

Bay News



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ON A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

To-day the 31st of August, the people of Holland are going all out to celebrate the birthday of their beloved Queen Wilhelmina, for the first time since the Germanic invasion in May 1940. Overnight, every town, village and hamlet, has blossomed forth into colourful centres of gay festivities in her honour.

The Queen who ascended the throne in 1898, has during the ensuing years gained the hearts of all her stolid subjects, and further improved her position by her courageous battle against the Nazi. She, to-gether with the other members of Her family fled to

England to enable the far-flung outposts of the Dutch Empire to carry on the struggle. During the five years of occupation she never ceased in her efforts to encourage her peoples, or in the organization of the Free Dutch Corps. After the invaders had been thrown back, and Her country freed, She was amongst the first back, to tackle the immediate problems that faced the country and people.

And so we join with the people of Holland in extending to Her Majesty, best wishes and future happiness... Long live the Queen!!!

"RAMBLINGS"

At one time or other, since leaving the shores of New Scotland, every one of us has spent a leave in "Bonnie" Scotland. In all probability, it was our first leave overseas and we lost no time in getting there. Scotland! The very word has a drawing power which we cannot resist.

No one, least of all, anyone from the Island of Cape Breton, is disappointed with a visit to Scotland. Its history is as ancient and as fascinating as that of any country, while the beauty of its scenery cannot be surpassed. It is quite probable, that, on a leave, some were quite content to remain and enjoy the hospitality of Glasgow or spend many a day rehearsing the events which took place in the ancient city of Edinburgh. Certainly no true Scotsman visits Edinburgh without making a pilgrimage to Holyrood House and meditating upon the scenes made hallow by the very presence of the martyred Mary, Queen of Scots. Not far away are the fields of Bannockburn, and Stirling and Falkirk and many other places where battles were fought successfully and otherwise by Scottish heroes. Farther north, he would not miss the Holy Ground of Cul-loden Moor, near Inverness, where the Clans made the last attempt on behalf of the Stewarts — against the over-whelming strength of the Butcher Cumberland. These and many others like them are shrines dear to the heart of every Scotsman.

However, in visiting Scotland, possibly a good number of us missed the real Scotland, and for Cape Bretoners, there is no Scotland but in the Highlands, especially in the Western

Highlands and in the isles. Here once lived our "ain" folk. Here among the Lochs and the streams, the bens and the glens, our forebears, once tilled their small crofts or watched their flocks. Their sons and grandsons have done the same since and today live the same rugged life as they did of old. Their very homes, the rugged country in which they dwelled, made them a people united in a real way with nature.

Did we ever stop at any of these crofts, to chat with one of them, to accept the ready hospitality of his humble abode, to listen to the outpouring of his beautiful language, his native tongue and ours, — the Gaelic? No one from Cape Breton can visit the Braes of Lochaber, or the Hebrides without feeling deeply down in his bosom a sense of pride in his ancestry, a touch of joy in the knowledge that these people were a happy folk, a people whose social lines were as one, whose devotion to their God and their Church was unsurpassed, and whose loyalty to their clan and its chief was unyielding. At the same time, we cannot but ponder on the fact that their lot economically was far from luxurious and the means of livelihood were not over abundant.

A portion of the Parade Square in front of Edinburgh Castle is legally a part of the Province of Nova Scotia. A good many portions of Scotland could be, in imagination, transplanted to Cape Breton, and vice versa, a good many portions of Cape Breton could, in imagination, be transferred to Scotland, and life go on as usual without causing much of a sensation, so similar are the customs of both peoples. We are still in spite of years, the same people, the same kith and kin, with

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THE BAY STAFF

EDITORIAL

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 Cpl. Oakley D. Coy
 L/Cpl. D. Snow HQ. Coy
 Sgt. J. F. Cederburg Sgt's Mess

On every side the word was "Good work", or "Did you see so and so in the Bay News?" Apparently the paper is enjoyed by all ranks, and we are very glad of that.

