

THE FALCON

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"SUMMER CAMP JUNE 26-JULY 3"

This is the event toward which we look forward every year--the most important phase of Reserve Army training and the best week anybody can spend in work and fun. Last year lives clearly in the memory of everybody who attended; this year can be even better if every man in the regiment co-operates. First let us mark these dates and lay our plans to be at Camp Niagara prepared to enjoy every moment of that week. We ought to have the largest number present of any unit in 4th Infantry Brigade. Much depends on this in the interests of the 48th. We have to repeat last year's record in winning the Efficiency Trophy again this year and with higher standing.

What better place could there be for a summer camp? Tourists travel thousands of miles every year to visit Niagara, one of the world's beauty spots and the camp is in the ideal location at Niagara-On-The-Lake for swimming, all kinds of sports, visits across the border to Buffalo and, with it all excellent training under the most ideal conditions. Be sure to be there.

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Have a chuckle at these:

The dour Scot was in charge of a group of prospectors who had gone to Africa to prospect for oil.

Shortly after their landing head office received a cable. It said: "Send six new men, others eaten by lions."

Greatly perturbed head office replied: "Send full details of accident."

The Scot puzzled over that. He labored over his reply but finally it was completed. "No accident", he wrote. "Lions did it on purpose."

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A sailor, home from a long cruise, rushed to a phone and called his girl friend. In a few minutes he came out of the booth looking very bewildered.

"She's gonna get married," he told his pal.

"Aw, forget it," advised the pal, "there are lotsa girls."

"Yeah," replied the sailor, "but she's gonna marry me!"

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The coy young thing had been induced to visit the doctor with some difficulty. After a careful examination the doctor told her, "You have acute appendicitis, Miss Smith."

He waited for the reaction that he was sure would come. It did. Miss Smith bridled and faced him rather sternly for one so young. "Doctor," she said, "I came here to be examined, not 'admired.'"

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The following address was given by Mr. Alec Phare in his regular 1.15 p.m. Sunday broadcast "Queer Quirks" on February 28. Following this the Editor wrote to Mr. Phare's sponsors, The Gilson Manufacturing Company of Guelph, requesting a copy of the address. This was sent and the next day the letter from Mr. Phare which is printed after the address.

The Editor and others thought that an answer should be made to Mr. Phare and the best informed person in the Regiment to do this is Major Iain MacKay. Therefore his excellent reply is published here also.

### "THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT THE KILT"

"Good Sunday afternoon, everybody. If there is one type of clothing for men that has taken hold of public fancy and imagination, it is what we call Highland Dress. Admittedly, when worn by a Highland regiment, it has a wonderfully dashing and devil-may-care romance about it that makes every man wish he could have lived "in those days". And it is in that very phrase---"in those days"---that the trouble lies. We think of the kilt, the feathered bonnet, the sporran and the plaid as the traditional dress of the Scottish Highlander. The awful truth is that it is nothing of the kind--for modern and so-called Highland Dress is nothing but a fake and a sham--and the Scot has been the victim of Sassenach salesmanship and smooth-speaking promoters. The awful truth is that if Macbeth or Robert the Bruce could come back to earth today and see a Highland regiment on parade, they would undoubtedly be impressed but they would never dream that these warriors were supposedly wearing the dress of their day. And if told that this was the case, they would assure you that, in their time, the only way an Englishman and a Scot could be told apart was by their speech---and the fact, of course, that the Scots would be advancing while the English were retreating!

The truth of the matter is that the kilt is not, and never has been, the private garment of the Gael. Why, the very word "kilt" comes from the Danish, where it means "girded or tucked up". The Anglo-Saxons wore it, the Vikings wore it; and so did the Romans, the ancient Greeks, and the Egyptians. It is merely a survival of the most primitive dress of Western civilization--a simple smock or one-piece garment covering the body from the neck to the knees. Like all races who wore the smock the Scot had an outer garment which was merely a length of material which he wrapped around himself to serve as an overcoat in inclement weather, and as a blanket at night. He called it a plaid--the Roman called it a toga--Anglo-Saxons and Vikings called it by whatever name their language held for it. All wore the same garment--only in their way of wearing it did it differ slightly. The haughty Roman fixed it to his shoulder with a brooch, and left the main folds draped over his outstretched arm. The Anglo-Saxon and the Dane let it flow in the breeze, catching the two top ends in a brooch on the breast. The Scot, ingeniously and to leave both hands free, belted his plaid at the waist, and attached the other end to his shoulder with a brooch. And so he had the first kilt--so called because it was "girded or tucked up". Long after the Western World had evolved breeches and trousers, the Highland Scot held aloof and stayed by his simple and adaptable garment, day and night.

