Commander of our Demonstration Platoon, and Lt. Chaisson, who has recently returned from the fighting in Italy. We hope your stay with us will be a pleasant one, "Chaps" and we are glad to have you with us.

Now a word to the boys who are leaving us from time to time. We know that you have been looking forward to this day for a long time. Now that it has arrived, go to it and give the Hun the works. We wish you all the success in the world. A word of advice: "Keep your head down and dig your Slits deep."

A word about our Cpl. Todd. In our opinion he will have one of the best Xmas presents he could ask for. His wife has just arrived in Canada from England. "Nuff said."

Congratulations to Sgt. Stevens on his recent promotion. Welcome to the Mess.

Before signing off, the Staff and Personnel of 1st T.S. Coy. wish to all of A-14 the Merriest Xmas ever and a bright and shiney New Year.

Cheerio for now.

### SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

Another month has gone by and once more here is NEWS from the S. of I.

Lieut. Himmelman has been absent from our midst this past month on course to Esquimalt, B. C. Good luck, "Bill" and we're hoping to see you back with us soon.

The S. of I. would appreciate the construction of a platform on the north side of the Dental Clinic. This would facilitate matters for the C.W.A.C. and also prevent stiff necks on the part of the N.C.O.'s on the School.

Will the School Storeman kindly eliminate all booby traps from shelves for the benefit of a certain Sgt.?

What W.O. II could be transformed into a beautiful hunk of man in 90 days, no more no less, by simply subscribing to "Charles Atlas, guaranteed muscle building course."

The School is now overcrowded since Lieut. Jimmie MacLean is attending the Refresher Course. It is the opinion of the school that P. T. will bring him down to his normal size.

Capt. Yeoman is at present busy

trying to transfer some of his knowledge to 8 Officers who are undergoing a Refresher Course. (Points to note: Capt. Henderson is now learning to take it instead of giving it).

What W. O. II would grant the enormous sum of 10c to start off a Staff pressing shop? Would it be C.S.M. Dorie??

Which tall dark and handsome N.C.O. in the School is the noted "Don Ameche" of Kentville?

What attraction on the School draws the C.W.A.C. personnel, of the Dental Clinic to work so early in the morning? The "Flipper"??

What W. O. II on the school is being sent to Brockville because the mess rations cannot keep up with his food consumption?

Mystery! Who is the anonymous writer of secret proposals on the Staff, and what are his "intentions?"

Flash! Five o'clock Frank rides once more! Reason? Could it be love in bloom again?

Cpl. Petelka is trying to convince Capt. Yeoman that there is a new subject to be taught in the School, i.e. "Platoon in a Hack."

Capt. Frank Scammell finds that his camouflage course at Vancouver is now useless. Since his arrival on the School he has come out off hibernation and really has to work.

The School is certainly grateful to the Dental Clinic for when a certain Cpl. is wanted he is usually found in that vicinity.

Why does Sgt. Hamilton seem to dislike training so much?

Who gets the greatest kick out of seeing films run backwards thru the film projector.

What happens to the Major's pens, rubbers and Map reading pamphlets that seem to disappear from the School?

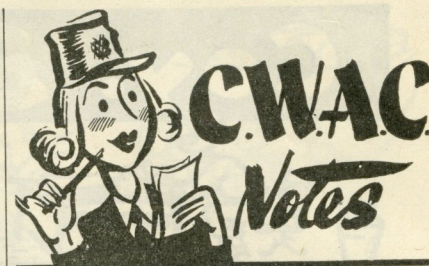
What two Cpl's. who at 5 o'clock are seen wolfing around the Clerk's office?

A question to be answered: Should the C.W.A.C. at the Dental Clinic be distracted from their work by having the Officers wave at them thru the windows of the S. of I.?

Is the S. of I. haunted?? Sgt. Hamilton claims there's a spook following him.

Two courses have just been completed and one was a class of University chaps. On a whole these fellows are smart and should make fine officers. Best of luck there!

Until next month . . .



We have with us during the absence of Lt. M. E. E. Turner, O.C., of this platoon who is on course at Brockville, Lt. Shirley Adams, of London, Ontario. We do hope Miss Adams enjoys her stay here and we also wish our O.C. all the success in the world on her Admin. Course.

The O.C. and personnel of No. 6 Platoon C.W.A.C. take this opportunity to thank Lt.-Col. E. A. Chater, Lt. Pat Morris, Lt. Quaid, Lt. Gillespie, Mr. Whitehead, Sgt. Cooks from the School of Cookery, the I.T.C. Orchestra and any others who helped make their Formal Dance a success.

