

# TO THE 48th HIGHLANDERS

SIX years ago, you went away as if by stealth. No pipes, no bands, no flags. It was a December night. Your families were allowed to go down to the Exhibition Station to see you depart. There was no joy there, but only foreboding.

Five thousand Canadians have passed into and out of your ranks since that night six years ago. Some have served you with distinction who never saw a battle. Many have died in battle with you whose nicknames you had hardly time to learn, and they lie on Italian slopes without ever having known what *Dileas gu Brath* means.

Faithful forever, that is what it means. And now, foreboding gone and joy returned, your city has the blood-bought privilege of welcoming you home with pipes and bands and flags.

As we watch you marching to your *Armederia* through half a dozen blocks of your city, we shall try to remember the long, long road that winds you back to us. Your first Christmas at sea, with battleships beside you. The heart-break of *Brest*, where you were one of three Canadian battalions to cross over to France, long after Dunkirk was ended and the British gone from Flanders, in your vain attempt to rescue the Fifty First Highland Division at *St. Valery*.

The years in Britain, while the *Furies* raged, and you trained and drafted and trained again, perfecting

*Nissoria*, *Assoro*, *Agira*, *Regalbuto* . . . the fabulous pinnacle battles of Sicily. *Campobasso*, *Torella* and the *Moro River*, where you left a hundred and five dead on your fifth December at war. And your fifth Christmas . . . cut off, surrounded by the enemy, your ammunition gone and no rations; and *Ortona* there, to your right, a ragged fawn scar against the wintry Adriatic.

Hitler Line, Florence, the Gothic Line, *Rimini*, the *Lamone River* and the *Senio*. Holland, the *Isser River* and *Appeldoorn*. That is the road. To mark it, in the ground you have left four hundred of your badges. . . .

You are the first regimental unit to return to us. Pace proudly, Highlanders, for we all know what *Dileas gu Brath* means now.

Specially written for this occasion by Gregory Clark

The spirit of this greeting to the 48TH, the first Regiment to return as a unit to Toronto, is warmly extended to all those of the First Division who are returning home.



# Corporal Stands By Wounded Pal And They Die Together For Canada



PTE. NORMAN SANFORD

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At the Front with the Canadians  
Central Italy (By Air Mail)

"Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Christmas Day, when the snow lay clean and crisp on their homeland farms and the biggest turkey in the restaurant sat on the cover, Private Norman Edward Sanford and Acting Corporal John Kitchener Wilcox of the 48th Highlanders of Canada died in a shallow muddy ditch near desolate Ortona.

During a sharp action against the Nazis the two friends had chosen for cover a stone house they thought was empty. As they drew near it they met a burst of machine gun fire. Private Sanford was wounded and took the only cover, a shallow ditch in the line of fire. Corporal Wilcox, unopposed, could have escaped with ease from his unit. Instead, he advanced and jammed his pal in the ditch, dressing his wounds and shielding by shot to assist aid from their platoon. Later, when the Canadians had taken the house and there was time to count losses, the bodies of the two boys were found side by side in the mud of Italy.

"Wilcox refused to leave Sanford," explained Private J. W. Leyden, 158 Marlborough avenue, who took part in this victorious Christmas battle. "He gave his life trying to save his pal."

Private John Kitchen, 727 Danforth avenue, also present, paid his sincere tribute in these words: "It was the very brave act of a magnificient soldier in the face of close enemy fire."

Private Sanford, as fearless as the friend who died for him, had been highly commended by his commanding officer for outstanding heroism



CPL. JOHN WILCOX



JOHN, 4, and ELSIE, 6, children of Cpl. Wilcox. He had never seen his son.

in the heavy action before Christmas that laid the groundwork for Ortona's capture.

The men are buried on that far-off sign field where first they became friends, far from the fertile black earth of the Canadian farms where they were born.

## Wife Had Thought He Was Coming Home

"We hoped he would get home for Christmas on leave, but they told him he was too valuable a man to let go," said the young wife of Corporal Wilcox, when spoken to by The Telegram at her home in Agincourt.

Waiting at home for him also was small John, whom he had never seen, four years old in February, and six-year-old Elsie.

Cpl. John Wilcox, nicknamed "Silver" because of the silver streak in his dark hair, was born at

Estevan, Saskatchewan, and came east to work in 1936. In 1937 he married Marjorie Lawes of Birchmount road, Agincourt. Enlisting in 1939, he went overseas that December with the 48th Highlanders. He spent three days at Dunkirk and was ill three months in Italy with malaria, before he fell at Ortona.

The Sanford family of Rural Route 2, Bolton, are firmly behind the task left them by their soldier son. Renting a 100-acre farm producing grain, stock and apple Mr. and Mrs. Sanford with the help of 15-year-old Bruce, till the land and work for the war effort at the same time. They are both on the night shift at Malton Air Observer School.

One daughter, Hazel, is in war work in Toronto, while son-in-law John W. Hull is in action overseas. "Norman liked farming, but he was into everything in the community, and I don't think he had any enemy in the world," said his mother.

He was 37 years old when he enlisted in 1939 with the Dufferin Highland Regiment. He went overseas December, 1941, and was at Dieppe with the Royal Regiment when he suffered an eye injury. Later he was transferred to the 48th and accompanied it to Sicily.

In Italy, too, are his twin brothers, William Jess and John Arthur, who have visited their older brother's grave and written word home to their mother.

John Arthur, big and fair-haired like his father brother whose place he wants to fill, has applied for it in the 48th, but the request is unlikely to be granted.

Corporal John Wilcox and Private Norman Sanford lie together in the warrior's grave, a testimony to the faith for which this war is being fought—in the dignity and decency of man.





Lt.-Col. J. R. O. Counsell, DSO, Commanding Officer of the famed 48th Highlanders (left), and Brig. I. S. Johnson, DSO and Bar, one-time 48th O.C., both of Toronto, just after they received their decorations from His Majesty the King.

# Cheering Major Of 48th Leads Battered Platoons Into "Impregnable" Line

**Heroic Highlanders in  
Italy Smash Murderous  
Defenses - Wipe Out  
Enemy**

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
With the British 8th Army, June 6.—With the Allied armies pushing relentlessly on the fall of Rome remained headline news for but a few hours. It has become just another centre captured and is now behind our lines.

East of Rome the famous 8th Army, a fighting force of steamroller proportions, is advancing north which is almost across Italy—and is now beyond Foggia. The enemy is not allowed to rest for a moment, day or night. Twenty winks by a German and his goose has been cooked.

Behind the Fighting 8th is a story of extreme bravery and heroism, much of which will never be told. That which has been recorded, however, is amazing, breath-catching.

Major James H. O'Connell, 48th Highlanders, showed outstanding leadership and heroism when two platoons of his company were pinned down by murderous fire in the Hitler Line, barbed wire and anti-tank ditches, behind which they had entrenched, and concrete and steel fortifications, bristling with guns ahead.

Rising from a crouching position as they edged forward, the Major walked around in a hail of fire, rallied all the men, cheered them on with "on to the objective," waves of his hand and led them to the objective.

### SWEPT FORWARD

The men had been stunned by the blizzards of bursting shells, some were wounded and some were exhausted by the difficult task of getting through the wire and anti-tank ditches, but grasping their machine-guns, Tommy guns, rifles and hand grenades, they swept forward. Behind their shouting officers and with indomitable spirit, they wiped out all opposition and that section of the so-called "impregnable" line was taken.

## Officer Decorated



LIEUT. R. S. EBY  
Toronto



Cpl. C. E. Ellison  
Toronto

# Attacks Hun Gun Post Alone 48th Officer Dies Saving Men

By MAJOR BERT WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent

With the 8th Army, June 7.—Lieut. Douglas S. Snively, son of Major and Mrs. Schuyler Snively, of Aurora, who died advancing in the face of the enemy as the final fortifications of the Hitler Line were smashed, lies in a hero's grave here.

For two days he led his platoon of 48th Highlanders against what Hitler said was an impregnable line.

With his men he had crawled over the barbed wire which was laced in the high standing wheel and nails. He had waded anti-tank ditches filled with water. He had charged the slopes on which were the German concrete and steel fortifications, man concrete and steel fortifications, man concrete and steel fortifications, man concrete and steel fortifications.

Then an Italian stone fortified house loaded with machine-guns stood in their way. The boys were pinned down.

"Take cover and I'll take it out," Lieut. Snively told his men. Single-handed, he attacked the fortification, but before victory was within his grasp he fell mortally wounded.

The Highlanders soon avenged his death, advancing to the objective on the Ponte-Corva road and sweeping the house opposition aside.

Captain Blair Eby, his adjutant,



LIEUT. DOUGLAS SNIVELY

paid highest tribute to his fellow officer, and the record has been written into the glorious pages of a famous regiment.

# Victors in Fierce Fighting, Toronto Troops Push Into Rimini



Waiting for his company commander to designate consolidated positions near Rimini, Pte. D. Harris (left), Toronto, snatches a brief rest under German military signboard. Capt. G. J. W. Proctor, Toronto, from

embankment on south side of Marecchia in Rimini (right), reports his company as "H-13 . . . on objective . . . bridge intact." L. Cpl. S. W. Hook, Toronto, passes the message back to regimental headquarters.



Vickers machine-gun crew (left) covers advance of daylight patrol in house-to-house fighting. In picture are Sgt. J. Stewart, Pte. W. Beaton and Cpl. G. W. Bartlett, all

# Pistol-Packing Hun, Mistaken For Pal Nurses Sore Head In Prison Camp But Joe Still Misses His Cigarettes



It All Began When Brisk Toronto Youth Asked For Shovel While 48th Dug In Beside Nazis

## NASTY AUTOMATIC PRESENTED INSTEAD

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Central Italy, Feb. 11.—This week I met Joe Toth, a brisk young member of Toronto's 48th Highlanders, who is the central figure in one of the most entertaining stories of the war.

We go back with Private Toth to the battle for the heights beyond the Moro River where, you will remember, the Canadians did some of their heaviest fighting, and in which the Highlanders shared.

A company of the 48th had branched off to the left and were to advance to a road which ran along the crest of a hill, dig in, thus consolidating their position, and be ready to break in case of a counter attack.

### In Pitch Dark

The night was pitch black. The Highlanders gained their objective and immediately commenced to dig in on a line paralleling the road. One thing they did not know was that the Germans, who had been driven back that day, were building a new line on the other side of the road.

Private Joe Toth is a worker and when word came to dig in he wasted a shovel as well as an entrenching tool in order to do a good job. Hearing someone digging nearby, he made his way through the darkness in the direction of the sound.

"After you with that shovel," said Joe, stepping closer to the industrious digger. The man turned. He was a six-foot German!

"I guess we were both surprised," said Joe, "but before I could beat it, you see I wasn't armed, he had me covered with his Smith's (machine pistol resembling tommy gun).

Private Joe was marched off to a nearby dugout, the captor's gun prodding him in the ribs at every step, and there he was relieved of his cigarettes and his personal papers.

### Lost His Tongue

Joe had been warned in advance not to talk in case of capture so he played fox and insisted that he could not speak English.

This, Joe admits, left the German interpreter rather dumbfounded and more than slightly annoyed and the big Hun who had captured him was told to take him further back. He did it with very bad grace.

"After you see the captain you're dead and you might just as well know it now," Joe was told by the

Starting out again with his big caper, Joe didn't feel very comfortable about these threats. As he staggered along an uneven mountain road he thought a lot about death and dying and decided that if he were to be shot he'd sooner be shot in a fight, even if the odds were against him.

As the guard continued prodding him along with the gun and steadily raising his blood pressure with threats, Joe kept warily edging towards the side of the road. The guard warned him, but Joe did it again. This time the guard really lost his patience and reached out a rough hand to steer Joe back into the centre of the road.

### One Biff Did It

That was the Hun's undoing. Private Joe Toth went into action. His right fist, swung with all the power of desperation, crashed into the German's face and the big enemy went down.

Joe didn't stop even to try to disarm the German. He started for our lines on the run and was back in his own trench before daylight.

At dawn the Germans launched a counter-attack, but the Highlanders were fully prepared and gave the enemy a thorough licking, taking many prisoners.

Later, when the prisoners were rounded up and taken back towards the pens, Private Joe Toth had a look at them. And, sure enough, in that huddle of humanity was the big, blond member of the night be-

th all the power of desperation.

Joe glared at him in a hot rage for a moment and then demanded:

"You (censored) (censored) where's my cigarettes?"

The big Hun responded with a sickly grin, after lifting his hand gingerly to cross a big lump between his eyes. The cigarettes, along with the personal papers, he said, had been sent to the captain. And the captain had not returned them.

### Left It At That

"So what could I do?" asked Joe. "I just went back to the boys."

The boys were the group of Highlanders who had been with Joe digging the trench and they included Sergeants George Adams and George Saunders, both of Toronto; Earl (Pop) Milne, Burk's Fall; Corporals R. McNaul, Alexander Dewar, both of Toronto; Privates James Miller, Lloyd Thompson, Perry Beatty and Harry Taylor, all of Toronto, and H. R. Stire, of Dunsmuir.

"And the best of this whole story is that we didn't have a casualty in the group; that is, after Joe Toth returned to the regiment," said Private Stire.



# Attack That Broke Enemy Made By Toronto's 48th

## First to Hit the Hitler Line, the Highlanders Are Credited With Initiating Break Through

By MAJOR BERT WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent

With the Canadian Corps, Italy, May 24—Having been the first to hit the Hitler Line, and outflanking it while other units later penetrated it to the north, Toronto's 48th Highlanders are now given credit for the initial successful assault. Our men were led by a well-known Toronto lawyer and the second in command was Major Don A. MacKenzie, Toronto. Other Ontario units, both infantry and armored, are sharing in the attack.

"All the boys did a wonderful job," said Capt. Blair Eby, M.C., of the 48th. This was the first united action of this formation (the Canadian Corps) and they have covered themselves with glory and are receiving congratulations to-night.

As the troops paused to-night to consolidate, they had reached the Melfa River, supposedly the next obstacle after the Hitler Line. The river is wide but shallow, our troops

wading across and the guns went with them.

An armored recon unit, made up mostly of Toronto men, is doing valuable work out in front of the infantry. Another armored unit, with a fine cavalry history, entered Pontecorvo this morning and found it pounded to pieces like Cassino; but from the rubble many prisoners emerged and surrendered.

Although the Germans are still offering stiff resistance south of the Liri River and north of the Rome highway, they have been disorganized by the Canadians.

Prisoners are pouring in, the Canadians taking 500 yesterday, including fifteen officers, and to-night they had increased it to 919. But there are many yet to be brought in and counted. The Eighth Army alone has taken over 3,000.

Yes, Canadians certainly celebrated the Twenty-Fourth—in Italy.

## CAPT. J. A. WILSON IS KILLED IN ITALY

Capt. John Alexander Wilson was killed in Italy by mortar fire as he led his company of the 48th Highlanders in the successful attack on



Capt. Wilson

the Hitler Line, May 23, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Rangleigh ave.