Like other peoples, he protected his legs by wrapping them with cloth, secured by criss-cross strips--to-day's reason for diamond pattern socks and hose tops. His hair was worn long--even in days before the dollar haircut--and his head was unadorned by balmoral, glengarry or tam-o-shanter beloved by the modern curler. His sporran, if he had one, was merely a rough leather bag tied around his waist by a thong. It was not adorned by silver thistles, tufts of hair, or anything else. It had but one purpose--to serve as purse and pocket, though it was more likely to contain a dried fish or a handful of oatmeal for his next meal than it was money. Thus dressed the Highlander of the Middle Ages--his costume the outgrowth of another age: its style dictated by poverty, climate, and the fact that

he was cut-off from the advancing civilization of his times--altogether, a far cry indeed from the picturesque and colourful clothing we today call Highland Dress.

"But," somebody is waiting to ask me, "what about the various clans, each with its own distinctive tartan? Do not these have something to do with Highland Dress?" My answer is that at the time of which we have been speaking there were no clans. Like all savages, the Highland Scot was exploited. Invaders came in to Scotland--jarls from Scandinavia, Norman barons from England. Being given grants of land by the Scottish kings, or getting it by force, they set themselves up as feudal chieftains, built castles, and offered their "protection" to the primitive peasantry against other raiders of their own kind. In ceremonious fashion they adopted these luckless mountaineers into their personal service in peace and war--talked them into believing that such a relationship between feudal chief and landless peasant was a "new order" worth having--and so brought about the myth of the Scottish clans. And so, many a proud Norman name left its permanent mark on Scotland, as the men of DeBruis became the Bruces, those of Sancto Claro the Sinclairs, Campus Bellus blossomed into Campbell, and a De Moraira became Murray. In fairness to the native Scots, it must be said that some of them held out against the foreign invaders; but copied their example by claiming lands for themselves under a "squatter's rights" system, and gathering around them all those who happened to be living in the area. Thus arose the truly Celtic clans such as the MacDonalids, the MacLachlans, the Camerons, the MacPhersons and others. But the so-called "Scottish clans" were never Celtic in origin only a defensive system adopted as a counter to a similar system employed by a race of invaders and oppressors.

By the 17th Century the Highland costume had developed considerably. The kilt and the plaid had become two separate garments, and were the everyday wear of the ordinary people. The upper classes, still keeping alive the fiction of their Highland blood, also wore the kilt when hunting, fishing, or attending the festivals of their tenants--though above it, and below it, they wore the more civilized clothing of the South. A Highland gentleman of the period was usually attired in the dress then popular in Edinburgh, London, or on the Continent--while the humble tenant was clothed little differently from his ancestors of generations before. The greatest development in Highland Dress came into being about the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie, whose family, the Stuarts, had four hundred years before been among the Anglo-Norman invaders of Caledonia. Returning to the land of his fathers in the hope of claiming the Scottish and the English thrones, he unleashed a flurry of Scottish national feeling which revived the wearing of the kilt as a symbol of Scotland; and brought into existence the Balmoral bonnet, the so-called Highland doublet, the flowing plaid and the ornamental sporran. The kilt became the symbol of revolt, and so--when the Stuart Prince and his followers were defeated at Culloden, it was only natural that the use of the kilt was forbidden on pain of death. It was equally natural that the romantic and rebellious Scots promptly regarded the kilt as something to be fanatically preserved, if only as a symbol of defiance of the English.

The English--who have always been willing to accommodate the law if they could thereby increase the profits--promptly lifted the ban on the kilt and proceeded to make hay while the sun shone. The manufacture of the kilt commercially, the invention of many new and fantastic innovations for Highland Dress, and some smart salesmanship, all combined to prey on the Scottish loyalty and vanity, put good Scottish silver into English shopkeeper's tills, and bring about the entirely mythical legend of "clan tartans".

