

Lorne Scots Reserve Regiment Co-operates in Recruiting Drive

Work With Active Forces In Drive For More Men

In conjunction with the Recruiting Committee Office now located in Brampton from which a call is being sent out for more men for the Active Services, the Lorne Scots Reserve Regiment are co-operating in a campaign drive to enlist men for the Reserve Army. Every able-bodied man should apply for the Active Service should be eligible for the Reserve Army for home defence.

The Lorne Scots (P.D. and H. Regt.) wants men in any one of the following categories:

Young men 17 and 18 years of age in medical categories A, B, and C.
All men 17 to 50 years of age in category C.
Single men 38 to 50 years of age in categories A, B or C.

If you belong in one of the above categories you should secure an application form for enlistment, fill it in properly and turn it in at the armouries. This does not bind you in any way whatsoever and in no case of the word does it obligate you to join the Active Army. It does indicate your desire to be ready to serve in the Reserve Army.

In due course you present yourself for medical examination. If you are accepted you train an average of about one month a week, and next year you can go to the Training Camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake for 10 days and throughout the year you attend 10 full days' training on selected weekends.

That's all there is to it. You will be made fit and useful should the enemy strike at Canada. It couldn't happen more. As what they said in France, Norway, Denmark and the rest of the unprepared and now conquered world. But happen it did. If it happens in Canada we must be prepared.

Canvas your own personal situation now, then realize that an emergency exists now—your services are required. Call at the Brampton armouries for any further information desired.

"IN OUR MAIL BAG"

Overseas, July, 1942

The Editor, Georgetown Herald.

Dear Madam:

As another day in "Merry old England" comes to a close and after reading another issue of the home town paper, I must write these few lines and thank you for sending me the paper.

I am going to try and give you some idea of what we are doing at present, so if you will kindly bear with me for awhile, I will struggle through a few details.

The 1st Battalion Lorne Scots have been brought together for a month of intensive training. This has given most of the Georgetown lads an opportunity to be together again, for a little while.

It really was quite a day when we all met again in this camp because it has been several months now since we were sent into the field to perform our duties in every part of this country and many of us had not met again until now.

We have I believe, the finest staff of instructors in these parts including a Regimental Sgt-Major from the Scots Guards.

The training itself is a real test of endurance and believe me the lads are getting everything they have into it. The whole thing is run on a competitive basis between companies with a banner going to the winner each week, on every Saturday morning there is a ceremonial parade as the winners proudly troop the colors to the music of the pipes and a brass band. The whole show is really very impressive.

The Lorne Scots are not only comprised of men from Peel, Dufferin and Halton counties but also men from the east to the west coasts of Canada, thus composing a battalion, which to use the words of a prominent military figure in this country, is second to none.

I will now try and give you a faint idea of what we do. Yesterday, for instance, we all leaped out of our beds at the very first blast on the bugle and, well some of the boys probably

did, then as usual a mad scramble followed while everyone rolled their "Rest well" feather mattresses, folded their sheets (I mean blankets). These are made into a neat pile and placed on our "little wooden beds," then such odds and ends as pyjamas, dressing-gowns and bed room slippers are placed neatly on top of the other things.

Next is a big rush for the wash room and it is such a treat to shave so early in the day because at that time the water is always so hot, especially if the night fireman has had good luck in a poker game which would keep him too occupied to throw another log on the fire during the night.

Well, now that we have hacked and scraped the beard off as best we can (leaving not a few nicks here, and there) everyone charges for the mess hall. The cooks are always planning something nice for us and we find they have a real treat in store for us. For a change we are getting "mystery bags" (we haven't had them since almost two days, I guess). These mystery bags are sometimes called "sausages" but of late we are not so sure just what is in them, but we are still on the case and no doubt the mystery will be solved sooner or later (most likely later).

However, they are quite filling and sometimes just one small of them will make you feel as if you just couldn't eat another bite.