The C.W.A.C.'s who attended the dance given by the Sgt. Cooks on course at the School of Cookery enjoyed it to such an extent, that they are looking forward to another one. How about it Mr. Quaid?

### WISE CWACS

Attention—Don Shaw

How does it feel to spend your evenings at the CWAC Rec. Hall or Hollis, when the other Boys in the Band are not there.

Then there is the story of the two little lads: Johnnie, and Jimmie, who were conversing on the street corner: Johnnie to Jimmie—How old are you? Jimmie—I's four.

Jimmie to Johnnie—How old are you? Johnnie—I don't know.

Jimmie—Do you know anything about women?

Johnnie—"No."

Jimmie—Oh, you're THREE.

"THE GREEN HORNET."

### F-L-A-S-H

Due to the efficient instructing of Sgt. Hall, all C.W.A.C.s are now qualified T.O.E.T. (Gas Dodgers) but Lo, and behold "NO TRADES PAY."

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Cpl. Schurman used the phoney names of Mary, Irene and Dot, what's the matter Jean was he too much for you?

Who is Major Calling at the C. S. & T. O.?

Why Sgt. Chirgwin keeps a mouse trap and cow bell in her apartment?

Why the Green Hornet insists on sending telegrams (collect) instead of writing letters?

We wonder what conversations take place in apartment six and who are all responsible?

We wonder why Cpls. Lee and Dickie are using Lavender water lately, is it because they like the color or scent?

### THINGS YOU CAN'T IMAGINE

Imagine Sgt. Hume with red hair?

Imagine Perry without the dimple?

Imagine Sgt. E. Tompkins with a boy's cut?

Imagine Sgt. Gillis without M.M.P.?

Imagine Gillis, A. L., not calling out the Order of Dress?????

Imagine the CWAC's not on March Past?

Kindly clergyman, pinching little boy's knees: "And who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little boy: "Betty Grable."



# TID-BITS...

The best one that came to our ears this month was about the two junior officers who went out on bivouac with their company. Apparently they had some previous experience in making themselves comfortable in the woods and hid themselves off a bit from their platoons. They set up a really wonderful bivouac, snug as a bug, defying all efforts of the elements to make it tough for them. But, they forgot to tell their Sgt. where this swell bivouac was located. As a result when morning came he was unable to find them and having a certain amount of initiative he organized the platoon and hiked them back to camp. Now just to prove the officers did have a nice, comfortable bivouac, the story goes on to say that they didn't wake up until nearly noontime to discover they were all alone. It is only understandable that they snuck into camp the back way and pulled a flanking movement on their company office. They plan on tying a string to the sergeant next time.

\* \* \* \*

Hear reports from the Sergeants' Mess that one of their members who has the doubtful nickname of "Killer" was trying to live up to such a tough reputation lately. Seems that he tried to drink up all of Staff Lusher's supply of beer one night and then when he couldn't get wet enough that way went out in the rain. And it really was raining that night. Tired from his efforts at the bar or else overcome with the heat, the Killer just laid himself down and went to sleep in the yard. That wouldn't be too bad on a summer night but in the fall with the rain coming down in sheets, tch tch. On top of that he picked the biggest puddle there was in which to recline. If it wasn't for the fact there is so little of him ordinarily he probably would have shrunk to runt size anyway.

\* \* \* \*

Understand there are a couple of Majors in the Centre who are interested in fire fighting equipment. At least that is the impression we got the night the Swish Past Revue was presented. After the show when a large number of officers and their lady friends were congregated in the Officers' Mess these bold lads were very desirous of demonstrating their ability as fire fighters and were more than willing to put on said demonstration right in the Mess. What changed their minds is beyond us but perhaps it is just as well the change was made. As far as that goes the biggest fires we heard of on that occasion belonged to the same two lads the next morning. Figure that one out.

