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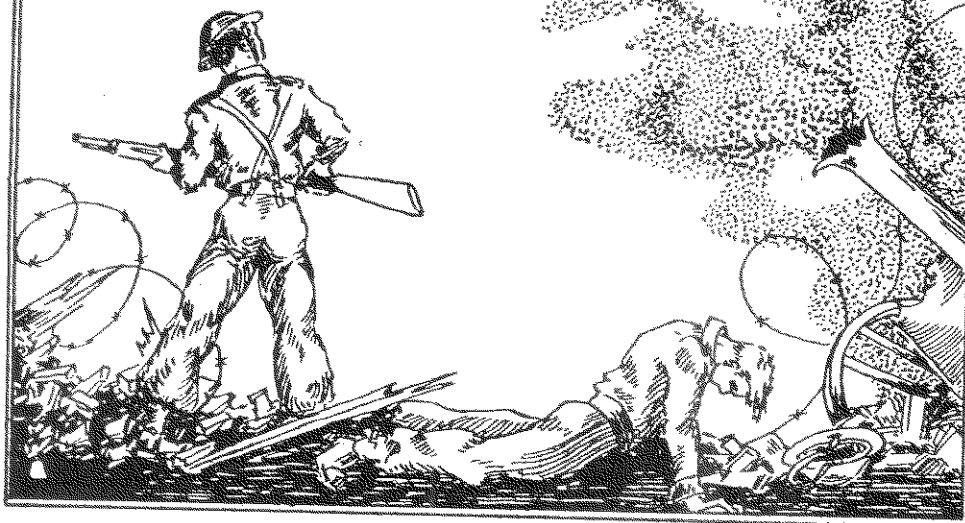
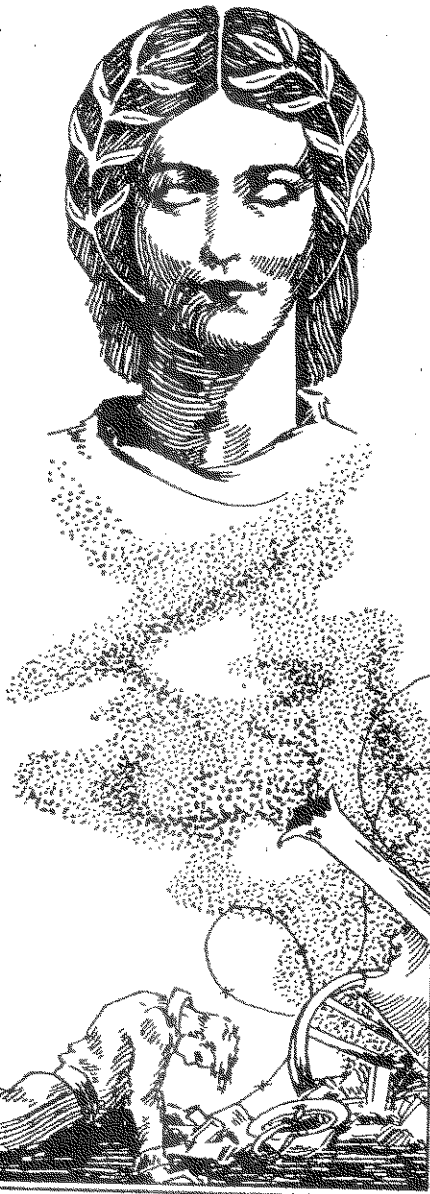
AUGUST 1945

AND NOW- PEACE!

After the last war there was a feeling of release. The effort involved in maintaining a state of war had been suspended and there followed a relapse into peace. To be fair there was a reason for this attitude. As far as people were able to judge by the help of the daily papers and the experiences of the battle field, war was uncomfortable, undemocratic, un-British, un-American and absurd.

The German Emperor, it was true, had been somewhat of a character but his actions and those of the Central Powers had been politically understandable. They had fought for their privileges and for the older and less enlightened ideas and had been defeated by the progressive, scientific and humanitarian democracies. The man in the street, whoever he was supposing he would not be kicked about by any such nonsense again, proceeded to get down to a little serious drinking.

