

THE FALCON

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DECEMBER 1964

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

CONTENTS

A Christmas Message from the Commanding Officer	Lt Col J.M. Lowndes
What are You Waiting for?	Rev. D.G.M. Herron B.A. ThM.
A Letter to the Editor	P.M. Runeiman
News from the Pipes and Drums	Sgt R. Taylor
Support Company	Cpl Smith
What is a Haggis?	John (Tiny) Bennett
Adapted from 'Our Man on the Street' - The Telegram, Toronto	
The (Modified) Press Gang	Capt C.G.E. Day
Falcon Cartoons	Lt D. Ivkoff
Alpha 'Appenings	
Charlie Company News	
Operation "Ground-Hog"	
Donald's Digest	L/Sgt R.L. Cormack
Lt Colonel J.R.O. Counsell - In Memoriam -	Lt Col M.E. George
Lest We Forget	Sam Leake
Lest We Forget	The Editor



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

During the past year the Regiment has seen the most revolutionary reorganization of the militia since its inception. We have survived the disbandments and the amalgamations due mainly to the past efforts of our predecessors and the work of the men currently serving in the Battalion. I am indeed proud to serve with you in the 48th Highlanders of Canada and at this time, immediately before the Regiment takes a well deserved Christmas vacation, I would like to thank all ranks for the exemplary way you have all behaved during 1964. We can all look back on the Regiment's progression and achievements during this year with a great deal of pride.

A Regiment of the quality of ours cannot be maintained and improved without personal sacrifices on the part of all ranks. Now that we have received the new establishment for the Regiment I know that next year will see a great resurgence in the Militia throughout Canada. I would therefore ask you all to do your utmost in continuing the great traditions created by our predecessors and ensure that 1965 will be the greatest the Regiment has ever had in peacetime. There will be many challenges and a great deal of hard work to do next year and I sincerely hope and expect that all ranks will recognize this fact and do everything possible to assist the Regiment in continuing to be the most outstanding Militia Regiment in Canada.

I hope that you will all take advantage of the Christmas leave to relax and enjoy the Holiday festivities so that you will all come back on January 15, 1965 ready to apply yourselves to the many new tasks which the new year will bring.

To all ranks and your families, who also contribute a great deal to the Regiment's strength, - a Very Merry Christmas and a Very Prosperous and Successful New Year.

J.M. Lowndes Lt. Colonel.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Everyone is waiting for something: a new flag, or for independence; for holidays, a 'phone call or for a raise in pay.

Some are waiting to finish school, to get married, or to retire.

As children we wait for life to begin; as adults we wait for it to end. We wait for fortune and misfortune, for terrible things and for beautiful things. Just now everyone is waiting for Christmas.

So is the church. In a very special sense the church is waiting for something it knows is to happen. It relives in these weeks the long night of Israel's waiting for a deliverer - the one whose name is Emmanuel. Its mood gathers up the deep expectations of the world so that truly the hopes and fears of all the years converge in its advent vigil. It embraces the deep longing in mankind for something which, added to what we have, will make sense out of what seems to be nonsense in human life. But, we may ask, does anything happen? Does anyone come?

A few years ago a puzzling play with the title "Waiting for Godot" arrived from France. It was one of those plays that never succeeded too well in a commercial sense because there was no general agreement what it was about. The action centres in two tramps, Estragon and Vladimir who wait beside a tree on a country road for Godot. As they wait they talk about such things as life, death, suicide, and time... but Godot does not arrive. A messenger promises that he will come tomorrow. Tomorrow passes and still he does not come. The play ends and Godot has not appeared.

The real puzzle is the identity of Godot. What were they waiting for? Some say death; some say life; some say nothing since nobody comes. Is the similarity between the words 'Godot' and 'God' more than accidental we may wonder. Whether the identity of Godot can be established or not, the fact that nobody comes has been taken to be the message of the play. Nothing happens, they say, nothing ever happens, and the sooner we realize this, the sooner we will be free of false hopes that shackle us. There is no answer, we are told, no Godot, no one who shatters the silence from the other side. We are alone. This conviction that there is no meaning to life apart from the events that happen to us has become almost an "article of belief" for some in our generation. One of the characters in the play shows us the bleak and tragic prospect of this outlook when he sums it all up. "Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, its awful!"

Yet one wonders if Estragon and Vladimir will not be standing on that road again tomorrow waiting and hoping for there is an incurable hunger in us to find an answer to our questions and a cure for our despair. Perhaps that is why in the Book of Life itself we meet so many characters who are waiting. There was Simeon, the old man who haunted the temple of Jerusalem, unwilling to die until he should see the clue to life. There was Joseph of Arimathea who was given the body of Jesus from the cross to put in his own tomb. It is said of him that he was waiting for the Kingdom of God. We read further of servants watching for the return of their master, and young women - some wise and some foolish - waiting to see a bridegroom. So the world waits. But does anything happen? Is it merely pious optimism to sing, "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel"? And who is Emmanuel anyway?

What are you waiting for? (Cont'd)

In a sceptical age one feels like a voice crying in the wilderness if we say something has happened, someone has come, but that is exactly the conclusion to which the word Emmanuel points us. It means 'God with us'. With that word Hebrew prophets expressed their confident expectation that God would come and make a previously unparalleled disclosure of himself. They had seen his hand in their history before: in the Exodus from Egypt and his frequent deliverances of them from their enemies. He did not always come as they expected. His will was not always their wishes. But again and again in answer to the question: "Is there any word from the Lord?", the silence is broken by an unmistakable voice from beyond them. Christians see Jesus Christ as the ultimate news about God, and the final evidence that God is with us. He stoops to take upon himself a life like ours to share its toil and its burdens, to live and to die, to be remembered and to be forgotten. For Christians his life is a real datable event which does not begin "once upon a time" but rather is rooted in the history of the world. He was born in the reign of Herod and crucified by Pontius Pilate. It is the Christian conviction that God meets us in that life and continues to do so in the midst of our own history. And that is the last place many expect to find him.

