

THE FALCON

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Issued under the authority of LCOL PAG Cameron, CD, Commanding Officer. Edited by CAPT IS Wishart, Regimental Chaplain.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S MESSAGE

Since my last message to you at the conclusion of our spring training cycle last June, the Regiment has been very active and very successful.

The first Mobile Command Reserve Concentration at Petawawa has come and gone. Personnel taking part in Flyover Training with 4 CMBG in Germany have returned. Trade Course and Qualification Courses have been completed. And the Fall Training Cycle has just concluded.

We have had a very impressive year. The Regiment has won the Dominion Indoor Softball Championship; the Bayonet Trophy; the Kitching Trophy; the Warriors' Day Trophy; and, finally, the Gzowski Trophy. - In short, all the trophies which are available for competition.

For this achievement, I heartily commend you all, because this kind of record doesn't just happen. Officers, NCOs and men alike must work together as a team. In this context, the Gzowski Trophy particularly represents the ultimate in training and administrative efficiency, and is awarded to the Unit as a whole, thus indicating how important it is for each and every man to do his best at all times - no matter how small you think your job may be.

But winning trophies is not everything. As a matter of fact, there is even a danger in winning so many trophies. It can make us feel that we are so good that we don't have to work any more, because we'll win anyway.

Now, each of you knows that this is not the case and, just as you all know the dangers of over-confidence in football, hockey, or any other team sport, so is over-confidence a danger to our own Unit. So my Christmas message to you this year is not to become over-confident. Forget about this last year; it was a great year but it is gone and we have a new year to look forward to and new challenges to meet. It is fine to be proud of the record of your Unit and you well deserve to be; but you can only be proud of your Unit if you continue to work to keep it pre-eminent among Canadian Regiments. This is where we want to be - it is the tradition we have inherited and it is the tradition we must maintain.

One final word about the future. I can now officially announce that the Regiment will be putting on a Military Tattoo at Maple Leaf Gardens on March 28, 1969.

Commanding Officer's Message (cont'd)

This is the first time ever in Canada that any Unit, either Active or Reserve, has attempted such a feat, and I am confident that we will also be the first Unit ever to bring it off successfully. Naturally, our two Bands will play a prominent role in the Tattoo, but it is my intention that each one of you also become involved in it. Included on the program will be such things as a "gun race" (using our heavy mortars); a combat demonstration (using APCs promised us by the Army); a Guard Changing Ceremony; and other events which are now in the planning stage but not yet finalized.

You will be required to work very hard in whatever event you are scheduled for, because, here again, we must achieve the standard of excellence referred to earlier. In the coming months, you will be told exactly what part each of you will play, and I am counting on you all to help make this event another milestone in the history of our Regiment.

The Unit will now stand down for four weeks, to enable us to spend Christmas and New Year with our families and friends. I trust that you will take this opportunity to have a well-earned rest, and will come back refreshed, invigorated and ready for the challenges of the spring and summer.

I wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Peter A. G. Cameron

Lieutenant-Colonel

Commanding Officer 48th Highlanders of Canada

EDITORIAL

What's cooking for Christmas? Most of us are looking forward to a well-cooked turkey with all the trimmings, plum pudding or mince pie, and if we are lucky a wee drop of Drambuie to finish the feasting. When that is finished there is nothing to do except reach for the box of TUMS.

Lots of people don't have turkey at Christmas. Some friends of mine always eat roast beef on December 25th. On a celebrated occasion the officers of the 48th ate pork. Fifty years ago the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders) marched across the Hohenzollern Bridge over the Rhine River in Cologne, Germany, at the end of the First World War. They crossed the river on December 12th, and settled down in a mansion a few miles from Cologne to celebrate Christmas. Toronto papers reported that they had a turkey dinner with presents all sent from home, but private accounts indicate that the officers' menu was a pig roasted whole, after having been 'captured' by two Lieutenants along the line of march. The report does not say anything about the bill of fare in other messes, but one might guess that each of the companies in the regiment found expert foragers in their ranks. In this way the fathers, or perhaps grandfathers, of some of today's Highlanders ate their first peace-time Christmas dinner in five years. After four years in the trenches it must have been a real privilege.

