

THE FALCON

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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.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER - LT COL J.M. LOWNDES CD

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all ranks for your splendid assistance and continued support during this past very difficult training year.

Since my last note to you we have experienced some rather major changes in the Militia, and it is largely because of the efforts of our predecessors that the 48th Highlanders of Canada have remained unaffected. Many units in the Garrison have disappeared, and others have been decimated to such an extent that they are virtually non-existent. Many of those left have been badly affected by diminishing strength and a loss of unit morale. Our unit has not been affected in any way and I'm proud of the way the high morale has continued through these rather grim days.

Everyone has done an exceptional job but I would particularly thank Captain Keeling and P/M Dewar for their magnificent continued support and I would also like to compliment the Military Band and the Pipes and Drums for their efforts during the past year. These two organizations have had the most difficult time of any in the Regiment and I cannot express strongly enough the Regiment's appreciation for the loyalty and support of the Bands and their leaders.

Shortly we will be leaving for our annual weeks training. It is essential that all ranks attend and I would strongly urge everyone to make a concerted effort to be available to attend Camp from 3rd July - 10th July 1965!

I hope that you all will have a very successful and happy summer vacation and will be ready for some strenuous training in the Fall. The Training Officer already has an active programme planned. There will be a limited number of vacancies for recruits in the Fall so remember to bring your friends down early to Capt. Day so that he can complete documentation as soon as possible.

We will be Trooping the Colour on Saturday June 4th 1966....

75th REUNION -- JUNE 3 - 5, 1966

J. M. Lowndes Lt Col

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND THE 48th HIGHLANDERS

Each Fall our Regiment attends Divine Worship in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets in downtown Toronto. Plans are being made to hold the Service this year on Sunday October 17. In order that new members in the Regiment will understand the significance of this service and the long connection of the 48th Highlanders with St. Andrew's the following excerpt from "The Book of St. Andrew's" by Stuart C. Parker, published in 1930 is being reproduced here.

'A just and adequate record of the ministry of * Mr. Macdonnell would require a separate volume. But two further matters of abiding interest demand to be noticed even in a short sketch.

The first is the formation in 1891 of the "Forty-Eighth Highlanders", the now famous regiment which from its inception has been associated with St. Andrew's Church. The resolution to form such a regiment was the outcome of long-continued discussion among the Scots of Toronto. Already, in 1856, they had made a modest attempt at a military organization. The "Company of Highland Rifles" had been formed, wearing the tartan of the 93rd (Sutherland Highlanders), and attached as a "special" company to the Queen's Own Rifles. Even this original unit had a close connection with St. Andrew's, Mr. A.T. Fulton and others prominent in the life of the congregation being among its promoters and first officers. The Company served with distinction in the Fenian Raid operations of 1866, but broke up two years later on being required to abandon the kilt and wear the same uniform as the other companies. The Company continued its comradeship, however, by dint of forming together with the Highland Society, the "Caledonian Society of Toronto."

Twenty-three years later, two ardent Scots, Messrs. Wilbur Henderson and Alex Fraser, after canvassing the situation among their Scottish brethren, summoned a meeting of those interested in the formation of a Highland regiment in the city. The secretary of this meeting, and a leader in the cause from that time onward, was Mr. (now Col.) D.M. Robertson, still a member of St. Andrew's. Other meetings followed in quick succession, the circle of interest widened, and, while as yet Government had not consented to the formation of the regiment, the first Commanding-Officer had been chosen in the person of another well-known member of St. Andrew's, Capt. John I. Davidson of the 10th Royal Grenadiers. Financial support had also been guaranteed by many Scots eminent at the time, and remembered still,—Hon. Sir D.L. Macpherson, Paul Campbell, Hon. Senator John Macdonald, Mr. Fred Wyld, Mr. John Kay, Mr. Wm. Christie, Mr. Robt. Jaffray, Mr. J.K. Macdonald, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Wm. Mortimer Clark, and many others.

The application to Government for the necessary authority is an example of Scottish pertinacity. Col. Alex Fraser relates in his history of the early years of the Regiment that Mr. D.M. Robertson and himself, who formed the deputation to Ottawa, were informed that no such proposal could be entertained by the Department of Militia, partly on account of the expense involved in the upkeep of another regiment, partly because the Government had already declined to allow an increase of Militia strength in British Columbia and Quebec. Nothing daunted, the Regimental Committee, after receiving the support of the City Council of Toronto, in the form of a resolution of approval, sent the deputation again, reinforced by the addition of Mr. Fred Wyld, and with the active support of Mayor Clarke and Alderman Saunders of Toronto. This time, partly through the good offices of the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, then Minister of Finance, the application was granted, and a thrill of satisfaction passed through the Scottish community in the city and elsewhere.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (cont'd)

It was proposed at first to call the regiment the "Queen's Highlanders". That name being disallowed by the Militia Department, the number "48th" being then in disuse in the British Forces, was granted. So emerged in the Gazette of the 16th October, 1891, "The 48th Highlanders" entering upon a career of which Toronto, and even Canada, has had an unending reason to be proud. The Falcon's head was chosen for crest, and for a Regimental Motto -- "Dileas gu brath", -- "Forever faithful". The tartan was chosen out of compliment to the Commanding Officer. It was the Old Davidson.