Behind this wall of confidence lurked a suspicion that things could get slightly out of



EDITORIAL



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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. W. Andrew.

EDITORIAL

There is an air of expectancy in the world today. Events of the last ten days will be quoted by every historian of the future who endeavours to trace the cause of changes in the tide of human affairs. The advent of the Steam-Engine which ushered in the industrial age was a gradual process. Yet it caused a tremendous political and social upheaval and completely changed the lives of millions of individuals.

It gave a tremendous impetus to the growth, as great powers, of those countries fortunate enough to be well endowed with coal and iron. With the technological knowledge thus gained, these same powers were able to take advantage of the internal combustion motor and the Age of Electricity. In contrast to the comparatively gradual impact of previous inventions upon our daily life, the advent of the release of atomic energy to our use has come very suddenly. This new advancement by science exploded upon a word, inured to shocks, in much the same way that the first atomic bomb exploded on Hiroshima.

A tremendous responsibility now devolves upon the leaders of the United Nations to ensure for all time that this so-called "secret of the Universe" is not debased and abused by gangster nations to terrorize the rest of the world.

The Allied Nations have now won complete victory over the evil forces which sought to return the world to the Dark Ages, morally and politically. Now in the hour of victory, may wisdom be granted to our leaders to mould the shape of things to come. The world stands at the cross-roads. One way leads to the self-destruction of civilization. The other road is the "Up Route" signed by the graves of millions of Allied Soldiers who preferred death to the rule of the despot.

H. P. H. — Don't forget that the Officers and other high priced help are the men of The Perth Regiment designated to help you. They have had a lot of experience with this old outfit. Go to them with your troubles. If they don't know the answers they'll soon find them. We want to serve every member of The Perth Regiment. Come on with your problems and grouses — we'll do our best.

SALUTING. — This is an old pain in the neck. Get to know your Officers and the R.S.M. **WE ARE ALL SOLDIERS.** We don't raise our hats to each other but as soldiers **WE SALUTE.** It is the salutation of **FREE MEN** who are **SOLDIERS.** For lord sake **LET'S SALUTE EACH OTHER** and avoid embarrassment. We Officers don't want to wave at you — we want to greet you with a **SALUTE** to another member of **THE PERTHS.** Let's try it next time we meet. We don't want to ever invoke again old Section 40 The Army Act "Conduct to the prejudice etc". We hope we have the old book wrapped up in Mothballs till 2050. Then we won't give a damn.

Lt. Col. M. W. ANDREW.

And now - Peace! contd. from P. 1

hand, but economic adjustment, mass education and minding your own business was undoubtedly the answer. With this answer the last generation roared through the twenties and became very depressed in the thirties. Their bank balances were not the only reasons for this depression. A small matter had been forgotten, something which can affect any number of people, even now, — madness.

The National Socialist Chiefs in Berlin, had developed an attitude toward government that would have delighted the earlier wardens of Sing Sing. Once again the apology was made that the Germans had an excellent economic reason for wanting more space and especially more areas possessing industrial and economic value. Looking back to the early thirties it is always a trifle difficult to decide which party was the most insane, — we or they. In the East looking over Europe and America like the renowned Cheshire Cat was Japan but we don't talk about that.

And now there is peace — peace that has come more quickly than we expected. A small part of the energy of an atom of uranium has made it possible. Just as power is concentrated in the atom so also power is concentrated in the individual with a sense of responsibility. Hitler felt responsible for the German people but they did not feel themselves responsible for him, — a slight error on their part and it's getting dangerous to make mistakes.

CHIT AND CHATTER

"BCOY":— Business is flourishing in Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe these days. The addition of two pretty waitresses is a good drawing-card and they're OK. Trust B Coy to think of the feminine touch and we hope everyone enjoys the lunches, You fellows who havent been around to give us your support come on in and give yourselves a real treat.

B Coy welcomes another of her corporals just returned from leave. While he was away there was no shortage of wolves to look after his very special girl friend. However he is still tops with her (the lucky stiff) "Nice going Crookste".