But we need to face frankly that there is in the world at large no general agreement about Christ, whether or not he is the ultimate message God has for us about himself.

When you read the New Testament Gospels carefully you are made aware that even in the days when he walked the earth and was seen by people in the flesh, there was no unmistakable evidence that showed to everyone beyond any doubt that he was the awaited revelation of God. He was only Joseph's son to some; a madman to others, a disturber of the peace. Whether he was God's messenger, God's Son, was a matter of conjecture. But then, what is unmistakably God? Or going back to the play, who is Godot? Would Estragon and Vladimir have known him if he had come? Samuel Beckett the playwright may have spoken the truest word any of us can speak when he says that if he had known what Godot was he would have said so. This is certainly far more honest than determining in advance what it is we are waiting for and then rejecting every answer which does not fit our requirements. Men have never ceased to do this. Jesus was rejected then, and very largely today too, by people who have already made up their minds what kind of appearance God will have to make in order truly to be God. Today, Jesus the Christ does not appear to fit any better the general job description of a Saviour that we have set up than he did 1900 years ago. We have little room in our thinking for a suffering servant who gets himself crucified and has the misfortune to associate with the wrong people. This surely cannot be God (certainly not any God worth waiting for) if he is unable to do anything about the evil men still encounter in famine, flood and unexplained tragedy; in race riots, concentration camps and war. It is indeed not easy to say that God has come and still comes when these things persist. At least it is not possible to do so without in most cases changing our idea of what God is like.

Let me in conclusion direct a few remarks to two classes of people. First a word to those who feel nothing has happened. The more we know the more we realize how partial is our knowledge and how necessary is it to leave room for things of which we may not be aware. Man's ego is nowhere so evident as when he uses his own limited experience of life and the world to produce generalizations about the whole of life and about God. I raise this, not with the hope of changing anyone's thinking on the matter, but merely to point out one of the themes of the Bible which is that when God does finally come, he is as a surprise to nearly everyone. Look at the record. The religious people are

What are you waiting for? (Cont'd)

utterly confounded by Christ because the glorious new day does not dawn as they had always expected it would when the messenger of God comes. The Bible is not so much a record of people finding God as of people missing him because the character sketch they have been carrying about does not fit. The real Jesus Christ was not the one they were waiting for.

The one who comes is a God who does not right all the wrongs but he does bear them with us. He takes our burdens upon him. That is not easily accepted because it demands faith in order to know that, despite all that is to the contrary, God is with us, "terribly, simply with us". Only those who are able to see strength in weakness, victory in humility, and light in the shadow of a Cross are able to understand how silently God comes. As Jesus put it, "Blessed are those eyes who see what you see! For I tell you that many prophets and kings desired to see what you see, and did not see it, and to hear what you hear, and did not hear it."

Now a word to those who know something has happened, or someone has come; those whom we call believers. The world has a right to ask for signs, some proof that something has taken place. Whether God has come or not has been argued for centuries. And argument produces little change. The question of the atom bomb is only theory until someone uses an atom to destroy a city with a single bomb, - then there is no more argument. So too flight is only an aerodynamic possibility until the Wright brothers build an aircraft and fly it. It is the same with the argument whether God has come or not. Jesus recognized it. Either He has come for you or He has not. Either you see the signs or you don't. But if you do see them everything is changed and your life becomes evidence for this reality.

That is what has to concern us in this advent season. Either the answer has been given and we know it, or nothing has happened. The only way Christians can persuade others is if their lives, and thoughts and hopes show that someone has come and they have met that One. You do not argue it up or down. You live it.

That is why at this season the Church is expectantly sweeping its house and trimming its lamps. As Scripture reminds us; "Remember how critical the moment is. It is time for you to wake out of sleep, for deliverance is nearer to us now than it was when we first believed. It is far on in the night; day is near. Let us therefore throw off the deeds of darkness and put on our armour as soldiers of the light". (Rom. 13:11 ff NEB). Let your light so shine that men may see your good works -- and know that for you God has truly come.

The above is an address delivered by the Rev. Douglas Herron B.A. Th.M., from Calvin Presbyterian Church, Toronto on the "Church of the Air", Sunday November 29, 1964.

22 Exton Avenue
Luton Beds.
England.
25th November/64

The Editor, "Falcon"
48th Highlanders of Canada,
Toronto Ontario.

Dear Sir:

This is my first contact with the Battalion in writing, although through the years past, I have had good reason to know them by name, and had personal contact with three of your Officers when they were attached to my Battalion, 5/7th Gordon Highlanders during the campaign in North-west Europe. I served with the Regiment for twenty-five years and retired as Brigade Sgt-major to the present Colonel of the Regiment, Lord Caithness.

Since retiring, I have been an active member of the Regimental Association in Aberdeen, London and Nottingham. Whilst attending a Regimental Dinner at Nottingham this year, where it was intended that I make a presentation to Lord Caithness, on behalf of the Nottingham Branch, I decided to change my speech to that pertaining to the Sister Regiments, and in particular the 48th Highlanders of Canada, since Lord Caithness was unable to attend through illness.

On completion of my speech a Mr. McLean came to me, carrying a copy of the Falcon Volume 14, No2. December 1963. It appears that the late Pipe-Major J.R. Fraser was his uncle. He could give me no reason for his bringing the Falcon to the Dinner and was stunned when he heard me speaking about the 48th Highlanders of Canada. What he did not realize was when I enlisted in 1925, one had to know everything about the Regiment including the five Regiments affiliated with the Gordon Highlanders. This was part of our training in those days as well as was Highland Dancing.

It was at this time that my son Derek, a journalist in London, decided to emigrate abroad, and I need hardly mention that the country of his choice was Canada. He flew out to Montreal just four weeks ago, and is I believe very happy indeed, regretting that he did not go much sooner. At least now I have a family as well as a Regimental connection with Canada.

