

THE FALCON

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This publication is issued under the authority of Lt. Col. G. A. Fraser, Commanding Officer of The 48th Highlanders of Canada. The contents of this publication have been edited and approved by Hon./Capt. R. K. Cameron, Padre of The 48th Highlanders of Canada.

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CAPT. JOHN D. SLATTER

Early in December one of the famous members of the Regiment passed from this life -- Capt. Slatter was leader and director of the regimental band for more than 50 years. The arrangements of many of the tunes played by both brass and pipes were his. Four years ago Capt. Slatter, with the aid of one of the officers, placed a wreath on the regimental memorial in Queen's Park in the annual Remembrance Service. The fact that he was in failing health even then was obvious. Proudly he had marched at the head of the band and the Regiment for so many years. The public became accustomed to seeing him when the 48th marched past.

Capt. Slatter began his career as a bandsman at the age of 10 with the Royal Navy training ship Goliath. Among the renowned bands with which he had been associated as bandsman or leader were the London Royal Fusiliers, the First Life Guards, Sousa's Band and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

During the First World War while posted at Camp Borden, he trained 63 bands and more than 1,000 buglers. When he assumed the leadership of the 48th Highlanders band in 1896, he turned down a flattering offer from the noted John Philip Sousa.

A native of England, Capt. Slatter was a soloist on the euphonium with the First Life Guards band in London in 1882. Two years later he came to the United States as a soloist, but joined A Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery in the Riel Rebellion. He served for 13 months in Western Canada, and then returned to the United States.

He played with a number of bands, including the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which he left to become bandmaster of the newly organized 48th Highlanders.

The 48th Highlanders band had the distinction of visiting world fairs at Buffalo and Chicago and making transcontinental tours of Canada and the United States. Capt. Slatter was the first president of the Toronto Musicians Union and was a past president of the Canadian Bandsmen's Association. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Mabel Davidson, and three sons, Bert, Fred and Walter Slatter.

ORIGINS OF THE 48TH

(This is the second interesting article which Al Munro, who was here at the beginning of things, has written for the Falcon. We welcome them and look for more. If anybody knows other facts or looks at things differently we shall be glad to have his contribution too--Ed.).

We have now reached the top floor of The College and everything is fine until we opened a door, for it was packed from ceiling to floor and from east to west with old lumber large pieces of broken plaster, broken sash, 2 by 4's and plenty of old broken stove pipe. It took all evening to clear it out and then it did not look so badly. We took our place in the centre and from there four ways we made a lane to march up and down later on. We kept on with the Rolls and as we progressed a March or two came in "The Bugle Horn" and "Campbells are Coming", we got for a beginning. Later on we got retreat then, "Highland Laddie", "Up and Man There A-Willie", "Jessie Brown", McKeys Farewell to the 74th at intermission we all ran down to the auditorium where we had entertainment of a sort. Pipe Major would give a number then the boys would dance in turn, McNaughton, Murray, and Duncan Johnston, Jimmie Hedridge all contributing. Then we got a treat one week. Bugle Major Swift of The Q. O. R. brought their Bugle Band up and we enjoyed it immensely. I forgot to mention Dave Smith who was a very prominent dancer at that time, his brother, a revolver shot, got the job at the range at Long Branch. They were brothers and their two sisters were in vaudeville as a dancing team and danced before the late Queen Victoria by special request. Dave must have been 35 years in the Regiment. I saw him in Hollywood on a holiday and he showed me a very fine gold watch presented to him by the Sgts. Mess of the Regiment. He was a com. Sgt. Major when he retired. Now the pipers (Robert Drummond), he served

ten years the rest only a few years. Blackhall, one of the first went to the States and enlisted in some Regiment and came home from some war as a Lt. Colonel. I can easily prove that, he was a husky and pulled on the Tug of War Team. John Trenholm, one of our first Pipers was a diamond setter, employed by Jock and Lourie, a jewellery firm, and when The City Council voted to send a gift to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the firm got the contract that John was working for and John had the distinguished job of designing the diamond studded biscuit box that went from the City of Toronto to Her Majesty on that memorable occasion. John served 8 years with the 48th and little was seen of him for years when I went on a Dancing Tour with the Irish Concert Band all through the States, and large as life there was Johnny Trenholm dressed up as an Irish Piper and he did very well playing for the Irish Reels and filling in with the Irish Band and Drums. He has gone now but John was as pretty a picture as one would wish to see in a kilt. Robert Muir one of the first Pipers, he served over 20 years with the 48th, then joined the Bonnie Briar Bush Dramatic Co. and in later years. Now we have Willie Thain, joined in 92 did not stay very long, he was one of the finest pipers of his day and for years was a very prominent judge of Piping at Highland Games throughout Ontario. Well that about does it for now, see you next issue.

THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO ROME

They marched along the dusty road
 Each one was far from home.
 They marched, where once the pilgrims
 walked
 This, was the Road to Rome.

No Hosanahs filled the air
 Though some of them did pray
 There were cries of "Medic" "Mother",
 "God"
 On the Road to Rome that day.

Casino Hill was just ahead
 The monastery on top
 And Death, who sow's the seeds of war
 Did wait, to reap his crop.

No Holy men did greet them there
 But screaming shot and shell
 The holy road that lead's to Rome
 Became the Road to Hell.

Long weary days and anguished nights
 No word of comfort said
 Just patrols and 88's
 -- and burying the dead.

No time for mourning, there or then
 Among that fateful crowd
 Their rusty bayonet marks their grave
 Their blanket is their shroud.

And they on top, Casino Hill
 Did jeer the Allied fools
 They could never understand
 We fought our war by rules.

This Holy place just had to go
 Canuck and Tommy knew
 While G.I. Joe did wait to see
 What the High Command would do.

They blew that Holy place apart
 They done it, stone by stone
 And when they'd finished, there
 were none to jeer
 They'd won the Road to Rome.

So Pilgrim as you walk this way
 Please kneel, in silence, pray
 For the souls of men who enabled you
 To walk to Rome this day.

On winter nights, beside the fire
 In the comfort of their home
 They'll march again---in memory
 Along the Road that leads to Rome.

We are glad to publish this excellent composition by L/Cpl. McLeary of A Coy and to invite others to follow his lead in writing either verse or prose.
 L/Cpl. McLeary also contributes A Company News.---Ed.

THE ARMY AND HURRICANE "HAZEL"

As Hurricane "Hazel" roared northward over a closely charted path along the Atlantic seaboard, there was little indication of any foreboding disaster for Toronto or Southern Ontario areas. New York State mountain ranges were expected to dissipate the violent winds before the hurricane hit Canada.

However, it was not wind but an unprecedented freakish torrent of rain that the hurricane unleashed on west and north Toronto areas that created Ontario's greatest flood disaster. More than seven inches of rainfall hit the districts in a few hours. The heaviest fall was in an area most susceptible to flood damage -- the deeply gorged and winding Humber River valley that meanders through West Toronto townships into Lake Ontario.

In a short time debris-laden walls of water reported 30 feet high cascaded down upon homes, bridges and travelling motorists. Entire houses were swept away and one street of homes in Etobicoke Township of Toronto--Raymore Drive on the banks of the Humber--was almost entirely washed away. Motorists were trapped in their cars and then carried away by raging torrents. Bridges went out in many districts, including the Lakeshore Bridge that feeds the famed Queen Elizabeth Highway in West Toronto.

North of Toronto the fertile Holland Marsh valley soon became a giant lake stranding thousands of homeless.

The Hurricane struck in this manner about 2100 hrs., 15 October 1954. Shortly after, the first call for Army assistance was received by Headquarters, Central Command, at Oakville, only 15 miles from the main disaster area. The initial request was on a township level seeking beds and bedding for evacuees being housed in a temporary shelter at Port Credit High School.

By 2345 hrs. the same evening, before the hurricane deluge reached its peak in Toronto, two Army vehicle loads of supplies were on their way.

As the hours passed, calls upon the Army for assistance began to grow. Medical officers went out at 0200 hrs. on 16 October to provide emergency medical assistance. A medical equipment depot in Central Command was opened.

Brigadier R. L. Purves, DSO, acting General Officer Commanding Central Command, realizing a disaster of major proportions was in the making, called a meeting of staff officers to make preparation for the assistance the Canadian Army would be expected to provide.