This small paragraph is intended for everyone who attends the shows in Church Hall. It has been noticed that many of the fellows, for some reason or other, decide to go outside in the middle of the show. This is a very poor show. Fellows, for gosh sakes pick up your feet. Stop for one minute and think of the people who are trying to listen to the show. It is hard enough for the Holland people to understand the English even when they can hear it (PS) This is just a suggestion, take it for what its worth.

The B Coys "Nine". That collection of outstanding ballplayers gave Supt. Coy. a real going over in last weeks game. Now that we have all our regular players back from leave all future games will likely have the same results. The volley ball game was won by default which is not the best way to win a game. However in B Coy we think the result would have been the same had the other team put in an appearance.

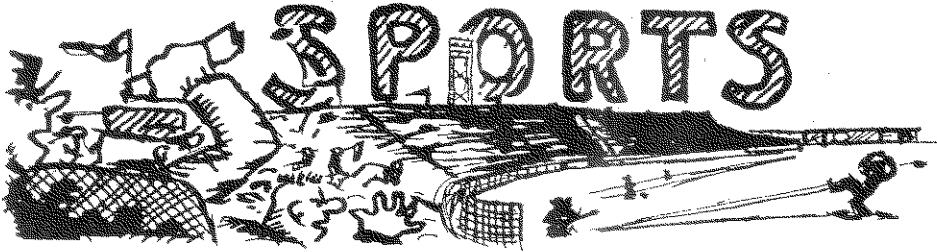
Things are really humming in B Coy these days. C. S. M. Hall has returned after taking over the duties of R.S.M. for the past few weeks. We hear he had quite a soft go and finds it hard to get back into the saddle again.

What is this army coming to these days? Leave chits are sent out to different companies and believe it or not the fellows arent taking advantage of them. With cost of living so low here for soldiers everyone should have piles of money but the fact still remains. — "Plenty of leaves and no one to go on them.

We in B Coy wish to extend congratulations to the staff of "The Perthonian". Many complimentary remarks have been overheard both in this company area and other areas. The civilians enjoy reading it and they also have passed many gratifying remarks.

BOOZY PAIS





BRIGADE BASEBALL CHAMPIONS AGAIN

By L/Cpl Smith, S. E.

In the semi-finals for the Brigade Championship. The Perth met the 1 C.A.B. Work Shops Team and after two hard fought games our fellows came out on top taking it in two straight games by both teams.

In the finals against the Irish the series went the three games when the Irish pulled their first win against the Perth in four years. The first game played on the Irish home grounds was taken easily but only after the fellows had fought them to a stand still. The second game at our field was a close contest. Errors by the Perths enabled the Irish to chop down our early lead and nose out a win in the last two innings. In the third game at Leeuwarden, both teams were right on the bit seemed as though it would be an extra special game. The Perth won the toss and made it their home game. The first two innings were scoreless but The Perth pulled out in front in the third with three runs and added four more before the game ended. Mulligan, Lockington and Moffat were really covering the field and pulled down all the hits that Joe let the Irish have and that was only 7 to our 16. The Irish managed to get a run in and saved their face from a shut-out. Mulligan and Lockington both hit homers in the game. Tubby showed some good stanima when he stayed in the game after receiving a very hard hit in the face while sliding into second base. Joe was right in form and really breezed them past the opposition.

The Div. finals start soon, so come out when notified and give the fellows lots of support.

ABLE BEATS DOG

One of the best ball games of the season was played on Tuesday of this week when "A" Coy did it again by nosing out "D" Coy by the narrow margin of 9 to 8. There was some very smart ball turned in by both teams and homers by the pitcher McCormick with two buddies on base and one by our old reliable Joe Rornbacher turned the tide in our favour. "A" Coy is still in the drivers seat so come on boys keep up the good work and we will see who is the best ball team. The volleyball game wasn't played so they were lucky they didnt get beaten twice.

SOCCER

By L/Cpl Smith, S. E.

The football team is really going places, on Thursday, August 2nd they won their third straight game by the score of five to nothing. The team was a little shaky starting out but when they found that the L.S.C.ers were just humans, Whitey scored from a lovely pass by Flood.

