

# News Editor Sees Scots At Camp, Work and Play

## Medical Demonstration A Triumph of Realism

By Yvonne Marley

Niagara-on-the-Lake for most of the year is a quiet vacation town that sits on Lake Ontario's south western shore, steeped in history and minding its own business almost to the point of being the so-called Golden Horseshoe's forgotten community. That's for most of the year. In mid-summer it's a bustling centre of uniformed military personnel attending the Department of National Defence camp which for some thirty days wears the hyphenated moniker. This year's transformation started last on June 30 when the first four militia groups in-

final week and when these khaki-clad experts in the art of repelling attacks drop their roles as defenders and throw wide their tent flaps as hosts, there are none better. We were accompanied by Brampton photographer Gord Robinson who handles the Lorne Scots' shutter-bugging, and arrived about two hours late for the planned tour, but luckily just in time for lunch in the officers' mess of all things. The first Georgetown man we encountered was Capt. Maurice McLean and it was Moe who accompanied us to the camp for pleasant first hour of steak and introductions. The fact that we were tardy in checking in at the main gate garnered us other benefits, instead of joining the main body of press reps, we became the personal guests of Major Gord Leonard of Brampton and a former Georgetownian, Lieut.

Mike O'Brien, now of Toronto, and as soon as the last spoonful of the traditional desert of prunes and pears had passed the back teeth we were away to make up lost time. We stopped briefly on the way to greet Capt. Earl Lince who had just arrived from instruction duty only to find a free afternoon on his hands since the lecture had been cancelled. The afternoon was a tossed salad of war operations, a blur of the many phases of training and points of particular interest that we had heard about from the senior officers. Flipping the mental pictures back we had these recollections the sharpest. The canvas metropolises where the part time soldiers absorbed the short course in Range Safety, First Aid, Radiation Monitoring, A Senior NEO's course and the operation of the C22 radio set. A camp kitchen when scurrying cooks had started preparing the next repast on portable stoves, fascinating because of their logical simplicity. Three machine gun crews getting the verbal whop from WO Egan as they assembled their weapons, fired, disassembled, and made their cat like advance to a forward position. A motor crew to which we personally gave an "A" for check a point with Lieut. Dave Arnold or an officer of the find them. A booby trap team to which we personally gave a "D" because we walked like Sunday picnicers right across their practice area without being blown to valhalla. A heavy artillery crew sponging in the do's and don'ts of bringing the heavy equipment while escaping the scorching mid-afternoon sun in the shade of a maple grove. Eleven battle scarred Sherman tanks getting physicals from the mechanics after a gruelling exercise in a mud sea that on dry days is the army's tank range. Rokies on the rifle range resting their Belgian carbines and fixing gazes on the distant targets while the range officer dressed down their over anxious buddy for putting a hole through the distant disc before he had given the order to "Fire." The nauseating realism of play of might for the eight blood soaked actors waiting under the weight of beams and other debris while medical,

corpemen, fresh from the lecture tent, hurried to the scene with stretchers. The laymen is at once held by, and repelled by the medical demonstration which indelibly itself more on our memory than anything else. The phoney injured were carefully wedged in strategic places under a collapsed shack which the EMO boy used at one time to practice their rescue training, but which the Med Corps had inherited for these gory enactments, so—substantive that some hard nosed warriors had to turn away. The tanks, of course, are always worth extra inspection and we lingered around a big second world war bruiser as long as our flexible schedule would allow. The exercise over muddy terrain the day before had the Sherman's breathing heavy, and the army mechanics were climbing around the five Chrysler motors that powers one of the vehicles all the while we probed the iron veteran. At the opposite end of the Department of National Defence property is Old Fort George where Col. Ted Conover and some other Lorne Scots officers were watching the re-weaponing, the changing of the guard ceremony scheduled for that evening, stopping the procedure every once in a while to personally check a point with Lieut. Dave Arnold or an officer of the find them. Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders who made up the old guard. A quick tour of the museum inside the fort and it was back to camp where we encountered some more familiar faces. Sgt. Bill Collier in QM Stores, and in the Orderly tent, Sgt. Bill Wilson who not too many weeks ago was striding across the infield at Georgetown Park to invite the inspecting officers to review the High School Cadets under his command. One hour after supper we had taken up a position atop an outdoor staircase back inside the fort and were scanning the wall of angry black clouds that threatened to dump its dams and fixings on the colourful old and new guards who had just lined up facing each other in the middle of the parade ground. And apparently anxious to throw in his own dash of play of might for the eight visiting American officers, allowed only the first few barks of commands before unleash-