Capt. Wilson was married in February, 1943, while in Canada on instructional duty, to Nursing Sister Edith Elizabeth Stewart Parks, of Owen Sound, who is serving in Scotland.

He left his post with the Royal Bank at Barrie in September, 1929, to enlist, and went overseas in 1940.

After serving as an instructor at Ipperwash, he returned to England in 1943, rejoined his regiment last summer in Italy and fought throughout the campaign.

He was born and educated at Vancouver. He also is survived by two brothers, Maj. W. M. G. Wilson, RCAMC, in Italy; Clark, with the YMCA at Moncton, and a sister, Mrs. C. K. Rowan-Legg, of Ottawa.





## 48TH OFFICERS MARK VICTORIES SINCE INVASION

Hold First Mess Dinner Since  
Attack on Sicily—Covered  
800 Miles, Never Lost  
Battle

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At the Front with the Canadians.

Central Italy, Feb. 27.—Out of the fighting temporarily, but still in the mood, the officers of the 48th Highlanders held their first mess dinner since the invasion of Sicily last July. Since that day they have won every engagement in which they fought, covering eight hundred miles in their advance.

Short addresses by commanding officer and a Brigadier. Present at the dinner were: Majors D. A. MacKenzie, E. C. Rawlings, J. R. O. Casswell, I. S. Wallace; Captains R. S. Eby, Stewart B. East, Padre Wm. Byers, W. J. Palmer, L. A. Patterson, G. W. Beal, J. A. Wilson, M. E. George, G. A. Fraser, D. W. Jenkins, A. MacNeill, Ted Cameron, F. E. Childs; Lieutenants W. N. McMurray, G. W. Murray, J. R. Pearson, W. A. Hunter, I. MacDonald, R. W. Johnston, W. T. Pentland, J. G. Mayne, T. R. D. Dalley, E. C. Benson, Wm. Cost, W. G. Burke-Robertson, Wm. Collier, D. S. Snively, C. M. Middleton, D. M. Duncan, E. G. D. Washer, J. C. Curvelly, J. A. McNeil and G. M. Singleton of the YMCA.

The foulest weather continues on the 21st Army front, with warfare restricted to active patrolling, nightly artillery duels and counter battery actions.

I have just returned from Malta where spring flowers are in bloom and children are enjoying, for the first time since war, presents sent them by The Telegram B.W.V.F.

If ever a people earned the George Cross they did. You not only feel their spirit but it shouts at you from every corner.

### 48th Pipers in Italy

Although only seven of the original 23 members of the 48th Highlanders pipe band are serving in England, the band is upholding the glorious traditions of the regiment.

So says Major Bert Wemp, Telegram war correspondent who is with the boys in Italy, in a recent circular letter.

"Two of the band have made the supreme sacrifice fighting Germans," he writes, "and most of the others were wounded by enemy action, while several are ill."

Major Wemp told of meeting Pipe Major Andrew Anderson, who had just come back from the front line, with the guns roaring away on both sides.

"It has been hard going, but the boys have upheld the glorious traditions of the 48th," Pipe Major Anderson told Major Wemp. Those in the band to-day are Archie Dewar, Haddy Grant, James Morrison, the latter being wounded and returned to his unit; David Donaldson, who had been away sick but now returned

to the unit; Robert McVay, Drummer Stanley Suggie, who also had been sick and had returned; Sergt. Bert McKeonick, Sergt. William Travers and Pte. Frank Graham, who were wounded, have all returned to duty. Travers was the first 48th sergeant wounded. Sergeant Clair Collins, of Toronto Police Department, and Sgt. C. E. McGhee, et Downview, have also returned to the unit. Some of the wounded while convalescing passed through Tripoli, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily and Southern Italy on the way back to the front line.

## NON-COMS USE FASCIST PALACE FOR MESS HALL

First Celebration For 48th  
W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s in  
Mediterranean Area—Captured  
Cup Is Displayed

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent at the  
Front With the Canadians

With the 8th Army, Italy, March 2 (Delayed) — Holding their first mess dinner since the invasion of Sicily last July, the warrant officers and sergeants of the 48th Highlanders did themselves proud. It was the first such gathering held by the men in the Mediterranean theatre of war and came during a lull in the front line. The men met in one of those Fascist country palaces overlooking the Adriatic Sea. The building was a bit shell-wrecked, but offered plenty of protection; the banqueting hall being almost intact.

Not even the march on Rome by Mussolini and his henchmen compared to this march to the mess dinner. B.S.M. Bill Croxley, chairman; C.S.M. Jack Gunn, president, both from Toronto, and C.S.M. Harry Toustant of Hamilton made speeches, but they were brief indeed.

One feature on display was a large Fascist loving cup the sergeants had brought with them from Campobasso which the regiment helped capture last October.

In attendance were C.S.M.'s George Westmore, Harry Serrell, David Melville and John Taylor; C.Q.M.S.'s Alexander Marr, Charles MacLean, Charles Buckley, Allen Gairloch, David Goodall, Kenneth Craig, Richard Dooly and David Marr; Pipe-Major Andy Anderson and Sergeants J. Barker, W. E. Ross, C. Walsh, A. Scagnetti, D. K. Caswell, E. T. Bales, R. D. Mulholland, Duncan McArthur, C. E. McAllen, Bert McKinnock, F. N. Coleman, Jack Leitch, G. A. Ross, B. G. Todd, Tommie Fullerton, R. W. Colverley, Sid Candy, Jack Hewitt, Tom Keighley, David Logan, Robert Pennycook, Jack Ranney, William Stockman, Harry Vollick, G. D. Adams, L. A. Bennett, Stan Caldwell, T. Eastwood, R. Gordon, Vic Jackson, John Jonasse, Tom Paul, E. C. Ralph, C. L. Rhodenslager, E. George Sanders, Robert Shaw, H. Auchterlone, Donald Bain, George Craig, R. W. Burns, W. R. McCulloch, E. S. Milne, Charlie Maile, F. M. Serton and C. W. Atwell.



Lieut. J. M. E. Clarkson, Toronto, here follows the course of the Sicilian campaign which his Commanding Officer traces for him on a map.

# Glorious Feats Of Heroism Win Imperishable Fame For Toronto's "48th"

**Pachino, Assoro, Nissoria, Valguarnera, Regalbuto and Adriano Added to Battle Honors in Sicily - Conquered Nazis, Heat and 3,000 Foot Cliffs in 20-Day Gruelling Advance**

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
 Telegram War Correspondent  
 With the Front Line Troops in Sicily

Via Malta, Aug. 15 (Delayed)—Glorious feats of heroism by officers and men marked the march of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, under the command of a prominent Toronto lawyer, from beaches at Pachino, Sicily, to the foot of Mount Etna and north where the enemy today is retreating and attempting an evacuation.

It took supermen to march day and night through scorching heat and dust like blowing snow for over twenty days and then fight their way up sheer mountain sides. But this was what the 48th did; and as I look at the peaks—3,000 feet-high natural fortifications for the enemy—I wonder how any human beings could assault, capture and hold such positions. But this was what our 48th Highlanders did.

To-day I visited a unit on a hillside with Mount Etna in the distance. Officers and men were bivouacked under olive and fig trees surrounded

**TORONTO REUNION**

It was a Toronto reunion and officers, including Company Majors K. T. Whyte, D. W. Bunton, Lyman Crawford Brown and Captains R. P. Lyon, Ian Wallace, J. Wright, J. C. Clarke, Ted Cameron, Frank McEachern, M. E. Clarkson and W. L. Beutly recounted their battle experience.

Men of the unit who have won imperishable fame taking machine-gun posts and mortars and charging in and behind the enemy include: Corporal William Lennon, taking machine-gun post; Corporal Tiny Burt, hand-grenaded an enemy ridge position; and Sergeant Charles Fraser of whom I wrote from North Africa, who climbed the heights at Assoro with his platoon and led a bayonet attack. They cleared out enemy for two hundred yards.

Sergt. Major Jimmy Keith, former Balmly Beach rugby player, was outstanding in rallying his men in an

unit. **UNITED TIGERS**, But, really, it was not serious than that.

## EXPLOITS OF A HERO

Sergt. Charlie Fraser, a 20-year-old lad from Toronto, who has been over seas with the 48th for three years, won fame for himself and his regiment at the capture of Assoro and Nissoria and his exploits will explain what I meant when I referred earlier to feats of heroism.

Assoro, like most of Sicily's towns, sits on a hilltop, about 2,000 feet up. There is no easy way up those 2,000 feet. On all sides there are rocky precipices with rough, irregular paths winding towards the summit. Along these paths and any cross or controlling roads the enemy had dug himself in.

Under cover of darkness Sergt. Fraser organized and led a bayonet attack which was so successful that the enemy was cleaned out of a two hundred yard area. Later, as the regiment advanced towards Nissoria, Fraser took his platoon around the right side of the mountain peak and ran into tank and machine-gun fire. He was injured, but continued to lead the advance for another hundred yards. Weakened, he sat down but waved his men on to the attack.

## INITIATIVE AND GALLANTRY

Corporal Wilfred Kay of Hamilton, a tall, dark and good-looking lad, showed outstanding initiative and gallantry. At Valguarnera city, guns fired three hundred rounds while sitting on a 3,000-foot mountain peak, he organized a sweep, coming up in the rear of the enemy. His section was within twenty yards of the Huns before they were discovered. At point blank range Kay led his men in throwing hand grenades in the faces of the enemy. The Huns returned the grenades but Kay established a bridgehead across the river. In the country north of Regalbuto on the Adriano road near Simeto, we ran into some German paratroops but our lads disposed of them. These young fanatics fight to the last and know nothing of the last and know nothing of the last and know nothing of the last.

Lieut. Robert Handley of Toronto, organized the attack with Lieut. W. H. Naylor, Toronto, and under Lt. Naylor the Toronto Highlanders climbed the almost perpendicular walls and wiped out a whole section of Huns. It was a magnificent show and Jerry found out in a few seconds what those red patches meant. Ever since he has called our boys Red Patch Devils.

## TOOK STRONG POINT

"Assoro's natural fortification were even stronger than Valguarnera," said Capt. R. P. Lyon of Toronto. "I had gone forward to Recon in the afternoon and found out the enemy positions. After dark the artillery opened a barrage and we moved up the valley single file and up the mountainside until we hit the crest. For a while we were pinned down, but found the enemy on two sides in a hundred and fifty yard square. Lieut. G. A. Fraser and Lieut. J. Douglas could see traces and reinforced us. The radio set was out of communication. The engagement lasted for an hour and a half until two a.m. We finally had to withdraw down the slopes but did so successfully. Later, we reformed and attacked and took the positions." "Advancing east toward Mount Etna still another battle took place at Regalbuto where the artillery were hundred per cent. perfect," said Major Don Barton. "Seventy-one Huns fired three hundred rounds each and when we advanced the Huns came out dazed."

## OUTFOUGHT FANATICS

"From Regalbuto we marched to Adriano in front of Mount Etna and covered. At point blank range Kay led his men in throwing hand grenades in the faces of the enemy. The Huns returned the grenades but Kay established a bridgehead across the river. In the country north of Regalbuto on the Adriano road near Simeto, we ran into some German paratroops but our lads disposed of them. These young fanatics fight to the last and know nothing of the last and know nothing of the last and know nothing of the last. When we set near Adriano British troops were parading us and they took the city. It had been badly shelled and was a shambles."

Capt. Lyon and Wallace and Majors Art Duck and Benton had close call near Adriano. They took a wrong turning. A short distance up a road they ran into snipers. The took a corner in a jeep at forty an overturned. They scrambled over and ran fifty yards to cover. By good stroke of fate no one was hit.

Two trucks and an armored vehicle, loaded with Germans until they were hanging out the sides, made a dash through the valley below, leaving the dead and wounded. The action was so outstanding and complete that Kay is given credit for breaking the Hun position and forcing the whole line to withdraw.

The Forty-Eights had no killed and only three men slightly wounded in this action.

## PADRE GIVEN PRAISE

Captain S. B. East, padre, is given great praise by the officers and men. On one occasion he kept going for seventy-two hours without sleep. When medical officers were attending the men he never left their side. He conducted services for burials and on occasions dug the graves himself.

Valguarnera, in centre Sicily, is on mountain peak some 3,000 feet high and has a commanding position of the surrounding country. Against this natural and strongly fortified mountain the 48th Highlanders met the Huns for the first time in force.

"We just had marched through Sicily capturing surrendering cities left and right," said Major Don W. Barton, Toronto, "until we hit Jerries



Fig. D. MULLHOLLAND Toronto (Wounded)

## Canadians Await Over-The-Top Order



Just a few minutes after this picture was taken on the Italian front, these infantrymen of the 48th Highlanders of Canada were storming into action. Here they await the order from Platoon Commander Liral, I. MacDonald, of Windsor (with binoculars) that will send them "over the top." Included in the group are Sgt. J. T. Cooney, Hanover; Pte. Athol H. Downie, Sarnia; Pte. O. E. Bernier, Sudbury; Cpl. G. E. Young, Toronto (with Tommy gun); Cpl. T. Feraday, Toronto, and Bren-gunner Pte. S. L. Hori of Toronto.

### Captain Wounded



**CAPTAIN FRED G. McLAREN**, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. George McLaren, Toronto, who is listed in the latest Canadian (Active) Army casualty list as having been wounded.



**A/MAJ. J. C. CLARKE**  
Dund Lake  
(wounded)

### Three Times Wounded



For the third time in this war, **ACTING MAJOR ROBERT P. LYON** of Toronto, serving with the 48th Highlanders, has been wounded in action. The latest report states he was wounded on Dec. 31. He had only recently got out of hospital where for several months he had been treated for infected wounds.



# Top, Oranges, Bullers 48th's Eerie Cocktail

By RALPH ALLEN

Globe and Mail War Correspondent  
(Special)

With the Canadian Army in Sicily, Aug. 14 (Delayed).—An orange is an orange, and a jeep is a jeep, but when you mix them up with small arms fire from a German ambush they make a cocktail that can disrupt the dignity of a man faster than a Mickey Finn. Practically the entire nominal roll of senior officers of the 48th Highlanders can give first-hand testimony as to this.

As the regiment pushed along "Maple Leaf Trail" in the Canadian Army's encircling movement on Adriano, its commanding officer there and its company commanders, Capt. Bob Lyon, Major Don Banton and Capt. Ian Wallace, piled into a single vehicle with Intelligence Officer Lieut. M. E. Clarkson and their driver, Pte. Jimmy Hyland. The well-compressed party then went west ahead on a reconnaissance mission.

They gathered the military information they sought without trouble. They also gathered valuable intelligence about an orange grove in which the fruit was ripening.

