

THE FALCON

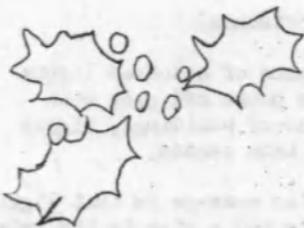
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This publication is issued under the authority of Lt. Colonel D. C. Haldenby CD, Commanding Officer of the 48th Highlanders of Canada. The contents have been edited and approved by the Padre, Capt. A.C. G. Muir.

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A Message from the Commanding Officer

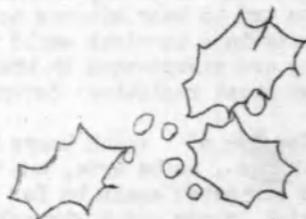
The year 1963 has been a busy and exacting one in many ways. Especially has this been the case in connection with the difficult move from our University Armouries to Fort York Armouries.

I would like to express my appreciation for the co-operation received at that time, and for the way in which the move was carried out with so little trouble. The turn out for parade since that time also has given me cause for gratitude.

Once again distinction has come to the Regiment in winning the McGuiness Trophy for the unit that maintained the highest standard of efficiency through the year 1962-63 in 15 Militia Group. To all ranks I express my heartiest congratulations.

Finally, I want to take this opportunity of wishing everyone associated with the Regiment a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

D. C. Haldenby Lt. Col.



THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT (Discusses the real meaning of Christmas)

December shoppers can hardly fail to notice the streams of coloured lights across the thoroughfares of our cities. Sometimes people pause and gaze with delight at Christmas symbols etched in lights on the faces of buildings, lights that radiate the message of gladness and joy which fills this season.

Christmas is a festival of light because the Christian message is that light has come into the world in the birth of Jesus Christ. That is why a star is the prime symbol of Christmas. The writer of the Gospel of John said about Jesus, "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." (1:4,5) All modern translations of the Bible agree in rephrasing those words slightly: "In him was life, and that life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness and the darkness has never put it out." That's a vivid image is it not?— light shining in the midst of darkness. Suppose we take that picture of light and dark and see where it leads us.

Recall how the Christmas story is sketched in bold contrasts. There was a star, hurtling through the blackness of the universe coming to visit this small planet earth with the announcement of a birth. It was by night while shepherds huddled on a hillside, that the darkness was turned into day with the arrival of the angelic messengers. It was by night also, as the cattle were bedded down in their stall, that an infant's cries were raised in feeble protest against the dark. The manger scene was not a floodlit tableau as depicted on Christmas cards but a dingy cave illuminated by a lantern or candle.

These scene remind us how often the Bible wields bold strokes of darkness and light as if they were the crashing chords of a cosmic symphony. "Let there be light," said God at the creation of the world when darkness brooded over the face of the earth. And when the New Testament opens, we find a pinpoint of light moving toward the earth, coming out of the blackness all around it, nearer and nearer, until it stands over a place where no one expected that the unexpected was about to happen.

It is in such stark contrasts of darkness and light that the Bible sees the world. I wonder if this is how we look at it too. Or are there still some saying the world is all (or nearly all) sunshine and light? We have little cause for that notion, I think. It would be a person who had lost touch with life who could not see the darkness all around us: intractable human nature, racial hatreds, suspicion of those of a different class, colour or creed, sudden tragedy striking, war threatening in a world that has so much to gain from peace.

On the other hand, because there is so much darkness in the world there are some who would turn belief in the dark into an article of faith. "I believe in the dark," is their creed. "How can you," they ask, "believe in a God who cares, in a universe that is as impersonal as this one?" Christians do not deny the dark. We, who try to bear witness to the light of God's love, know how hard it is to say God cares in a careless world that seems riddled with chance. But, what we say to all who are overpowered by the darkness in life, is that there is not just one, but two great realities: darkness and light.

The eye of faith keeps both in focus at the same time, for there are the dark things, to be true, but there is also the light. The sin and misery of the world can never again be for us the final verdict about life for we have seen God in Christ in our midst struggling with our burdens, and we can say, "God is with us, terribly simply with us." To know that, is our light.

THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT (cont'd)

That is what this holy season summons us to see -- the light shining in our darkness -- because God is present at every bedside, at every conference table, at every point of tension and frustration our world knows. Don't miss it this season-- don't miss the light -- for this is the message of Christmas: light is shining in the darkness that may be dreadfully real to you.