ing a barrage of rain and hail that completely routed the two platoons of Argyles and Lorne Scots in full dress. We sprinted to join the fast retreating militia flattening ourselves against the wall of one of the ammunition houses only to be rudely and very damply reminded that they didn't include saveloughs in their building plans in those historic days. A rainbow signalled a wholesale charge for the parking lot, and as far as we were concerned the official part of our tour had ended. At the officers' mess a buffet awaited the saturated COs and their guests, and the disappointment of the abrupt cancellation was forgotten as the hosts re-set themselves the job of entertaining. The Lorne Scots Pipe Band and later the Lincoln Welland Military Band serenaded the party from outside, then in single file stomped into the tent, lowered their hair and topped the volough. If you haven't heard an ensemble of trombones, clarinets, cornets, two bass drums and snare drums swinging out with "When the Saints Go Marching In" two feet from your nose, brother you haven't lived. STEWARTTOWN

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD  
Thursday, August 9th, 1962  
PAGE 8

Bay and Sudbury during this past week.

Mr. John Y. Armstrong of Georgetown was in charge of the 7:30 evening service in St. John's Church Sunday evening. Next Sunday morning service will be in charge of Mr. J. Walters of Milton at the regular time of 9:30.

STEWARTTOWN

### Wrong... Building Stayed in Village

An item in last week's Herald, concerning the building located on the Jack Tracey property previously used for council meetings stated the building was moved some years ago, and is now part of the Beaver Lumber property in town. This we believe to be a mistake, as the late Mr. Joseph Sanford purchased the building about 1925 and moved it to its present site, where he and his son Eddie opened a store, in connection with his plumbing and tinmith business. Later they built an additional shop on the south side of the main building. After Eddie's death in December, 1950, Mr. Sanford carried on for a few months then sold the business to Robert McDonaid, who for a short time carried on with the store, but later converted the original building into living quarters, where he at present lives with his wife and family, and he has built a new shop on the north side for his plumbing and heating business.

Donald Calder, of Peterborough visited with the Denmore family this past week and on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Denmore and boys and Miss Hettie Lawson of Georgetown, motored to Peterborough to visit the Calder family, Miss Lawson remaining for a holiday. Mrs. Arthur Vass and Dennis of Peterborough visited with Mrs. J. C. Murray during the week, Mrs. Murray returning with them to Peterborough on Thursday. Happy birthday to Lynda Walker who celebrates her 14th birthday on Saturday, August 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Wilson, Ruth and Philip motored to Detroit for the holiday weekend, to visit Mrs. Wilson's brother, Mr. Norris Marr. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Atkinson who celebrated their 48th wedding anniversary on Sunday, August 5th. Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Atkinson and Ruth visited friends in Collingwood on Sunday. Barry Hunter is holidaying with friends in Owen Sound this week. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lawson, Lynda and Paul, have returned home from holidaying at Port Elgin, Owen Sound and Allanwood Beach on Georgian Bay. Mrs. J. Stewart and daughters Donna and Wendy enjoyed a motor trip north to North

### Loretta Look-Alike Picture is on TV

Miss Ruth Atkinson's picture appeared twice on Channel 11 recently, when her aunt, sent a photo of her to enter a contest for girls resembling Loretta Young. There were over one hundred entries, and Ruth was among the last four chosen, the final winner being from British Columbia. Ruth received a personal letter from Loretta Young, and is proud to have it in her possession.

