

SUMMER CAMP

The Regt will be attending summer camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake from Saturday, June 28th, to Saturday, July 5th, inclusive. The camp site itself is ideal for summer camp purposes from the point of view of recreation as well as training. Some have gone as far as stating that facilities for swimming and other summer sports at the camp are only exceeded by the excellence of the transport service to Buffalo, a few short miles away.

Camp itself this year will be different to any held since before the war. This year, the Regiment will not only be going as a unit, but will be training as a unit. This means that B Coy will be billeted together and will work and train together as a unit under their own officers and NCOs. The syllabus is an excellent one, and the course will be extremely interesting to everyone. This will be an opportunity for B Coy to excel, for we will be in competition not only with the other Companies of the Regt, but also with the Companies of other units in our Brigade, who, by the way, will be attending summer camp with us.

Summer camp is the most important part of the year's training in Reserve Force units. It gives us an opportunity to practice and apply the lessons learned during the balance of the year. It is the training ground for the leaders of the future. Summer camp provides the ideal opportunity for the Junior NCOs and future NCOs to learn to lead men and to demonstrate their leadership abilities.

Summer camp, then, for innumerable reasons, is a must for all B Coy men. Now, there are some who have problems in connection with their attendance at camp. However, no matter how insurmountable these difficulties may appear no matter by whom you are employed, or for how short a time you have been employed on your present job, these difficulties can be overcome. Remember your employer DCAF realize the importance of the Reserve Army and your contribution to Canadian defence. Speak to your employer well ahead of time

Summer Camp (cont'd)

so he can arrange your holidays for this time. Remember, too, that you can obtain a letter from the Minister of National Defence and from the C.O. to assist you in your request. If you are experiencing trouble even then, inform your Coy Comdr and arrangements will be made for a personal interview with your employer to enable you to get to camp. But do it NOW, and make your arrangements immediately. Remember, it can be done and there is a way!

See you all at Summer Camp!!

XX

TRAINING NOTES

This month's training note will touch on something very seldom covered during a regular training period. That is, the proper procedure involved when you wish to be paraded before your Pl Comdr, Coy Comdr, or Commanding Officer.

At no time will you approach your immediate unit Comdr on your own. If on active service, your platoon is liable to be in a position detached from the rest of the Coy. The Pl Comdr will normally hold office once a day and if you wish to see him, you inform your Pl Sgt and he parades you before the Pl Comdr at the proper time.

This also applies to your Coy Comdr. Firstly, you must see your Pl officer through your Sgt, then your Pl Officer will see that you are paraded before the Coy Comdr if he himself cannot settle your problem for you. On this occasion you will in all probability be paraded into the Coy Orderly Room by the CSM. If you can obtain no satisfaction from the Coy Comdr, you may at this time request to be paraded to the C.O. This is arranged by your Coy Comdr and you will be paraded by the CSM the next time that the C.O. holds office.

So you can see that the same procedure applies whether it is to see your Pl Officer, or the C.O. of your unit. But, ALWAYS, remember, never take it upon yourself to approach any of your officers without first having seen your senior NCO or CSM first!

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The Carb of Old Gaul in the Canadian Army

Most of you will no doubt be surprised to learn that at present there are more Highland Regiments in the Canadian Army than there are in Scotland! In fact, here in Canada, there are 22 regiments that wear the kilt. All the Highland regiments have their counterparts here in Canada, and are parent regiments in matters of dress, tradition, etc.

For some time the Dept of National Defence were against any further regiments adopting Scottish dress and badges. But recently the Dept have had a change of heart, and since 1946, three more regiments have availed themselves of the opportunity.

The Lake Superior Regt have become the Lake Superior Scottish and adopted the Macgillivray tartan. The Perth Regt, now the Perth Scottish, affiliated with the Cameronians, wear the Douglas tartan. The St John Fusiliers are now the New Brunswick Scottish, affiliated with the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and wearing the Leslie tartan. However they still retain in their hat badge the grenade from their fusilier title.

Six Canadian regiments wear the 12th tartan of the Black Watch. The Black Watch itself of course, from Montreal. Also the Prince Edward Island Highlanders and the Lennox and Renfrew Scottish. All these are affiliated with the Black Watch. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have the same tartan as their Scottish parent - the 1st. This is also the tartan of the Calgary Highlanders and the Cape Breton Highlanders.

The Mackenzie tartan is worn by the Seaforth Highlanders from Vancouver, the Pictou Highlanders of Nova Scotia, and the Highland Light Infantry from Galt. The Canadian Scottish, allied with the Royal Scots, wear the Hunting Stewart. The Cameron of Arrasht tartan has been adopted by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders from Winnipeg, and the Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa.

