

THE MAPLE LEAF

SCRAPBOOK



SOUVENIR BOOK

PRINTED IN BELGIUM
AT COST PRICE TO FORCES
OVERSEAS



NO. 3 CDN. P.R. GROUP

The Story of The Maple Leaf

THE story of The Maple Leaf stretches far across Western Europe — from Italy to Normandy.

Canadian troops, part of Monty's famous « Eighth, » were chasing the retreating Hun in the Mediterranean theatre when the story begins. Like all fighting men Canucks wanted to know how the battle was going elsewhere, what the news was within their own ranks, and what went on at home. They needed a newspaper.

Colonel Ralston, former minister of national defence, was visiting his men in Italy at the time. On realizing this need he instructed the ADPR, to get busy. « I'll fix up the money and things at home, but get a paper started at once, » he said.

Within six days of the go-ahead signal the first Maple Leaf was born at *Presse il Mattino* in Naples. Ever since that day the Canadian Corps with the Eighth Army has been getting its daily newspaper.

But it wasn't all done with a snap of the fingers. The problems of bringing the newspaper into the world were numerous. The first was to locate a press and overcome the difficulties of operating Italian machinery. Paper had to be borrowed or stolen. There was none for sale. There were electric power failures, bridges washed out on the supply route, and even a threatened libel suit. Papers had to be flown each day up to the Sangro River. Sometimes « ducks » were used to make deliveries to the boys on the Adriatic side. It wasn't all beer and skittles!

Today there is a Maple Leaf sign hanging in front of *Presse Avanti* in Rome, and the now familiar tabloid size daily is part and parcel of the Canadian Army. As one soldier in Holland put it, there are three M's in the soldier's life Meals, Mail and Maple Leaf.

The Canadians hadn't been in Normandy long after their historic part in the D-day landings when General Crerar gave the word go on a France edition of the Maple Leaf. As in Italy, there was no staff, no circulation department, no presses, no newsprint. The essential item was a rotary press but recce parties in Bayeux and Cherbourg returned from a fruitless search. The guide books indicated a press in Caen at the time the Jerries had the city. Two days later however the Huns were kicked out and *La Presse Caennaise* became the headquarters for the Maple Leaf, France.

Before all that, however, and by coincidence, some of the people who sweated through the birth of the Italy paper were in France. When they were telephoned with all the innocence that could be mustered, they hesitated on the phone and said «not again? » But they did pitch in, as they did at first in the Mediterranean, and items like a WE, financial encumbrance, vital postal deliveries, and the like were ironed out in a hurry. Without such cooperation nothing could have been accomplished so quickly.

There are many ways of starting a newspaper but the simplest is to move in an editorial crew and publish in a plant that is already functioning, using local press people and labour. When Caen was reached this was impossible. The town had received a terrific battering from Allied and German artillery and half the buildings were in ruins from heavy RAF bombing. Members of the French civilian press were beneath the rubble. The collaborationist members of the newspaper had fled with the enemy. The city's electrical facilities were completely destroyed and shrapnel had ripped through press cylinders, linotype machines and other equipment. The outlook for The Maple Leaf in Caen was a bit on the grim side.

The day The Maple Leaf recce party arrived in Caen, Jerry persisted in chucking shells and mortars into the joint. One morning the editorial office was missing. The next day two linotype machines copped it and also the automatic flat bed press. Then it seemed a dose of « triphase 220 volts, AC 45, cheveux vapeur » had to be produced from some place. At this stage a scream was made for Jock McLean, Spike Birmingham and Daddy Storms of the RCE. They produced the necessary electric generator like rolling off a log. It was moved over from England and installed in something like 72 hours. Thanks to CMHQ the red tape involved in clearing movement and shipping facilities was slashed completely to get the equipment over. Major Wrenshall and his sappers did the electrical installation.

Work was begun, welding, electrical wiring, and so on, on the damaged equipment. It went on day and night. The rubber ink rollers had been chewed up by flying glass and

(Continued page 41.)

Foreword

« Both in North West Europe as well as the Italian theatre, The Maple Leaf, since its founding, has played a very real part in the daily life of Canadian soldiers serving overseas. Possibly more than any other medium it has reflected the day to day spirit, problems and successes of Canada's fighting men in action. It has been very truly said that The Maple Leaf « is a troops' newspaper, » published by Canadian soldiers for themselves. From the standpoint of morale alone it has proven an important influence in the Canadian Army. It has not only maintained a definite bond with our home country, but has also been a connecting link between the separate formations of Canada's overseas forces. This souvenir booklet will undoubtedly be treasured by many of us not only for its literary or artistic value, but also for the memories it will afford in later years of the comradeships and achievements of the past year. It will also serve as a reminder that during the most trying periods the Canadian Army always retained a sense of humour. »



Gen. H. D. G. Crerar.

G. O. C. in C. First Canadian Army.

Introduction

WHEN Canadian troops went over to active operations both in the Italian and Western European theatres, a demand developed almost immediately for a troop newspaper giving news of current operations and of the outside world. The answer has been The Maple Leaf.

Not only did the higher Army Command and the Canadian Government recognize the need for such a newspaper; they also accepted wholeheartedly the principle that the paper should be entirely independent of official control or editorial direction by the authorities. In the past it had been feared that an unrestricted press was a risky procedure in a military set-up, founded and nurtured on discipline. The Maple Leaf has demonstrated that the troops can run a free press without invalidating their discipline or their loyalty.

There was only one brief flutter in The Maple Leaf's career of unrestricted editorial freedom (apart from security censorship). This came in Italy early in 1944 when General Sir Oliver Leese took command of the Eighth Army after the departure of Field Marshal Montgomery. General Leese had prepared a personal message to all troops in the Eighth Army, and he forwarded a copy of this message to The Maple Leaf. Attached was an instruction : « The Army Commander *directs* that the following message be published in The Maple Leaf. » Although The Maple Leaf was anxious to publish Sir Oliver's message, the Army Commander's use of the word « *directs* » raised a rather fine point. The crisis did not last long, as 15 minutes later another signal was received as follows: « Amending previous signal the Army Commander *desires* not *directs*..... » Well, that was different. Sir Oliver Leese had corrected his own error, and The Maple Leaf continued its independence.

Generals, heads of services and senior officers everywhere have, like all other readers of The Maple Leaf, exercised their right of protest and criticism from time to time, but this is a privilege also enjoyed by the rawest reinforcement private in the theatre.

No two people are ever of the same opinion as to which cartoon is funny or which is the best looking pin-up girl. No attempt has, therefore, been made to select necessarily the best clippings for the Scrap Book. Items have been selected from various departments with a view to portraying the general tone and spirit of the paper. If you don't like the selection write the editors and give them hell. Due to supply restrictions it is regretted that this booklet is necessarily limited both as to quality of paper and number of pages.

We know that the most popular and outstanding articles have been the individual unit stories. But space does not permit every regiment to be included. For diplomatic reasons only, therefore, no single regimental story is included. It would be easier deciding the question of which Canadian unit got its feet into Germany first.

The Maple Leaf expresses appreciation for the support, contributions and comment offered by its readers during the current campaign.

HQ. No 3 Cdn P.R. Group.
CANADIAN ARMY
OVERSEAS.

Richard Malone

Lt.-Col. Cdn ADPR. — 21. Army GP.
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

FOR CANADIAN TROOPS

THE MAPLE LEAF

With Canadian Press News Service



Vol. 1, No. 1.

FRANCE, July 27, 1944

OUR TROOPS IN HARD FIGHTING

Reds Advance take Narva fight for Loo

RUSSIAN

The Russians have taken Narva, seven miles inside Estonian and pushed 10 miles beyond, it was announced today.

Further south, they have driven deep into the heart of Lithuanian 100 miles from the Baltic coast.

Other Soviet troops reached the Vistula on a wide front to a place within 50 miles of Warsaw.

The announcement said that the Russians have cut the enemy's last escape railway out of Bresl-Litovsk. In the South they broke into the suburbs of Lvov where the Germans are now completely encircled.

Beyond St. Lo

American tanks have smashed a 5 mile wedge into the German defenses west of St. Lo. They have captured the village of St. Gilles and the town of Marigny on the road leading west from St. Lo to the big road centre of Coutances.

Three years for forger

OTTAWA, July 25.—Frederick George Conroy, fifty year old former assistant treasurer of War Services Department was sentenced by Judge MacDougal to three years imprisonment on 25 charges involving theft, forgery, and uttering of cheques. Sergeant Detective William H. Strain told the court the total amount of cheques involved in all charges was in the vicinity of three thousand dollars.

There were eleven charges of forgery, one of uttering and thirteen of theft.

Conroy attributed his acts to financial difficulties brought about by said, by being transferred from Calgary where he maintained a home to Ottawa.

"In Ottawa we got into debt," he said. "I had no intention of hiding anything."

Births !!!

Born: To Hilda and Steve Munro, a daughter, Ross Munro is a well known Canadian war correspondent. Steve is the well known Canadian nursing sister he married. She is now in Canada. Congratulations!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



Enemy Counters To Regain Ground

By CHARLES LYNCH
Reuter Special Correspondent

With the Canadians in Normandy, July 27—On Tuesday the Canadians broke into the strongest German defenses on the rim of the beachhead, and yesterday battled to hold what they had gained. Some ground had been given up last night.

That is the way a spokesman summed up the picture on the Canadian front.

To the soldiers it has been two days of blood and death and whistling shells and an almost continuous roar of explosions as these boys from the Dominion fought their way uphill to flush the Jerries out of their trenches and pillboxes and dug in tanks.

The main front was about three miles wide three miles of wheatfields and hedges and gullies and shattered villages where the Canadians made their first determined stand since Canadian and British troops hurled them out of their strongholds north of Caen.

It was high ground that the Canadians assaulted, with the Germans looking down and the Canadians looking up.

German gun positions looked down on the Canadians from the front and from the right, across the river Orne.

Canadian guns have fired smoke shells into these German positions across the Orne in an effort to blind the enemy gunners—but said the mortar fire pours across.

The heaviest fighting took place yesterday and last night. Today, both sides are collecting themselves and most of the activity is sniping and shelling.

The Canadian Infantry launched the attack in the pitch darkness of one hour Tuesday.

The Germans fought bitterly from the outset and few prisoners were taken.

It was a three-pronged attack behind a creeping artillery barrage.

Moving along the line of the road, fighting from Caen to the famous shrine of Falaise, the Canadians pushed their way into the shattered villages of Tilly la Campagne, Verrières and May Sur Orne.

While the troops were going in, Allied medium bombers gave a wood to the east of the advance a shelling, hitting at a concentration of enemy guns. Smoke-firing Typhoons roared the area behind the German lines, shooting up transport wherever they could find it.

The Germans, who had been strengthening their positions on the high ground for the last week, reacted quickly to the attack and shortly after dawn were counter-attacking May Verrières and Tilly.

The first counter-attacks were beaten off—but the Germans brought in their armour and drove in again and again.

Violent fighting went on all day and last night. Dawn Wednesday saw the Germans holding May Sur Orne and most of Tilly, with the Canadians sitting firmly in Verrières.

Canadian and British tanks, guns and flat mortars combined to take a toll of German tanks which were milling around the battlefield all day.

While this fighting on the Canadian sector was at its height, the Americans in the St. Lo sector far to the west staged a large-scale assault and broke into the German lines in several places.

Heavy and medium bombers sent thousands of tons of high explosives into the German positions to soften them up for the attack.

Elsewhere, the American front was quiet, with the German gawling General Montmar.

Butter thick for French people but bread still slices thin

By M. DESJARDINS, The Canadian Press

How is the civilian population of liberated Normandy faring after more than six weeks of a new German-free life?

I have talked to dozens of people and from these conversations

can be obtained a fair picture of the situation.

Meat is plentiful. Even under the Nazi regime the Normans were eating well, and elaborate slaughtering of cattle took place. Bread offers a more serious problem.

Normandy has always relied on other provinces of France for its wheat since the liberated area does not produce enough wheat for its own needs.

Grain reserves are exhausted and now bakers have become dealers in handback.

FOOD SOURCE

The homeless from the south are flocking to villages in the narrow beach areas where houses still have roofs.

Villages with seasonal populations of 300 now have in some cases more than 700 to feed. Food reserves do not last long under these conditions.

There is more butter now than before the invasion and grocers sell it at reasonable prices.

Milk is harder to find. The farmer has discovered that the troops like milk and sells it to them at ten cents or more a glass.

It is a mild form of black market.

Farmers keep most of their eggs and sell the rest to soldiers at ten cents apiece—more black market.

Many a wheat field has been razed by our war machines, but rich crops are expected in fields which stand outside the immediate zone of battle.

The one thing the Normans fear

Canadian Research

OTTAWA.—Agriculture Minister Gardner, in a recent speech in the Commons, said that plans are well advanced for the establishment of a wool research laboratory to investigate values of wool fibres in relation to breeding of sheep.

Lethbridge Alberta has been decided as the best place to establish the laboratory as most of the high quality wool breeds of sheep now are in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

He said that the Government will continue this year to experiment with the recovery of marsh lands in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A thousand dollars was spent last year on recovery experiments.

The minister said that the coddling moths were a serious threat to apple orchards in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia and were causing considerable damage to orchards in Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec, new methods are being used in an attempt to control the pest.

Monty Reads The Maple Leaf...

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY is a daily reader of the *Maple Leaf*, which has been delivered to his headquarters since the inception of the paper in Caen. It keeps Monty in touch with the formations and the men in touch with Monty, and at the same time helps to keep the field marshal posted on other battle fronts' progress.



...and also delivers it!

The war establishment for the circulation department of *The Maple Leaf* doesn't call for a field marshal, and Monty isn't even attached f. a. p., but he does lend a hand. It seems, according to reports from the front, that when visiting British formations he occasionally runs into Can-loan officers serving with British units. On these occasions, apparently, Monty sur-

prises the Canadian personnel by pulling a copy of the morning's paper from the folds of his windbreaker and handing it over.

Monty has long been known for his fondness for surprising his troops with a package of cigarettes or some chocolate, but distributing papers is a new one. And it's a good trick, the paper shortage being what it is!

Les Callan



— well known Canadian cartoonist whose work has been a regular feature of The Maple Leaf since the start of the France Edition. His most noted contribution to The Maple Leaf has been the regular cartoon series «Monty & Johnny.»

Before joining the army he had worked with the Winnipeg Free Press, Vancouver Sun and Toronto Star. Since the landing in Normandy he has been busy with his sketch book recording the day to day scene on the Canadian front for the people at home. For his regular work with The Maple Leaf Les goes under the title of art editor.