It is easy to miss the light. Take the long history of mankind showing his lust for power, with its bitter record of man's brutality to man, his pretense at being civilized, and one may wonder if there is anything but all-engulfing dark. Set against this the tiny span of that one life, thirty odd years, and it looks pitifully small. One birth, one death, one resurrection to build a faith on. One life, and the light that shone in it, to pit against centuries of darkness in human history. That is not very much is it? Yet maybe it is enough. And, perhaps it is all we can ask.

Sailors at sea find it is enough if they have a flashing light on the horizon or a star in the heavens. They do not ask for the sun, but in the great vault of darkness that one flashing light or that star tells them that out there somewhere there is life; out there is a hand that could help them. They do not ask for the sun for they have learned to steer by a tiny point of light.

So, I ask you to try to see life as the Bible does. It is not all light, nor is it unrelieved darkness, but light is shining in the dark. Some may feel that this talk of light and darkness is but a poetic discussion, reminiscent of man's age-long hope that winter days will lengthen into spring, and light and warmth return to the earth. Or some may be reminded of the confidence philosophers have had in wisdom and knowledge to point the way despite the ignorance of unenlightened men. The light of the Christian message has nothing to do with the seasons or with human self-confidence. We are not speaking of generalized light but of the light that shone in the face of Jesus Christ. It was in this one particular man, living at one period of history, that the whole creative power of God was focused into the world. Of this very man it was said, "The light shines in the darkness and the darkness is not able to put it out."

As Christians we face these two realities, the dark and the light. Which one shall be our choice as the clue to life? We do not deny the dark, but we choose to follow the signposts of joy and to look for the appearing of the Kingdom of God in the same world that stoned prophets and crucified the Saviour. For us the final truth about life is not that there is darkness, but that there is light--light shining in the darkness and the darkness has never put it out.

The light of truth and love will not be put out. It shines today across the barbed wire on armed frontiers; in segregated areas of life where men shield themselves from the cry of their neighbour; upon greed, corruption and power misused. Could we dare this Christmas to walk into the light and look at ourselves and at the faces of dread that are in the dark around us? Or will we clutch more closely the familiar dark of old gods and old prejudices we have served in the past?

It is not an easy thing to walk towards the light. Especially when it is only the light of one star shining out of a Cross.

** This article was adapted from a sermon preached by the Rev. D.G.M. Herron in Calvin Presbyterian Church, Toronto and printed in the Presbyterian Record, the official publication of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The writer of the following article is B820178 Pte. Ian E. Stevens of Charlie Company and he is typical of the young men who total 75 in this integral part of the Regiment. Like his fellows in C Company, Ian is an active student who has two loves of which we are aware—track and field and the Regiment. In the following article he gives his impressions of his two loves in a single theme. Not so typical is the fact that Ian hikes from Oakville every week to be on parade.

A Highlander - by Pte. Stevens I.E.

His dark green and black shorts glistened in the warm afternoon sunlight. He tensed his body as did the five others beside him. The calls came and then the gun banged far over his left ear. Momentarily he forgot all as he concentrated on driving viciously from the dull grey metal blocks banged in to the hard black cinder track below him. He took twelve short chopping steps and then dropped, as though changing gears, into a smooth exciting rhythm a few short feet in front of the pursuing pack.

He finished the first two hundred yards and glided toward the three hundred yard marker where he would make his final hundred yard dash. Wind becoming a scarcity legs becoming rubber, he plowed through the thin white ribbon where fifty one seconds before he had begun this grueling test in the sport he loved. He caught his escaping breath, collected his prized medal with its red ribbon hanging daintily by a silver pin and walked proudly away, his black and green shorts glistening like the victorious shine in his eyes.

Forty three young men stood rigidly at attention while the inspecting officer criticized, grimaced painfully, and sometimes praised a well-groomed TM, much to the subject's surprise. Though they all looked nearly the same from a distance, at close range one could easily distinguish between individuals. Large ears, heavy eyebrows, bow legs, and crooked noses were the prominent features but to one lad there was still left the undiminished sparkle of victory in his grey-green eyes.

He wasn't an excellent soldier—he wasn't even above average, but like the other forty-two on parade that Saturday morning he was proud of what he was.

He enjoyed feeling the hard metallic crack of a rifle on the firing range. He envied the officers for a variety of reasons. He despised red-tape and disliked the sergeant's bellowing voice when outside the birds sang of spring, sport and love. He was contented to be a part-time soldier, but he was glad he was something special as were the forty-two others with him.

