

Bay News



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CAPE BRETON ISLAND

Lt. H. N. A. MacDonald

Cape Breton Island was without a doubt the last place that the Good Giver created, as was stated in the last issue of the "Bay News", and I am sure that God rested at least two Sundays before he began to work on this wonderful island, because he stopped very lingeringly there. Such natural beauty and such magnificent wealth did not happen merely by chance.

Officially, the Island of Cape Breton began to be recognized in the year 1497, as the "Isle Royal" when that great explorer Cabot was "blown" there by the squall that swept him from the coast of Newfoundland. But I hardly think he was disappointed if, at least, the Indian squaws were as beautiful that day as the female population is this day.

Bounded on its four sides by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, this golden island embraces four of the counties of the province of Nova Scotia — Cape Breton with Sydney as its capital, Victoria with Baddeck as its queen town, Inverness with the town of the same name as its capital and Richmond with its Arichat. A narrow strait of water, called the Strait of Canso, separates the island from the mainland of Nova Scotia by approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Transportation between the two is carried on by ferry, but it is proposed in the near future to have a bridge constructed.

The population of Cape Breton is made up largely of Scotch, Irish and English peoples. In addition, in the southern part of the Island, there are a great deal of French speaking people, but the Scotch are predominant. Gaelic is one of the island's languages, and it was not unusual at one time to have men in the Battalion who could speak no English. Of course, neither is it strange to hear a Frenchman sprout forth with "the Gaelic". Cape Breton is steeped in the ways of the Scotch and every year there is A Gaelic mod held at St. Anne's in Victoria County where all the clans get together and have a well-attended festival.

In its industries, Cape Breton is very versatile. Its main industry is that of coal mining which is carried out in the industrial area of Sydney and the surrounding towns. In Sydney is one of Canada's largest steel plants, whose production

during the war is second to none. Rich and plentiful coal mines exist in the surrounding districts of Sydney, and mines such as Nos. 1B, 2, 20 of Glace Bay 12 and 16 of New Waterford, No. 11 at Caledonia and No. 5 and 10 of Reserve supply the province with very large amounts of coal. These, in addition to the collieries at Princess and Florence Sydney Mines, and North Sydney, have been going "full blast" during the war and have yielded millions of tons which have gone into Canada's war effort.

But mining is not the only industry of this beautiful island. In the northern part of Cape Breton's exist rich timber lands which makes lumbering a very important phase of Cape Breton's life. Rich farm lands exist in central Cape Breton such as the Margaree Valley, and in addition to a large amount of mixed farming being done, there is poultry and dairy farming. In the rich valley of the Margaree, and in the southern part of Cape Breton Island, especially at L'Ardoise, there are rich fishing places, which also gives us the added industry of fishing. And so, with a great deal of undeveloped and untouched natural resources, Cape Breton Island stands ready for the post war job of re-organization and building of a prosperous place in which to live.

This Island has not only the industries to rely on. It is one of Canada's most scenic places and thousand of tourists yearly come to visit its scenic beauty. The rugged shores hard beaten by the chopping waves of the Atlantic, the green valleys, the icy lakes and rivers, and the golden coloured hills and forest make this little island a most glorious Spot. On of its most scenic points of view is that of the Cabot Trail and

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THE BAY STAFF

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CITATION

**in the Case of Major M. F. MacLACHLAN,
 who was awarded the military cross for
 courageous action in the Italian theatre**

During the crossing of the MELFA RIVER on 25 May 44, "B" Coy, under command of of Capt (A/Major) MacLachlan, was one of the two forward companies leading the attack.

After crossing the river the company came under intense shell and mortar fire.

Major MacLachlan went forward under this heavy fire to each platoon and encouraged his men forward.



While doing this he was severely wounded in the chest by shrapnel. It was impossible for him to go forward due to shock and loss of blood, but in five minutes time he had his wounds dressed and he went forward to his company again. He found them again pinned down by the intensity of the enemy mortar and machine gun fire.

Major MacLachlan fully realized the vital necessity of his company taking their objective in order that the two remaining companies of the Battalion could pass through to the final objective. Therefore, through in great pain, he asked for artillery support and still under heavy fire and with utter disregard for his own safety, he personally led his company on to their objective.

Only when the position had been consolidated did he allow himself to be evacuated. The gallantry, determination and leadership of this officer contributed largely to the Battalion being successful in taking and consolidating their objectives.