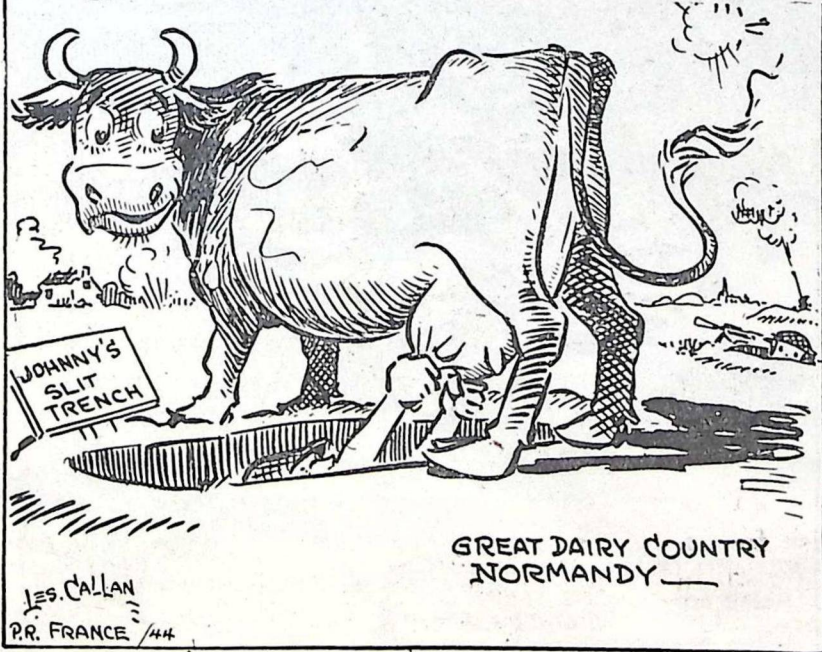
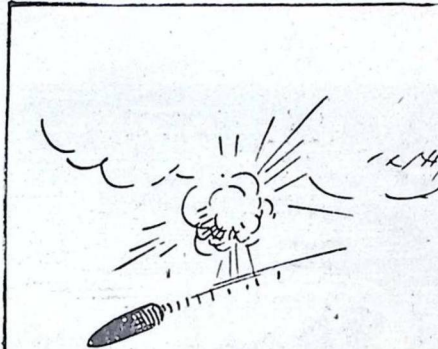


Monty and Johnny

by LES CALLAN P.R. / LT.



LES CALLAN
CAN. P.R. FRANCE



GREAT DAIRY COUNTRY
NORMANDY

LES CALLAN
P.R. FRANCE / 44



CREULLY
NORMANDY
44



Monty and Johnny

by LES CALLAN / RR. / LT.

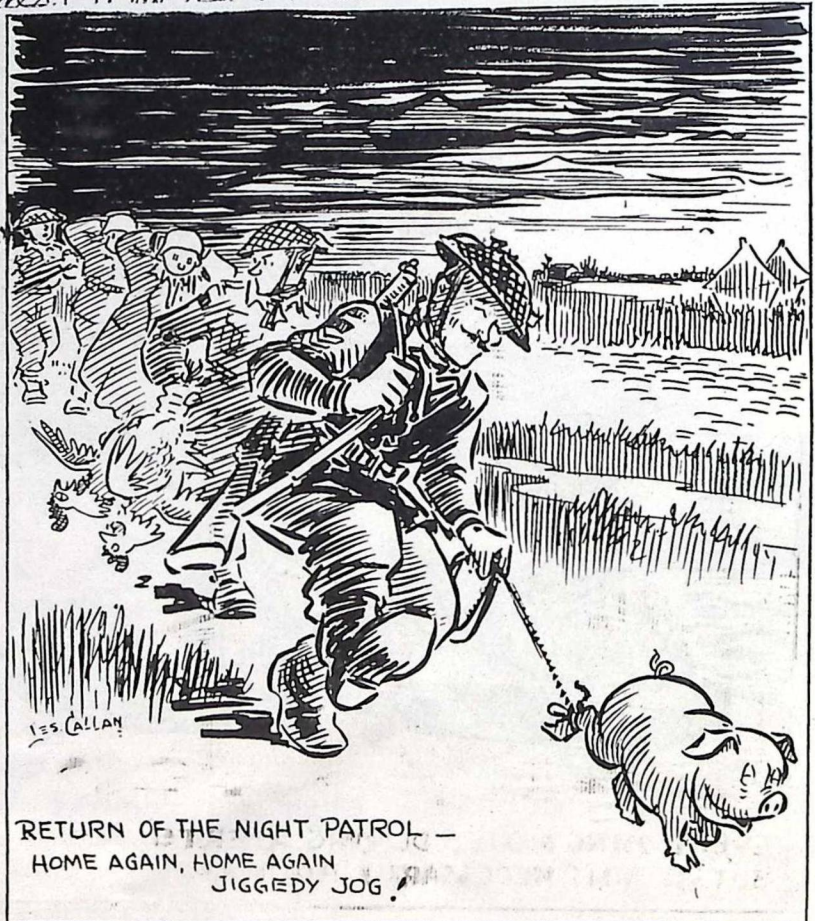
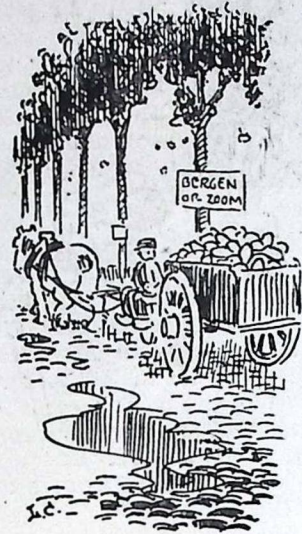


AW —
 NOW JEAN BAPTISTE
 YOU KNOW I'M YER PAL
 ASK HER CAN I COME
 AROUND TOMORROW
 THEN
 TELL HER I'M
 A SWELL
 GUY
 EH?

YOU KNOW
 THAT LUGER
 YOU BEEN
 WANTIN'
 BATEESE?



"LEETLE BATEESE"
IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT



RETURN OF THE NIGHT PATROL —
HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN
JIGGEDY JOG.



Monty and Johnny

by LES CALLAN PR./LT



A DAYS REST THEY SAY --
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS
MAINTENANCE 'SPECIALLY GREASING
THEN - THERE'S BATH PARADE
PAY PARADE - DENTAL PARADE
CANTEEN PARADE - AND
A PICTURE SHOW!



HERE'S
THE PATROL
YOU REPULSED
LAST NIGHT

LES CALLAN
HOLLAND

EVERYTHING MOVES DURING ALERTS
BUT "IT AINT NECESSARILY HOOMAN"



LES CALLAN
52 HOLLAND

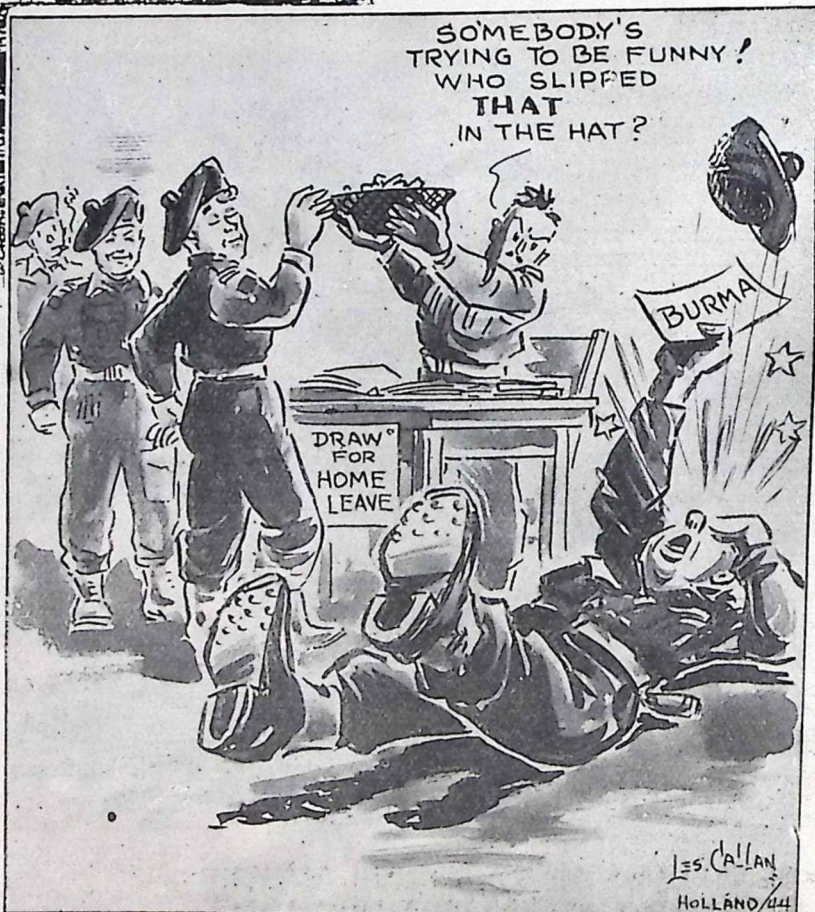
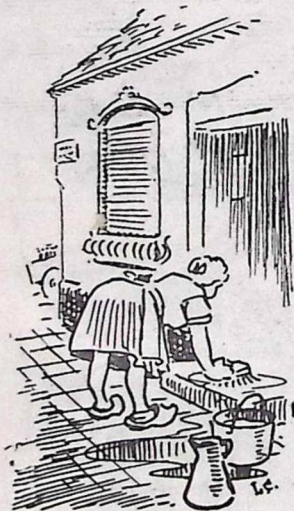
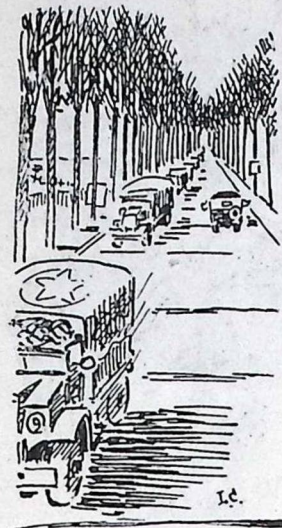
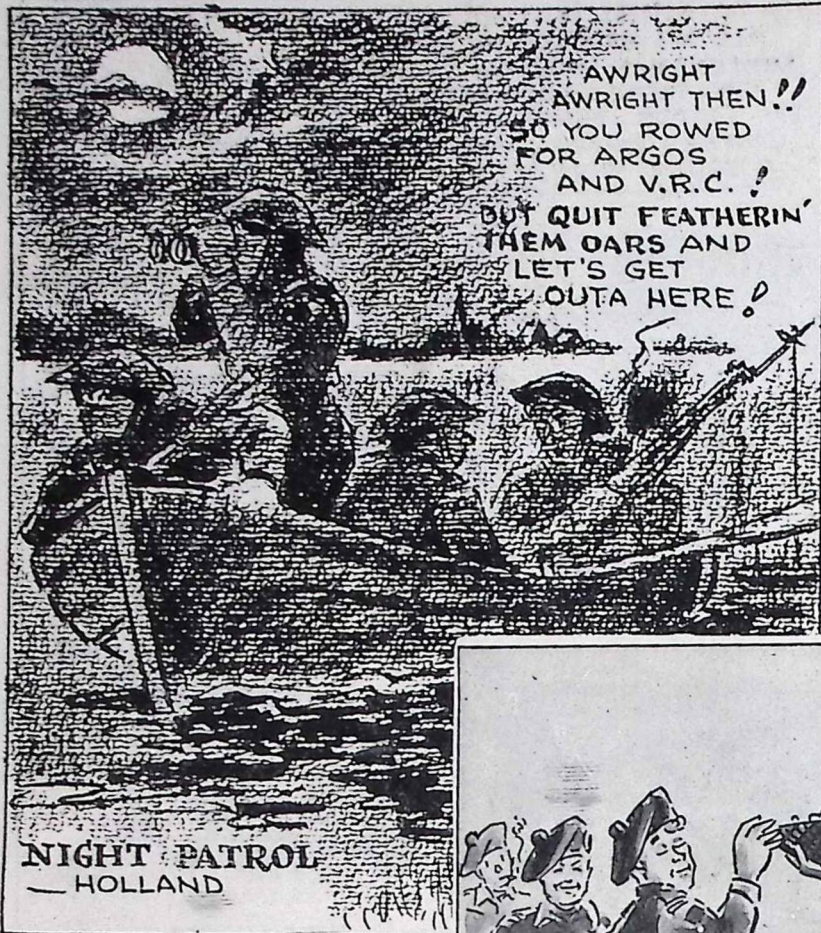


Monty and Johnny

by LES CALLAN PR. / LT.



MONTY



SOME MEMORABLE DATES AND HEADLINES...



WITH CANADIAN FORCES IN FRANCE

THE MAPLE LEAF

WITH CANADIAN PRESS NEWS SERVICE

FRANCE EDITION

VOL. 1 NO. 8 NORMANDY, FRANCE Tuesday, August 8th 1944

AUGUST 8th 1944

Canadian Army Now In Normandy

AUG. 9

Large Canadian Attack Launched

AUG. 21

Falaise-Argentan Gap Now Closed

AUG. 24

Paris Is Liberated by the Maquis Canucks over Vie

AUG. 26

British and Canucks Race to Seine

SEPT. 2

CANADIANS COME BACK TO DIEPPE BATTLEGROUND

SEPT. 4

British And Yanks Now In Belgium

SEPT. 7

Allied Patrols Enter Germany

SEPT. 21

CANADIAN TROOPS CAPTURE BOULOGNE 52,000 Hun prisoners

SEPT. 30

TRUCE LETS CIVILIANS LEAVE CALAIS

OCT. 12

CANADIANS CUT SCHELDT ESCAPE ROUTE Canadians smash Cris Nez guns

OCT. 23

Canadians Put Squeeze on Breskens Pocket

OCT. 30

Canadians Link up on South Beveland
Walcheren Landings Make Good Progress

NOV. 2

Canadian campaign to free port of Antwerp
Allied Armies Inch Toward Rhine on Whole Long Front

NOV. 27

CANADIAN MAJOR WINS VICTORIA CROSS

FEB. 9th 1945

Nijmegen Push Makes Early Gains
First Canadian Army is Hitting the Siegfried Line **Canadian, British troops**



ARMY POETS CORNER

ODE TO A STEN GUN

You wicked piece of vicious tin!
 Call you a gun? Don't make me grin.
 You're just a bloated piece of pipe.
 You couldn't hit a hunk of tripe.
 But when you're with me in the night,
 I'll tell you, pal, you're just alright!
 Each day I wipe you free of dirt.
 Your dratted corners tear my shirt.
 I cuss at you and call you names,
 You're much more trouble than my dames.
 But, boy, do I love to hear you yammer
 When you're spitting lead in a business manner.

You conceited pile of salvage junk.
 I think this prowess talk is bunk.
 Yet if I want a wall of lead
 Thrown at some Jerry's head
 It is to you I raise my hat;
 You're a damn good pal... you silly gat!