Is it time, then, to relax and pat ourselves on the back? We think not. There are faults also, and if a high standard is to be maintained some changes are necessary. Here is the trouble. In too many cases the Bay News staff have had to "pry" articles or news from people, and far too much of our copy is by officers. This is **your** paper — the voice of all the Cape Breton Highlanders, and to continue it successfully needs every bit of interest and talent in the Unit. Put in your ideas, bits of gossip, poems, etc. to your Coy Sub-editor or directly to the news room at the YMCA. No contribution is too small.

THIS MEANS YOU!!!

DMC

M. C.

Citation in the case of
 Captain G. S. Worrell M.C.



On the night 4/5 Januar, 1945, the Cape Breton Highlanders were ordered to capture the town SAN ALBERTO and retain their bridgehead over the Canale di Bonifici. In order to effect this it was necessary to send a patrol of one officer and five other ranks into the town to determine the

strength and disposition of the enemy.

At approximately 0100 hrs Lieutenant (now Captain) WORRELL who had been detailed to take the patrol, led his men forward through the battalion forward defended localities. Due to his personal leadership and his skilful and cunning use of ground and cover he was able to reach the outskirts of the town one and one half miles distant from his units most forward troops, without having been observed by several enemy outposts which were passed en route. Having successfully avoided a strong enemy position on the outskirts of town he led his patrol to the town square, checking every house on the way. On interrogating several civilians he discovered that the main body of the enemy had withdrawn and only a few enemy pockets remained in and about the town.

On the basis of the vital information which he brought back, the Cape Breton Highlanders immediately launched an attack, took the town and captured 45 prisoners, 4 field guns and a Panther tank.

The cool and brilliant manner in which this officer led his patrol and the information

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the same language, (now languages) same customs, with the same loyalties and with the same patriotism.

Economic conditions, persecutions by cruel lairds, forced these people to emigrate to America, to establish new homes in a strange land. Many settled on the Island of Cape Breton and sought land for their homes on sites similar to those they left behind. The incessant toil involved in clearing the land, building homes, planting the scanty crops on virgin soil, would be more than sufficient to "break" many a new settler in this wonder age — not so our undaunted forebears — He was the type of citizen that makes a nation. He was a patriot. His work made the country; his work forged a nation. He was a doer, not a receiver. He did things for himself and did not have them done for him by others, by the government. This spirit of independence carried him through life against many odds and difficulties, producing a character which let no obstacle stand in his way. This characteristic was never more obvious than on the battlefield. In the old days, the clansman was literally terrifying when he flashed the claymore — today his progeny is equally terrifying when arrayed against a foe, especially one superior to himself. His dauntless courage is equal to that of the days of yesteryear, and as a result, the enemy fly before us, as they did from the faces of our fathers.

ANONYMOUS.

thereby obtained not only resulted in the capture of San Alberto but also expedited the completion of the Brigade task of securing and holding the line of the Senio River and enabled the Armeured Brigade to continue the successful sweep to the sea without delay.

DUTCH STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WATER

by

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

(third installment)

Till now I spoke only about our struggle against the sea and the great rivers . . . But there is a part of our country lying under the sea level that was not fit to live in. The sea and river water could not come there but the lower regions of the Netherlands (which means: low lands) were like a large basin in which rain and ground water collected between the dikes. The province of Holland south of Amsterdam was covered with water during winter and spring in spite of the dikes and dunes. And you can understand that something had to be done to improve that situation. Small pieces of land were ringed in by low dikes. Through that land ditches and trenches were made to contain the water. When the ditches were full of water it had to be taken off. Originally they did it in a very inefficient way by using bailers. They bailed out the ditches and threw the water across the dikes. Later on they used mills with manpower after that with horses. About the year 1400 they invented the wind-mill. One of the first wind-mills you hear of in our history was built by Floris v. Alkemade in Alkmaar, a city about 20 miles N. W. of Amsterdam. The first water-wind mills were not so very good because there was an ordinance by which the miller was obliged to build the mill up again when it was blown down. But the mills became better and better and their capacity too, and so it happen that continually more land was reclaimed. The Dutch polderland arose as we can see it nowadays. We Dutchmen know all about the Duke of Egmond. He was a very practical man. He had in his county a small lake. A ditch was made around that lake, the digged-out earth was used as a dike, a wind-mill used and soon the lake was dry. With his neighbours he reclaimed some lakes in the province of Northern Holland. Many people followed this example and there was a good reason for it. The time I am now speaking about is know in our history as the Golden Age. Our merchants earned lots of money with big trade all over the world of the 17th century, and saved millions and millions, and the question was how to invest it safely. Shares and stocks were not to be bought at that time so they bought land. Land was an article with everlasting value. There was in the 17th century, a big demand for land and land could be made with wind-water mills in our rich water-country.