The L.S.C. came back strongly but with Scotty Lang in the net they were held to no score, there were some real close ones though. They hit the post twice and were in their close for some time. The second goal was scored on a penalty kick by Tulloch who burned it into the right hand corner.

In the second half the L.S.C. team played our team very hard and even though they played beautiful football they were unable to find the net. They had four or five very close misses and our fellows feel very lucky that they didn't score on them.

In the second half the most up and coming player on the team, Whitey by name scored more goals, he played a good all around game. Art Hayland also scored and was in there all the time. There was very good passing by Flood and Greerson, Bell and Willis were good in their full back positions. Les Willis wasn't up to his usual form, being hampered by a bad foot.

Another game was played on Saturday evening at Joure and if the boys had played as well in the first half as they did in the second they would have beaten them. As it was the score was only 7 to 5 and it was 7 to 1 in the first half. Our lads are looking forward to a return match and they will be out to take them to the Cleaners.

The team will probably be entering in the Sneek League and also the Brigade League, so anyone wishing to play football give your name into the Sports Office and give the team some support.

OFF THE RECORD

C.COY:— Who were the two Gentlemen seen driving around a certain block in Sneek, "Collaborators Corner" in a fifteen hundred weight, only to find that several of the boys had arrived earlier and were also waiting for the ladies to make a personal appearance.

Speaking of Dutch-Canadian Relationship, what happened to the Band on Monday 5 Aug. 45. What happened boys — run out of cigarettes.

MILITARY MEDAL

B. 144963
 PRIVATE Ray Derrick SAUNDERS
 Perth Regiment

On 31 August 1944, the Perth Regiment had succeeded in consolidating on Feature 111, one of the key positions of the GOTHIC LINE.

At 1000 hours orders were given that "B" Company would lead an attack against Feature 204, a strongly defended position situated NORTH of Feature 111. In the withering fire which was brought down on the leading platoon, the Section Commander was killed and the second-in-command wounded. In spite of the heavy shelling, Private SAUNDERS went forward in an attempt to render first aid to his Section Commander. He then assumed command of the section and led it throughout the attack.

Late that night, after particularly heavy fighting, "B" Company reached its objective. During this attack Private SAUNDERS displayed exceptional courage and leadership in controlling his section. On arrival at the objective, Private SAUNDERS organized the defence of his sector and ensured that his section was ready for any counter attack.

At 0030 hours, 1 September, a determined counter attack was made on the position. In the confused and bitter fighting that followed, Private SAUNDERS and his section put up so fierce a resistance that the enemy was forced to withdraw.

The gallant actions of this soldier were an inspiration to all, and under his leadership the section contributed to the success of the attack.

Any day you wish you may drop in between the hours of 9 and 10 A.M. and you will find a busy bunch of men. The "Short" and "Tall" of it is that Pte. Kavelman is instructing on a course across from "B" Coy. Orderly Room.

The boys are making remarkably short time tearing down the truck which has been set aside for use of instructors, in fact at times if you catch a glimpse of the truck at all, you are lucky.

There are some fifteen men enrolled in this course and by the look of things are wholly interested in it. Good Luck Boys.

The Church Hall has become quite the spot for Dutch people as well as ourselves owing to the smallness of the Avon Theatre. Many of the boys have made the suggestion and wish it could be arranged to have the Hall permanently used as a Theatre because, as they remarked if something isn't done about the Avon, We, will be outside looking in."

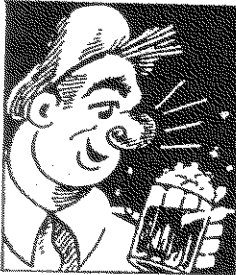
August eighteenth starts the "SNEEK WEEK Sailing Regatta". We have been told by many Dutch people it is a week of holiday. How about it, Sir?

SPORT GUFF BY DUFF



"Steady Joe, it won't be long now."

FALSTAFF'S STAY IN DUNGEON DEEP RECOUNTED HERE, PUTS HIM TO SLEEP



Our old friend Falstaff just returned to his old haunts the other day. He is not so rollypoly now and the prison-pallor becomes him. His sudden exodus into the outer world was tough on his tender nerve-endings so somewhat dejected and dehydrated he sought solace in a short sharp

smash at the Mansion House. Soon he was regaling the boys with tall tales of his wayward youth.