Gnr. S. N. Teed.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

When will the earth grow weary of the shock
 Of all this chaos? When, with impatient hands,
 Will it obliterate the shame and mock
 Of desolation glutton war demands?
 Will peace be just a meteor, seen and spent;
 Fleeing in darkness past this curve of earth?
 When I have found a peace more opulent
 Than fabled kings among the fluent mirth
 Of nascent stars, Oh! I shall mount on wings
 In wild pursuit of peace when I depart,
 And I shall overtake her and implore
 That she returns again to earth's low dwellings
 To build again the wastelands of the heart,
 To banish war and every kin of war.

Bdr. Beirnes.

CALVADOS

There is a drink called Calvados,
 Made in France from apples,
 And when you've had a shot or two
 You're ready for big battles.

To some this drink is precious stuff—

With sleep and eats it rates.
 It is the finest stuff on earth
 Say many of my mates.

It makes a cold chap nice and warm,
 And knocks some warm chaps cold.
 It leaves some strong chaps weak next day
 And makes some weak ones bold.

The Tommy likes his glass of beer,
 Some Yanks their gin and cock-tails,
 But ask a Canuck just what he'll have,
 And «Calvados», he wails.

Before the chaps had found this drink
 Their drink was apple cider.
 And now they're drinking apples still,
 But Calvados, not cider.

F. W. M.

GUESS WHO

We don't get too much glory
 But we're always on the go.
 And in so many different ways
 We help to beat the foe.

Perhaps it is a bridge to build.
 Perchance some mines to raise.
 Or maybe road maintenance
 For the next decisive phase.

And many times there's dirty jobs
 All up and down the line.
 No job too big; no job too small—
 Just call us any time.

I guess by now you surely know
 Who this poem's all about.
 Your guess is right, the Engineers,
 So give us room to shout.

Spr. H. Wilson.

TANK CORPS' LAMENT

Here I lay me down to sleep
 With a «Tiger» at my head and feet.

If I should die before I wake,
 You'll know I died of an «88».

A. T. Pearson.

PIN UP GIRLS

Pin up girls are swell to see
 In their flimsy negligee;
 Nearly nude and nicely shaped,
 Upon their bodies little draped,
 Pleasing to the eye are they,
 Girls who make their beauty pay.
 In their trenches privates stare,
 Remembering other girls as fair.
 In their day they gave their charms,
 But now, soldier! Call to arms.

Gnr. D. G. Lemon.

LINES ON MONOGAMY

A thought upon
 A lonely soldier's life:
 The Army's had
 The best years of my wife.

Major Bill Austin.

WISHFUL DREAMING

I remember well a Canadian town
 Where I got cleaned up and then
 went down

To have a beer all cool and brown
 To quench my thirst.

And a lovely girl with a friendly eye,
 Who was very fond of that stuff
 called rye,

Would drink up all what I could buy
 To quench her thirst.

And now I sure would like to go
 To that happy place that I used to know.

And I wouldn't care if I just had snow
 To quench my thirst.

Pte. J. T. Condell.

STRANGE HARVEST

(A TRIBUTE TO 3 DIV)

Dip gently your scythe good reaper,
O'er the fields of Calvados,
Tread softly Normandy's furrowed
earth

From Epron to the coast,
For the harvest is not all the yield
of the soil,
Nor the furrows the mark of the
plough,

But the earth's rich red is the blood
of the dead,

The dead who are sleeping now.
They came from the sea, like you
and me,

But they beached on a steel-rimmed
coast.

They carved their way through the
Hun at bay,

And blasted the tyrant's boast
That no might could breach the
wave-locked shore,

No Allied foot gain hold:
The sea would be red with the blood
of the dead,

The dead who had been to bold.

On their left and right were Bri-
tain's men,

And from south of the Forty-nine
Came the western flanks of the Al-
lied ranks

Through mortar, shell and mine,
The wall was stormed, the beaches
won,

As skies grew sullen and wild,
Till the strength of the mighty men
of the sea

Seemed less than the strength of a
child.

Three precious weeks they fought
each yard

From their hand-dug holes in the
clay,

Through the treacherous grain up
the rising plain
To Malon and La Folie.

Who will forget the Falaise Gap?
Or Pincon west on the Orne?
But at Authie, and Gruchy, and
Franqueville
Were these later victories born.

Great cities and countries have fal-
len now

To the hosts this vanguard led,
Let us not forget the debt we owe
To the oft unhonoured dead.

I have seen the hell where a hund-
red fell

At Rots and Grey Le Vey,
Midst the reeking corn all mortar
torn

From Gazelle to Carpiquet.
Les Buissons is the resting place
Of men who cannot die,
Glengarrians, Novas, Camerons,
Hussars and H. L. I.

They learned to fight midst the fe-
tid stench

At Buron and Periers,
They pitted their youth 'gainst the
war-learned craft
Of the Panzer Grenadiers.

So honour the men of the western
plains,

Black Devils, Reginas too;
The Queens, North Shores and
Chaudieres,

And Scots from the Western blue.
Victoria, Winnipeg, Ottawa

Sent sons for the treacherous trail,
Who must feed the guns and the
tanks and the men,

The men who dare not fail.
There were gunners and sappers

from homes which range
From the East to the setting sun,
And many lie where the ripening

rye,
Danced to the devil's fun.

They do not ask a golden casque,
Or a tower of graven stone,

But that men may live in a world
set free

From guilt by their blood atoned.

Dip gently your scythe, good reaper
now

O'er the fields of the hallowed dead,
For young men fought and young
men died

Near the sea, where the earth is red.

By H/Capt. Stanley E. Higgs.

HOME

Home's what the soldier thinks about
when the going is getting
tough;

When Jerry shells are falling, and
he tries to call our bluff.

You're lying in a slit-trench, hug-
ging to the wall,

Wondering if it's deep enough, and
when the next will fall.

You think of lots of things just
then. The things you used to
do;

Of people that you used to know,
and hope remember you.

It's little things you're thinking then,
of maybe Mom and Dad;

The home you used to love so much,
of all the fun you had.

And then you think of Jerry; and of
those 'teen aged kids;

The kids who still should be at
school; You think what Hitler
did.

He filled their minds so full of trash,
as everybody knew.

They fight and still they worship
him. How can they be so true?

Then looking forward to the peace,
Perhaps you'll have a different job.

But still you wish you knew

How many things have changed
since then, the day you signed
the line?

How many pals you've lost this war,
and how you'll fill in time.

You hope the house is still the same.
The lawn the same old green.

The cedar hedge behind the house;
your mother's eyes agleam.

I guess it's no use wondering. We'll
have to wait and see.

When Germany is all washed up,
and then at home you'll be.

Gnr. J. H. Hare.

THE LONESOME COWBOY

I can hear the coyotes howling,
And they speak to me of home;
Of the wide unbounded prairies
Where I daily used to roam.
I can catch the scent of sagebrush
Gently wafted on the breeze,
As I rested in my saddle
In the shade of pinon trees.

I can hear the bacon sizzling
As I turned it in the pan.
I can taste the scalding coffee
As I drank it from the can;
I can see the sky thick-studded
With a thousand dancing lights
As I watched it times uncounted
From my blankets through the
nights.

It's a long way from the prairie
To a funk-hole in the mud,
From the mesquite and the sage-
brush,

To this agony of blood.
For the howling of the coyotes
Is replaced by grimmer sounds,
And the vast expanse of mesa
Is defaced by man-made mounds.

But I'll keep my dreams before me,
Through this carnival of hell,
Through its hard to keep the me-
mory

Of sage and chapparal.
And when this show is over
I'll be riding as before,
O'er the wide unbounded prairie,
And I'll leave it never more.

S/Sgt. F. J. Nethercut.

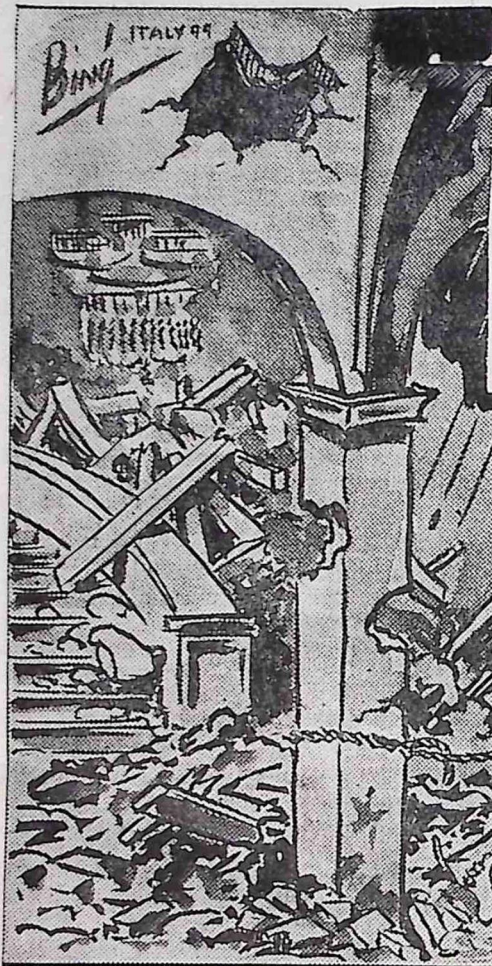
Bing Coughlin



The delightful little character with the roguish look you see on this page is Herbie. Herbie was born in Italy and crashed his way into the Italy Maple Leaf. Along with «This Army» he has a habit of travelling

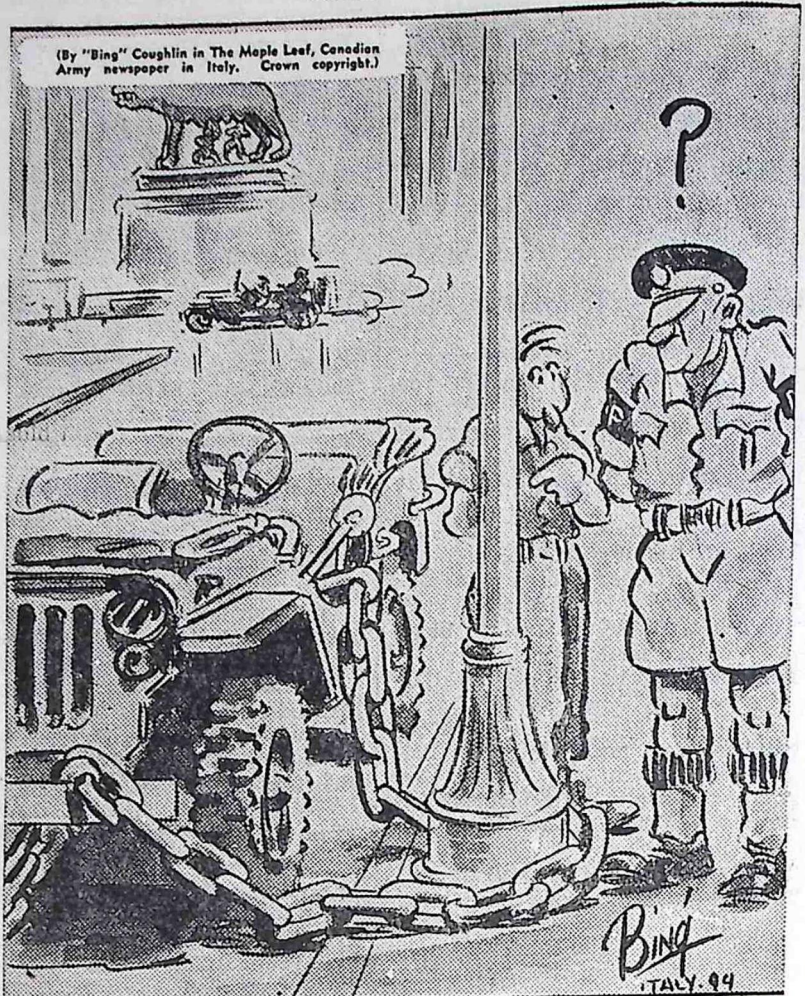
and now graces the pages of many Canadian dailies.

Herbie's «poppa» is Sgt. «Bing» Coughlin, 32-year old artist who participated with the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards in the invasion of Sicily. He served for four months in the Italian campaign before joining The Maple Leaf staff.



"Well it's the best hotel in town, ain't it?"

THIS ARMY



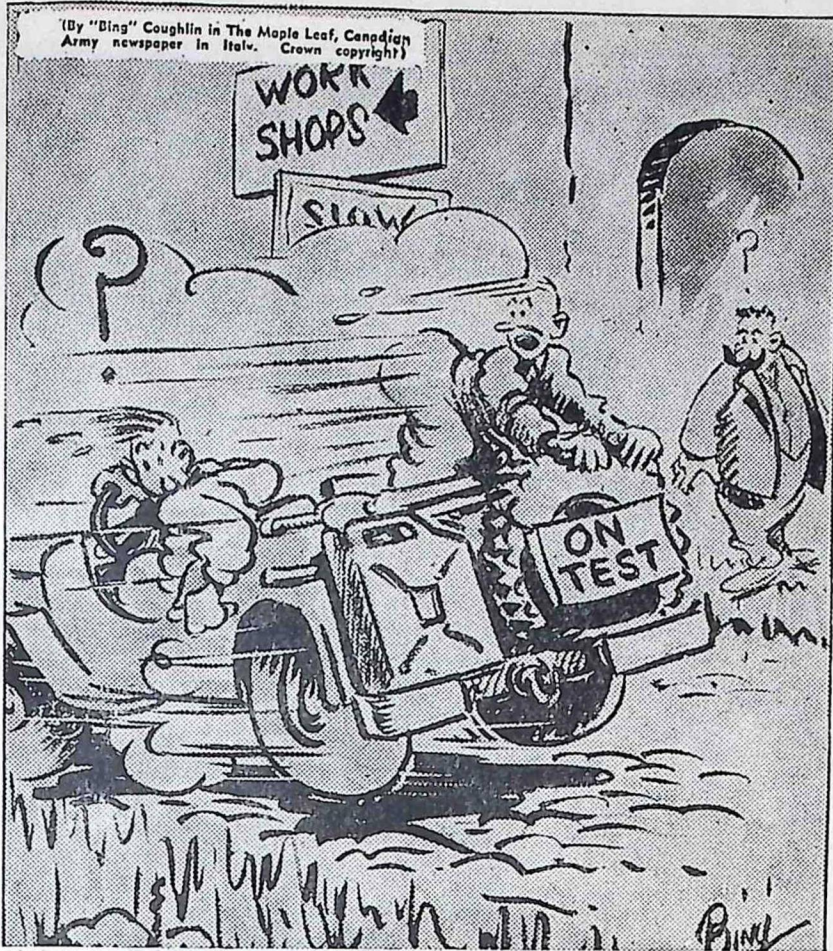
"I trust the chain, but how about the pole?"

Bing's characters are read and continually remind the fellows in the front lines of someone in their own unit. To get atmosphere Bing makes periodic trips to the front and lives with the soldiers.

