

CONSERVATION DAM IMMENSE STRUCTURE

2100 Feet Long, 385 Wide and 75 Feet to Roadway.

Now that the dam is almost completed and its final shape can be seen by any visitor who looks at it either from down stream or from upstream, many questions are being asked about the size of the structure.

The total length of the dam is almost exactly 2100 feet. That does not include the road approaches at either end, which run it well over half a mile in length.

The width of the dam at the widest part is almost 400 feet. The concrete walls on each side of the centre section (the spillway) are about 385 feet in length and about 75 feet in height.

The slope on the downstream face of the dam is considerably steeper than on the upstream side, 2 to 1 on the downstream side and 3 to 1 on the side where the lake will be.

The river bed on the downstream edge of the dam is 1325 feet above sea level, on the upstream side 1326 feet. The foundation, of concrete, goes down as much as 12 feet into the rock in places.

Parts of the dam will be higher than that, of course. Two small control houses of concrete will be situated on the tops of the wing-walls. Forty feet or so above the bridge level will be the steelwork which will play a part in opening and closing the big steel gates.

An any visitor can see, it is a huge and imposing structure. The parts still to be added will make it more interesting — the valve houses, the gates, the control houses and the bridge.

—Fergus News-Record.

Reminiscences of Army Life

By "Steelback"

CHAPTER 5

Duties, Recreation and Social Status

Guards, picquets, patrols, fatigues and parades were the duties to be done daily, and hourly, but there was nothing in these very noticeable unless it would be their extreme monotony, but they were very necessary. His duties increased, or diminished, according to circumstances.

His recreations were simple. If he was the sentimental kind he walked out with his girl. If he hadn't a sentimental streak he joined the clique in the canteen. There were cliques in the army.

Once a year regimental sports were held. Cricket and football clubs were available. He walked out occasionally. For this he had to be properly dressed. He was not allowed to smoke in the streets.

He had no pockets in his clothing, except a little place in the band of his pants, a similar one in his Sunday coat (Tunic). This was just big enough for the insertion of his thumb and forefinger.

However, the pockets were quite adequate to accommodate his spare cash. His handkerchief he carried up his sleeve.

Social Status

A soldier had no social status. Hotel proprietors would not allow a private soldier on their premises. Sergeants, who were considered somebody in those days, were debarred from entering the dress circle of theatres. The writer has experienced this. Very humiliating, especially so when his girl is present.

Red herring was the usual salutation from the street urchin to a soldier walking out. The sight of a drunken soldier in the street was not a frequent occurrence, and probably owing to this caused more excitement in those days than a bank holdup does today. A soldier had no vote. It was not until 1893 that they gave him the franchise.

It was from this class that the ranks of the non-commissioned officers were filled, but a certificate had to be obtained—second class for promotion to sergeant, third class for corporal. Some men had no ambition and were satisfied to remain in the ranks but they had to attend school which, I may add, had not been available very long before that time.

Recruits had to learn the multiplication table up to six, and if they could convince the schoolmaster that two and two made four they were given a fourth class certificate and their educational career was ended.

Daily Routine

The daily routine in a regimental depot is much the same. The "Rouse" is sounded at six a.m. This is the signal to get out of bed, and is emphasized by the Depot Orderly Sergeant coming into the room and shouting "Show a leg there." Strange as it may seem Tommy displays quite a lot of affection for his straw bed, seeming reluctant to leave it.

No help for it, out he has to come, and the first thing to do is to partly dress. He then pulls out the cot, cleans the floor underneath and pushes the cot back again.

Cleans his boots, wash, dress and out on parade. The fall in is sounded. The recruits are inspected by their orderly sergeants. They report to the sergeant major present or otherwise. Next command — form fours right-double march. Round the barrack square about four times. Halt. Fall out. Then the sumptuous breakfast of bread and tea. If a more elaborate meal is desired — Slingers.

After breakfast the barrack room is thoroughly cleaned. The men are told off to the various duties that have to be done. No let up. Day after day, cleanliness and orderliness is drilled into them in a practical way so that it becomes a part of their nature, and becomes very noticeable when they have returned to civil life again. I can vouch for this myself.

In March 1937 I was talking to a minister of a church in Toronto and after a time he said "You've been in the army haven't you?" Yes, I replied, for about 25 years.

I thought so, he replied. It's a grand profession, he said. At 9 a.m. out on parade again. At this parade, after inspection, the recruits are told off to various squads where they will be taught how to stand to attention. To stand

at ease. To salute. To do turnings. To march in slow, quick and double time. Each squad having its own instructor.