EDITORIAL

IT'S ALL OVER

by Lieut M. J. Ellsworth

Once again, within the span of some thirty years, we have emerged from a World-Wide War as victors. Once more, the German has been beaten, and for the first time the massed might of free peoples has beaten the Jap. This time, we fought to free ourselves from a warped but powerful ideology which was shaking the entire world. For a second time, we Canadians, leave behind us in Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, square plots of land that again will be "forever Canada". Now is the time to make for that peace, that millennium for which so many have suffered, for which so many have died. The "Makers of Peace" have founded a society of Nations for that purpose. Now what?

For the men who fought, for those who died — these peace-makers must make the peace tangible. This time the aims, the goals to be achieved, must be brought out clearly and definitely. Any attempt to conceal it behind a chaotic accumulation of doubtful hopes, would be tragic. This time it must be practical - it must be brought home to those who warred that all was not in vain. The ordinary Canadian soldier is not to be brushed off this time with vague ephemeral promises, and high sounding plans for preserving peace. It is true that during the actual conflict, he did not give much thought to waraims; his interest was entirely taken up in fighting for self-preservation. Now, the storm has passed, the strain is over — and time to consider the why of it all is ample. The grandiose promulgation of Dumbarton Oaks, of the Atlantic Charter, while being full of serious intent to make a better world, will come to naught, unless they will be translated for the fighting man into common everyday things. He has felt the tremendous power of his country to wage war, — he will now expect "in fact" demand that this vast force be diverted in its entirety into the channels of peace. Let not the old thin line sit back and hope for the return of a decadent pre-war world, a world which carried with it its own destruction. Let us not see again the pitiful years of the early thirties, which matured and tempered the steels of fascism. Let us explode forever, the ancient fallacy that "want amongst plenty" is a necessary corollary of free governments. The ordinary soldier wants this, he will demand it — only then will Dumbarton Oaks and the Atlantic Charter take on the cloak of realism and the torch not flicker

HIS BREN GUN STUTTERED DEATH

Nova Scotia Youth Dies a Hero As He Covers Comrads' Withdrawal

(Reproduced from the Maple Leaf)

A white cross, close to where the Foglia river flows through the approaches to the once tough Gothic Line, marks the grave of a young Canadian infantryman. He lies in the shadow of bloody hill 120, on which slope he gave his life for his comrades. Alone he died, with his cheek cuddling his Bren gun and surrounded by dead Nazis he mowed down while wounded comrades withdrew to safety.

The story of the gallant sacrifice of Pte. Alphonse Hickey, 22, of Sydney, N.S., is an integral part of the hell a company of the Cape Breton Highlanders went through the night of August 30 in probing defences of the Gothic Line.

Sections Wiped Out

It was a night that Capt L. E. Brannen, Port Williams, N.S., Commander of the company in which Hickey operated, saw whole sections wiped out, caught in the murderous Nazi crossfire. It culminated in Hickey's stand and Captain Brannen dropping down a sheer cliff to take three prisoners and capture a machine-gun post single-handed.

It was late on a clear afternoon that Captain Brannen led his company of Cape Breton Highlanders across the Foglia river in their initial attack on the Gothic Line. They swept forward without opposition and reached a point 300 yards from the Hill, split by a steep draw.

Three quarters of the tough climb to the crest was negotiated when they ran into barbed wire entanglements and mines. But they went through and were just 35 yards from the top when German machine-gunners lying in wait came to life. "They had observed us all the way up" said Captain Brannen.

It was a wild terrible time as the Cape Breton men fought to retain their balance and formation. Cpl. Pete MacPherson, Whitney Pier, N. S., knocked out a Nazi machine-gun nest and killed two Germans, taking one prisoner. Germans were dug out of their positions but the heavy fire kept pounding.

Pretty Desperate

"Things were getting pretty desperate, for Jerry was coming up in strength over the reverse slope and my sections were being cut to pieces", Captain Brannen recalled. It was then that Machine Gunner Hickey, who had been playing his part silently but effectively with his Bren gun, gave his life so that the remnants of the company could live.

"He volunteered to cover our retreat. He wasn't asked to do it and we didn't want him to, but he made up his mind knowing that it would mean certain death" Captain Brannen quietly said with pride. Hickey's section withdrew in safety as he stood the oncoming Jerries off with his stuttering machine-gun.

He was found next day with four dead German soldiers directly in front of him and more further back, mute testimony to his accuracy of his aim and the stout heart that kept his hand squeezing the trigger until he died.