This might remind us that eating Christmas dinner is always a privilege, and that only the specially privileged have ever seen turkey with all the trimmings. Many have never heard of Christmas. Many more have never had what we would call a big dinner. Perhaps at Christmas we might find a moment to give thanks for our privileges, and to remember kindly those who do not share them, both in Canada and elsewhere in the world.

Happy Christmas!

NEWS FROM HONG KONG

The last issue of the Falcon reported on Tai Yu Chung, the little girl in Hong Kong who has been adopted by 'B' Company through the Canadian Save the Children Fund. The following is a letter recently received by CPL Bradley, who is in charge of the project on behalf of the Company. The original letter was received in Chinese, so it is fortunate that an English translation was also provided.

2nd July, 1968.

My dear Sponsor:

Thank you very much for your kindness.
It is marvelous when I received your letter.

I am sorry that I have not written you for a long time. Now we live in the resettlement area and we have public bathroom and lavatory.

I have a brother and two sisters. We study in St. Barnabas Primary School. I am studying in Primary I and my brother and sisters are in Primary 4 and Primary 2.

I shall study hard in order to thank you.

May God Bless You and Your Family.

Yours sincerely,

Tai Yu.

HAGGIS - BIRD? BEAST? or MYTH?

By Scott Young

A traveller from Scotland has brought me news of haggis fit to send quivers of delight through Robert Burns societies from sea to ruddy sea....

Will haggis now make it as a gourmet food, sweeping away the barriers of ignorance and prejudice? This traveller from Scotland tells me that during the Edinburgh Festival this year two young butchers made some yards in that direction after brooding for some time over the fact that the booming tourist trade at festival time somehow was passing haggis by.

While tweeds, whiskies, pipe tobacco, oat cakes, kilts, sporrans, clan insignia and other Scottish items were being carried off by the car load, the haggis trade was languishing.

In an attempt to correct this situation, the two butchers put a mound of beautiful plump haggises in their window and placed a small sign in front of them stating: Fresh-shot haggis.

Pretty soon visitors began stopping in, putting down their cameras and asking through their interpreters: Were haggises birds or animals? Was this the haggis season, especially? Were they fierce or tame? Do you boil them or roast them? Should they be skinned before cooking?

The butchers replied: The haggis is a featherless bird found on the moors of Argyllshire. The haggis is a menace to farmers because it eats oats, and recent legislation allowed farmers to purchase haggis insurance which was somewhat like hail insurance. This year haggis were very plentiful, but fortunately they were easily shot -- mainly because they flew backward to protect their eyes from the harsh winds of the moors, and therefore never saw hunters until it was too late. They were best steamed for about two hours, but then could be browned briefly and sliced like bread because the bones disintegrated during the cooking process

* * * *

When I wrote about the famous Scottish dish, haggis, I had no idea that I would touch so many raw nerves. My non-committal re-counting of assurances I had been given that a haggis is a featherless bird found on the moors of Argyllshire, easily shot because it flies backward to keep the wind out of its eyes, was received with scorn. Several correspondents claimed that haggises actually are animals, with left legs longer than the right ones, to enable them to run rapidly and without overbalancing around mountain peaks, as long as they are running clockwise.

The way to catch them, these correspondents stated, is to get up 15 minutes earlier than the haggises and start chasing them counter-clockwise. Running that way, they topple over and roll downhill where they may be gathered like puffballs in the gorse and heather below.

Haggis - Bird? Beast? or Myth? - cont'd.

