

Capt. L. B. Fox

Bay News



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THE CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDERS

Condensation of a soldier's diary
from 13 Jan. '44 until VE day
by Pte I. MacNeil.

On January 13th 1944 at 4.30 PM the CBH left the concentration area and moved to a static position in the Adriatic sector just beyond Ortona. This was what everybody dreamed of. Action at last!

January 17th remains fresh in our minds also, the date of our first attack to be followed by patrolling, guards and every misery that goes with a static position in Italy's winter climate.

On January 21st another move up the muddy mountain to Orsogna to continue the patrols, guards and living on cold M & V to say nothing of the "V" cigarettes.

On February 17th it was good to see the Indians coming to relieve us. Our dreams of a bath, clean clothes, a hot meal and a good night's rest came to an end as we reached "A" Echelon because we were informed to prepare to relieve The West Nova Scotia Regiment before day-break. The next three weeks with exception of a few days when everybody swam in vino, proved the same as before except that heavy rain and caving slit trenches added to the misery. Then came the days in Castle Nuova or "Vino Valley" as it was later called.

These good days passed quickly and on April 10th we were on the move again, this time on foot up the Inferno Pass to take up our position on the mountain side above the village of Belle Monte, to the right and just north of Cassino. For the next 23 days the Battalion remained in this mountain position under scorching sun to say nothing of the usual mortar, artillery and machine gun fire which Jerry always seemed to be so accurate with. Our enemy was always kept on edge because our patrols kept prying into his positions every night. The May 4th rolled around and we were relieved once again this time by South Africans. The next few days in the Camouflage Area of Capua and we anxiously awaited our chance to come in the big attack which took place on May 11th. On May 18th we moved into the concentration area. Then 3 days spent there will not be forgotten easily because of the terrible shelling we received and the many casualties suffered.

On May 22 our advance started and in the next five days we moved through the Hitler Line crossed the Melfa and Liri rivers through Ceprano, Pofi and finally halting at Anara.

After this advance by the Battalion which was



The Band plays for our Dutch Friends.

commanded by Lt. Col J. B. Weir, the name of The Cape Breton Highlanders was highly respected throughout 1st Canadian Corps.

On August 27th after relieving the Loyal Edmonton Regiment near San Angelo we prepared to assault the Gothic Line. Just before this action Lt. Col. Somerville took command of the Battalion. On August 29 the attack went in, an attack long to be remembered because so many of our comrades still lie at the foot of "Hill 120".

Point 189 came next to be followed later by Coriano, a name that will go down in Canadian History not because we were the first Battalion that succeeded in penetrating the flank where others had failed but because of the terrible 6 days we stayed we spent in slit trenches while artillery of twelve enemy divisions shelled us unceasingly.

By October 2nd the Rubicon river was reached with more bitter fighting as casualties mounted steadily. Later in the same month we crossed the Savio. No more rivers until Dec 10th when we crossed the Lamone and liberated Villa Nova, two small canals and we were the first regiment in Canadian Corps to reach the Senio river just before Christmas. We had a good Christmas dinner in the lines despite enemy shells. New Years in Ravenna, then on January 2nd 1945 we started our push along the Reno Bank liberated San Alberto and cleared the ground behind Lake Commachio. This was our last operation in Italy.

The trek across Italy began on February 18th 1945 and by March 27 we were in the lines again this time under command 1st Canadian Army taking up a static position near Nijmegen. Next came the move to a concentration area in Arnhem to take our place in the Corps first great offensive on the Western Front. After

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THE BAY STAFF EDITORIAL

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F-64934 Sgt. Stuart MacDonald

CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDERS



On 3 Jan. 1945 the Cape Breton Highlanders advanced in a northerly direction from the LAMONERIVER astride a high dyke. At approximately 0500 hours "A" Company on the right attained the objective at FAT-TA BROCCHI.

At 0615 hours an enemy force, estimated at sixty in strength, launched a determined

counter attack against the platoon on the right flank commanded by SERGEANT MACDONALD. The attack was made in two waves. The first of which, led by a Captain, came in from the right and the second, led by a Company Sergeant Major, came in from the left. The enemy approached to within 50 yards of the position unobserved, fired two shots into a house in the platoon area and rushed the position.

During the initial stages of the assault Sergeant MacDonald, in full view of the enemy and under heavy small arms fire ran from slit trench to slit trench encouraging his men and directing and co-ordinating their fire. The enemy pressed on with determination and when only fifteen yards from the most forward platoon position the Bren gun which was sited there jammed. Realizing the desperate situation Sergeant MacDonald immediately ran forward towards the advancing enemy and under a hail of bullets and without cover of any kind held off the enemy with

Introductory letter by C.O.