Well sir, I trust you will forgive my writing like this, out of the blue and accept my good wishes to the Battalion as a whole, to yourself and the Falcon for this personal touch with the 48th Highlanders of Canada.

Sincerely,

P.M. Runeiman.

NEWS FROM THE PIPES AND DRUMS

It seems winter is with us again, and just in time for Christmas all of us lucky lads are receiving the dole. No doubt this little gift of money will bring cheer (spelled Dewar's Vat 69, etc.) to many of us.

The past year has as usual been a busy time for the Pipes and Drums. The competition band did not fare as well as usual this year, but were certainly in there trying, which after all, is what counts.

The Band played at the White Heather Concert at Massey Hall and at the Royal Alexandra with "Tartans on Parade". Our latest engagement was at the St. Andrew's Ball, which was a gala affair.

Each year always has some goodbyes and hellos to members of the Band. To start with the hellos we would like to welcome Piper Wm. Ferguson to the Regiment and hope his stay will be long and happy. We were sorry to say goodbye to Drummer B. Bowden; he decided he should be turned out to pasture but he has promised to return each glorious twelfth to hear "The Protestant Boys".

We were very sorry to hear that Piper Morrison ("Mooch", to his friends) passed away and would like to offer our deepest sympathy to his family.

Congratulations are in order to Drummer N. MacKenzie on the occasion of his wife giving birth to a baby girl. Speaking of wives, one of our most eligible bachelors has decided to try his luck and join the legion of happy married men -- congratulations to Piper J. MacDonald. After seeing John's success, Piper Mulvenna has decided to take the plunge sometime this month. We wish him all the best.

Well that about winds it up this time -- hope you all have a happy holiday.

SEE YOU NEW YEAR'S MORNING!

Sgt. R. Taylor.

THE SYSTEM CONFUNDED

One morning a lieutenant found a non-commissioned officer-in-charge, a seasoned master sergeant, searching through every desk drawer and shelf in the office and mumbling under his breath.

"What's the trouble, Sarge, lose something?" the lieutenant asked.

"I don't know what to do, Lieutenant", replied the sergeant, "We run cutta forms to order forms with."

P-litician's wife: "And just what did the audience do when you told them you never paid a cent for a vote?"

Candidate: "Well, some of them cheered, and some of them got up and left."

SUPPORT COMPANY

Not much news this month as it has been slow as far as schemes go.

Transport and Catering were at Camp Borden on the 14th November /64.

The Transport section would like to welcome Walt Turner back to the Coy. We would also like to welcome all the new men.

Support Coy held one of their parties at the home of Sgt/maj Turner and from all reports a good time was had by all. They showed pictures of the 48th Highlanders from the first and second World Wars, and some from Summer Camps of years gone by. All hope that plans for the future include more parties and that they will be as enjoyable as the last one was.

We are always looking for new men for the Company, so if anyone likes to cook, fire M.M.G. or mortar, drive a truck — come and see us in Support and we will find a place for you.

Well, I guess that is all for this month.

Cpl. Smith,
Clerk.

The question, "What exactly is a haggis?", was asked several people on the street by a newspaper reporter. The following are some of the answers given:-

"Well, I've never heard this word before, but it sounds as if it could be describing something, maybe some kind of a person. I would say tho' that to me this sounds sort of rude and maybe it's not the sort of word you'd like to use and maybe isn't a nice way to describe anyone."

"I don't know what haggis means but it sounds to me like some old woman who is all haggard. I've never heard this word before but I suppose it is the feminine gender for haggard, a sort of French or German way of giving a word a feminine use."

"Haggis is, I think, an old bag. Or is it an ancient witch? I must confess I'm not too sure as I don't think I've ever heard this word before. But I'm sure it has to do with an old lady and a really unpleasant one too."

Note: Should any of our readers not know what a haggis is:-

"The haggis is a pudding made by stuffing the cleaned stomach of a sheep with oatmeal and ground-up sheep's liver, heart, kidney etc. It is steamed and served on special occasions and is often piped to the table."

THE (MODIFIED) PRESS GANG

On becoming the Unit's Recruiting Officer, I found I was presented with the many problems involved in deciding the best way to encourage men to join the Regiment. After studying the situation for some time and not coming up with any good solution, I became rather inclined to the opinion that the old methods used by the Press Gangs in distant times had certain merits, at least from the point of view of the one doing the recruiting. I have often talked with friends about the dreadful days when Press Gangs roamed the streets of London and shanghaied men into service, but I realize now that I did not fully understand their problems. In those days it was not even safe to have a drink in the local tavern, in case one should find a shilling put there by the Press Gangs in the bottom of the tankard, and be deemed to have "accepted the King's shilling" and therefore pressed into service. This went on, so the story goes, until the Press Gangs were defeated in their purpose to some extent by the invention of the glass bottomed drinking tankard, which made it possible to see whether or not there was money in the bottom of the tankard. Nevertheless, I began to imagine it would be an easy and far from unpleasant task for me to make the rounds of the Toronto "taverns", with a few silver dollars in my pocket, and see if I could recruit a few Highlanders in this way.

Actually, I thought that with my previous experience as a "Recruiting Officer", (I once had a job with Shell, recruiting Head Hunters in Borneo), recruiting Highlanders would be a cinch. Now I think with nostalgia of the days when all that was required to recruit Head Hunters as labourers for the Company, was a 100 mile trek into the interior, and a talk with the Village Headman.

I came to the conclusion that my experiences in the jungle of Borneo were not going to help me with present day recruiting; and after reluctantly abandoning the idea of reviving the Old Press Gang system, it occurred to me that with all the advantages the 48th now has to offer, these old methods are not really necessary. All that is required is a good Recruiting Drive to make people acquainted with these advantages of modern day training which we in the 48th already enjoy.

As you know, we hope to obtain the funds necessary to carry the Recruiting Drive by sales of our Christmas Hamper Tickets, and at the present time sales are going very well. The money will be used for advertising in the local papers and for an editorial in Ethnic papers. We are organizing Band Concerts in the various Shopping Plazas, where handbills will be distributed giving a brief history of the Regiment. Posters will be displayed in Industrial Plants, and visits to various Ethnic Clubs will be arranged. We also intend offering money awards and other prizes to the Company recruiting the most men.