Naturally the tipplers piled him with countless litres of the nut-brown hoping to hear him tell his story of how he came to languish in durance vile these twenty-seven days; since never before has the old soak been in escrow.

After making several short expeditions outside during which time the bulge in his 40-ounce pocket completely disappeared, the Teller of Tall Tales began -- ranting in his usual manner. "From my youth up I have been imbued by the spirit of adventure. I have delved into the folkways of Pygmies and Patagonians and have fought the good fight against paratroops and Piccadilly Commandos but I have met my match and there is no health in me. It all started when I met Stanislaus the Stork. He first put the beak on me at these very portals one night

at closing time. He had a bottle of Cognac under each wing and a Babe in his bill. Giving me the two magnums of liquid mayhem to hold, he dumped his squalling hitch-hiker on the nearest doorstep and said "Lets you and me get tipsy". Now athirst as I was, I had inadvertently consumed the fire-water while his back was turned, and now needs must confess that the Cognac was caput. This made him fly into a rage and he traced my history, from the day I was a babe in swaddling clothes up to the present, using terms which to say the least were uncomplimentary. He pushed me into the canal and a catfish called Clarence clawed me. As I was drifting down past the waterpoort, I bumped against a snarlycraft. The Captain on the blivvy lowered his ropastrack and raised me into the stroboscopic antratroid. But Stanislaus was there and retchly smatched the closter of my holiday and smorly split the faith I have in vasserspoort. His smackly way of tilling up our drinkinbout was posilently too frensatic. I could only gasp a marlinsplasher and drok him right between the flappers. He billed me, twisten snocks on the globber and tworled a megodoscope which splat my fantrum open.

Now gendarmes garish-garbed in blancoed belts sworled stemly me to hoosegow. I woken poorly-poorly saw sun on flagstone floor make gruesome gridiron -- sunlight shining -- iron bars a cage" ----- PLOP!!!!

It took the L.A.D. to get him home. Bad stuff that Cognac!

WHAT COOK'S WITH DUFF'S BOYS

SP. COY:-- Comrade Mahood is in the racket again, if you want to get a hold of a zooty swim suit, "comrade" will fix you up in the latest style.

Thornton has now jumped into the Elite class, since he procured his bike he hardly speaks to anyone. Who had the first flat pal?

We welcome back our official brew man Hock, he hasn't lost his artistic touch in pouring the (it actually is made with tea) brew.

It looks like the boys are starting to get shackled up for the winter. It's possible to have a dance at the local hop without the danger of getting a broken rib. The new band gives out with more romantic music you know, the slow stuff, where you rest your head against her cheek and chew away on her ear if you're hungry.

I have been asked by the boys to compliment the staff in the "Village Tea Shoppe" on the good work they are doing.

"Curly" Williams has rejoined our happy throng once again after being away on a P.T. course. He says it was a tough fight and they soon showed him who was the boss.

IN THE DOG-HOUSE

Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night...

D.COY:-- It all happened this way. Slim and Joe and myself were sitting on the wall by the latrine, minding our own business, when along came Shorty and Rosy. They greeted us with a loud bon jorno, and we gave them a commy stat. We passes a few comments on the senioritas, and then someone asks what are we going to do to-night. Shorty suggests we celebrate, on account of it is his mother-in law's birthday. We all agree that this is as good a reason as any for drowning a tear in beer. I do not mean that we intend to drink beer, because the local beer is such as John Labatt would not use to wash his floors with.

First of all, we examine our resources, which does not take long, because people have been expecting us home and haven't been kicking through like they used to. But we find that we have 55 gliders on hand, including one pack of limeys. So Shorty leads the way to a very good friend of his called Shifty Mike, which is not his real name, but is as close as the English language will come to it. Shifty Mike is a blond Dutchman with glasses. Shorty explains to him

that we would like some gin. Shifty puts his hands in his pockets and says, "Ya, well.... genever, ya. I wat dat well. Fijn genever.", and he shows us very kindly into his workshop, where there are a lot of jugs with labels on them. Shorty being handy with the lingo tells us what the labels say. One is Paint Remover, another is Radiator Fluid, and another is for blowin' up bridges. Shifty Mike opens one jug and lets Rosy sniff it. Slim is right behind him, so Rosy does not strike his head on the pavement. But he is out cold for 5 minutes. He starts to breathe again, and we get a bottle of the gin, and say prego to Mike.