The Toronto Scottish, allied to the London Scottish, wear their heddern-grey kilt. None of you should need telling that the tartan of the 48th Highlanders is the Davidson, chosen in honour of the Regt's first C.O.

The Garb of Old Gaul.(cont'd)

The Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry Highlanders have history in their Macdonnell kilt. The Macdonnells, emigrating to Canada early in the nineteenth century, gave the name Glengarry to the district in which they settled. Many of these served in the Glengarry Fencibles(1794-1802) and in the year of 1812 they joined the Canadian Militia and formed the Glengarry Light Infantry. The Essex Rifles brought the recruits in by the droves after the first World War by changing their title to the Essex Scottish and wearing a kilt of Macgregor tartan.

Murray of Atholl is the tartan worn by the North Nova Scotia Highlanders and the Home Scots wear the Campbell of Argyll. The only Lowland regiment wearing trews of black hatched tartan are the Royal Scots Fusiliers of Waterloo.

There they are-22 regiments which wear the garb of old Gaul-ten more than there are in Scotland which has 13 regiments in all-four Lowland and six Highland, the Scots Guards, and the Royal Scots Greys.

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Company Notes

Let's have some more of you people out to these inter-Coy ball games on Saturdays. Your team needs your support, even if they are winning their games. Witness the real lacing given to Support Coy a couple of weeks back!

We think everyone had a pretty large evening at the Highland Games Dance at the Royal York. The bathtub in the room certainly presented a very inspiring sight at about eight-fifteen. Those special brass-capped bottles of Sgt Farniter's were quite interesting, too. At least, we didn't hear any complaint about the contents!!

We feel that everyone has heard quite a bit about the "do" at Borden. We will refrain from making further comment. (See the cartoon elsewhere)

Our Coy fund is getting quite sizeable and things look pretty good for a rousing B Coy party sometime within the next couple of months.

DON'T FORGET THOSE RECRUITS!! We're not doing very well this time in the competition, so get cracking and drag them in!

SUPPORT COY. HOLD SCHEME AT BORDEN!

WITH VOLUNTEERS FROM THE RIFLE COMPANIES (AND THE CADETS.)



THIS WAS THE FUNNIEST SIGHT WE SAW ON THE FIVE HOUR TRIP TO THE CAMP WHEN THE COVERED TRUCK BROKE DOWN EVERYBODY HAD TO PILE INTO THE OPEN TRUCK WHICH WAS ALREADY FILLED WITH MEN, WIRELESS SETS, BATTERIES AND FILED UP BENCHES!

GET THOSE MEN INSIDE! THAW THEM OUT AND FOLD THEM UP.



WE FINALLY ARRIVE! IN STYLE!



GUN DRILL!

HERE'S THE NESS HALL, JUST STEADY THERE AND THE WIND'LL BLOW YOU RIGHT TO IT!



The History of Saluting

The Manual of Elementary Drill defines saluting as the "military method of greeting a superior, not a servile act." This definition is borne out by an examination of the origin of the various methods of saluting.

For example, the ordinary salute with the hand had its origin in the days of chivalry. Feudal knights greeted each other by raising the visor in their armour in order that they could be recognized. This action eventually became merely a gesture with the hand, both as a greeting, and as a symbol of respect and trust, for the person was thus uncovering his guard.

Presenting arms had a similar origin in feudal times. Each lord or baron had his own private army which protected his property, and fought his wars. Just inside the entrance or drawbridge of his castle was a guard room, in which an armed man was always on duty. When an armed party approached, the guard was "turned out" and stood to arms. If the approaching party was friendly, they literally presented arms (their weapons) to the guard as a token of good faith, and these arms were retained in the guard room during their visit. The action of presenting arms was therefore an expression of mutual trust, confidence, and respect, and has survived as a military method of paying compliments to this day.

The various movements of sword drill have a significance in both history and religion. In the time of the Crusades, no knight ever used his sword without first kissing the cross formed by the blade and the hilt, to ask God's protection and blessing. To this day, before any new movement is made in sword drill, the sword is brought to the "recover" with the hilt immediately in front of the mouth.

Some of you have seen military weddings where the bride and groom passed through an archway of swords. This archway signifies that the bride is being brought under the protection of the groom's fellow officers, and thus welcomed within the regiment. Note, however that the bride is always on the groom's left arm, for his right arm must be free to use his sword, in case he has to defend himself and his bride against possible disgruntled suitors!!

Carrying on with our account of happenings in days gone by, this episode this month deals with the stay of the Regiment at the Horse Palace at the CFB

On Saturday, October 16th, 1939, the Regiment left the Armouries to take up quarters in the Horse Palace. It was quite a day for most of us, because now we were really on active service. The usual advance party was sent ahead as the Army does for all moves, and the rest of us started out on foot, led by the Pipe and Brass Bands. Half way there you could hear the moans and groans from the ranks, bemoaning the fact of having to walk all the way. The favorite expression heard was "What the H--l are the trying to do? Kill us?"

