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The Perthonian



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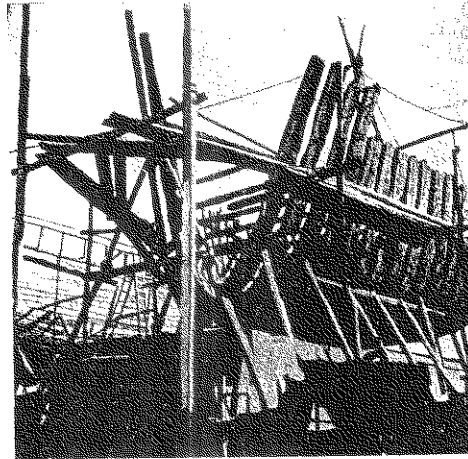
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AUGUST 1945

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PERTH REGIMENT 1939-1945

The Perth Regiment was mobilized for active service on 4th Sept., 1939. Elementary training was carried on in the home city of Stratford at Perth Barracks. In May 1940 the Unit moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake where strong guards were mounted on the Queenston and Niagara Falls power plants, and subsidiary buildings. On the 24th day of July 1940 the Regiment moved to Camp Borden to continue its elementary training. Having been formed as a Corps Machine Gun Battalion, training proceeded along these lines. In Nov. 1940 the Regiment moved to winter quarters in Hamilton, Ontario, and in the following spring, returned to Camp Borden for further training.

On 3rd of Oct. 1941, the Regiment left Camp Borden for overseas, arriving in Liverpool on

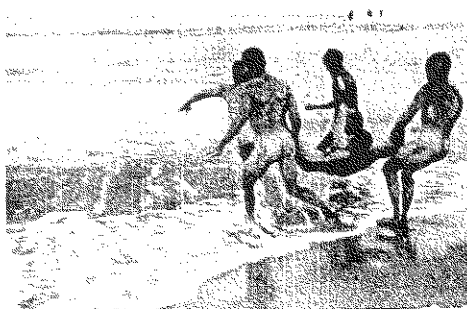


Primitive ship building being traditionally carried on by natives of the beautifully situated city of Salerno in Italy.

17th Oct. 1941, and proceeded to Quarters at Chilton Foliat in Berkshire. In England began a long intensive period of training, with the Regiment moving about the country from one place to another.

Then came the big day when the Regiment embarked for Northern Ireland, so we were told. In Reality, and we found out later, we were on our way to Italy. On Nov. 8th, 1943, we landed at Naples after an eventful voyage, and proceeded to a small village near Naples, where we remained for about ten days. Here we received some ancient and honourable vehicles and equipment that had seen service with the English 7th Armid Div from El Ajamain through the North African campaign. Then came the long trek across Italy to the 8th Army front bordering the Adriatic. After Christmas, preparations were made for our move to the battlefield a short distance north of Ortona. On 17th Jan. 1944, The Perth Regiment saw its first action at the Battle of The Arielli River. On the night of 17th-18th Jan. 1944, after a day long battle against great odds, the Regiment was withdrawn to an area near Lanciano, and from there, took up a sector of the winter line opposite Orsogna. Then came the bitter, weary weeks of winter.

contd. page 3



A short pause called for momentary gaiety, and then on into the Hitler Line. Here are some of the boys enjoying a dip in the sea just prior to the battle.

EDITORIAL



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Pte. W. H. Thomas	D. Coy
L-Cpl. T. J. Dingillo	Sp. Coy
Sgt. J. Landriault	H.Q. Coy

THE PERTHONIAN is a weekly newspaper compiled and published by members of the Perth Regt. C. A. O. through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. M. C. Andrew.

THE LONG ROAD

In reading this issue's main article, we begin to realize just how long the road is that we, The Perths, have travelled. It has indeed, been a long road and a tough road. We have known gaiety, sorrow, intense fear and even death. The full meaning of Churchill's memorable words, „blood, sweat and tears“ became reality and not just the necessary propaganda for selling war bonds. The definition of war proved more than colorful parades, military music and snappy uniforms. If you were disillusioned, you have no reason to repent for you were not alone. there were many others in exactly the same boat. But regardless of how reliable your „beef“ may have been, you never really did give up the ghost. And looking back, I believe you can blame it on „esprit-de-corps“, the thought in your mind that Joe, who was fighting alongside of you would not let you down. You expected the same from the platoon, the company, the Regiment, the Brigade and so on who were in the same scrap as you were. It has been this good fellowship that has made The Perth Regiment second to none in the Canadian Army. It has been a long road and there are still many miles to go before the end is in sight. Therefore let us not lose what we have taken so long to attain, let us carry on with the same „esprit-de-corps“ that we knew on the fields of battle. Wear your Perth „flash“ with pride, whether you be a new-comer or an old campaigner. It has been a long road and a tough road and it is up to you how smooth those last few miles are going to be.