We go to our shack since Ma and Pa are out, and have left the daughter with the neighbours for safe-keeping. We fill some glasses $\frac{3}{4}$ full of water, to keep the bottoms from falling out, and then pour in a few drops of the gin. And so we fight the battles of Ceprano and Coriano and the Lamone for a couple of hours, and then Shorty and Rosy get up to go. It is a good thing Slim is a big fellow and can hold a lot, because it takes him quite a while to get them off the floor. In fact, we find that Slim is the only one who can stand, and this is not good, because Ma and Pa will soon be home, and it is best that we leave the shack in the near future. After a lot of trouble with the chairs and the table, which keep moving around and tripping us, we find that we can all stand up at once if we lean against each other and hold each other up. In this way we begin to navigate down the street, slowing down to let all the canals go by.

Unfortunately, we take one corner too fast,

and Joe, being the outside man, slips and falls on his face. He slides towards a canal, but we sit down and grab hold of him, and we stop him up. This very fine performance on our part calls forth applause from the bystanders, except one blond young native, about five feet fourteen inches high, who lets out a snicker. This is very rude of him, because, as anyone can see, Joe slips because he has hob-nails on his boots.

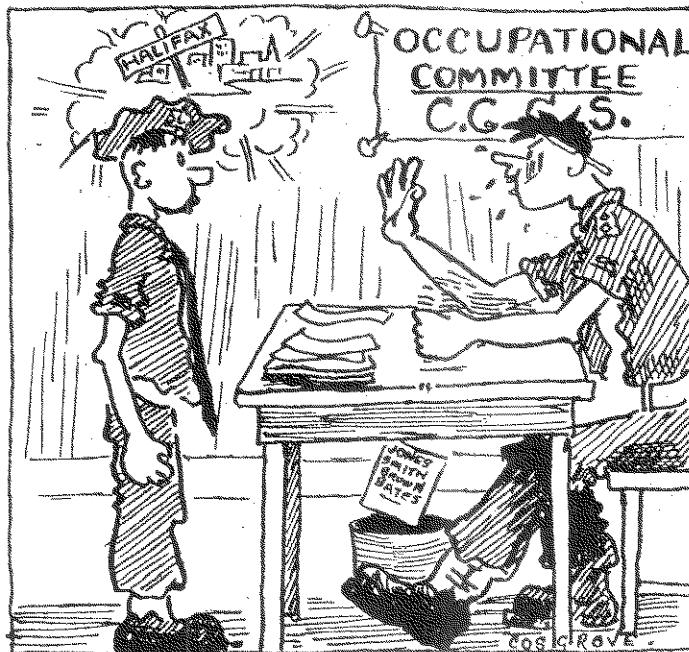
Shorty sticks his chest up against the Dutchman's stomach, and says: "What are you laughin about, Flathead?" in a very serious tone of voice. So Flathead opens his blue eyes up wide and says, "Ya, well," and starts runnin' off at a friend of his. Very soon, there is a considerable amount of civilians around us, and everybody is talkin' at once, including Shorty, who is saying in a low voice to Flathead that he will knock his head off, which will be quite a feat if Shorty cannot find a barrel to stand on. Then the local Gestapo shows up, flicking numerous yards of white braid in our faces, and along comes the disorderly officer, pushing his way through the crowd, and yelling "Atten—chow!" So Shorty stands to attention sitting on a window ledge, and the rest of us do likewise, and the disorderly officer finds out who we all are.

The next I know about it, sir, is when Sgt-Major Steamshovel says: "Atten—chow! Remove head-dress! Company, quick march." We ain't done nothin' wrong We didn't actually fight with Flathead. In fact, we're chippin' in our last gliders and limeys to buy him a bottle of Shifty Mike' panther juice....