However, one gentleman contended that haggises really are dead bag-pipes, and that the noise of their slaughter is what makes nights so hideous around the armouries of the 48th Highlanders (a well-known unit of the Canadian Armed Forces). He scolded me also for making no differentiation between the two types of haggii: the shaggy haggi, an unshorn, shorthorn breed, and the saggy haggii, where some hot Ayr is let out during cooking and must be done with care to avoid getting spots on the sporran.

I stand corrected.

* * * *

I don't imagine that many of you, dear readers, are familiar with the work of the young poet MacChbryson of the Isle of Hags in the Middle Hebrides, although perhaps the strings of memory will be twanged distantly if I recite (in translation from the Gaelic) the first two verses of one of his most famous works.

The Haggis is a wondrous beast,
It neither walks nor waddles
And frenzied by the mating urge
It cannot fly but toddles.

It toddles through the glens and hills,
It toddles through the heather,
A-singing of its mating tune -
"Ach jings, what afa' weather."

In closing the file on my recent steely eyed and ruthless investigation entitled Haggis - Bird? Beast? or Myth? I thought it only fair to make public at least two quatrains of MacChbryson's epic ode. They are notable chiefly in that the poet here presents the haggis in a gentler light than we have known heretofore. . . . There are only another 570 quatrains in MacChbryson's masterwork These two must suffice for now.

(Reprinted with permission from The Globe and Mail)

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(Editor's Note: Mr. Young is obviously ill informed about the activities of the 48th Highlanders on parade nights. To provide him with better information we will provide him with a copy of The Falcon. If his report is correct that the haggis is an animal with left legs longer than the right ones, then the haggis must be the Scottish relative of the side-hill-gouger, an animal reported to inhabit the mountains of British Columbia. But I think, on the gouger, the right legs are the longer ones, so that it always runs around the mountains counter-clockwise.)

REPORT FROM THE PIPES & DRUMS

Ob: Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.

Paradise Lost I, 560-3

La: The band was busy in an entertaining fashion again this year. There was the usual series of park concerts throughout the city, which seem to be most crowded during the pipe sets and most dreary in between. The band played in Galt, balmy North York, at the Park Plaza, Royal York, Warwick and the odd motel. The opening hockey game from MFG was televised this year, making television sets redder and wallets greener. There was lots of activity at the Ex and at City Hall. The band followed Mother Goose and some gaily costumed bunnies for the Santa Claus Parade and massed with Police and Scottish for Grey Cup Day. There was also a typical run of conventions, weddings, parties and banquets keeping a number of players busy. The band is preparing for another year of interesting events and for the major role it will play in the Tattoo in March.

Di: Fred Bayer the Tailor rushed in flushed and breathing hard.
"Here sir (puff) the kilt young Bumbo was measured for."
Meanwhile Bumbo, now fifty and retired, lights a pipe by the fire.

Ob: The band's first semi-annual professional and inebriate golf championships were held in October at the 'lush' green rolling hills of Flemington Park Golf Course. Bill Booker showed up wearing two pair of pants, in case he got a hole in one. Joe Pombiere took a 4 iron to get his ball out of the sand trap on the fifth fairway. Pat Mulverna used a 6 pack to get Joe out of the bunker. Tom McKean was thrilled when his ball rolled into the cup after a 7 inch putt to take a double nerlich on the first hole. Ken Bice weeded a mashie-niblick from his tattered bag and bounced one in off Lou Stark's polished club. Final scores: Arnold Read a symbolic 48, Larry Chea-Chea Fullerton a 49, Lou 51, Pat 54, Ken 59, Tom a pathetic 64, Joe an inspired 71 and Bill a 72 for his first game of golf. A splendid invisible gold plaque was presented to the winner and will be up for grabs next spring.

La: Applications are being sent to Ottawa for funds from the Defence Dept. to set up a dressing room for quick change artist, Sandy Leil.