For the past week the Educational Staff have been working with the aim of starting a unit newspaper. This along with all their other duties keeps them very busy and I most sincerely congratulate them on their endeavour.

At the present time, soldiering for most of you consists of awaiting our return home and for many it is a difficult task. While we are waiting to be returned to civilian life, we have an opportunity to better fit ourselves for the future through the medium of the educational programme which the Army is now offering us. It is indeed gratifying to walk into the "Y" on any morning and see many of you taking advantage of the School which the educational staff are so whole-heartedly running. I feel quite sure that you who are attending these classes will certainly derive a great deal of personal satisfaction, in knowing that it is time well spent, even if at the moment you do not realize any material benefits.

Those who are now able to answer the question, "What am I going to do when I get out of the Army," have taken a step on the road to their future as civilians. While still in the Army we can all prepare to meet what is going to confront us when we change from battle dress to civil clothes. So besides letting the Government help us, let us also help ourselves. We can do this by taking advantage of what is now being offered to us, even if we feel that in many instances, it may be slightly inadequate.

I again congratulate the staff of the "Bay" and look forward to more editions of the paper with full confidence of its success.

MAJOR S. MACKINNON

Tommy gun while still shouting fire orders to his platoon. This gallant Non-Commissioned Officer personally killed the German officer and two other ranks and seriously wounded the Company Sergeant Major and his platoon, having killed or seriously wounded twenty of the enemy and captured ten, forced the remainder to withdraw in complete disorder.

The gallantry, determination and inspiring leadership displayed by Sergeant MacDonald was directly responsible for routing the enemy counter attack and enabled the Battalion to continue its advance to the RENO CANAL with the subsequent capture of SAN ALBERTO, the Brigade objective.

CANADIAN GUESTS.

One day there was a bad man, just like in the fairy-tale, and that bad man took by surprise a rich and prosperous country. He murdered and burnt and stole. His soldiers were as bad as he himself — they shot innocent people, in this town too — or was a man already guilty when he was young and strong and a Dutchman?

But then other soldiers came from a distant and foreign land who hardly knew the existence of the Netherlands. They burnt and shot the robbers out of our country.

In this way our town was liberated and now the fairy tale has ended; we again, not rich, not yet strong. But liberty is worth everything our Frisian proverb says with good reason: „Better dead than a slave!”

The fairy tale has ended. Reality is now: our town has foreign guests. They entered the town easily. The gates and gatekeepers have disappeared. Formerly it might be difficult enough, even for a predecessor of mine, burgomaster Peereboom (in English „Pear tree”) who appeared before the town-gate after closing time and asked the-keeper to be admitted. The latter refused. „Don't you know that I am burgomaster Peereboom?”, the furious eminence exclaimed. „You shall not enter, even though you were the apple tree out of Paradise!” But your troops appeared in the nick of time and the N.B.S. had already opened the gate.

We know that we ought to be grateful to our guests, because they left Canada, their „home and native land”. Canadian soldiers, you have already proved „we stand on guard for thee”. And by doing this you have liberated our nation.

After all you should know that you have done a noble work. I tell you „grateful” in simple words: you have liberated us from tyranny; we can walk again, wherever we like, sing and write and believe and worship and curse whatever we like. From the bottom of our hearts we express our thanks, guests of our town.

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four days of swift advancing in which many small inhabited localities were liberated the town of Barnevelt was captured and in another lightning move the Battalion reached the Zuider Zee to split the German Forces in the Netherlands and capture the town of Harderwijk. A few days rest in the town of Dokkum and by April 24th 1945 we were in a concentration area in Loppersum to prepare ourselves for our last battle in the war. Delfzijl the town we were to take was held by four fortress Battalions supported by heavy Coastal guns. With little Artillery support the Battalion attacked. In the bitter struggle that followed a number of coastal guns were captured, or destroyed and more than 1200 prisoners were taken. On the evening of April 30th 1945 Delfzijl was in our hands and the fighting finished.

On May 3rd 1945 a cease fire order came through from HQ 21st Army Group. Cease Fire. „ALLIS KAPUT”.