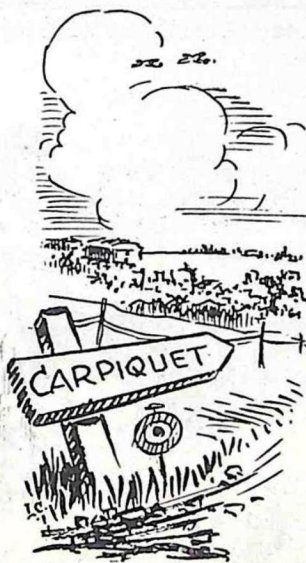
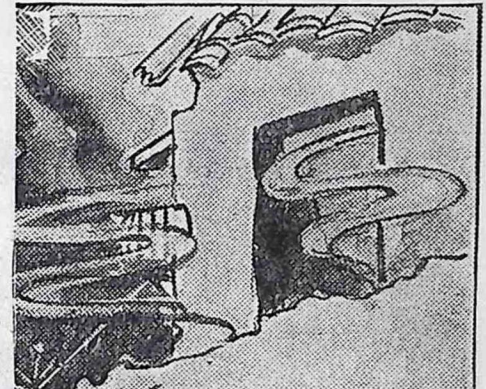
Many of his cartoons have been gathered together in book form and recently they appeared, rightly enough, under the title of «This Army.»



THIS ARMY



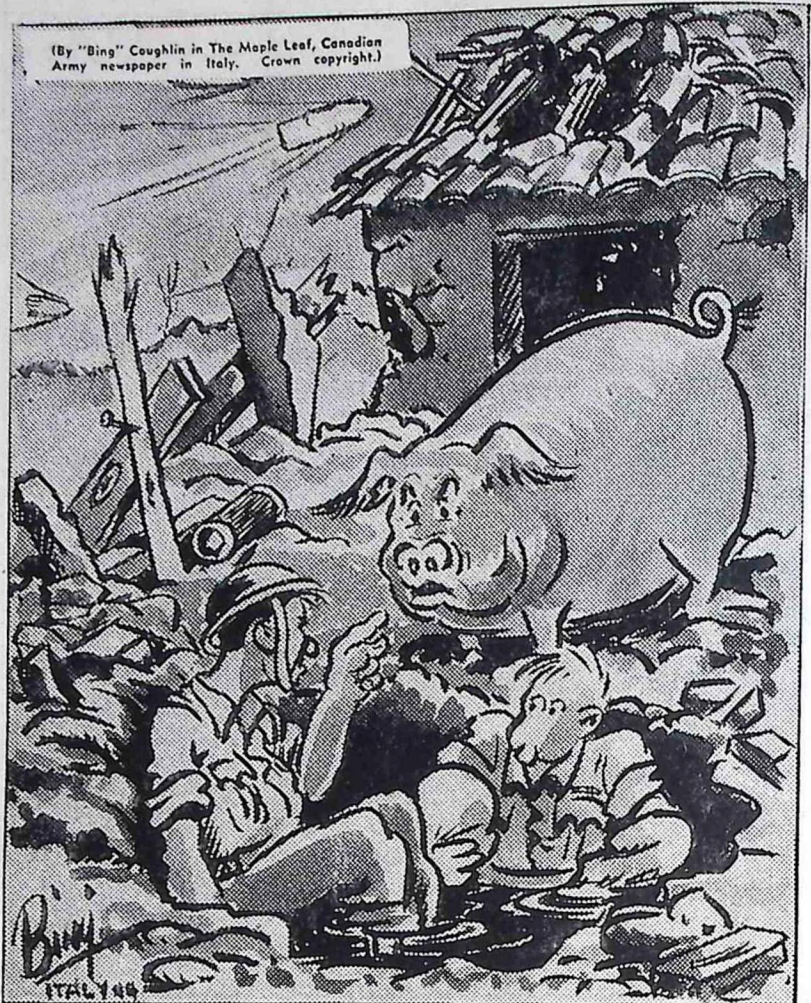
I told ya so, ya put the gears in backwards!



Picture or no picture, I'm not runnin' past that open space again fer no photographer.

THIS ARMY

Ever since Canadians started chasing Jerry Berlin-wards Al Capp's Dogpatchers have been with us. Daisy Mae did most of the chasing — s-sob...

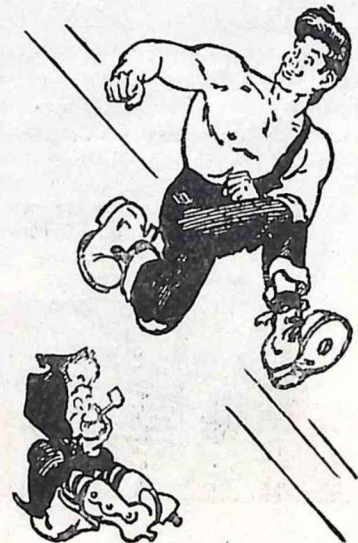


(By "Bing" Coughlin in The Maple Leaf, Canadian Army newspaper in Italy. Crown copyright.)



(By "Bing" Coughlin in The Maple Leaf, Canadian Army newspaper in Italy. Crown copyright.)

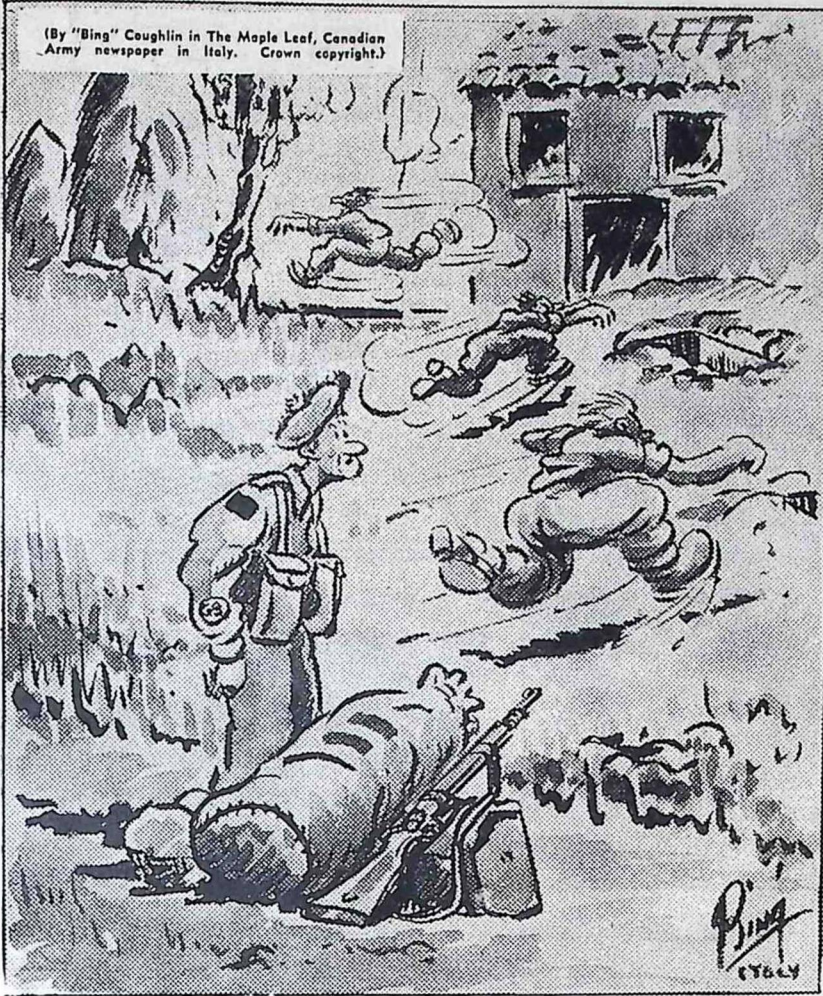
You scam! There aint room for three here.



« And what the hell made you think it wuz booby trapped? »

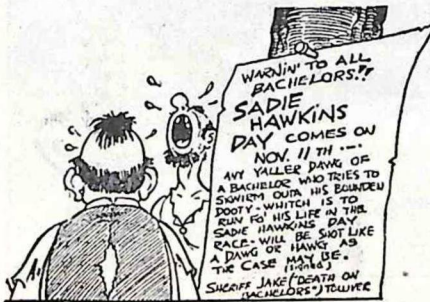
THIS ARMY

(By "Bing" Coughlin in The Maple Leaf, Canadian Army newspaper in Italy. Crown copyright.)

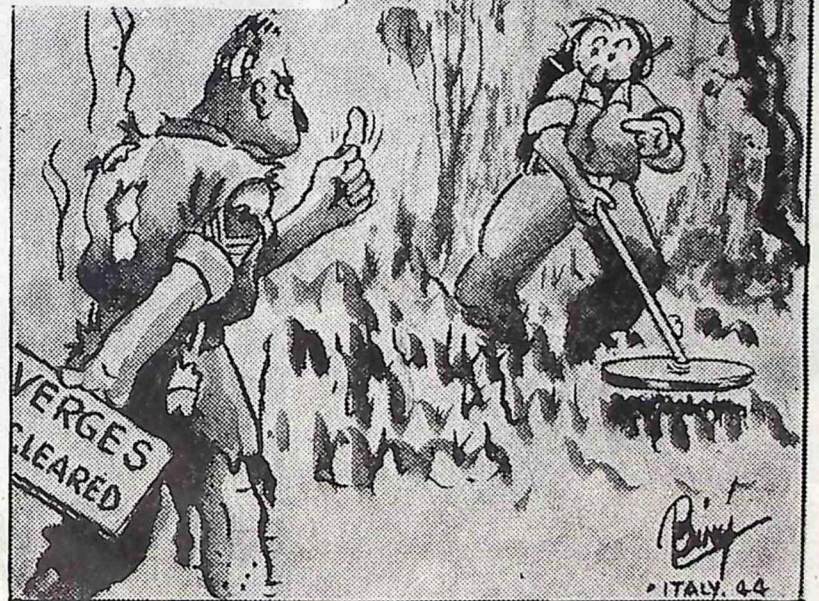


« Here comes a moanin' what? »

... Until Sadie Hawkins, when the Monster took over for the wimmin's side. But she waren't necessarily hoomin' - remember! Marryin' Sam was done out of five dollar weddin...



Just now the Yokums are leaving Dog patch. It's confoozin' but it ain't amoozin, especially when Ol Man Mose and Hairless Joe and - yep! - Moonbeam McSwine, are staying.



« Who me? »

THIS ARMY



I told ya so!
No matter how much air ya put in
the tires she still sinks.



«Take it easy lads, we're workin' fer George too.»



THE MAPLE LEAF

(Contents Passed by Censor — May be Mailed Home)

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Editor-in-Chief.

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The man behind the scenes of The Maple Leaf, seldom seen but much read in print, is Major Seth Halton, managing editor, who helped the first edition off the press in Caen with a hope and a prayer and is still directing operations. Formerly with The Toronto Star, he enlisted in the ranks and came overseas as a lieutenant. He's a one-man tourist bureau for his home town, Pincher Creek, Alberta, but wants to run off The Maple Leaf on Berlin's Voelkischer Beobachter before he goes there again.



POLITICS NO PLACE IN ARMY 10 Nov. 1944

Political developments in Canada have been the subject of discussion and speculation by Canadians everywhere during recent weeks. Although the issues involved may be of particular interest to the Canadian Army, we must not take our eye off the ball. Our job at present overseas is to get on with fighting the war. Not that Canadian soldiers should not take an interest in the affairs of their country. To the contrary. But the fact remains that if we are to operate as an efficient fighting team there can be no room for political issues within our ranks.

The Maple Leaf in the past few days has published in its news columns facts about political events in Canada. The Maple Leaf is a troop's newspaper. Its object is to provide news for the troops, information from home and the battle front and some entertainment. There is room here for timely discussion also, but not for political opinions.

That Canadian soldiers overseas think about the affairs of their country is only too evident in letters received by The Maple Leaf. It is a most healthy sign and The Maple Leaf hopes this same interest will continue when we are back again on civvy street. Meanwhile the present issues must be decided by our government at home, not over here.

SALUTE TO THE HOME GUARD 7 Dec. 1944

The Home Guard stood down on Sunday. To thousands of Canadian soldiers this historic event had a particular significance. It meant farewell to an old association. Few would salute their last parade with greater respect than the Canucks.

For many of us the event will recall months, even years of close association with the Home Guard of Surrey and Sussex. It will recall Sunday morning exercises and schemes around pleasant English villages... Canadian NCO's and officers serving as instructors at Home Guard evening classes... a pint of beer with the Home Guard after parade... kindly invitations to dinner or tea in nearby homes.

It had its touch of humour as well, as when a junior instructor would find himself suddenly faced with a class of pupils each of whom was old enough to be his father and sporting battle ribbons of cam-

paigns before he was born. There was the shortage of equipment and uniforms to be overcome in the early days.

The Englishman has always enjoyed poking a certain amount of good natured fun at his own accomplishments. The Home Guard came in for its share. But its members never kidded themselves or their Canadian visitors out of the fact that the Home Guard was both skilled and determined in its duty. They served their country truly and well.

The Canadian Army has a very special salute for the old guard as it marches off parade. We say, «Good luck and God bless.»

CLEARING THE SCHELDT ESTUARY

31 Oct. 1944

It shouldn't be very many days now before the navy can move in with its many mine-sweeping devices to clear the Scheldt estuary for shipping. It shouldn't be long after that the first freighter will move through the estuary to Antwerp harbour. And when the freighters start docking in large numbers the supply problem—key to the next and perhaps final assault on Germany—will have been solved.

The clearing of the estuary approach to Antwerp—so that the enemy will be unable to shell our shipping in the narrow water—has been the object of most of the close, bitter and unspectacular fighting in which the Canadians have engaged since they began fighting just north of the port itself.

While these forces, with British and Polish troops under Canadian command, moved north from the city to clear the north bank, other Canadians set out to clear the south. On October 6 Canadian forces, including the Regina Rifles, Royal Winnipeg Rifles and the Canadian Scottish crossed the Leopold canal. On October 9 an assault landing made by troops who included the D-day veteran North Novas, SDG's and HLI's, caught the enemy in the Breskens pocket in the rear.

Today, after three weeks of terrible fighting the Germans hold only a few miles of shore line. The south bank of the estuary is practically cleared, but the remaining enemy troops have not «collapsed.» They've been driven towards the sea only after their last short range opposition has been overcome.

SOME EDITORIAL CLIPPINGS

PREVENT ANOTHER WAR 27 Dec. - 1944

In his Christmas day radio message this year, the King spoke of the longing we all have for « a new birth of freedom and order among the nations, so that happiness and concord may prevail. »

This indeed is the ultimate aim of the democracies; not merely victory in battle, but the establishment of an orderly world in which there will be no room for injustice and no cause for unrest.

The objectives will be hard to attain. Soldiers who take the view that the fight is one for the politicians and statesmen will only make it harder. Actually the fight, against prejudice and intolerance and pettiness, will have to be fought by every one of us.