Da: The competition band led by hard working Reay MacKay took part in the Brantford Games this summer, picked up a third at Port Credit and won 2nd and 3rd place prizes in the Markham Games with the Slow March of Bonnie Argyll, Invercairn Highland Gathering (6/8), The Bob of Pettercairn, Alec MacGregor (S&R), and Alexander Kennedy, Dora Mcleoad, Dougall McColl (other tunes). The band continues to improve and, like the Argos, holds high hopes for next season. This year their presentation was more respectable than is implied by the absence of any wins. Trying out a set of new Hardy chanters

Report from the Pipes & Drums (cont'd)

helped to give a clearer unity of sound, but some broken drumheads and bag problems, along with judging which on occasion could only be called ungenerous, helped to keep the points down. Serious practice through the hoary Canadian winter should couple with experience to make next year's entry a real competing band.

Life: Sergeant Garblegobb's Song:

Hubb Grubb hoo hah
 Hubb Grubb hoo hah
 Resem ha
 Attenda ha

Chorus: Hupp grubb gorby gromp
 Hoo hah huh

Goes: Thanks go to Peter Mcleod and his wife plus the rest of the Committee for the excellent job they've done in organizing pizza nights, beer details, chicken nights, golf tourney, fish and chip nights, picnic, bar duty, and several successful ladies nights.

On: This is the archeological process: excavating through city rims, scraping off layers until we reach that boneless area. It is like the exhaustion of reminiscences.

Two veterans of Vimy Ridge discuss tactics, shell fire, military personnel - and after working back to the front are caught in the choice only of silently rubbing the table or once more reliving the entire past and again reaching that undug trench, empty plot, unmarked impenetrable cave.

After which we probe only deep and quiet soil.

Bra: The band welcomes new members: Piper Spence, Drummer Harding.

And congratulations to these individual competition winners:

Reay MacKay:	Brantford:	Jigs - 1st
	Port Credit:	Jigs - 2nd; MS & R - 3rd
	Markham:	Piobaraichd - 3rd; MS & R - 3rd;
		Jig - 1st
	Judged at Embro,	Thousand Islands, Fergus

Sandy Dewar: Some Firsts, Seconds, and Thirds.

Darby McCarroll: Some of each.

Ob-la-di ob-la-da: Merry Christmas, Santa Claus turns off his Scottish Heritage record and moves in front of the dark curtain. The lights dim. George takes a few pictures. Graham shines down his sun beam on the shadowed stage. Dr. Hallam motions and S. Claus opens his crimson robe, revealingly. The audience bursts into silence.

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS DOINGS

Another year has come and gone with many events which seemingly cast their shadows before them. We have seen a few changes in the B H Q personnel along with some well deserved promotions. First of all, congratulations are in order for CAPT Murray, and CAPT Beal on their promotions, along with RQMS Jeffrey on his attaining that position. SGT Pett has been transferred from the Training Wing to the Orderly Room, while LCPL Campbell has been transferred to the Training Wing from "A" Company. A word about our two stalwarts in the Pay Office, WO Rankine and WO Sawdy. Without them, the pay would certainly not be available, as they put in many hours tallying up the amount of pay each man will have coming to him, posting to ledgers in order that the D C O (the new designation of the 2/IC) Major Reid, can get the monthly statements on their way to C F B Downsview. A word of appreciation should go to Mr. Harry Wignall who makes certain that every man in the Regiment is properly outfitted with full ceremonial dress, enabling the Regiment to make such a showing on ceremonial parades. Mr. Wignall has two capable assistants in CPL Murray and CPL Brady. In the tech stores we mustn't forget WO Watson, SGT Ribble and PTE Duffy who look after the issuing of stores for the numerous weekend exercises both here and in Camp Borden.

We mustn't forget the remainder of our B H Q personnel: MAJ Stark, the Training Officer, who makes sure that all acquire the necessary qualifications for higher rank, and higher pay levels; CAPT Wishart, our new Regimental Padre, who spoke at his first Regimental Annual Church Parade in October; the Regimental Sergeant Major, CWO Elms, who keeps all of us in proper order; and finally, PTE Gledhill, our most capable CWAC clerk who does a wonderful job of keeping all the amendments of CFOs up to date, along with the cutting of the numerous stencils for the Company Training Timetables.