He had realized this half way through the previous year when he, dressed in scarlet doublet, feather bonnet, plaid and kilt, had seen his comrades in three thin red lines before him. His heart was stirred not by the applauding crowd but by the wailing pipes and pounding drums followed by the Queen's and Regimental Colours fluttering in the warm June breeze. This was of the same nature to his heart as was the glory of the track, so many worlds away, a joy of pride and honour that he was a 48th HIGHLANDER!

THE PIPES AND DRUMS

Well, here we are again, getting money from the army to buy our Christmas goodies. Life seems one endless line of pay parades. The fellows in the Band, before taking their loot home to the wife no doubt will invest a few of their dollars in stock (stock ale, of course), and probably reminisce a bit about our activities in the past year.

We have had a full programme, highlighted by our memorable trip to Scotland and saddened by the death of our beloved ex Pipe-major J.R. Fraser. His funeral was well attended by representatives of many of the local bands who joined with us in paying our last respects to a grand man.

Our trip to Scotland will not soon be forgotten. We got off to a flying start at Malton and returned the same way. We played in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Inverness, and Perth as well as the Cowal Games with a side trip to Aberdeen, the home of our parent regiment. At all places we were royally received.

In Edinburgh we played in Princess Street Gardens, which is the centre of the city, and at the Castle just prior to the Tattoo. The Tattoo is a wonderful spectacle to watch. We were fortunate to have seats for one of the performances after which we were entertained by the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders at Redford Barracks.

Our local engagements in Scotland only took up half of our time and then we were off on our own. The trip was by all accounts a success, and we hope there will be others in the coming year.

In closing may we wish every one a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Sgt. Taylor R.F.

The wealthy old bachelor had lavished furs, cars, jewellery and other gifts on a beautiful young girl, and finally they were married.

"She only married him for his money," sourly commented an acquaintance of the groom.

"On the contrary," replied a closer friend, "he married her for his money."

The traffic officer was making out the accident report. "What was the cause of the collision?" he asked.

"I was backing out of the parking space," explained the young lady motorist "and by the time I had backed out far enough to see what was coming it already had."

The newly-enlisted soldier had failed to salute the colonel. "Don't you realize who I am?" demanded the officer. "I am in charge of this camp."

"You've got a pretty good job," said the recruit. "Don't spoil it."

REGIMENTAL QUARTERMASTER STORES

A Big Hello from QM Stores! Being a new member of the Stores it is appropriate that I should say a few words on our behalf.

For those new chaps who do not know the members of our staff, I would like to introduce you to our new Quartermaster, Lt. A.V. Shipman, RQMS WO2 Ballantyne N., CQMS Garven J. (the warden), CQMS Rankine A.F., Cpl. Murray R.A. and myself, Cpl. Brady F.E.

We wish to congratulate Capt. W.C. Stark, former Quartermaster on his appointment to Adjutant.

One of our valuable members is WO2 Wignall H. Although Harry is no longer an active member of the Regiment, he spends many hours fitting the Regiment with full dress.

The Highlight of the year of course was moving from our old home to Fort York Armouries, as was expected confusion reigned at first, but with the acquisition of our new quarters, things became organized. Our new stores are a show piece, bright, airy and plenty of working space. They are the envy of the Armouries.

The advance party of the Stores arrived in Camp Niagara on Friday night under the able command of Capt. W.C. Stark, ably assisted by CQMS Garven and CQMS Rankine.

CQMS Buchanan R.H. was doing our transport work and a very good job was done.

The "Warden" was on the job as usual looking after the fatigue parties and that old saying, "Lookout, here he comes again", was a familiar cry.

How is it that Capt. Stark has a fear of fire extinguishers?

"Stores" had a very successful week-end at Camp Borden. They were very fortunate in having all the 2 Lts. volunteer to help clean and assemble the Number 36 Hand Grenades for firing the next day.

QM Staff wishes to congratulate Sgt. Rankine on his promotion to Staff Sgt. since the last edition of the Falcon.

At this time, I think we should paraphrase the late President of the United States, "Ask not what my regiment can do for me but what can I do for My Regiment."

The QM Staff wishes all members of the Regiment a Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Cpl. Brady F.E.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the politician, a member of the party in office, "I wish to tax your memory a bit."
"Good heavens," muttered a colleague, "why didn't we think of that before?"

"A" COMPANY NEWS

The "Trooping of the Colour" in honour of our Queen's birthday was the high-water mark of this year's activity. This thrilling and moving experience under ideal conditions was enjoyed by all ranks.