Now you have to wait for the Captain, who will take you gratis on his boat to Canada. But Monty has so many soldiers who want to go home. Let us as honest men tell the honest truth. Waiting is difficult and waiting is most difficult for soldiers, who faced death, who are young and strong and well-fed, and who have now to conjugate the verb „to wait” in the present, the future and I am sorry to say, not by a long way, in the past. I understand that the „Maple Leaf” (August 7, 1945) wrote: „Italy, remembered for its filth, odors and vino, had its wealth of art, history, music and natural beauty. Some soldiers made it a point to tap some of this wealth, others came away with a conception of Italy limited to filth, odors, and vino”.

Thus, there is a danger that you may leave Bolsward with a conception of Bolsward limited to „mofgirls” and other cheap women, gin and beggars of cigarettes. This would be a pity for me and for you.

What shall we do? Passing the time by means of the above mentioned? We do not like that and neither do you, I suppose. Who should wish his mother to be a cheap woman, his sister a mofgirl, his father and brother beggars of cigarettes? (By the way, you will not take ill that we look after our girls, that a young man loves his fiancée, and a mother her daughter? Thank you!)

Allright 't but you are waiting for the boat and at the end of my sermon (let the conclusion be short) we will show our gratitude and help you. That's why there has been founded a C.B.H. — Bolsward committee with sub-committees for sports, diversion, etc. Your officers are co-operating with us and can give you information. We want to organize more, especially after the holidays. We are ready, able, willing and delighted to show you anything — from dairy cattle to buildings of art. You have to choose. We cannot and do not want to offer you mofgirls and gin. We do offer you sport, diversion, culture, etc. I hope you will make the good choice. I know difficulties will arise; they may also arise between you and our committees and my person. We must speak plainly and tell the truth and thus find a solution.

I hope that you, The Cape Breton Highlanders, will take a good remembrance of old Frisian town to Canada. Then the end of this war-business will be a happy end for you and for us.

The burgomaster of Bolsward,
drs S. VAN TUINEN.

MICKY WELSH'S

TAVERN

NOT OUT OF BOUNDS TO

C. B. H.

BEER DAILY 1800—2200

SPORT HIGHLIGHTS

By Joe Campbell

Top notch softball was displayed last week in a game between the Hayshakers and „D” Coy. Led by the superb pitching of Pte Lorette and the heavy hitting of Big Steve Humeniuk the Hayshakers walked off the field victors by a score of 6-2. Stars for the losers were Mac Lean and Newell.

A few days later the hard hitting Hayshakers trounced „B” Coy to the tune of 23-7. Once again it was due to Pte Lorette's fine pitching and this time the timely hitting of „Normie Mac” Intyre that enabled the winners to win by such a large margin. Home runs for the game were hit by Robby” MacDonald and Yack Young of the winning nine.

Due to the fact that they have done so well within their last two games the Hayshakers are sending out a challenge to the high priced help in the Unit. Surely the boys with Pips and Crowns can take time out from their bu at the Glace Bay Hotel to exercise themselves for two hours of good clean sport.

How come Charlie Coy hasn't played a game yet. Come boys why not give it a go.

Today we like to say farewell to Pte J. S. Le Blanc better known as the Lobster who since he joined the Bn during the first year of the war has been a prominent figure in all track events held within the Unit and elsewhere in the Cdn Army, so it is God speed and good luck to a great track star, a good soldier and a swell guy.

The Mitt Slingers from the Unit that are in Leeuwarden undergoing training to fight in the Army finals are „Sharky” Mac Donald from the Hayshakers, Rogers from „D” Coy and Richardson from „C” Coy. „Sharky” and Rogers are both fighting Lightweight and Richardson is fighting Featherweight. Reports say they are in good shape.

„BRIEFS FROM HOME”. The old trotting Park in Sydney was changed over to a sports field It was officially opened 1 Aug. 45. The people of Sydney and surrounding towns had a public holiday. Something to look forward to when we get home.

POEMS

A TOAST TO CAPE BRETON

I live far away down East
The country good for man or beast
For God made all the Highlands
Every Valley, Glen, and Hill
But when He created that loving Isle
It was made with all His skill.
„Cape Breton”.

AND SO IT IS WRITTEN

The thrills of the day
Have all passed away
I breathe once again for a spell
For I think when alone
Of the folks way back home
And how close was my name on that shell.

There is many soldier just thinking the same
Ever praying to God — His luck will remain
Yet the luck that is ours means nothing at all
For the Lord is our Master
We each wait his call!

D. R. S.

OUR C.S.M.

