

# THE "52 NATURAL"

Vol. I Issue 6

VOICE OF THE CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS

6 June 1945

## FRIENDSHIP NEEDS NO TRANSLATION

Many inquiries have been made at the office of '52 NATURAL' as to the meaning of last week's headline — 'HOLLAND AND CANADA OUDE VRIENDEN ONTMOETEN ELKAAR' In English this reads "Old Friends Meet Again". Languages may differ but true friendship is the same the world over — it means mutual respect, cheerfulness and generous consideration. Let us make sure that the fine friendship between the Dutch people and ourselves remains something to be fondly remembered after we are gone.

## Thoughts while returning from Germany

29th May 1945.

It seems so unreal to ride along like this in a long column of tanks... Sherman Tanks which a few short weeks ago were belching out death and destruction. Guns unloaded, crew asleep, no need to watch for the enemy. Pete used to push shells into that gun that's packed with grease now. I wonder if that grease will ever be scraped away in preparation for another war... I wonder if there'll ever be another war. The sun is hot today, just as it was a year ago in England. I always thought of Germany as a drab dark country — "befouled by the cloud of war" — still, if the sun can shine so brightly on both countries at once, why can't the peoples also be alike in understanding and feelings? Oh yes — more German soldiers coming... to think that less than a year ago we landed and fought against this mob — that fellow over there might have shot Johnny for all I know. Why in Hell should guys ever have to die in battle because of some maniac like Hitler?

In a civilized world, to think that we have to go for each other with machine guns and grenades — does it make sense at all, I wonder... it's good to have the gun traversed to the rear... the Dutch frontier! — we're leaving Germany — for the last time we're travelling over enemy country — I can see people up ahead — how

never have to enter that country again to fight - unless there's another war. And it all depends on fellows like us... to see that never again will Canadian soldiers have to fight back up that road... look at those tanks....

## While we wait

The first important step toward readjustment to civilian life can be taken by making full use of the Educational Program to be started in this Regiment on Wednesday, June 6th. Materials have been secured and much careful planning has provided a schedule to cover all tastes and ambitions.

The first part of the program, consisting of a series of lectures, will give all ranks the full story of what benefits, financial and otherwise, are available upon discharge in Canada. You will also be asked to fill out a questionnaire for stating preference for the particular type of educational training you wish to follow.

Classroom work and study groups make up the second part of the program. Lessons will be held each afternoon, and students will be excused from all military duties during these hours.

The educational program is in charge of Major the Lord Shaugnessy. Other members of the staff are Lt R.

## France honours RSM W.O. Percival

The Government of France has bestowed on RSM W.O. Percival the Croix de Guerre with Silver Star, for gallantry on the Normandy beaches. 'Bill' Percival for a long time was SSM of HQ Sqn — a real gentleman, and a finer soldier you couldn't meet. The Regiment is proud and happy his distinctive service has been prominently recognized.

His citation reads in part: "This warrant officer used outstanding initiative and energy in the bivouacking of his company under most trying conditions. During the night, while under shell fire, and an air raid, he instilled confidence in the newly arrived reinforcements. His tact under all circumstances is worthy of praise".

## CGG's Welcome Prestonian Padre

Its good to listen to the pleasing North England tone and accent of H Capt James Cross, our new Padre. Capt Cross was born in Preston, Lancs, moved to Canada in 1932, by way of New Foundland where it is reported he was fog-bound for three years.

Our Padre was ordained in the Church of St. Andrews (United Church) Moose Jaw, Sask. He served with the 4th C.I.T. Regt. before his posting to this unit. We're glad to have you with us sir, and hope you'll be happy in your new assignment.

## 'And the band played on'

Music lovers and particular musicians, notice is hereby given that there has been 'laid-on' provision for a Unit Dance Orchestra. It is also planned to form a Regimental Band. All talented chaps who can play a musical instrument, even a little bit, are requested to hand their names to their Squadron Office.

Rehearsals will begin as quickly as possible. This is something for your pleasure and entertainment —

# REMEMBER!

(CONCLUSION)

By RSM J. M. H. CLOUTTE

Worthing, Higham Heath and then Chippenham for manoeuvres with our new CO, Lt-Col W. W. Halpenny. That was the first time we really did any extensive field work and our long and trying training stood us in good stead. We breezed through with flying colours and did an excellent job on those exercises.

Crowborough Camp came next and there we made our first acquaintance with the Sherman Tank.