We do hope that all members of the Regiment will be good ambassadors and spread the word around that we are looking for recruits. With the New Year about to start, it is hoped that you will make it one of your resolutions to do your utmost to support the Recruiting Campaign to the best of your ability.

Capt. G.C.E. Day.

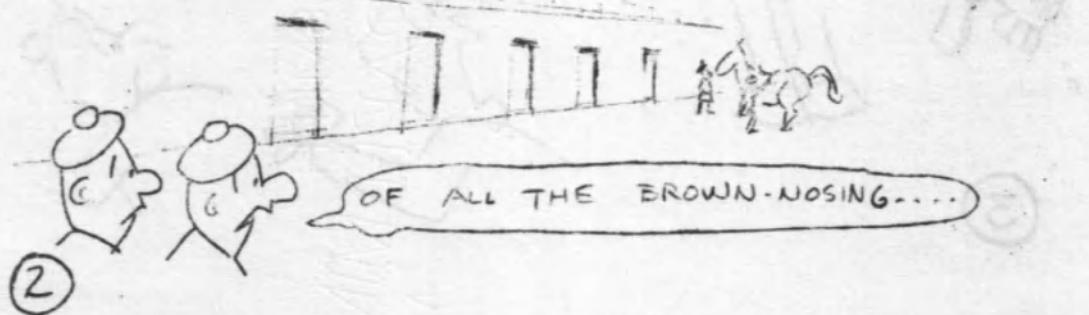
FALCON CARTOONS



I FINALLY FOUND
A MOUNT FOR THE
COLONEL! I'M JUST
GOING OVER TO
PRESENT IT TO
HIM!



①



OF ALL THE BROWN-NOSING....

②

FALCON CARTOONS (CONTINUED)



③

9.

'ALPHA' APPENINGS

Once again as at the beginning of each year, we have had changes in the Company. Lt. Ross has gone to University and Lt. Clark to Charlie Company. Three new officers have come into the Company: Lt. Osler as 2 i/c, Lt. McCrossan as Admin Officer, and 2/Lt. Murray as No. 1 Platoon Commander.

WO2 Gaston has also gone to Charlie Company. We feel certain that their experience in Alpha Company will help them to handle their new postings well. Sgt. Snow, as well as being acting CQMS, has taken the place of Sgt. Richards (now 1 Platoon Sgt.) as 2 Platoon Sgt.

Cpl. Gaton is now Steward in the Sergeant's Mess, and is no longer on hand to handle the Company's book and paper work.

During the summer many members of the Company spent a weekend camping near Fergus, and while there enjoyed the Fergus Highland Games. A highlight of the camping was an impromptu swimming display by Sgt. Peddle and Pte. Wheeler.

Our Company Commander spent a good part of the summer at R.M.C. in Kingston and recently was promoted to Major. The entire Company agree wholeheartedly with Major Johnston's new rank. Congratulations are also in order to Major and Mrs. Johnston on the arrival of a new daughter, adding to the son already on strength.

There have other promotions as well: both Mr. Iverson and Mr. McCrossan each sport two pips. Our new CSM is WO2 Melville, formerly of Charlie Company. Sgt. Richards is now a full Sergeant.

Twice this fall Alpha Company has taken its place in the ranks of the Regiment at public functions: at the Annual Parade to St. Andrew's Church and the Remembrance Day Parade to our Memorial. Alpha also contributed its share to the Honour Guard for the Lieutenant-Governor at the Royal Winter Fair.

Most of the Company were also in on the weekend at the Ontario Regiment area near Oshawa. Although at times they appeared to be lost, they always managed (finally) to get where they were supposed to be. During the weekend many of the Company got to know CSM Melville quite well, but especially vice versa.

But a weekend that will be long remembered by those who were in attendance was the Combat Leadership scheme at Borden last spring. Alpha, along with Bravo Company, traversed the "valley of the shadow of death" and got an "A" for effort at least. The Platoon Commander was heard to say at one point: "Surely no army was ever meant to fight on ground like this." (The actual comments have been amended slightly to permit publication in a family magazine.)

During the summer Pte. Michaels was one of 144 Cadets chosen from across Canada to attend the National Cadet Camp at Banff, Alberta. He was also chosen RSM of the Ontario Cadets. We understand that that mountain air (and mountain belles) can really get to a guy.

We have the pleasant duty of welcoming a number of recruits into the Company: Ptes. DeAngelis, Ranelli, (transfer from RCEME), Gardin, Stamatopoulos, Smrczek, Lemon, Naklowych (transfer from Delta Company) Ivanauskas, Pinn and Valliere.

ALPHA 'APPENINGS (cont'd)

Once again this year Alpha has been consistently leading the Regiment in percentage of Company strength on parade. It helps out on pay parade too.

Sgt. Richards was Platoon Sergeant for the Combat Leadership Competitions, in which the 48th won for Militia Group and Area, and did very well in Command Competition.

Sgt. Snow of #2 Platoon has again been active on several shoots, helping to maintain the honor of the Company and the Regiment.

We all held our breath during the study on the reorganization of the Militia, and were glad to learn that the 48th will continue as before. But, as never before, each man must put forth a complete effort to make the Company and therefore the Regiment more effective than ever. In this day of new concepts in warfare, no one is safe.

"And is your husband one of these do-it-yourself enthusiasts?" one lady politely inquired of another at the church tea.

"I think", sighed the other, "that he's the original. As long as we've been married, whenever I've asked him to fix something, he's always shouted, 'Do it yourself!'"

"I'm anxious to make this shot," said the golfer. "That's my mother-in-law on the club-house porch."

"Don't be silly," replied his companion, "You can't hit her from here."

Three men were riding the train to London.

"What station is this?" asked the first.