On the way back they turned off the trail to collect a load of buckwheat vitamins. After jolting along another 400 yards the realization dawned simultaneously on the five officers and the one private that they had taken the wrong bend. Driver Hyland quickly swung the jeep around. A shade quicker, a shower of machine-gun and rifle bullets splattered through the enveloping dust.

Hyland's accelerator foot hit the floorboards as his passengers doubled up for cover. The fleeing party hit the turn at 40 miles an hour. The jeep hit the bank on the far side of the main trail and the colonel, major, two captains, lieutenant and private hit the road in a scrambling, conglomerate heap.

Gunfire followed them down and up again, and then down again. The colonel and one officer crawled into a shallow gully and pushed along the roadside with their faces half-immersed in a trickle of muddy water. The others also took to the ditch.

Meanwhile the jeep chugged ambitiously against the bank, slid off and strolled disdainfully away under its own power, heading straight for a ravine.

Wallace, whose harrowing experience early in the transportless stages of the campaign convinced him that it is better to die with a jeep than try to live without one, leaped out of his shelter, dashed down the road and caught the straying vehicle just in time.

An armored reconnaissance car from the Princess Louise Dragon Guards effected a general rescue shortly afterward. The sole casualty in the encounter was Clarkson, who lost the heel of his left boot when it was picked cleanly off during the fight.

The jeep has been acting very upity ever since.

## Killed In Action



**PTE. MURRAY (BUD) WHALEN**, of the 48th Highlanders, has been killed in action. He enlisted in September, 1939, and went overseas in May, 1940. He is survived by his father, E. Whalen, of Roncesvalles avenue, and a brother, L.A.C. E. A. Whalen, serving with the RCAF overseas.

Highlanders of Canada, is reported

killed in action. He is a son of Mrs. A. L. Young, 12 Aberdeen avenue. Pte. Young enlisted in the 48th Highlanders when war was declared and went to England with the 1st Contingent. He married in England and his wife and a 2-year-old son live in Sussex. His father, who died some years ago, was a veteran of the last war. A brother of Pte. Young was killed in France during the war of 1914-18.



G. E. Young

His father, who died some years ago, was a veteran of the last war. A brother of Pte. Young was killed in France during the war of 1914-18.

## Killed In Action



**PTE. JACK BESSERMAN**, 29th Highlander, was killed in action on July 18, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Besserman, Queen Street east, have been informed. Born in Toronto, he attended public school in Alliston and Danforth Technical School. He worked in his father's confectionery store before enlisting in March, 1940.

Right—You can't get a good night's sleep in Sicily if your mosquito netting is ripped. Capt. J. R. O. Coansell, Toronto, makes sure before he turns in.



## DRUMMER WILLIAM THOMP-

**SON**, of the 48th Highlanders, has been killed in action in Sicily. He enlisted in September, 1939, and went overseas the following December. Prior to enlistment he was employed by the A. R. Williams Co. He attended Earl Beatty Public and Danforth Technical Schools. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. William Thompson; his father, Sgt. James Thompson, of the 48th Highlanders; a brother, Bdr. Jack Thompson, of the artillery, now serving overseas; and one sister, Mrs. Anne Smith, of 161 Lee ave.



## PTE. HAROLD CHILVERS, 30,

son of Mrs. and the late William Chilvers, 26 Mould street, lost his life in Sicily on July 18, according to word reaching his mother yesterday. He had been overseas more than three years with the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, having enlisted shortly after war was declared. Pte. Chilvers is survived by his mother, an, four brothers, William, Alfred, Fred and John. He attended Kent School and was well known in the Runnymede district.

## Died Of Wounds

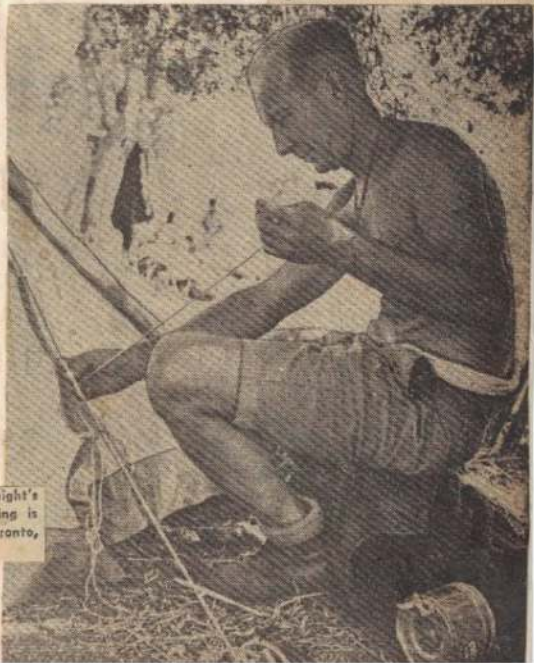


**LIEUT. WILLIAM S. MILLER**, of the 48th Highlanders, who died of wounds on July 20 in Sicily. He went overseas in 1939 and received his commission two years later in England. He was born in Toronto and educated at Port Perry. Capt. William Miller, former inspector of the city police force, is an uncle.

## Wounded



**LIEUT. F. D. (BOB) HANDLEY**, 48th Highlanders, has been wounded in action, according to word received by his wife at 110 Courtleigh boulevard. He enlisted in March, 1940, and went overseas in August of the same year. He attended Elm House School, Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto.



# 48th Highlanders Cut Off Saved By Saskatoon Unit Passing Hun Line In Dark

Weary Saklis Company Volunteered to Man to Carry Aid Through Hun Cordon—Brought Out Wounded—Magnificent Heroism—Best Christmas Present to Toronto Troops

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Central Italy, Jan. 18.—This is a story of the magnificent heroism of a small company of the Saskatoon Light Infantry, but composed of lads from all over Canada. It is the story of the best Christmas present Toronto's 48th Highlanders ever received. And now it can be told.

Several days before Christmas the Canadians commenced an outflanking movement on Ortona on the Adriatic Sea. The leading battalion advanced first, taking its objective. The 48th Highlanders following, under cover of darkness, drove east, toward the sea, but in behind the German lines overlooking Ortona. Another battalion was to have completed the operation, but this is where the heroic story commences.

The 48th Highlanders were so far advanced that when daylight came they found the Germans shooting at them from three sides. When the Germans waded up, next day to the actual situation, a strong force counter-attacked driving a wedge in between the leading battalion and the Highlanders, thus cutting off the Toronto lads.

A third battalion, later, instead of driving to the sea, pushed the counter-attacking Germans out, thus straightening and consolidating the whole position.

But Christmas night found the Highlanders in an isolated position, and it was then the Saklis (Saskatoon Light Infantry) wrote an immortal page in their regimental history.

## THROUGH MUD AND SHELLS

"My company boys had manned the guns all day, but when the situation was explained to them at dark, Christmas night they were full out for the job," said Captain Alfred Pepper, of Regina. "The Highlanders cut off needed rations, ammunition and water and we organized into two parties and set off with guides. We took the stuff up as far as we could by truck, unloaded, put it on our backs and set off for the position some three miles away. It was tough going through mud, water and enemy shells. Finally we reached the battalion area. Here the guides from another unit picked us up and we started forward again, the padre of the Highlanders, Captain Stewart Emsel, and several of his troops coming back to meet us.

"The parties got separated going under the wire and my section followed the guide through the German lines. The guide didn't seem to think anything unusual about it, so we followed, saying nothing, but doing a lot of thinking. One German challenged us in German. We observed 'repeat.' He didn't even wait to repeat, but beat it like hell. All we could hear was his noise getting away.

## RIGHT THROUGH HUN LINE

"Going through and behind the German lines we came out on the other side and arrived at the Highlanders' position about an hour after the other party. We sure got all mixed up, but being amongst Germans, we only had to fear snipers.

"After delivering our loads we stayed this in for the next day, returning the following night with five wounded on stretchers."

"How many men did you lose?"

"Not a single one, nor did we have a solitary casualty," replied Captain Pepper. "Going in we flattened out when the shelling was hot. Sometimes we crawled. Sometimes we walked. We did the same thing coming out. It was miraculous. I am sure many Germans must have taken us for their own troops."



Cpl. J. R. RILEY  
Toronto  
(wounded)



Pte. A. K. WELLER  
Toronto  
(died of wounds)



Pte. K. S. LUKE  
Oshtawa  
(wounded)



Cpl. E. H. Allen  
Paris  
(wounded)



Pte. A. Daniels  
Toronto  
(wounded)



Pte. C. J. Glover  
Toronto  
(wounded)



Cpl. A. Scagnetti  
Toronto  
(wounded)





PTE. WILLIAM JACKSON



CAPT. J. R. O. COUNSELL



PTE. GEORGE GRAY



SGT. JAMES McGEACHIE



PTE. JOHN BERRY



SGT. C. (TED) RALPH

Heinie didn't relish that over-powering assault yesterday and when faced with hand to hand fighting jumped out of a deep slit trench with hands held high and yelling "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Even the famous German First Division Paratroops had met more than their match.

"Advancing up a slope toward the town, we ran into 250 Huns, at least, perhaps 300 of them," related Pte. James Brown, of 1210 College street, Toronto, to me as we kept sharp lookout for the enemy. "When they spotted us advancing on their positions they let us have mortars and machine guns. Throwing hand grenades like baseballs and spraying them with machine gun and tommy guns, we overran their first line of defense. I am sure we got 50 or 60 of them. As we ploughed into the remainder, they popped up with their hands over their heads and fairly shrieking, "Kamerad!" I guess those guys had heard of us before, for they had no more fight left in them."

#### TORONTO MEN IN ACTION

Included in the attacking party were Lieut. Blair Eby, who led the assault; Cpl. C. Moyle, Ptes. James S. Kelly, George Gray, Kenneth Johnson, John Eldridge, John C. Owen, John Berry, Arthur Daniels, Robert Hay, Wm. E. Hibbard, J. Sinasio, J. Doran, J. Hanson; Cpls. Jos Laptom, Robt. Nicholson, Terry Farraday, Wm. Anderson; Lt. K. Arrell, Seta. Fred Ralph, Cyril Walsh, James McGeachie (formerly The Telegram



SGT. THOMAS PAUL

Along a semi-dry mountain river bed, I watched and talked with one of our patrols heading for enemy territory—to seek out the enemy for a fight or to report his location. Sgt. Gordon Major headed the party and with him were Cpl. Geo. Ardagh, Bert Smith, Norman Szyman, Raymond Caswell, George Morley and Gordon Woodrow.

These lads had been in yesterday afternoon's and last night's attack but they were giving the enemy no rest as they patrols pushed forward.

A company under Capt. J. R. O. "Jim" Counsell, of Toronto, which participated in yesterday's attack, had to take mortar and machine gun fire mixed with 88 mm. shells, but

ed, but the spirit of the men has never been higher. You are lighting your furnaces at home but the Highland lads are still fighting in tropical outfits. And they still have their pipe bands with them.



CPL. GEORGE A. ARDAGH

hearing of this. Two of the Canadians were wounded. Capt. Counsell and some of his company carried them, along the river bank for two miles, delivering them to a jeep fitted with stretchers.

#### OUTSTANDING SUCCESS

The colonels, officers and men of our infantry units deserve the highest praise for a magnificent attack and an outstanding success.

The objective was atop a mountain peak, with difficult mountainous country surrounding, but our lads swept everything before them. Some of the high officers didn't think the Huns had 88 mm. guns, but the troops—who thought otherwise—definitely settled the matter. They

dodge them as we made my way to Pte. Wm. Jackson, who before the war was a member of The Telegram's composing room staff, and we embarked on a little jaunt.

"Look out for that corner," he warned me as we approached a hair-pin bend towards the line.

Bill had the right idea. The Huns had the range, as we found when their "hot stuff" came uncomfortably close. But fortunately our forward troops soon put these enemy guns out of action.

While Jackson and I were in one town, the mayor told us that the Germans had looted the town in retreat, taking pigs, chickens, eggs, clothing and anything of any value. As they retreated from another town, the mayor of the centre sent a messenger through the lines with a desperate plea for help. The messenger said that not only had the Germans looted the town, but also were taking 20 young women with them.

#### NAZI ATROCITIES

That is but one of the many stories I have heard of German atrocities.

Canadian Highlanders, fighting as gallantly as their fathers did in the Great War of 1914-18, are maintaining the high standard of their famous regiment in the present conflict.

And with the regiment, 25 years after the conclusion of that other war, are no less than 14 men who went through it too. They are not young men as soldiers go, but are experienced—that goes without saying—and hard-hitting. Younger men of the unit wonder at their staying power, for they climb mountain after mountain and fight with the greatest fervor. These veterans have a long-standing score to settle and have waited for many years to walk into Berlin.

In the second battle of Ypres, Canadian Highlanders took the first German gas attack—and withstood it without masks or protection of any kind, to save a break-through and the Channel ports.

In July, 23 years later, the Highlanders found themselves with another difficult task, and this time it was in Sicily. They, with other battalions, were to perform a flanking movement from Enna to Mount Etna, and thus cut off the Huns back of Catania.

It was done to the Queen's taste. The Germans retreated rapidly to Messina, and those who could evacuated in boats to the Italian mainland. Carrying on their fighting tradition, the men of the regiment have advanced many miles in Italy and have had several successful engagements with the enemy.

#### TEA TASTES GOOD

On four occasions I have spent the day with them. The last time was in slit trenches on a mountain-side. The lads of Balmorals and kilts were eating bully beef and vegetables with hard tack, and were washing it down with good tea they had made over a small trench fire. The tea was particularly good, as I recall with pleasure. But the ground was wet and night was approaching with the high altitude chill of the mountains.

During that night, the Highlanders advanced several miles against the enemy, and after one day's rest con-



# Toronto Man's German And Platoon's Grenades Made Tough Huns Quit

Roaring Voice of Lt. Ian MacDonald, Riled After  
Being Nazi Target, Bade Them "Come Out  
Of Huts—Or Else"—Foolish Ones Are  
Now Dead Germans

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Central Italy, Jan. 14—Lieutenant Ian MacDonald, of Charles street, Toronto, but who hails from a Windsor district regiment and is out here on exchange, is a big fair-headed officer, slow of speech and action, but a holy terror to the Hun.

After the Mare River had been crossed, but the heights beyond and Ortona yet to be taken, which turned out to be terrific hand-to-hand fighting, MacDonald occupied a half-wrecked stone Italian farmhouse. Naturally, the Hun long range artillery had every building and shelter in an area like this, which they had just abandoned, pin pointed. On the following morning after the occupation the enemy laid down a concentration on the farm. Lieut. MacDonald's platoon sought shelter in the slit trenches. MacDonald stood nearby shaving while the section of the building was hit four times. Four times he picked up his mirror and retrieved his other shaving utensils and it was not until the last direct hit, being as I said a patient man, he lost his temper. He promised vengeance.

The regiment to which he was attached was in attack and moved into new positions at night under cover of darkness.

"Every farmhouse and building must be searched and cleaned out," said Major J. C. Clarke, of Toronto, the company commander. "That will be your job, Mac."