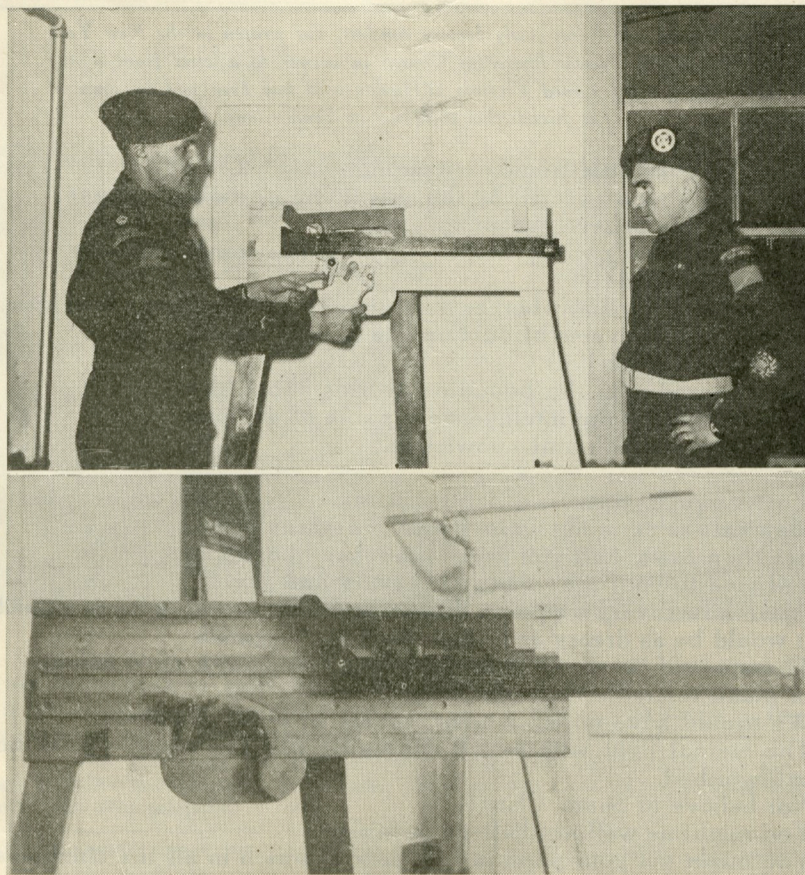
\* \* \* \*

Word comes from the Hospital to the effect that a certain Auxiliary Services worker in the camp has been spending considerable time up there. It seems that there are reports of match making in the offing but the rumors cannot be confirmed. The way we heard it was that a certain N/S. had designs on him but another of our Gestapo reports that it is the other way 'round. In either event we are keeping posted on any further developments.

\* \* \* \*

Another agent has brought us word that a certain member of the M.I.R. staff has been writing some very nice verse for one of the de-lovelies in the Bn. Orderly Room. We have been given to understand that it is pretty good stuff, too. Not exactly in the same metre as Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, but somewhat along the same amorous lines.

## Bren Gun Made Easy By Use Of Working Model



In the upper picture, Major A. J. Blanchard, O.C. the School of Instruction, is explaining to CSM. Dorie how the parts of his model Bren operate. The bottom picture shows what happens to a Bren when the trigger is pressed and the piston group goes forward.

One of the most versatile officers in this camp is Major A. J. Blanchard, O. C. of the school of Instruction. Besides being a soldier of years of experience and an extremely capable Instructor, he has an inventive and original mind, and is capable of using his hands to translate his ideas into actual facts.

On more than one occasion has Major Blanchard demonstrated his abilities in this direction, but recently he has produced a real masterpiece of work as an aid to instruction on the Bren Gun.

It is a model of the working parts of the Bren, three times normal size, and is correct in every detail. It is made of hard wood, and shows the piston group complete together with the trigger group. The movement of each part is also on the same ratio of three to one. Each part is painted a different colour to better illustrate the action, and the whole model is mounted on an easel which can be moved from one lecture room to another. The model is secure, and cannot be shaken loose, due to its dove-tail construction, but can be readily dismantled (presumably

for daily cleaning) by the removal of two screws.

This model is by far the finest piece of equipment that has ever been in this camp to teach a man just what happens within the workings of a Bren. Put the wooden change lever to Safe, and you can actually SEE why nothing else happens. Put it to "A" and moving the piston group forward by hand, you see the breech block go forward, up, and finally lock. Move it back, and it disengages, slides back, and is ready to go forward again with nothing to hinder it, and you can see WHY it can go forward. Put the change lever to "R" and you can see at a glance why it is that the mechanism of a real Bren permits the firing of single rounds.

Being an instructor himself, Major Blanchard realized the difficulty of trying to tell a man what makes a Bren do this or that under certain conditions, and realized further that a large working model was the only solution to the problem. Setting to work on the idea rather than trying to persuade the powers-that-be that such a piece of equipment would be desirable and would they get him one, he worked on the plans at home in the evenings, and finally produced the article itself in durable wood, truly a skilful piece of work.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Major Blanchard on this very fine piece of work—for the ingenuity of the plans and other skilful execution, and for the fact that he will, through his efforts, greatly assist many of his staff in their work while actually instructing on the Bren.