"Wembley", said the guard.

"Heavens," said the second feller, "I thought it was Thursday."

"So am I", said the third. "Let's all have a drink."

A housewife was interviewing a prospective maid. "Do you know how to serve company?", she asked.

"Both ways," replied the maid, "So they'll come back or so they won't."

CHARLIE COY NEWS

The morning of October 10th/64 dawned cold and dreary. During the night a heavy blanket of wet snow had fallen, covering Camp Borden in a white mantle and converting the roadways into rivers of slush. It did not require much effort to turn "Charlie's" boys out of their beds because this was the morning of the final competition, the "big show", and the grand climax of the Combat Leadership Course. Although we were the first team destined to be sent out, we could also hear the other competing teams in their part of the barracks. These were the contingents from the Grey and Simcoe Foresters, and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa. There was a fourth team, the Windsor Regiment, also in camp but they were billeted in the Atomic Bomb shelter in some secret spot that only a few knew the route to. The teams that accompanied us in the Militia Training Centre had arrived the night before but we had been kept strictly segregated from them, and inter-team conversation was rigidly forbidden. As before mentioned, we were the team chosen to be tested first on the morning of the 10th, followed in the afternoon by the Grey and Simcoe Foresters. The Cameron Highlanders were to lead off on the 11th, being in turn followed by the Windsor Regiment. At that time, of all the regiments in Ontario, we were supposedly the "elite", having passed through the forging fires of Regimental, Garrison and District competitions. Now we were representing our respective units in this last, final effort.

As preparations were being made, and last minute points clarified, memories could not help slipping back to previous exercises that had formed the chain of events leading to this cold October morning. First of all there had been the Regimental Scheme last June, with its memories of hot pine forests, long dusty roads, a final assault across a broad sunlit field, the constant harassment by a motorized enemy, and a new outlook on a precious commodity called "water". Next, there had been two more exercises in the summer and early autumn, which had recollections of weird names of weird jungle wars, a certain lost compass, resulting in a certain embarrassed corporal; the recalled tender feelings that developed towards another article, this time a captured enemy mortar that had to be man-carried "back home", shady reference to something called a "helicopter pick-up", and of course in all these trials who could forget the constant unrelenting fight against time and fatigue.

Events between Reveille and the actual start of the contest happened fairly fast, and we soon found ourselves in the "staging area", a snowy copse of woods being loaded up with carrying ropes, thunderflashes and blank ammunition. We'd hardly finished arranging all this equipment as comfortably as possible on our physical beings when we were whisked away by truck to the "start line", formed into a perimeter, subjected to an "O" group, re-formed into a more organized perimeter, and then we were ready to go -- all in quick succession. I think that I can safely speak for the emotions of the other members of the team, when I say that the suspense and anticipation in the last few moments before the actual start was tremendous. Who would blunder? Who would distinguish themselves? What complications did the enemy have in store for us? And how would the team size up as a whole? At last the signal was given, #1 section "jumped" the start line, followed by the remainder of the patrol at intervals. We were away, everything else but the job at hand was forgotten.

The route we were to follow was fairly simple. We were to advance roughly to our front until we came to a hill known as "Shining Armour". Here we were to leave a standing patrol, move off in a direction to our left until we occupied a point tagged with the weirdo name of "Merlin Magic".

Charlie (cont'd)

This consisted of a copse of fir trees on the edge of a gully. We were to leave 2 men here to consolidate this area, then strike out on a direction parallel with the gully and on our original line of advance, cross Pine River, and attack our objective which was an enemy section, supported by an armoured car at Blackdown.

The march was uneventful until we were halfway to Shining Armour. Suddenly, we ran into sniper fire and had to take to the bush. This involved a slight delay until it was safe to advance again, then we formed up and moved out as quickly as possible. We next had to negotiate wide open grass lands for the final advance to Shining Armour. This was done by the whole patrol forming into the Diamond Formation and staggering through a mighty blizzard that had sprung up from nowhere. It abated in time for the assault on Shining Armour which was bloodless as the hill was unoccupied. We formed a perimeter on the crest and re-organized. Suddenly a tank supported by infantry was observed advancing on us from the north. By this time we had established our standing patrol, and taking advantage of the blizzard, which had sprung up again, we were able to slip away unseen and continue the advance to Merlin Magic.

Except for a mortar barrage inflicted on us, the march to Merlin Magic was uneventful. It was captured without a fight and even the blizzard stopped again in time for our consolidation. Behind us in the distance we could hear the rattle of small arms fire and supposed that it was the tank shooting up Shining Armour, however, this assumption later proved to be wrong, and the shooting still remains a mystery.

Leaving 2 men to hold the ground at Merlin Magic, we made our final push to the objective at Blackdown. To do this we moved down the actual belly of the gully and plunged into the heavy bush. In the thick timber the navigational skills of Capt. Darling and Lt. Clark were severely tested and not found wanting. The all-enduring scouts, Benford, and Cadenhead, managed to keep the head of the column on course, and control was maintained by Sgt. Richards and the signallers. It was not too long before we were able to find the log crossing that neutralized the Pine River as an obstacle. We crossed the logs without mishap, although they were greasy with wet snow, and formed our perimeter on the objective side of the river.

When all were ready we moved out of the Pine River valley and up to a point where we could observe the objective. Looking out from the thicket where we lay hidden we could see a road immediately running across our front, beyond that a broad field, then another road lined by widely spaced trees at the bottom of a plateau. On top of the plateau was the object of our ambition. Of the enemy there was no sign. When we were in the river valley we could hear the armoured car patrolling the field that we now observed, but in the meantime, it had disappeared. Off to our right, but out of sight, we could hear the treads of a tank in action.