"Yes sir, my platoon will look after that," the lieutenant answered.

"Remember now, keep as quiet as possible, but clean them out."

"Don't worry sir, we will clean them out."

## WITH QUINTE UNIT

The push opened with another Ortona regiment, men mostly from the Quinte district, advancing under a heavy artillery barrage and taking their objective according to the time schedule.

Under cover of darkness Lieut. MacDonald's battalion moved stealthily forward and beyond some small farm houses. Major Clarke checked to make sure a thorough cleanup of Huns would take place so there would be no shooting in back as our boys advanced. His check order had hardly been given when a roaring voice, shouting in German was heard: "Come out with your hands up or we'll shoot."

Major Clarke wondered what was going on and doubled back quickly. To his astonishment he found Lieut. MacDonald's platoon

the first house, MacDonald talking perfect German, and five Huns coming out with their hands up.

The next house contained eight enemy, but some resisted, our boys having to shoot up those who didn't come out with their hands up. In the third house there were three who came out but at the fourth there was a skirmish and MacDonald got a bullet across his arm. It just scratched flesh, so he carried on and has since.

At the fifth house there were eight Germans, a bit tougher than others, or who thought they were. Roaring again at the top of his voice in German the lieutenant invited them to come out and laid emphasis on with hands up. A shot from the Germans holding the house and the cleanup was on in earnest.

## LET THEM HAVE IT

"Let them have it boys," ordered MacDonald, and the boys sure let them have it.

Through front, back and side doors and windows went a shower of well-thrown hand grenades. That shook the defenders inside and when they received a hail of machine-gun and Tommy gun bullets with a well-aimed few from rifle thrown in, that was the end of the resistance.

The roar of the exploding hand grenades and the rat-a-tat-a-tat of machine and Tommy guns were fortunately heard only a short distance, the noise being smothered by the whams of the artillery shells on the other Hun positions, but Major Clarke was back again on the run.

"Quiet, Mac, quiet. What's all the row about?" he demanded.

"Just trying out my gun. Thought it might be a little dirty," MacDonald replied with a grin.

Other houses went the same way in the surprise surrounding attacks and the invitation in German to come out with hands up—or— seldom went unheeded.

Early in the morning, but long before daybreak, there was another din. MacDonald's platoon taking eight more Heinies from a house and sending them back through the lines. And even after the battalion had reached its objective and consolidated its position at daybreak the Huns were surprised and captured in a final house.

The whole episode was not only a perfect lesson in house cleaning, it was also an experience in higher education, for everybody in Major Clarke's company can now say in German, "Come out with your hands

# Final Phase of 1st Division's 250-Mile Advance in Sicily Was Dominion Troops' Most Valuable Achievement - Accomplished by Guerilla Tactics of Platoons and Companies

Ross Munro, Canadian Press war correspondent, concludes a series of four stories on the role played by Canada's 1st Division in interesting Sicily from Axis forces. Here he describes the final push that broke the Mount Etna line.

**By ROSS MUNRO**  
**Canadian Press War Correspondent**  
 With the Canadians in Sicily, Aug. 30—The Canadian-British advance Aderno which broke the Mount Etna line on the northern and Eighth Army front saw all the regiments in the 1st Canadian Division contribute to a victory which went a long way toward forcing the Germans to begin their evacuation of Sicily.

This final phase of the Canadians' 250-mile move through the Italian island from Pachino to Etna, was the strongest of them all. It was probably the division's most valuable achievement in the general Eighth Army picture, yet it was accomplished without a large scale engagement.

There was fierce, bloody fighting, but it was done generally by platoons or companies in the mountains and hills through which the Canadians trekked like lost battalions.

The Aderno operation started as soon as Agira fell, when the British Maltia force pushed doggedly east toward Regalbuto, where the Germans were making another delaying stand. With the British, still under Canadian command, were the 46th Highlanders of Toronto, the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, rested now from the fighting at Nisibis, where they had softened up the German positions for a breakthrough there.

**STALKED FOE 3 DAYS**  
 For three days, July 29, 30 and 31, British and Canadian infantry worked into the hills around Regalbuto. The RCR and HPE got into position south of the town and the 46th infiltrated to a high hill overlooking the town from the north. British troops did the same.

Meanwhile big things were happening eight miles south at Catenanuova where other Canadians were attacking.

During the Canadian advance from Leonforte to Agrigola the Royal 22nd was leading a push toward Catenanuova from the west, followed by the Carleton and York and the West Nova Scotians with tanks and light artillery.

Nearing the town, the Royal 22nd had a bitter battle on Mount Scapello, south of the main road, and another mountain north of the road. They hit the Germans so hard, however, that the night of July 29-30 the West Novas supported by the Carleton and Yorks were able to go down the slopes of Mount Scapello, capture Catenanuova and establish a vital bridgehead over the cricled-out bed of the Diatiano river.

**BEGINNING OF END**  
 This was the first concrete move leading to the German defeat at Aderno.

The British 78th Division at this time came into the line at Catenanuova, exploiting the bridgehead to the full and driving at Centuripe, strongholds on the top of the mountain on the road to Aderno.

hill and down the Medjerdah valley.

The three Canadian battalions which fought at Catenanuova operated through the mountains on the flank of the 78th under whose command they were during this operation.

On Aug. 2 the Germans collapsed. First, Regalbuto fell at noon to the Canadians and British, and Centuripe was yielded in mid-afternoon.

The 78th Division looked ahead to Aderno and mounted its attack.

As the Regalbuto-Centuripe operations were concluding the Canadians were pulling off a sneak play in the mountains north of the Regalbuto-Aderno main road.

**EDMONTONS' FINE FEAT**

Supplied by mule trains, the Edmontonians pushed off into some of the wildest country in Sicily, making their way on foot over mountain tracks and along river beds to gain mountains and hills overlooking the Simeto river valley, which was the last obstacle before Aderno and the Mount Etna line.

The Edmontonians achieved an initial surprise, but eventually ran into German positions in the mountains. The fighting which followed was knock-down, drag-out guerrilla battling with companies and platoon sharing the burden. The whole battalion was never in action at the one time.

The Edmontonians first captured Hill 736, then stormed Mount Revisotto, taking it, too.

Major Gen. G. G. Simonds, the Canadian Divisional Commander, organized a strong infantry and tank force to strike down the valley between the Edmontonians and the Regalbuto-Aderno road and the Sealorhis were given this task with the tanks.

With perfect co-ordination, this spearhead pierced through to the hills by the Simeto river. The Patricia finished the job by occupying Mount Seggio, highest peak by the Simeto.

The Westerners held firm on this mountain line but weren't counter-attacked.

**PLANES, GUNS SOFTEN FOE**

In a final flourish the Royal 22nds were sent around ahead of the Canadian line and at night got across the Simeto river, gaining a strong bridgehead. On the night of Aug. 6-7 the 78th Division laid down an artillery barrage on Aderno following a heavy bombing during the day and British infantry were in Aderno and up the Bronite road by morning.

The liffhook had given the knock-out blow to the Germans.

The 48th Highlanders moved into the Simeto valley, too, and the Carleton and Yorks and West Novas pulled up on the left flank of the 78th as it fought toward Bronte.

The role of the Royal Canadian Engineers was most important through all this fighting, for as the Germans fell back on Aderno they cratered the roads and blew up scores of bridges. The sappers were always on the job, well forward with the infantry repairing roads under fire, bridging and, during the Westerners' attack through the mountains, actually building a completely new road over trackless country.

Everyone at the front gave the Canadian gunners full marks and that went as well for the British self-propelled regiment which stuck with the Canadians and gave them wonderful support from Pachino to Etna.

Saskatchewan machine-gunners, mortar-men, and ski troops were



**PTE. LLOYD DUNCAN**, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Duncan, 20 Mackenzie Crescent, who was killed in action in Sicily on July 25. He was serving with the 48th Highlanders. Pte. Duncan went overseas nearly four years ago. Before enlisting he was a drug clerk in Toronto. He was 27 years old. Surviving besides his parents are three brothers, Gerald, Leonard and Vernon, and three sisters, Mrs. Daisy Gillan, Mrs. Ruby Wild and Miss Marjorie Duncan, all of Toronto.



**PTE. THOMAS R. HARDACRE**, 48th Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hardacre, 72 Brook avenue, Toronto, who is listed as missing in action. He enlisted in September, 1939, and went overseas in December of the same year. Hardacre was educated at Indian Road Crescent Public School.

**Toronto Men**

**Killed In Action**



**Cpl. L. D. Burt**

**Wounded In**

**CPL. MORLEY GORDON**, aged 22, son of Mrs. U. Gordon, 448 Bloor street west, has been killed in action. He enlisted in September, 1932, with the 48th Highlanders and sent overseas with the 1st Contingent. He was mentioned in despatches recently, with a Sergt. Burnie, for clearing out an enemy strong post in Sicily. He was killed on July 25. He leaves a wife and young child in England.



**Sicily**

**Sgt. C. B. Fraser**

**Sergeant James McGeachie, Active in Sports, Is Serving With 48th Highlanders**

Action, Aug. 28 (Special)—Sergeant J. McGeachie, of the 48th Highlanders, has been wounded during operations at Sicily.

Jim, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGeachie, residents at Action for many years, but now living in Toronto, was active in baseball and hockey. He was an employee of the Action Free Press and at the time of his enlistment, shortly after declaration of war,



**Sgt. J. McGeachie**

employed in a local printing office at Oshawa.

Jim went overseas with the 1st Canadian Contingent, and has seen service in France.



**C.S.M. C. Burdis**  
 Toronto



**Pte. D. L. Reid**  
 Toronto

# All Objectives Captured In Month's Grim Battle By Victorious Canadians

Saw Unparalleled Artillery Barrages, Bombings,  
Attacks and Counter-Attacks in Fierce and  
Bloody Battles - Beat Cream of German  
Armies - Battlefields Still Littered  
With Dead

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Central Italy, Jan. 7.—After a full month of terrific battles, the Canadians with the British 8th Army on the Adriatic front have won all objectives and as I write this the fight rages on, the Germans being given a heavy aerial and artillery blasting.

It has been a month of unparalleled artillery barrages, bombings, attacks, counter attacks and further attacks, plus a gale off the sea which left the areas close to the Apennines waist deep in snow.

The ground in and around the latest losses captured by the 48th Highlanders is still littered with German dead, special parties being needed for the burying. There is no letup in the hammering the 8th Army is giving the enemy, the bombers having had a field day with three days in a row of brilliant sunlight.

The German defense and supply lines, deep in snow, are perfect aerial targets, dive bombers destroying 30 and damaging over 100 vehicles from staff cars to railway locomotives.

Looking over the area on our side of the line you would see the whole countryside covered with blankets and equipment drying out. Our troops have readjusted their position behind natural barriers and what is left of stone farm houses in the country and in villages.

Until Monday and Tuesday our lads hadn't had their clothes off in a month. Now they are coming back a short distance, but only a few at a time, to sizzle shower baths and for a change of clothes. They are long-haired, bearded, hot, but happy. In fact they have taken every objective given them since the original invasion.

Germany has used the cream of her army, young paratroops, all volunteers, for the hazardous task, but the Canadians broke them wide open with the pounding continuing.

The whole Adriatic battlefield presents a strange scene to-day. The sea coast is green, after a horizontal rain. Looking over orange lemon, fig and olive trees and nut groves, the snow fields commence a few miles inland. The whole of the 9,000 foot mountains in the distance are plastered white, glistening in the bright sunlight. In the early morning, with daylight breaking, the pure white mountains look like huge icebergs floating down the middle of the country.

I have given up that dismal garret of the Italian farm house, our ad-

vanced post having been moved forward, but I write in my new "bunker" dressed in woollens, heavily lined trench coat, muffler and beret and our guns fairly rock the building in their concentrated barrage. It feels better, though, to be bombed by our guns than by theirs.

Despite mud, much rain and snow, the Canadian infantry units, supported by tank groups made up of Ottawa and Toronto men, continue to advance up the Adriatic coast. Other Eighth Infantry units have out-flanked the Germans on our left, which has given the Canadians time for hot baths and a change of clothes, both of which were badly needed.

Captain James Counsell, of Toronto, who made a name for himself around Campo-Basso, has returned to his unit after sick leave in Malta.

Captain William Beatty and Lieuts. Aubrey W. Ballie and John Pickering have left this war theatre on exchange and their places have been taken by Capt. Donald W. Jenkins, Kitchener; Capt. Gus MacNeil, Cape Breton; and Lieuts. Jack G. Mayne, Guelph, and J. A. M. (Pete) MacNeil, of Cornwall.

Lieut.-Col. Dan Spry has been promoted to the rank of brigadier.



LT.-COL. IAN STRACHAN  
JOHNSTON, D.S.O.

Born in Toronto, he is a graduate of Ridley College and the Royal Military College, Kingston. Commissioned as a lieutenant with the 48th Highlanders in 1930 and was given command of an infantry unit in May, 1943, overseas.





Lieut. E. M. MacLachlan.



Lieut. R. F. Osler.



PTE. ORVILLE F. PARKES, of Weston, who a few weeks ago was reported wounded in action while serving with the 48th Highlanders, has now been reported dead.

## 48TH OFFICER KILLED OVERSEAS

Lieut. E. M. MacLachlan  
Was All-Round Athlete

Lieut. Edward Martin MacLachlan, 23, with the 48th Highlanders, 1st Canadian Division, was killed in action overseas July 15, according to word received yesterday by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Campbell MacLachlan, 36 Hillholme Road. He was one of three brothers overseas. Capt. Graham MacLachlan of the Royal Regiment of Canada, is now on the general staff of the Canadian Army, and Lieut. Campbell MacLachlan, R.C.N.V.R., loaned to the Royal Navy, is at present on operations out of Malta with motor torpedo boats. A younger brother, David MacLachlan, is at home.

No word has been received of Lieut. MacLachlan since he left for operations in Tunisia. Born in Winnipeg, he received his education at Upper Canada Prep School and Ridley College, where he was captain of the football team and played on all first football games. An all-round athlete, Lieut. MacLachlan also played hockey and cricket and took a prominent part in gymnastics at Ridley College. He was a member of the Toronto Cricket Club.

At the time of his enlistment at the outbreak of war with the 48th Highlanders, he was with the sales promotion department, Howard Smith Paper Mills Limited. He was stationed for some time at Camp Borden and went overseas two and one-half years ago.

### Killed In Action



CPL. HARVEY BALL, of the 48th Highlanders, has been killed in action, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ball, 4 Norman avenue. He had been overseas more than three years, having enlisted shortly after war was declared. He was educated at Perth Avenue School and Western Commerce. In addition to his parents, he is survived by his wife and daughter, who reside in England; a brother, Tripper Harold Ball, now serving overseas; and a sister, Winnifred.