On the 22nd October 152 men were "aworn in" by Col. (afterwards Gen. Sir) Wm. Otter in the Hall of St. Andrew's. Thereafter the strength increased until in a comparatively short period it was complained that the 48th were perpetually over strength! Headquarters were found near the Church in the vacant premises of Upper Canada College, and there the Regiment drilled till 1895, when it took up its quarters in the newly opened Armouries. A glance over the names of the first officers is sufficient to show the active part taken in the enterprise by the men of the congregation.

Lieut Col Commanding --	John I. Davidson
Majors --	A.M. Cosby, Wm. Campbell Macdonald
Surgeon --	Wm. T. Stuart M.D.
Assistant Surgeon --	A.A. Dame M.D.
Chaplain --	Rev. D.J. Macdonnell
Adjutants --	Capt C.J. MacDougall (Acting from Royal School of Infantry) and Capt Walter Macdonald
Quartermaster --	Jas. Adams
Captains --	Don M. Robertson, Dugald MacGillvray, Wilbur Henderson, William Hendrie Jr., John A. Currie, Chas. A. Hunter, John Forbes Michie, Richard S. Cassels.
Lieutenants --	Geo. M. Rose, Duncan Donald, Don H. MacLean, W.H. Orchard John F. Ramsay, Chas. A. Campbell, Johj A. Thompson, Hugh C. MacLean.

Excluding the young lieutenants, all save six of the above staff are listed in the Year Book of 1891 as members or seat-holders of St. Andrew's, while the first roll of "other ranks" also reveals a very satisfactory proportion of Churchmen.

It is impossible to chronicle here the exploits of the Regiment. Its history will soon, it is hoped, be published. In that history the tale will be told of the temerity of a Canadian-Highland Bayonet-fighting team which went to England and defeated all comers, regular and volunteer, winning the individual and team championships of the British Army. It will also be told that marksmen of the 48th rose to high eminence and even won the King's Prize in the annual Imperial competitions. A still more thrilling story will be written of the part these Scots-Canadians played in the South African War, and fifteen years later, in the greatest of all wars, when they bought immortality with blood, and by their initiative and sacrifice helped to purchase for Canada a place and a name among the Great Nations. All that is a story by itself. This history can but record the zeal with which the Minister of St. Andrew's gave himself to the work of the Regiment, his exertions for the needy among them, and his sympathy with the suffering. The 48th has never had a more popular Chaplain in all its history than D.J. Macdonnell, and the Ministers of St. Andrew's, hereditary chaplains of the Regiment may well take example by him for all time to come!....

* Rev. D.J. Macdonnell was Minister of St. Andrew's Church for 26 years and was the first Chaplain of the 48th Highlanders.

THIS WAS THE END - V E Day 20 years ago.

The end didn't come suddenly. It built up from a series of isolated incidents to regional truces, to the final anti-climax.

On the evening of May 5, 1945, just three hundred and thirty-three days after the first Allied soldier touched Normandy soil, the surrender was signed. The greatest world-wide conflict in the history of man had ended.

To the millions of civilians who waited and hoped, the news of the official V E Day was the signal for the release of all the pent-up emotions of the long hard years. Celebrations and parades all had one common feature..... unbounded joy in the great release.

The key victories on the Normandy beaches, in the "Alaise pocket, west of the Rhine at Ortona, along the Morro and the countless other scenes of man's struggle for freedom had been bought at a price. In northeast Europe, from D Day to VE Day 3680 officers and 44272 men of the Canadian army had been killed, wounded or were missing. The Italian campaign cost Canada another 1626 officers and 23638 men in casualties.

These were the men who had lived with death grinning over their shoulders. The time of the surrender was no time for celebration; that was to come later. The feeling through the ranks was one of gratitude and relief. Gratitude that it was all over; relief that never again would they have to cross a startline and assault another objective. Their nonchalant acceptance of the end was in keeping with the calm resolve and quiet instilled in every man through the bitter months of battle experience.

As the hours passed, each man in his own way uttered a prayer of thanks, and in most minds there were but two thoughts: of loved ones at home and of loved ones who wouldn't be going home.

In all units shortly after the end was announced, the padres organized memorial services and in many green fields, in foreign plots, in chapels and in barns, men listened with bowed heads as the honour rolls were called. The rolls were long. In small cemeteries where lay the men who had fallen in the last weeks of war, men paid tribute to them as representatives of all the dead. And buglers sounded Last Post and Reveille in parting salute.