#1 section led the way across the field followed at wide intervals by the Platoon H.Q. and #2 section. #1 section had just reached the base of the plateau with #2 only halfway across the meadowland, when the enemy saw us and the show began. Their infantry section opened the original fire on us and this summoned the armoured car and the tank to their aid. The armoured car made a pass at us, machine gun blazing, moving from our left to our right along the edge of the plateau. But by the time it had turned around and come back for another run our #1 section under Cpl. Gilmour, had scrambled up to the tip of the plateau and were able to fire a salvo of small arms fire nearly point-blank into the crew-commander, which cancelled the armoured car out of the fight.

Charlie (cont'd)

They were soon joined by the H.Q. section while # 2 came panting across the field to the base of the hill at full gallop, and under simulated tank and mortar fire. At this point # 1 section, now assisted by Sgt. Richards concentrated their fire on the enemy slit trenches among the Blackdown huts, while # 2 section was immediately dispatched around to the right to attack their position from that flank. The end result was a two-pronged charge from # 1 and # 2 sections together, pressed home with rifles and thunderflashes, and luckily not too much confusion. Also luckily the tank remained at a discreet distance and was rarely seen.

After the consolidation was complete the exercise was considered over, the sun came out and the umpires later told us on the weekend that our attack on the objective was considered the best executed out of the four regiments that contended. The rest of the weekend was spent in luxury, including lots of food a swim parade, a tour of the Service Corps and Armoured Corps museums, a successful search by Cpl. Noonan and Benford for the lost compass. At one point we had a drill period to occupy us while the other units went through their paces. Finally on Sunday evening all participants were formed up for the big decision. The Grey and Simcoe's came first, the Camerons second, we came third, and the Windsor Regiment last. This was the first year for us to participate in this competition, and the second year for the other 3 units, so, for us to place 3rd out of 105 regiments in Ontario is still quite a feather in our cap.

NEXT YEAR WE'LL BE FIRST !!!

October 17th and 18th found "Charlie" Coy again in the field on Operation "Ground-Hog". The location was the Ontario Regiment's training area north of Oshawa, and the terrain was excellent. The basic purpose of the exercise was to teach the principles of fieldcraft, section and platoon tactics, and included a little test on "advancing to contact", on Sunday afternoon. The greater bulk of "C" Coy's contingent this time consisted of the newer men from last summer's Student Militia Course, with a scattering of our older "veteran" types of 1 or 2 years service mixed in. Throughout the weekend we formed one training platoon under the leadership of Lt. Clark, and the remainder of the battalion formed the other training platoon. For section leaders we called upon the services of Cpl. Cattenacci, Cpl. Orviss, and Privates Feek, Sweeney and Young at various times throughout the two days. The weather was sunny and warm, although the nights were cool but clear. All sleeping was done in the open, in sleeping bags made out of ponchos, and all washing and shaving accomplished with cold water out of mess tins. The food was excellent and "C" Coy sends out a hearty "Thanks" to the Catering Platoon for a job well done.

The first day was spent covering briefly the subjects of Fieldcraft and Observation, and more extensively the Section in Attack, the Platoon in Attack, involving an irresistible assault over wire fences and through an empty barn. Following this the emphasis was on instruction by the Section leaders on Section Formations and Signals.

That night, after dark the platoon was taken into the hills and given basic training on stalking and crawling, after which they participated in nocturnal war games with one section on defence and 2 attacking. For approximately two hours the night was filled with lurking figures as the determined enemy tried to reach the objective (a tree) in short desperate charges, or attempted to sneak in close with cat-like skill. It was not uncommon to see bodies locked in "mortal combat" writhing on the ground as a defender pounced upon an aggressor. I believe the victor's laurels can be granted to the defence, as out of an attacking force of 2 sections, less than 5 men were able to tag the tree.

When this exercise was finished the platoon went back to the bivouac area and participated in hot dog roasts and sing-songs before turning in for the night.

The next morning we were allowed some time to practise up in our Platoon tactics before being subjected to the battalion competition. Then the big moment came, we were loaded into one poor little over-worked truck and taken to the Start line. The test was fairly short. We left the start line, advanced into a re-forestation area where we were held up by sniper fire and blasted by mortars. Finally moving out of this we had only advanced about 150 - 200 yards further through some woods before coming up against the main enemy position on a hill. The mortar fire had scattered us, and the woods had disorganized us somewhat, so there was a bit of a delay before our attack was launched, the hill captured, and our position consolidated. This marked the end of the test for us as it was now the turn of the next platoon to try it, so we re-formed and moved out.

Although "Charlie" Coy won this competition and everyone tried their best there is still a lot of work and polishing up to be done on this type of effort before we can seriously enter into the future Combat Leadership trials next spring. For all practical intents and purposes the test marked the end of the training for the weekend, and at about 1600 hours, we were on our way back to Toronto. Also on this weekend we had to send personnel to represent the Coy at the corner-stone laying ceremony for the Moss Park Armoury in Toronto, which we later heard was a successful event.

Of course "C" Coy has participated in all of the other important Regimental functions that have occurred since the last issue of the Falcon, and I'll just mention them briefly as follows:- The Regimental Pentathlon at Upper Canada Village last spring, which "C" Coy won by default, - The Regimental Church Parade on October 4th, when the Battalion was buffeted on the march by strong winds mixed with rain, - The Remembrance Day Parade on November 8th when "C" Coy supplied all the sentries for the monument, - The Annual Classification Shoot at Camp Borden on November 14th where it was sadly discovered that the Coy's marksmanship was not quite up to expectations, so more work will have to be put into that field of training. Lt. Col. Lowndes was away out in front of everybody with a score of 102 and his only serious competition was Cpl. Sershall of C Coy, who tied that same score with him. Private Wake of one of the other Coys I believe was also above 100, but the main body of participants were in the 70's 60's and 50's. Not too good. - The next day, November 15th the Battalion conducted extensive rehearsals under Capt. Brown, R.S.M. Elms, and Sgt. Pearson for the Guard of Honour at the Royal Winter Fair. For the rehearsals and the actual event, which occurred on November 19th, it can be said that "C" Coy did its share and had extremely good turn outs.