“Duffy”

This week's front page is devoted to a short history of The Perth Regiment since September of 1939. Of necessity, this is very brief and much detail has been omitted. The other evening I was reading over the early history of our Regiment as compiled by Major E. C. Shelley. The official history dates back to 1855 when we were known as „The Stratford Rifle Company“. It was the custom in those days to hold a muster parade and general get-together of the volunteers on the Queen's Birthday, the 24th of May. The following are two extracts taken from the Regimental History on how the rank and file celebrated the 24th of May in the early days.

1, May 24th 1855. — The Stratford Rifle's Band took part in the celebrations at Stratford in honour of the Queen's Birthday. A cannon, forged at Mr. A. B. Orr's foundry, signalled the dawn of the eventful day. The cannon was fired nearly all day until it finally exploded. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

2, May 24th 1856. — The Queen's Birthday was celebrated as usual but with perhaps a little less spirit than last year. The Militia Muster threw the damper on the whole affair, as might have been expected. Shortly before noon, Lt. Col. John Corry Wilson Daly appeared on horseback in the neighbourhood of the Courthouse, and after some little time the muster commenced. The rolls having been called, it was found that a considerable number of the men were absent. After a great deal of shouting and issuing of orders, such as, „stand at ease“, (to put the left foot foremost) the unit finally formed „column“ and proceeded to march to the various hotels. We ought to have mentioned however, before marching, three lusty cheers were given for the Queen, three for the Lt. Col. and Officers and lastly, three for themselves. It is hoped by the people of Stratford that when rifles are placed in the hands of these „Dandies“ they will not mistake the trigger for the peg on which they hang their knapsacks.

Major H. A. Snelgrove.

Chief Article

contd. from P. 1

moving from one position to another up and down the line, from Orsogna to Ortona. Relief seemed in sight when on 14th March 1944, the Regiment was withdrawn to reserve. This was only jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The next move was to the Cassino front, back west across Italy again—The Inferno. St. Elia, Mt. Cairo, the dreary trying times holding the line and awaiting relief. At last it came, and then a few weeks of rest and preparation for the coming campaign through the Hitler Line. On 24th

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May 1944. The Regiment began its rapid trek with the 5th Cnd Armd Div through the Hitler Line. The Melfa River was crossed and Ceprano taken on May 27th, 1944. Continuing on the Regiment took Pofi and Arnara on 29th and 30th of May respectively. Then a move back and a welcome rest for a few days before intensive training at Caiazzo.

About the end of July the Division began to move about as part of a deceptive plan preparatory to attacking the Gothic Line. On the night of 31st Aug. 1944, the 11th Bde was committed, and the crossing of the Foglia River to Hill 111, together with the capture of Hill 204, and the holding of this feature despite desperate counter attacks, will live in the history of the Regiment as one of its epic battles. It was there that Lt. Col. W. W. Reid won the D.S.O. The Perth Regiment was the first regiment of the Eighth Army to crack the Gothic Line. This was only the beginning. The brigade moved up to the Besanigo feature, inland from Cattolica, and there held a very harassed position, while 5 Corps tried to capture Coriano ridge, the feature dominating our advance northward. The 5th Armd Div was then given the task of capturing Coriano, with 11th Bde making a night attack on the feature. On the night of 13th Sept. 1944 began the classic battle of Coriano. The Perths were the first regiment on their objective, and despite counter attacks by enemy tanks and infantry, the position was held. Pure guts of the PIAT gunners drove off the enemy tanks which retreated from the feature.

Another period of rest, and then the advance to the Rubicon, where the Regiment suffered severe casualties from intensive enemy shelling.