Lt. Col. R. B. SOMERVILLE

Lt. Col. R. Boyd SOMERVILLE was born in WESTMOUNT, P. Q. on June 19, 1910 and received his early education in Lower Canada College, MONTREAL. Upon graduation he began his career with National Trust Co., Ltd., and later went to Northern Ontario with Kerr Addison Gold Mines, Ltd. Here he held the position of Townsites Manager until joining the Active Army.

Lt. Col. Somerville took an early interest in the Army and joined the BLACK WATCH (RHR) OF CANADA in February, 1935. On

the outbreak of war in Sep. '39 he enlisted for Active Service.

In May 1940, he proceeded Overseas on a course of instruction and rejoined his unit in England in Sept. of that year. On the 18 Apr. '42, Lt. Col. Somerville was appointed Second in Comd of the Cape Breton Highlanders, C. A., and took over the command from Colonel J. W. Weir on 5 August, 1944. On 6 June '45 he left the Bn to go to 11 Cdn Inf Bde where he now commands.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to serve under his command have always found him a hard worker, a keen sportsman and a soldier who does not know the meaning of the word "CAN'T".

NEWS FROM HQ

While pinch hitting for Doug. Snow. till his return from U K leave we find very little news this week.

Congratulations to Lt. Scaling on receiving the third one.

Maw, is established in her new job and is grining back the weight she lost the first few days, the pup even had that worried look.

We welcome back Richie, and Grumpy. Congratulations Tim, You'll make it yet Grump just keep punching.

With so many promotion WOP in the Bn our senior (I Hook) has started, to get ideas, just the other day he approached the two lonely privates, and asked if we could see our way clear to pay him for two more. Or it may be that he wants to get in on some of that atomic juice they're dishing out in the Sgt mess.

Good show "Y" Staff on last Sundays entertainment an enjoyable evening was spent by most of the boys in HQ, keep up the good work.

328 is back from leave, and now busily engaged in looking for the person who was using his blow torch. He's also offering steady employment to anyone capable of ironing one dress shirt per week.

We make a retraction of the statement appearing in the "Through the Keyhole Column" of last weeks edition, not about the CSM been Madly in love, but about the boys been happy. We're all C B to-night.

Strange Sights Seen Around Coy Lines.
Frozen hen devouring a roast duck.

Crow with a bottle of Finks hair and 60 sec. rubout.

Cue ball M K I in earnest conversation wit a dutchman (both bewilderd).

"THE LITTLE FOXES". B Coy.

Congratulations are extended of Lt. Worrell on receiving his third pip.

Also congratulations to Cpl. Redmond on receiving his third one (stripe).

The Coy under our new CSM is doing as smartly as usual.

The other night in the mess the 64 dollar question was asked Which is the dessert? No one in the mess could answer it. Neither could the cooks. We welcome back to the kitchen staff one indispensable, Symes. He has been to Groningen on a short course. The coffee is being handled by able hands once again.

LE Blanc, our orderly room clerk, has become one of these so called window gazers. Must be catching.

The CQM says if you haven't got it, you have had it. The stores must begetting short of gulden.

Our comic strip, D A, has become quite serious. Could it be love!!!

From the Roving-Reporter of the Hayshakers

Ideas Strikes

After seeing the Cdn. Show of last Tuesday Pte MacCormick says that he would like to have a pair of those "bell boxing gloves" to play "in the mood" on a certain Sgts. chin... We wonder if it is that he is fond of music or something...

The Burning Question...

Why did L/Cpl Chiassion ask the CSM if he could go for a haircut instead of going on the indentification parade held in the COY Area.

News in Brief

Amongst the high standing characters who left this week for leave to U.K. is "Pte Bill Boots Butler" a 6 footer of the Educational Office and Bay News Staff.