## GET UNOFFICIAL NEWS OF DEATH OF LIEUT. OSLER

Believed to Have  
Occurred 3 Weeks  
Ago in Sicily

News of the death in Sicily of Lieut. Robert Free Osler, believed to have occurred at least three weeks ago, has been received from unofficial sources by his family in Toronto. He was a member of the 48th Highlanders, of Canada, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Gordon Osler, 4 Edmund Gate. The father is the head of the financial and investment house of Osler and Hammond.

### Killed In Sicily



PTE. JAMES "SCOTTY" WALKER, of the 48th Highlanders, has been killed in Sicily, according to word received by his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Walker, of 15 Thornton ave. Walker was formerly a resident of Livingstone ave., York Township. As well as his wife, he is survived by two children, Nancy and Jimmy, two sisters, Mrs. John Bayne and Miss Jean Walker, both of Toronto, and four brothers, William, John, Robert and Daniel, all of Scotland.

## GETS WORD SON KILLED IN SICILY

Father Says Pte. Robert  
Downes Was All Right on  
Aug. 1

William Downes has received word that his son, Pte. Robert Downes, was killed in action in Sicily on Aug. 6.

Pte. Downes was a member of the 48th Highlanders, enlisting with the infantry more than three years ago and going overseas shortly afterwards. He was 22 years of age and attended St. Mary's school. "He was safe on Aug. 1," said Mr. Downes, "because we received a cable from him then telling us not to worry."

Two more of the six Downes boys are in the service. Gunner George Downes is with the Canadian Army in Kleis and Signalmann Howard Downes is with the Third Canadian Division overseas. Charles Edward Downes is in Toronto.



Pte. Downes

# Officers of the 48th Highlanders Praise Men Who Battled Their Way Through With Supplies, Carried Out Wounded

By MAJOR BERT S. WEAPE, D.F.C.  
Telegram Special Correspondent  
With the Canadian Army in Europe

Central Italy, Jan. 6.—Captains William L. Beatty and Ted Cameron of the 48th Highlanders, as well as the whole regiment, are high in their praise of the men who delivered rations to the battalion for four days and nights crawling through on their bellies and bringing out the wounded standing up under murderous shellfire.

"As I told you in previous cables the battalion had advanced behind the German positions at night but, despite enemy fire from three directions, held on, fought and won out; another infantry unit and tanks coming up later to help.

The Huns were given a terrific beating, the dead littering the ground, and then the Highlanders advanced again, taking two more towns, and again leaving the ground littered with Germans.

## LIKE FLANDERS' WORST

"All our men deserve the highest praise," said Captain Beatty. "They did a magnificent job under the worst possible conditions, and only of warfare, but through mud, water and slush that is indescribable. I've never seen anything like it, and those who went through the last war say it was as bad as their worst, if not more so.

"Scores of tons volunteered for four days and nights in a row, carrying rations through to the troops in the slit trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy guns, and carried casualties back, with the stretchers on their shoulders. The distance was two miles, and for two days the shelling and machine gun fire was like all hell on a rampage.

Sergeant Fred Sexton, of St. Catharines, worked like a fiend for four days, and then an extra hazardous trip had to be made. He wouldn't listen to anybody else but himself leading the party, and did. He got through safely, too, bringing out ten wounded, and saved a lot of lives.

## WATER ABOVE WAISTS

"Some idea of the battles we have been in may be gained from the fact that we haven't had our clothes or boots off for a month—four weeks, in his exact. The boys have fought, slept and eaten facing the enemy. They have just had a gas cape, which is also waterproof, for protection from the rain, and in some places water in the slit trenches has been four feet deep. Then it froze following a terrific rain and snowstorm.

"As a result of our heavy creeping and concentrated barrage, and the infantry unit's attacks, supported by tanks, the German dead were everywhere and still are in front of our latest positions.

"I'd like to be able to give you the names of all our boys, but include these: Sergeants Fred Sexton,

## Germans Tougher Fighting To End Home Front Told

New York, Jan. 6.—Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, new commander of the British 8th Army in Italy, told newspapermen that he believes there are many people who have not yet realized "what our men are up against," the BBC reported today.

"From El Alamein to the Salerno River, the Germans fought with their heads over their shoulders, always ready to pull when outflanked, but now," Gen. Leese stated, "they are fighting like hell.

"See that they realize at home that we are up against a grim problem in the fighting line."

Leslie Bennett, William Munro, all of Toronto, and William Trafford, Hamilton; Privates Jack Ridgway, Albert Bain, George Teed, Richard Howlin, Lorne Wellbanks, George Lamb, Edward Gough, all of Toronto; Privates Mair Calverley, Orville Jack Rylance, Deseront; Kenneth Montgomery, Weston; Corporals Robert Macanuel, Joe McNiel and Gregory Duncan, all of Toronto; Sergeants Donald Bain and Robert Shaw, of Toronto, and Corporal Gregory Dougan.

## HEROES EVERY ONE

"You can say that every man of these and many more are heroes every one, and the most magnificent boys in the world," Captain Beatty concluded.

"Our artillery and then our boys gave the Huns the worst beating they ever had," said Captain Cameron. "Every last lad in the 48th was wonderful, and it was a tough hard battle for a month."

I asked Ted, who many will remember as a Telegram reporter, how long it was since he had his boots off. He stopped and thought for a moment.

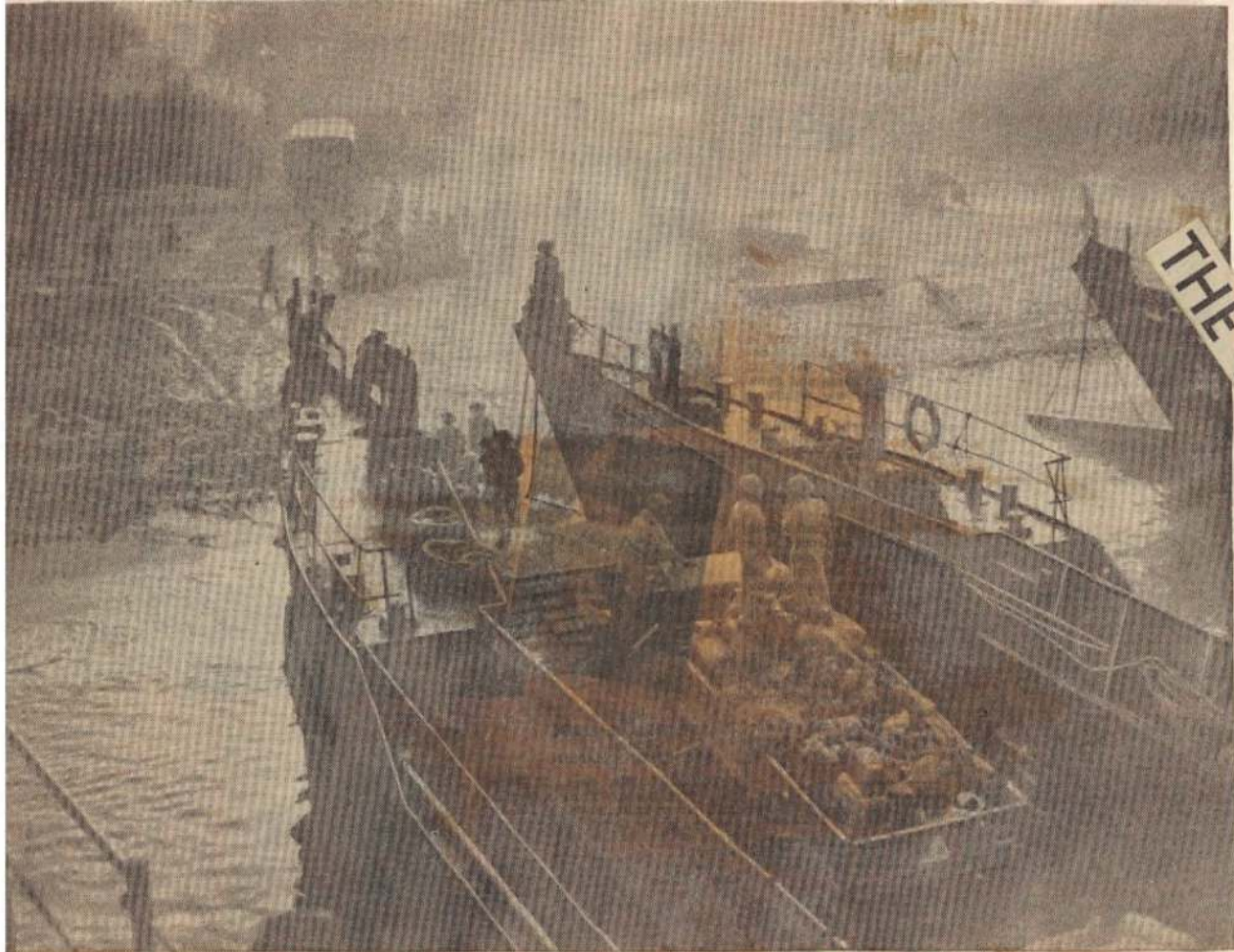
"My gosh, Major, it's going on five weeks now!"

With "Monty"



MAJOR TRUMBULL WARREN, aged 28, of Toronto, will be personal liaison officer to General Sir Bernard Montgomery, according to a London announcement. The 48th Highlanders officer is one of a small company of specialists who accompanied the famous general to Britain from Italy. He is a son of Mrs. S. C. Sniively of Richmond Hill, and his wife is the former Mary Wigle of Hamilton. They have a young daughter. He was aide-de-camp to General Montgomery when he was officer commanding the south-east command in Britain in 1941, and he served with the General in North Africa and throughout the Sicilian campaign as liaison officer between the 8th Army staff and the 1st Canadian Division.





THE ZERO HOUR



# 48th Marks New Year By Taking Two Towns In Bitter Close Fighting

## Wipe Out 6 Machine Guns in One - Hand-to-Hand Scrap Routs Nazis - Without Rations 72 Hours, But Expert Scrourging Assures Them Full Stomachs

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegraph War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Central Italy, Jan. 7.—Two more Italian towns, strongly defended by the Germans, were captured by the 48th Highlanders over New Year's week-end, one in hand to hand fighting. Six machine-gun posts were disposed of by the Highlanders before one town was cleared.

Driven out, the Hunns immediately commenced shelling and mortarling. The commanding officer was standing in a church doorway when a shell hit the steeple, toppling it into the street, but he just brushed the dust off his battle-dress and went on with the task of evacuation.

It is now revealed the Highlanders were without regular rations for seventy-two hours over Christmas when units advanced behind the German lines and the Hunns made a counter-attack to be driven back by Highlanders and the Royal Canadian Regiment.

### DID ALL RIGHT

Despite the situation the troops did very well for themselves. "What you have to scrounge for food to live, well, you scrounge as you never did before," said Lieut. J. M. E. Clarkson, of Toronto. "One lamb stew and it was damn good stew too. Another got a little cornmeal and two chickens as well as other stuff."

"Major J. C. Clarke's company didn't do too badly either having chicken stew. Don't worry, the boys didn't starve."

What I didn't learn from Lieut. Clarkson, but found out later from the men, was that it was he and the company commander that found the corn meal. It was Christmas Day and the whole situation was very grim. The men must not be allowed to become too introspective. Lieut. Clarkson went into action. With the same meal and a box of melted chocolate he fashioned a cake with all the trimmings in an old tin and across the top was carved "Merry Christmas." It did the trick. The story of the cake spread through the regiment and grew on the men's faces was the officer's reward.

The cake was placed on an improvised table and there it remained until rations were delivered by men crawling through mud on their bellies to reach the regiment.

When the Germans counter-attacked the day after Christmas, Lieut. Clarkson, crawled back for support. In three hours, with the tanks to back up the infantry, the area was cleared with over a hundred German dead littered about.

### TOSS LOYS OF GRENADES

In one farm house, occupied by Major Clarke's company, which the

Germans attacked, thirteen Nazi dead were left at the front door. Major Clarke and others threw hand grenades until their arms were tired. When the tank support arrived they left the house, clearing out all German positions in front of them.

Major Clarke's company covered the Hunns, drove them across the position of two other companies commanded by Captains F. D. (Doc) Handley and Lloyd Smith, who sent a hail of lead into the enemy, literally mowing them down.

"I've never seen so many dead Germans in all my life, but 'twas an inspiring sight to us considering what we have taken from the Hunns," said Major Clarke, who lives at Bond Lake and Toronto. "In our advance up the Adriatic front we reached our objective without casualties, but later found that we had pushed right in behind the Hunns. They didn't know it at the time and neither did we."

### MINGLED WITH NAZIS

"The night before Christmas and on Christmas Day our patrols found Germans walking around quite unconcerned behind their own lines. Our boys would knock them off or take them prisoners. On several occasions they went into unguarded houses and found the Germans having Christmas dinner and opening parcels. To put it mildly, the Hunns were surprised."

In advancing north in a storm on New Year's Day six of our tank crews from Okhawa and Toronto bogged down. They were abandoned, but an eye kept on them. Today, with the weather clearing, the tanks were reclaimed and the crews work it up.

### Killed in Italy

L.-Cpl. John Edward Scott, of 253 George street, J. E. Scott, 542 Jones avenue, was killed in action in Italy on Jan. 8 while serving with the 48th Highlanders. He was wounded while in the Sicilian campaign.



L.-Cpl. Scott

In addition to his parents, he is survived by his wife and a young son, John Edward Scott, whom he has never seen.

### List



L.-Cpl. H. J. YEOMAN  
Bellville  
(killed)

## 10 Men Listed As Wounded



Pte. G. LAKE  
Toronto



Pte. J. N. LAMB  
Toronto



Pte. F. BEARDON  
Lakeview

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, TORONTO, MONDAY, J.  
Canadians Capture Ortona After Grim Fight



A Bren-gun carrier (top) advances through a battered street in Ortona, Italy, during the bitter fighting for the town which was captured by Canadian forces of the British Eighth Army after an eight-day, house-to-house fight. A wrecked army vehicle lies in the carrier's path.

Canadian infantrymen, their guns ready for instant action, are shown in the lower picture moving through another rubble-jammed street. A German sniper's nest was their target.

Wounded In Italy

Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, 42 Coady



ave., has received word that her husband, Cpl. Robert Nicholson, 45th Highlanders, was wounded in action on Dec. 18 in Italy. Cpl. Nicholson enlisted in Sept., 1939, and went overseas in Dec., 1939. He was educated at Edinburgh, Scotland, and is the son of

Cpl. Nicholson

Mrs. Geo. Nicholson, who is also residing at 42 Coady ave.

## Ortona A Heap Of Rubble Time Bombs Still Explode In Port Canadians Took

Gaunt Remnants Typical of Battered French and Belgian Cities of Last War - Stories of Individual Heroism Told After Worst Street Fighting of War So Far

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
at the Front with the Canadians

Italy, Dec. 26 (Delayed)—Under harassing long range shell fire, the Canadians continued to push north to-day taking some features and observation posts which the Germans had attempted to hold as a delaying action in their retreat.