More rest, and then the advance began on 1st Dec. 1944 to cut off the enemy holding Highway 16, north of Ravenna, the 11th Bde was given the task of cutting the highway just south of Mezzano. On 5th Dec. 1944 in a lightning dash that outguessed the enemy, The Perth Regiment cut the highway, and captured one of the important bridges intact. On 6th Dec. 1944 dozens of prisoners fell to patrols, in mopping up operations. The campaign was now going "All out". Another river, The Lamone, lay ahead, but on the night of 10th Dec. 1944, the Perth Regiment crossed the river and secured the town of Borghia Villa Nova. Difficult fighting was encountered, as the enemy was strongly positioned along the highway north of the town, and the intersecting Fossas-Vetro and Vecchio. Again The Perths were completely successful. Another river to cross, the Munio — small in itself, but of great importance to the enemy because it formed the outer defence of the Senio River Line. On the night of 20th Dec. 1944, The Regiment began its attack on the Munio. Here it met the famous Kesselring Machine-gun Battalion. The crossing was made against tremendous odds — one company was successful, and despite open flanks due to failure on right and left, it held on against tremendous counter attacks. The remainder of the Regiment, and all available support of the Division fought with great deter-

mination to keep the company secure. Major Robert Cole won the D.S.O. in this engagement. By evening of the following day Kesselring's pride withdrew to the line of the Senio, and the Regiment advanced to the very dyke of that river, cleared the bank, and sat down to the task of holding it, while the rest of the formation conformed. Christmas dinner was excellent, but had to be served in grim surroundings. However, shortly afterwards, the Regiment withdrew for a much needed and deserved rest to Ravenna. Seven wonderful days and then back to it again. This time the Division was to clear the Senio north and east of Mezzano, the territory to include the Comacchio Peninsula. On the 4th Jan. 1945, the Regiment moved to Mezzano, and prepared to attack east between the line of the river Lamone Abandanato and the Senio. Every Company took its objective in lightning thrusts, assisted by tanks and S.P's. Cooperation of all arms was excellent, and our task completed in record time. Two companies were then detached for the Comacchio Peninsula show, and came under command of an armoured unit. The battle was a complete success and the companies rejoined the Regiment a few days later. For several days the task was digging in and preparing a winter line; then the famous relief by an Italian Bde, which fortunately resulted in no losses to the Regiment. The Regiment retired to Cattolica, where the old rumor campaign began. Speculations as to our next move were on everyone's tongue. The trek across Italy began 15th Feb. 1945, and we eventually arrived at Leghorn, then Marseilles, Kimmel, Nijmegen, and Elst.

The battle of Neder Rijn began, and we successfully captured positions on the south bank, and the village of Driehl. From Driehl, we occupied Wehl and the tremendous line northward, then rapidly moved to the heights near Ede, and occupied Lunteren. The 5th Armd Div was now on the roll again. We dashed across and occupied Hardevijk on the Zuider Zee, a few days rest, and then we moved again across North Holland to relieve a unit of the 3rd Div in the area of Loppersum, and occupied Spijk, Bierum, and Godlinze. The task then given the Regiment was to clear the outer defence of Delfzijl, a tremendous undertaking against strongly fortified positions, manned by some 2700 enemy troops, and strongly supported by naval guns set up in concrete positions. With little artillery support available, the Regiment attacked and captured the towns of Holweirde and Nansum, taking in its stride the fort on the dyke above the latter town. Upwards of 800 prisoners were captured, and the outer defences broken, allowing another unit to complete the capture of the port of Delfzijl. The end of fighting had arrived, and it became evident in the minds of everyone that the great enemy was on the verge of collapsing.

It has been a long and tough experience. We think and discuss now, with diversity of opinion, what has gone before us in the past six years, but we will all agree that through the Supreme Sacrifice of our comrades in the battles so briefly outlined above, this Regiment has won a place of Honour in Military annals.



Real high class softball was witnessed last Friday evening in our game against "The Bombers" at Leeuwarden. Anyone who missed this game sure lost a bet in seeing a good thing. Perth supporters turned out in great strength, and for a short time were quite firmly convinced that a win would come out of the bag for our boys. The first two innings saw the team out on the long end of a 4-2 score. From then on however, things went from bad to worse. The wet and slippery field proved more of a handicap than our boys could manage and there were errors aplenty. The hard hitting "Bombers" ahead and The Perths were seemingly only forged throwing the balls back to them so they could pop them again. Joe Natjuary hurled his heart out but to no avail, our lads failed him miserably. "The Bombers" even admitted that Joe is the best pitcher they have ever been up against, and that is really something coming from that well polished softball club. Tubby played his consistently good game behind the plate but even his spark-plug chatter failed to pull our lads out of the doldrums in which they were in. It was a great game and the boys sure do deserve a good deal of credit for turning in such a fair display under such conditions.