And as the notes rang out loud and clear and triumphant men relived the battles in which they had fought. Again they advanced through murderous fields of flying steel. Again they called on the last ounce of reserve when by all accounts they should have dropped in their tracks. Again they heard the rallying cries, the chatter of the Brens, the awful whine of rockets, the whack and crack of incoming mail, the cries of the wounded. Again they saw the wounded men, the stretcher-bearers at work, the platoon commanders waving them on, the long lines of infantry, the barrage creeping ahead as they advanced through waving fields of wheat. Again they smelled the acid odour of the battlefield and the terrible smell of death.

They relived the close calls and wondered, most of them, how they had been spared.

But for most of these men standing there honouring fallen comrades, the remembering of all these bitter things was to be a momentary sensation.

V E Day (Cont'd)

True, they would never quite wipe away all the scenes of war, but in the strange make up of man one fact holds true...the bad things fade away into time and for the most part only the happy times are recalled. For certain they will talk over the old battles and re-fight the battles all over again at re-unions but the average soldier will relish more the recollection of some ridiculous faux-pas on the parade square.

And thus, in a warm European spring, the great struggle came to a halt. Hitler lay dead by his own hand, the nation he had led a smouldering ruin of desolation and want. And the men who defeated him and his armies counted the days until they could return home.

PADRES POSTSCRIPT

The above article brings to mind a vivid memory of the thanksgiving service which I attended in connection with the first V.E. Day, in May 1945. I was a piper with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders at the time and the Regiment had just occupied Norden in North West Germany. We were naturally a proud and grateful battalion of Highlanders that paraded to the local parish church for worship that day.

I can well remember the strange feeling that came over me as the music for the first hymn began. Of all things it was the German National Anthem, "Deutschland Uber Alles", (Germany over All). The supreme thrill came however at the moment we began to sing very different words.

"Zion's King shall reign victorious
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His Kingdom glorious
He will reign through endless day".

With a thrust of spiritual insight and conviction that I shall never forget the truth struck home to my soul that ultimately there is but one true king—one true Lord—one real and living God.

The proud and haughty dictator Adolf Hitler with all his pomp and show lay dead — a charred corpse in his Berlin bunker. The mighty world conquering nation he had built lay in dust and ruins. But through the dust and above the ruins came the praise of the true conqueror -- even Jesus Christ the King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

A typical English colonel of the old school attending a Legion Branch function approached an old veteran and said: "I see you are an ex-serviceman. What unit did you serve in, my man?"

The younger man replied: "Artillery, sir".

Colonel: "Gad, the Artillery, what".

Veteran: "Yes sir, twenty-five pounders".

Colonel: "Twenty-five pounds eh! Gad, how we envied you blokes on the big guns—One step backward and you were on leave."

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

Down through the ages women and songs about women have furnished inspiration for fighting men of many nations. Greece's Helen of Troy was prominent among women of ancient history who inspired military valour. So was Egypt's Cleopatra.

In modern times Mademoiselle from Armentieres both the woman and the song, gave a big lift to the morale of the Canadian, British, Australian and American fighting men during the first World War. Ever since the catchy little ditty has cheered the spirits and lightened the steps of servicemen and veterans of many nations both in war and in peace. It still does. And Armentieres, a small manufacturing town in Northern France, has become famous as a result.

Now Mademoiselle is going to have a statue erected in her honour. It is 50 years since the song was born, and the town of Armentieres, with the blessing of the French government has decided to unveil a monument both as an anniversary project and, says Monsieur Antoine Debosqua, chairman of the Memorial Committee, "To immortalize the friendship which linked the British Empire and Armentieres in 1914-18". The statue will portray a young lady raised on a shield supported by four soldiers of the British Commonwealth.

The story of the origin of the song, as well as of the woman who inspired it is an interesting one--and it has a Canadian angle of which few are aware. The ditty in fact was a combined British-Canadian operation.

On the outbreak of war in August 1914, Edward (Red) Rowland, a 27 year old British music hall actor volunteered for service and became a sergeant in the Royal Army Service Corps. For once however, military authorities decided to use a man in a job for which he was trained and Sgt. Rowland was sent across the Channel to stimulate the morale of the B.E.F. by putting on "variety" shows for the troops.

The Canadian component of the "combined operation", Ingraham (Gitz) Rice was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia but moved to Montreal with his family at an early age. He, his father and a brother carried on a successful photographic studio. In his spare time, Gitz, who was an accomplished pianist took part in amateur theatricals in Montreal and wrote several original accompaniments.

