

THE BAKER BLURB

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TEAMWORK

The basis of all battle drill is teamwork. Every movement of offense and defense is made possible only by teamwork. If a large advance is carried out, it is accomplished by the cooperation and teamwork of several arms. The engineers will prepare the bailey bridges to cross a river, the artillery will lay down a barrage to cover the advance, the armoured corps, with their tanks, will shoot the infantry onto the objective, and the infantry (the Queen of Battle) will seize and hold the objective.

This same teamwork holds true in every movement. When the infantry company is taking an objective, the mortar platoon will lay down a barrage to cover the advance, one platoon, acting as fire platoon, will cover the other two platoons as they move forward to seize and hold the objective. The anti-tank platoon will also move forward and assist in the consolidation to hold the position.

In platoon drill, also, all movements are made only by the teamwork of every member of each section.

A football team can only win games when it has teamwork. Teamwork can only be accomplished when all the members of the team know its plays and know each other. The line cannot open holes for the backfield if they don't know where the play is going. Similarly, it's no use sending the fragile star passer on a series of line bucks, or using the plunging, flying wing to throw long passes.

An infantry platoon is exactly like the football team. It can only operate when all members know the plays, and know the members of the platoon. The mortar section, the signaller, and the rifle sections: each has its own assignment which must be carried out if the platoon team is to operate successfully.

The Coy schemes this fall will teach you the plays, and also your assignment in

To our new C.O.: our heartiest congratulations on your promotion, Sir. We of B Coy are right behind you to help make your tenure of command a successful one!!

48th Highlanders of Canada, 1939-45.

CSM Montgomery.

The Voyage to England, December, 1939.

After laying in the basin at Halifax for 48 hours, we finally set sail for England. We had to wait for our convoy to form up before we could get away. It was the largest convoy to leave Canada at this time and it was quite a sight to see the troopers and transports lined up and spread out over the ocean. As our escort, we had the battle cruiser HMS Revenge plus the French cruisers Dunkirk and Gloria. We also had the entire Canadian Navy at that time- five destroyers. The Canadian ships only came halfway over with us as they had to return to Canada for some reason or other.

Life aboard a troopship is very monotonous with the same old routine day after day. Boat drill, fire picquets, and different watches during the day and night. We even had P.T. aboard ship! We also had ack-ack practice, firing at balloons.

The trip itself was uneventful until Xmas Eve when we ran into a storm. The ship's Captain said it was one of the worst he had seen in years. One of the ships in the convoy went astray and we had to heave to until she caught up again.

Our mess decks were quite crowded, there being 116 men in ours. We ate and slept in the same place and had a half mile hike to the galley for our grub. There was quite a system worked out for our feeding. Each mess table was given so many numbered discs and to get the food for your table, you produced the discs and the cooks gave you the rations you were entitled to. This job usually required five men from each table. We slept in hammocks slung over the tables and what a party it was trying to sleep. I think I fell out of mine a dozen times the first night and finished the rest of the trip sleeping on the table. (Editor's Note: Don't believe him. A "mick" is very comfortable once you get onto the knack of it.)

Beer was plentiful aboard ship but not too good. It was made for the tropics and had a low alcohol content. (Not like the Brewmaster's brand!) We used to chip in and send one man to the canteen with a dixie for the beer.

Despite the storm on Xmas Eve we had a concert in the Men's Lounge. There was beer, cats, and entertainment. Even with the weak Beer, it turned into quite a party. Some of us were lucky in scrounging some of the more alcoholic beverages on the ship.

After the RCN ships left us we carried on with just three escorts. We all felt rather alone then as we had heard that German subs were out in the Atlantic. We travelled this way until 48 hrs out of Scotland when we were met by a large number of escort ships including an aircraft carrier, a couple of cruisers and a large number of destroyers and aircraft. They escorted us from there until we sailed up the Clyde and disembarked at Greenock.

One amazing incident happened just before the escort picked us up. A ship was seen on the horizon and ordered to stop. Apparently the order was ignored and the Revenge fired a shot across her bows. You never saw anything stop so fast! It turned out to be a French fishing boat and after the usual questioning was allowed to proceed on its way.

I think one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen was the shores of Scotland. After being at sea so long any kind of land would have looked nice. The hills of Scotland were capped with snow and the slopes covered with heather. After the escorts left us we proceeded up the Clyde and every small village or hamlet we passed was filled with cheering and waving Scots.