Soldiers who have been taken by the war to various countries of the world and met various of the world's people have broadened horizons and increased knowledge of their world neighbours. Their knowledge, based on experience and in many cases cemented on common battlefields will be of great value in eliminating future strife of the kind which comes of misunderstanding and distrust.

But it is up to the soldiers themselves to make their voices heard and heeded. They will succeed only if they are prepared, back in civvy street, to undertake the full duties of citizenship — to take an active interest, if not an actual part, in the government of towns and provinces and countries.

It will be the duty of every soldier who knows what war is like to play a part in preventing the next one — by maintaining always a vigilant watch on the actions of his government at home to see that his government is maintaining a vigilant watch on the world's sore spots and treating them early.

If we all do that — Canadians, British, Russians and the rest — and at the same time use our experience of war-time cooperation to assure peacetime cooperation, the problem will be licked.

V-1 — CANUCK'S MEAT 9 Sept. - 1944

Canadian troops sweeping up the channel coast are taking a particular delight in over-running V-1 bases and hourly cutting down the winged threat that has caused so much death and destruction in England.

Southern England — and London in particular — has endured four years of bombing in various guises. First it was massed daylight raids in 1940 when British air power fought heroically against frightening odds. Then in 1941 it was a case of all-night attacks, playing havoc with vital rest when millions were trying to keep fit for the beginning of the counter offensive which is so successfully rampant today.

At various times since 1941, there have been incendiary attempts; explosive fire bombs, winged booby traps and finally V-1. London especially has been subjected to a severe mauling from the air but it has emerged triumphant and hurled the morale-cracking attempts back into Hitler's teeth.

Mr. Herbert Morrison quite justifiably paid tribute to London recently in saying its grit in withstanding a moral defeat from the air has contributed notably to the success of the Normandy campaign in that the German military machine suffered from lack of air cover on that account.

It is now hoped that England will not suffer ravages from the air with the vehemence of the past.

VOTE FOR YOUR MAN 17 Oct. - 1944

Service voting to elect a soldier representative to the legislature of Saskatchewan begins today. There are 17 candidates and of the 17 one will be chosen, by the vote of Saskatchewan soldiers in this theatre. Another will be chosen from and by army men in Canada and a third from Italy.

Canadians in Canada have worked in our interests to make this vote possible. They realize that men who fight should have something to say about their own governments. They have gone to great expense to give us some say in our affairs.

So it is up to the men of Saskatchewan to use this opportunity. It will be you who will be responsible for the future of your province in years to come. You've got a moral obligation to take the time and trouble to vote.

Voting is nothing more than well-directed freedom of speech. It's the background of our democratic system and it's worth fighting for. Right now, in fact, we're fighting the worst war in history just so that people can continue to choose their own governments. Don't fail to cast your vote. Show the people back home that Canadians overseas are properly interested in how the country is run. Make this Saskatchewan overseas vote mean something and set the pace for continued soldier interest in our governments.

ANYBODY HERE SEEN IVAN? 10 Feb. - 1945

We laughed too when we saw today's page 4 cartoon. Then we began to think a bit about these Russians. After all, who are they? In the past we've known them not as a people, and certainly not as individuals, but only as a mighty force trying to do from one direction what we were trying to do from another, and amazing the whole world by their successes.

We've had our cartoons about them, and our jokes, and in recent weeks the wits among us have casually inquired if there'd been any Reds about the place. In fact on the Canadian front, in full view of the Germans, a great sign was warned « no Russians past this point. »

The rather jolting truth of the matter is that one of these days it's all going to come true. It's beginning to look like the last big squeeze is on from their side and ours. One of these days — and we hope it's soon — every newspaper in the country will splash the front page with details on the first handshake between eastern and western Allies. It will be a momentous meeting.

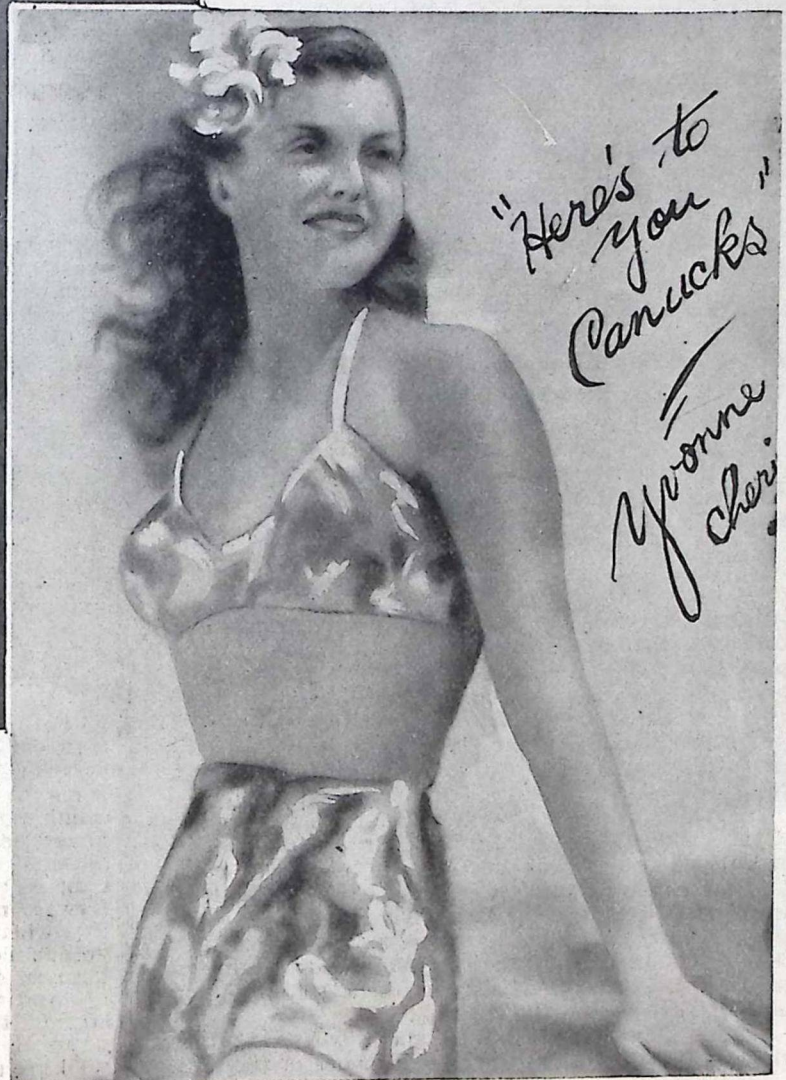
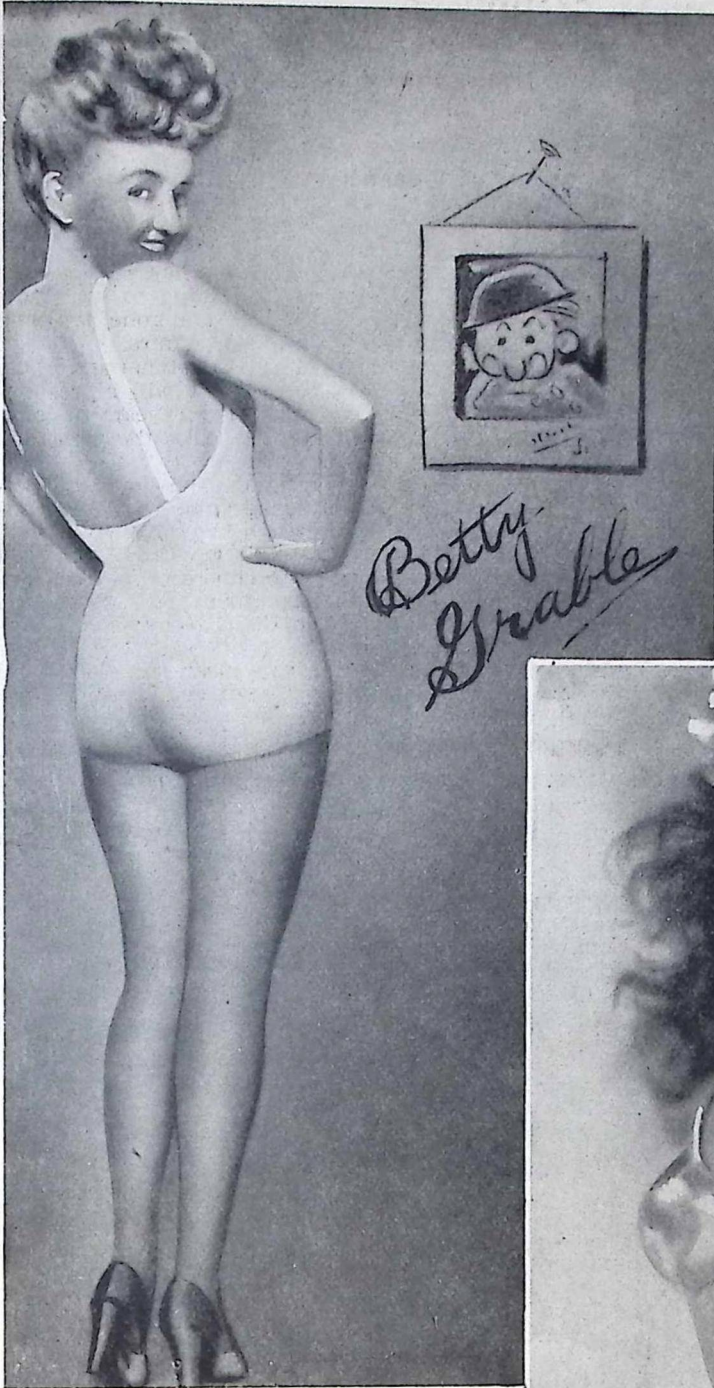
But who are these guys? What do we know about them?

Well, we know they're soldiers, and in that respect very much like ourselves. They're good. They've got to be to whip the Germans. We know how hard every one of them must be working to keep their push going over snow and icy roads with long lines of communication behind them. We know they must have great courage and stamina. We know they must be tired of compo, or whatever the handle is they hang on compo. We know that like ourselves they look forward more than anything else in the world to the day when they can put the uniform away for the grandchildren to play with, and get down to the business of making a home and making a living.

And that, really, is about all we do know. It's enough though. If we start with that knowledge when we meet them in the canteens and « IT » joints we'll get along pretty well.

HIYA TOOTS!

One of The Maple Leaf's specialties — despite the bad printing back in Caen — has been the ever-popular pin-ups, which had their gay beginning in the frothy «La Vie Parisienne» in the Great War and rose to their queen-like position of prominence in this. No slit trench is considered complete without a pertinent display of Betty Grable's impertinence; no shubugerie gets the right homey touch without the moonglow eyes of Rita Hayworth.



Pin-ups keep a guy — especially a lonely sort of guy in a cold and lonely sort of country — from forgetting that there are such things as gals in the world.



Ann Miller

*Love and Kisses
Esther Williams*

Frances Horne

*Sera
Morina*

*Blair
Poe*



A paper doll to call my own



Rita Hayworth



Ella Raines

Linda Darnell

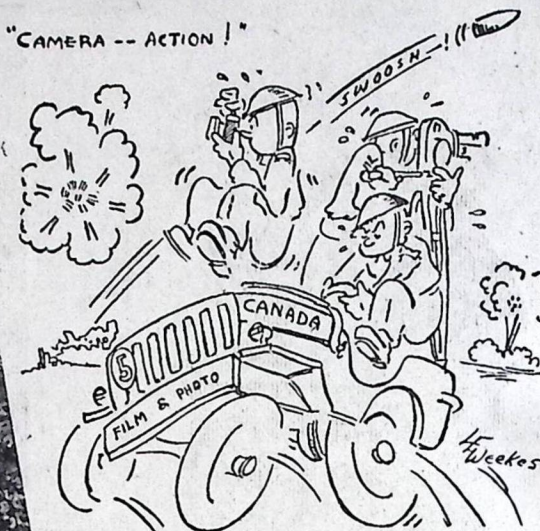
Canadian Film and Photo unit

Men of the Canadian Army Film and Photo unit landed on the Normandy beaches on D-day, have « covered » Canadians ever since. The pictures on these and following pages, all of which have appeared in the Maple Leaf, are theirs.

A GERMAN S.P. GUN KNOCKED OUT BY A CANADIAN PIAT CREW



"CAMERA -- ACTION !"



FRENCH CIVILIANS HUDDLE BEHIND A BUILDING FOR COVER FROM GERMAN SNIPERS DURING THE LIBERATION OF PARIS



A FAMOUS, ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT IRONICAL, CANADIAN ROADSIDE SIGN IN HOLLAND

HITLER'S TALLEST NAZI
NABBED BY CANADIAN



A SERVICEMAN SIGNPAINTER GOES TO WORK
ON PUBLICITY FOR THE 7th VICTORY LOAN

COL. RALSTON ON ONE OF HIS
VISITS TO THE FRONT LINES,



COL.
RALSTON



GENERAL CRERAR VISITS A BRUSSELS
LEAVE CENTRE FOR OFFICERS



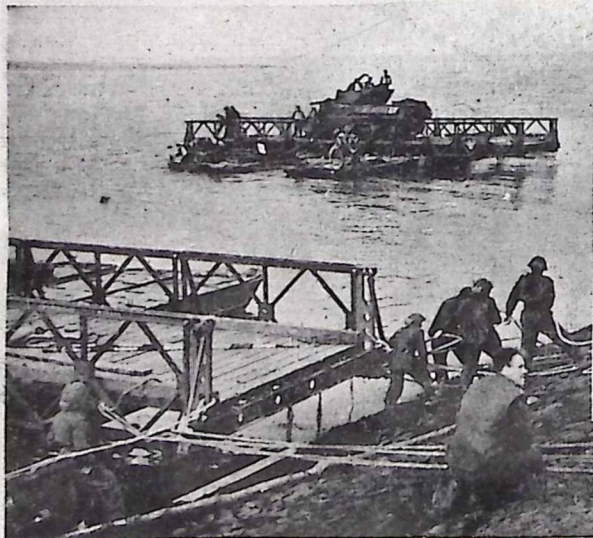
A DUTCH GIRL EXTENDS A HEARTY WELCOME, AND A BIT OF FRUIT, TO CANADIAN LIBERATORS



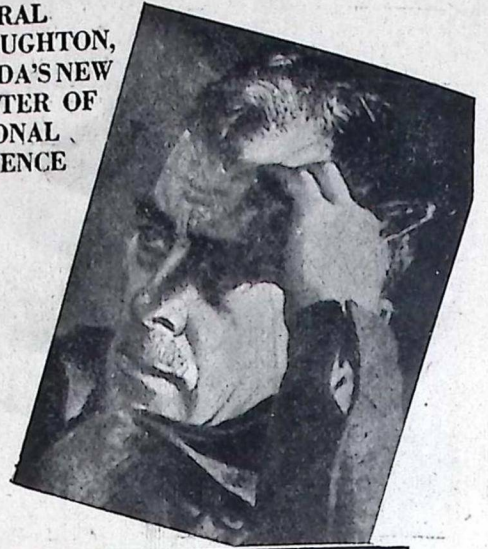
ONE OF THE HUGE GUNS THAT THE CANADIANS SILENCED IN THEIR ADVANCE ALONG THE CHANNEL COAST