Who was the officer who set off about 30 mines all at once, to excavate a tank position behind the officers' quarters and almost blew up the whole camp? The explosion occurred just as the CO was holding memoranda and it took quite a time to get us from under the desk to finish it off! I wonder what the CO said when he found a large rock had come through the ceiling into his bathroom?

Here it was that the draft from the RMR joined us, most of them for only a short time as they left to form the RMR Defence Platoon just as they were beginning to feel at home with us. The ones who stayed have done an excellent job and we appreciate it. Crowborough, shades of 'Buzz Bomb Alley', where we had to open the windows on both sides of the Sgts' quarters to let the blasted things go through! Tony MacDonald could always be relied upon to give a blow by blow account at any time of the night on the latest arrivals.

Came the Invasion, we sailed from the Port of London and landed safely on the beaches of Normandy in bright sunlight for the greatest experience of our lives. Remember the nightly visitor with his bombs? The fact that we had dug up at least three quarters of England during training helped a lot to get us below the ground in double quick time.

Shortly after we took over part of the line outside Caen from the Desert Rats and we were on our own. About two weeks later the battle was on and we were rolling forward down the Falaise Road and through the yellow cornfields under the hot sun. Remember the dust? It could always be relied upon to draw Jerry's fire. Remember Hill 195 where the boys really showed what the Regiment was made of, the terrific Armoured punch from outside Cintheaux across the river and up on to the high ground outside Falaise?

Then away into the blue towards Trun and Chambois with its terrific slaughter. Hill 262 and the relief of the Poles and the pursuit to the Seine, the Somme and then the check at the Ghent Canal. The place where "Echelon Commandos" first came into being. A sticky battle was fought there before we flowed forward, forcing the Hun to withdraw across the Leopold Canal.

We didn't stop long before we were away again for Ertveldte, Assenede and across the Dutch border into Phillipine, where we helped close off the infamous Breskens Pocket. Remember the gorgeous pears from Phillipine?

A period of holding the Leopold Canal line followed before we moved to the Antwerp area to concentrate for our part of the hardest and dirtiest battle of the Canadian Army; the clearing of the Schelde Estuary. Our objective — Steenberghe. A short rest and then on to Sprang Cappelle and a good time was had by all, whilst we held a part of the River Maas.

Next came Best, there a street is named after the Regiment, "Canadian Grenadier Guards Straat". An almost overnight sojourn at Udenhout. There we last

mas. Remember how we cursed "Old Nasty" for spoiling our Xmas plans? We were chasing all over Holland, part of Belgium, and back into Holland again. However, we were stationary for New Year's at Halstern and from all accounts we were quite popular around there. Weren't we Al?

Another short tour round Tilburg and we were briefed for the battles then in progress West of the Rhine. The Regiment was never in a higher state of morale and they went in and did a cracking good job, especially in the infamous Hochwald Gap.

Out we came for refitting and for the first time, we were stationed in a large town, Tilburg. Remember how kind the Netherlanders were to us? That was some convoy back from Germany; those who were on it won't forget it for many a day!

Up to scratch again in a very short time, then a period of training outside Loon op Zand and we were ready when the Rhine crossings were made. Through Wesel, Northwest to Almelo. From there to Meppen, Sogel, Larop, Friesoythe, the wait for the crossing of the Kustens Canal. Then on to Rostup and Rastede. Our forward Squadron was near Bekhausen when Jerry decided to pack up and the war was over!

It has been a hard, tedious haul and along the way we have left some of our best and finest chaps. We knew them well and will never forget them for the sacrifice they paid to crush the Nazi.

Our boast is that we never failed to reach an objective and once secured we never backed up! Lets keep the same spirit alive in whatever else we have to do from now until that happy day when we are once again Mr. Civilian.

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## No 1 WINS IN HEAVY HITTING GAME

The No 1 boys celebrated the 24th of May with a victory over No 3 Sqn. It was a hard hitting game from start to finish. No 1 leading the hit parade with 18, while No 3 collected 14 hits.

The game started with a bang. The No 1 boys looked like the gas house gang from St. Louis taking their old rivals the Dodgers into camp. At the end of the first inning No 1 were leading by 4 to 3. Red Douris put everything he had on the ball (including his white socks), but the gas house gang just kept hitting the old pill. By the end of the third they had increased their lead 7 to 3. Not to be outdone the boys from No 3 Sqn put in a counter attack, gaining ground. When the excitement had died down, the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of No 1 Sqn.

In the sixth and seventh innings No 1 really went to town on Douris. They hammered in seven more runs to put the game on ice. Final score 18 to 9 for No 1 Sqn. Winning pitcher, Hants. Umpires, M. E. Smith and R. Drummond.