En route up the river we passed the John Brown shipyards where the Queen Elizabeth was still under construction. What a ship! She seemed to stick out half-way across the river! After being aboard ship for twelve days we finally arrived at Glasgow. We tied up at the docks on the 30 Dec 39 and had to stay aboard ship until the 31st. Once again the feeling of being so near to land and yet having to stay on the trooper. After disembarking, we formed up and had a short route march before entraining for Aldershot, England. You'll hear all about this in our next issue.

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Bill Grundon says: About the only money that goes as far today as it did in 1940 is the penny that rolls under the bed!

See the next page for more of THESE!!

BILL GRUNDON'S NOTES

Two Soviet chess leaders urge an end to such imperialistic terms as "King" and "Queen": just a couple of chess nuts, apparently.

The new reign means a change of cap badges for several famous units, among them the Life Guards, Royal Horse Artillery, Grenadier Guards, and the Royal Military Academy. Their badges all carry the Royal Cipher which will now be E R II. In the Grenadiers, only sergeants and warrant officers wear the Royal Cipher superimposed on the flaming grenade badge.

Getting the gold out of a gold mine sometimes proves to be an "ore" deal!

When an Eskimo woman starts blubbering, it doesn't mean her husband's been whaling her!!

The size and striking power of the Army's armoured divisions is illustrated by the amount of railroad equipment needed to move such a unit from a training camp to a port of embarkation--41 passenger trains and 30 freight trains!

When a marriage is wrecked on financial rocks it would seem that the couple married only until "debt" did them part!

A judge seldom has difficulty getting his day off to a "Fine" start!

Did you know that in the 9½ weeks Cpl Harbison spent on call out at Camp Niagara this summer, he drank 145½ pints of assorted beers. He claims he was just testing them all to see if he could find a better beer than his Dad's home brew.

If Sgt Parmiter would put that stuff he brought in the big glass jug to the Coy stag on the market, he'd make a fortune. Trouble is though, his best customers would go to an early grave. (Ask Martin) Isn't that the stuff they feed to jet planes?

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DON'T FORGET:

The annual Remembrance Day parade to the Monument--Sunday, November 9th.

The 48th Highlanders Ball at the Royal York--Wednesday, November 19th.

WEE JOCK

Sees 'aw, Hears 'aw, and(darn it) TELLS 'AW!!

My dear unfortunate friends, it is my (Ha Ha) painful task to tell you that a Frankenstein has arisen from your midst. An invisible monster who will reveal your nosy guarded secrets to all. So powerful am I that those two much discussed fellows, Glen & Garry have retired into seclusion. So beware, my poor nonsensical victims.

Your ingenious spy,

Wee Jock.

Part I: My first massacre, I mean masterpiece is herewith:

Flapping Flaps, or what went on in the tents at camp.

Run Now: What young alcoholic was seen crawling out of his tent calling for his ma, ma. If ma ma had seen him then, he'd soon have been an orphan.

Big Splash: How come Bob & Rob got so wet at camp? Were they that hot? Fire Bucket!

Sweat Shirt Named Perspire? Someone should buy the GSM a handkerchief so he can mop his brow in a dignified manner when on parade. Some movie star!!

Hi! Sgt Rammer, what happened to that swagger stick you had at camp??

Part II Baker Stag o-o-r Staggering Baker!!

Everyone enjoyed themselves at the (animal?) stag--even Martin. Bucket! Bucket!

Did you see where Pte (Norma) Quinn had those potatoes? They were nearly mashed potatoes. W.H.T. I guess.

Ptes Yake & McSpurren drank a lot of, of, aw-- cokes, didn't they?

Animal Dept: What little lambe was seen taking in the green stuff with a pair of ivory accessories?

Part III: Wait till you read this one. Oh golden boy, please give Nancy a fighting chance. We hope you're not a dodger.

Sling your rifle ear over here, Harbison. You better make it snappy because Dorothy is still on your trail, and your pal Butch won't do you any good if you say "I do."

Hot Info out of the Bagpipes:

Springs of Life: Who rolled Wee Willie under the bed at that party? It took the iron lungs of Grandon, Jr. to wake him up, too. Some beer, some party.