P.S. No, Sir, no vacancy on the establishment at the moment for trades-pay as a carpenter.

### PRE-DISCHARGE TESTS

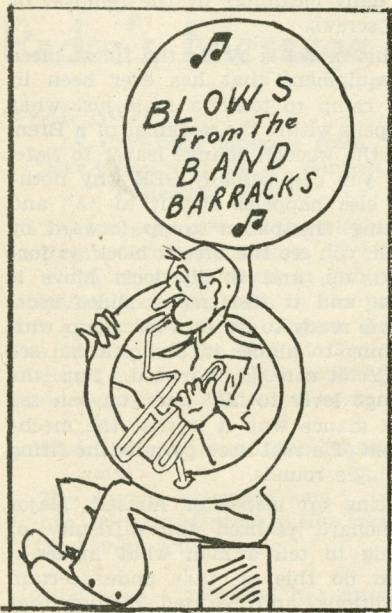
It seems that Canada cannot claim to be the pioneer in the matter of imposing venereal disease tests upon servicemen before discharge as suggested two weeks ago. We are informed that the United States military authorities had previously decided on a plan for VD-testing of soldiers on demobilization.

—Cochrane (Ont.) Northland Post.

## Cookery School Graduates



Shown above are the members of the latest class graduating from the School of Cookery operated at Aldershot. Capt. Mike Quaid, O.C. of the school, and his staff of instructors, are shown in the front row.



On Nov. 10th we had the pleasure of a visit from Major Coleman, inspector of Active Service Army Bands, for districts No. 4-5-6-7. After putting us through tests of the various kinds of marching such as counter marching, funeral and so on we retired to the band hut.

He then tested us on our musical ability directing us in several new numbers for sight reading.

Bandmaster Wilson then took the baton to take us through several difficult overtures also a few hymns.

We are proud to say that he was very highly pleased with the work of the band in all these respects and great credit is due our Bandmaster, who has worked hard to bring the band up to the high standard which it now attains. Although somewhat depleted in numbers to what we were a year ago, we still are able to play the high class of music, which this band has been always noted for.

This band was formed in 1940 and has been in great demand throughout the country for fall fairs, Victory Loan parades and other functions too numerous to mention, besides our regular duties around camp.

We might add that our Bandmaster has conducted us since the start. He has played with some of the finest bands in Canada and United States. At one time playing Solo Cornet for the famous Barnum and Bailey Circus band. Altogether he has been some fifty odd years in the musical game, starting out at the age of seven. He has brought together some of the finest musicians in Nova Scotia to make it what it is today.

\* \* \* \*

The Pretty-Hamm feud is still going strong to date. We hope it won't be long till their differences are settled as to whom of their ancestors held the highest rank in nobility.

\* \* \* \*

We might give you one little tip fellows. You will never find out in the wet canteen if that's what you go looking for every night. Right?

\* \* \* \*

The Moose and Deer Hunter's Club seems to be very inactive these last few weeks which is very hard to understand as it always has been a very up and coming organization.

\* \* \* \*

Spring will soon roll around quickly and things will be back to normal again, and after all it always was an outdoor club.

\* \* \* \*

The president Church Turnbull hasn't much to say on the matter but our idea is that they have found some

## Is There a Santa Claus?

*This editorial, which has justly become timeless, was written in the New York Sun in 1897 by Francis Pharcellus Church in answer to a letter from a little eight year old girl named Virginia O'Hanlon who had been told by some of her friends that there was no Santa Claus.*

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless worlds about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence.

We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove?

Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus.

The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond.

Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus!

Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

nice cosy home for the long winter months. Even Jake the Sect'y.-Treas. hasn't been seen on the block for some time.

\* \* \* \*

The other day a certain sergeant walked into the Weapon Training Stores to get his supplies for a scheme his company was putting on. After getting what he needed he enquired if they had any Sten Gun targets to which the reply was no. Happening to glance around he noticed a figure propped up against some ammunition boxes. He said "what's the matter with taking that one." To which the Staff replied, "You can't have that one, that's Bobby Hamm he works here."

### DON'T RUSH

A General with a rare sense of humor was discussing tactics with his staff one day. "Now, for God's sake, gentlemen," he remarked, "don't all say yes until I finish talking."

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW?

Why Pte. Kidder parks his car at No. 65 Hut with his radio playing?

Why a certain hairy individual's rage increases with each issue of the Aldershot News? We enjoy it.