## No 2 SQN TAKES CLOSE ONE FROM No 1 SQN

With the steady pitching of Frankie Robinson and timely hitting of Snook, McEwen and Richer No 2 Sqn took a 6 to 1 lead in the early part of the game. In the fourth inning the gas house gang got to Frankie for 4 runs, making the score 6 to 5 for 2 Sqn.

The game was very interesting and close all the way. In the first half of the seventh No 1 Sqn knocked in three runs to take a 10 to 9 lead, but in the last half No 2 came back to tie the score, and in the eighth took a three run lead. The last inning was big league stuff — the score was 12 to 11 favour of No 2 Sqn. One out, with a man on third, Bob Simmons up

# SLIT-TRENCH SCIENCE

BANTING: CANADA'S IMMORTAL SCIENTIST

By our M. O. Capt. M. Acker

When some of us think of the scientist working in a laboratory, we get the idea of an old man with grey, mussed-up hair, thick glasses with his head buried in stacks of books, papers and test-tubes. Others of us think the learned scientific worker as the venerable absent minded professor-type, who always forgets to put his tie on in the morning and invariably forgets his appointments (something like the MO). But not Frederick Banting. He was a simple man yet a great man.

Sir Frederick Banting finished medical education about the time of the last war and became a part-time laboratory worker in the early 1920's at the University of Toronto. He had struck on a great idea but few people would support him or give him the necessary funds to carry on. Finally after a number of years of diligent experimenting, working with Dr. Best, he discovered in 1932 that life saver of diabetics — insulin.

He had found (as others before him had learned) that if you remove the pancreas (sweetbread) from a dog, it will soon die of diabetes. Banting was searching for the method to extract or find a substance in the pancreas which would cure or at least save the lives of those suffering diabetics. It was in a small room at the University where late at night he gave this now famous dog an injection of this new solution. Passers-by had no idea of the drama going on in that dimly lit room. But by morning, Banting and Best knew that their dog had survived and they had struck on a new discovery of world making importance.

Insulin as he called it, was soon to be used the world over and was destined to save many millions of lives. Banting did not patent his discovery or attempt to commercialize it. His discovery was a gift to humanity. But it was also a tribute to his genius and work.

For Banting to continue his work, the government assisted in building the magnificent Banting Institute. It was here that Sir Frederick continued to inspire his fellow workers and further his own work. You will find many medical Scientists today who owe their beginning to the direction, encouragement and financial assistance given by Banting.

Sir Frederick was not only a scientist, he was a real democrat, a profound humanist and a true friend. His hobby of oil painting places him as an outstanding contributor to Canadian art. He was always present to fight for improved education and medical care for the people.

His true nature is revealed by a young office girl whom he would give a lift downtown in his car each morning. It was only after he had been killed, she found out in the newspapers, that he was Sir Frederick Banting.

When this war came, Banting was in the forefront of the scientific workers in their aid to defeat the Nazi warlords. He gave unstintingly of his time, energies and brilliance. And it was a tragic day for Canada and indeed, for the world when the plane carrying him to England, crashed in Newfoundland. He had given his life for Canada and Science. Canada and the world will pay everlasting tribute to this man; discoverer of insulin and benefactor of humanity.

a mad dash for home, which would have meant the

# WITH REASONABLE RHYME!

TO CANADIAN PRISONERS IN THE FAR EAST

You gave unselfishly brave pals  
Stemming those yellow hordes of hell,  
You battled overwhelming odds  
As one by one your comrades fell.

But 'chins up', chums, for you'll be free  
The day your comrades sail the sea,  
The years were sad and long for some  
A few more months — you'll see us come.

Your mother, sisters, pray at home  
Ne'er think that you've been left alone,  
Suffering in captivity  
You're the backbone of our liberty.

We'll carry on — the old, the young  
Until the final battle's won.  
Till you are home with us to stay  
Canucks, we're proud of you this day.

Gdsm Tom Begbie.

## THE RSM's ZOOT

Now here is a story of a fellow named Tim  
Who on satorial attire had a view that was dim  
For open neck shirts and collars with ties  
Made him froth at the mouth and bulge at the eyes

But alas and alack, the King of the Mess,  
For his leave has succumbed to the new mode of dress  
And adorned with a tie, plus zoot suit quite flighty  
He's departed this realm for a spell in old "Blighty"

Now his zoot with its daring just can't be believed,  
Built especially for Tim and by Goguen conceived.  
But the story behind it, if you'll listen a while  
We'll gladly relate, and with our hand hide our smile.