Coys' News

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD WIPER

The guy who survived the winding headaches of Italian highways (Johnny MacKeigan) has departed for Canada. We send him on his way with this temperance poem.

Here's to good 'ole Johnny
As he journeys on his way
May his hand be strong (to grip a pint)
When his hair is turning grey!

Two dehydrated looking girls from Delfzijl came up with a chit for two Canadese Soldaten. One was for a Sgt. the other for a CSM. 'Could it be our Tommie?'

CSM Kutcheran is away on course now. He is taking up French in preparation for his Paris leave. The boys in transport have wide awake beginners in the art of handling the Jeep! Mitchell is explaining what makes the jeep go to Prinsenhof and Morgan. L. B. is lecturing on the personalities of a jeep. We are all kind of worried about CQMS Fairweather. When he saw the fire-point cans around HQ Coy he thought he was still on a bender in dear 'ole Blighty! The skeleton staff on the Pioneers took time out for a "Recce Party" thir week. They succeeded in their efforts to obtain the right kind of lumber. Cpl. Wasson's dog has a "litre" of pups — so the doghouse is just big enough for the family (including Myrt). The lone sign-painter in the Pioneers is so busy that when the C.O.S went to call him in the morning he found him painting on the wall, in his sleep.

Remember how the Italians used to warm their beds with a cradle like contraption full of hot ashes? Well, R.Q Cantwell has started to build a cradle for the winter. If this edition reaches Canada — do not be alarmed. The R.Q has only ambitions to create artificial heat — he has no designs on building cradles for "occupational life in the army".

Sgt. Jake Vickers was mercifully withdrawn from a pleasant job in the Sergeants' Mess to take over the duties of Transport Sgt. Jake knows the score —, and like Capt Grandy he can tell you haw many flies are caught in your radiator on your daily run! Nothing has been said about the shoe-makers so we had better stop awhile to let you know what is going on behind the busy hammers. Tutty came back off leave and reported all the little Canadians in the south of England are counting their points for Repat Draft.

Here's one I heard at the Parade's hour. The gux who sings "Yield not to temptation" in his civvy home is the same guy who hauls the Battalions supply of Beer from Belgium!

Two reporters are on leave to Blighty. One may cover England, one may cover Scotland or I wonder are they both covering the same spot.

"CHATTER FROM CHARLIE"

Last week "C" Coy lost one of its old stalwarts when Ralph Thompson issued himself a set of crowns and set out for "B" Coy to become their CSM. "We know you will smarten them up Tommy" Congratulations on your promotion. CQMS MacLeod returned to Charlie Coy to fill the vacancy of CQMS Thompson.

Pte. MacRae, NE is now spending leave in Scotland. "Will this be the last one?" MacRae cried as he stepped on the train at Bolsward Station.

Cpl. Campbell, A and Pte. Brown J F were given a rousing reception on their return from Glasgow, Scotland. They were welcomed the first night by a Coy party given by HQ Platoon. The following morning they paraded through the streets to the BOR and had consultations with high ranking officers before being given the verdict.

Did Sgt. Corkey really need a rest when he went to Amsterdam or was he just fed up? L/Cpl. Paris just returned from Paris, while there he stayed at the Hotel Paris.

NEWS FROM THE HAYSHAKERS

Amongst those who have left this week on Repat Draft are Cpl Le Fort, Pte Arsenault and Pte Alderson. They will be missed by everyone and remembered as men who have played a great roll in carrying their duties to success while with the Unit. Here's wishing them all Bon Voyage and good luck.

"The Boys".

L/Cpl J Campbell was seen counting the days to the opening of the local kindergarden where his girl friend is a student. No remarks will be called for when he is seen carrying her books. Remember that time does a lot and sooner or later she will attain maturity.

HL.

FALSE RUMOURS

The town has been rocked with a rumour that two mermaids had been seen in a canal at 3 o'clock Friday morning but it was learned later that the two creatures were Pte R. N. McDonald and Pte I. P. Kennedy. They felt like floating on air but it just didn't work.

A By Passer

To those interested in a turkish or sponge bath apply to Cpl Mac Kay H. F. and L/Cpl Maidment of 9 Platoon. Service very satisfactory at least that is what (she) told us.