After early morning sleet and rain, the day was clear as crystal, our high level, medium and dive bombers blasting target after target until the sun disappeared behind the snow-covered mountains.

While Ortona is in our hands, and some two miles behind our advanced lines, it is still blowing up at intervals. Clock time bombs were left behind by the Huns in buildings not already destroyed.

Practically the whole city and port is a heap of rubble and it experienced the worst street to street fighting of the war to date. Its gaunt remnants are typical of the cities of France and Belgium in the last war. At least five enemy ships lie on the bottom of the harbor.

Stories of great personal heroism in the house to house fighting are being recorded in the history of western and Pacific coast infantry units. The Huns dynamited buildings to stop the tanks, but our troops cleared the way in some cases using their guns to blow the top piles of stone away when the going was too rough. When one tank was stuck on top of the rubble in a narrow street, Major James Smith, of Edmonton, threw a smoke bomb at enemy stone fortress beyond and under cover of the smoke, advanced, throwing a large hand grenade amongst them. The Huns were blown to pieces.

### SNIPERS GET DATA

When the commanding officer of a western unit wanted information

as to the bridge north of the town had been blown or not, Privates Robert Flinwood, of Red Deer and Angus Maynes, of Edmonton, scouts and snipers, worked their way through the enemy lines via a gully, reached the bridge, killed a sentry there and returned. They secured all the information wanted. The bridge was later blown as the Germans retreated.

The enemy left a message in town paying a compliment to the fighting ability of the Canadians but added: "You know we can fight." It was from paratroops.

West of the town the Huns had counter attacked again and again only to be beaten back each time.

"After we beat off the last counter attack the tanks reached us and then our boys had a field day," said Captain Ted Cameron, of Toronto's 48th Highlanders. "They used some stone houses as fortresses but when the tanks shot them up they either blew up with the houses or ran. As they ran our lads picked them off."

"When we advanced we got behind the Hun lines and found ourselves shot at from both sides and the rear in a counter attack, so it was a great relief for our boys to let those Huns have it."

### ARTILLERY TRAPPED NAZIS

"On our left was a gully and the Huns were working their way around through it to outflank us. Fortunately we had been in communication with the artillery a short time before and had taped that exact location. We let them get to the middle of the gully and just before they were ready to attack we called down shell fire. The concentration was terrific and very accurate. There was nothing left of anything in that spot when the smoke lifted."

## WOUNDED IN ITALY



LT. C. F. S. TIDY, 48th Highlanders of Toronto, who was wounded in action in Italy on December 8, according to word received by his wife, the former Miss Diana Saunders, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart R. Saunders, of Westmount, who resides at 4667 Dornal avenue. Lt. Tidy is the eldest son of Lt.-Col. P. C. Tidy, M.C., R.C.O.C., M.D. No. 1, London, Ont., and Mrs. Tidy, formerly of Toronto. Aged 25 he was educated at Ridley College, St. Catharines, and the University of Toronto, proceeding overseas in July, 1942. Two younger brothers are serving with the R.C.A.F. in England.

the men.

## Wounded



PTE. RICHARD KENZIE, aged 22 son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kenzie, Toronto, has been wounded while serving with the 48th Highlanders in Italy. He enlisted in May, 1940, in Toronto, he was educated at North Toronto Collegiate.



# Welcome Mat Was Out 2 Weeks In Italy Town Before Canucks Arrived

## Woman From Chicago Greeted Delayed Troops at Trivento Led by Telegram Soldier - Civic Reception Follows - Residents Removed Nazi Mines to Save Services

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At the Front With the Canadians

With the 8th Army in Italy, Dec. 4.—“Good grief! Where have you fellows been?”

The speaker, a tall, blond Italian woman was standing in the centre of a mountain path, staring down impatiently at a jeep load of advancing Canadians.

Our men stared back in dumb amazement until their leader quipped out a facile answer to her inquiry.

“Why?” he asked. “Why? We’ve been waiting for you for two weeks. I’ll escort you into the town. Everybody is waiting to give you a big welcome.”

The scene was on the outskirts of Trivento, 15 miles north of Torella, captured by the 48th Highlanders, and the officer who encountered the advance reception committee of one was Capt. Ted Cameron, of Toronto, a former Telegram staff reporter.

Recovering from the first shock of encountering a woman when he expected any moment to meet Nazi troops, and in addition, having her call out in English, Capt. Ted asked: “Where did you come from and where did you learn to speak English?”

“State street, Chicago,” was the quick answer to both questions.

Capt. Cameron, with Lieut. Aubrey Ballie, of Oakville, and Driver Ray Anderson, of Whitby, followed their guide into the town.

### ROYAL WELCOME

“We got a royal reception all right,” the captain admitted, and then we asked him to explain just why the Highlanders should be accused of being two weeks late.

It seems that when the 48th, with other Canadians, drove westerly, taking the three towns of Castro Pignatone, Torella and Molise, the Germans retreated through Trivento to escape being cut off. Therefore, there was no fighting in Trivento, but the Huns had blown all the bridges and had mined the public utilities to blow when the town was attacked. The town was never attacked and in the meantime, the Italians were able to extract the mines, thus saving the waterworks and the town's electric plant.

“The sight of that town was something unusual,” Captain Ted con-

tinued. “The buildings were intact, the lights were on and running water was available. The Italian girl escorted us to the centre of the town and the mayor gave us a civic welcome.”

“We also learned that after the Germans cleared out, a group of English-speaking Italians had led the others down the road toward our advancing troops, removing mines from the road and, with hand labor, building diversions around the blown bridges while awaiting our arrival.”

### THRILLING ACTION

It was in an upper room of a small stone house in Torella, which had been well battered by German long-range shell fire, that Captain Cameron told me of his experience. It had followed a thrilling action of his support and anti-tank company when he and Lieut. Don Milnes took the men forward to occupy the side of a hill and discovered the Nazis were only about two hundred yards away. It was a stiff undertaking but the Highlanders were successful.

Major Ian Wallace, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Wallace of Toronto, is now the acting second in command of the 48th, Major Don Bastion having returned to England for a senior officer's course. Major K. T. Whyte, Capt. J. E. Wright and Lieut. W. K. McClurg have gone on exchange with other units. Major E. C. Rawlins of Montreal, Capt. H. J. Harris, son of Joe Harris, M.P., Toronto, and Lieut. Ian MacDonald, 61 Charles street, east, joining the Highlanders.

Other officers joining the unit include Captain George Beal, one-time Argonaut quarterback, Lieutenant Gibson Phibbs, Peter Perry, Charles Tidy and David Dickey.

Captain Strome Galloway, well known RCR officer, who was shot through the left side in a hillside attack on Molise in the first stiff fight against the Germans, has recovered and returned to his unit along with Lieuts. J. T. B. Quayle and G. M. Campbell, also wounded and recovered.

Major T. M. Powers is now second in command of the unit, while Captain R. A. Couche, 604 Woodbine ave., Toronto, is attached to it under the exchange Canadian army policy for experience.

### Died Of Wounds

Pte. Jack Thomson Docherty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Docherty, 100 Rockwell ave., died in Italy on December 4th from wounds suffered two days earlier. He was serving with the 48th Highlanders in the same platoon as his brothers, Harry and Bob. The three boys were well known in Toronto as boxers. Jack was rather weight champion of the Canadian Army overseas.



Pte. J. Docherty

Born in Greenock, Scotland, Jack came to Canada in 1929 and attended Memorial Public School, Fairbank. He enlisted on Sept. 12, 1939, with his two brothers.

# Through Mud And Fire 48th Moved Into Italy

The first Canadian regiment formally named by Allied headquarters in North Africa as being in action in Italy, was the 48th Highlanders of Canada, a Toronto battalion of the 1st Division. In the following dispatch William Stewart, Canadian Press war correspondent, tells of the battalion's adventures.

## Germans Beat It

The company lay low for a while, then 300 or 35 men off in another march around to the right with tanks leading the way. This combination overcame the German position but another on a taller hill just behind opened up. The tanks headed for it and the Germans except for two machine-guns scurried when the tanks mounted the crest of the ridge. A Canadian sergeant and private moving up with Bren guns killed the two who had repaired.

The 48th had to withdraw when the Germans farther back organized a counter-attack two companies strong and returned to the hill. However, the enemy abandoned both the hill position and a ridge overlooking the crossroads during the night and they were taken by the Canadians next day.

The Catolo Valley area was drenched by rain during the next few days but the Canadians advanced under mortar and shellfire across the line of the Forcare river, eight miles west of Motta.

The 48th took part in the drive across the Portico, mounted its western heights and conducted partial activity around little hill towns while the main advance proceeded along the Catolo Valley road.

An artillery duel between German guns and batteries supporting the Canadians occurred at heights when the Torontonians took the lead in the advance toward Campobasso and its important road junction.

Counsell's company fought a seesaw battle for the high town of Ferrazzano while Wright's Company ran into German infantry supported by tanks on the Campobasso road.

Fighting developed around a group of farm houses in which the Canadians took cover and in which some were surrounded by Germans with machine-guns and grenades.

L-Cpl. Norman McKay of Southampton, Ont., installed himself in an outhouse with a machine-gun and defied capture. At his side were Ptes. Jim Armstrong and D. Young, both of Toronto, and Garnet Brown of Timmins, Ont.

Lieut. Jack Pickering of Toronto was firing from another house and Sgt. Howard Webb and Pte. J. V. Smith, both of Toronto, were also mixed up in the violent scramble.

The 48th moved on and, under command of Major Don Banton of Toronto during the brief illness of its colonel, helped other Canadians break into a German position in depth along the broad valley.

The battalion came under intense shellfire and suffered some casualties while it occupied Campobasso, within range of German medium guns, on Oct. 14.

## WITH CANADIAN FORCES IN ITALY, Nov. 16. — (Delayed.) —

(C.P. Cable).—After long, wearying marches that marked the first weeks of the invasion of Italy, the 48th Highlanders of Canada came to grips with the Germans in the mountains northwest of Motta which lies on the edge of the Foggia plain.

Earlier in the invasion the Toronto battalion had done little more than march and move in vehicles through heat and dust in a climb across hills.

The 48th landed at Reggio Calabria Sept. 3 with the second wave of the Canadian assault force from Sicily. They headed into the hills of the toe of Italy.

Encountering slight Italian opposition, they took Gambardie, high up some 12 miles inland, but the withdrawing Germans managed to keep out of reach.

### No Contact For Weeks

There was practically no contact with the enemy for weeks after the landing until the Canadians raced across the Foggia plain and up through the little town of Motta into the hills to the northwest.

A company of the 48th commanded by Capt. Jeardeley Wright of Toronto formed part of a strong reconnaissance force including tanks which led the Canadians to Motta.

The battalion remained on the plain below while another Eastern Canada regiment (the Royal Canadian Regiment) pushed through and captured the town. Then the 48th took the lead and marched four miles beyond to the neighboring town of Volturina, halfway down the Catolo valley.

The Germans were closer than at any time earlier in the campaign but were still fighting only rear-guard action with every advantage of ground.

On the night of Oct. 4 three companies of the 48th crawled down to the Catolo riverbed while the Germans shelled Volturina and attacked along the river line. A fourth company was given the special task of fighting its way to crossroads on high ground to the right.

### March Under Fire

The valley march was made through thick, rain-soaked undergrowth which gave scattered German machine-gun nests perfect concealment. From farther back the enemy dropped mortar fire and shells into the valley.

Companies commanded by Capt. J. S. Mandarone and J. R. O. Counsell, both of Toronto, advanced through bushes on the right side of the riverbed while Wright's company got across the river and up to a dominating hill crest to the west.

## Wounded



DRIVER JACK SHEEHAN, son of Mrs. Minnie Sheehan of 60 Hallam street, Toronto, was wounded in action on November 3. He was mentioned by Major Bert Werns, Telegram war correspondent, in one of his recent dispatches from the war front.

Meanwhile one of the liveliest actions of the campaign was fought by a company commanded by Maj. Ian Wallace of Toronto in its push toward a road junction above the town of San Marco, astride a hump running up from a valley.

Wallace's men moved unmolested along a winding gravel road leading to the crossroads until trees disappeared and the road led out into the open, crossing bare, rolling country. Then mortar bombs started to fall.

Lieut. Blair Eby led his platoon off the road in a circling move to the right but came up against a high German position too strong for his men. Wallace followed up with the remainder of the company including platoons commanded by Lieut. G. A. Fraser of Toronto and Ken Hudson of Grimsby, Ont.

# Toronto 3 Outdive Shell Hit Earth In Nothing Flat As Truck Becomes Sieve

Battle Experience and Trained Ears Told Them  
Where Missile Was Heading - Canucks Get  
So Used To Barrages They Sleep  
Right Through Them

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At the Front with the Canadians



Major K. T. Whyte      Pte. W. F. Blowe      Lieut. J. M. E. Clarkson

Central Italy, Nov. 3.—Battle experience, a pair of trained ears and the agility to out-dive a Nazi shell saved the lives of three Toronto men just after the 4th Highlanders had captured their latest town in this mountain-to-mountain way.

Tanks had gone ahead and wiped out nests of high mortars and machine guns, the infantry had advanced and taken over the town and supplies were being brought up when the Huns cut loose with their long range artillery.

The three Toronto men, Private W. F. Blowe, 41 Dunn avenue, Driver Jack Sheehan, well known boxer, and Corp. Robert Lindsay, were near the rations column when the big stuff started coming over. Apparently Fritz had pin-pointed the town, the main road junction at the rear of the town and the diversions made necessary because of previous wreckage. Certainly he was placing his shells where they would do the most damage and, after four trucks had been knocked out, although no one was injured, the party started to carry the food the remaining mile or so on their backs. With shells whining and bursting about them, the Highlanders took the best cover possible and slowly worked their way forward towards the battalion, a few yards at a time.

#### TRIED COOKING

"Having carried a rifle long enough I thought I would try cooking," Blowe said, describing his escape. "I had had some experience and thought that it would be right down my alley. Well, it was until I-day.

"Sheehan finally got his truck through the heavy shellfire in me and we two, with Lindsay, were talking at a field kitchen when there was a screech and whom! Those Heines had dropped a shell almost on top of us.

"Jack Sheehan went down on the ground in nothing flat. We credited this to his experience in the boxing ring but he denied it. Lindsay was not much slower and I made a fast moving third. Even at that I was not perhaps quick enough, for I was badly shaken up but am okay now.

"That shell was so close it made a sieve out of Sheehan's truck and if we hadn't been flatter than flat on the ground we all would have been killed.

vehicles that was hit had three tons torn off by the concussion and yet the remainder of the truck was okay."

#### RATION PARTY

Privates J. W. Cruise, Gilbert A. Stoddart, Harry Wood, Jack Crevinsson and Private Clarence Henry of Toronto started ahead with the officers' rations but met the colonel, Lieut. J. M. E. Clarkson, Capt. Ernest Wright and Major K. T. Whyte and Ian Wallace. They had come out to meet and help the rations party. They took over their own supplies and helped with the delivery for the men in the town.

