

The Perthonian

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THE SCORE ON WAR BONDS

This is the Low Down on the Regimental campaign to sell War Bonds in this, Canada's 9th Victory Loan.

The Ninth Victory Loan Campaign made its presence officially known to the members of The Perth Regiment on Monday, 22nd of October, 1945. Although numerous pamphlets, posters and précis accompanies its entrance, it is doubtful if these will make the acquaintance of as many men as does "The Perthonian". Accordingly we intend to outline simply and concisely the various methods by which Bonds may be bought in regard to this particular campaign.

A radical departure from previous bond issues lies in our ability to purchase bonds on (1) our Basic Gratuities and (2) our Deferred Pay. In the first case, the Basic Gratuity Type, we are permitted to make payment on a bond of any denomination, so long as it lies within reasonable limits of our Gratuity, by means of monthly installments. The payments which would normally be paid us, on discharge, are thus diverted towards payment of the bond. These bonds are delivered to us with all coupons attached by Registered Mail upon notification from the Chief Treasury Officer on the due date of the final Gratuity payment. They are sent only to the purchaser, moreover, and a further condition is imposed in that they can only be registered, if registration is desired, in the Purchaser's name. At first glance this might appear to be one manner in which you could get your Gratuity paid in a jump sum far ahead of the time which would normally be required to realize it. This bond does not mature until 1961 but is negotiable on any date after your receipt of the same. Its value at that time will be recognized as to principle and interest accumulated to the date of sale. It is advised however that you should allow your bond to run the full course of time. Where is the advantage, you ask? Here it is. — You do receive, in the end, a Victory Bond of considerable value and upon which you are continually gathering interest; such an investment is far better than the alternative of receiving monthly payments of small amounts which we tend to regard as pin-money and strictly "Buckshee". Many in the unit have been quick to realize that they have acquired the habit of regarding money on hand as strictly for amusement purposes and have tied their Gratuities up until such time as they once again get their feet on the ground. For those who are

able to get along without immediate call upon their Gratuities there can be no better investment for them.

Now, how about that Deferred Pay? We are informed that we can invest up to 75% of our ACCUMULATED Deferred Pay as payment on a Victory Bond. These bonds can be regarded as the equivalent of one bought by outright purchase. They are delivered with all coupons attached as soon as possible following your discharge from the Forces. Thus we are permitted to tamper with that thus far "untouchable" deferred pay. Being in the nature of an outright purchase it is possible to Register them in the name of some person other than yourself. Notice the difference between this and the Basic Gratuity Type.

Finally there is the normal type of which we have the two types: the outright purchase and the installment plan. A new wrinkle has been instituted, however, as we can now buy on installments of either 6 or 12 months duration. This latter inauguration is designed to permit those of limited means and who will have other commitments on discharge to continue payment on their bond by reasonable monthly premiums.

In all cases you will find your unit representatives ready and willing to help you in deciding which of the four types of Ninth Victory Loan Bonds is best for your particular case. In any event give this campaign some serious consideration for it is unlikely that many of us will be in as good a position to better our financial status than we are now.

For the information of the unit we include the various unit objectives for our Brigade. The Perth Regiment - \$ 17,685; The Irish Regiment - \$ 18,685; and the Cape Breton Highlanders - \$ 16,685. Within our unit itself the quotas are regulated as follows: HQ Coy - \$ 6,5000; A Coy - \$ 3,675; B Coy - \$ 3,750 and C Coy - \$ 3,800. Now, if only for our own financial security and aside and apart from the strikes and wage increases that so many men in the unit seem to take as a reason for not buying we should reach, indeed, over-reach our objective in this Loan. You have the facts: in the greater majority of cases we have the money. Let's develop the will and the spirit and watch the barometer soar!

EDITORIAL

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

CONFLICTION ON REPAT

There has always been some confliction over the seemingly various methods of Repat. Heresay rumours, developed from a stray meaningless word have never added to the situation either. All news regarding Repat should be viewed with severest apprehension until such time as official word is published in official documents or reliable newspapers. Even then situations here and abroad are apt to change the entire program on a moments notice. Such was the case a few weeks ago when the Queen Elizabeth was allotted to us for transportation of Canadian troops to Canada. At the first disclosure of this news everybody began to paint a mental picture of being home for Christmas. However in gaining the service of the "Lizzy" we lost the use of two other vessels that had been used for transporting Canucks.