Camp Petawawa was ordered to have a large number of vehicle loads of Bailey bridging prepared with drivers on a 15-minute standby. Officers were ordered to carry out continuous reconnaissance of nearby disaster areas preparatory to an expected official request from Mr. Dana Porter, Attorney-General of Ontario, for use of the Armed Forces in a civil emergency.

This request came at 1900 hrs. on 16 October. Meanwhile troops and amphibious equipment were already at work rescuing stranded victims and livestock on the flooded Holland Marsh.

In the Toronto area hundreds of people were reported missing. Many dead were found, some bodies washed high into trees after being swept away by the flood. Property damage could not be accurately estimated but some estimates reached the \$100 million dollar mark.

For search and rescue work, prevention of looting, control of traffic and operations, bridging demolition and construction, debris clearing and communications some 578 all ranks of the Canadian Army (Regular) and 1800 of the Canadian Army (Militia) were pressed into service at various times during the next three weeks.

Seventy-five personnel of the Corps of Royal Canadian Engineers were flown to Toronto from Chilliwick for survey and bridging operations. The 2nd Field Engineer Regiment, RCE (M), was called up for an entire week to do emergency bridging work in conjunction with the Ontario Department of Highways.

A joint Army-Red Cross operations centre, with the GSO 1 at HQ Central Command in charge, was opened at Islington in Etobicoke township. It soon was realized that the various townships affected did not have the facilities for co-ordinating

overall operations in the Humber area. This operations centre provided the answer and it had at its disposal 100 vehicles and 51 wireless sets. It became the advance headquarters backed by an operations room at Central Command, both manned around the clock.

On 18 October ten RCEME recovery teams, each consisting of ten men, were organized and sent out by the operations centre for search and recovery of vehicles, machinery and other equipment lost in the floods. Some 25 cars alone were recovered by these teams from the Humber River.

The giant floor of University Avenue Armouries was turned over to the Salvation Army for collection and distribution of clothing and food supplies to the homeless.

When it appeared that a large number of victims might still be buried in Humber River debris, Brigadier Purves decided to call out No. 15 Militia Group for a week-end search on 23-24 October. This was intended to serve three purposes:

- (1) Conducted as a regular Group exercise, it would give them an opportunity to test staff work and communications on a group level.
- (2) Contribute a valuable public service with an organized and intensive search for bodies.
- (3) Eliminate the immediate threat of future flooding by clearing and destroying great masses of debris that still jammed the winding Humber River.

Called Exercise Search I, it proved very effective. Four more bodies were found. Large amounts of debris were cleared and destroyed.

Eight major Militia units took part in Search I, working all day Saturday and Sunday. Before starting their tasks on Sunday, a drumhead church parade was held in tribute to the flood victims.

Search I was followed by an almost immediate request from civil authorities to repeat the operation the following week-end. This was carried out by No. 14 Militia Group on 30-31 October with Search II. One more body was found and the Humber valley cleaned up to the extent that civilian agencies could take over with immediate threats of flooding and sanitation problems greatly reduced.

The two Militia searches involved nearly 1800 all ranks representing 18 major units.

At 1200 hrs., 26 October, Regular Force personnel who had been working continuously for ten days on all types of humanitarian and relief work, were ordered to stand down. This was preceded by a march-past of Army, Red Cross and civilian personnel who assisted in the emergency. The salute was taken by the Reeve of Etobicoke Township in front of the Islington town hall as a tribute for their services. In his capacity as A/GOC, Brigadier Purves was on the reviewing stand.

In expressing their appreciation for the Army's assistance, civil authorities pointed out that the control, co-ordination and communications provided by the Services played a vital role in combatting Ontario's most terrible flood disaster.

- Reprinted from The Canadian Army Journal for Jan. 1955).