"C" COY PERSONNEL NOTICES

We would like to extend a hearty welcome to Lt. Clark, Lt. Marshall, Sgt.-Maj. Gaston, and Cpl. Henry who have been recently posted to this Coy. We would also like to extend congratulations to our personnel who have recently received promotions:- From Corporal to Substantiated Sergeant- R. Gilmour and W. Shaw. - From Corporal to Lance Sergeant - P. Catenacci, M. Ligeza and R. Noonan. - From Private to Substantiated Corporal / - W. Benford, J. Brining, R. Buller, R. Cadenehead, S. Franklin, R. Gaston, V. Goldman, P. Murphy and I. Stevens. We also wish to take this opportunity to bid a fond farewell to Sgt. Melville (now Sgt/maj) who has been posted from us to "A" Coy. Our best wishes go with him.

--"C" Coy signing off for now-- see you in the next issue --



DONALD'S DIGEST

The Year is drawing to a close and we can now look back and take stock of what has happened in the past year.

Well, Donald's men have, as per usual, conducted themselves in the manner required of true 48th Highlanders. We had good turn-outs at all weekend exercises and our men made a good showing in the Combat Leadership course and exercise. Our sharp-shooters made their usual good showing by winning for the fourth time the 'A' Company's 'Graham Shield'. The team that won the trophy consisted of the following:-

Team Captain, Maj. J.I.B. MacFarlane, C.S.M. C.A. Rands, Sgt. K. Moze, Cpl. R.L. Cormack--- All in all-- Donald's men did a fine job!

Earlier in the year we received a brand new officer to wit, Lt. D.J. McCrossan. Sad to say we did not have him with us for long enough as he was transferred to another company. Our loss their gain! At least Lt. McCrossan had a good introduction to the Regiment by having served in 'D' Company first.

May we of 'D' Company extend our congratulations to Maj. Johnston on his recent promotion to Major. Maj. Johnston was our 2 i/c in the past and was transferred to 'A' Company as their Coy Comdr. Our congratulations also to Capt. A.W. Baker on his promotion and new position as Training Officer at which he is doing a top-notch job. Both Maj. Johnston and Capt. Baker are ex-members of 'D' Company and prime examples of the high quality of the men who come from 'D' Company.

As everyone has probably noticed Donald has grown smaller in size. This is just a temporary condition as we too are suffering from non-effective-itis. Our ex-members need not worry though as the old hard core is still here and will see that we grow bigger and stronger than before.

The Officers and men of 'D' Company wish to take this opportunity to wish their C.O. and fellow members of the Regiment a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

L/Sgt. R.L. Cormack.

"What would you do if you didn't succeed at first?" the discouraged young suitor asked his older sister.

"I'd try a little ardor," was the advice.

On a cruise ship a young lady coquettishly asked, "Captain, why is a ship called a 'she'?"

"After many years in passenger service," he replied, "I have concluded that it is probably because the rigging costs more than the hull."

L.T. COL J.R.O. COUNSELL, DSO - IN MEMORIAM

With the untimely death of Lt. Colonel Jim Counsell DSO on November 16, 1964 yet another 48th Commanding Officer passed to his great reward - joining company with such illustrious 48th wartime Commanders as Billie Marshall, Charlie Bent, John Girvan and Don MacKenzie.

As was befitting a former commander of the 48th Highlanders of Canada, Jim Counsell was borne to his final resting place by Lt. Colonel John M. Lowndes and his officers of the active Bn. - flanked by nine former Commanding Officers of the Regiment and Bill "Pop" Fraser his wartime Company Quartermaster Sergeant. At the church Padre East was there, together with a great turn out of First War Veterans and his wartime comrades of the 1st Bn. 48th Highlanders, gathered to pay their final tribute - while stationed at the graveside were RSM Bill Elms to play "Last Post" and "Reveille" with Pipe Major Archie Dewar and Pipe Sergeant Ross Stewart piping a farewell lament.

Let us now turn back the clock, back some 19 years to October 1st, 1945 a rainy autumn afternoon ever to be remembered by all who were present at University Armouries to welcome home the 1st Bn. 48th Highlanders of Canada C. A. S.F. proudly led by the Bn's final wartime Commander Lt. Colonel Jim Counsell DSO.

How appropriate that it should be Jim Counsell who brought the 1st Bn. 48th Highlanders back to Canada - for his length of fighting service with the Bn. was second to none. He joined the first 48th Highlanders Regimental Officers Class in the fall of 1939, being called up for active service just prior to the year end. Proceeding overseas in early 1940 he served in succession as a Platoon Commander, the Intelligence Officer and Adjutant of the Bn. during the years of waiting and training in England and Scotland. When the Bn. landed at Pachino Beach in Sicily on July 10th, 1943 he was second-in-command of Don Company - the invasion of Italy in September 1943 found him commanding Don Company which he continued to do for a long period of time. Volturara, hill top Ferrazzano, shell torn Torella, the Liri Valley, the formidable Hitler Line for which action he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for outstanding courage and leadership of his company in this bitter Bn. battle - Crossing of the Metauro River - Battle Adjutant for the advance to Rimini, the period of heavy fighting for code name locations "Jute", "Henley" and "Kestral" - Appointed second-in-command of the Bn. while it was resting in the Reichwald Forest and when tragedy struck the Bn's first action in Holland, he took over as Commanding Officer in the advance to Apeldoorn and fought the Bn. with outstanding success to the war's end. He was one of two officers still on strength when the fighting was over that had been with the Bn. for the Landing in Sicily some 22 months earlier. His services on behalf of Holland were recognised by the Netherlands Government in their awarding him the Bronze Lion.

At the University Avenue Armouries on that homecoming parade Jim Counsell reminded all present "Let us not forget the men we left behind in Sicily, in Italy and Holland. Had it not been for them you would not be giving us this great reception. Their courage and sacrifice has let us come home."