On the first day of war in August he enlisted in the 5th Battery Canadian Field Artillery and was shortly commissioned a lieutenant. Not long after his arrival in France he met and became friendly with Red Rowland, and both of them became full-time troop entertainers.

In Armentieres, Red was racking his brains to find a new number for his show. "It was in the Cafe de la Paix that I found a good looking girl who served drinks but wouldn't stand any nonsense from anyone", he wrote later. The barmaid Mademoiselle Marie Lecoq, a vivacious and courageous little brunette inspired the new song which overnight topped the "hit-parade" of those days and translated into many languages, was soon being sung in all parts of the world.

It took Red Rowland only half an hour to write the lyrics of four verses---he disclaimed all responsibility for the hundreds of spicy additions that were made by the troops afterwards! Lieut. Gitz Rice dashed off the music at the same time hammering out the tune on a tinny old piano in the Cafe de la Paix, while Marie served coffee to the two entertainers.

7.

MADEMOISELLE (cont'd)

Rowland sang the song at a British troop show in Armentieres that evening--and it brought the house down. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" soon was sung by weary battalions marching along the routes nationales of France, and by British, and Canadian, Australian, and later in the war, American soldiers wherever they foregathered--in trenches, rest billets, in estaminets of towns and villages behind the line.

To say that Red Rowland and Gitz Rice were author and composer of Mademoiselle from Armentieres, would be using highfalutin' terms that neither would have claimed or approved. They were rather pressed for time that spring day in 1915, for they were putting on a show that same evening and wanted a new number with which to entertain the battle weary troops. So they adapted an old marching song that the British soldiers had sung since the days of Marlborough and in the Napoleonic and Crimean Wars.

One verse began:

"A German officer crossed the line,
to boo, to boo...."

Another ran:

"Landlord, have you a daughter fine?
Tra-la, tra-la...."

So what Red and Gitz did, sitting by the old piano in the Cafe de la Paix with the winsome barmaid hovering in the background can best be described as an "adaptation" with suitable changes in both lyrics and tune.

Numerous legends have developed over the years about the identity of Mademoiselle herself. Many aged pretenders, on hearing about the statue being erected this year in her honour have written the mayor of Armentieres and the Memorial Committee and claimed they were she. None of these claims was correct. The real Mademoiselle from Armentieres as both Rowland and Rice attested to was Marie Lecoq and she died unsung by the troops and unmourned save by her family on January 19, 1945 at the age of 55.

Much more could doubtless be written regarding this unassuming Frenchwoman and the inspiration and influence she exerted. Regretfully, however, the writer must confess he knows little of her life after the war. In fact the last word about her except the news of her death, was in 1941 when a French source sent word from German occupied France th to the Legionary that Marie Lecoq had become Madame Merceau, that she was a grandmother and that she was looking older than her 51 years. Her face was care-lined and she had a racking cough--a legacy of the First World War gas and which had not been improved by her experiences in the Second War.

It is interesting to recall that soon after the outbreak of World War II, a song entitled, "The Daughter of Mademoiselle from Armentieres" was written and set to music by T. Connor and R. Silver. One stanza ran:

"Remember the things her mother did
For father years ago?"

The new song, however, never became popular. The troops evidently resented their old favourite being remodelled.

Were Red Rowland and Gitz Rice still living they would warmly applaud the erection of a monument to the girl they immortalized through their song 50 years ago---Marie Lecoq, the Real Mademoiselle from Armentieres!

AMAZING BUT TRUE! ... BOWS AND ARROWS WERE USED BY BRITISH IN WORLD WAR II.

It may come as a surprise to many that bows and arrows were actually used in the second world war.

It happened thus; It was decided to carry out a Commando raid on the Boulogne area to determine the nature of the beach defences. As the commander of the operations knew that I had lived at Wimereux before the war, (I actually had a villa there when war broke out) I was asked to advise on the nature of the beaches up to Cap Griz-Nez.

So one fine day I hurried off to the secret Commando headquarters in Kent to get my briefing. They had a perfect sand model of the area, and it was quite a simple matter to advise on the best beaches which were free from rocks and suitable for a landing.

Then the Commando leader shook me to the core by asking me to obtain about a dozen long-bows and a supply of arrows! They wanted them, he said, to shoot down the German sentries before they could give the alarm. As I had not been trained in archery, I had to do some hurried research work. I was able to contact a well-known firm which supplied these weapons to the Royal Toxophilite Society. After some discussion we decided that for an operation of this nature 80 lb. bows would be the best. In normal targetshooting at about 100 yards, 60 lb. bows are used. The number of pounds denotes the pull on the bow-string, and I found that 80 lbs. was about my limit. I learnt that the ancient Saracenic bowmen could shoot an arrow over 500 yards and penetrate the finest armour of the Middle Age knights at 200 yards. That may be, but the only authentic record I could trace was that one Inigo Simon shot an arrow 462 yards in 1914 with an 80 lb. bow.