On Sunday last our softball team came out from behind the eight ball and commenced once more playing a better brand of the popular sport. They defeated the Irish Regt. in a hard fought tilt to the close count of 3-2. It was nip and tuck all the way with both teams on their toes. We don't believe one error was made by either team throughout the game.

On Tuesday the lads continued with the same type of ball playing to defeat the 5 CAB aggregation in a one sided affair. It does the old heart good to once again see the team looking like their old selves. The odd drubbing or two never did hurt a team no matter how good they were.

Last Saturday saw a splendid sailing regatta on the waters of Sneeker Meer. The wind was swift and the competition keen. Each entry had as skipper, a Dutchman and a crew of two soldiers.

There were various classes and consequently all boat owners had a chance to display what his craft could do providing his soldier crew knew the ropes in the art of sailing. The first race saw the small mixed class of boat. There were many entries and the participants really displayed some real skill at the handling of their small craft. Then came the mixed class large, the 16 metre, the rainbow, the 22 metre. Interest was

at a pitch and a very large turnout of civilians and soldiers could be seen thoroughly enjoying themselves along the shore line.

The Coy. softball and volleyball schedule is really causing some hot arguments these days. It is good to see the great interest in these games and the sincere competition. Some Coy's have it and some haven't. The results at the end of these games are that everyone has a devil of a lot of fun and a tremendous amount of good exercise. Get out and get in the game gang, it won't kill you and will more than likely do you a world of good.

OFF THE RECORD

C. COY:- We would like to acknowledge the submission of your twenty one year old Dutch friend. His article is sincere and we appreciate the fact, but it is also controversial and is apt to be disputed. It is therefore thought the said article be better, not published.

The Editor.

The boys in Charlie Coy, who entertained their lady-friends at their Mess Hall on Sunday night last, wish to express their gratitude to Staff Reid, the cooks and also the waiter for preparing such a fine and enjoyable evening.

Surkette: "My name is Joe Q. Surrette."

Woods: "What's the Q for?"

Surrette: "Well, when I was born, my father came into the room and after taking one look at me, said to mother: "Mom, let's call it Quits"

Jack: "Please, just one kiss"?

Carbureter: "Ne, ne, sir".

Jack: "Please".

Carbureter: "Ne, ne".

Jack: "For gosh sakes gal, was your mother frightened by a horse?"

Pte. Buck: "He doesn't trust his wife anymore".

Nerch: "How is that?"

Pte. Buck: "One morning he returned to the kitchen of his home and kissed her on the back of the neck. Without turning around she said: "O.K. enought of that, just leave a quart of milk and a pint of cream".

CLUB 61 CALLING

Sgts. MESS :- The "wolves" certainly had a grand opportunity to do lots of howling a week ago Tuesday night at the shin-dig out at the Pavilion. The early portion of the evening was spent sailing, and strange as it seems, all the boats arrived back at the appointed hour, - yes, even the one the R. Q. was commanding. After light refreshments, the remainder of the evening was spent dancing etc.

Charlie certainly had a whale of a time beating off the women who were approaching him with offers to go sailing the following Sunday. To what do you attribute your success Chuck?

"Werewolf" Woodward had his eyes on a certain little blonde, but when questioned as to his intentions, he said he was only trying to promote friendlier relations with the local populace.

By golly, it certainly didn't take "Nifty" long to get in the groove. That is, after a certain S. M. decided to take a short trip to Paris.

The entertainment committee is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent managing of the affair. It was a huge success and was certainly enjoyed by all.