Jim Counsell's dismissal of the Bn. following his address was poignant and final - for by one word of command, a great Canadian Highland Infantry Bn - that had been built up over a period of six long war years was to lose its identity - as the men scattered to all parts of Canada - never again to march as a Bn. behind their Pipe Band - never to parade again as a Bn. - This indeed marked the end for the 1st Bn. 48th Highlanders of Canada C.A.S.F. of the 1st Canadian (Red Patch) Division.

Lt. Col Counsell (cont'd)

Jim Counsell believed in God - therein lay his strength of character. He was a beloved officer and by his own personal example was held in high respect by his men. Thoroughly knowing his duty, he did not fear responsibility and never allowed the rights or comforts of his men to be disregarded or lost sight of by anyone. They considered him their best and never failing friend, and reposed the most implicit and unbounded confidence in him - first as a Company Commander in action, and later as their Commanding Officer.

"Old 48th friend - a last adieu
 Happily some day we meet again
 Yet ne'er the selfsame men shall meet
 The years shall make us other men."

Dileas Gu Brath

M.E. George Lt. Colonel.

LEST WE FORGET

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

Dear Padre:

It is with deep regret that I have to report the names of so many 48th Highlanders who have died during the period from April 30, 1964 to November 30, 1964.

My appreciation to those who notified me of the death of 48th Veterans, and my sincere thanks to those who acknowledged the flowers sent by the Old Comrades Association.

Yours truly,

Sam Leake,
 Sick Committee.

48th Highlanders Deaths from April 30, 1964 to November 30, 1964

JOHNSON, Syd. B. M.M.	May 17	1964	48th - 59th
GREEN, Elmer (Monty)	"	18	
BOYD, Hugh	"	21	20th - 48th
TAYLOR, Henry	"	28	92nd - R.A.F.
HERMITAGE, George	June	3	15th
WARDE, Gordon			48th - R.C.E.
FRASER, John	"	9	15th

48th Highlanders Deaths from April 30, 1964 to November 30, 1964

COPSEY, John	June 12	1964	A.S.C. - 48th
COOTE, Alfred	" 22		92nd - 48th
DAVIES, W.	" 26		134th - 15th
FEATHERSTONE, Jack	July 1		48th
ATWELLS, Albert	" 3		48th - R.C.A.S.C.
SEABROOK, Jim	" 3		15th
GILLESPIE, John	" 4		15th
McGREGOR, Robert	" 19		48th
PIPER, Percy	" 22	92nd Draft	15th - 48th
LAPP, Joseph	" 25		134th - 15th
MANN, Alfred	Aug 4		92nd - 42nd
FULFORD, Jack	" 7		48th
MORRISON, James	" 12	Piper	48th
O'BRIEN, Denis	" 15		92nd - 42nd
TROUT, Henry	" 16		134th
MACINTOSH, Donald W. Commander-MC Bar	" 18		92nd - 15th - RCAF
YOUNGSON, Robert	" 30		92nd Draft - 42nd
SYDNEY, Alfred	Sept 3	Royal Scots	- 48th
MITCHELL, Charles	" 15		48th
BURT, Frank	" 16		92 Draft - 15th
WALLIS, Walter	" 18		92 Draft - 15th
WILES, Ernst	" 25		15th - 48th
LANG, James	" 28		134th - 15th
HAMILTON, Edward	Oct 5		48th
BANTON, John Capt.	" 6		92nd - 15th
LOCKHART, Frank	" 12		17th - 15th
HART, Sydney	" 16		48th
SNEDDON, Robert	" 17		48th
STRACHAN, E.C. (Carl)	" 20	157th	- 48th
HOBSON, William	" 23		48th
PARRETT, Alfred	" 28		15th
STUART, Charles	" 29	92nd	- 15th
WEAVER, Charles	Nov 6	134th	- 19th
COUNSELL, James Lt. Col. DSO	" 16		48th
BEGBIE, Hugh	" 20	Imp.	- 48th
DEVLIN, John (Jack)	" 20		15th
LISCOMB, Stanley	" 21		15th
THOMPSON, George	" 24		48th
LUSTED, George	" 25		15th
GUNN, David	" 26	134th	- 15th

LEST WE FORGET

"To the glorious memory of those who died
and
To the undying memory of those who served"

...From the Regimental Memorial, Queen's Park.

" In whatsoever use shall be made of this place, may we remember
the sacrifice which it commemorates.

Within its walls may that spirit ever be fostered which lived
in our fallen comrades and kept them faithful even unto death.

In the lands where they fell their bodies lay buried. But here,
in the place they called home, their spirits are very near us, and
our fellowship with them is unbroken."

...From the Memorial Hall Opening Ceremony.

The above quotations which now form a part of our Regimental history, gather up in themselves in a remarkable way the sentiment and atmosphere of the Annual Memorial Dinner held at "The Club", 519 Church Street on Saturday November 8. Especially was this true when the late Lt. Colonel J.R.O. Counsell, in a most memorable manner traced the highlights of the 48th Highlanders' history through the two World Wars as well as the years between. It provided a well-deserved opportunity for all veterans to recall with pride and gratitude the achievements of their great Regiment, and it provided a clear challenge to all present members to maintain and carry forward the best traditions of a famous fighting unit. None who heard him will soon forget the vividness and passion with which Colonel Counsell spoke of those valiant comrades who did not return to share the joy and fruits of victory. In his untimely death the 48th Highlanders has lost one of its finest and most beloved Commanding Officers.

A happy feature of the evening was the presentation of Life Memberships in the Old Comrades Association to :- C.R. Palmer, G.D. Spracklin, and W. Forbes.

The Remembrance Observance was continued as the Regiment along with a large turn-out of Old Comrades led by Lt. Colonel Counsell, paraded to the Regimental Memorial for Divine Service. On the return route the salute was taken by Brigadier Ian S. Johnston.

It is always a thrill to sense the magnificent spirit of co-operation and mutual support that exists between the present members of the Regiment and the great army of Veterans as together we stand shoulder to shoulder under the common pledge and unfailing loyalty of "Dileas Gu Brath".

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine--
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget--lest we forget!