In contrast, our hearts were heavy and it was with a sense of deep personal loss that we bade farewell to the University Armouries. We thank the Toronto Scottish and the Royal Regiment who came to the rescue in our hour of need. We are all "Soldiers of the Queen".

Summer camp at Niagara was enjoyed by all. We were happy to have "C" Company with us for the week. As usual "A" Coy took the pennant on the first day. The weather for the most part was ideal.

A company party in September was the occasion for bidding farewell to Captain A. Brown, who is now with "C" Coy, and for welcoming Captain D.S. Johnston, our new company commander. A special thanks to Cpls. Caton and Norton who went to a great deal of work in organizing our party.

Field firing at Camp Borden gave all ranks practical experience in infantry weapons. We wish these week-ends could be arranged more often.

We want to welcome the following other ranks to "A" Coy:-- Ptes. Wheeler, Holland, McNiff, McNiff, Dunn and Gould, also Sgt. Richards who comes to us from the Nova Scotia Regiment and Sgt. Peddle.

On Friday, November 23rd, an election of officers for "A" Coy Club was held at Fort York Armouries. Cpl. Norton was elected president and Pte. Noonan secretary-treasurer for the ensuing year.

"A" Coy wish all A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The army private and his sergeant had been charged with striking an officer. At the court of inquiry the non-com explained that, during an inspection, the officer had stepped on his sore foot. "I reacted instinctively," exclaimed the sergeant. "I threw a punch before I realized what was happening. It was entirely accidental, and I offer my full apologies."

The private was then asked for his explanation. "I was standing next in line, sir," he replied, "and when I saw the sergeant strike the officer I thought the war was over."

"For this job we want a responsible man," the employer told the prospect. "That's the job for me," was the answer. "Wherever I've worked, whenever anything went wrong, they told me I was responsible."

CHARLIE CHATTER

Many things have happened since the last edition of the "Falcon". Pte. Burr has joined the Black Watch, L/cpl. Iverson received his second hook and since then his first star; we wish them every success in their new positions.

Our strength has been increased by the addition of Capt. Brown, our new 2i/c and Cpls. Shields and Spires. From our own ranks we have produced six Cpls, and one Sgt. L/cpl. Orviss has received his second hook, and after passing the Jr. NCO course at Camp Niagara, Ptes. Catenacci, Ligeza, Morlock, Noonan, and Sershall have received their two stripes. After successfully completing the Sr. NCO course at London, Cpl. Dodd received his third one.

This years summer course was a great success, and many of its members have remained with the unit. One of the incidents that happened during the course will be long remembered by those who took part in it. It happened during the two day scheme. Some of the boys stopped for some coffee on the way home. They found the coffee unfit to drink, and this irritated them. They ordered a round of hot water and made their own coffee from the coffee that is found in the rations they had been living on. made

Charlie Company was well represented at the recent 15 Militia Group rifle competition. The work party from the unit came from our company as did half of the competitors from the unit. Although they did not win, they put up a good fight.

During the week-end of Nov. 24-25, we held Operation Arctic at Camp Borden. We slept out in Arctic Tents in Arctic Sleeping-bags. While we were firing on the rifle range, the targets sometimes were hidden by the falling snow. That night we had an exercise which has become known as the Battle of Pylon Hill. The idea was that an attacking force was to capture the hill without using weapons. In the fierce hand to hand encounters many full and partial sets of lumps were received, but a good time was had by all. We also got to fire live mortar bombs.

In the future we plan to have many more schemes as well as more training to fit us for our duties as members of the Militia, and to maintain our standing as the biggest and best company in the Regiment.

FOOTNOTE: SPRING OFFENSIVE -- Watch for EXERCISE 2 - One Million -- The Culmination of ALL our training.

Cpl. W. Sershall.

Men invented golf so that they would have a way to relax when they were too tired to cut the grass.

The easiest way for a woman to get domestic help nowadays is to marry it.

THE BATTLE OF PYLON HILL - NOVEMBER 23rd-24th 1963

Gather round in a circle lads, and I'll tell you a Charlie tale,
Of the sifting sands, and the frozen winds, and the battle of Pylon Hill.
Now, Pylon Hill is a spectacle, like no other in the land,
You can search in vain for earth and rocks, and all you'll find is sand.
Yes, sand through all the ages, since earth's first glimmering year,
Was gathered in a bucket and dumped no where but here.
King Tut's tomb, the Pharaoh's gold, with a Mastedon or two,
We're sure would be located if the sand were sifted through.
There's an ancient Indian legend, by its folklore we are told
That on Pylon Hill, exclusively, can the strongest winds be blown.