This summer your scribe took it easy instead of making a long jaunt to the coast. A short trip to Canada's capital, Ottawa, provided a couple of days for sight-seeing. A highlight was a visit to the Parliament Buildings and the Peace Tower where one can see the Book of Remembrance, and where the names of those members of the Regiment who fell in the Second World War can be seen, along with the story of the Great War of 1914-1918 inscribed in stone. The Book of Remembrance of the 1939-1945 conflict will eventually be moved to the new War Memorial to be built a short distance away. Its location has not been finalized yet.

P. A. McCallum.

ALPHA ATRS

Quite a few things have happened since our last issue. For one thing, the Regiment won three trophies, including the Gzowski Trophy for the third time in a row. Now we know what the hattrick feels like.

A lot of people have come and gone in A Coy lately. LT Temple has left for B Coy, and SGT Coleman has gone to HQ/SP. LT Iversen is now a Captain, and CPL Headley finally got his third hook. Yes, its now SGT Headley, so look out for some tall tales in the Sergeants' Mess. We also have a new Corporal in Alpha Coy, CPL Martin. Congratulations to all.

We would also like to welcome some new people to the Company, PTEs Little, Rosser, Polk and Powers. From the Student Summer Course we have PTEs Boggiss and Rumble. PTEs Strachan, McKenzie and Dunn have also joined us recently.

MAJ Darling is now in command of the Mobile Command Company with MWO Crook as CSM. We are sure they will do a fine job as they do in A Coy.

That's all for now! Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. See you all in 1969.

M. Barnes.

BRAVO COMPANY

Since the start of the training year a number of changes have taken place in Bravo Company, ranging from personnel to promotions.

CAPT LRM Currie, former commander of Bravo Company, has exchanged appointments with MAJ RJ Simmons of HQ/SP Coy, and LT Temple has assumed the duties of 2/IC of the Company.

A number of deserving NCOs have received promotions, including CPL JJ Moreau and CPL R Scott, who should be valuable assets to the company training staff.

The enrolling of new privates is a very important part of the success of any company, and B Company is no exception. Recently joined are the following: PTEs Ferrier, Mansfield, Vieira, Teague, Smiles and Rainer. They have joined in the training with maximum enthusiasm and the company is expecting excellent results from them.

Recently returned from attachment in Germany are CPL Potten and PTE Baxter, both of whom enjoyed their time overseas and have many interesting stories to relate. By the way, anybody wishing to see a real eye-catching deck of playing cards is invited to speak to CPL Potten.

Bravo Company - cont'd.

One of the unfortunate items this year was the mishap which befell PTE JM Dooley, who broke his arm early in the fall. This accident has prevented him from carrying on active training for much of the year, and everyone hopes it mends in time for Christmas, after which we expect to see him training regularly.

B Company is presently planning a training exercise in either February or early March, possibly at Camp Petawawa and it is hoped that this can be done in cooperation with the Air Force.

Although the Regimental Indoor Soccer League has not been active as yet, B Coy is looking forward to defending its well-earned crown as Regimental Champions. Any takers?

D. G. Temple

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A farmer went into town one day and happened to run into the local vet. He asked him:

"Say, Jim, I've got a sick cat I'd like you to look at."

"Can't stop now," said the vet. "Give it a quart of Castor Oil, because I have to attend a calving cow out at the Jones's," and rushed away. Rather perplexed, the farmer did as the vet advised him.

A week went by, and the farmer was back in town. He met the vet at the local pub.

"Hi, Sam," said the vet, "How is that sick calf you told me about last week?"

"Sick calf!" said the farmer. "I said I had a sick cat, and you told me to give it a quart of Castor Oil."

"Good heavens to Betsy!" said the vet. "Did the poor thing die?"