Following is the present schedule of repatriation, but remember, as we said before, "be cagey" for even this program is due to change without notice.

The Queen Elizabeth will make four trips before the end of the year and coupled with the one trip of the Ile de France this will account for 64000 troops. A large amount of troops indeed, but looking beyond our nose, here is what we find. Before we can even hope to move there are other troops who must go before us and these number, 31000 at Depots in U.K., 6000 in holding Units, 13000 in the third division 8000 men with 110 points and over now in North West Europe. Then by the 1st December the 90 point men and over from the 4th division must also be on their way. So you can easily see that the 64000 quota shall easily be met and we are afraid you shall not be one of them. There is some good news however and this is it. Starting the 30th of October the 3rd division will commence to move through Repat Depots at the rate of 500 per day. Then on 1st December the good old Maroon Machine will start to roll and with Good Luck the

entire division should be in U.K. for Christmas.

If you have been harbouring thoughts of being home for Christmas it is advisable to adjust your mental attitude otherwise for at no one time has anyone definitely said (with proper authority) the 5th division would be home for Christmas so those rosy dreams of a "white Christmas" have been truly of your own fancy.

"Duffy"

Distinguished Conduct Medal

Cpl Robert Julius Arndt THE PERTH REGT

On 29 April 1945 Corporal ARNDT was commanding a section in "A" Company THE PERTH REGIMENT. The Company was engaged in a night attack on a very strong enemy position, in the area immediately SOUTH of the village of Nansum.

When the leadingtroops of the Company reached a point approximately 100 yards from the SOUTHERN edge of the village a strong belt of wire was encountered and the enemy in a house 100 yards distant opened fire.

Corporal ARNDT's section was ordered to breach the wire and assault the house from which the enemy was firing. The section succeeded in getting through the wire and across a deep water-filled ditch. The enemy fire became more intense and machine guns were now firing at the section from both flanks as well as from the house. Corporal ARNDT with complete disregard for the enemy fire led his section in a charge against the enemy held house. Upon reaching the house the section were met with grenades, thrown from the windows, and fire from small arms. Corporal ARNDT silenced some of the enemy by throwing a grenade through a window after which he dashed into the house alone firing his weapon. The enemy gave way before this determined assault and the section took 70 prisoners in addition to wounding six and killing several of the enemy. Six enemy machine guns were captured.

Several hours after the capture of the house a force of approximately 30 enemy, armed with machine guns and bazookas, counter attacked and attempted to recapture the house. During this counter attack Corporal ARNDT, himself occupied a slit trench covering the left flank of the position. With great coolness and determination, he with-held his fire until the enemy were approximately ten yards from him. When he opened fire he killed five of the enemy, including two officers, and completely disorganized and routed the enemy.

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS!!!

It has to be admitted that through Army channels fit the most wary, unwary, suspecting, unsuspecting, and of course, as in every institution as broad, expanding, and flexible as this enormous machine, we encounter those whom we sometimes wonder, why in H— the Government ever thought it worth their while to spend good sound business dollars in trying to make, break, or what have you, a soldier or a reasonable facsimile thereof, out of.

Now, don't get me wrong. I am not griping, because on the whole, my lot has been fairly easy. But, believe you me since the outbreak of war, I've seen them all. I've seen them come, and was glad of it. Re-inforcements were hard to get. I've seen them go and was overjoyed. Nothing is more annoying though, than, on a bright and cheery morning and out of a clear sky, to have some unwitting individual, suddenly remember that somebody, some place or other, remarked that something should be done about something that you or he or the other he, had never heard about, but not wanting to show his lack of appreciation of the situation at that inopportune moment, promises to give it his immediate attention.

Lo, The poor Sergeant Major on a morning like this!!! Then begins the whole course of events as laid down in K R of Canada for the benefit of all ranks (and to be read only by those of Commissioned Rank) The only regulation quoted in the soldier's handbook, 1937 Mk, 1 and 11, is "Be at all times prepared, for no man knows when the inspection comes". The Sgt-Major suddenly decides it is time to drill the guard, altho his remarks to the Sgt. a few minutes previous couched in no uncertain terms stated that this was definitely not his morning for sports and indulging in games, but this excuse gets him out from under nicely, so as every one suspects, he goes to the Mess to guzzle and punish some of the drinks there amid laughter loud and strong, from his buddies, whom he regales with his tale of passing the buck!!!