CHAPTER 6

Instructors

A word or two about instructors. The non-commissioned officers who are responsible for the training of recruits, should be men who can control themselves. Recruits are very trying. This is easily understood if it is remembered that they are gathered from all walks of life, the majority of them having little or no education—not fools by any means, but slow to grasp the detail of the movement in which they are being instructed. In this case, any N.C. officer who is burdened with a hasty temper, and in addition has no tact, should not be an instructor. In fact I am of opinion, that a tactless man should not be given authority over others at any time, or in any place.

Lack of control and tact in the instructor engenders ill-feeling and indifference in the recruit. This is bad for both. Personally, I have found that kindness and consideration, with the requisite amount of firmness, mingled with patience and tact, are the best assets for the instructor to possess. He is the one who will get the cheery—Good morning Sergeant—or good night Sergeant. He is the one to whom a young fellow will go for advice, knowing that he will get it, and not get laughed at for asking.

Familiarity was not allowed, or permitted, in my day. Recruits were not coddled. If reasonable tactics proved ineffective the guard room was the place for him, and the following morning the commanding officer would give the recruit a lecture, with probably some extra drills as a punishment. I have not seen many N.C.O.'s who had forgotten that they themselves were human.

There are, of course, exceptions. Harshness, and high-handedness is not, as a rule, condoned by the officers. There are some officers and N.C.O.'s who think it is fine to be considered hardboiled, but is it. I should say that it is an unenviable reputation to have—it is certainly a risky one. Some men who have suffered through hardboiled tactics have long memories, and time, that so called great healer, has no effect in this case. The man's grievances, as the days go by, are magnified, and should opportunity offer, which it sometimes does, the score gets evened up.

No officer, or N.C.O. who is worth while is hard boiled. Lord Roberts, General Gordon, Buller, Haig, and others that I could name, but these will suffice, were they hardboiled? Not at all. They were officers, gentlemen, and soldiers. Well, I must get on parade.

At 11 a.m. parade the depot officers are present. At 2 p.m., the same routine as at 11 a.m., but without the officers. This is the program for the first five days of the week. Saturday is devoted to general clearing up. Sunday at 11 a.m. Divine Service.

The recruit, in progressive stages, arrives at the first squad. During his progress he learns that the first duty of a soldier is obedience. Woe betide him if he fails to grasp the significance of the word. Endless trouble is his until he does, but as a rule, he soon learns.

After arriving at the first squad the recruits learn the duties of sentries on guard duty. Picquets, patrols, outposts, and do supernumerary guards. A month at this and the recruit is considered efficient, and he is told that he will go with the next draft to join the Home battalion.

A Soldier's Life Not Alluring There was nothing very alluring about a soldier's life to induce a youth, in those far off days, to enlist. It may have been the uniform. It may have been the desire to travel. In lots of instances it was a case of necessity. However, there were those, plenty of them, endowed with the spirit of adventure. What a blessing to the British Empire this spirit of adventure has proved to be on many a critical occasion.

There appeared to be no trouble in the 80's to get recruits to keep the army up to strength, and most of the recruits came from the working classes, but it doesn't matter from whence they came, education or no education, they have proved, time after time, that they are Britons through and through, and with the help of the British Navy we are still here.

Leaving the Depot The time has arrived for us to leave the depot and proceed to Ireland to join the 1st Battalion. Those

recruits that lived within a day's journey are granted a few days leave for the purpose of saying goodbye to their relatives and friends. At last the day arrives. We fall in according to instructions, are carefully inspected.

A little fatherly advice is given us by the adjutant, who wishes us the best of luck.

We are called to attention. Form fours—right. Left wheel—quick march. Headed by the depot band, we march out of barracks.

Goodbyes are said as we go along to the station. A kiss. A handclasp. A tear. A promise. The incident is closed. If Jack has a wife in every port he is ably seconded by Tommy in every town.

That is as it should be between the sister services. Honours are even.

Ah well. Those memories. We close our eyes and we can see it all over again.

There is a train waiting for us. We board it. A few more kisses. A few more tears. A few more promises.

The whistle blows its warning. The guard of the train gets all clear. We are off. Off to the unknown, none knowing whether they will ever return. Some perhaps, not caring.

Goodbye the Depot. END OF PART ONE

FUMIGATION

Directions in government bulletin with reference to fumigation with sulphur are as follows: First make the rooms as nearly air-tight as possible, open all closets and boxes, and turn out bedding so that the fumes may penetrate everywhere. Place a tub of water in the room with a basin or earthen vessel set on a brick in the centre to safeguard against fire. Place live coals in the vessel, and put on these 2 pounds of sulphur to every 1,000 cubic feet of space. Keep doors closed for six or eight hours or longer. This process can be repeated, if necessary. Furniture and other effects can be placed in room undergoing fumigation. Sulphur fumes will tarnish gilt whether on wallpaper or frames; also silver and gold.

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