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SPORTS

1. High class softball was displayed at the Bolward Sports Field last Wednesday when the Hayshaker nine walked off the field with two victories in one day. In the first game they trounced "D" Coy by the score of 18-8. Once again it was due to the clever pitching ability of Lorette together with the hard hitting of Big Steve Humeniuk, L Cpl Maidment and Normie Mc Intyre and the superb fielding of Mc Intyre, Kelloway and Grant which enabled the victors to win by such a large margin. Outstanding for the losers were L/Cpl Williams, Pte Johnston and Pte Swain. The latter played just like a professional.

2. In the second game of the day the hard hitting Hayshakers were victors once again. This time the score read 17-9 at the finish. First class pitching by Jack Young held the High Priced Help down to a few scattered hits. The infield for the winners worked together perfectly. This with the hitting power of Big Steve, Normie Mc Intyre

gave the pitcher the support a hurler dreams of. The best hit of the game came when Big Steve poled a homer clear over the right field fence. Hitting well for the losers were Capt. Sears and Capt Johnston. The former played first as if he was born there. His game was outstanding all round. Pitching for the losers was Major Boates who was handled by Lieut "Stacky" Stackhouse in fine style.

3. In a recent interview with Lieut Stackhouse newly elected Sports Officer your reporter learned that a schedule for the inter Coys softball league had been drawn up.

A little tip for the Officers.

If they got a little more practice they might provide a little competition for the hard hitting nine of the Hayshakers. We wonder if our C.O. thought an. 88 hit him when he tried to block second in the third inning.

The games today proved that teams are getting in shape fast.

NEWS FROM BOAT'S TERRIERS

"The Bay News" — A unit newspaper, I think that it is a very good idea we should have had it out long ago. We get a kick out of reading "beefs" and fellows insulting each other. It's a good way to tell some guy, you don't like, just what you think of him without getting a pair of shiners. We should have a lot of "beefs" as this is the perfect Unit for that. Well, let's all hope that it is a success. You're on your way "Bay" bie, good luck and give her guts.

"The Boys"

I hear that Cpl. Keeping is going on leave to the U.K. I hope he finds the "Mild and Bitters" a little better than the "Blue Flame".

G R O

We lost our first two games of ball. One by forfeiture and the other by the loss of some of our players. But we will beat BHQ when we meet them on the 30th.

"D" Coy

Why not mount the Bn. Guard without the Basic Pouches. I think that we could put on a much better and snappier looking guard if we wore just the web belts.

G R O

The beer was much better last night, I hope it continues to be so.

"The Boozer"

(continued from page 4).

Why dont big Steve Humeniuk stay in his billets for a few nights so as to give other boys a chance to pick up a girl. Not enough that he breaks hearts he has been seen breaking peas in a near by garden. We thought there was something there of more interest then pea pods and were convinced when he said I was breaking away and she was gazing at me. Ah for jumpen sakes I can get them all cause I have what it takes. Lets hope that he will get another bald clip.

"Jealous Boys"

Absent minded Jeep driver. While driving along on a cold night asked Capt H. T. Frizzell are you cold darling. What do you know he smiled for once.

DUTCH STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WATER

by

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

2nd Installment

In the 19th century people discovered that the earth of these hills was very good mould and so they began to dig off the and by digging off, many items about the former population were discovered. They found numerous articles made from bones: dice, skates, and so on. These articles give us an indication that the people were not so poor as Pliny told us. In the Frisian museum at Leeuwarden is a fine collection.

The slow but steady rise of the sea level was probably the reason why the people could not use the mounds longer, and started with making dikes. Moreover the material damage, done by the inundations increased, because the people had an increasing population. In the course of the 12th and 13th century, building hills gave way to making dykes and they made dikes too along the great rivers. In the 13th century the Dutch dikes are famous in all Europe and even the Italian poet Dante speaks about them in his poem "The Hell".

Already very early, people returned from the defence to the attack. The Frisian Middlesea, slowly silting up, was diked in and so it was with other isles in our country.

In after years however, the sea demanded the return of a part of the loot, (You must not forget that after embankment, the soil sinks down or "sets" as the sea level increased and our soft peat-soil could not resist the powers of the sea. At the end of the 13th century the Zuydersea became greater and greater and in that time there were many dam-bursts. The people contributed to these losses. In the first place, when they were making new dikes further on they used the earth from the old ones and so it happened that when one of the new dikes burst, the whole marsh was flooded and not the new part alone. Different laws were passed by which it was forbidden to dig off the old dikes. Another danger was cutting peats. People used peats as fuel and to make salt. By cutting peats before the dikes there arose holes and the sea did the rest. Because it was impossible for a farmer to provide for

his own dikes, soon there were founded dike-boards and the government supported them with money. There was, for instance, only one marsh in the province of Sealand which spent in 20 years an amount of 2,000,000 guilden for dike repairs under the water level. Very severe punishments were given when someone did intentional damage to a dike. In the old ordinances it read: "The man should be buried alive in the gap he made".