Why Alvin applies for a 96 hour pass each time the Company he is Storeman for goes bivouacing?

What Sgt. was very anxious to get his name sake out on marriage leave to Vale Road, New Glasgow, N. S.

Who taught Pte. Giffin how to get into a slit trench?

We wonder what L/Cpl. Duffney was doing all the time he was home, he tells us he was repairing the roof and furnace. Does it take 20 days to do that, Bill?

Ceasing our chitter chatter with a Merry Wish for the Christmas Season and a Bright and Happy New Year, to all.

MAC.



In the above picture are shown Lieut. L. Leonard and his recent bride, the former Pauline Turner. Lieut. Leonard is at present attached to one of our training coys. while Mrs. Leonard is the efficient stenographer in the Camp Engineer's office.

## Dear Mazie:

Dear Mazie:

I am wrote to tole you to write to me to A14 Camp platoons company number five. The Post Office guy he say he don know Chinese nohow and don want to know for dollar thirty sents for one day and a lotta guys with girl frens who is ignorance like your sister Suzie and not you and tole you for SWAK on backs of letters he gets pain in neck. HA HA Mazie that guy he don know for what SWAK mean and you sent for me one kiss by lick like cat maybe when she is wash. I tole that post office guy you was smart girl and nitted socks for Reds Cross and maybe for him for present, god forbid he say and tole for me to tole your ma not for to send some more cake like las time she send cake and tie by wool for darn your pas socks and MO's guy say I am poison and sick like dog when I eat cake and not your pas socks on account they is stink like skunk.

I love you,

JOE.

### PADRE INNES IN HOSPITAL

We regret very much having to report the illness of Hon. Capt. (Rev.) George Innes, Protestant padre of the Camp, who has been laid up in the Camp Hospital for over a month with pneumonia.

Padre Innes is one of the most popular men in the Camp and one to whom the men take their troubles, not so much because he is a padre, but because he is of such an understanding nature and obliging disposition.

His many friends will be glad to hear that he is being released from the hospital but it will still be some time before he is back on duty again. During his illness he was relieved here by Capt. F. Bennett.

## Basketballers Split Games With Greenwood Airmen

The camp basketball team got off on the wrong foot in their first game of the season and were roundly trounced by the R.C.A.F. Greenwood in a game played at their station on November 24th, when the Air Force lads outscored them, 33-11.

The one-sided score was no indication of the actual play as our boys more than held their own on territory but couldn't seem to make their plays click under the basket while the Greenwood team showed to advantage in close-in plays and didn't make many mistakes when a scoring chance presented itself.

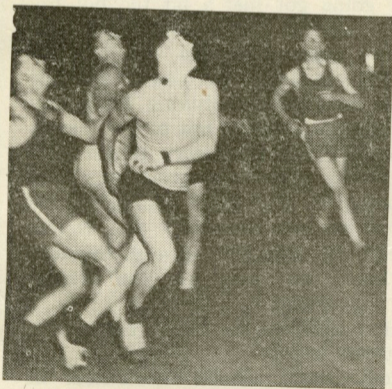
Paced by the flashy Ballagh who scored 12 points in the first half, Greenwood led our boys 14-5 at half time. Stevenson got the only other score for Air Force while Allen collected all of Aldershot's points with a pair of field baskets and one penalty throw.

The second half was pretty much a repetition of the first only Ballagh was a marked man and only managed to secure one basket. The rest of the team made up for that however, practically every man collecting one basket with Bowman getting three. Barry, Steuwe and Creighton scored single baskets for Aldershot.

\* \* \* \* \*

The return match played in the Camp Drill Hall, the first Friday in December, was a much closer struggle and produced a better game, going into ten minutes overtime before our lads came out the winners by a two point margin, final score reading Aldershot 33, Greenwood, 31.

The reversal of form of the Camp team is partly accounted for by the addition to the lineup of Levitt and Lewis. Both are smart ball handlers and worked in well with the other players. In addition to that Smith really had his eye on the hoop and tossed in three dandies in the second half that helped our cause along.



The above action shot was taken in the game at Greenwood and shows Licut. Allen, left, and Pte. Smith, right, making for the rebound. (Photo courtesy Horizon Greenwood.)

As in the first game our team was a bit outplayed around the basket in the first half with Greenwood leading 15-10 at half time. Levitt and Poupst led their respective teams in this half with 5 points each.