On Friday evening, July 20th, the W. O. s. and Sgts. were privileged to have as their supper guests the following citizens:

Mr. and Mrs. W. Tromp
No. 5 Peperstraat

Mr. and Mrs. Browser
No. 52 Amaliastraat

Mr. and Mrs. J. De Wilde
No. 12 Kerkstraat

Dr. and Mrs. Van Ham
No. 3 Oosterdyk

Mr. M. A. Henstra
No. 22 Leeuwenburg

Sgt. and Mrs. Van Zantwyk
No. 2A Overweg

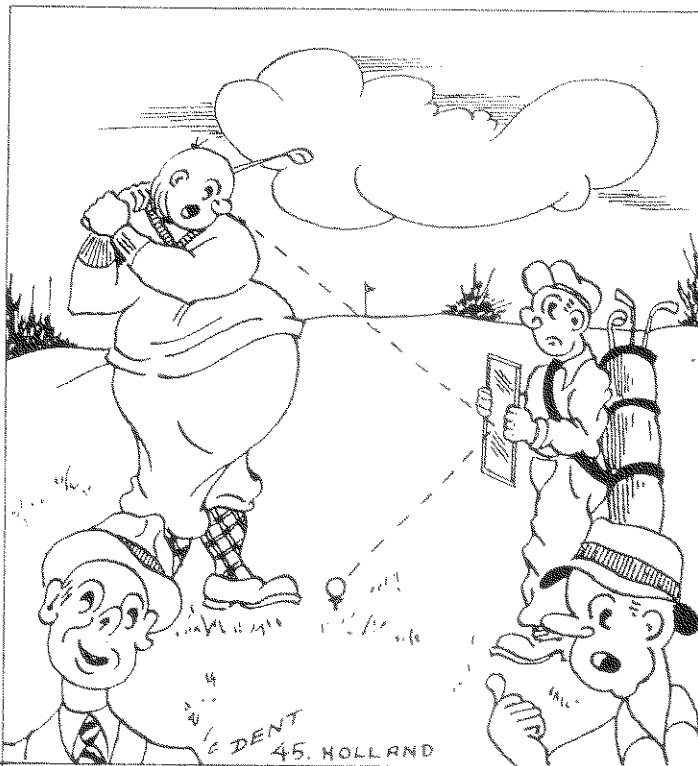
It appears that the family where a certain Sgt. in C. Coy. resides, are wondering how long the night schemes he is on are going to last. Well Bert?

No fellas, you were'nt seeing things - that was realiv "Midnight" you saw at church on Sunday morning.

If anyone is interested in developing a beautiful body, see "Muscles". - you can have a body like his in seven easy lessons.

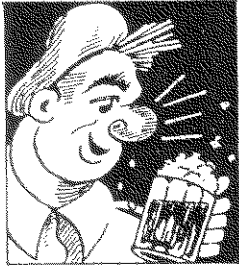
And then there were the two Sgts on Tuesday night who sat and waited for their partners to appear. After waiting several minutes, they started to describe their lady friends to each other. Needless to say, there was quite a laugh when they discovered that both had dated the same gal. To add insult to injurv, the wench never did show up. C'mon fellaas, don't let the gals get away with that sort of stuff.

SPORT GUFF BY DUFF



"Old J. Ps. Game is sure improving, now that he's found a way to keep his eye on the ball".

LET'S SING A SONG OF WOODEN SHOES WHILST FALSTAFF DROWNS HIS REPAT BLUES



Blowing the froth from the reconditioned latrine bucket, that he now uses as a beer stein, Falstaff said, "Wooden shoes, of a truth, are a marvellous contrivance."

There were a lot of the faithful in the Mansion House this night. They always rated Falstaff's approval of anything very highly. Consequently they were feeling a bit guilty about all those wooden shoes they had sent home as souvenirs, thus depriving many little Dutch' kindren' of their snappy sabots.

Wracked by a fit of coughing, Falstaff was unable to continue until several Joes (having refilled his gargantuan mug at their own expense had laved his throat with a litre or two of the liquid amber. He then elucidated thusly—"The prime requisite of footwear is that it should wear well. Is there one among you who will deny that wooden shoes have this quality. Gadzooks! the ones I now wear have worn out a score of pairs of hosen, wrought of the finest silk, in less than a fortnight". — The boys, eyeing the well-worn path from the tavern door

to the table of the Fat One, agreed that, beyond a doubt, wooden shoes wore well.

Referring to the lively trade in 'klompen', Falstaff had this to say, "Here you see a noble and puissant nation at present on it's uppers, making a financial recovery by selling the uppers. What a tribute to human ingenuity! (hic) we find in the picture of all these toiling millions raising themselves by their own boot swaps."