With the breakfast over, we get ready for the first parade of the day which is company parade. We form up in our platoons and in due time our officer inspects us. We are always nearly perfect but sometimes the odd chap will dash out and forget to put his web equipment on or his gaiters. Others may be in short sleeves and the remainder with tunics on. If every one read daily orders this wouldn't happen but there is a rumor going round that anyone caught reading orders is apt to get thirty days, but that is nothing, they could do it in a month easy.

Inspection is over and we march up toward the Battalion parade square to the stirring strains of the pipes. Suddenly above the music we hear something that sounds very much like a bull roaring, but as we come onto the square we are quite relieved to find it is only the Regimental Sgt-Major exercising his lungs.

During this parade we are informed that we are in for an easy day, which means all quite happy. We are marched down to a big field about one mile from the parade square only to discover we are to go through an assault course. The first obstacle is a wide ditch filled with barb wire. We have to leap over this and on to the second one. This happens to be a rope swung about fifteen feet from the water. We are informed that the rope had been tested to pull a fifteen hundred weight truck so that eight or nine of us could get on it at once with no fear of it breaking. Unfortunately one of the lads weighed almost as much as the truck and when they were well over the water it suddenly snapped. It must have been sabotage because the man told us it would definitely pull a fifteen hundred weight truck. This training is really wonderful though and it is nothing new to wake up in the morning and find we have developed another muscle overnight.

It gave us all a thrill the day we took up positions in trenches while some big tanks roared back and forth over top of us.

Sincerely,
(Pte.) STEVE EMMERSON.

B51650,
Pte. Steve Emmerson,
No 1 Cdn Corps Prot. Unit,
Lorne Scots Det., C.A.O.

LESS WASH - MORE COAL

Stop-press government ad in the London press: "Early victory is our hope, use less water with your soap." The point is, it takes power to pump water and to make power in Britain it takes fuel at a time when coal is scarce.

Cree Indians Make Notable Contribution to Army

The Cree Indians are on the war-path again — but this time they've exchanged their point and feathers for the firm khaki uniform of the Army. Fishermen and trappers from Canada's vast northland, 26 Cree Indians, the first to join the Army as a group, were attached to District Depot No. 10, Winnipeg, following their 4-day boat trip from Norway House, 400 miles north, where they volunteered.

Bronzed countenances, lined by the rigors of their outdoor life on frozen lakes and bushland trails, creased into broad smiles when a reporter asked how they felt about Army life.

"We'll like it alright," said David Nanowin as he ran gnarled fingers through his jet black hair. "Some of us volunteered quite a while ago but we were advised to wait."

Toughened by winter fishing in 50 and 60 deg. below weather, the entire group was eager to start training. Two of the group were members of the tribes council.

As Army authorities questioned the group the soldierly stance and crisp answers of one Indian caught the eye of Sgt W J McMillan of District Depot No. 10 who had been placed in charge of the recruits. Questioning revealed that the Indian, John H. Robertson, had served with the Engineers in the last war. Robertson has been posted to the Veterans' Guard of Canada. Residents of the Norway House and Cross Lake areas, the Indians expressed a desire to serve in the same unit.

"We'd like to stick together, if possible," said Nanowin, but that's up to the Army to decide. The main thing is we want to serve where we'll fit in best.

The traditional reticence of their race returned suddenly when they were asked to relate some of their more hazardous fishing and trapping experiences. Prepared for information, Robertson explained that the Indians viewed such mishaps as becoming stranded on ice floes as all part of a day's work.

Thirty-three Indians composed the entire group that arrived in Winnipeg but seven were rejected for medical reasons.

An Indian maiden, Pte. Mary Greyeyes, 21, of the Canadian Women's Army Corps, received the blessing of Harry Hall, Cree Indian, who lost a leg at Vimy Ridge in the Great War, when she left for Regina to serve with the CWAC. A member of the Cree tribe, from the Muskeg Lake reserve near Leask, Sask., she is serving as an assistant cook.

Private Greyeyes has three brothers on active service, one a sergeant with an infantry unit overseas, one in Eastern Canada with the artillery, and a third at Dundurn Camp.