Early in the second half it looked as if Greenwood were going to make another rout of it and tossed in a few quick ones to give them an eight point lead while our lads were a bit disorganized. Toward the latter part of the game the Army team hit their stride and Allen, Smith and Lewis rapped in successive baskets and then after Barry and

## Centre of Sports Activities



The above picture gives a view of our Camp Sports Field from the East end and was taken in the summer during the Inter-Area sport meet. The members of the Camp are quite proud of their sports field and rightly so, as it boasts of one of the finest tracks in the Maritimes, capable of having seven regulation sprint lanes. The track was surveyed and a certificate from a provincial land surveyor received showing it to be the regulation 440 yards.

The centre of the field provides a splendid rugby field and the whole set-up is probably the best of any Army or other service camp in Canada. It is an ideal set-up for tabloid sports and has been much used the past few months for this purpose.

Creighton tossed one in for good measure they repeated the process to tie the score at 23-all, with only a few minutes left in the half. From then on the advantage shifted from side to side as the teams alternated in scoring baskets. Allen managed to rim the basket to tie the score just as the whistle blew.

Going into overtime the play was the same with each team scoring in turn and it was only near the end of the period that Aldershot took a four point lead. This was short lived when Gerry raced in to score and when the whistle went at the end the ball was rolling around the Aldershot basket from a toss by Stevenson but dropped on the outside to give our team the game.

Lineups for the game played in Aldershot:

**Greenwood:** Stevenson, Gordon, Windgate, 2; Poupst, 7; Barker, Mahoney, Gerry, 14; Bowman, Waterson, 8; Bryce.

**Aldershot:** Levitt, 6; Barry, 2; Allen, 8; Stratton, Lewis, 8; Smith, 6; McLennan, Creighton, 3; Crick, Leclair.

## Troops Enjoy Wrestling Card

Staged by the Camp Entertainment Committee as a bit of diversion from the usual line of attraction, a very fine wrestling card was presented to the troops of the camp in the Drill Hall on the night of Nov. 1st.

With four first class wrestlers from Halifax participating, the show, which went for five falls, was interesting from start to finish and drew loud acclaim from the hundreds of troops attending.

The first match saw two heavies go at it in no uncertain terms. Al Korman, who has been performing in the Halifax circuit all Fall, took on Gino Giribaldi in a two out of three falls match and won in two straight falls. Korman drew the boos of the crowd early in the first fall when he appeared to be

using foul tactics when the referee wasn't looking. As a result they all favored Giribaldi and when Korman won the first fall in 11 mins. the crowd booed him out of the ring. A real campaigner however Korman never minded it a bit and came back for the second fall with just as much fight. This time it took him a little longer and the fall went to him in 20 min. 40 secs. when he nailed Giribaldi to the mat with a body press after softening him up with a few body slams and the odd flying mare.

The second match on the card was even more interesting with Sam Gotter, 185 pounds, teeing off with Pat Girardi, 178 pounds. Much lighter men they made the action seem that much faster and Girardi took the fancy of the crowd from the opening bell. A clean cut youngster he went to work on Gotter with a will and managed to take the first fall in 17 min. and 15 secs. Gotter didn't take very kindly to the idea and refused to shake hands with Girardi whereupon the troops nearly mobbed him.

The second fall was much better with Gotter pinning Girardi to the mat in a little under ten minutes with a body slam and body press. The third fall was another quickie with Girardi making the fans very happy when he nailed Gotter in an arm and head lock after several body slams and folded Gotter up on the canvas for the deciding fall. It was a real good show and one which appealed to the troops in a big way.

The Camp entertainment committee are to be congratulated on the novel idea of bringing in some professionals of this type to give the boys some first class entertainment. Bouquets are also due to Lieut. George Diochon, who, we understand, made the necessary arrangements with the wrestlers.

Both the matches were refereed by Chief ERA Meyers, H.M.C.S. Scotian.

It might interest the troops in camp to know that all the contestants were Service personnel, three in the navy and one in the Army. This fact was overlooked when the participants were introduced in the ring.

## CAMP RUGGERS SCORE WIN; BREAK EVEN WITH ACADIA

The Rugby team managed to get in a couple of more games with Acadia university before the bad weather set in and on one occasion bested the Collegians by a 6-3 score and in the other match broke even with a 3-3 score.

No record was kept of the first game played on the Camp sports field but from all reports it was a thriller. Our lads were in better shape than they were in the first game played at Wolfville and showed to much better advantage, especially the scrum. According to some of the boys the play was no pink tea party either and there was plenty of body belting and tackling going on. Tommy Miller shone in the backfield with Baxendale and Chapman looking the best of the forwards, with Chapman coming out of the game with a few cracked ribs.