The bow-makers advised using ash bows as being more reliable than steel, though many archers prefer the latter. The arrows were forged from the finest hollow steel-shafts, with hardened points and feathered. The grip of the bow was notched and acted as the sights of a rifle. The finest flax was used for the string, and tested, and waxed.

In due course, the bows were issued to the Commando unit and they soon set to work on them. They practiced shooting from a crouched position at silhouette targets by night to simulate the conditions under which they would attack. By then I was getting so keen myself that I regretted that I could not be a member of the "Bow Brigade".

The raid took place in 1943 and was a great success. The bowmen formed the spearhead and soon bagged the German sentries, who fell in their tracks not knowing what hit them. I was told that in one case the arrow passed clean through the body of a sentry at 60 yards.

I have often thought how history repeats itself, and that perhaps some of the stout Commando lads who shot the arrows at Boulogne may have been the descendants of doughty English bowmen who fought at Crassey and Poitiers. Who knows?

Incidentally, I am informed that in a subsequent raid on a German station in Normandy, bows and arrows were again employed successfully to deal with the sentries.

ARCHIE STEWART

Mr. F. Jamieson of Hazelwood Avenue, Toronto sent in an interesting clipping from a Muskoka district newspaper about the athletic activities of Archie Stewart, son of Geordie Stewart, the bayonet-fighting champion of the whole British Empire.

Archie Stewart was born in Toronto in May 1898 and was raised and educated in the city. At the age of 16 he joined the Canadian Army during the first World War. In 1915 he was with the Draft Company of the 48th Highlanders and later served some time with the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders).

His sports career began with his army career. As a member of the Canadian Army Athletic Team he walked away with such events as weightthrowing, discus, javelin, shot, and tug-of-war. An interesting sidelight here was the fact that he had his 45 year old father with him as a team mate. To try and list all his sports awards and achievements would require a special issue of its own. His most noteworthy includes - all round open championships 1920 and 1922; all round championship 1923; all round Toronto Police Games 1927-28; Hamilton Police Games 1927-29; all round Police championship, Detroit Police Games 1928; Canadian Police championship 1929; (shot, discus and javelin); all round Canadian open champion Banff 1929. At the 1930 British Empire Games Archie won the championship in discus, javelin and shot. He won no less than 82 gold medals over the years.

After the war he joined the Toronto Police Force under the late Chief Draper, where he remained for 33 years. For the last 17 of those years he was on the same beat controlling traffic at Bloor and Yonge Streets. The six foot three inch 250 pound man enjoyed every minute he spent on "his corner". His attitude while on the job Archie explained in these words: "My creed as a policeman was to treat everyone as you'd like to be treated by a policeman yourself". "I've always believed in giving a person a caution -- then if he did the same thing again, he'd had it". Practicing this creed earned him the title, "The Friendly Cop".

Again in the Police Force he was a stalwart on Toronto Police teams throughout most of his earlier years, playing 1st base on the City Police Softball team, then switching to coaching in his later years.

Turned down by the army in the Second War, Archie wanted to do something to help the cause. He took his 82 gold medals which he had won over the years, converted them and received \$480.00 which he placed in War Bonds.

On retirement he was dined and feted by police, business and private citizens who showered him with gifts and purses.

Ten years ago he purchased his present five acres in Morrison Township in the beautiful Muskoka District. In the summer months he has a camp at Doherty, 8 miles south of Temagami that he visits periodically. In the summer months he whiles away the time doing woodwork and turns out some creditable paintings as well.

If you are ever at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, you will see on the grounds a statue of the great oarsman, Ed. Hanlan. The head of that figure belongs to Mr. Hanlan but the body is Archie Stewart's who posed for the sculptor.

PIPE BAND NEWS

Well, spring is here again and even though the Defence Minister has tried his hardest (let's hope so!), we are still going strong and getting stronger.

In the last month we have welcomed Pipers Campbell and Cairns and Drummer Berry. We also have two young pipers, Row and Osborne, who are coming along fine and are playing with the Band although, because of their age, have not been taken on strength.

The Band joined Hellyer's Commandos about four months ago and since then has mastered the basic principles of first aid and the rifle. Once we finish the map reading instructions we will finally know where we are going; or where we have been. A great note of thanks from the Pipe Band for the very able and patient senior NCO's who have been instructing us.

On top of all the specialized instruction the Band has still managed to practice, and represent the Regiment on a few other occasions. One of the best plugs the Regiment has had lately was the appearance of both the bands on the television program, "On the Scene". The Pipes and Drums and the Military Band have also played concerts at the towns of Guelph and Port Huron. The last two engagements have been partly due to the efforts of John (Hurok) Cole, ex-pipe band drummer and ex-sgt. trombone player of the Regiment.