Believe me when I tell you
He is liked by everyone
When our beds are neat and tidy
It's time for him to come!
He looks at you - determined
To make inspection worth while
You can tell when everything's OK
If he passes with a smile!
He strolls around the factory
To see what is about
Don't throw away that empty package
If he sees you - - - Well look out!
Perhaps I had better tell you
Then you will understand
He is not our Sgt. Major
He's our Company Sanitary Man.

VOI VENIRE CASA MOI QUESTA NOTTE?

Bare foot Beauties, oily hair
A bundle heavy would carry
With a singing voice — inquiring
„Have you pare Di Lavare?”

Then — oh what memories — Do you see it yet
A Fiasco of Vino and a feed of Spaghatt!

BULL FROM HQ.

Any person in HQ Coy who recognizes this letter may obtain original at Coy office. This letter was found at the gate.

Dear Bill:

How are you? Maybe good, I think so, I you have three letters written, you no write, what you forget, when you come back? Everdyday automobile along comes, me thinks Bill, no nothing never, you very good, a little chic-chic. I no other soldier, I no liked that, you is the loveliest boy in the world. I love you, please go to shop for photograph, come quick back from Bolsward. Bolsward girls no good for you, this paper good for write otherwise think I liked to marry you soon, when I think of you I plenty cry, must I choke sometimes from crying, no good, I can write English well, I think I go finish with writing, I am glad war is finished with flying bombs, no people dead more, much kisses, good luck, remember of the photo.

Your best girl, AOGA.

„THE LITTLE FOXES“. B Coy.

This seems to be the universal remark in most Coy. Orderly rooms. „What another leave allotment!“

A mad scurry and we wind up with two possibly five short of the quota. Can it be that the excitement of BOLSWARD is in everyone's blood, or are the boys just being cagy and saving their dough.

We realize that the Major Domo (Lt. G.B.L.) has very interesting and constructive courses. Perhaps we are hep to the benefits of equipping ourselves more adequately for our Civvy occupation. In any case we do see most of our lads on Saturday Parade. Out to squirm under the eagle eye of the C.O. Let us be thankful that it only happens once a week. Of course we have our Coy. Commanders inspection each day but we expect him to find flaws even if perfection reigns.

We often note an upward glance from the O C directed at a certain window. Are we to assume that he too is studying anatomy. By the way there are no vacancies for such a courses at the Educational Office.

We now turn to a more serious vein. The Social Relationship Dept. has been supplied with names and addresses of persons who would like to entertain soldiers in the evening. We are not informed if there are daughters in the home. This is a friendly gesture, let us make the most of it. What do you think?

How about some articles rolling in to Baker Coy Office Anything from soup to nuts will be accepted and censored for print.

DOG COMPANY**Boates' Terriers****NEWS FROM THE KENNEL NEWS ROOM**

From the windows of the Kennel News Room, we see the triumphant flags unfurled in honour of the glorious victory which the Bountiful Giver has seen fit to bestow upon us. Under the gentle quiver of the banners in the quiet air, homesick soldiers walk to and fro willing to sacrifice a pair of boots or a shirt for that which alone can bring forth the peal of rejoicing which speaks, „Victory is ours“.

It is a pleasure to have Major Boates with us again, and we sincerely hope that his leave to the U.K. has been an enjoyable one. However, we do regret that while on leave his influence upon Lt. Stackhouse has been all but degrading.

Since that Princenhof Dance when a feminine voice shrieked. "YOU CUR" we have been very happy to have Capt. Mills with "Dog" Company. We hope that his stay in the company will be a pleasant one

Professor Langly has been ably administering the Regimental School in the absence of Major Chisolm. The keen interest that the students take in all phases of the work is a credit to Professor Langley indeed. Teaching is not the only interest that occupies Professor Langley's attention. From time to time he visits historic churches to look at mummies.

The many friends of C.S.M. McQueen are pleased to learn of his rapid recovery from the grief of waiting following the conclusion of his girlfriend's vacation. The S.M. is now going on leave. Happy vacation, Sergeant Major.

We hear the rumour that Joe Viva and Abie Briand are brothers. Why didn't you tell us fellows? We like to know these things.

We asked someone how they liked Bill Oliver's moustache???

They told us but we could not understand them, Good thing I guess because we can't understand the moustache. O.K.

With such good music talent as we have, what about a little orchestra? Would be a good job for Pte Johnson, What about it Johnny?

Attention Mick McNabb --- Don't leave us again on a short vacation eh! We miss you when you go.