BEEFS & MOANS!

We wonder how we expect the civilians to remain in their seats during a film or stage show when soldiers themselves persist in walking in and out during a number. The noises and interruptions were a disgrace at the show Stag Party the other night and it came mostly from soldiers so lets have a little more respect for someone who is enjoying the show. (Disgusted)

A few of the men are wondering how the Officers rated 6 bottles of issue beer the otherday. We thought that the beer was meant mostly for the men. Also there is so much gin flying around why can't the men's canteen get some. (A New Comer)



For the LAST bloody time, you CANNOT get employment as a sailor!!

A CALL TO ARMS

(From the Regimental History August 1866)

Orders were received by Major Service Tuesday, August 14th, to have both the Stratford Volunteer Companies ready to proceed to the Niagara Frontier to-day, Friday, August 17th, to perform the stipulated 8 days drill. Accordingly the men assembled at the Town Hal where Major Service communicated the instructions from H.Q. and acquainted them with the fact that they were required to muster on Friday and proceed to the rendezvous and be placed under canvas for their term of drill.

Only a small numbers showed that they were willing to attend this drill because of the busy harvesting season at which most were kept busy. They said that if there were another prospect of a Fenian Raid they would gladly go, but just for an 8 days drill while they were needed in the harvest fields they preferred forego it this time.

Ed. Note: Mutiny — thats what it is — Mutiny!

UP AND DOWN STATION STREET

"A" COY.— We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate one of our able N.C.O.s in winning the D.C.M. Congratulations Bob.

Anyone wishing to get in some good dancing better do so as the Flying Tiger Shields is on leave. The poor Scotch Lassies.

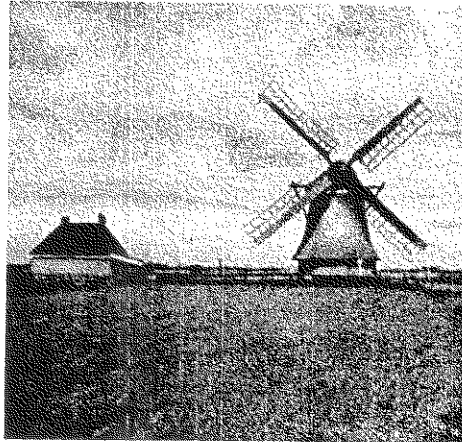
Who was the chap that took such a hosing buying souvenirs from one of his so called friends. What about it Woody.

We in "A" Coy wonder what the two city slickers from Groningen have that they have been able to vamp two of our well known bachelors the way they have this past week. I suppose they will want a transfer to Groningen now. What about it Knock Out. Sleepy Schram says he will go.

Why was our new storeman looking for a hundred Sweet Caps the other day. The Red head must be a very heavy smoker or is it Love Freddie?

The girls in Sneek must be losing their sex appeal when the boys start raising puppies. What about it Kenny?

Well we are going to the horse races on Saturday so if we ask for some Gliders next week you will know that we didnt win.



Dear folks
We're still in Holland

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

(From the Regimental History November 1866)

In the for sale columns of the Stratford Beacon, Messrs. Fuller have been advertising the sale of first class Enfield Rifles at the low sum of Five dollars each. There has accordingly been quite a rush of farmers who were eager for these rifles. On Tuesday of last week there was scarcely a farmer who came to town but didn't buy a rifle and the streets of the town presented quite a war-like appearance with the new rifles and the highly polished bayonets. The cheapness of the price will be a means of inducing the whole population to become accustomed to the use of fire-arms which may be of incalculable value in case of need to defend the home and the hearth.

Ed. Note — Or to exterminate the local crop of groundhogs!!!

BATTLE DRILL - 1866 STYLE

(From Regimental History December 1866).

Yesterday morning a detachment of the local Rifles were out practicing a new style of drill known as "running drill". They passed along the street at a rapid pace and really created a very fine appearance. Judging by the coldness of the weather the kind of drill seemed highly appropriate.

Ed. Note: There's nothing new under the Sun.