Older hands who have visited King of the 48th while he has been holding court in the band room will be sorry to hear the old sweat has had a rough time in the hospital lately but is now convalescing at this home.

Congratulations are in order for Staff Sgt. Stewart on his promotion to WOII, and to Cpl. Walker on his promotion to Sgt.

Congratulations also to Drummer Bill Craig whose wife gave birth to a fine baby girl.

That's all for now---

See you on parado.

Sgt. R. Taylor

The commuter, in a hurry to catch his train, hailed the farmer who was standing at the side of the road.

"Is it alright if I take a short cut through your field?" he shouted. "I want to catch the 6:45".

"Sure, go ahead, young feller," replied the farmer, "but if my bull sees you, you'll catch the 6:15!"

The courtship was progressing too slowly to suit the girl. She decided to seize the next opportunity to hint for a proposal.

The next evening he took her to a Chinese restaurant,

"How would you like your rice?" he asked.

The girl looked at him steadily and said distinctly, "Thrown!"

RECRUITING NEWS

Many things have happened since my last report concerning recruiting. The Christmas Hamper draw was a big success and the Recruiting Team made a net profit of \$630.00. This success can be attributed to the members of the Committee who did an excellent job pushing sales through.

I had mentioned in the last issue of the Falcon, that the Team would award prizes to those members of the unit bringing down the largest number of recruits. This was subsequently published in Unit Part I Order No. 4/65. It would appear that WO II Ross Stewart is leading at the moment with 5 recruits, with Pte. Michaels a close second, having brought in 4 recruits. In terms of cash, should they win, they would receive \$50.00 and \$ respectively. However, the winners will be finally decided on 15 June, when names will be published in Unit Part I Orders.

It is most encouraging to note that since the formation of the Recruiting Team we have recruited to date 52 young men, average age 19 years, and we hear from Captain Baker, O.C. Training Wing that they are adjusting readily to training.

The Green Recruiting Folders which Major Cameron introduced have been of great assistance to our drive. Each new recruit is given three of these folders to pass on to three of his friends, and this cycle of advertising has produced a fair amount of men for the Regiment. Nevertheless, we are still below our authorized strength, and we hope that all members of the unit will continue to help by encouraging their friends to join the unit.

MEET THE FALCON

Our Regimental magazine, The Falcon, is our own magazine for us in the 48th Highlanders. There are two issues printed annually, one in June and one in December.

The editorial staff want to produce a magazine which will be of interest to all. We ask you men to supply us with accounts of Company happenings, news of personnel etc. At times there is not too great a response. We do our best — but we cannot turn out a successful Regimental magazine without the full support and co-operation of each of you.

We are pleased to announce that Capt. G.C.E. Day, has been appointed to The Falcon Committee. His responsibility will be gathering news and other particular items within the Regiment.

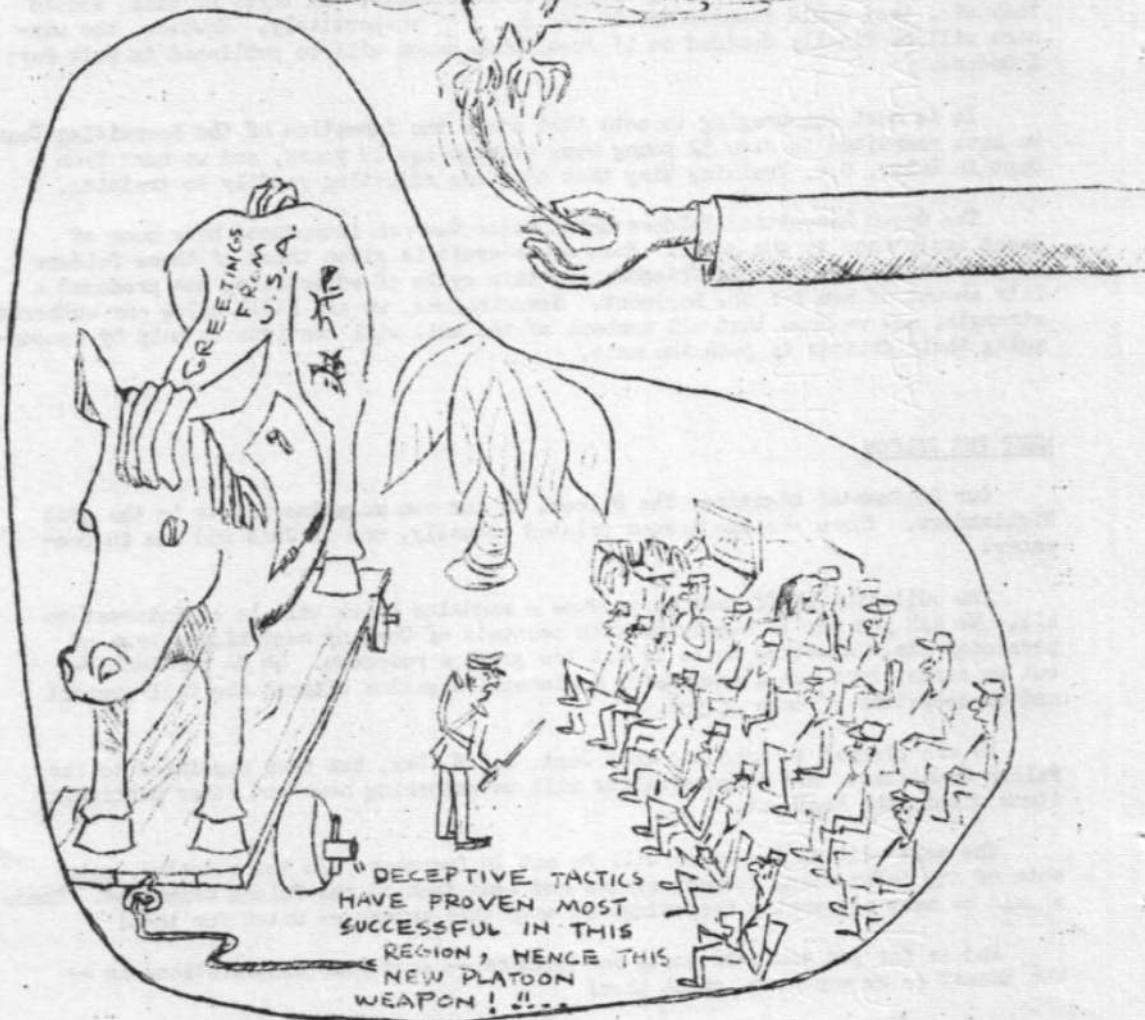
The next edition (we hope) will be out in December. In the meantime, make note of any interesting Company events and send them to the Falcon Committee. There should be many newsworthy happenings at camp this summer -- watch for them!