So, the Sgt. timid soul, hears the rather disjointed message something like this. "I would advise, Sgt., that you take this matter in your own hands. It's a stiff proposition, I know. What I want to get into you is this. There must be no withdrawal. Now, to start with, I can give you very little information on it, as I know nothing whatever about the case, but that may be applied to your own ultimate advantage, as you will then not be hampered by knowing all the answers in case anyone asks you what you are doing, and then you can give them some preposterous answer, just to let them know that you are on your toes. I also suggest that you make yourself available at all times to me, and no matter what the cost, this thing must be seen through to the bitter end".

This of course, concludes the interview, the Sgt being too muddled by this time to even salute, so he walks away, muttering dire threats of vengeance on the Sgt-Major for getting him

into this mess. Then happy thought, his Cpl was away for the week-end to Amsterdam, so, being rested up, should be just the man for the job. But, the Cpl., smart as a whip, as always, has got himself a spot of civvy employment so the L/Cpl comes into his own. After much coaxing, threatening, and cajoling, like, who will be the recipient of next weeks E F I issue, the Lance jack skulks off to his work when on the horizon there appears a D.R. complete with motorbike, so a ray of light shines in the agile brains of the afore mentioned lance jack. After much secret consultations, they secure a work ticket that would carry them to the four corners of the world and back, and the hunt is on!!! Then, and only then are all and sundry informed that everything is being looked into, but definitely.

"Guard Commander, Fall in".

Life sure is funny in the Army. Sure, you guessed it. You knew it all the time. It's our turn to do the guard.

OFF THE RECORD

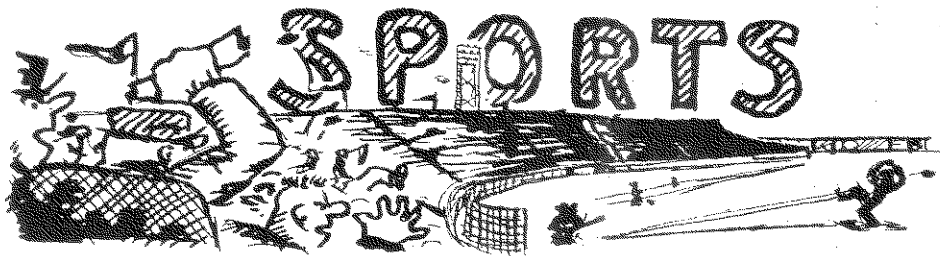
"C" COY:—"Bone" Wood now looks after "Chubby" Wilson's girlfriend on the evenings that the stout fellow goes to the show. Dear me the big fellow seems to have a communistic attitude about his "little pansy".

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HEART THROB NO. 1.



Holding top position in the affection of one of the higher priced help is the comely wench pictured above. Needless to say, she hails from God's Country and taking a second gander, you can hardly blame the guy — lucky fella.



SOCCKER

On Monday, 15th October 1945, our Soccer Team went down to defeat to the G.G.H.G's by a score of 1-0. Our team played a very hard game only to have the G.G.H.G's come out on top. However, with a little luck and a lot of work our boys should come out on top easily, so don't forget to give your team some support as they are now playing the Div playoffs, so lets see a good turnout at future games.

Friday, 19th October October saw our Soccer Team come back to their old standard again when they took the 8th Field Regt team by a score of 1-0. Tullock getting the goal on a well placed pass made by Sgt Willis, who along with, Bell, Grierson, Laag, White, Jacobs, Cowan, MacDonald, Couture and Flood played a very good game. Our goalie, Pte Birrel also played a very good game, not letting one of the many tried shots get by him. Mr. Smit, the team trainer, is doing a good job and we really appreciate the work he is doing towards the training of our Soccer Team. The times and places of future games in the Div Playoffs will be posted on orders. So Come on fellows and give them a "Go".

C COY:— Charlie Coy took top honours once more in an epic touch Rugby massacre. I use the word massacre loosely, the game was really murderous. "Club 61" as usual showed up under strength. Both teams cheated like our gas meter with the Officers and Sgts slightly ahead on the scull duggery. The game was played Dogpatch style with knees, boots, elbows in liberal quantity. "Club-foot Mulligan" was strictly used to maim, while "Balmy Sam", "Moaner Woodworth" and "Silent Smithson" were potential ball carriers but the combination of Domlanczuk, Natywary, Hudson, McCart, Potvin, Codlin and Lawlor proved to much. Final Score was 16-11. Referee Mousseau is still hiding out with a price on his head.