Clan tartans, as such, never existed! The ordinary highlander wore colorings and designs that were serviceable and suitable, that enabled him to blend in with the countryside when hunting, poaching, stealing cattle, or conducting forays on

his neighbour's lands. His clothing was hoddie grey, a black and white or black and brown check - depending on the wool and on local plants which gave him dyes. Certain colourings and weaves, then, grew up around different localities, so that it was said, half in jest, that one could tell where a man came from by the pattern of his kilt. But in no sense was any one pattern either a distinguishing badge or uniform. Referring back once again to the 17th century, we do find that it was the custom among the wealthy Highland landowners to have their portraits painted, showing them in kilts and plaids. As these, under the crafty inspiration of manufactures to the South, became more and more vividly coloured and patterned; some of the more opulent, and possibly vain, of the Scots had their portraits painted three or four times during their lives, and--what is most interesting--each painting shows them wearing a tartan of a different colour. Much later, when such tartans were reproduced commercially they were given the names of the family whose ancestor had immortalized them on canvas. The actual commercial invention of clan tartans was the bright, if unscrupulous, idea of English manufacturers who realized that therein they had a gold mine.

Nor have regimental tartans any more solid foundation on history. The first kilted regiment was the Black Watch, raised among those Highlanders who were loyal to the King of England and disloyal--for reasons of their own--to their Prince Charlie. The tartan now known as the Black Watch was designed for that regiment, in exactly the same way that any uniform or livery is designed for any newly formed organization. When the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders were raised, a slight modification was made in the width of the sett of the Black Watch tartan, and when the Gordons were raised the Black Watch tartan was again used, with a yellow stripe added. And so it goes! Highland Dress as a military uniform, save for peacetime parades, has had its day. It is no longer practical, nor suited to the needs of today's warfare. Pleasing to the eye it undoubtedly is--and what sight could be more stirring than a Highland Regiment on parade, its bagpipes screaming defiance at tradition and making the heart beat faster. But, dear to the romantic mind as it undoubtedly is, as a traditional reminder of the gallant past of Scotland and her sons, it is no more authentic than as if our Canadian Army adopted war paint and wampum, bone beads and coon-skin caps. Unknown at Bannockburn and Flodden Field, the kilt is as out of place in the Army today as would be the long-bows of Crecy!

Till next Sunday at the same time, that'll be all from your Old Philosopher,  
Alec Phare."

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"Dear Mr. Cameron:

Your letter to my sponsors, The Gilson Manufacturing Company of Guelph, has been passed on to me for attention.

I am flattered that you consider this broadcast of sufficient general interest to readers of "The Falcon" that you wish to reprint it.

If, in your considered judgment, it is wise to do so you have my full permission to publish it. If, on the other hand, after thinking it over, you feel that it might only serve to stir up hard feelings with any readers whose sentiment is superior to their scholarship, then perhaps there would be no particular value in fostering a controversy.

I wore the kilt myself for a goodly number of years with the 48th Highlanders in Canada and have very deep affection both for the many traditions in which we were drilled in recruit class and also for the regiment itself.

Yours sincerely,  
"Alec Phare"  
The Old Philosopher."

"IN REPLY TO MR. ALEC. PHARE"

I have just read "The Awful Truth About the Kilt," and it would be awful if it were the truth.

However, the picture has been somewhat obscured and confused by this scholarly individual, and in spite of my fear of earning his contempt for one whose sentiment exceeds his scholarship I feel that I cannot allow to pass without remark, so disparaging a commentary on the Highland Dress.

His attitude of course makes real argument impossible just as it is impossible for a scientist to argue with an antivivisectionist.

For most of what he says is true. He might indeed have said much more in the same vein. It is only in the gross, and not in detail, that his article is false. The initial fallacy in his script is the bland assumption that wearers of the kilt consider it to have been the exclusive property of the Scot since the beginning of time and that they are the dupes of the Saxon in this delusion. Mr. Phare is tilting at windmills of his own creation.

Surely, very few persons besides Mr. Phare have this viewpoint of the sanctity and holy tradition of the Highlanders' Kilt. Certainly, the Scots do not. Some, indeed, have pointed to the similarity between the kilt and the uniform of the Greek Evzones as evidence of kinship and alliance dating back thousands of years.