"I never saw our guns go into counter-battery action so quick in all my life," said Private Cruise. "Right in the middle of the heavy selling they whipped into positions and were firing back in less than two minutes. Those boys are good and they had to work in plenty of gumbo mud."

Our patrols are biting deeper into enemy territory but their work is dangerous and difficult because they have to advance up mountain defiles. One treacherous and narrow defile is known as "Flack Alley," which may give you an idea of what it is like for the boys; but to-day the sky is full of our bombers and fighters softening up the Germans ahead of us and the men in the defiles have little to worry about.

The weather here in the mountains has turned cool again following a rain of two days and the troops are now in full battle dress with greatcoats for sleeping out at night.

#### HONEY FOR TROOPS

The Hun hadn't left much food behind, having gathered up even the chickens, but our detachment was lucky to-day in securing a large bucket of honey. It is swell on hard-buck.

I am typing this in the shelter of an ammunition dump. A sergeant left a passing thought. He said:

"You certainly wouldn't use that as a wind shelter, sir, if we didn't have control of the air."

I think the sergeant has something.

"How did we manage to move so fast? Well, after a lot of shelling your ear gets tuned to the whine and you instinctively flatten out. When we first came into action we were sceptical about digging slit trenches but that's the first thing we do now. Only actual battle experience makes a good soldier and keeps him going."

"What happened to your meal?" I asked.

#### MEAL NOT TOUCHED

"Funny, but it wasn't touched. It was there intact," he said. "Funny, too, how you get accustomed to the noise of bursting shells. I slept through all the Huns' shelling last night. One of the boys said to me this morning, 'Wasn't that hot stuff last night?' I had to tell him I hadn't heard a thing. I had slept through the whole show," he said with a grin.

"Good job you didn't sleep through this one," I remarked.

"You're telling me. All three of us know luck when we meet it," he concluded.

I hunted up Private Peter Dodds and asked him to tell me what had happened to the rationing party.

"Well," said Peter, warmly, "we got nearly to this town when those damned Germans opened up and, boy, oh, boy, did they let us have it! The air was just screaming with shells. We took cover and it was a good job we did, for they plunked shells right into four of our trucks. Then we unloaded and carried the stuff through.

"Funny what peculiar things shells do," he continued. "One of our



# Tanks Smash Up Enemy Blasting Path For Canucks After Crossing Of River

Great Iron Forts For Infantry Draw German Fire  
as 3 Ontario Regiments Advance - 48th  
Take Town on Mountain Peak -  
R.C.R.'s, H.P.E.'s Advance

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At The Front With The Canadians

Italy, Oct. 31—Two towns and many enemy troops have fallen before the guns of three Canadian regiments in the last few hours.

Under heavy skies, followed by a thunderstorm which deluged them, the 48th Highlanders fought their way up to capture the first town, set on a mountain peak in the clouds. Then the Hastings and Prince Edward, not to be outdone by their pals, stormed forward to capture the second town perched on a camel's hump of a hill on the left flank of the Highlanders.

The third group of Canadians sharing in the honors was the Royal Canadian Regiment. The R.C.R.'s were the ones who paved the way for the later assault. Crossing a river they fought their way steadily forward for eight miles while under constant mortar and machine gun fire. Until now they had advanced with the support of our artillery and tanks, but when night fell they still pushed on alone, creeping ahead in Commando fashion and preparing the way for the main assault which came at dawn.

## IMPORTANT ROLE

Tanks are now playing an important part in the 8th Army's advance and in this attack demonstrated their usefulness.

"Tanks played hell with the enemy mortars," Captain T. R. B. Adams told me. "They gained a good position, after crossing a river, near the top of a gradually sloping hill. One after another they took up a position near the hill top, shot up the enemy, and then backed down. They were like great, iron, movable forts for the infantry."

"The tanks drew the German fire but the shells just hit them and dropped off the heavy armor. The machine-gun fire meant nothing. Nobody paid any attention to it. It was duck soup for our tanks."

"The tanks didn't have such an easy time crossing the river, for the German heavies were still shelling the diversion at that time. Fortunately they found good places to cross that helped the infantry with them."

## BATTLE OF TANKS

Lieut. J. D. McCord, who was in the thick of the battle, had the rather disturbing experience of being hit by mortars and having them explode right in his ear, but protected by three or four inches of steel.

"They shake you up a little bit at first," the lieutenant said. "But you forget all about them after a while when you know they can't pierce."

When the 48th Regiment took their town I was at the operations post with Major K. T. Whyte, who sat bent over his portable wireless set, operated by Signaller Fred Pat-

erson, 107 Harcourt, Toronto, within good view of the objective.

Major Whyte was in constant communication with all companies as they moved in and it was a fighting talking operation.

"Those blank blank Germans keep cutting in on us," Fred Patterson said as he sat with the radiophones glued to his ears and the vertical aerial straight up from his head. "It hasn't been too bad for the past few hours, but during the night they came in for three-quarters of an hour. Neither the major nor I can speak German and it is tantalizing as hell."

"How far away are Hun sets?" I asked.

"Oh, just across on those hills," replied the major, pointing ahead and to the right. "As we walk in they pull out."

## "WONDERFUL SHOW"

"The boys have put on a wonderful show and I understand the general is proud as hell," continued Major Whyte. "Just look at those mountain sides, those four hundred-foot precipices there and think what a task our lads had during the night. A wonderful performance, wonderful," he concluded.

Captain Ted Cameron and Lieut. Don Milnes, commanding the anti-tank support, came back to rear part of the battalion after the town was captured by the 48th, but reported there was "No good hunting for tanks. They entered a large stone building on the crest taken over and it reminded me of Balzac's famous cartoon 'Mice.' A castle-like structure, with walls three or four feet thick, it had received terribly severe direct hits in twenty-four hours from the German guns."

As Captains Eardley Wright, Stanley MacFarlane, Fred McLaren, James Counsell and Major Don Banton reported in during the fight it was revealed the Huns had posted some fifty men in a cemetery north of the town and used the large marble monuments as breastworks.

## KNOW HUN TRICKS

Knowing the favorite Hunnish tricks, the 48th Highlanders crept in from rear and most of the Huns are where in that cemetery to stay. A few prisoners were taken.

"How are your lads getting on?" I asked Captain N. R. Waugh, M.C. of Belleville, whose unit had swung to left.

"Fine," he called out. "Most of the Huns cleared out before we got to the town. They have had a taste of our boys before and don't like them."

Stone patrols are sweeping the country to the west of the captured town on what was supposed to have been a strong defense position. The troops are now high in mountains continuing roller coaster chase.

# "48th" In Thick Of Battle As Vital River Spanned

**Sheets of Flame Light Night Sky as Artillery Paves  
Way for Advance—Position Stormed**

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
At The Front With The Canadians

Italy, Oct. 25—"Objective taken."  
You have seen those words often  
in your newspaper, or the movies,  
or perhaps in a heroic fiction story—  
but if you have ever waited 12 hours  
through a black night, as I have just  
done, to hear them they will have a  
new and magic meaning.

At dawn to-day I heard them not  
once but three times as word came  
back that all the units in this par-  
ticular section of the British-Cana-  
dian 8th Army had consolidated their  
gains.

Early yesterday afternoon (as I  
described in a previous cable) our  
infantry units, supported by bombers,  
fighter-bombers, a devastating Mont-  
gomery artillery barrage and tanks  
advanced to the attack. During the  
afternoon I was with some Western  
Canada troops on our left flank who  
did a valiant job, storming up the  
side of a mountain to enter a town.  
Later in the day I shifted my position  
and contacted some of the boys from  
Ontario, including the 48th High-  
landers, in the right-centre of the  
battle line and watched them move  
up during the night to renew the  
battle to-day. Long flaming sheets  
of flame lit up the sky as the men  
moved ahead. It was the big guns  
of our artillery hammering away at  
the enemy steadily throughout the  
night.

## VICTORY AT DAWN

Then came the long-awaited dawn  
and the word from each of our three  
forces that our positions had been  
consolidated.

With this success our units pushed  
forward through the morning form-  
ing a large bridgehead across a wide  
and important river and capturing  
another mountain town.

I climbed a mountain peak offer-  
ing a panorama of eight towns and  
had a bird's-eye view of the action.  
Far below me was the crack of the  
guns, large and small, but one  
astonishing thing was the way one  
man's voice kept coming up to me.

"Are you there Macintosh?" Mac-  
Intosh, Macintosh. Are you there?  
The voice rolled up the hillside.

I waited for the reply but none  
seemed to come. Had Macintosh  
been hit or had he moved forward  
out of ear-shot? If he had been in  
that valley he certainly would have  
heard the call. Where's Macintosh?  
I guess I'll never learn now and the  
thought worries me.

After watching the pattern of at-  
tack—big bombers, fighter-bombers,  
artillery, tanks and then the infantry  
—I picked my way down the moun-  
tain side and joined a unit just get-  
ting ready to go through the newly-

made bridgehead. The men had just  
finished a stew, some rice and hard-  
tack and tea and they offered me  
the same. I ate surrounded by the  
muster of the meal. Corp. Charles  
Johnson, C.Q.M.S. David Marr, L-  
Cpl. Harold Williamson, Privates  
Robert Mitchell, Edward Clague and  
Harry Shepherd.

Standing at the side of a roadway  
just as night closed in I met Capt.  
Ted Cameron of the 48th High-  
landers with some of his boys. He  
was leading the anti-tank company  
of the battalion which was going  
through another unit for a further  
advance. It was one of those mo-  
ments when two men can say a little.  
For years Ted had worked with me  
on the Telegram staff back home  
but all I could do now was grip his  
hand and shout "good hunting" as  
he moved forward while Hun shells  
and some of our own burst over-  
head in front and behind us and then  
the full blackness of the mountain  
night hid him.

With Capt. Cameron were many  
other Toronto boys including: Lieut.  
Donald Milnes, Serge. Ty Thomas,  
E. G. Sanders, William Munro, Wil-  
liam Bennett and James Hoggett;  
Corps. John Kelly and Pop Milne;  
Lance Corporals Fred Sexton and P.  
Sheehan and Ptes. Jack and Robert  
Doherty (brothers), Kenneth Mont-  
gomery, Alexander Dewar, Chuck  
Wellback, Perry Beattie, John Lan-  
don, William Crawford, William  
Salmon and John Dougan.

## Killed In Action

Serving with the 46th Highlanders  
since September, 1939, Lance-Cpl.  
John Marshall, 33, of 247 St. Clara



L.-Cpl. Marshall

ave., has been  
reported killed  
in action in  
Italy, accord-  
ing to word received  
last night  
by his wife,  
Mrs. Jean  
Marshall.  
Born in Scot-  
land, he came  
to Toronto as  
a boy and  
was employ-  
ed at the  
Aluminium  
Company of  
Canada be-  
fore his en-  
listment. Two  
sons, Gordon and Jack, and his  
mother, Mrs. Janet Marshall, of 275  
Marguerette st., also survive him.



CPL. REGINALD JACKSON  
(wounded)

## Killed In Italy



CPL. GEORGE ARDAGH

# Nazi Tanks Circle Huts Shelling Besieged Canucks But No Surrender Given

## Houses Perforated But Troops, With Only Light Weapons, Hug Floors Until Reinforcements Arrive—Trio Creep Into Hun Positions, —Slay Sentry To Get Information

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.  
Telegram War Correspondent  
With the Canadians at the Front

Italy, Oct. 16 (Delayed)—It was an exciting experience that befell three Ontario "recces" of a Canadian Highland regiment in the Canadians' capture of a southern hill town in a key road junction position.

Their names appeared in the announcement of this great gain by the Canadians—Cpl. Edsel Allen of St. George, Pte. John Cox of Long Branch, and Pte. Clifford Carter of Auburn—but now I have their own story of what happened.

The trio crept up the mountain-side, leaving the road to crawl through the bushes and over ploughed fields. It was just after midnight of a pitch black night.

"We hit a street that looked like an alley, on the outskirts of the city," related Allen, who was 23 last Thursday and had been four years in the army. "Up this alley we went. Next thing we knew a sentry challenged us with, 'Kierod' or some such word. We kept quiet. He repeated the word, and I opened fire. The other two boys say I got him."

The three were only "recces" out for information, so they returned and reported.

### BEGINNING OF END

That was the beginning of the end of that city. A few hours later Canadian troops in force drove the last Germans out after machine gun fire in the streets.

Simultaneously a town on the next mountain peak was captured from the Huns. Prisoners were taken, and the German company commander just escaped capture by Capt. James Counsell of Toronto. He had to jump down a precipitous bank to escape.

"In these towns you are either on the main street or in thin air," remarked Capt. Counsell.

A German staff car was a prize, however.

When the troops marched in, the civilian population gave them a hysterical reception and pelted them with flowers. There was plenty of kissing, too, as Italian girls and women embraced our embarrassed (or were they?) lads.

The capture of the town was preceded by some thrilling encounters with German tiger tanks on the mountain-side outskirts of the centre. Two groups of Canadians each encountered a tank and, since they were armed only with machine

guns, Tommy guns, rifles and grenades, our boys took cover in stone houses a few hundred yards apart.

### SHELLS PIERCE HOUSES

Down came the tanks with their 88 mm. guns and their commanders yelling over the roar of the engines for the Canadians to surrender. There was no surrender. Flatter than fat lay our boys on the floors of the houses, with their guns pointed at the entrances. But the Germans did not get out of the tanks and instead circled the houses in them, shooting shells through one side and out the other.

The shells made a mess of the houses but the Canadians stuck it out and waited, knowing reinforcements were on the way. The reinforcements forced the tanks to make a getaway, and the "beisaguered" groups carried on with their job.

Included in the two parties were Sgt. C. R. Walsh, Cpl. C. Ellison, Seagatell, Crank and Feraday; Lance-Corporal Duffell, Bell and Brown; Ptes. G. Smith, F. Murphy, I. Crookford, E. S. Pee, B. A. Gunn, I. Shewell, P. K. McKay, "Speed" Kennedy, James Wilson, Sgt. Frank Bird, J. Corlier of Honey Harbor, F. Jeanette and N. Troke of Brantford, T. Armittage and H. L. Hay of Peterboro, S. F. Abbs of St. Catharines, E. Bassett of Belleville, A. E. Cook of Hamilton, L. Dynes of Edmonton, C. H. Casselman of Callander, W. G. Boyce of Tweed, W. L. Buckler of Newcastle, D. R. Denard of Edmonton.

### HARDY AND TEA

Following the capture of the key town, but with the enemy's and our guns still shelling, I had midday lunch with our troops in a well-perforated house. Dabaven, muddy but happy, the warriors enjoyed hot tea, hardtack and stew with onions and potatoes. The stove was made of drab tiles.