In the 18th century there came another enemy: the ill-famed pile-worm. This is not a worm, but a mollusc, like a mussel. It bores long corridors in the wooden sea-defences. In a relative short time all our defence-works against the sea were riddled and broken. Then people covered the wood with nails but that was not satisfactory. Only in the 20th century they found some kinds of wood insensible to the pileworms.

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no one can visit it without leaving with a sense of satisfaction and with a thrill of unsurpassed beauty. In the fall, as the leaves of the maple trees change their colour to red, to orange, to gold and to brown, nature paints for us a picture of beauty that is unparalleled.

Cape Breton not only offers scenic beauty to its many tourists — they come also to hunt the plentiful deer, the ducks and the geese that are easily found. They come to fish and one cannot forget the name of Louisburg for its sword-fish and its tuna, the name of Glace Bay for the lobster fishing done on the coast of this town, the Salmon river of the Margaree valley for its salmon, and the lake, Loch Lomond, for its trout. It is a self contained "unit", and can provide for the tourist, relaxation, excitement and beauty.

This is Cape Breton. This is the island from which our Battalion comes and which originated there in 1871. We are bound in tradition with the ways of our ancestors and with that tradition, we wear today the motto that originated in Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, the product of a Gaelic professor, "SIOL NA FEAR FEARALL" — the breed of manly men!

Are you from the bay, boy?

POEMS

"THE LITTLE FOXES". B Coy.

This past week has seen a few changes in the Coy. Sgt. Danyluk has been promoted to C Q M S. and C Q M S Thompson of C Coy has been posted to B Coy as C S M. Cpl. Mac Innis has been promoted to the rank of Sgt. Goodluck boys.

It has been noticed among the boys that Cpl Wile our C O S has been on his job a long time seeing as how the usual thing is to change about every week. He (our C O S) has been seen walking about in the wee hours of the morn. Are you asleep walker Cpl. I guess the reason for his long stay on the job is that he too has become a window gazer. Or maybe it is devotion to duty.

Our Company Commander has taken a short leave to Paris. Maybe he is gone on a search for a hair restorer. Or maybe to install a red light on the W C so that wooden head (no steel helmet necessary now) Puddles Walker can find it after dark. There seems to be a great attraction in the mornings that causes Andrews and Walker to argue as to who is going to sweeo the walk.

The rumor around lo pltn is that hut orderly is a good job. Porter had it for a week and after that he recieved a hook. Now Joe Le Blanc has asked the C S M for the job. One hook or two Joe. It seems that Cpl. Smith has a special attraction in Amsterdam. Two passes within two weeks. What is it Cpl?

At dance the other night it was noticed that Joe Buck was dancing with all the boys. Has he inferiority complex. How about giving the girls a break Joe.

Seeing as now all, the N C O's are taking a beating lets see what Cpl. Ehler has been doing. Word has been recieved that he is studing nature. He has started by going to the park on his off time and learning about gold fish...

Due to repat we have lost a few boys in the past week. One very interesting case was Dunner Sutherland who kept running from the officers mess to coy office and then back to the billet. When asked as to what he was doing he just looked in amazement, then walked back to the billet. All the boys are wishing they could get excited like that.

WHAT'S GOING ON YMCA

Dances which are being held on Monday Wednesday and Saturday nights are proving to be a big success and fairly good attendances of both sexes are being noticed.

The more the merrier.

Films are being held on sundays Tuesdays Thursdays and Fridays and are also bringing rather large crowds The concert parties of late have not been up to par but every effort is being put forth to obtain more and better parties.

The games room and the bar are doing a thriving business and here's hoping that the supply of beer can be kept up.

CANADIAN DEAD

1. To their own Canada
They looked with pride
And for that land
They fought and died.
2. So brave they fought,
They showed their might
And gave their lives
For what was right
3. They paid the price
Of war with pride,
That others may live
Those brave men died.
4. They gave their all
If truth be told,
Their names are placed
On the honor roll.
5. Those men are gone
Yet, honored, they stand
In what they gave
For their native land
6. In far off places
Where fought our brave
You'll find white crosses,
That mark their graves.
7. Now in foreign lands
It is often said
Those are the graves
Of Canadas brave dead.