?????

We wonder why MacDonald, A sang "Home Sweet Home" when he saw a bare footed kid walking up the street with a piece of dry bread in his hand? Da! Angus.

The many "A" Coy friends of L/Cpl Atkinson are sorry to hear that he has been posted to another Coy, and wish him the best in his new duties. (We all).

The boys all join in to welcome Cpl. Hogan J. who will succeed L/Cpl Atkinson as clerk for "A" Coy. We hope that he will make the best of the Hayshakers and enjoy his stay while with us. The Boys.?,

A little on the George side

Boys were under the impression that George Hall was due back when they saw the House with George on it. But similarities are clearly coincidental on the part of our former Quarter Master. Incidentally our dogs' name is George. "Sorry George"? George's Master!

The old mild and bitters will take a beating this week when Pte Hupman goes to Blighty. The boys say he will come back a mere shadow. Special note a bed is reserved in the hospital so he can recuperate.

Since one of C Coy Sgts has gone on repat. I see our CSM has taken over his equipment. Will CQMS Danyluk be interested in any transport going to Delfzijl this week. Well I guess.

Money was made the other day at the horse races when Sgt. Mac. Innis held four winning tickets on a horse and collected 16 gulden. Not much money for winning.

Sports are being organized through the Coy. and we are going to play C Coy a game of softball. May the best men win (B Coy).

The NCOS are beginning to smarten up under the RSM! As it should be. Then they try and blame the men.

The COS is still on the job. He claimed that the COS did not have to go on parade but who is sloping arms with the rest of the boys! Maybe next week we will have a new COS.

SPORTS

SOFTBALL

This week the Officers team played against the Perth and Irish and although they were on the small end of the score, a good brand of ball was played, Monday's game was a battle of batters with both teams getting 14 hits. The lead changed hands numerous times and at the end of the six the C.B.H. were ahead 18 to 17. However in the seventh the Perth got 6 runs across on two home runs, a single and three walks. The C.B.H. started a rally in their end of the seventh but managed to get only three runs to end the game 23 to 21. Hitting extra well for the C.B.H. were McKinnon, Ellsworth and Genier. Hitting for the winners were Thompson, Cowie and Getty.

Tuesday's game against the Irish was very different. It went scoreless until the fourth when Boates drew a base on balls, Genier singled and Boates scored when Forrester booted Worralls grounder to 2nd. The fifth inning was also good for three runs. Stackhouse led off with a sharp single. McKinnon forced him on second but Boates came through with a homer. Genier singled again, his third successive hit of the afternoon, and Sears brought him in with a single and come in later on Menzies long fly to

centre. The score was four to nothing in favor of the C.B.H. in the sixth but the Irish rallied to get in five runs on 2 hits, 2 walks and one error, a costly one, to win the ball game 5 to 4. It was a very fast game only lasting 45 minutes. Boates pitches an excellent game, only allowing 8 hits. The infield was was practically air tight and pulled nice plays. Genier seem to be doing the hitting again with the help of Capt Sear. Hitting for the Irish were Stratton and Turner. (The "goat of the officers' team was Capt. Worrell, with a goodly number of errors to his credit).

Our Sports Officers, Lieut Stackhouse, is really going out for Sports in a big way. At present he is trying to get some Soccer players because there will be a schedule starting soon Anybody wishing to give it a go! "How about it Boys".

In the boxing Semi finals for Div on Aug 24th Rogers from Dog Coy lost a close decision for the lightweight crown. But in the Div Finals Sharkey MacDonald, from the Hayshakers, won a well earned decision over Rogers opponent. So that earns him the lightweight crown of the 5th Cnn Armd Div. In the first round Sharkey seem to be taking a beating, but when he came out for the second he shanged his style of fighting which unable him to win a well earned decision.

BOATES TERRIERS

The many friends of Pte Sanloier F, L. of "D" Coy the little fourfoot french boy better known as "long tom" will be interested to learn that on his last leave to the U.K. in march he became engaged to a lovely little Scotch lady, he just returned recently from his second U. K. leave. I asked him how did he spend his leave and he said with a big smile. No. 1. I never knew until three days later that HE tied the knot. He hopes to get his pretty wife to Canada as soon as possible, and he hopes to get home soon himself. Nice going Tom. Good luck and happy marriage.