THE SERGEANT'S CORNER

It is said in the Mess that the only night there is free liquor is when that mouth-searing killer known as rum is on the tap. Incidentally, it can now be told that the formulae of the new Atomic Bomb is composed of six quarts of the above mentioned rum, plus a one of anything else that's available in the Mess. But what puzzles this Joe, is the fact that a mere sixty percent of that Jap town was flattened. Mebbe the powers that be water it down, after all even the Japs haven't the stamina of some of our stalwarts.

History tells us that the ol' boys of pioneering ages were really rugged, but „Wiff” MacAulay says they were merely pikers. Six of our ordinary week-ends, continues the „Wiff”, would drop them in their tracks, and three of Nick St. Johns nights would kill 'em. Mebbe so . . .

Everybody is moanin' about the lack of mail, and wondering if everyone in the vicinity of Canada hasn't broken their writing arms . . . Well if they were receiving as much as they wrote there wouldn't be a damn thing coming in at all. Yeh, that includes the writer of this literary flopperoo.

While the war with Japan was still making the front pages, the "Confused Committee" (That's the body of jokers that are trying to get us back to our native shores) told us that the shipping would be scarce. She's a great life, particularly at the weekends!



BRASS HAT SECTION

The Princenhof hotel at Eernewoude was the scene of a gala affair on Tuesday afternoon and evening when the officers were hosts to a number of civilians from Bolsward and vicinity. The afternoon was spent in sailing including a trip to Grouw on Miss Frozen and the evening passed all too quickly in dancing and other games enjoyed by both sexes. Incidentally it is rumoured that another summer resort along lines similar to the Princenhof is now in operation a few hundred yards up the canal and according to reports from some of the guests its THE place to spend a VERY pleasant evening. We wonder if it might be kept open during the winter months and perhaps help alleviate the fuel shortage?

We wonder what officer made an attempt to go swimming with his Sam Browne belt on? A bit brief eh Jig?

We are happy to see Major Don Chishom back with us again. His touch of malaria sort of whitened him up a bit but the „Amsterdam Treatment” will no doubt bring back the rosy cheeks.

It is sincerely regretted throughout the Bn that Father MacDonald met with an accident that will cause him to be hospitalized for several weeks. We are certainly going to miss his welcome presence around the coy lines (especially in the kitchens). Who is going to take his place at the Offrs Mess table when the subject of bald heads arise? Get well soon Father MacDonald and hurry back home to us. We miss you very much and wish you a most speedy recovery.

Who is in the transport who is the little Driver who paid a Visit to appingdam the other week and why was he pestering the RAP jeep Driver?

* *

A certain party had to make a special detour from our old home town in province of Groningen. Why ?

Initials W.W.B.

* *

Who is the 60 cwt driver who got lost in Amsterdam when he tried to keep away from a certain street?

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

By Your Roving Reporter

Reports coming to this office tell us that C. S. M. Kucherian is madly in love with a sweet little dish from Amsterdam. No wonder the boys in HQ are happy.

We hear that the RQ is taking Hop A Long Cassidy's role when he returns to civie street. Our roving reporter caught him getting practice on horseback riding last week. **QUITE A SIGHT TO SEE.**

Bouquets to Sgt "Billy" Day who tied the knot on his last U. K. Leave.

What member of the B. O. R. staff claimed to have lost his boots in Amsterdam on his weekend stay there. Latest prices on the Black Market for a litre of cognac is one pair of army issue boots.

Why did "Big" Steve Humeniuk in the Hayshakers get a bald clip? Were there too many Dutch damsels chasing him with his lovely curls. We wonder?

What certain Sgt initials B. K. blushed when his precious dancing partner handed him her undies at a dance held not so long ago in the Sgts Mess.

Alkie Mac Cormick says I don't care how big they come, „I can cut them in two". **"POTATOES"**.

CHATTER WITH CHARLIE

Amid the tumult and shouting of VJ Day. Charlie Coy carried out its duties in fine s yle. Even Pte Rutherford was on hand to give the boys a break on Bn guard.

Cpl Bower returned to the Bn after having been in hospital. He is now posted to Charlie Coy, - Support having disbanded since he went to hospital.

Pte MacKinnon, E. J. and MacLeod, A. H. were given a holiday the same as the rest of the soldiers on VJ Day.

Pte Morrison, J. and MacDonald, H. now in Amsterdam on 72 are expected to return to the Bn before going to hospital.

Cpl MacKay, J. is reported to have received the 'Blondes Medal' for having sacrificed his daily chocolate issue.