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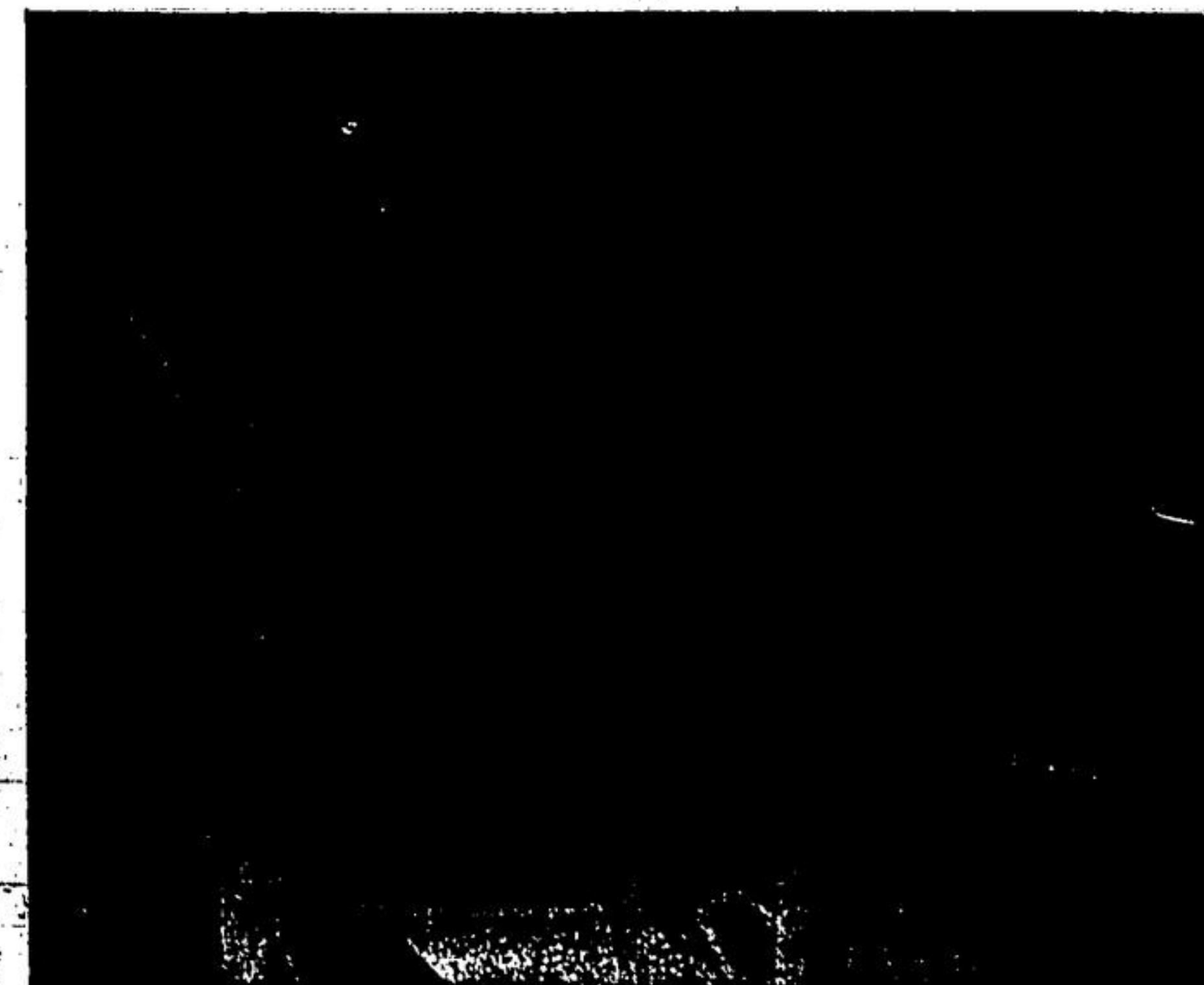
### TANKS FOR THE MEMORY

BY MIKE O'BRIEN looks over one of the Sherman tanks that saw action during the second World War.



### WHO PULLS THE TRIGGER?

FORMER GEORGETOWNER, Cpl. Critchlow (right) and gun crew go over the fundamentals under the hot July sun.