"Oh, no," said the farmer. "It's still alive, and doing okay. The last I saw of him, he was taking off across country and had three other cats working for him: one digging, one burying, and one making a reconnaissance of fresh ground."

CHARLIE CHATTER

A Report on Wood's Warriors

From June 15 - June 29 Wood's Warriors spent a few enjoyable days on a route march. We began at Tobermory and after a few not so short short-cuts covered a distance of 70 miles, ending up at Wiarton.

While out there in the boondocks, gob, and swamp, each man had a turn at map reading, signals, section leading and cooking. All men fared well in all aspects of training except for the cooking. For example, breakfast consisted of instant oatmeal which really stuck to our ribs as well as our throats and the roofs of our mouths.

There were no injuries other than sore feet on the march. In fact there were no real dangers at all except for the odd snake and old men with brown cows.

Certain members distinguished themselves while out there, and I think that their actions should not go unnoticed. SGT Jackson for instance patched all of our feet at one time or other. CPL Redmond also distinguished himself by picking the most rugged, rocky terrain to sleep on. And of course SGT Ingram carried the biggest load and we knew everyone was in camp when he showed up.

But alas, all good things must come to an end and ours ended with a victory celebration at CPL Wood's cottage in Wasaga Beach.

I think it is safe to say that a good time was had by all.

ECHO COMPANY

The completion of training for the season for "Echo" Company of the Mobile Command Reserve Infantry Battalion, was summer camp at C.F.B. Petawawa. The training was a real treat for the company, and was very successful for the 48th with the winning of the Kitching Trophy and the Bayonet Trophy by Fifteen Platoon under LT John Kerr.

The competition required a lot of work from everybody. Webbing had to be perfect, camouflage had to be exact, and everyone had to be on the bit at all times. A thorough job of testing was done, and in order to score high marks one had to have a lot of knowledge on all military subjects. The competition was climaxed by the shoot at "Open House", an underground bunker system which afforded a defensive position on a hill overlooking simulated rice paddies and a river. It was something like what might be seen in Viet Nam. Targets were placed along the riverbank to indicate an enemy advance on the position. Platoons were given orders to open fire, and to add to the realism of the battle explosives were set off and phosphorus grenades were thrown just in front of the trenches. Each of the platoons participated in this exercise individually. Fifteen Platoon made a good showing on the exercise, chopping up the target, and also a few fish in the water.

Echo Company - cont'd

The rest of the week was spent on fieldcraft. It saw live firing just about every day, and the first use of some equipment by the militia. Many of us fired the C2, SMG, and the M72 Rocket Launcher for the first time. On Sunday morning there was a fire-power demonstration by the regular force instructors. Many of us saw the 81mm mortar, the Carl Gustav and the 105 howitzer in action for the first time.

The Company was commanded by MAJ Baker, with MWO Crook as CSM. Thirteen Platoon was led by LT Temple and SGT Barnes. Fifteen Platoon under the leadership of LT Kerr and SGT Young rounded off the week by winning the Bayonet Trophy and the Kitching Trophy as the best platoon at the concentration. Congratulations to all the members of the platoon for an important contribution to the winning of the Gzowski Trophy.

Merry Christmas to everyone, Happy New Year, and keep up the good work.

J. A. Redmond

T. Welsh

* * * * *

Two old maids (both spinsters who were were slightly hard up) shared a set of false teeth between them. Both had been invited to a very swank garden party, but only one could attend at a time. One admonished the other to be back in plenty of time so she could make her appearance. Well, as you can imagine, the first one who went was so busy chattering and gossiping with the other girls that she forgot, and then she suddenly remembered about her sister having to attend. Therefore she flew home, and was met by a rather distressed sister who was pacing up and down like a fretful lioness.

"Oh Liz, where the dickens have you been all this time, keeping me waiting th's long, come on, give me those bloomin' teeth," and quickly popped them into her mouth. Suddenly she smacked her lips and said: "Hi! Macaroons; I must 'urry!"