CANADIAN RAFT USED TO GET GUNS ACROSS HOLLAND WATERWAY



GENERAL McNAUGHTON, CANADA'S NEW MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE



HELMET, A BOOTED FOOT AND HIS GAS MASK IS ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN OF THIS DEAD HUN HALF SUBMERGED IN THE SOGGY DUTCH TERRAIN



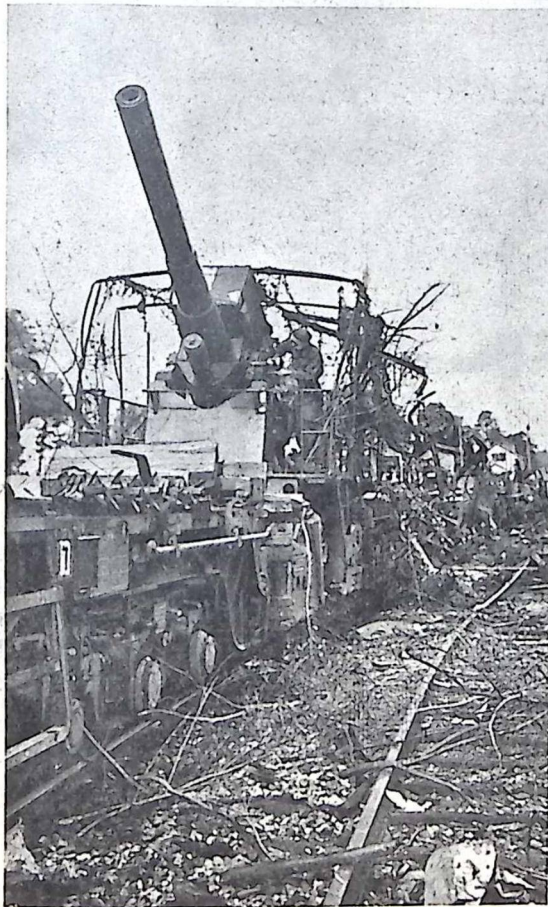
GERMAN PRISONERS BEING HERDED BACK.



S^T
NICOLAS



CANADIAN CARRIERS IN THE HOLLAND MUD
A DITCHED LORRY

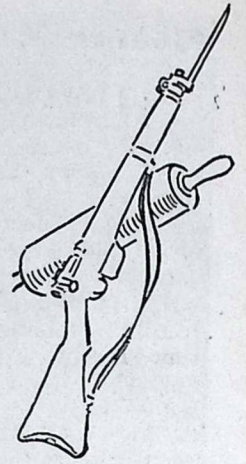


A SMASHED GERMAN RAILWAY GUN





**NURSING SISTERS TAKING
A LITTLE RELAXATION ON
THE WESTERN FRONT**



CANADIAN RED CROSS GIRL



**CWACs GRAB THEIR MESS TINS
AND LINE UP WITH THE BOYS FOR CHOW**

Moaner McGruffey...

IT WAS an unhappy day for The Maple Leaf and its readers when a BLR'd left elbow — maybe never as well developed as his right — gave the bone setters a chance for a field day on Ted Reeve's battered frame and the Moaner emerged from a Pulhems test with, as he puts it, points enough for a new Empire record and a trip to Canada.

No by-line in The Maple Leaf had as faithful a following as Ted Reeve's. His peacetime Toronto Telegram sports column, by the guy who'd taken years of lacrosse and rugby bumps as well as bouquets, numbered amongst its most appreciative readers the guys who'd been in there too. So the fellows in Normandy dust or Belgian mud or Dutch dampness got their biggest belly laughs out of his faithful description of their own daily lives.



Moaner forecasts an old-fashioned winter Older guys winched out of ground sheets

BY GNR. TED REEVE

Former Toronto Telegram Sports Columnist.

*A soldier sat down by the Scheldt,
So we asked the young man how
he felt.*

*But he just shook his back
And he answered «Quack! Quack!»
As the feathers grew out of his peldt.*

Which, folks, is just a verse of the song hit successor to «Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?» entitled «There Ain't No Land on Which to Stand in No Man's Land Today! Ray!»

This is going to be the chilliest winter we have spent since we played goal for the Hambly Avenues in the outdoor hockey league. Especially as the ack ack outfits get merged more and more of late into infantry roles, which is OK too by us, though we do hope they let us keep our gun tractors. Even now, in late October, the older guys in the crew have to be winched out of the ground sheets for every shift.

Our detachment in the last move still came up with an artillery support chore and for a few days and nights sat amid numerous cannons which, as far as we could make out, were being fired out over an estuary at some Jerries who were being chivvied up the other shore.

Whoever was on their tail must have been going good, for the German mortar fire that usually comes

over fairly prompt in reply to salvos of any size, was seldom sent our way (we are very glad to report) so the English artillerymen were free to blast away on schedule and spent their spare time hooting pleasantries from gun to gun.

Get more than three Limey soldiers together at any time and one of them will be an amateur Tommy Trinder or Max Miller. It was all very jolly anyway to hear them on the 2 a.m. shift yelling: «Hie there, Sawgent Griggs, what are you firing from that gun now, fresh air?»

«Keep a civil — tongue in your head, Bombardier Pawsley, and don't forget to put something in the breech this time.»

«We shall be ready to fire again in three minutes St. Panacras Time, Sawgent!»

«Right, Bdr. Pawsley, shall I start counting now or will you let me know at the minit hinterval?»

Then somebody would whistle a few bars of «Underneath the Arches» or «The Anniversary Waltz» with the tune carrying good through the dark wet air, and all of a sudden — wham! — guns open up for miles around.

The further we go the more we realize how Monty loves an artillery set-up. Any time he can manage

it he packs in the guns. A solid sender, as they say in swing circles. So even in bad flying weather which is prevalent in these parts, the square-heads get no rest from the pounding.

The inhabitants hereabouts are not getting much sleep either and the old boy who owns this little farm has his shingles blown off every night. He gets up and hammers them back on every morning, but we think he should start using tape.

The country so far is flatter, wetter and barer than Belgium, with the roads running along on embankments or dykes, higher by a good many feet than the surrounding fields. There was both a church steeple and a windmill supplied with our view so it was a sure enough Dutch landscape.

Especially in the evening, when the raised road lined with thin poplars formed our horizon and the old carts and plodding horses going down it were silhouetted dark against the dull autumn sky and looked like designs on border wall paper or mural.

And speaking of paper, you must pardon us now while we finish putting an old Saturday Evening Post in each shoe. Must keep out the damp.

CHRISTMAS 1944



FIRST CANADIAN ARMY

PERSONAL MESSAGE

From the

ARMY COMMANDER

Since the First Canadian Army came into operational existence, on 23 July, and commenced its first great battle on 7/8 August—thrusting South and East from CAEN—it has gone many places and done great things.

It has fought forward some four hundred and fifty miles, through FRANCE, BELGIUM and HOLLAND. It has met, and defeated, either in whole or in part, fifty-nine enemy divisions of which eleven were SS and Panzer type and forty-eight were Infantry and other types. It has captured from the enemy nearly one hundred and twenty thousand prisoners. It has a right to be proud of its record.

Now, in the final analysis, whatever the ability of a senior Commander and the expertness of his Staff, victory on the battlefield is mainly due to the skill, the spirit and the determination in which the military plans are carried out by the regimental officer and man. In these essential requirements, no Army has ever been better served.

The First Canadian Army has been fortunate, throughout, by the inclusion in it of 1 British Corps. In that Corps, and sometimes in 2 Canadian Corps, we have had Scottish, English, Polish and US Divisions as well as Canadian. We have had with us contingents from our Belgian, Netherlands and Czecho-Slovak Allies. But, whatever the nationality of such formations, they have fitted, perfectly, into their places in the Army "team" and played their part with the greatest distinction. I have reason to believe that, in complementary fashion, 1 Canadian Corps in the Eighth British Army has done likewise.

This does not read like a Christmas message and yet, in my opinion, the facts which I have stated point the way to that state of peace and goodwill on earth which must be the aim of all right thinking men—thoughts which should be in the forefront of our minds at this time of year. If, after we have beaten Nazi Germany to its knees, the Allied nations can subordinate their selfish interests to the collective good—in the manner which has been so effectively demonstrated during these months of battle by the several national formations of the First Canadian Army—we need have no doubts as to the future happiness and advancement of the countries of our birth.

In the meantime, the best of luck to all and let us lose no time or opportunity to finish off this business, completely and convincingly.

(H. D. G. Crerar) General
GOC-in-C
First Canadian Army

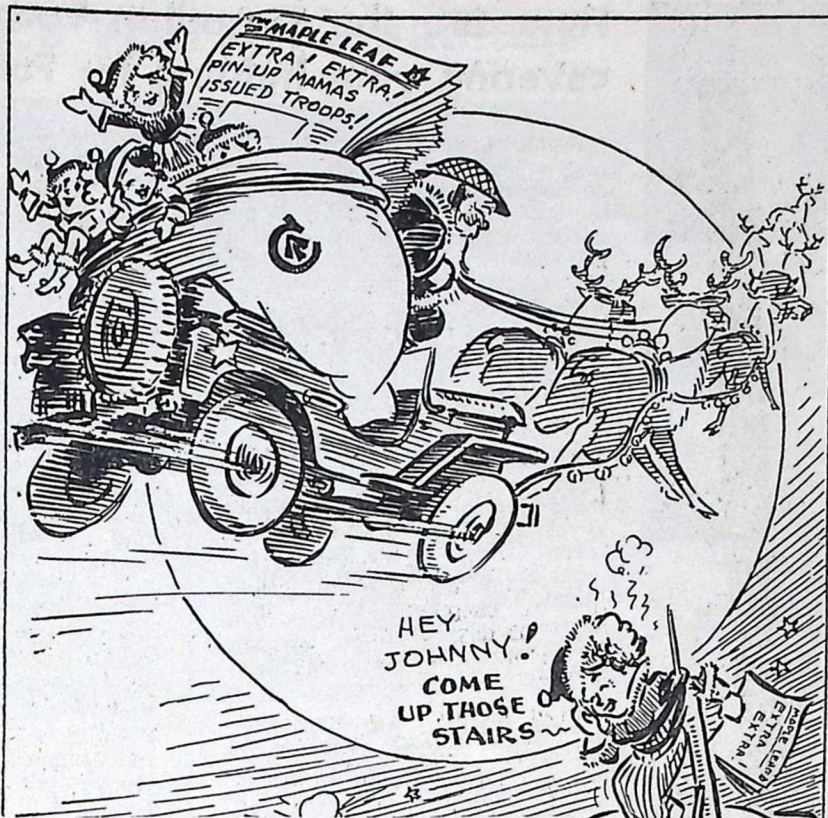
December, 1944.

1 MPS/11-3 (238)

BELGIAN COOPERATION

AFTER the great push last summer which carried the Allies from Normandy into Holland, The Maple Leaf moved to Brussels, into the plant of Le Soir. The wholehearted cooperation of the Belgian ownership and staff places Canadians in their debit.

The Maple Leaf was given all the facilities that one of the most prominent papers in Europe afforded. When an effort was made to discuss terms for a contract, Le Soir balked. When the Canadians insisted on paying Le Soir accepted, but said the payments would be donated to charity. At Christmas time payments were deposited with the Belgian St. Nicolas fund. As a special effort Le Soir also printed the Christmas issue of The Maple Leaf with two colours.



LES. CALLAN EUROPE/44

Here are the Canadian Correspondents covering your fighting for Folk at Home



ROSS MUNRO



FRED GRIFFIN



MARCEL OUMET



LIONEL SHAPIRO



RALPH ALLEN



DICK SANBURN

Frequent contributors to The Maple Leaf have been the war correspondents, whose job it is to tell the people back home about the progress of the war and the activities of the fighting men. Several of the correspondents waited through the long years in England with us, many did the Sicily D-day with the Red Patch boys of the 1st Div and when Sicily fell went on to the campaign in Italy.

Among the correspondents best known to the Canadian Army is **Ross Munro** of the Canadian Press, who served with and wrote about Canadians in England as early as 1940. He went to Spitzbergen on his first operation, then to Dieppe, and has since made D-day landings on the coasts of Sicily, Italy and Normandy.

Fred Griffin, war correspondent and veteran reporter for The Toronto Star, is also a veteran of Sicily and Italy as well as Northwest Europe. Before he became a war correspondent he covered almost every kind of assignment for his paper and saw his first action at Dieppe.

Matt Halton and **Marcel Oumet** compose the English and French speaking team of CBC war correspondents. Halton wrote about the men of the Eighth Army for The Toronto Star from the desert, joined CBC in time to see the last of the fighting in Sicily and do an assault landing in Italy with Munro. Marcel too came through these shows. They both landed in Normandy on D-day carrying their portable recording equipment with them.

Maclean's magazine and the North American Newspaper Alliance have **Lionel Shapiro** covering the war for them. He's a Montrealer, and is also a veteran of Sicily and Italy, where he covered the Salerno landing with the Fifth Army.

A correspondent who was called out of the army to write for his old paper is **Ralph Allen** of the Toronto Globe and Mail. With that paper, and with The Winnipeg Tribune, earlier, he was a well known sports reporter. He enlisted with many other Toronto sportsmen in Major Connie Smythe's ack ack battery. He too covered Sicily and Italy and was

one of the Canadian newspapermen to land on the beaches of Normandy on D-day.

Dick Sanburn of the Southam newspapers, who served in the RCAF until he became a war correspondent in 1943, also served in the Mediterranean before coming here. He was forced to leave the theatre because of illness.

A Canadian writing about First Canadian Army for Reuter is 25-year-old **Charlie Lynch**, another reporter who landed with 3 Div on D-day. Before the war he had a varied newspaper experience in cities all across Canada and came overseas in 1944 as a correspondent.

Other well-travelled and battle-experienced Canadian Press men of the present show are **Bill Stewart** and **Maurice Desjardins**. Stewart is 30 years old and has been with CP since 1936. He too «covered» 1st Div in Sicily, the corps in Italy and the Canadian Army in France, Belgium and Holland. Moe Desjardins, a Montrealer who does much of his work for CP, as well as independent dailies, in French, was also in Italy and Sicily. He got to France as soon as a gimpy leg acquired in the Med would permit. He used to be a photographer and sports editor of the newspaper Le Droit but joined CP in 1942 and has been doing the war for that organization ever since.

J. A. M. Cook of the Winnipeg Free Press, who began his army association as an officer with the Regina Rifles and was recalled to become a war correspondent in 1943, also served in Sicily and Italy before reaching France. He helped put the first edition of The Maple Leaf to bed in Caen.