A COY:— Well we really had a field day on Tuesday when the Sgts didn't know whether they were coming or going as we mowed them down to the tune of 35-0. Every trick they tried ended in defeat and every play we tried worked to perfection. One of our troubles is that we can't get enough men out to give the regular players a well deserved rest, so come on fellars, lend a hand.

The best game of the season was on Tuesday when we played the much talked about Officers Team but owing to the razzle dazzle of our Adj. and his hench men we went down to defeat to the close score of 6-5. It was a top notch game and our Ace Tomkow going over for his usual score. We hope that we will be able to play them again in the near future.

ME JEAN BAPTISTE

Me name is Jean Baptiste and I be a taxpayer of River Canard, that some place in Hontario. I have big grievance against fellow dere. As I say before I pay the tax so when come the big meeting at the town hall I Jean go all the time. This time I put on my clean overalls and new straw hat, also my shoes. The man what have the chair he call the mitting to order and introduce that fellow what you call.... what you call.... you know the woman horse.... how you say, the mare, yes the mare. Well by gosh that mare she say every damn farmer by River Canard he pay \$100.00 for to build bridge across the creek. Now that only small creek, so I mad and stand up. I say, "that too much money, why, me, Jean Baptiste can shoot the water half the way across that creek. The mare shree is mad and she say, sit down Baptiste, you out of order. I say; you damn right I out of order or I shoot the water all the way across that creek. After that they send me home, what you dink of that? So dis year I don't pay the tax to them fellow. Thats me, Jean Baptiste P.D.Q.

* * *

Holland someplace
Hoctobre 23, 1945

Hallo Philleas:

Dis is me your Frand Baptiste what was constricted in the harmy las year. How much it cost you to keep home so long? Our Frand Makanzky he fool me when he make the con- striction for to come here. Now dat I am here how I get back to River Canard you tell me dat? The fellow here he say I must have the points. Me Baptiste I can count mine on my fingers. Also the fellow here he have the ribbon on the chest, I ask why I don't get some and they call me a Zomby so and so. Whose belong that, you tell me, I don't know me.

You know Philleas I think I sorry I not be- come a Officer, that's damn good job too. They have fellows like me wot work for them, also they have cheeps to ride on. When I ask the kernol for cheep to see my gurl I don't think he like that, he's funny fellow that guy but he's boss here I think.

Well Philleas I can smell the sheep once more, so I thank I finish.

Jean Baptiste.

Your reporter was out to see the second game of the football finals which was won by us by the close margin of 1-0. It is too bad a few fellars can't find time to get out and give a hand to some others that are still trying to gain more laurels for this Regiment.

A MAJOR MISTAKE

The other day I find myself striding into Hangover Hall feeling quite pleased with myself indeed. After the historical bout with Bacchus the previous night I consider it quite a feat that I'm even among the surviving. But here I am, light of step and feeling like a two year old.

Things seem to be just beginning when I swagger in and in very little time I find myself in a badminton game. Now anybody who knows anything about badminton will tell you that here is natural for a character in my condition. After two quick set's I'm still standing and quite prepared to wring a pint of broth out of my sweat-shirt, but of course there are no takers among these athletes.

About this time I see a familiar figure approaching; a guy whom I have all mixed up in my mind's eye with baseball, touch rugby, hockey, boxing and even the manly art of ping-pong. This can be no other than Sergeant Sam Moffatt, say I to myself — Lo and behold, it is!

He explains to me that they need one more man to make up a basketball game and would I supply the body. This seems like a very gracious request to me, and after the outstanding performance with the shuttlecock I figure I'm in fair shape. So in a very few minutes the whistle goes and I find myself in the game. Everything goes rather well for a time, and I even manage to make several tackles. Although I later find out that in basket-ball you aren't supposed to bring down the man with the ball. But it is not very long after this that I begin to notice several symptoms — my knees are rubber and my throat feels like a furnace. It is only when I find myself running in ever-diminishing circles under the basket that I realize things are not as they should be. So I sit down.

The familiar figure approaches, and through a murky haze and a roaring in my ears, I hear sergeant Sam invite me to join in a game of touch-rugby. It was at this point that some wag yanked the bench right out from under me.

OFF THE RECORD contd. from page 3

Big hearted Dinsmore, always the thoughtful chap. He boosts the morale throughout the Regt., by bringing his cookie to the dance for the other lads to dance with while he wallflowers with a tea-cup. Roosevelt may be dead, but lend-lease goes on. eh! Digger?