On arrival at the Horse Palace, we were allotted to our Coy areas, which happened to be the lines of stalls running east from the west entrance of the building. B Coy had the stalls immediately opposite the entrance. At the east end of the aisles were the ablution tables, with the Santeen in the area of the exercising ring. On the other side of the ring were the Toronto Scottish and upstairs the Ordnance Corps.

Your truly had the stall 2nd from the far end on the south side. This was formerly occupied by a pair of Clydesdale horses, the aroma still lingered on. After being assigned to these stalls, 4 men to each, in double bunk beds everyone proceeded to make the place a little more home like. Coat hangers, pictures, etc. Of course, these pictures were hardly the type to be found in average homes! Shortly after this, our Coy Commander, Maj. Southan, held his first inspection of our Coy billets. On seeing the "Rembrandts" covering all the available wall space, he issued the order "No pictures on the walls!"

Then started the days of blanco and shiny brass-but with a vengeance! You may think that your polishing chore now is something to complain about. The equipment we had was 1914-18 vintage, and covered with little brass domes, tabs, and buckles. Believe me, it was no fun cleaning this. In those days, we were using the old dark green equipment cleaner, and the first few attempts with it were a sight to behold! Green, light green, splotted green, and khaki

Our training the first few days was not very hard, but after we had got

well settled in our billets, the work began in earnest. Lots of drill, route marches, weapon training, bayonet fighting, and some chemical warfare. At this time the only people who had seen a Bren gun were permanent force types. Our standard I/G was the old Lewis gun. A few of us were fortunate to get away on a Bren course and thought we were the most important people in the Coy when we returned. But it was quite amusing trying to teach Bren loading and unloading, holding and aiming with a Lewis gun!

There was a nightly guard and picquet which was quite a job in the early days. Some still hadn't realized they were in for the "duration" yet, and that nothing would be said if they were a few hours late getting in. Pretty soon there were more ways of sneaking into the Horse Palace than even the builders knew of, and all these spots had to be watched by the roving picquet!

The Mess Hall and the Sally Ann were at the far end of the Lidway opposite the grandstand. We paraded to all meals, usually led by the Coy pipers. The Sally Ann were, as usual, very good to us, as only they can be.

For the first few weeks at the Horse Palace, we still had our kilts and there were plenty of sore knees from doing fieldcraft (usually in a newly cut hay field). Then came the saddest occasion of our stay here. We were told that the kilt would no longer be worn. At this a lot of the boys threatened to go AWOL, because they said they had joined the 48th to wear the kilt. (It was at this time we were getting quite a lot of publicity, and Gordon Sinclair had dubbed us Canada's Gay Gordons). At any rate, we lost the kilt and were issued with our first battle dress. Not a mess!! Nobody had weights for their pants in those days and half the time they looked like knickers. The day we lost the kilt we had quite a ceremony. A kilt, spats, sporran, and doublet were placed on a stretcher and paraded through the lines with the pipers playing the lament. There were a lot of dewy eyes and quivering lips at the time.

The Canteen previously mentioned in the exercise ring was quite a place. Equipped with everything you might need-smokes, cats, beer, polishing and cleaning stuff, and a very large juke box. This musical monstrosity ended up being a bit of a nuisance. It was possible for some character (there were lots

of them) to sneak into the canteen any time during the night and deposit, say, a quarter and push in the button of the jivest piece there. The darn thing was plugged in behind the counter which was locked, and so at about two in the morning you would lay in your bunk through five repeated playings of the latest hot number!!

While we were here, Lt. Col. Chisman left us, and Lt. Col. Haldenby took over command of the Regt. Lt. Southam went as 2i/c on. We had a new Coy Comdr in Lt. J. Canong. Col. Shaw remained with B Coy and the RSM was Mr. E. Jamieson. Me, I was a D/Opt.

Passes were plentiful allowing you out right after last parade (4.30) until 2359 hrs almost any day. It was always quite a scramble getting back on time as we nearly always left it till the last minute.

That's about all for the Horse Palace. Next month we leave there and proceed to Halifax on the next part of our journey.

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Bill Crandon's Notes

I can't let that other gobby dept. get ahead of me in the poem line. So here's a few in my little corner.

I brought my girl some garters
Bought at the five and ten,
She gave them to her mother;
That's the last I'll see of them!

A reporter was doing a feature story on Mme. Hubbard's carvings in London. He sought out the laundress who had washed for the exhibition for 25 years. "Tell me" said the journalist, "do the Queens and Duchesses in the washworks wear anything under those gorgeous robes?"