The other game, also played on the Camp Sports Field, was a ding dong affair throughout with play zigzagging from end to end. After the first ten minutes the Camp team had the edge of play and the Collegians were forced to touch for safety on several occasions. Faulty passes and bad ball handling cost our boys two tries in the first half and they failed to make passes when they might have meant scores. This was attributed to the lack of practise and the fact the team had not been playing much together.

Following the game our boys were hosts to the College boys at a supper in one of our mess halls and were loud in their praise of the "Army grub" served to them. It is very gratifying to see the splendid spirit of good sportsmanship existing between the Army lads and the boys attending Acadia, as we look to them for a lot of our competition in the various sports and they have always been willing to co-operate.

Credit for the success of the Camp Rugby team must go to Cpl. Jake Creighton who spent a lot of his spare time at the field and trying to get the boys out to practise. Nice work, Jake.

## Stuff and Nonsense

### AN IRISH MIRACLE

An old Irish lady was making the trip between Northern Ireland and Eire and when she came to the boundary line was stopped by a customs official. The only thing she had to declare, she said, was a bottle of water. "What kind of water?" asked the customs official. "Why," said the old Irish lady, not even a trifle flustered, "This is a bottle of holy water."

Having had experience with bottles before, the customs official snatched this one out of the old lady's hand, pulled open the cork and smelled of the interior. "It's whiskey!" Whereupon the old lady rolled her eyes toward heaven and murmured in reverent tones, "Glory be to God, it's a miracle!"

### RESULTS GUARANTEED

First Officer: "What do you think is the best thing to produce chest expansion in soldiers?"

Second Officer: "Medals."

### HIYA, KEAT!

She wanted to impress the Hollywood magnate with her literary knowledge and remarked softly at dinner for two: "I love Keats".

"Dot's fine," he replied. "I'm always glad to meet a young lady vot lofs children."

### ARMY WISDOM

An American officer stationed at Tinian in the Marianas Islands was approached by a soldier who said: "Sir, I was attacked by a pig."

Aware of the order forbidding the troops to kill any livestock found at large on the island, the officer deliberated the merits of the case, nodded, and said: "Save me a piece, will you?"

### A VOLUNTEER, TOO

Cutie Ruthie: "Sailor, I'll bet you were a fireman before you joined the Navy."

Sailor: "What makes you think so?"

Cutie Ruthie: "You just can't seem to keep your hands off my hose."

### NOT SO DARK

Rappaport was being examined prior to his induction into the Army. "If one of your ears was cut off," asked the doctor, "what would happen?"

"Such a question," countered Rappaport. "I couldn't hear, of course."

"If both your ears were cut off, what would happen?"

"I couldn't see."

"Evidently you didn't understand me. I said, if both your ears were cut off, what would happen?"

"I told you I couldn't see."

"Listen, you dumb goof, I didn't ask you what would happen if your eyes were put out. I said if both your ears were cut off, what would happen?"

"And I tell you again I couldn't see," cried the now irate Mr. Rappaport. "If both my ears were cut off, my hat would come down right over my eyes."

### STENO SPECIALS:

"Oh, Colonel, you think of everything!"

"What we need is larger windows and more of them."

"What a mess! Who was Orderly Officer last night?"

"One thing I like about working in an Army Camp. You don't know anything about the manpower shortage."

"Wonder why someone doesn't fall for me?"

## This Army



"I'll bet the d - - n Tommy Gun don't work either!!"

### RIGHTO

The officer of the day was questioning a rookie guard, intent on finding out how well he had mastered the regulations.

"Suppose you looked up and saw a battleship coming over that drill field there, what would you do?"