One night in the mess sat old Goguen and Tim  
Drinking beer by the glass, their eyes strangely dim.  
Then said Vic to our Timmy, as he puffed out his chest,  
"With one of my zoot suits, you'd look very well dressed".

But Tim was adamant and stuck to his post,  
Said, "Before I wear zoot suits, in Hell I will roast".  
But the look in his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer  
And to the heights of ambition old Vic saw a glimmer.

So he poured on the "sugar" with lustrous glow  
Timmy's eyes grew still dimmer and more beer did flow

And then in a moment of weakness and ease  
He gave in to the zoot suit and Vic's fervent pleas.

New he's dressed in a zoot suit fit for a King  
Boasting flash-back lapels that are cut with a "zing".  
And if in a contest we're sure he would win, sir,  
He'll be the talk of all London and the horror

of Windsor.

"The Three Hookers"

## FRIENDSHIP

Whatever some may recommend,  
You plant a tree — you plant a friend.  
But trees like friendships that crowd sail,  
Bid fair too often just to fail.  
So don't build castles in the air.

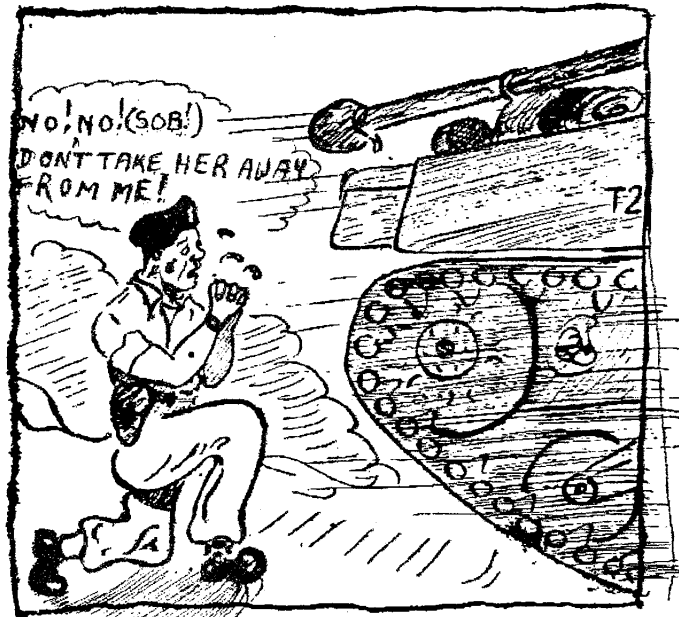
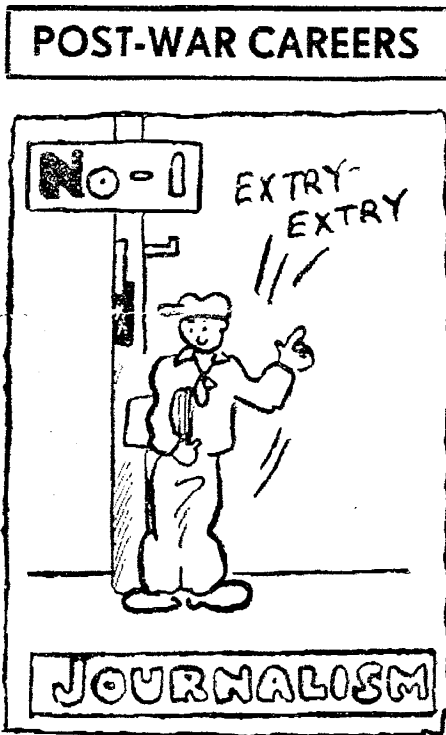
And plant odd friendships everywhere.  
For trees like other things that grow

# INTRODUCING OUR PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

Under the supervision of Gdsm Bert LeDrew, Canada's popular cartoonist and Art Editor of '52 NATURAL', we will endeavour to publish each week an interesting and entertaining group of cartoons and pictures. The success of this new feature depends largely on the cooperation and active support of you, our readers. We must have pictures — the ordinary photos you have been taking right along. Try to give us 'action shots', subjects which are of interest to all, anything that you think is a bit different and 'newsy'. Later on we will be able to include pictures of groups and individuals. Write your name and Sqn on the back of the photos and we'll see that they are returned to you safely. We need your help right now! Bring your pictures to the offices of '52 NATURAL'.



There's lots of beer Johnson — all you have to do is become a Sergeant. ....



Ed: Sincere thanks to the reporters and readers of 'SQUADRON CHATTER' for their kind permission to use this page for the above announcement. Next week the batting order will be as usual.