"As a matter of fact, they don't," she admitted, "but I'd rather you didn't make this public. Nobody knows but me and a few Canadian soldiers!!"

Our girl, Rosie King is still waiting, waiting for the hips that never come in!!

After this is published, I'll bet I get promoted to the rear rank!

Capt Cory's out for glory
With the boys of Company B
I only hope when the shooting starts
He doesn't come looking for me!

How our MCC's Stephen, Garven, and Davidson ever managed to drag themselves out to the MCC course, so early on a Sunday morning, after the big Coy "do" at the Royal York, amazed me. However, even with their grey faces and red eyes they did a grand job. I think they all deserve the leather medal!

Round the Town with the Boys or Read It and Weep

By
Glen and Garry

Despite the fact there were so many howls and moans about the poems in the last issue, we have decided to give you a few more, but of a more harmless nature this time. We'll make up for it later on. We're starting off with a beautiful poem we like so much we're thinking of setting it to music.

Glen and Garry have us scary
We don't even know what to do,
Every time we think of them, we get in a stew;
Who they are and where they are
And where they hide their time
Is something we all want to know;
In fact we'd like it fine
If we could get our hands on them
We know just what we'd do,
We'd use the tar and feathers and
Throw in a little glue!

Isn't it the truth? Let us know how you like it, boys!
Now that the IOWING has a complete set of new tires, we don't want to hear any more of those "Flat Tire" stories when "Wal" takes the girls home!

Phone number of the week: -LL 7114. What happened to this one? She's a darn nice girl. Just lately she's been inquiring around us to who a certain character is going out with now. We told her you weren't available but we were, and that's as far as we got!

It was pretty shaky there for a while, but "The Baker Guarantee & Trust" should be back on its feet now that one of the depositors has decided to return what he drew out. Let's keep those little grey books straight, fellows. Another thing about the "Fund" we'd like to know is, just what do they "Guarantee" and who can they "trust"?

What we can't figure out is why was Ite McLroy so quiet at the "do" at the Royal York? L/Cpl Harbinson had to positively drag him out of his corner. Could be that he was enjoying the home-made lemonade that Sgt Larmiter brought along for the girls. Seeing as we're of McLroy, let's give a short poem in his honour:

That McLroy is quite a boy
With baseball or with girls,
What is the secret of it all?
He hasn't any curls!

Now that we are in the poetry mood again, what say we dedicate this to a fellow who knows how to enjoy life even if we are around?

Now Eddie Wright is a grand sight
When he goes home on a Saturday night,
But this boy has fun and there's no harm done
For he knows the places to go
and he doesn't need dough!

We saw some funny sights at the Royal York but the best was the bow tie on the "Sun Boy"! How did he get it? Trade it for a corsage? Naw?

Our "Frankie" boy, our pride and joy,
Happy as a Hill Billy;
He's liked by all the girls
Especially by "Willie".

Here's one about "Happy Boy"

You've heard of "Sugarfoot" Schlegel,
everyone knows him well;
He's the man L/Cpl Garven told
"I'll make your life a living Hell!"
But that doesn't bother Schlegel,
He's still as happy as can be
loarding every Friday night around the armoury.

We're going to miss "Sugarfoot" a lot around B Coy. For those of you who didn't know, Don left for those "greener" fields out Edmonton way last Tues.

FLASH! LAST MINUTE NEWS!

The Camp Borden scheme must really have made an impression on the boys. Many of the survivors are wearing colorful, cardboard medals, dripping with icicles, with "Borden" and the date inscribed on them. How heroic can we get?

Wow! Little Eva sure has us "Topsy" turvy!

What's the score on Caroline? Seems she's slightly interested in the Queen's Own. Lore on this next month.

Have a coke, boy! In fact have two cokes! WOW!

Hooray! Lubba hubba Eleanor is back! "Old smoothie" is smartening up!

The way things are going, we feel that "Golden Boy" would still be interested in Sylvia, even if she didn't have a television set.

Hey! Hey! Gladys turned up to the party! Give her credit. She still gets around!

Betty wants to know where the L/Cpl kept disappearing to at the last party. Have a coke, boy! Have a coke!

Did you notice how L/Cpl "Willie" Grundon poured the bowl full of potato chips over "Lena, the blond bomber"?

We'll keep your secret, Frank!

What's this we hear about one of our Sgts getting quite a reputation, especially upstairs in the Mess, where he answers to the name of "Brewmaster"?

That's it for this month, fellows. Leave some of that hair in your heads. There was lots more went on at the Royal York that would bear investigation. We're letting you off light! See you next month, you hope not! In the mean-while do try your hardest to be good!!

Your ever-loving pals,

Alan + Harry

DON'T FORGET THE DRILL CONTESTION COMING UP!!