And so to this location, Camp Borden's barren ground,
The redoubtable men of Company "C" on Saturday were bound.
With arctic tents and sleeping bags, and rations by the ton,
The gear was dumped on sandy soil, and sheepskins were put on.
And when the men were disembarked and all had gathered near,
Instructions they were given, the rules were all made clear.
Divided into sections, for competition's aim,
They sought out likely campsites, in the sparse but sleety rain.
Their tents were raised, in daylight while their vision yet was clear,
They were taken to the ranges and fired their muskets there.
Many a "rooks" for the first time out, with cheeks and shoulders sore,
Fired his service rifle with a 7.62 bore.
After the ranges came supper, with a dash of sand or two,
And what sand escaped the coffee, was captured in the stew.

But now as darkness falls, and twilight shades grow dim,
And the last man has his supper, scooped out of a ration tin,
The evening winds grow stronger, and the rain it turns to snow,
The sections are assembled by the lantern's flickering glow.
With rifles slung and loaded after blanks had passed around,
To the very summit of Pylon Hill these marching men were bound.
Onto the top, assembled there, on sands that glowed pale white,
They watched a demonstration, a section attack at night.
But what they thought was a section turned out to be just two,
And so they learned what deception, and darkness can really do.

Next, they're put on tight defense, along the crest's bald rim,
Peering beyond their rifles into night as black as sin.
"Keep watch for the coming enemy", was the word that passed around,
Four sections in extended line lay flat upon the ground.

At last the first bright muzzle flash, the attack was coming in,
The sections all returned the fire and louder grew the din.
Two sections held the centre against the main attack,
While Morlock's Marauders on the left determined to hit back.
So down into the valley, they met the enemy there,
And the rattle of their musketry was terrible to hear.
On the right was Section 4, which was by Orviss led,
He struck the enemy on his left and promptly shot them dead.
Cattenacci's Commando's exchanged them blow for blows
And even checked the bodies to witness deathly throes.

THE BATTLE OF PYLON HILL (cont'd)

Noonan first and Sershall, surrounded by sturdy men,
Held the ground right smartly they were given to defend.
At last the attack was over, the enemy there confounded,
The lessons were summed up, and the reasons for them sounded.
They had learned to move in darkness, while sections covering, fired,
Co-operation between units was soundly thus inspired.

Next came the lantern stalk, a weird and ghostly sport,
Requiring stealth and stamina of the most exacting sort.
Picture if you can, a wild and stormy night,
With a hillock on the summit, and there a lantern bright.
While over the ghostly dunes, toward the orange glow,
Dark shadows are creeping there, through gusts of flaky snow.
But watchful eyes, on defense, observe them drawing near,
And through the wind - a warning, shouted loud and clear.
In two's and three's and bunches, the aggressors charge the hill,
Like wolves being tired of circling, closing for the kill.
In all that cold, wild country devoid of house or town,
A tiny speck of orange light, with figures struggling 'round.
Oaths and curses, yells and screams, frequently were heard,
Battle shouts and thudding feet, the action was superb.
Defeat was never thought upon, to surrender brought contempt,
Never a more determined bunch was Hell for Glory bent.
But the lantern in its innocence remained in safe retreat,
The defense was insurmountable and turned away defeat.
Active and alert, admitting of no surprise,
Foilng every attempt the enemy could devise
And so the action battered on 'till umpires called an end,
The skirmish finally died away, and silence ruled again.

Mustered at the hillock, in the coveted yellow light,
I'M sure one and all agreed, it had been a lively night.
Like so many spectres in the sand and howling wind,
They marched off to their areas, and finally were turned in.
To-morrow, they'd be risen to the pipes and bugle call,
To-morrow, mortar firing, with H. E. bombs and all,
To-morrow, rifle cleaning, and with equipment loaded on,
Back to Fort York Armouries, the week-end nearly gone.
There's some who'll forget the battle, and others never will,
But if you find sand in your stockings, remember Pylon Hill.

Cpl. W. J. Shaw
"C" Company.

The father was scolding the seven-year old for telling an untruth. "When I was your age," he said sadly, "I never told lies."
The boy thought that over for a moment, then asked, "How old were you when you started, Dad?"