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Bob and daughters of Canadian Indians are volunteering for service in the Army. At left is Pte. Mary Greyeyes, 21, of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. Cree Indian maiden from the Muskeg Reserve, near Leask, Sask., who is receiving the blessing of Harry Hall, Cree Indian who lost a leg at Vimy Ridge in the Great War. At right are 26 Cree Indians and an army sergeant who introduced them to the way of army life. The Indians traveled more than 400 miles by boat from Norway House to Winnipeg where they were inducted. All were fishermen, trappers, and pooleys in the Norway House and Cross Lake areas. They were the first Indians to join the Army as a group. One of their number, John H. Robertson, first in second row, served in last war with the Engineers.

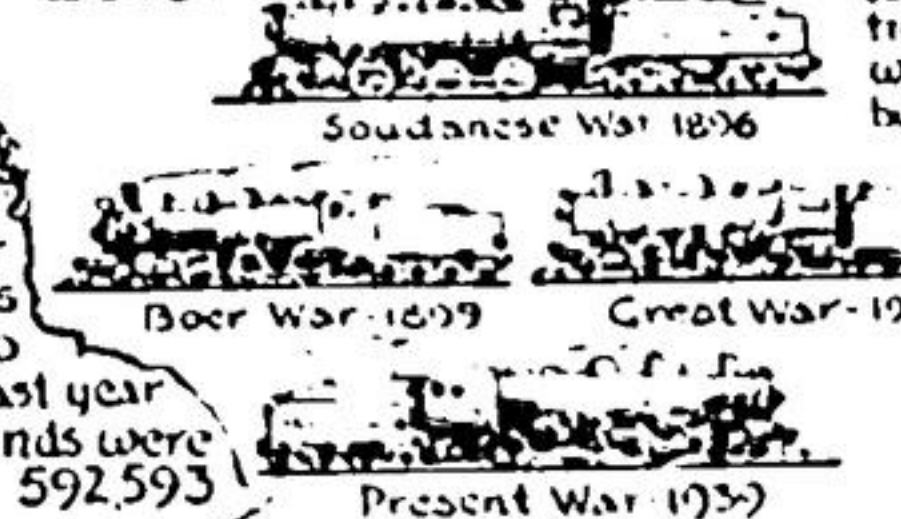
THE RAILWAY AND THE WAR . . . By Thurstan Topham

"Waste is Sabotage" is the wartime slogan of Canadian Railwaymen. Canada's rail systems salvaged and reclaimed materials essential to the country's war effort to the value of \$10,000,000 last year.