A certain guy in our Coy. went on a course a few weeks ago. Just finished, what he got out of it I don't know. Some of the boys said that he developed a good appetite. How he would improve his appetite on a Sanitary Course is one for the books. He goes all the way into

Leeuwarden every night just to get a feed of Hamburgers, comes home and stuffs himself with fried wild Duck. When we wake him in the morning for breakfast he says that the doesn't feel like eating, and all day long he complains about Ulcers. Neverles he does his job well and that's what we what him to do. Good old Sanitary Man.

We have a Lone Raeager in our Coy now. But this guy only rides by night. You can see him any night after 11 o'clock roaming around the streets. I guess we will have to have a collection taken up in the Coy. and buy him a horse, "Hi Ho Saunders".

Another love bird from "D" Coy. has applied for permission to marry. He is Pte. Chestnut F. R. If permission is granted he will also take a Scotch girl to Canada. "O, those Scotch". By this time I hope he has permission. Lots of Good Luck Chum.

Cpl. OAKLEY.

POEMS

NIGHT

ON THE BATTLEFRONT

The sun, in splend'rous loveliness
Declines in flaming glow
And seems to pause; as to caress
The purple mountain tipped with snow.
Then softly, slowly sinks away
While waning daylight clings
'Till twilight meets the closing day
And night descends on silent wings.

As though released from closed-in walls
The chill damp zepthers blow,
While all enfolding darkness falls
Enshrouding earth below.
'Till to oppose invading night
Reluctant heavens shine
As twilight pours it's feeble light
Upon the battle line.

Where soldiers wearied from the fray
Whose faith alone remains
To give them courage, so that they
Can secure their hard fought gains.
Who hold no fear for life or health;
Of night on foreign sod,
But laugh aloud at death itself
Their trust is in their God.

In muddy slit-trench, water filled
In pillbox bleak and cold
They stand alert, though damp and chilled
While dramas of the night unfold.
And shadowy forms in starlight mist
When moving too and fro
And halted; secret passwoad hissed
And challenged answered soft and low.

While tracer paints the darkened sky
With intricate designs
Patrols go out and brave men die
Far out beyond the German lines
'Midst thump of shrapnel falling near
While mortars sob and moan
They do their job untouched by fear
Each man a hero in his own.

They dream sweet dreams of future times
When wars and strife shall cease
And cheerful thoughts run through their minds
Of happy homes and peace
Alert and silent brave and strong
They hold their lives at stake
For well they know where they belong
They fight for freedom's sake.

They hold no terror of the foe
His power nor his might
They're filled with pride and justly so
Their cause is just and right
They do their job with laugh and jest
While hours pass away
'Till time when they lie down to rest
When dawn unveils the coming day.

M. St. C. Sterling.

A. C. MENZIES Y.M.C.A.

RECREATION

It is a far different picture from the days when the Canteen was a dirty old torn Army tent with Chappy's well-stocked supply of flies, lizards and sweltering chocolate bars. The cinema was any dusty slope, or wine cellar and whether we would struggle through the complete picture or not was always the sixty-four dollar question, for we had the best demoralising machine in the 5'th Div and many a night Cpl Barnes could be heard above the calls of the hecklers swearing like a Newfoundlander. Today we are more fortunate, but there is still much to be considered.

Within our brigade one of the finest recreational programs is operating daily. In fact, throughout the whole Canadian Army. Leave and Town Centres are quite adequate to meet the needs of the social entertainment of the troops. Without these and other features now being discussed by your recreation committee, this would indeed prove to be a long and dreary winter. Hobbies, Camera Club, Discussion Groups and informal games' nights will form the regular program features along with the dances, movies and concerts.

Sports will play a big part in recreational program this winter, and we are all itching to get a crack at a good old fashioned hockey game. Basketball, volleyball and badminton are all possible.

I have talked to the "heads" of the YMCA Auxillary and they are very much aware of our needs and are planning well to meet them. There will be plenty of opportunities for us to either make the best, or the worse of our experience these next few months and it will be pretty much up to the individual what his choice will be, yet it is the concern of the C O. and all his Committee, so if you have suggestions toddle down to the Supervisor and make them. If you are going on leave to a strange town or can't make up your mind where to go, again drop in and discuss it with the Supervisor — personal services is one of the key jobs he likes best.