DONALD'S DIGEST

It has been said the only constant thing in life is change. Thus many changes have taken place since our last publication of the Falcon. Fortunately the changes have been only of location, adjustment and personnel. "D" Company has adjusted along with the Regiment to these changes, and without losing sight of the constant things for which the Regiment stands,

Our last official function was a Company dinner held on July 4, 1963. This was held at University Armouries, and we are probably justified in saying that this signified the ultimate "last farewell" to the old building. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and we had a highly successful dinner and party, marred only by the thought that it was our final dinner at the University Armouries. We express our grateful thanks to W.O.2 Valaquette, and his staff for the excellence of the dinner, and their contribution to it's success, also the Pipes and Drums who always do such a terrific job.

The arrival of summer ushered in Summer Camp at Camp Niagara. The members of "D" Company disported themselves in an admirable manner, and were rewarded by winning the Company Lines Pennant for the second successive year. Since the Regiment won the Gordon Trophy in 1962 and the McGuiness Trophy this year, "D" Company has earned itself an enviable position indeed!

Before leaving the University Armouries, C.S.M. Turner left our Company to join Headquarters Company. We bid him a fond farewell and wish him all the best. Sgt. Rands then joined our Company to become Company Sergeant Major, but of course, this is our first opportunity to publish an official and hearty welcome. His pride in "D" Company has grown, and he quickly proved himself an able and competent man for the job.

Our first parade at Fort York Armouries, saw further changes in personnel, with the departure of Captain Johnston to "A" Company, and Lieutenant Shipman to Quartermaster Stores as Regimental Quartermaster. We wish both our fondest regards and trust they are richer as a result of their stay with "D" Company.

Lieutenant Ivkoff, who previously served with "D" Company has returned and 2nd Lieutenant McCrossan is starting his military career with our Company. We know both will contribute their fullest effort to the Company, and it's activities.

We also welcome all other new members of "D" Company, and already you have shown the pride which all past and present members have maintained for many, many years.

Because of publishing dates, it is not possible to detail results, but the Company will have held an outdoor scheme on December 8th. It is expected everyone will have learned a great deal about military manoeuvres on this day, and generally benefit from the day's outing.

We would like to take this opportunity to express congratulations for the excellent job performed by the "D" Company members who served the wine at the Sergeant's Mess dinner last month. On short notice these members were also called upon to serve the meal itself. Everyone was highly impressed with their decorum, and their efficient handling of their duties.

DONALD'S DIGEST (cont'd)

The excellent showing of the Regiment at the Annual Church Parade, and also the Memorial Parade on November 11th, left nothing to be desired. The Company is proud of the effort all members of "D" Company contributed to their success. These parades above all else offer the opportunity to pay homage to all those who sacrificed so much for our Regiment, and our Country.

All members of "D" Company would like to express to all members of the Regiment their sincere good wishes for a Merry Christmas, and a most Happy and Successful New Year.

L/Sgt. S.J. Pett,
"D" Company.

PAKISTANI BAGPIPES ARE FLOODING SCOTLAND

Bagpipes are made from African ivory, English sheep, Spanish cane, and French cloth.

These remarkable facts came to light when a member of Parliament asked some searching questions about the pipe trade and elicited revelations that would make Robbie Burns turn in his grave.

It appears that Pakistani is flooding the country with an inexpensive version of Scotland's national instrument:

It was also discovered that Northern Ireland has more pipe bands to the square mile than any other country including Scotland.

Then people really started digging and revealed that bagpipes weren't introduced into Scotland until the 18th century. Until then harps were the national instrument.

One expert said that Caesar's legions had marched to the skirl of the pipes and that Nero may have piped, not fiddled, while Rome burned.

But there's one consolation to this sad lament. It appears that Scotsmen were responsible for adding the bass drone.

The young man had come home from a meeting where he had been required to give a talk, his first experience in public speaking.

"How was your speech?" his wife asked.

"Which one?" he replied. "The one I was going to give, the one I did give, or the one I delivered so brilliantly on the way home in the car?"

"LEST WE FORGET"

Rev. A.C.G. Muir,
38 Elfreda Boulevard,
Scarborough Ontario.

192 Victor Avenue,
Toronto 6, Ontario,
November 15, 1963.

Dear Padre:

I regret to have to again report the names of so many 48th Highlanders who have died during the period from April 30, 1963 to November 15, 1963.

My sincere appreciation to those who notified me of the death of 48th Veterans also thanking those who so kindly acknowledged the flowers sent by the Old Comrades Association.

Yours truly

Sam Leake
Sick Committee.