I met Capt. Counsell and a party of men coming in from a patrol. Going down a hillside, they were sprayed by machine gun fire from Germans in hiding-places. The party cleaned up the hide-outs.

The Hun prisoners I saw were boys 19. Most of their bravado was gone. Even the paratroopers had no "bombers" left. They complained they had no air support and insufficient artillery, and said that their units were almost wiped out at Stalingrad and now here.

## Daring Of Recces Heroic Escape

Although the Canadians have taken nearly twenty towns within the past week, the drive forward continues, with the Recces far out in advance, checking the Hun strength, entering and leaving small towns unobserved and sometimes chasing enemy patrols before them.

"We have had a lot of amusing experiences in the last few days," said Major W. W. G. (Bill) Darling, 12 South drive, Toronto. "As we rolled up to the towns the Germans would beat it. We would get a royal reception from the inhabitants but had to leave them and be on our way before the infantry arrived."

"In some instances those suicide lads of the Nazis would hide in the mountains and return when we withdrew. Just this morning, for instance, while we were catching our breath, wild-eyed Italian messengers arrived from several small villages saying the Germans had returned and were threatening to shoot everybody.

They implored us to come quickly. Their messages were official and signed by the mayors (podestars). These places are now being taken over quickly by our infantry units marching in or by assault."

"Do your boys run into a lot of mortar and machine gun fire?" I asked.

"Yes," said the major, "we do have our escapes with enemy fire, but the greatest difficulty for us is mines. But even then, in losing half a dozen vehicles, we lost only one man."

Major Darling told me of an outstanding feat of heroism by Lieut. Keith Richardson, who with a sergeant and fourteen men was captured by the Germans. Later they were in the custody of one Nazi officer and a man. Richardson asked the officer the time or made some other trivial request and in the moment of distraction, jumped the Nazi, grabbed his gun and shot him. Then they escaped, bringing the German private along as a prisoner.

"It was Lieut. Richardson's extreme coolness, even while looking into the business end of a pointed revolver, that saved the situation, and his daring brought our men back safely," said Major Darling.

Words of praise were also forthcoming for Major Arthur Duck of Kameops and Captain Douglas Larn and Kenneth Campbell, both of Toronto, who have done outstanding work with the Recces.

## Bound By Nazis And Forgotten

Private Robert Bennett of Toronto, of the 48th Highlanders, told me of the remarkable adventures of a pal of his, Private Lena Summers.

"He was one of a small patrol out ahead of the last town we took when he was captured by the Germans. They bound him and put him in a house for the time being. How about this business of binding prisoners? When the Germans had to retreat under our artillery fire they left Summers behind. While clearing out the house his 48th pals found him and Summers is one of the happiest lads alive to-day."

There? Those engineers must think this macaroni factory is their own personal steel and girder mine. They are back blasting again.





**CANADIANS LED BY PIPER**—Pipe Major A. Anderson of Toronto leads a platoon of Canadians, some on foot and some in trucks, through Strarorina in Southern Italy as Dominion troops moved northward in pursuit of retreating Germans.

### Toronto Men Stop For A Bite In Italy



Dinner on the curb-stone, with Italians looking on, is enjoyed by these Canadians in Volturara after capture of the town. Left to right are Ptes. C. Henry, J. F. Eldridge and E. R. Wood, all of Toronto.

# Toronto Troops Take

# Italian Town

## WON HOT DUEL

Shortly after the Canadian infantry launched their attack on the town, forward companies encountered heavy machine gun fire and a fierce exchange of fire kept up until



**MAJ. IAN WALLACE**

(Son of Major and Mrs. W. Stewart Wallace, 55 Poplar Plains Road, Toronto.)

as a colonel told me, "we out-machined-gunned the enemy." To win out in this duel, extra Bren gunners were rushed up.

"It did my heart good, the way our Brens acted," he said. "They tricked the Germans into showing their positions. Two Brens would open up and the enemy would return the fire, revealing their spots to the rest of our guns. Then the whole concentration would let them have it. We knocked out several that way."

Privates Leonard Kirby, of St. Catharines, Ont., and Clayton Lightfoot, of Exeter, Ont., accounted for two of the German machine guns with their Brens after Private Joseph Urasi of Rockaway, Ont., calmly exposed himself to draw the enemy fire, thus revealing the German positions.

The machine gun duel continued during the afternoon and evening, and at one point three Canadian companies were held up by the fierceness of the enemy fire.

## RETREAT SHELLED

During the darkness there were indications that the main German force was withdrawing and the officer commanding the forward lines called on artillery to strafe the rear of the enemy's forward positions, which were too close to our own troops to be shelled.

The artillery ranged the Nazi position in the dark and got the location with the first salvo.

"The idea was to force the pace of the enemy withdrawal," the commanding officer told me later, "and when the last round was fired there wasn't a peep out of them. I sent

The first troops entered the town at 8:15 a.m. and it was completely occupied three quarters of an hour later. Signalers had run out miles of phone line before and during the attack, but when the town was occupied they were obliged to signal back in Morse code on a service whistle.

Sergeant J. Creid, of London, Ont., earned special praise from the commanding officers for his conduct during the attack. Creid led a Bren carrier platoon and brought up supporting Brens when heavy enemy fire was encountered. He also directed return fire and organized patrols.

## TORONTO MEN CHARGED

The Germans finally abandoned a ridge northwest of the town in the face of an attack by a Canadian patrol which was greatly inferior in numbers. Fifteen men of a force under the command of Major Ian S. Wallace of Toronto, and led by Lieut. Blair Hay, also of Toronto, swept up the slope supported by two tanks. They wheeled along the crest for 300 yards and surprised the strongly entrenched Germans.

The Canadians opened up with tommy guns and hurled hand grenades into the slit trenches, at point blank range before the Germans realized the smallness of the attacking force. When the Germans organized and launched a counter-attack, the Canadians withdrew slowly covering themselves with Bren and tommy gun fire.

Corporal Edward Busch, who fought off the enemy with a tommy gun for 20 minutes, said the Canadian raiders "went in yelling" and fired straight into the slit trenches.

"We caused very large casualties before we withdrew," said Busch.

A sergeant, who was among the Canadians killed in the raid, stood up in the open firing a rifle until he was hit and a Bren gunner, although wounded, continued firing against the Germans until he was finally killed.

"The raid was a very great success," said Major Wallace, "because we destroyed a lot of enemy equipment and caused very heavy casualties for a show of that type."

Wallace and M.C.D.'s estimated that about 45 Germans were killed during the rush but the number could not be verified because the Germans removed their dead when they left the ridge in the darkness.



**LT. BLAIR HAY**

(Lt. Hay is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hay, of 73 Highbourne road, Toronto.)

## EMBER 2, 1943 ty List



**PTE. ROBERT HAY**  
(wounded)



**PTE. FRANK JONES**  
(wounded)

## TO. TUESDAY, NOV In Army Casualti



**CAPT. J. R. O. COUNSELL**  
(wounded)

The award of the D.C.M. was announced today from Sicily to a 1941 War, who is typical New York City. He is a company commander in the Sicily, having been a member of his brother, Geoffrey H. Kay of 15-41.

Describing Kay's adventures in Sicily, Frederick Griffin wrote: "That day, Kay was wounded in the leg and couldn't go on. It was then that they stopped in front of a machine with a great initiative and guts."

He realized the situation was serious and decided to capture it on his own. Detaching from his platoon, he made a sally to climb up in the gaps of the high key the very machine on the machine. With his section of seven men he climbed the Hill—this was in full daylight, remember—until he got to within 25 yards of the enemy position. Reaching back he got two grenades from the man behind. Hurling these, he jumped on when they exploded, and, with a Johnny-cum-blazing, called on the men to follow as he went straight at the Jerries. He is said to have personally killed from 7 to 12 Germans. Altogether he and his section killed or wounded 150 Germans and recaptured the road.

There were more than one score. Col. Hill had to settle in Sicily, his brother relates. On March 12, 1941, his father was killed in action in France. That was Bill Kay's first birthday.

**Sergeant C. R. Fraser**

"I wish I could be there to see him get his medal," said Mrs. Charles Fraser, Dufferin St., who informed her son, Sgt. Charles B. Fraser, had been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in Sicily. In a letter from Nimoria, Sicily, Frederick Griffin said Fraser pressed forward with his platoon until severely wounded. Even then he carried on for another 100 yards. Griffin wrote: "Finally this lad got much more than 100 had to drop out but certainly wasn't to be reckoned as a hero."

Sgt. Fraser's father and brother, Sgt. Charles and Gunner Williams are both with the army in England. The three went overseas together with the 4th but neither of them went over to Sicily.



**CORP. B. C. KAY  
D.C.M.**



**Major-Gen. G. G. Simonds, C.B.E., D.S.O.**



**Major-Gen. Christopher Yokes, D.S.O.**



IN BATTLE CANADIANS ARE  
HARD TO STOP—ESPECIALLY  
WHEN THE FIGHTING GETS

# Action at Regaluto

WELL, HERE'S THE STORY OF  
CORPORAL WILLIAM KAY  
WHO STAGED A ONE-MAN-  
WAR

TOUGH. BUT BROTHER, WHEN  
THEY REALLY GET MAD . . .

THE outfit's position ran along the foot of a heavily fortified ridge, somewhere east of Regaluto. It was just before day-break. The men were tense. The attack was scheduled to begin at 0500 hours.

They had moved up during the night — over black, ragged, Sicilian countryside — and it hadn't been easy. Boots crunching on loose shale can tip off enemy outposts quicker than a rolling barrage.

Most of the men in this section of Toronto's Forty Eighth Highlanders had sweated freely during that trek. No one had known when the rattle of a helmet against equipment, or the murmur of a soft command, would send hell-fire sweeping out of the darkness. But nothing had happened. Now they were waiting for the first grey fingers of dawn to curl over the jagged sky-rim. Waiting impatiently — grimly.

The Artillery started it about 0503. It sent shells screaming over the heads of the crouching men toward the Nazi positions. Mortars, with tubes sharply angled, lobbed blasts of fury into the ridge. Machine-guns added their chatter to the uproar.

Then the 48th hit.

They stormed up into the heights — firing; flopping into the dirt; reloading; cursing — yet, advancing.

Off to the right, Corporal William Kay of Hamilton Ontario and his squad ran up against a Jerry machine-gun emplacement

would hunch behind cover, look over the terrain for some more protection, wait until the end of a burst; and then, scuttle for it as fast as he could crawl. In this manner the squad advanced. Pretty soon they were near enough to fight back — and that's when the Jerries quit!

Whether he had spotted the deadly hand-grenades held ready for throwing by the Highlanders, or whether their surrender was part of a pre-arranged plot, no one really knows. But, they quit cold and came out carrying a sheet tied to a tree branch. What happened after that can best be described by an eye-witness.

"We advanced to take the hands-up Heinies in," a Toronto non-com said. "Then a concealed post behind them opened up. It

The first thing Kay did, was to go after the nest that had murdered his three buddies. He had a blouse-full of grenades and a tommy-gun. The Jerries saw him coming and tried to get him, but Kay didn't stay in one place long enough to allow them to line him up. He was still a long distance away, but he let them have a grenade anyway. It burst in a blast of flame-pierced smoke a few yards in front of the Jerry post, stunning them into momentary confusion.

They weren't prepared for the raging Conuck who loomed suddenly through the acid mist. The murderous sub-machine-gun in his arms bucked spasmodically for a second, and then it was over. But not for Bill Kay! The memory of his three friends was still strong within him.

To his left, another post open-

around his feet, snipped the leaves from the trees over his head. He dug in behind a boulder to catch his breath. After a pause, he pinned the gunners down with a few savage bursts from his Tommy-gun; took out a grenade and hurled with all of the deadly accuracy of his hate. There was a muffled explosion and the machine-gun went out of action.

Further ahead, another nest was chewing into the flank of the advancing Canadians — a nasty enfolding fire. Bill Kay located the source. He worked his way around on the position's flank and poured Tommy-dugs into the Germans there, before they knew what had hit them. That made it three for three — a gutted Nazi emplacement for each of his dead buddies.

According to the Corporal from Toronto: "Even when he'd done all this, Kay was still so wild that he kept looking around for more action. But the Hun posts were all quiet." And there's small wonder. Undoubtedly all the Jerries in the vicinity had had enough of William Kay's vengeance!

The raging Conuck come charging out of smoke . . .

ed fire. He pronounced among the

dead Nazis for a moment sizing up the situation. Then again, he went into action. With complete disdain for Jerry marksmanship

The Fighting Corporal was recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and as the eye-witness continues: "Per-



defiance in their direction. Kay and his buddies hugged the earth, and then began to snake carefully forward. The gun-fire followed them, kicking up dirt

over the heads of their own men. They killed three of our lads. "Bill Kay just went wild with fury after that. I never saw any-

one who could stand up a better

The 48th. Highlanders of Canada,  
The Office of the Christian,

Jan. 9. 1944.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy,

This cannot be anything but a very unhappy letter for it may be the first word you will receive of a loss which is grievous to me, and will fill your home with sorrow.

Cpl. William Terence Webb McCarthy, your son, has been killed in action on the Italian Front- the date January 6, 1944.

The death was almost instantaneous, and I buried him the next day in the presence of his officer and platoon sergeant. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil---" was the passage I quoted over his grave, for beloved "Tim" McCarthy knew no fear in life, and I know he will have no fear in death.

Corporal McCarthy, as you will know, was my personal friend and advisor. So great has been his help and service that he was known in the Regiment as the Padre's assistant. I cannot speak too highly of his character and bearing at all times. Although he was not a young man he was allowed to remain with the fighting troops because of his power to keep up the morale of all whom he met.

I personally am deeply affected and have asked my wife in Toronto to go and see Mrs. McCarthy.

Corporal McCarthy was killed by a small piece of shrapnel which entered his body on the left side and, I think, penetrated to his heart.

I consider your son one of the salt of the earth.---  
He died, I think, in the way he would have wished. May God in His own time give you comfort,

Sincerely,  
S. B. East,  
Padre.

## Canadian and "Friend"

Right, are Lt. Col. Trumbull Warren and General Bernard Montgomery. When, in 1942, Col. Warren (husband of Mary Wible Warren of the Hamilton League) was appointed A.D.C. to General Montgomery, he was the first Canadian officer to be chosen A.D.C. to a British General during this war. Since that time he has served with "Monty" in North Africa and through the Sicilian campaign. Later in Italy he acted as liaison officer between the 8th Army staff and the 1st Canadian division. In December 1943, 28-year-old "Trum" became personal liaison officer to General Montgomery and is now in France with him. Mrs. David Barber, Hamilton Magazine Chairman, writes, "Although Mary is very reticent when talking of Trum's experiences, we can say that there are few important personalities connected with the invasion that he has not met." The photograph is signed by General Montgomery himself, and Mrs. Warren's scrapbooks contain many letters written to her by the General also.