Nor does the derivation of words indicate the age of any object nor its origin. "Kilt" is most likely of Danish origin as Mr. Phare so triumphantly declares. It is certainly not a Celtic word--nor was it used by the Celt or Gael to describe the Highland costume. The common word for what we now call the kilt, up to the time of the formation of Highland units in the British army in the mid eighteenth century, was "philabeg". This word is still used in the Gaelic (Féile Beag) and in the Scottish tongue. The garment itself is the logical and convenient successor to the ancient one piece Breacan an Fhéillidh, which with gradual variation has been worn for many centuries by the Highlander as well as by other peoples. Although it is a primitive type of garment, its simplicity and adaptability--either as a sleeping bag or campaigning cloak--dictated its use by the majority of the people of the Highlands--one of whose greatest and most certain traditions was their ability to weave woollen cloth which, even in Roman times, was the envy of other races.

Seventeenth century documents and German engravings of this period attest to the characteristic dress of the Highlander--at home or when fighting abroad--and it is inconceivable that this dress should have evolved overnight or in any ridiculously short period of time.

However the important thing is that by reason of fact and the acceptance of that fact by most people of all nations--including the disinterested and the antagonistic--the kilt has come to be recognized as the national costume of the Scot.

To argue about the "Clans" is futile, particularly since Mr. Phare does not realize that the word "Clan" simply means "children" or in a broader sense "tribe", and that the "Clan System" or "tribal System" existed for over a thousand years in Scotland as well as in Ireland. It was not feudalistic. The chiefs were not landowners and they were elected to their position.

It was inevitable of course that this idealistic organization should give way, as it did in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, to a feudal state of government.

We have our first truly documented evidence of the existence of definite clans, e.g. the Clan Campbell (derived from the Gaelic Caimbeul (Wry Mouth) rather than from a mythical "De Campo Bello") in the thirteenth century.

The tartan has become so popular that it is no wonder the English should wish to claim the credit for it. Perhaps this is Mr. Phare's feeling. The name Phare--which is Norman-Irish--indicates the attempt of its original owner to cover

up his real name with a descriptive epithet or nickname, and Mr. Phare may be a jealous Sassenach in masquerade.

However, the Saxon claim is not valid, even with reference to the many spurious "tartans".

The true tartan has a long and interesting history. The Gael and the Gaul, long before the beginning of the Christian Era, used multicoloured garments to indicate rank. The king wore seven colours, the Chief and the Bard wore six, and so on.

Among the Scots only a few tartans, as known today, existed until the nineteenth century, or were considered distinctive of family. They of course began as regional tartans. However, in the early eighteen hundreds, two enterprising Polish-Scots, surnamed Sobieski-Stuart and claiming to be the direct descendants of Bonnie Prince Charlie, produced a book called Vestiarium Scoticum. In order to make this work on the Highland Dress more impressive, in an age of sentimentality, they designed to order, a vast number of new and phony tartans but they did it skilfully, in a way no Englishman could have done. They paved the way for the rash of dress tartans and Lowland tartans which now flood the market. Indirectly too, they fostered the development of the present conglomeration of obviously false "clans", both Lowland and Highland and perhaps even English, for the Saxon, clad in his sober breeches and stiff collar, may be forgiven his envy of the Scottish National Dress.

Even Mr. Phare may be forgiven his attitude of amused tolerance on the basis of his probable Aristocratic Norman Ancestry.

The awful truth is really that it must be awful not to be a Scot!

"Iain M. MacKay, Major".

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The following is reprinted from The Veterans' Advocate for March 1954 and follows a full front page picture of Col. Baker:

#### "CANADA'S OUTSTANDING VETERAN"

A few years ago a visitor to Col. Baker's office at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, in Toronto, made some comment about the bitterly cold weather. Col. Baker admitted that it had been cold and said that he was himself pretty conscious of it because he had spent all the previous day taking down and re-assembling the blower attachment on his furnace. He had worked well into the evening before the unit was functioning satisfactorily. The visitor was completely nonplussed at the idea of a blind man repairing a mechanism that is a mystery to most sighted people. Those who know Col. Baker better would not have been at all surprised. They realize that while he has lost the use of his eyes, he sees most things and sees them better than most other people.

It is difficult to realize that Col. Baker is blind. He has the gift of looking at and through people. Few things escape him. His is the classic example of the man who ignores disability and so makes of it an asset. It is the approach of Napoleon who saw in circumstances not difficulties but opportunities.

Edwin Albert Baker was born in Ernesttown, Ontario. He attended rural schools and attended the engineering school of Queens University. He went overseas in 1915 and was a section commander of the 6th Field Company. At Mount Kemmel, Baker organized a party to repair trenches that had been blown up by a land mine. While working on some wiring a bullet hit him causing the blindness that changed his whole life. He was the first man of his regiment to be wounded. It happened suddenly and according to Col. Baker, the wound at first, was almost painless.