And as for you would-be poets and authors -- send your contributions in -- Who Knows? -- we may even print them!

As in all publications there have to be deadlines. For the December issue please have all contributions in by Friday November 26 at the very latest. We cannot promise to print any submissions received after that date.

FALCON

CARTOONS



'X' COMPANY NEWS

This is the first contribution to the 'Falcon' from the new Company known as 'X' Company in the new organization. Our Company is composed of the old 'A' and 'B' Companies which are now known as 'A' and 'B' platoons. Such is the new set-up and a very good one too. We have had very good training due to this reorganization and can look forward to more of the same in the fall.

In 'X' Company we are developing the nucleus of a Training Wing with highly trained instructors. When these instructors are trained, the Regiment will be able to conduct their own courses with their own instructors. This is the ultimate aim of 'X' Company and we have the people to do it.

To date we have had two excellent exercises conducted on a Regimental basis. One of these was the exercise 'Operation Snowball' and one of our members wrote an essay on this exercise as a school assignment. I felt that it was a very good account, so I am reprinting it here.

OPERATION SNOWBALL

Operation Snowball was the name given to a military exercise which was held on the 12, 13, 14th March 1965. It consisted of forty fully armed troops flying up north to Lake Rosseau on Saturday morning at 0700 hours. On Friday evening at 2345 hours six men drove up to the lake by truck. Among them were one Captain, one Lieutenant, one Sergeant-major and three Privates. I was one of the six who went on Friday evening.

We arrived about 0430 hrs. and all got in the back of the truck and slept. I slept on some boxes of ammunition. That morning at 0700 hrs. we woke and headed for an old airport which was near the lake. About one half mile down the road from the airport was a straight stretch of road about 500 yards long. It was at this time we found out what our mission was. We were to set up an ambush at this point for the forty troops landing at the airport.

First we had breakfast and then experimented making bombs. The Captain had brought along some phone wire and a plunger. To this we hooked up a flash bulb which was dunked in gunpowder and taped to a thunderflash. The Lieutenant pushed the plunger and about three seconds later the thunderflash went off. What was wanted had worked. All we had to do now was set them up. At the end of the road was a small hill with some bushes on it. Here we set up a Browning Machine Gun to be operated by myself. The Lieutenant and the Sergeant-major went to the top of a big cliff which was facing the road and set up a Bren Gun. The Captain set up the explosives along the side of the road and the two other men hid at different points in the bushes. Everything was ready at 1030 hrs. when just then six Air Force planes flew overhead. The order was given to lie low and not to move. Well, we were in this position for about half an hour when the first of the group from the air field was spotted. They were marching in ack-ack formation which means ten men on one side of the road followed by ten on the other side etc. When all of the men were in the open stretch of the road I opened fire with my machine gun. Automatically when you hear gunfire you jump to the side of the road, which is exactly what they did. When they got there the Captain pushed the plunger detonating the thunderflashes, smoke bombs and boxes of gunpowder. All these explosives would have been real mines in real battle and probably would have killed most of the enemy. When the enemy started to flank our position we were signalled by a red flare to move out to our rendezvous point. Our mission was successful and the 'I' Staff said that they thought this was a perfect place for an ambush and that they did not suspect a thing when the ambush occurred.