Sholto Watt covered the first months of the campaign in France and Belgium before a jeep accident sent him back to Canada. He represented the Montreal Standard with First Canadian Army in England, then went to Sicily with 1st Div, then on to Italy.

Among other Canadian correspondents well known to Maple Leaf readers are Allan Kent, Gerald Clark, John Clare, Ben Malkin, Doug Amaron and Ben Lafleur.



CHARLES LYNCH



MATT HALTON



BILL STEWART



MOE DESJARDINS

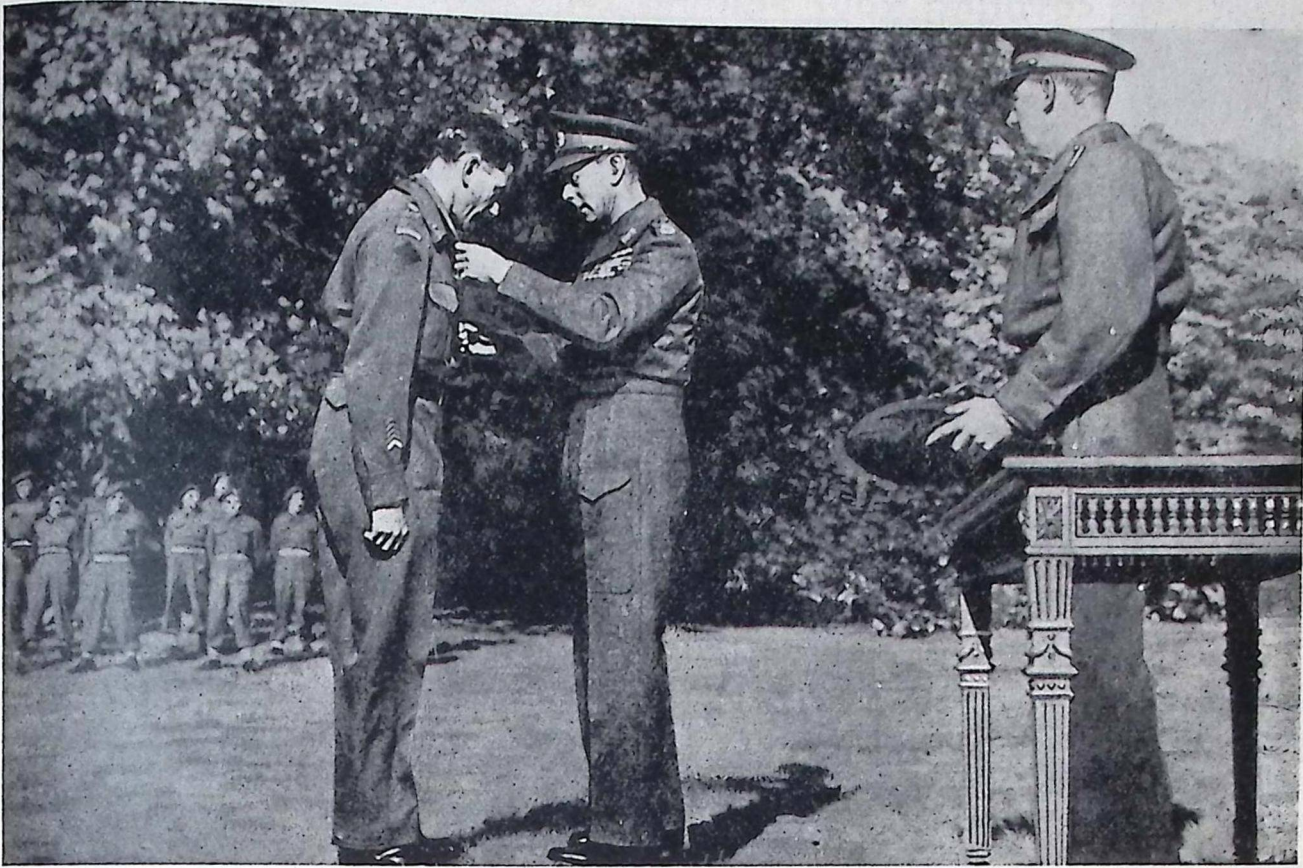


JAM COOK



SHOLTO WATT

The King's Visit to Canadians



General Simonds receiving the CB from the King.

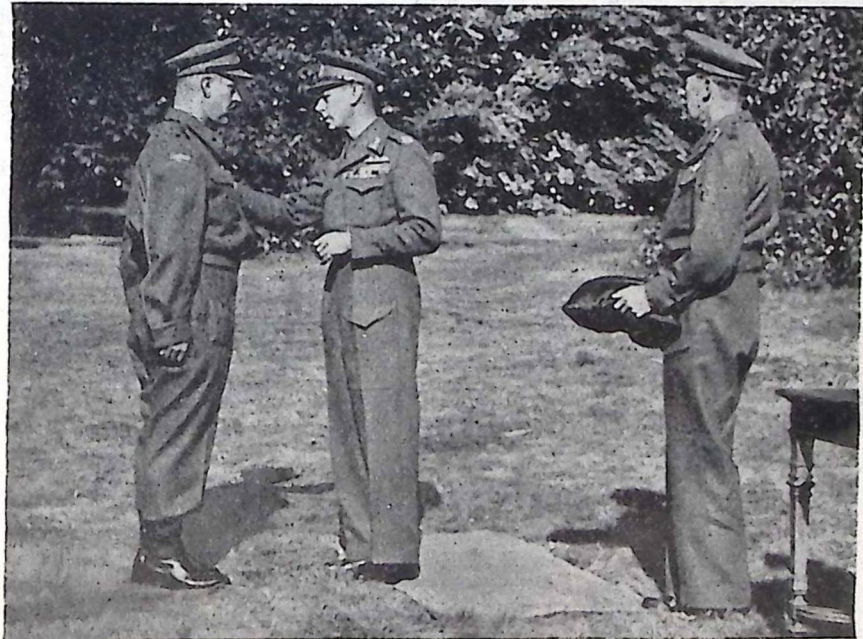
Canadians were honoured on Friday, October 13, 1944, when H.M. the King paid a visit to First Canadian Army headquarters to decorate Lt.-Gen. G.G. Simonds and seven other senior Canadian officers.

The investiture was an open air ceremony. As the King arrived he took the salute from a guard of honour of 300 Canadian soldiers drawn up in a hollow square. Field Marshal Montgomery then presented General Simonds to the King.

General Simonds stepped forward and His Majesty placed over his shoulder the blue ribbon of the CB. Decoration of other senior officers followed.

At the conclusion of the investiture, the King visited a senior air headquarters, then lunched with senior officers of both services.

He made a five day tour of battle formations in the western theatre before returning to England.



Brig. J. C. Spragge receives the DSO and OBE.

Capt. Doug Smith,



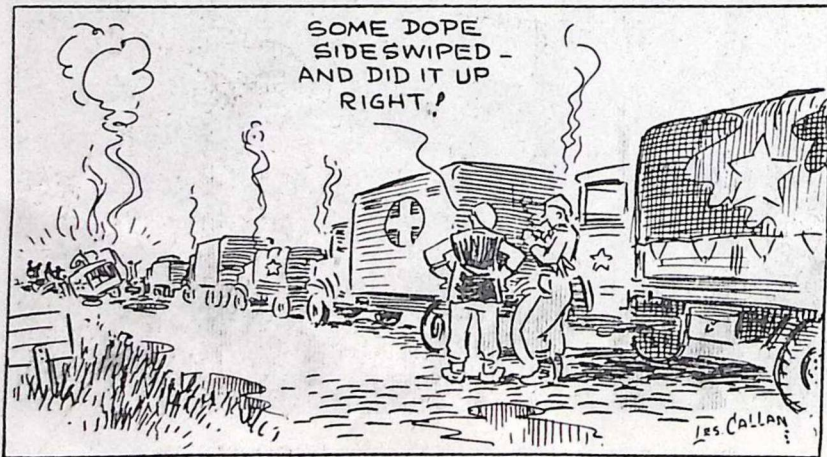
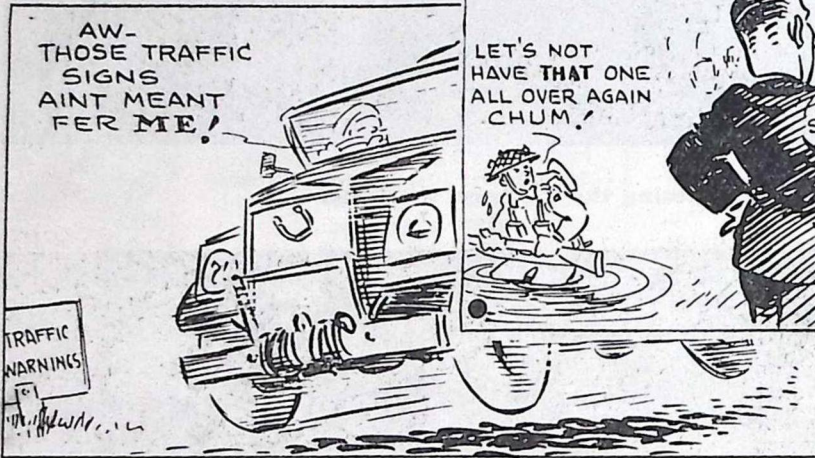
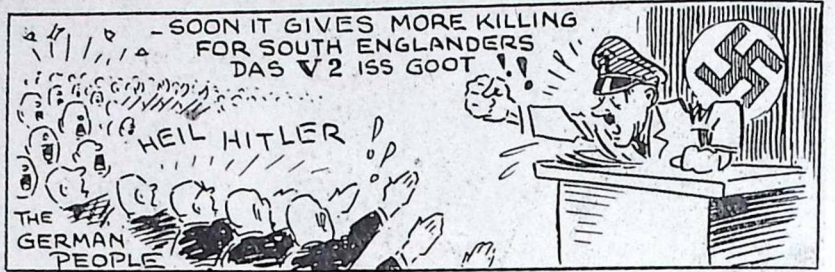
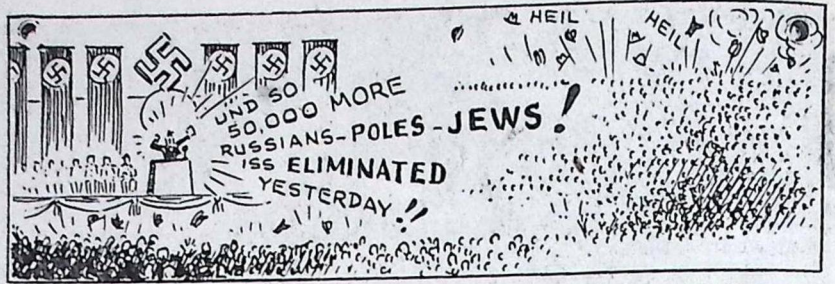
business and circulation manager and scrounger de luxe for the Maple Leaf since its inception in Caen, is a Newfoundlander who served overseas in the RCAF as a sergeant air gunner in 1940. After a medical discharge

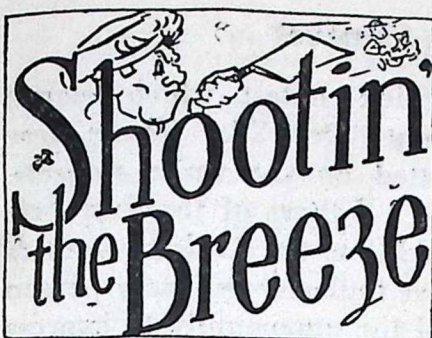
he worked on the Calgary Albertan and Ottawa Journal, but later managed to wangle back into the Army.

His chief worry since the beginning has been to get the paper to postal rendez-vous points in time to have it delivered early to forward units.

His famous last words : « If you don't get your paper, beef about it. »

TODAY'S PIC-TORIAL





Shootin' the Breeze

Somewhere near the German border old Mournful was sweating over a gas stove. True to form, just at the last minute the roar of the flame flickered and died.

« The fella who invented these dang contraptions must of worked fer the company that only make white gas! » snorted Mert. « And the fella who worked fer the company that makes red gas must be laffin' like hell as far as these things is concerned. An' the colonel is waitin' fer dinner. I wish't I'd stayed in that prison camp! »

Three crashing explosions rocked the tiny building where Mert had his kitchen.

« Why them fellas can't take their water pistols away from here I don't know », he fumed. « Every time we get set up somewheres decent they have to come along and draw fire, not to speak of ruinin' a man's sleep. If it ain't the stoves not workin', it's the arty mugs bangin' their heads off and if it ain't them makin' life unpleasant it's tea scroungers slippin' in the back door to clutter up me kitchen. »

Mert stopped puffing as he settled the gas stove plunger back in position and the flame brightened up once more. He went to the back door; lit a cigarette and sat down for a minute.

Along came one of the GD boys and leaned against the house. « Whadda you want? » snapped the old buffalo in his best growl! « A cup of tea, I suppose. » « Well, » drawled the GD from the stubble jumpin' country, « I wouldn't mind a mouthful o' that sheep dip. »

« Sheep dip! » exclaimed Mournful as he raised his bulk from the steps and the callow youth shrang back in anticipation of some terrible reprisal. « Sheep dip! » bellowed Mert. « Well, me young buck, you kin fly outta here if that's all the politeness you kin muster. »

A low whirr swooshed a shell through the air and the old maestro flattened himself like a bump on a log.

« 'Nother freight train, » muttered a kid who came in the kitchen from another door. « Yeah, » said Mournful. « Pity a fella can't get away from these warlike conditions even for a short spell. »

The spuds were boiling away (and so was the tea) as the kid turned on the radio. « Thet Arnhem Annie sounds kind of pretty like, » mused Mert. « If she wasn't a Heinie mebbe I could go fer her. No doubt the poor gal was jest drug into thinkin' them Nazi ideals by a Gestapo fella. »

« Aw there's all the same, » said the kid. « She's up the river there in Arnhem spoutin' pretty words and sweatin' gum drops for fear we'll drop an egg or two on the joint. »

« They's a gal next door, » said Mournful. « She ain't very young and she wouldn't take no Nobel prize fer beauty, but y'know she's gettin' purtier every day. Why jest last night when I give her that can of M&V she looked right into me eyes and said some gibberish sort of soft like. I think she cares fer the older, more experienced type of man, » and he looked into space.

« Holy mackerel, Mournful! » said a lance jack, bursting into the room. « The boss just came in and wants his dinner in a hurry. Step on it! »

Mournful jumped up from his seat and the reverie was broken, Storm clouds passed over his furrowed brow as he checked the spuds, tea and swiped at a can of bully with the cleaver.

« Man can't have a minit to hisself, » grumbled Mert. « Here it is gettin' on to Christmas time and its work, work all the bloody time. No consideration fer a man's feelins' at all. »

Two Dutch kids poked their heads inside the kitchen door and Mert turned with a rush. « I jest got two words to say to you kids, » he bellowed. « SCRAM. »

The little wooden clogs clattered like machine gun fire into the distance.