The pain came later and after pain, deep depression-possibly for the first and only time in Col. Baker's life. He could no longer dream of an engineering career. All his dreams revolved around the pathetic blind people who begged for charity on street corners. These were not pleasant dreams.

Perhaps the thing that more than anything else helped to change the whole plan of living for Col. Baker was a visit from Sir Arthur Pearson, the founder of St. Dunstan's, England's training school for blinded veterans. Pearson invited Baker to visit St. Dunstan's as soon as he was able to leave the hospital. Eddie Baker accepted the invitation without too much optimism. He hadn't understood at first that Pearson was blind also.

Baker began to learn a new philosophy of life. He was no longer sure that the blind couldn't do anything. He began to wonder about the things they could do. One thing more he learned--never to feel sorry for himself. It is doubtful if Col. Baker ever thinks of being sorry for himself to-day. It is certain that he would have little patience with anyone else who did.

Before leaving St. Dunstan's, Baker took fencing lessons and it was not long till he was able to outscore his instructor. Fencing was a valuable lesson in direction and timing which apparently Col. Baker has never forgotten. He knows every inch of the sidewalk, the grades and rough spots in the pavement, and all the landmarks near his home in Toronto. He can tell the location of trees and telephone poles and the distance between himself and a wall in a strange room. How? Col. Baker says he does it by hearing--something to do with sound waves--very complex to sighted people and apparently simple enough to those who learn to see by sound.

The story of Col. E. A. Baker is also the story of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind.

When he returned to Canada in 1915, Baker did not really know what he wanted to do. His first job was as a typist with the Ontario Hydro Commission. In 1918 he was working for the soldiers civil re-establishment department, now the Department of Veterans' Affairs. He had charge of training and rehabilitation of war blinded.

This work opened the way of the foundation of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. At the time little provision existed for any training of blind people. In 1918 the Canadian Government gave the C.N.I.B. a charter and a financial grant to help defray part of the expenses. In 1920 Col. Eddie Baker gave up his job in Ottawa and returned to Toronto as general secretary of the new institute. From very modest beginnings and through very trying and difficult times the Canadian National Institute for the Blind has emerged as an organization that is unique in its field. Neither the United States nor Great Britain has anything to match it. It offers a wider variety of services than any other institution of its kind anywhere. It does not help the blind so much as it helps them to help themselves. It is quite likely true that Col. Baker's own personality is largely responsible for the success of the C.N.I.B. His is the kind of personality that would make any venture with which he was associated a successful one.

To the veterans of Canada, Col. Baker is "Mr. Veteran". His knowledge is not confined to problems affecting the blind. His field is the problem of all veterans and he has been called the country's outstanding war veteran. He has worked consistently for close co-operation among all veterans' groups.

Currently he is chairman of the National Council of Veterans' Associations which represents every major veterans organization in Canada except the Canadian Legion.

A man of many and remarkable achievements, Col. E. Baker has received and deserved many honours. King George V made him an O.B.E. in the 1935 New Year Honours List. In 1939 he received the honorary rank of Lieutenant Colonel for his services on the council of National Defence; he has received honorary Doctor

of Laws degree from Queens University and the University of Toronto. In 1953 he won the Shotwell memorial award from the American association of workers for the Blind in Louisville for outstanding service in the field of work for the blind. Two years ago Helen Keller presented him with the Migel medal for outstanding service to the blind. The French Government conferred on him the "Croix-de-guerre" and he was awarded the M.C. for bravery on the battlefield.

Col. Baker at 62 is vigorous, alert and is able to look back on a lifetime of useful service. But Col. Baker is not much given to looking back. His friends do not take seriously his occasional statement that he plans to retire. He will not retire as long as he sees things to be done and as long as he lives he will always see things to do. At present the C.N.I.B. is about to launch a national campaign (April 12-May 1) for funds for a new building for the blind. After that there will be something else. Col. Baker is far too busy to retire.

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#### "BATTLES FOR THE FLAG"

As part of the celebrations commemorating the 275th Anniversary of the foundation of The Royal Scots Fusiliers, the County of Ayr Regiment, colours were presented to the 4th and 5th Battalion at a ceremony at Churchill Barracks, Ayr.