Canteen hardly comes under the heading of recreation but the way some of the troops use their issue makes one wonder and if they could only see some of the hospital cases they would understand what was meant when it is spelled wreck'-creation. Supplies are barely sufficient to cover the needs of the troops themselves, but it is hoped to be able to set up a tea shop as soon as a regular flow of supplies can be obtained.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Sept. 7'th-8'th-9'th . . .

ANIMAL KINGDOM STARRING
Thomas Mitchell-Gregory Peg.

Sept. 10'th-11'th . . .

DANCING IN MANHATTEN
Starring Ann Savage-Red Brady.

Sept. 12'th-13'th . . .

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN
Starring Gloria De Haven Van Johnson

THE SERGEANT'S CORNER

Last Saturday night the mess was treated to an impromptu 3-star floor show that highly amused all those present. What was it? Oh, just an action-packed bit of drama, and it didn't get any curtain calls.

And why did a certain CQMS try to push his girl friend down the stairs the other night? Good heavens Mick, you've had it!! And before we let it slip away, who pushed who and why, when the adjutant found Harvey Morrison floundering in a canal and his fraulien standing on the road muttering to herself?

We formally welcome back the Great Barter, who has been working with the Brigade Boxing team in Leeuwarden. The last time we saw him he had Delfzijl completely surrounded with Flame-throwers. That's Joe, our own 'One man wave of destruction'!

It is said that the only unhappy individual in the Mess over the weekends is one Borrman, the lawful owner of that said Mess. Can't we have him promoted to at least a lance sgt with or without pay? R S M please note . . .

Well I guess the 'Ol' fella' R Q Cantwell raised quite a rumpus one noon-day when he strolled in arrayed in the new ribbons. Reg O'Connors remarked drily, "Whatcha tryin' to be Quarters, a jockey?"

Odd Chatter; . . . Billy MacAulay, "If Mary gets a hold of this, I've had it!" Frcd Cederberg, "Is anybody going to Delfzijl to-night?"

This week's hero; CSM Ronnie "I'm-gonna-revert" Hawkins, plus a kilt, tripping the light fantastic with his bundle o' charms, and the band playing 'I'm beginning to see the light' . . . And so on into the night.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Your roving reporter has heard numerous suggestions and all concerning the B. O. R. Guard. However the main issue seems to be getting rid of the Basic pouches, which according to the common concensus of opinion, would smarten the general appearance of the guard. For a really smart guard why not web belts, bayonets, rifles and gaiters? How about it?

Isn't it about time that the powers that be did something to improve the situation in Mickey's Tavern? The service is excellent, providing one has the cigarettes, and the seating capacity is far too small (And we've a regiment in this town) . . . So let's have something done to alter these short-comings eh . . .

BRASS HAT SECTION

Several days of fine weather lately. Who says that,s not news . . .

At The Races

"I'm betting on the one with the white belly"

"Did I win or lose?"

"How does this system work?"

"Aw H . . . , I tore up the wrong ticket!"

"Some pretty nice stock here today . . ."

Yes, there was, too, and racing enthusiasts had a rare treat at the Bolsward track last Thursday. Starting and betting systems seemed a bit strange first, but it was "a day at the races" and grand sport.

Major MacLachlan has just returned from a week(end) spent visiting his brother.

Ball games lately lacked nothing in enthusiasm. The outfield, notably Johnson and Langley, are getting in a little practice for water polo on the side.

Amsterdam seems to be attracting cartein of-ficers these weekends. I wonder why the Adj. and Regimental accountant are called "the Amsterdam Kids"?

The Little Foxes lost their Papa temporarily while he absorbed the culture of Gay Paree! How's the hunting, Larry?

Congratulations to Lt. Col MacKinnon, Maj. Frizzel, Maj. Johnson, Capt. MacDonald, Capt. Worrell and Capt. Skaling on their recent promotions.