Capt Cree's No. 1 Batman MacKay, stopped packing the 2 1/2's gear long enough to take in the dance on Monday last. He didn't dance much though, just sat along the wall contemplating the trip home. He's taking odds on being home come Yuletide. You want to stop smoking the cornsilk Mac., or you'll snap your cap.

Wonder man, "Big Time Operator Kosy" instead of quietly recuperating in some nice cosy little sanitarium, after his Amsterdam leave (you all know Bunny) tears around the dance floor with a big rugged "Carb". He tried to tell us he was on an M.M. Course (but we know "Bodny Kosy" don't we gang?)



UP AND DOWN STATION STREET

"A" COY:— It is amusing to see Walper spending his time telling the boys how hard he would work on the farm and then have his friends wash his mess tins. Too bad you can't take a couple of Jongens home with you, Walp.

Well we are having a little rest with Woody on another one of those so called Educational Tours. Funny though, how he managed to be away just as a certain Sgt returned from leave. Its your turn now Johnnie.

Some of the boys sure have it had when they came up here from Brigade Guard every minute they have off just to see their better halves. Have you seen the Padre as yet Hicks?

It sure didn't take Pare long to take a holiday after that young Blonde Bomber left these parts. Where did you say you went, not Amsterdam I.M sure.

Flash O'Neill being a good soldier returned from leave with his bags but they were under his eyes this time. Sure is tough covering so much ground in so little a time eh?

Best picture seen this week are three well known Able men struggling down the streets of Gay Paree. Who are your friends Tojo?

Well we helped win the war and now we have to pay for all that ammo you fellars wasted so we say this Company will lead the way again in purchase of said bonds.

Until next week so long but wondering since when has it been the rule to acknowledge a defeat in sports, but we will accept it and try and give you more space in the paper. O.K. Charlie?

CHIT AND CHATTER

"B" COY:— "F" Coy Orderly Room is the scene of many "chin fests" these past few days. Now that Sgt Moffatt has returned to duty we're all provided with plenty of entertainment, listening to him talk about how good he is at Sports. The word "Sports" takes in all and everything from boxing to table tennis. To hear him talk he's a one man team for any kind of sports and we do admit Sammy, your good but!!

What, particular, character in "B" Coy is to be seen practically any night, lounging around the Knorr Cafe, exercising his manly charms on any sweet, unsuspecting "or otherwise" wench that comes along. What is the secret of your success old boy.

Things are in a pretty bad way when a fellow meets his ideal here in a far off country, decides to get married and is blocked at every turn. We sure hope you get that permission soon "Gate" or your chin will be worn out from dragging on the ground. Keep trying and the Padre will get you permission yet. She's a "moi meise" and no guff.

The "Great Flash" Beecroft has his plans all completed for life in Canada and hopes he will soon be able to carry them out. He has figured out his gratuities etc. and if you will look one of the Victory Loan posters you will see just what he expected to do. The pipe will likely be replaced with a cigar. Nice going "Bee".

With a great deal of weeping and wailing, three "B" Coy men departed for the land of sunshine and honey. That is Canada in case you have forgotten. CQMS Puckering's dreams have finally materialized and he had an odd smile mixed in with his tears. The Great Harry Ellenberg had a very starry look in his eyes with could mean most anything and Sgt. Mulligan promised to look after the three of them. What a chaperone. We all wish a speedy, safe return to Canada and plenty of luck.

"B" Coy wishes to take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to Capt. Dooley and we hope his stay with us is both enjoyable and entertaining. Also a welcome to our new CQMS Thompson who replaces the great Puckering. We hope it won't be like pulling teeth getting the odd article from him which was very characteristic of "Puck".

POP A QUESTION

This weeks question was "SHOULD CANADIAN SOLDIERS MARRY EUROPEAN GIRLS"?

The answers which were obtained from various members of The Regiment are as follows:

Pte Wolfe, R. T. lately of "D" Coy whose home town is Galt, Ontario says: No, because I believe that our mode of living is quite different from European standards. The girls are also liable to be quite lonely due partly to the fact that her friends and relatives are so far away. But if the girl was really tops well one may tempted to think twice about the situation.