"ENGLISH INFLUENCE IS NOT ALWAYS FOR THE BEST"

"Playing the bagpipes within doors, is a Lowland and English custom. In the Highlands the piper is always in the open air; and when people wish to dance to his music, it is on the green, if the weather permits; nothing but necessity makes them attempt a pipe-dance in the house. The bagpipe was a field instrument intended to call the clans to arms, and animate them in battle, and was no more intended for a house than a round of six pounders. A broadside from a first-rate, or a round from a battery, has a sublime and impressive effect at a proper distance. In the same manner, the sound of bagpipes, softened by distance, had an indescribable effect on the mind and actions of the Highlanders. But as few would choose to be under the muzzle of the guns of a battery, so I have seldom seen a Highlander whose ears were not grated when close to pipes, however much his breast might be warmed, and his feelings roused, by the sounds to which he had been accustomed in his youth when proceeding from the proper distance."--from "General Stewart's

WHY GI'S PREFER THOSE GERMAN GIRLS

(Here is the shocking truth about the Frauleins--and the American wives whom they are supplanting.)

The Army transport was on her way to New York from Bremerhaven, loaded with officers and their dependents, War Department civilians, GI's, alien brides, and American children born in Germany.

The voyage was boring: Army transports aren't much fun. The only way to pass the days is to talk. So Julia Norfield and I talked.

"Is your husband still in Germany, Julia, or did he go home ahead of you?" I asked.

"I'm one of those Fraulein widows," she said.

"You?" I exclaimed. It was hard to believe, Julia had taffy-coloured hair. She was full of sparkle and wit. Her clothes were smartly expensive and fitted her trim figure perfectly.

"You're wondering what she had that I haven't got?" countered Julia. "Well, that's what I'd like to know, too. And what hundreds of American wives in Germany would like to know. What do these girls have that makes a man like my husband ask for a divorce?"

Her husband was an Army officer. They had been married almost 25 years and had two grown children. The son was with the Occupation Forces in Germany: the daughter was engaged to an Army officer. Captain Norfield had been assigned to duty in Germany in 1945.

"I should have thought the military would have kept them from living together," I said.

"The Army condones this thing, Betty. Top officers are doing it. A close friend of my husband's refused to help me. He wouldn't do anything on my behalf because he's living with a friend of hers himself. The Army doesn't care."

How familiar it sounded. Another American husband stationed in Germany, happily married for years, forsaking country, wife, children, even deserting the Army itself, to live in comfortable sin with a German woman. In my mind, I counted all the others I had known about in my three years with the Occupation Forces in Germany.

First, there had been the boss of one of my best friends. This colonel had been sent to Germany in 1945, and lived in happy sin until 1949 when his wife took the bull by the horns and insisted that she join him. When she arrived in Germany, it did not take her long to discover that he had a young Fraulein. She tried everything she knew to win him back, but in the end returned to America, defeated.

They had been married some 20 years and had an attractive daughter, just out of finishing school. His wife and daughter begged him, reasoned with him, wept. But he was determined to get a divorce and stay in Germany with his "Erika."

Then there was the American educator, a man of intelligence and ability, who in 1947 took his family to Germany. Two years later his wife and children returned to the U.S. because they could no longer bear the humiliation of his open affair with "Hildegard."

I remembered a young Army civilian, formerly a combat M.P., who had a wife and two children in the States, but who had never returned from Europe after the war. He was living with a Fraulein in a couple of rooms over a cheap tavern. His wife had to take legal action to get child support from him. He wasn't embarrassed or ashamed: he was concentrating on just one thing--how to stay in Germany with "Ursula."

And there were countless other instances. It was an old story to me after three years. It didn't seem to matter what kind of men they were or what their station. Officers, civilians, educated, ignorant--American marriages in Occupied Germany were collapsing left and right because of the German Frauleins.

What did they have that the American women lacked? Was it just a natural result of any occupation that made the conquered women throw themselves at the conquerors? Or was it really something basic that the American wives failed in that made their men such easy prey to German women?

I had heard it hashed over many times by the American bachelor girls employed by the Occupation Forces. Most of them dismissed it as just out-and-out sex. "They're prostitutes, that's all," I had heard them say. "No self-respecting American woman would sleep with a man for a carton of cigarettes."

Of course, this reasoning might have answered for some of the bachelors and confirmed woman-chasers. But it did not solve the problem of the married man who was breaking up his family, or the young Americans who were living quietly, unmarried, with their German girls and raising German-born babies.