We bid adieu to our ex M. O. Capt. Guadagni and wish him the best in his new job in the U.K. . Welcome to Capt. Wilson who replaces him, and to our new Dental Officer, Capt. Genier.

Our C.O. Lt. Col. MacKinnon may be seen these days strolling down the Champs Elysees or staring up at the Eiffel Tower. Here's wishing him a good leave.

A certain sgt, infact you'd better make that two sgts, from the Hayshakers sure attached quite a crowd the other night. Apparently the locals had never seen tipsy men before, because the above mentioned sarjenties were in a sense a pair of Pied Pipers, only this time it was not merely children, but the ol' folks as well who came to gaze and follow . . . Row-de-dah!!!

The O.R.'s are beginning to wonder why it is that during a movie the last three rows in, the hall are reserved for the sgts and officers, but if the amusement is of the stage-show variety, then they get the first three rows. We, have been under the impression that these movies etc., have been staged for the cntertainment of the men. If that's the case, then why can't it be first there, first seated? Puzzled.

"So Help Me!"

Have you noticed Worrell glancing nervously over his shoulder lately? When pressed for a reason, that haunted look came back again, and he moved his chair over closer. "This is it," he said, already looking relieved that some of the burden was being shared, "So help me!"

Then, between deep puffs of smoke and furtive side glances the story unfolded. "It was last Sunday at the Princenhof. Just at dusk I had an urge to be alone, and strolled along the canal. Everything was still until the silence was broken by a terrific turmoil in the water. Almost like lightning huge arms grasped me, and looking up I beheld the most hideous monsterlike... like Alice the Goon — only worse — MUCH worse. (Here the tortured man closed his eyes as if to shut out the vision, mopped his brow, wet his lips with orange juice and continued). It bared its fangs in what might have been a smile and said "Ah, here you are again! — "But — but I've never been here before", I gasped.

"Didn't I meet you here one night last week", said the monster?

"No — no — not me — not I", I said, stalling for time and trying to breathe in that vise-like grip, "it must have been my brother — he looks like me".

"Oh, It said, bending to look more closely at me, "it hardly seems possible, but it must be true. You have such an honest face. I'm very sorry!" And so saying it released me, and silently submerged again. The last I saw of it was its face — that horrible grin — and its last words were "I'll see you at the ranch!"

"That's it", said Worrell, drinking the last of his orange juice "So help me!"

CHATTER FROM CHARLIE THE RECONVERSION

Cpl. Campbell and Pte. Piercy, self-styled "Battalion Champions" at whist and Tarabish, challenge anyone in the regiment to a friendly series, the winners to be the new champs. Which would be naturally enough, Campbell and Piercy.

Despite the fact that Ptes Rearden an' Pierce F.D. were on hand at Mickey's Tavern to celebrate the National Dutch holiday, they were on company parade the following morning! The age of miracles has not passed!!

Sgt. "Jugs" Turnbull has returned to the company after a rather prolonged stay at the 6th General Hospital. The "Jugs" passed out during a guard mounting not so long ago, and was really in bad chape as the result of a bad knee. Welcome back sarge!

"Moustaches come an' moustaches go, but mine has gone forever" so says Charlie Mac Kinnon, after four years of careful trimming.

Motto of the C Coy runner; "Come unto me, and I shall run for thee, even unto the B.O.R. . . And when I am not there, seek and ye shall find!"

Pte Ginter C sneaks to Sneek quite often these rainy nights, but that's nothin', you ought to see him sneak in!

When bugles sound their final notes
And bombs no more expiude
And we return to what we did
Before we went to war.

The sudden shift of status
On the ladder of success
We'll make some worthy gentleman
Feel like an awful mess.

Just think of some poor captain
Minus all his stars
Standing up behind the counter
Selling peanuts and cigars.

And think of all the majors
When their crowns are far behind
And the uniform the're wearing
Is the western union kind.

Shed a tear for some poor colonel
If he doesn't feel himself
Jerking sodas isn't easy
When your eagle's on the shelf.

'Tis a bitter pill to swallow
'Tis a matter for despair
Being messengers and cleks again
A mighty cross to bear.

So be kind to working people
That you meet where'er you go
For that guy who's washing dishes
May have been your old C.O. . .

ANONYMOUS.