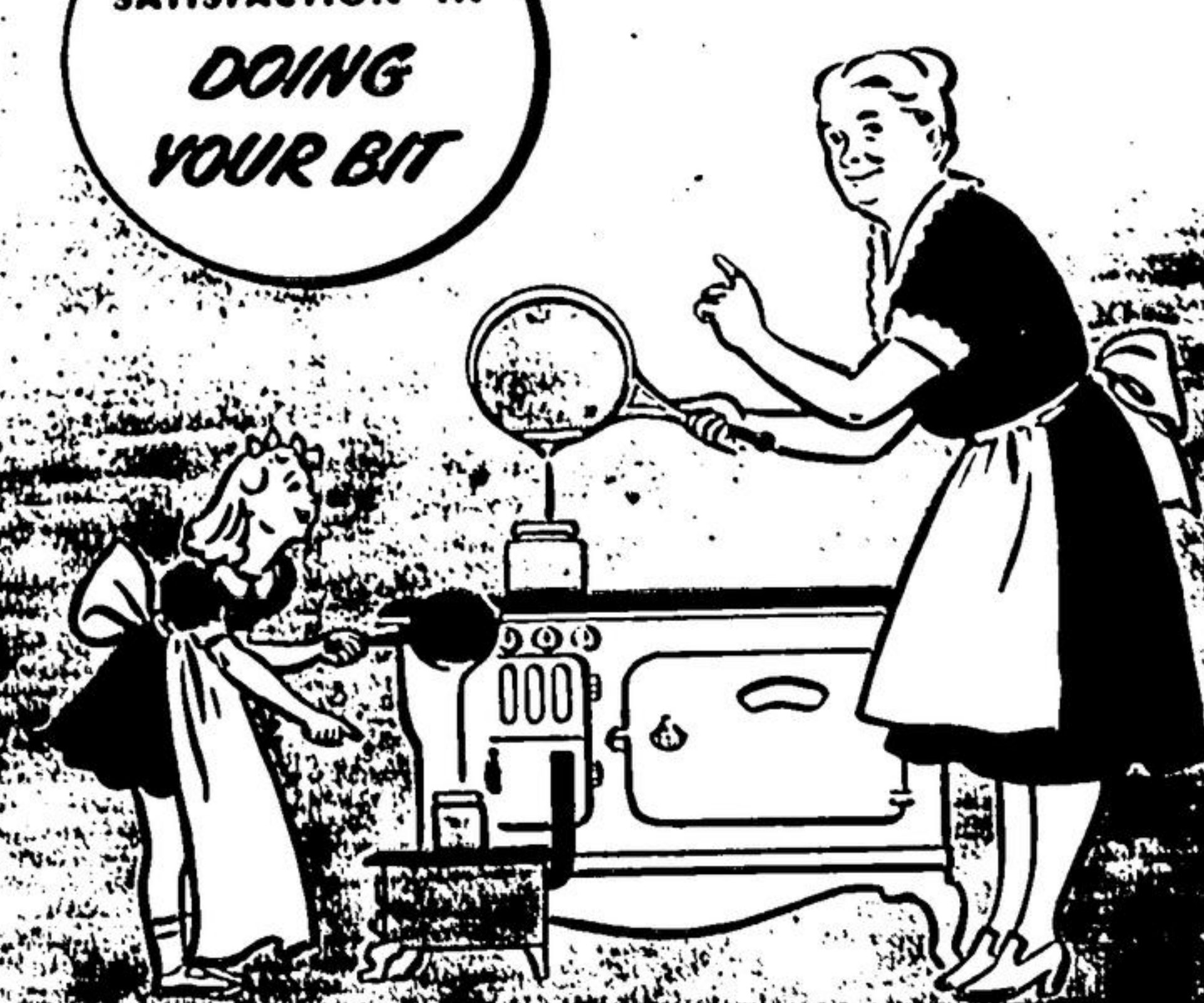
Every bit of waste paper is saved by the employees of the National System to go into bales like these. Last year more than a million pounds were reclaimed, enough to make 592,593 Red Cross cartons.

Since 1939 the CNR Motive Power department has reconditioned 85 freight engines which ordinarily would have been replaced by new locomotives. They are all giving valuable service today. Some of them have served Canada in four wars!



Salvage material from homes of railway men is gathered by members of War Services Association formed by CNR employees in many parts of Canada. They save funds for mobile canteens, ambulances, overalls, parcels, the Red Cross and other war relief.

THERE'S SATISFACTION IN DOING YOUR BIT



Make it a habit to SAVE FATS...

What do you do with your leftover fats? Wash them away? Scrape them into the garbage can? Don't throw them out. If every person in pulp and paper towns across Canada were to save just three ounces of fat a week for the Salvage Committee, enough nitro-glycerine could be manufactured in one year to fire 240,500 shells! Save all the fat you can. Every ounce is your personal calling card on Hitler!

THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA
ONE OUR LIFE BUILDING MONTREAL



As a Royal Canadian Navy ship-of-war sails away from the dock, officers of the Army and the Navy stand at the helm. Here is symbolized the co-operation between two services which enables swift movement of military forces on Canada's coastlines to shore positions, inaccessible by other means of transportation. Between all three of the armed services there is a high degree of co-ordination in defence, combining in a never-faltering vigil prepared to meet the enemy from any angle of approach to Canada. —R. O. N. Photo