* * * * *

There's a little story to wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. All the members of Echo Company.
Your Sgt.
S.L. Crook

HQ/SP COMPANY

Headquarters Support has had quite a shake up this Fall as regards personnel. There is a new Company Commander, CAPT LRM Currie who comes from 'B' Coy. Another new officer to the company is LT AJ Roberts who was originally a 'C' Coy man. In the NCO rank there is SGT B Coleman who is also a new sergeant. Then there is yours truly, SGT RL Cormack, also from 'B' Coy. The company managed to retain LT D Cameron, CSM (MWO) D Chappell, SGTs Docherty, Gledhill and Brining.

First of all I would like to say that I am happy to become one of the members of HQ/SP. So far I have found the members of the company to be a fine group of lads. I am sure that the other newcomers would echo my sentiments.

Since the start of the Fall period we have had a most gratifying flow of new recruits. Of course we have had the usual types who join and then don't come back again. The fellows who have stayed are a good group, and I am sure they will be an asset to the company and the Regiment.

So that you can know who these chaps are I will list them for you. PTEs AR Brandenburg, JCJ Brewer (LCPL Brewer's son), JD Burr and DR Burr (brothers), RC Duffy, JL Hare, DJ Harvey, BR Jarvis, GA Lynn, BJD MacDonald, PM Maksymchuk, PJ Mathewson, RJ McKenzie, JR Morrison, AJ Autherland, WB Taylor, AR Thomson, and RC Valliere (an ex-Highlander who came back).

A hearty welcome chaps and I hope that your stay will be long and a happy one.

We have a new corporal in the person of CPL Henderson who received his new rank last month. Congratulations. Judging by the standard of the members of this company I can see where I will be congratulating more people soon.

Since September the company has been very busy supplying transport, sigs and all to Echo Coy. We feel justly proud of our transport section which has a very good record, doing an efficient job of keeping our vehicles in top shape. Our sigs section is still the efficient section it has been for quite some time. Without these two sections the MOBCOM Coy would not have been able to achieve the good condition that they are in.

Coming up in January 1969 is the Turner Shoot. This Shoot has been on the go for a number of years now, and commemorates an ex-Sergeant Major who served in HQ/SP Coy. CSM Turner was a man who loved to get out and fire in adverse conditions. He probably thought that this would really show how competent a soldier can be at his skill of arms in bad weather as well as good. I do know that it is a real challenge. Anyway, keep the end of January open and watch orders for the time, date and details.

That's it for now except to wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year from all the members of HQ/ Support Company.

Yours Aye,
R.L. Cormack

(A)

THE SNEAKY BUS

A Tall Tale from the Military Band, or

How Mackie Lost His Instrument

In short and bewitching tale Mackie had quite a week
when I had lost his sax and I had to find it

The Skipper, CAPT Keeling, arranges a "double-do" at St. Catherines for the Grape Festival, the morning parade and a special concert at noon. We arrive by bus, which just has room to park on a corner. March in parade, arrive back to see the parade still not finished. As my saxophone is a big one, the Skipper comes up with the idea to put it back in the bus. This I do.

Much later we're off to the park for the concert. I'm crawling all over the bus looking for my sax. No can find. OK, so the boys have it hid! Another prank on the Mackie. They can't fool me, so I think!

We arrive at the park, but no horn do I get from the boys. As we listen to the melodious music of the band the bus driver throws me a beaut. It seems that our bus didn't stay on the corner. All the buses squeezed up to make room for a later one. I had put my poor old instrument on a bus carrying 50 majorettes!

After concert we rush back to town, up and down side streets, to save my sax. The gang yell out bus numbers as we pass by. Finally, pay dirt, bus 864! At the Legion, of course. My beautiful instrument down on the floor, surrounded by dazzling damsels!