For a carton of cigarettes they had bought family responsibility. Their pay checks were now going for toys and baby milk instead of nylons and lipsticks. And the boys were contented. They wanted to keep on living with their girls.

It was not as if there were no American girls to date, either. Our Occupation Forces employ thousands of American girls. But these same girls who were calling the Frauleins bad names were sitting alone in their billets on week nights, and going to the GI movies in groups of five or six on week ends. It was a rare thing to see an American bachelor out for a night with an American girl.

My thoughts had raced through all this while Julia stood at the porthole, watching the green sea hiss and boil away from the side of the moving ship.

"Was she pretty, Julia?"

"I only saw her once. But all the gossips said she wasn't."

"Well in that case, I guess it's not looks," I said.

"No," she answered, "it's not. Why, some of these women couldn't get to first base in America on their looks or figures! Have you seen the alien brides on this ship? Do they look like charmers?"

I had to admit that they did not. Yet, Julia had found out that two of them had married divorced Americans--divorced after the men had met the girls.

Julia turned from the porthole. "I met a colonel in the lounge last night. He's been stationed in Berlin for three years and he's going home to get a divorce and go back and marry his Fraulein. Let's ask him in here for a drink. Let's try to get him to give us an American man's viewpoint on these Frauleins.

So the colonel came, and he was worth listening to. "I think I can tell you what you want to know," he began, after Julia had put the question squarely before him, telling what had happened to her marriage. "European women--not just the German Fraulein, but European women in general--make a man feel comfortable. I don't mean just by putting his pipe and his slippers by his chair. My wife always did that in Detroit. She was a good cook, too, and she was interested in my success. I mean something else. They give a man a feeling of ease. He isn't under a strain with a European woman."

"What kind of strain do you mean?" Julia asked. "I never noticed that my husband was 'strained' in my company."

"Perhaps you couldn't see it, Mrs. Norfield. May I speak frankly?"

"I want you to," Julia answered eagerly.

"I think it's quite possible that your husband was under a real strain with you. I've watched you in this lounge. You're an attractive woman. Any man would notice you. You look expensive. But when I first saw you, I thought to myself, 'Now, there's a gal who can take care of herself. I'll bet none of these jokers fool her.' You see, I didn't have the urge to come over and sit down by you because your air of self-sufficiency scared me.

"I wonder if your self-sufficiency wasn't a little tough on your husband sometimes? I wonder if he didn't often feel that he wasn't too important to you?"

A frown crossed Julia's face. "If you mean by that, did I ever put on the clinging-vine act, the answer is 'no'. Is that the secret of the European woman? Does she play smart and look and act dumb so you great big men will feel even greater and bigger?"

"No, that's not it, Mrs. Norfield. She doesn't have to act. She really feels that way. She is dependent on her man. You see, our highly prized 'American way of life' has made our women aggressive and hard. You are not truly feminine any more. You've lost your gentleness.

"You want to be 'smart'---and you've gotten hard. In your determination to be independent and to compete with men, you've sacrificed your womanliness. When a man is with a woman, he doesn't want to compete with her."

"He wants to be lord and master, is that it?" Julia's voice was cutting.

"If you want to put it that way, yes. There is that in a man which must feel that he's dominating a woman. In fact, it's absolutely necessary for most men. Do you find that thought irritating? Certainly, after years of marriage, this isn't a new proposition to you."

"Oh, it's not new. I went through 30 years of it. I practically knocked myself out letting him think he was the boss."

"There," said the colonel, "you've touched the centre, Mrs. Norfield! You 'let him think' he was boss. But you knew he wasn't. Deep down in his subconscious, he felt it too. Yet he didn't realize it until he went to Germany and experienced what it is really like to live with a woman who is content to be just a woman, and who thought he was wonderful because he was her man."

"She didn't try to make him over. She took him as he was and built her life around him, so that they became like one. Such an experience fills a man with happiness and a sense of importance that he won't give up."

I was ready to chime in by this time. "Wait a minute, Colonel," I said. "Isn't the real reason American men prefer European women that they wait on you body and soul? Don't they polish your shoes, run your errands, make all your bargains on the black market, protect you from chiselers among their own people, cook only for your taste, go only where you want to go, make the house to please you, and give you sex however and whenever you want it?"