'X' Coy

This is the account that Pte. Potten gave but there is an interesting sequel to this narrative. When the flare went up it was not seen by the Lieutenant, Sergeant-major or Pte. Potten. Therefore, they were all captured. In the meantime the other survivors had set up another ambush. When the attacking force came under fire from this second ambush, Pte. Potten took advantage of the confusion and drew a pistol he had concealed and shot the Colonel and the Adjutant, then made good his escape along with the Sergeant-major. As you can see it pays to search your prisoners.

On Friday, the 11th June we held an election for a Social Committee. Cpl. 'Stan' Stanton was elected president of the committee. Going by the fine performance of Cpl. Stanton in the past, we can expect great things of this committee. Our congratulations fellows, and good luck. The Company will be backing you all the way.

By the time that the next edition of the 'Falcon' is due we should have lots of interesting news from 'X' Company. So, till then so long for now. Enjoy camp and have a good and safe summer.

L/Sgt. Cormack

'Y' COMPANY NEWS

Congratulations to Lt. Don Ivkoff upon the occasion of his marriage on Saturday June 5, to Miss Judith Ann Raymer, in Bloor Street United Church. Those who attended from the Regiment report a true Highland wedding with a Guard of Honour, Pipers, an' a' the rest.

Our Company is composed of new recruits and so we have not much news to report as yet. We are an eager crowd however, and we are working hard at our training. The old "48th" spirit is strong among us -- We are out to be crack militia men!

Let's pull together gang and get everyone off to camp!

BETTER ODDS?

The Reverend Frederick Brown Harris, Chaplain of the U.S. Senate, was returning by air from a religious congress in Hawaii when one of the plane's engines went out of commission. A stewardess moved down the aisle reassuring the passengers, but the Senate chaplain felt that she too, needed some reassurance.

"Nothing can happen to this plane," he told her. There are eight bishops aboard! The girl smiled and said she would relay that comforting news to the captain.

She returned in a few minutes. "I told the captain", she reported. "But he said he would rather have four engines."

LEST WE FORGET

192 Victor Avenue,
Toronto 6, Ontario

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

Dear Padre:

It is with a deep sense of loss that I report the passing of so many 48th Highlanders during the period from November 30th, 1964 to May 15th, 1965.

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

Yours truly,
Sam Leake,,
Sick Committee.

48th Highlanders' Deaths from November 30th, 1964 to May 15th, 1965.

TURP, A.R.	July 26, 1964	48th - 74th
MORRISON, David	Dec. 10, "	48th - 39th
ANDREWS, Charles	" 10, "	17th - 15th
DUNSMORE, George	" 13, "	48th - 39th
PROUDFOOT, Wm. MC., Q.C.	" 15, "	Ex- - 15th
GORE, Frederick	" 16, "	17th - 15th
HENDERSON, William	" 25, "	92nd Draft - M.G.
REID, Ernest	Jan. 20, 1965	48th
LOCKHART, Wm.	Feb. 12, "	L.S.H.-15th-48th
McKENZIE, Alex	" 13, "	134th - 15th
O'CONNOR, Daniel	" 23, "	15th
GRANT, G.	Mar. 1, "	48th - 39th
SIMMONDS, H.N.	" 8, "	48th - 39th
WEBB, Harry	" 9, "	15th
HODGES, George	" 10, "	15th
JUDD, Frederick G.	" 12, "	15th
SHAUGHNESSY, S.	" 12, "	48th - 39th
FITKIN, Arnold	" 14, "	48th - 39th
IRVINE, Arthur,	" 21, "	48th - 39th
FRASER (Bill) Gordon, DCM	Apr. 5, "	15th
TERRY, Wm.	" 6, "	15th
WEATHERSTON, Wm.	" 7, "	48th - 39th
DALGARNO, George	" 10, "	75th-48th-39th
BURKE, W.T.	" 16, "	48th
LODGE, Richard	" 19, "	134th - M.G.
STEVENSON, Jack	" 23, "	48th - 39th
WINDSOR, Hugh	" 23, "	48th - 39th
ADAMS, John (Champ. Boxer)	" 28, "	15th
FLETT, Alfred	May 3, "	134th - 19th
SPENCER, Walter	" 12, "	92nd
TEMPLE, Reginald, Q.C.	" 15, "	48th - to South Africa and to 15th
HAMILTON, Jim	" 17, "	15th