Taking a strog pull at his 'pewter pot' the sage old soak continued, "These many days now the regimental surgeon has been plucking divers assorted splinters from the hindquarters of several of our brethern here assembled. Can it be that the lowly sabot is possessed of lethal powers about which I know nought?"

Those of the tipplers who had been sitting on inflated Mae Wests blushed a delicate pink, testifying to the ability of local papas to pinpoint the shaggy wolves.

Since no more free beers were forthcoming, Falstaff ballooned up out of his pew. With a sigh he flexed his belly muscles and there arose a sound akin to the thunder of surf upon some rock-bound shore. He donned his klompen fashioned of discarded beer casks, and clattered off to a meeting of the C. C. C. S. S. S. S. S.

(Canadesen Certainly Can't —
Swim Send Some Ships Soon.)

UP AND DOWN STATION STREET

A. COY:— It looks as though that elongated 1st baseman from A. Coy, is running a harem these nights. He had no less than seven damsels at his table during the local wrassel the other evening.

Callin' all ranks of A. Coy. Drop around to the Tavern any Monday evening, Davis buys that night.

He was sound asleep, no doubt dreaming about telling all the Sgt. Majors off when he meets them on civvy street. Suddenly his arm commenced to flounder about in the air. Coming out of his dreams he untied the cord from around his wrist and opening the window he beheld Hurst rugging at the opposite end. Like a peel of thunder, Hurst whispered: "Hey, Smale boy, come on down and let me in".

Our local gigolo "Walp", and his girl friend "Gravel Gertie", sure do make a romantic looking couple at the Casino these nights.

Friend Shields, our protage of the dancefloor

is making leaps these days that would awe the renowned Nijinsky.

Martin: "Even after walking fourteen men, they still couldn't win the ball game". A model sportsman, eh what?

Far be it from us to brag, but we will challenge any team to a volleyball game. You name the weapons and the time. We will oblige.

IN THE DOG-HOUSE

D. COY.—Once again things are finally settling down to normal in "D" Coy, orderly room. Dave Dooley after a hard week of work is fast loosing that French accent he developed while in Paris. In fact we can even understand what he is saying now.

"Oh to be a farmer," said some of the boys of "D" Coy. So farmers they became under the direction of one Lieut. Cree of "C" Coy. But alas, they found it was not such a life of leisure, and after three days of it they are all back on parade with much blistered hands and a strong aroma on their clothes.

Those demons of the road, "D" Coy, drivers undertook a new means of transportation one day last week. They all took off an afternoon in the "Dari-Kotah", that fast moving motor launch of the officers. It is understood that no other boat was safe on the lake. Needless to say there were no flat tires.

In answer to "C" Coys, offer to their easy money we are only too glad for the sucker dough. The betting wickets will be open an hour before the game begins. Thank you.

We will be very glad when our own John Derrick returns from leave. Already it is impossible to move around in the company office due to the huge stacks of letters being left there for him by his local flame.

Uniforms must be plentiful when a certain Quarter-Master can afford to go swimming in one when he goes sailing. How's chances of this hard working reporter getting a new suit?

We would like to take this opportunity to hand out bouquets to three members of our Unit Ball team, for there superb playing in the game against the 30th Battery, Namely we mean the pitcher, catcher and third baseman. If you had had a little more support there is no saying how the game would have ended.

CHIT AND CHATTER

B. COY:— The boys in the Coy, are wondering if some of their Cpls. have ever heard the song, "Their Either too Young or too Old". If you happen down Baker Coy, way these days, you will hear wailing and gnashing of teeth! It seems the Stadium Tavern has been replaced by Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe. The Tavern was very handy to the Coy, so we especially shall miss it. However, we are in charge of the Tea Shoppe and if anyone wishes a brew of tea like mother used to make, drop into the new establishment and pay us a visit. Our motto is: "We Serve to Satisfy".

We wish to add our feeling of regret on the departure of Hon. Capt. D. C. Smith M. C. Good luck padre and smooth sailing in the future. The Perth's were recently honoured with a visit from the Acting G. O. C. Rumours have it that he was considering to confiscate some of the many barges to take us home. — Possible, but not probable.

We understand that the "Old Soldier" is again able to sit rather than stand in the Officer's Mess. They say he has totally recovered from last week's riding instructions given to him by Capt. "Wee Willie" Hider.