Pte Little, T. M., H.Q. Coy who lives in Londesboro, Ontario, says: Well if it gets you bad I guess You've had it and you don't worry too much about further consequences, as I am told that a person in love sees the world through rose coloured glasses. All things considered, I don't think there is anyone qualified to say "Yes" or "No" as no two cases would be alike.

Pte Marr, W. E. "B" Coy from Ingersoll, Ontario, sees no reason why they shouldn't. If two persons think enough of each other to get married, the fact the girl is not Canadian should make no difference After all, we Canadians are a blend of different races as it is. So far, I am not interested myself.

Pte Hamilton, A. L. "C" Coy whose home town is Lucknow, Ontario, says: Marriage is a mans private business, whether he wishes to marry a European or not concerns no one's taste but his own. A man should take into consideration the difficulties that will arise as there is no doubt that there will be some, but if the girl feels that she will be able to bear these difficulties, then I say "all the best".

SCAVENGER HUNT

Last Saturday evening while all sensible folk were dancing or visiting the Movie, the strictly "mad" personnel of the regiment amused themselves (under the sponsorship of the Y.M.C.A.) with a Scavenger Hunt. To the innocent bystander the participants must have presented a very weird illusion indeed, for besides having their fair partner in tow they were required (if they were to obtain a prize) to acquire the following:

1. A hair from a horse's tail
2. A Canadian 3 cent postage stamp
3. A Stratford Beacon Herald
4. A C.S.M's badge of rank
5. A Dutch Cigarette
6. The Orderly Officer's signature
7. A "Het Vrije Volk" for 28th September
8. A Frisian Flag
9. A number nine tablet
10. A sheet of Granite Club Writing Paper
11. A roll of paper (your guess)
12. A roosters tail feather
13. A Dutch Policemen (alive)
14. A large Canadian penny

Hardworking Tony Roseblett and his partner Jo Bosker completed the task in one hour and thirty three minutes. They aquired 13 out of 15 articles and walked off with the first prize, a roast duck. L/Cpl Cook and his partner, Pletie Faber copped second place and won 200 cigarettes. Howard Pavey and S. Hofman eventually put in an appearance to snag the booby prize which consisted of 4 Oh Henry bars. What kept you Howard?

The only beef any of the members had to offer was the fact the Orderly Officer tried to put the arm on their girl friends when they went to obtain his signature. We had a lot of fun and everyone hopes to have more of them in the future.

THE PERTH PLAZA

We are sorry to inform you, fellows, but our supplies are running rather low and in future we can only allow you two cakes. Sorry, but it can't be helped.

SHOE SHINE BOY — You fellows who like to have your shoes gleam with a sparkling Knock-out shine for the girl friend — remember we now have a smiling Dutch Shoe-Shine Boy. Just another Perth Plaza service.

PING PONG TOURNAMENT — Once again Pte Woods walked off with the Ping-

Pong tournament. However, he was given a real tussle by Sgt Moffatt in the finals. One of these nights he is going to take it on the nose. So let's have a few more out Thursday nights about 7 o'clock and have some good fun.

NOVICE TOURNAMENT — There will be a tournament for enthusiastic beginners on Friday afternoon 1500 hours. Professionals "neante possible".

Outstanding dipso-maniacs (elbow benders) visiting the Plaza this week were: Roberts, Yared, Tito, Moore. We enjoy your Company fellows but if you must indulge please don't bother other people. Thank You.

FLASH — "Halloween Decorations" — We are looking for orange and black paper so if any of you have any or know where it can be got, how about passing the information on to us the Plaza. We are also looking for paper hats, false faces etc.

AT THE FLICKS

Patrick the Great

with

PEGGY RYAN and
DONALD O'CONNOR

Monday & Tuesday October 29th and 30th

*

Roughly Speaking

with

ROSALIND RUSSEL
and JAMES GARSON

Wednesday & Thursday October 31th and
November 1st

*

The thin man goes home

with

MYRNA LOY and
WILLIAM POWELL

Friday & Saturday November 2nd and 3rd

NO CRACKS RE THE CWACS

This picture will bring back fond memories to most of us, as we enjoyed having this particular group entertain us with martial music in the town square some weeks ago.

The photo may be out of date with their visit for which we are truly sorry but no picture was obtainable at that time. We should like to thank CWAC Captain McNeil of Hamilton, Ontario for remembering our request and sending this splendid result along.

Here we see the gals strutting their stuff under the direction of Bandmaster Nadia Svarick of Vegreville, Alberta.