48th Highlanders' Deaths from April 30, 1963 to November 15, 1963

SIMPSON, David B.	May 5, 1963	Band - 92nd - 15th - ^B and
ACLAND, Maj. Peregrine M.C.	" 11 "	15th
WELSBY, Reginald, M.M.	" 11 "	48th
DAVIDSON, George C.	" 11 "	Gordon Highlanders
BEATTIE, Kimberely	" 21 "	15th
RAE, William J.	" 31 "	31st - 15th
HOWES, Harry	June 7 "	15th
WAYMAN, Duncan	" 8 "	92nd - 3rd
McCARROL, Robert	" 16 "	48th
DEBLING, Harry	" 20 "	92nd - 15th
STEVENS, Frank	" 22 "	Band - 48th
COMINS, Ernest	July 4 "	3rd - 48th
MacINTOSH, Fergus J.	" 7 "	48th
KERR, Donald E.	" 14 "	15th
FARQUHAR, Alexander	" 17 "	48th
FRASER, James, Pipe-major	" 18 "	Gordon Highlanders-48th
STINSON, Harold	" 20 "	92nd - 15th
GASSON, E.	" 22 "	48th
YOUNGER, Peter	" 23 "	134th - 15th
WOOD, Frederick	" 23 "	15th
TOMALIN, Harry	" 25 "	15th
TURNER, George J.	" 26 "	92nd - 42nd
SUTHERLAND William	Aug 9 "	48th - 15th
FERNALL, James	" 9 "	48th
HUNTER, George	" 13 "	48th
JOHNSTON, William	" 25 "	134th - 19th
FENTON, Albert	" 29 "	48th
HARTLEY, Len	" 30 "	48th
HASLETT, George (Harry)	" 31 "	134th - 15th
McLEAN, Al	Sept 4 "	92nd - 42nd
LEGRYS, J.	" 28 "	8th - 15th
SMITH, Edward (Ted)	" 29 "	48th

48th Highlanders' Deaths from April 30, 1963 to November 15, 1963

TWOMEY, M.R. Lt.	Sept. 29 1963	Essex - 15th
BEST, Arthur	Oct. 11 1963	74 - 48th
PATON, Arthur	" 14 "	48th - 19th
SMYTH, Joseph	Nov. 2 "	134th - 19th
CAWOOD J.	" 15 "	134th - 83rd
TRIVERS, W.	" 15 "	48th

"DILEAS GU BRATH"

THE 48th

They fought and died on beach and rock
They were sorely tried, those men of stock
They were only young, but they had faith
Those gallant sons of the 48th.

Upon a foreign shore they died
To gain the freedom for our land
We shall not let their memory die
Forgotten, on that distant strand.

Listen, you who think that these
Our soldiers, comrades, died with ease
They died for country with the plea-
Keep freedom until Eternity!

Charles D. Hall
Niagara Falls Ontario.

The above poem was written in 1945 by Charles D. Hall of Niagara Falls, Ontario, and dedicated to the Regiment.

PIPE-MAJOR JAMES R. FRASER 48th HIGHLANDERS

"A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ" II Timothy 2:3

Pipe Major Fraser died last night. What a pang of sorrow those words brought to a multitude of hearts throughout this city and far beyond as the message spread last Thursday. Even though most of us realized that the news must come soon, it was none the easier to bear when it did come.

As I gathered with friends on three different occasions during the past few days I can truly say that I have seldom seen so many moist eyes and deeply reverend faces as those who came to pay their respects to a dearly loved friend.

And now we have gathered once more to pay tribute to a great man and to try to bring some comfort to the members of the family who remain.

What can one say? As I began to think about this, six words came to mind from one of the letters of the apostle St. Paul to Timothy which seemed to me to say with great precision what needs to be said. The words are these - "A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST"

A GOOD SOLDIER ---

In 1938 a picture in full colour appeared on the front page of the Toronto Star Weekly and underneath were written these words, "Veteran of Veterans is Pipe-major James R. Fraser of the 48th Highlanders." How true that was then! But how much more true is it today 24 years later! I would ask you to bear with me for a few minutes as we think of him in three ways --the Soldier, the Piper, the Man.

The Soldier James Robb Fraser was born on September 12, 1874 on a farm in the Parish of Keith near Aberdeen, Scotland. He was one of a large family. On August 1, 1892 while he was still only 17 years of age he joined the Gordon Highlanders as a boy soldier. In 1894 he went to India with the Regiment and was present at a number of engagements, the most famous of which was the Battle of Dargai fought in October of 1897. It was at this battle that Pipe-major Finlayter won the V.C. Piper James Fraser was also piping in this battle and continued even after being wounded by a rifle shot in the thigh. His service with the Gordon Highlanders took him to Egypt in 1898 and to South Africa in 1899 where he served during the Boer War.