Oh well, the Skipper didn't dock me; bless him. I sure was glad to arrive home with my sax, 'cause I'd have a hell of a time telling my girl "How I lost my instrument on the Sneaky Bus".

M. Mackie

SERGEANTS' MESS

While scrounging in a cupboard in the Mess the other night I came upon old mess records from some years ago. I read bits here and there in the different books and came to this conclusion. For all the years that have passed there is really no difference in the problems that faced those people from what faces us today. As I read on I felt a deep kinship with those names and realized that this feeling of comradeship for some one that I had never met is one of the main factors making our Regiment the best and strongest in Canada. In this day and age of disdain for tradition and for those who went before, this Regiment is remarkable in that it upholds its traditions and retains an undying respect for the memory of those Highlanders who have gone before. We can do this and yet be the most modern of fighting men.

Sergeants' Mess cont'd

When a young chap has worked hard and achieved the rank of Sergeant and enters the Mess he will see and feel what I mean.

* * *

Now that I have that off my chest, lets get down to the lighter side. The Mess membership has increased by the following promotions. There is SGT Paul Boudreau, SGT Bryan Coleman, SGT Steve Gledhill (SGT Bruce Gledhill's son), SGT Dave Lloyd (his dad is an ex-Highlander), SGT Bill Headley (he is the one with the smashing sun tan) and SGT Jim Young. Welcome to the mess fellows.

On Oct. 19th the Mess held their Annual Mess Dinner. This is when the Mess members get together and have a good time eating and the rest of it. We did not have all of our new sergeants there as some of them were in Germany showing the regs how its done. I am sure that the fellows who were there had quite an experience.

As always, the corporals helped out as wine stewards and did a mighty fine job. This is good experience for them. It was a good night of fun, but don't ask me how it ended.

By the time you will have read this we will have had our Ladies' Night in the Mess. This is the night that we wine and dine our Ladies for being such good sports throughout the year and letting us out to attend the parades.

The Mess was indirectly honoured on Nov 11th by having one of our continuing sergeants taking part in the ceremonies at St. Julien. The ex-sergeant was George Eyles, who served in the Regiment in the First World War. George had the honour of laying the first wreath at the memorial. After the ceremonies he attempted to relive a leave in Paris.

We are all looking forward to the Xmas and New Year holidays and would like to take this opportunity to wish you one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. See you all in February.

Yours Aye,

R. L. Cormack,
Mess Secretary.

LEST WE FORGET920 Dovercourt
Toronto 4, Ont.

Rev. Ian Wishart,
Calvin Presbyterian Church,
26 Delisle Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Padre:

It is with deep sense of loss that I report the passing of so many 48th Highlanders from the period from June 8th to November 28th, 1968.

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,
Bill Starr,
Sick Committee.

48th Highlanders' Deaths from June 8th to November 28th, 1968

Meath, Jack	June 8th	92nd
Kelly, James A.	June 11th	RCAF - 48th
Alexander, Frank	July 4th	15th
Denholm, Jack	July 5th	92nd
Palmer, Charles	July 6th	134th
Prettyman, Percy	July 7th	15th
Murphy, Frank	Aug. 15th	48th - 39er
McAlpine, Horace	Aug. 24th	48th - 39er
Johnson, Josiah	Sept. 10th	15th
Brown, H.	Sept. 16th	48th
Bird, George A.	Sept. 18th	48th - 39er
Wismer, Elmer	Sept. 19th	48th - 39er
Devlin, Wm.	Sept. 19th	15th
Wilkins, Roy	Sept. 19th	15th
Smith, John	Sept. 29th	48th - 39er
Ramsey, Alan R., Lt. Col.	Sept. 29th	134th - 4CMR
Taylor, Wm.	Oct. 1st	92nd
Anthony, David	Oct. 17th	92nd DRAFT
Adams, Robert	Oct. 24th	134th
May, Wm. J.	Oct. 27th	15th - 48th - 39er
Munro, Keith	Nov. 10th	48th - 39er