He thought for a moment. "Yes, I suppose that's true, as far as it goes. They spoil us."

"Servants---they're just your servants!" Julia Norfield snapped. "Do you think any American woman in this day and age would kowtow to a man like that?"

He chuckled, but his eyes were wise. "That, Mrs. Norfield, is your answer to why American men are deserting their wives to live with foreign women. Waiting on a man's personal needs is only an outward manifestation of the way they feel about men. You get no pleasure out of waiting on a man. You think it's out-of-date. You want him to wait on you. That's where your European sister beats your time."

"She likes it. She doesn't have a false sense of what you call 'self-respect.' She has, instead a sense of intimacy with her husband, of belonging to him and of his belonging to her."

"Don't you feel a little like a heel, asking your wife for a divorce so you can go back to Berlin and marry this girl?" Julia prodded unimpressed.

"In a way, yes," he answered. "But I'm 49 years old, Mrs. Norfield, and life is short. I want what I've found. I never experienced the peace with my wife that I've had with this woman. I didn't know it was possible to have such companionship and love, and to live entirely without strain and tension. So I've decided I owe it to myself to fight to keep this. And I'll pay any price."

"No matter who may get hurt?" Julia finished for him.

"Yes."

"And what you've told us is how the rest of these men feel?"

"That's as near as I can come to telling you, Mrs. Norfield," the colonel said. "But now --I've talked too much. Good night..."

After the colonel left the lounge, Julia and I just sat there, thinking a lot but saying nothing. It hadn't been much fun, listening to this man who spoke with such quiet assurance, but there was no denying the grim truth of some of the things he had told us.

Suddenly I remembered a conversation at the Enlisted Men's Club in Bremerhaven a few nights before we sailed. As an American hostess, I had been talking about German women with a GI--a young Oklahoman who had been in Germany two years and who was living with a Fraulein in a bombed-out, crowded apartment house.

Jim's words had closely paralleled those of the Colonel. And after he had

told me why he preferred the German girls, I had said: "So our struggle back home for equality for women was all wrong, eh?"

"No, I don't say that," Jim had replied. "I just say all those 'rights' as you call them are turning American women into something that a man isn't comfortable with. You know, Betty, two people never could get into one pair of pants..."

Now, sitting in the quiet lounge with Julia Norfield, I realized the true significance of Jim's words. Had American girls really forgotten the secret of love?

If they had, then it was an ominous threat to the peace and happiness of homes scattered all over that wonderful land to which this Army transport was returning.

THE VALUABLE SUBORDINATE

There is no more valuable subordinate than the man to whom you can give a piece of work and then forget it, in the confident expectation that the next time it is brought to your attention it will come in the form of a report that the thing has been done. When this self-reliant quality is joined to executive power, loyalty and common sense, the result is a man whom you can trust.

On the other hand, there is no greater nuisance to a man heavily burdened with the direction of affairs than the weak-backed assistant who is continually trying to get his chief to do his work for him on the feeble plea that he thought the chief would like to decide this or that himself. The man to whom an executive is most grateful, the man whom he will work hardest and value most, is the man who accepts responsibility willingly. -- Australian Journal--reprinted from The Canadian Army Journal for January, 1955.

OLD COMRADES' NEWS

(One of our most faithful and interesting contributors is Wally Moore, Secretary of The 48th Highlanders Association. We always welcome his articles in his bright and newsy style.--Ed.).

Nae much news from the hoose these days. However, since our last note in the "Falcon" we have had our election of officers and the following are conducting the affairs of the Club for this year:- President - Leith (Charlie) Querie; I. P. P. - J. (Jimmy) Shepherd; Treasurer - Stan Gledhill; Secretary - W. B. (Wally) Moore; Marshall - George Hermitage; Vice-Pres. - Gordie Keeler; Executive Members - F. Jamieson, S. Leake, C. McLean, Eddie Elliott, Bill Ross, Bob Lawrie, and Bob Allison.