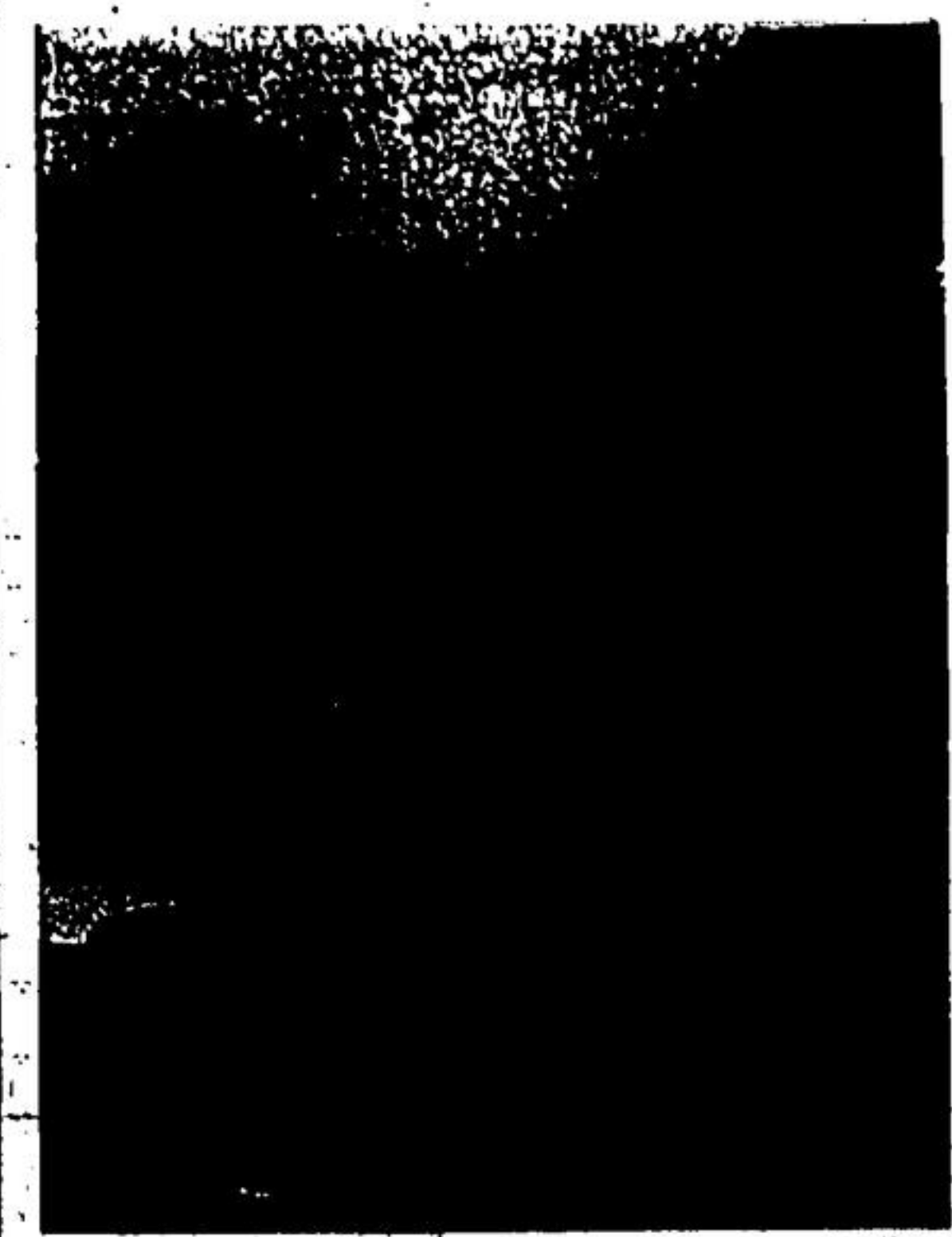
### CHAPS AND THEIR MAPS

CAPT. MAURICE McLEAN and Major Earl Lince, Georgetown, Lt. Dave Arnold, Brampton, put their heads together over a contour map.



### ORDERLY DUTY

SGT. BILL WILSON, Georgetown, and Cpl. Harrison of Brampton, dive into paper work in the Battalion Orderly Room.



### JUST A LITTLE TO THE LEFT

Q/M SOY. BILL COLLIER, checks Pvt. John Prestay's equipment outside stores.

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