Cpl Tilley, F. and MacNeil, D. L. going to C.O.F. Sunday. On this account the M.O. will lose much trade.

"The Goat" MacKinnon, A. C. is now spending a few days wit Charlie Coy. The Goat has just returned from holidays. Everybody is wishing him the best of luck on his return.

WANTED - - At once, a solution to retain falling hair - - Pte Walker, A. L. "C" Coy.

GOSSIP FROM THE HAYSHAKERS

by Pte Boudreau, O.

Friends of Pte "Dingle" Alderson will be sorry to hear that his lady Irve has turned him down. But he says that with his looks and no schnaps he has nothing to worry about. Just another Clark.

As the love knot was about to strangle Cpl Amero he has been granted permission to marry. The wedding will take place in Scotland in the near future. Accept our sympathy old boy.

Pte Winters is wearing a feather on his tam for his success in rescuing his sweetheart from the love claws of a new lover known as Lieut Ellsworth.

Cupid has shot an arrow in Pte Patterson's heart. Its love, love, love.

The weekly musikal concert will take place at 1930 hrs in "A" Coy billets wit Pte MacLeod Violinist, Pte Varner Guitar, Jack Young Harmonica and Pte Broussard with his spoons. Come one, Come all and join in the sing song, if you can't sing whistle.

„LOST"

Between Mickey Welsh's tavern and "A" Coy kitchen one turban. Will finder return same to Pte J. E. Arsenault and receive a reward on pay day. **"Thank You"**.

Being well satisfied, we boys wish to thank the cooks and staff of our kitchen for their excellent cooking and good managment.

"Well fed boys".

HURRICANE HITS BOLSWARD

Bolsward. High winds and rain swept through the Canals of Bolsward followed by a cold breeze which resulted to several personnel being frozen. Due to a chill received by Capt. H. T. Frizzell and Lieut H. N. A. MacDonald Adjutant of Cape Breton Highlanders and after spending an evening at the Officers Club at Princenhof their hands becoming slightly shaky stroked the name of a certain individual off the Repat Draft. Warm weather expected soon.

All woolen donations gladly accepted by

„Chilled Clerk"

DUTCH STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WATER

by

Lt. J. van der Leeuw of the Dutch Army
temporarily att. to "B" Coy.

You have all seen and perhaps damned it during your fighting against the Germans, the large quantities of lakes, canals and ditches in our country and I would like to tell you something of our struggle against the water since the early days of our history.

About 50 years after Christ, there lived in Rome a curious man named Pliny. He was a real book worm. Every book edited in his time he read. During his meals one of his slaves read to him and even when he was dressing. So engrossed was he with reading that he would not even walk but would use a Sedan-chair so that he might read on the way. No book, he said, was so bad but one could find some good in it. All of the material he read he worked up into a sort of encyclopedia and during the centuries people who could read, read it willingly.

Now you must be a bit careful with Pliny because that guy exaggerated much to make his stories more thrilling. In his encyclopedia there is a story about what was our country in that time and probably about that Province we call Friesland, where we are now. He writes:

"There the ocean penetrates the land at two intervals a day in a tremendous breadth and with immense waves, so that you doubt whether the bottom belongs to the earth or the sea.

There lives an unhappy people on hills built up by themselves to save their lives and on the hills are their cots.

When the sea floods the land they look like sailors and like shipwrecked persons when the water retreats. They are unable to have cattle and there is no game. From reed and rush they fashion string for fishing nets and with dried clods of earth they make fire to warm their benumbed bodies".

From this description you see how the ancient Dutchmen protected themselves against the sea. The highest of these hills is about 30 feet above sea level and most of them can still be seen here in Friesland although they are no longer needed as a protection against inundations.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dizzy Says: Liquor makes a lot of people loosen up and a lot of loose spenders tighten up.

Barber: Haven't I shaved you before, sir.

Dizzy: No, I got that scar in France.

Canary: What hens lay longest?

Dizzy: Dead ones. Anyone knows that.

Canary: O, give me strength.

Shirley: Grass never grows under my brother's feet.

Dizzy: A go-getter, eh?

Shirley: No, a sailor.

Shirley had just received a beautiful skunk coat as a gift from her beau.

Shirley: I can't see how such a nice coat comes from such a foul smelling beast.

Dizzy: I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I do demand respect.

Dizzy: I once told thousands of women where to get off.

Shirley: You must have been a lady killer.

Dizzy: No, I was only the elevator operator in a department store.