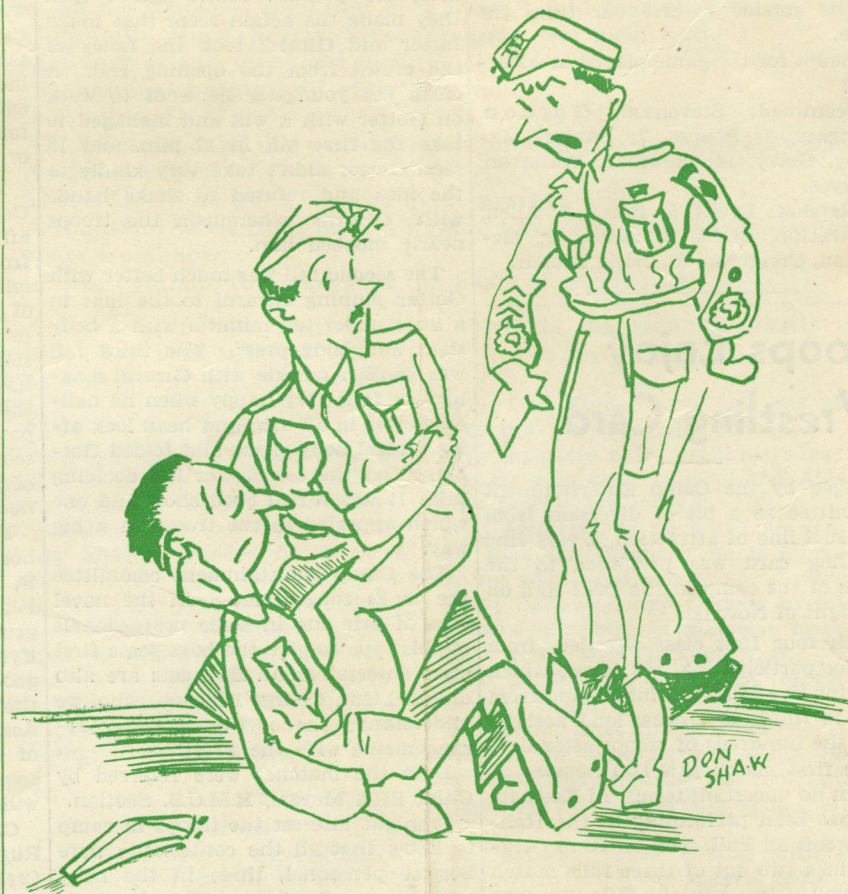
The rookie stared at the officer of

the day in amazement and suddenly gulped out, "I'd grab a torpedo and sink it."

The officer gave a diabolical laugh. "Where would you get a torpedo?" he sneered.

The rookie stared him straight in the eye and replied, "The same place you got that damn battleship."

## Wednesday Special



R.S.M. - - "I don't give a damn if he is half dead - - he has to be on parade today."

## Speech and Patter

### THERE'S A LIMIT

A stranded English actor went into a sordid eating house in New York for a cheap meal. He was horrified to recognize his waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You—a waiter—in this place!"

"Yes," replied the other in dignified scorn, "but I don't eat here."

### TOO TRUE

Selectee: "They can't make me fight."

Draft Board Officer: "Maybe not, but they can take you where the fighting is and you can use your own judgment."

### CARETAKER

A Harlem draft board was in active session and one worried looking registrant was loudly claiming that he belonged in 4F. "You jest can't send me over to fight dem Nazi boys," he pleaded. "Tain't me I'm thinking of. Ah can lick mah weight in wildcats, but if ah goes in the Army, there won't be a blessed soul to look after mah po' wife."

The dapper clerk who was taking notes of the proceedings looked up at this point. "If ah might inquire, suh," he said softly, "what sort of a lookin' lady is yo' wife?"

### WHOSE SONS

A Frenchman asked a Nazi soldier what part of Germany he was from. "The Rhineland," was the answer.

"In this war, where did most of our best fighters against France—those magnificent young men of 19 and 20—come from?"

"The Rhineland," was the answer.

"Only one more question," the Frenchman said, "didn't French soldiers occupy the Rhineland 19 and 20 years ago?"

Then the German hit the Frenchman.

### MARATHONER

The going got just a bit too hot for a little colored lad in the front line trenches during the last war and he suddenly decided to take a run-out powder. Successfully eluding everyone's attention, he sneaked out of the trench and, once in open territory, began running as fast as his feet would carry him. Suddenly, in the pitch blackness, he ran full tilt into somebody who, it was immediately apparent, was an officer.

"Where the devil are you going," cried the officer.

"Why, Lieutenant, Ah—" began the frightened soldier.

"Lieutenant!" echoed the officer in amazement.

"Maybe you'se a Captain," began the private.

"A Captain!" cried the officer.

"You can't be a Major, could you?" essayed the Private.

"Major!" came the reply in a tone even more outraged than before. "Damn it all, man, can't you tell a General when you see one?"

"A General!" gasped the private. "Glory be, has I run dat far?"

### MARKSMAN

"Well, son I see you're in the Army," said the gimpy old gent. "Done much shooting lately?"

"Won 80 bucks last Saturday," was the proud answer.

She laughed when I sat down to play. How did I know she was ticklish?