Cpl Alex Campbell.
"Monk"

THE SERGEANT'S CORNER

1. And another week-end passes into that unknown realm of rugged memories, leaving the usual trail of sad and sick laddies, mainly Gus an' Wiff. We could add a host of names to that list, but they aren't as consistent as the above mentioned, so we'll ignore their amateur efforts.

2. It seems that the officers have tossed another challenge at the sergeants, in the way of a return baseball game. It definitely smells of the work of one Mr. Stackhouse. Boy, some people just never seem to learn, or have they forgotten that 17-2 pasting they were handed in Delfzil? Surely not! One thing I shall predict tho. and it's this: I betcha the "Mighty Atom" Mr. Stackhouse wont go around rashly covering all bets as he did in the former engagement. So be it!

3. Leeuwarden, with its Roma Club seems to be drawing quite a number of the ol' stalwarts, these rainy nights, and it's not, once but regularly that the faithful pile aboard to seek the enjoyment of those charming bundles of bumps and curves that haunt the almost-dry Roma Club. Some people certainly have strong stomachs haven't they Johnny? And I'm not referring to the gin or cognac . . . in case there's any doubts.

4. We've often wondered if two people could step on the dance floor in the Mess, and dance, totally ignorant of the fact that there are another twenty couples on the same floor. Now we wonder no more, because we ve seen "Corky" do it. Ah me!

Anyone listed in the Senior N C O class who wishes to attend private swimming lessons can apply to Jawn "The Muskrat" Kennedy up by the canal in front of Hqs Coy main gate on any week-end night between the hours of oloo and 0300. The price? Absolutely niente! Incidentally, on the same vein, Reg Connor would like the burgemoaster to erect a guide-rail, running from the main drag down the street to the A Coy office. Better see the Pioneers Reg, they're far more efficient

Odd Chatter; R. S. M. MacDonald's girls ultimatum to General Simmonds, "If he takes the Highlanders home inside of three months, he's had it!" C. S. M. Hawkins, "Are those girls following me?" C. S. M. Kuchurean, "If that happens again you'll have to leave the Mess!"

J. F. C.

BRASS HAT SECTION

A certain guy in the Officers' Mess, who wears yellow backing on his pips, has returned to the Mess with red rimmed eyes! He claims that he was working hard at 2nd Ech checking documents, but our secret under cover man has heard other-wise. I wonder if it had anything to do with the C/W/A/C ball games and dances at Lemgo? How about it Clint? Well, it certainly looks as if the good teachings of Father MacDonald have left as fast as he.

Smiles and chuckles were heard at the mess a few days ago. Even the adjutant was beaming, talking to himself, but overheard by the "peeping tom" of the mess to say "well the Orderly Officer job is fixed this weekend! We wonder why a certain officers name is in orders day after day? A check with the B/O/R revealed this was definitely not a typographical error!

It is reported from reliable sources that a certain officer went to Belgium to purchase beer for the mens canteen. It was quite apparent that the officers intentions were now entirely (if at all) on the men's needs because he almost left without the money to buy the stuff. Yes, Antwerp and Brussels are beautiful cities, but after all it was a duty trip!

What officer is named "the man who kisses too quick"?

Why has H/N/A removed what he called a mustache from his apper lip? Explanations are forthcoming.

Lt/Col Somerville, acting Bde. Comd. was a guest at a mess dinner held in the Glace Bay Hotel on Wednesday evening. Don't let the boys lead you astray sir!

This week we said goodbye to one of the most popular members of the mess, Major "Mosey" Cleaner, who has gone back on repat to dear old C/B. "Mosey's" quick wit and pleasant personality, not to mention his dental ability will certainly be missed in the batallion. Next filling \$ 3.00. OUCH!!

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

What certain red-headed Corporal now in charge of Sigs, sends kisses over the wire daily to his lady love in Leeuwarden? It's love boys, love. It may mean a trip to the altar with Pte Attwood as best man. Who knows? Stranger things have happened.

Congratulations to C S M "Stookes" Mac Donald, CQMS Thompson and Gillan and last but not least, Mickey Danyluk on their recent promotions.

We hear that our new RSM has been seeing a lot of the Padre lately. Rumour of course. Could it be that the little blond in Delfzil has some bearing in the case?

The noise in the Officers' Mess the other night and early morning, kept the boys of a nearby Coy awake, These poor Joes haveto be in by 2300 hours? The party was O K but why the noise?