If anyone is interested in our volleyball team, ask H. Q. Coy, they know. We are willing to take on any and all comers, just contact our sports rep, he will arrange the tilt. We are also very happy with our softball team and the handed H. Q. a few days back.

It is being whispered round about the orderly room that a former beer-baron has taken the pledge. Yep, Cpl. Gale, the former heavy fisted purveyor of the Stadium Beer Jerat has gone hoi-paloy. He now prefers to be known as the "Directeure" of Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe. He has traded his brass knuckles for a stiff shirt front and expects to clean up a fortune at this new profession. All you need is a classy front, needle up the tea a bit with a shot of the old grape, and you'll be turning the suckers away in no time. These are the words of wisdom, uttered by our own Cpl. Gale who is certainly qualified to speak.

WHAT COOK'S WITH DUFF'S BOYS

SP. COY:— I guess he was late the other morning, but who do I see running like a deer to the Sgts. Mess? Sure enough, it was "Limpy Plouffe" and as he neared the entrance door, he rejumped himself kicked his game leg out of gear and limped the rest of the way in.

Is Creaky being a good samaritan in trying to get himself a girl friend? He makes a good waiter anyway.

If anyone is interested in checkers, the self claimed champ, Nadiwan, will take on all comers.

Rosecat is calling a reunion for all the men from Catolica to roll the "bones" some night or any night.

Who is the best C. S. M. in the Regt. and why is he in Support Coy?

Well it looks like "Squire Martin" has made his bundle. We see he is back again to take over his platoon in the Comapny.

What are you trying to do, Jack, impress the C S.M.? We heard Major Snelgrove announce Sgt. Dench as a winner in one of the races at the regatta last week.

Why does a certain storeman share his lunches with a little Dutch gal outside the Mess Hall?

Food sure is a big attraction, even if it is only pully-beef. A noticeable increase of strange faces has taken effect at the local hog-wrassles since food was introduced as a kindly gesture to the tired dancers. Only the other evening I spotted McEacheren, Drier and Dench lounging around with their tongues out, some five minutes before zero hour. I thought I would get to the dance early one night and liberate a table before the pack arrived. What am I hearing as I come in but the orchestra's theme song, "Sweat and Stink Whith Herbie Fink", all I can say is: "Ain't it the truth?"

Entertainment

CASINO DANCELAND

"SMOOTHEST FLOOR IN FRIESLAND"

Dancing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from
1930 hours to 2300 hours
For Cpls., L/Cpls. and Ptes. only
Each night twenty civilian couples are being invited to
attend these dances. — Remember, they are YOUR guests.
Soldiers of the Netherlands are welcome.



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The AVON THEATRE

Showings on Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sat. nights at 2000 hours
Watch the signboards for current presentations
and don't forget to bring a friend.
Netherlands soldiers are also welcome at our movies.



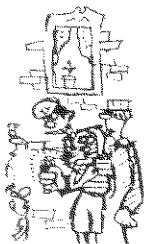
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The CHURCH HALL

Showings on Tues. and Thurs. nights. 500 seats for soldiers
and their guests. — 500 seats for civilians. — Same picture
as being shown at the Avon.

*

Mansion House **Queen's Hotel**
(For privates only.) (For Cpls. and L/Cpls. only.)
Open from 1800 hours to 2100 hours daily.
Iced Belgian Beer.



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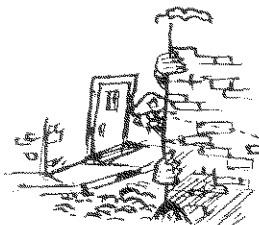
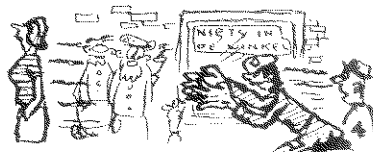
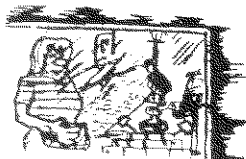
YE OLDE ENGLISH TEA SHOPPE

Open to Cpls. and below from 1500 to 1600 hours and
from 1800—2100 hours daily. Tea and light lunches served.
You may bring one civilian friend to tea.

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Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" is open daily from 1300 hours to 2100 hours
Dry Canteen — Reading Room — Writing Room
For Bucks only



BOEK-EN BIJENDEKREKEN
PLAAT-DRUK.