These are the boys who are giving of their time to see that, when anything is done around here, it is for the interest of the Club Member. All they ask is that you support them. Remember that our General Meetings are held at the Club on the SECOND THURSDAY of each month except June, July and August. Speaking of getting things done, the men's beverage room has been completely refurnished with new tables and chairs. When you feel the urge, I would advise that you come down and try them out while you are having yourself a "pint" with a fellow member. It's really solid comfort Pal. Regarding Saturday Nights at the Club - the new executive and the chairman of the Entertainment Committee (Bill Ross) feel that the attendance could be a lot better at these functions. In order to pull up the slack, they have decided to make every Saturday Night for Members Only, with a sale of approximately 60 guests. These tickets and the number to go on sale the week prior to the Saturday Night, will be governed by the attendance. You are requested to contact the management or Bill Ross and make the necessary reservation or arrangement to pick up the tickets. First come will be first served. Make a mental note of this and please bear it in mind when you have friends drop in on you and you would like to bring them down to your Club on a Saturday Night.

Bob Allison is the man who is handling the membership cards this year. He is chairman of that very important committee they call the "MEMBERSHIP". The cost is \$2.00 and if you haven't taken care of this obligation, will you keep Bob happy by sending it along as soon as possible? That's the stuff.

Special membership cards are available to members of the Regiment who are not eligible to become full-fledged members of the Club due to the fact that they have not completed a "term of 3 years with the Regiment". These are being handled by the Commanding Officer and the cost is \$1.00. For any further information on this matter, please contact the Battalion Orderly Room.

An incident happened at the Club on January 20th which is worthy of mention. Jock Anderson, a true and active member of the Club, was having a friendly game of darts and during the course of the game, he darned if he didn't score THREE SIXTIES. Yes, sir, a possible. Congratulations Jock. It's the first time it has happened in the Club. If you think you can do it brother, you are cordially invited to participate in the dart games, on a Saturday afternoon. If you want an afternoon of fun and good sport, come on down and get your feet wet. You'll enjoy every minute of this comradeship.

The Christmas Draw was a huge success - thanks to the generosity of our members and the hard work of the committee headed by Len Falkner. The following tickets were drawn - 11491, 10862, 28005, 3246, 27332, 29132, 28300, 33740, 20282, 4811, 10254, 25518, 18735, 34352, 25783, 2761, 28308, 17193, 18173, 29778, 26274, 6075, 29784, 498, 6849, 7497, 7694, 2745, 3390, and 3334. Had a nice visit from Lyle Potter. He flew in from Calgary and stayed with Jack Stoddart (The D.R.'s whooped it up that week). Nice to see you, Lyle, and we hope that it will not be too long before you drop in and see the gang again. Have had correspondence from Herbie Helliker 'way out in Winnipeg, and the Jeep (Frank Dowe) in Edmonton. All's well out West. They hope to keep the old Grey Cup out there for awhile, according to our members out there. Good luck to you in your endeavours - the West.

Well, that's about all the news for now folks. In closing, we send along our best wishes for a speedy recovery to those confined to their homes or hospitals. Keep the old chin up. Cheerio.

P.S. I would appreciate hearing from any member who has something of interest to publish in the monthly bulletin and which he would like to share or pass along to our fellow members. Thank you.

OUR ARMY DOES MORE THAN FIGHT

(This is an American's view of the American Army. Much of it is true concerning The Canadian Army. For instance the current article on Hurricane Hazel is an example of the kind of valuable service which the reserve can contribute.--Ed.)

The day of the 1947 Florida hurricane, tens of thousands of storm-stricken men and women discovered that the U. S. Army does a lot more for its country than fight.

Raging winds were still whirlpooling through the devastated areas when troops swung into action. They set up first-aid stations for the injured, field kitchens for the hungry, and shelters for the homeless. Hundreds of Army men gave up their own beds to make refugees more comfortable.

"Our house was wrecked. We had no place to go. My children were sick and feverish. I do not exaggerate when I say that the Army saved our lives," one mother later wrote to the Pentagon Building.

Only a few weeks before the Florida hurricane, three Canadian harbor pilots were also giving thanks for the U. S. Army. They were making their way through a rough sea outside St. John's, Newfoundland, when a huge wave capsized their boat. Luckily, the Army transport 'Maritime Victory' sighted the three men in the churning water. Capt. John J. Sychik maneuvered his ship cross wind, taking the brunt of the crashing waves.

"Lower away!" he ordered.