After a full term of 21 years service with the Gordon Highlanders, Piper James Fraser was to come up for retirement from the military life and what for many men would have been the end of a service career, for James Fraser it was but the beginning of a completely new era. In 1913 he came to Canada to become Pipe-major of the 48th Highlanders of Canada which position he was to hold for the next 39 years, making a grand total of 60 years service for Sovereign and country.

During this long and influential period with the 48th Highlanders this good soldier not only upheld the best traditions of this young regiment, but created tradition especially among pipers and drummers. Wherever he went he constantly displayed those qualities of heart and mind that are of the essence of a truly great soldier.

PIPE-MAJOR JAMES R. FRASER (cont'd)

The Piper It was shortly after 1892 that Private James Fraser took up the art of piping and became Piper James Fraser. Some hint as to the progress and ability of this man is seen from the fact that by 1912 it was said of him that he had a lot of experience in teaching and that he had taught and brought to the fore a civilian pipe-band which was composed of a number of Gentlemen.

In addition to other assignments he was Pipe-major of the Third Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders for a year. Because of this ability as a teacher and the excellent character references given by officers of the Gordon Highlanders, he became the choice of the 48th Highlanders of Canada when, in 1913m that Regiment was seeking a new Pipe-major. The next 39 years were prove how wise was that choice.

During the years of his service Pipe-major Fraser taught literally hundreds of pipers. I recall his remarking to me on one occasion in the late '30s that at that time there was now 10 pipers in Canada for every one there was in 1913 when he came. There is no doubt that his contribution to this increase was very great. He played in many places among the most famous being the 1934 World's Fair at Chicago. He was presented to Royalty and played a part on many distinguished occasions.

As one of his own pupils I can personally bear testimony to his patience and exactness as a teacher. He refused to cut corners even when this meant losing his pupils to other bands. There was nothing slipshod about his instruction. Every last grace note had to be played correctly.

The best tribute that could be paid to him as a Pipe-major was paid to him on the occasion of his retirement in 1952 when he took the salute of the Regiment. To the best of my knowledge it was an event without precedent to have a non-commissioned officer take the salute.

OF JESUS CHRIST ---

The Man -Here is the place where the words, "Of Jesus C hrist" apply. This good soldier, this beloved teacher was a man of Jesus Christ. For over forty years he has been a member of this church (Riverdale Presbyterian), and has always been a most faithful attender at public worship. But his Christian faith and life were not left at the church door after Sunday service. His character reflected the character of his 'divine Master.

"I can thoroughly vouch for his character and respectability"--
The Commanding Officer, the Gordon Highlanders.

"Lance-corporal Fraser is a person of excellent chracter, thoroughly sober, trustworthy, especially hard working, and most tactful. He can always be relied upon to do his work thoroughly and well". --
Captain MacLennan, the Gordon ighlanders.

After words of commendation similar to the above, Lt. Colonel W.E. Gordon of the Gordon Highlanders concludes:- "Personally, I am his ardent admirer and I am convinced that he will prove himself worth of the confidence of those he will serve in future years.

PIPE MAJOR JAMES R. FRASER (cont'd)

Another aspect of his nature was the interest and concern he showed for "his boys" in the Band. During the Depression Days he tried to find work for them and when this failed he would create jobs for them around his own home and pay them out of his own very modest income. Something of his attitude to life can be learned from a remark he made to me, "If a man wasn't worth trusting--he wasn't worth knowing."

His complete devotion to his work can be seen on occasions when public transportation was not operating, and he would walk the several miles to the Armouries so that he would be in his place.

Such was the man whom we seek to honour today and now we commit him into the gracious care and keeping of the One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

We cannot understand the mystery of the resurrection of the dead, but we do believe and trust in the One who spoke those words. We believe that He is quite able to do what He has promised.

So it is our faith that when we have finished our work here on the earth and by the grace of God we enter the better world ahead, James Robb Fraser will be in the midst of the great host of heavenly pipers on hand to welcome us.

The above address was given at the funeral of Pipe-major James R. Fraser on Monday, July 22, 1963 in Riverdale Presbyterian Church, Toronto by the Padre of the 48th Highlanders .

CORRECTION

See page 15The Soldier.... The reference here to Pipe-major Finlayter is in error.... the item should read....Piper George Finlayter. (Ed.)

"Let us have faith that right makes might," said Abraham Lincoln,"and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."