The Royal Scots Fusiliers was the fourth oldest infantry regiment in The British Army, and goes back to the time of Charles II.

In the first World War, the 4th and 5th Battalions both in the territorial army fought in Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine and France. While in Egypt they drove back the Turks, no mean enemy from the very banks of the Suez Canal.

In the Second World War the 4th and 5th (amalgamated in 1922) were held in Britain in case of an invasion until after D-Day when they helped to liberate Belgium and Holland, went into Germany and helped to capture Bremen.

Battle Honours: The new Regimental Colours bear the Battle honours of Blenheim, Ramillies, Ouderande, Malplaquet, Dittinger, Belle Isle, Martinique 1794, Bladensburg, Alma, Inkerman, Svastapol, South Africa 1899-1902.

The new Queen's Colours bear the names of Mons, Marne, 1914, Ypres, 1914, 1917, 1918. Somme, 1916; 1918 Arras, 1917, 1918 Lys, Hindenburg line, Doria 1917-1918. Gallipoli 1915-16 and Palestine, 1917, 1918.

It was on September 23, 1678 that the Regiment was raised by Charles Erskine fifth Earl of Mar and they received the nickname of 'Mar Greybricks' from the hoddie grey trousers which were part of the uniform.

Though the fourth oldest infantry regiment in the British Army they did not come on the British establishment until the regiment returned from the Low countries in 1688 when they recovered the number "21".

In 1707, after the union of Scotland and England they became the North British Fusiliers and six years later were awarded the 'royal' prefix. The present name was assumed in 1877.

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"Dost thou love life? Then waste not time. For time is the stuff that life is made of." ----Benjamin Franklin.

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It is always unfortunate when the various companies and units fail to provide news of their respective units for The Falcon. No small part of the interest in The Regimental Quarterly is in this news. The publishing date each quarter always is indicated well in advance by notices and it is essential that news should be in no later than the date indicated. All the news sent in usually is printed. The next issue will be published in October.

#### "D" COY NEWS

Training on the whole has been satisfactory in spite of the relatively small turnout. Those men who attend parades regularly are showing a marked improvement on The Parade Square. There has been a gratifying response to our appeal for recruits and if the pace keeps up "D" Coy will once again be "first" in turnout.

We are very sorry that Capt. Ware had to leave the Regiment but we take pleasure in welcoming Lt. Sinclair as his successor. We also regret the loss of Sgt. Cole who has been appointed CQMS.

Congratulations to Cpl. Appleton who was presented the Korean Medal by Brig. J. G. Spraggs, D.S.O., O.B.E., and we also extend congratulations to Ptes. Baggiss, Wright, and Turner who successfully completed the Junior N.C.O.'s course.

An excellent Brigade Exercise will take place at Camp Borden, 30 April, 1954 to 2 May, 1954. This should prove to be an interesting and beneficial week-end. More about this in the Fall issue of The Falcon.

#### THE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

Unfortunately this article had to be condensed as it was late for publication. For further information concerning the Association get in touch with Mr. Falkner.

The fee for the Rifle Association is \$7.00 for ex servicemen, active reserve are admitted free. Every Saturday Afternoon during June and July the practices are held and must be regularly attended if we hope to keep up our standards again this year.

Shooting aids are not supplied by your association. These must be purchased by the individual if they feel it will help them with their shooting.

A good spotting telescope about 20x or better is very useful in serious shooting. It should not however be depended on unless a man and his rifle can group inside 6 inches at 200 yards.

A "Parker-Hale Backsight" is absolutely essential when shooting at O.R.A. or D.C.R.A. Competitions. It is useless to a man who shoots a 12 inch group or over with an army sight. A score book is also necessary.

Active members should concentrate on service match shooting now. If you have the time take match shooting as a hobby.

How to Go About It! 1. draw a rifle under bond via the proper channels in your company, 2. bring it to the Ranges, 3. ask an experienced shot to test it, for grouping possibilities, 4. practice grouping yourself, 5. keep a record of every shot, 6. show the result of at least 30 consecutive shots to the Armourer or an experienced shot and he will adjust your sight, 7. PRACTICE: remembering elementary teaching, I.E. position, holding, breathing, aiming, trigger-control and follow-through. Trigger control is considered the most important because it is when the trigger is pressed that co-ordination of all rules must apply. So Practice Trigger Squeeze!! Dry shooting and trigger solitaire are also a must. 8. Keep your rifle clean, and Practice!