Creator of Mert

CAPT. JACK GOLDING, former Saint John Times-Globe & Telegraph Journal newspaperman, and later in the insurance business, is Shooter for Mournful Mert. He is assistant editor of The Maple Leaf though most of



his time is spent hopping on visits from one unit to another by jeep. He served in the Aleutians when the Japs were kicked off Attu and landed on the Normandy beaches on D-day.

He joined the staff of The Maple Leaf in time to cover the liberation of Paris.

N. C. O. Writer

News editor of The Maple Leaf is Sergeant KEN BROWN, a D plus 6 veteran of a 3 Div. light ack ack outfit. An ex-reporter and editor of the Sault Daily Star, he came overseas in 1941. He writes about and for soldiers with a wide knowledge based on his own experience.



Soldier Reporter

Last November, when General Eisenhower requested soldier-reporters to be part of his personal staff and cover his activities on a pool basis for all the English-speaking press The Maple Leaf sent John CARLOVA. He's from New York and joined the Canadian Army in 1941 landing in Normandy with 2 Div.





The Maple Leaf Writing Contest

The Maple Leaf writing contest, which opened on Nov. 27, ran until Dec. 22. There were more than 250 letters submitted on the three subjects, and they came from all ranks. Writers of the four best received 500-franc prizes; in addition, the 22 daily winners each received 100 francs. More importantly, every person in the Canadian Army received the opportunity to express his views about the two countries nearest his heart (for one reason or another) : Canada and Germany.

THE SOLDIERS' OPINIONS

Canadian soldiers have produced no mental doodle bugs with which they hope to win peace. Their thinking, like their fighting, shows a solid understanding of the problems facing them. That was the judges' conclusion after they waded through the many entries in The Maple Leaf writing contest.

All ranks aired their views on : « What to do with Germany, » « Changes I Would Like To See in Canada, » and « Foreign Ideas To Take Home. »

Outstanding feature of the entries was the faith of the Canadian soldier in education. He sees room for improvement at home, and asks « How can we expect anything like national unity with nine different educational systems? » And he wants a process of re-education in Germany.

Entries were almost unanimous in a desire to see the British North America Act revised and Dominion and provincial rights re-aligned. Other predominant thoughts were greater national unity, adoption of a national flag, improved housing and health services. Sensitive memories called for abolition of unemployment through greater development of Dominion natural resources.

Most popular foreign institution that the men want at home is the British pub.

A bright thread running through all the entries was the strong faith and optimism in Canada's future and the ability of her people to assure that future.

Two of the Prize Winners :

WORLD CHANGE NOW NEEDED AS WELL AS THE NEW GERMANY

By Sgmn. Harold Finestone

« What should we do with Germany after the war to prevent another world conflict? »

AT the start I feel it necessary to express disagreement with the view of the war implied in the phrasing of this question. I believe that a more accurate framing of it would read something as follows : « What should we do with Germany after the war as part of a universal plan to prevent another world conflict? » This would mean that we intend to change ourselves as well as our enemy. It suggests that the cause of the present struggle derived from broader conditions than the guilt of one nation.

In war there is no such thing as one side being entirely in the right and the other in the wrong. This war should be regarded as a revolutionary conflict, in which victory, for a short space of time, will win us the opportunity of having institutions pliable to our will. Consequently, the objective of dealing with Germany must be stated more positively. It can be no other than to punish at the same time as we attempt to reinstate it, as soon as possible, to the ranks of the international community of self-respecting, law abiding nations.

Two Main Proposals

Broadly speaking, two main proposals have been advanced to achieve this goal. First the dismemberment of Germany. In this case it will be either broken into smaller states or partitioned into three spheres of influence, one being allotted to each of the Big

Three. Second, her maintenance as a single political unit with only minor territorial modifications.

The first is out of the question from the viewpoint of a long range solution, since it violates the principle of German nationalism and underestimates its tenacity. The problem imposed on the peacemakers is this : Maintain the integrity of the German people geographically and politically at the same time as they devise means to destroy forever any potential threat it may again present to world peace. The problem in its general aspect is how the world is to deal with the universal emergence of nationalism; in its particular and most immediate aspect it is the measures to be taken with German nationalism. Nowhere else have its excesses been so calamitous. The maintenance of peace will depend on our success in destroying the aggressive tendencies of German nationalism.

This end will be reached with the aid of both negative and positive steps. Negative measures will consist chiefly of, first, the routing out of the German nation the elements most responsible for the aggressive attitude in both thought and act; second, the control of German industry. The most positive means at our disposal is that of re-education in the values of humanity, liberty and democracy.

The Negative Measures

To deal firstly with the negative measures. Our duty here is to accomplish within Germany a revolution that it has tried sporadically for over a century to bring about for itself without success — the achievement of democracy. Insight into the aggression heretofore inherent in German national-

(Continued next page.)

lism depends on an understanding of the country's class structure. The chief proponent of the policy of ruthless aggrandizement and the chief obstacle to liberalism and democracy has always been the Junker class. The acquiescence of the whole people in the aggressive attempts makes them accomplices in the crime, but not the agents by which it can be reasonably punished. It will not be enough to try the Nazis as war criminals and destroy their party. We must also liquidate those that have been the most responsible for their policies or we shall have merely «scotched the snake not killed it,» and Nazism will re-emerge even if under another guise. The Junkers as a class — the large Prussian landowners and traditional oligarchy, Germany's embodiment of militarism, the incubator and disseminator of German aggression and the ideological expedients used for this purpose — must go.

The chief tools of the Junkers insatiable ambition have been the educational and industrial system. Over these two, close international surveillance and control must be exercised for a period of at least 25 years. In that time a new generation can be bred. There is the opportunity here for one of the most magnificent attempts at education the world has ever known.

Will Germany achieve democracy and cease to be a perennial threat to world security? Inevitably the answer will depend not only on the measures proposed above or dealing with Germany, but also on how the rest of the world itself has changed. Germany's conversion to a pacifist nation will be a function of our success in achieving international cooperation, world trade and collective security. But we can be sure that these proposals will contribute to and hasten this end.

WAY TO UNITY IS PAVED BY CHANGES IN CONSTITUTION

By Rfn. J. L. Wagar

«Changes I would like to see made in Canada after the war.»

THERE is not one of us who has been away from home for any length of time who does not look forward to a better Canada than that which he left. We all know, some of us by reasoning, some of us by simply feeling that way, that there are things to be changed; that the way of life we knew before is not the way of life to which we wish to return.

There are many changes that I, personally, would like to see made in Canada after the war. But I

think that the most important and most vitally necessary changes, — those upon which all the others depend — are the amendments and changes that must be made in Canada's constitution itself.

Many Changes

The British North America Act which united in confederation four British colonies in 1867 was a noble and far-reaching document. But since that time vast changes have taken place in the economic structure of that confederation. Instead of 80 percent agriculture as in 1867, Canada is now 55 percent industrial. The centres of population have shifted and increased. The provinces, then totally self-contained economically have gradually become economically interdependent. The entire social system has changed. In a world of flux and change and instability, Canada is rigidly bound by constitutional laws formed in another age to control a vastly different economic structure and social system.

There are the breeding grounds of chaos. And those chaotic years of the depression were directly the result of the inefficiency and inadequacy of the constitution to allow national and vigorous counter-action to be taken by the Dominion government.

Balance of Powers

In a federal state the powers of the local governments must balance the powers of the central government. In the Canada of 1867, under the BNA act, that balance was achieved. But in this modern, dynamic world of today different values hold true. That balance of powers has long been lost. Except under such national emergencies as war, the Dominion government is powerless to enact laws of control on a national scale for anything that the Privy Council considers under «property and civil rights,» which in accordance with the BNA act is strictly a provincial affair. «Property and civil rights» can be, and is, interpreted widely. Legislation to control national economy at its roots comes under the jurisdiction of that clause, and therefore the power falls to provincial legislation. The differences between the provinces politically, racially, economically and in amounts of provincial funds collected by their powers of minor taxation stops any worthwhile legislation before it starts. If the provinces could come to satisfactory agreements on such things of national importance the obstacle could easily be hurdled. But seldom have the provinces ever come to fruitful agreement on national issues.

Provincial Burdens

In the years following this war, when the Dominion government has lost its powers of national control given under the war measures act, the problems of reconstruction and rehabilitation are going to fall to the task of the provincial governments. The vast and far-reaching national program that is so vitally necessary for those problems, that could only be possible under Dominion government control, will trail off into disagreement, dissension, and a program of half measures. The road to depression is paved with half-measures. The only real answer to the security of Canada and Canadians is in the changing of the constitution so as to allow the Dominion government its rightful powers.

That is just a sketchy case of one of the failings of the constitution. There are more, but surely that one is sufficient reason to study the problem. Surely that one is sufficient to prove that changes must be made. For the years immediately following the war I can dream no greater dream than one in which Canadians forget their provincial differences and unite in a common cause, — their personal and national security, — to allow the constitution to be taken into consideration and forget anew in the shape of the future.

Canadian Way of Life

Such unity of purpose in the people, such national strength in the powers of our government, would be the first step toward Canada becoming a nation. She would be in a position to begin opening up those vast unclaimed territories, those vast unclaimed resources, that in the due course of time would set Canada on a par with the strongest nations of earth. Canada would take on an identity in the World. A Canadian «Way of Life» would develop that would disassociate the character of Canada from that of any other nation. The arts would develop. The pulse of our dynamic nationhood would express itself in characteristically Canadian literature, Canadian music, and Canadian philosophy. And the citizen of this abundant nation might better understand himself, his country, and his place in the world in these words:

I am a Canadian,
Free citizen of earth;
Bound to my country by inseparable bonds of heritage and environment;
Born of the ages
And the world entire.

That is the Canada I want to see.

Allies with Canadians

Czech brigade with Canadians

HOLLAND — A Czechoslovakian brigade is now operating with the First Canadian Army, it was recently revealed.

During the past few years, the brigade was raised and trained in Britain, and this has been its first opportunity to take up arms actively against the Germans.

With its latest addition, the First Canadian Army becomes one of the most international forces of the war. It now includes Canadian, British, and Czechoslovak troops, Belgian and

Poles Join Canucks in Falaise battle

BY MACIEJ FELDURZEN
Polish Telegraph Agency

It has been revealed only now that a Polish armoured division is taking part in the full-scale attack launched on Monday night by Canadians south of Caen along the road to Falaise.

The Polish division fights side by side with Canadian and British troops in operations.

were taken, among them snipers. The Poles cooperated in the important task of hitting hinges of the door leading to Paris. The Germans evidently realize the importance of this movement, therefore their positions have been strengthened considerably.

General Maczek, commanding the division, told me last night he is quite satisfied with the progress made. He estimated losses to both material and men as slight in proportion to the hard fighting.

The Polish division is now in England.

Polish and Yank troops with Canadian Army battle toward Moerdijk

Polish and American troops under Canadian command meeting heavy resistance as they attempt to close the Moerdijk dijk, where some of the spans of the Humber are down. British troops on the Canadian side of the dijk, Willemstaad after bitter opposition by the Germans. The rest of this front all major operations. The Yanks have reached the dijk. The Poles were held up.

Bridgehead held by British of First Canadian Army

It has now been revealed that before dawn on Thursday morning British troops of First Canadian Army made an assault on the German-held peninsula of South Beveland and a few hours held a substantial bridgehead about seven miles in size. First reports stated that the enemy had been surprised and that casualties were not heavy. It was announced that at least four towns had been repulsed and reinforced by sea.

Reds roll into

MOSCOW

Belgium, Canada fight side by side

By ESSEL

Belgian War Correspondent with Canadian Forces

Belgium and Canada

Germany, the common foe, is once again being fought by Belgian and Canadian soldiers standing side by side on the battlefield. Our army is indeed proud to be fighting with the mighty Allies. Our army is small in number compared to the immense forces engaged, but the spirit that animates it makes it a mighty one.

The relations between Belgium and Canada have been most cordial. New friendships were created during the war. A large number of Belgians were trained in Canada. They have learned a great deal from this far away country. Not very long ago Belgium was a

Princess Irene Brigade smashed victorious path back to homeland

Nick-named by the Germans the "Scarlet Pimpernel" of the Allied Armies, the Royal Netherlands Brigade Princess Irene is back on its return to their

Pocket. The Dutch Brigade operated with the First Canadian Army.

With the Allied breakthrough and closing of the gap, the brigade will resume their holding role on the left flank.

Tributes to Canadians...

Canucks fight like dervishes, writes Englishman

By H. D. ZIMAN

(Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent)

How do the Canadians strike a British war correspondent? I might have been asked: how do Canadians refrain from striking a British war correspondent?

I am more and more impressed by the good manners and tolerance of Canadian officers and above all of Canadian WO's, NCO's and men. What I have found surprising and delightful is that Canadian officers and troops regard the press as their friends.

However the job of the Canadians in Normandy is not to receive newspapermen but to fight the Germans. But do you need me or anyone else to tell you how well you are doing this? If I may quote from a letter I wrote some days ago to my wife (who has, incidentally, been working for over four years at Canadian Military Headquarters in London, this is what I said:

«I am very proud to be with the Canadians, who are fighting magnificently. They have taken very severe losses in the battle of Caen, but they are still going terrifically strong.»

Tribute to Courage

It is not my business in this article to say much about the fighting, but I must say something about the spirit of the Canadians.

«How many casualties have you had among the padres in your division?» I asked.

«Four dead out of 12.» he told me — and he still wanted to go forward.

It is no wonder the German troops believe Nazi propaganda a-

bout Canadian soldiers being savages with scalping knives. Many of the captured enemy are quite surprised to find that these Canad-

ians who have fought like wild dervishes are really quiet, civilized, calm and well-disciplined when one meets them after the battle.

Another Englishman on Canadians

Surrey girls will forever tell spouses: you should be more like the Canadians

BY DOUGLAS REED

(Kemsley Correspondent with Canadian Forces)

The Canadians, as I observe them, certainly have a natural gift for making friends (and, if those looks of coy surrender I sometimes see mean anything, for influencing people). I noticed this first in my native Sussex, when the Canadian occupation occurred. There was an immediate outbreak of collaboration from Uckfield to Cuckfield, and from Eastbourne to East Grinstead.

In distant years, when this war I hope is but a memory, I think the roses-round-the-door cottages will resound with the quarrels of old men and their wives on the point of «You're too slow; why can't you be more like the Canadians?»

Actually, the Canadians were lucky in having a free field and much favour; if the Americans had arrived a year earlier they would have had a great competition to beat.

It impresses me to find that Canadians are just as successful in

France. They got on equally well with the men of the resistance movement and the girls of the least-resistance-movement (probably the daughters of Mademoiselle from Armentiers in the last war). As passionate leave has not yet started, this is good...

I shall not forget the grave of Bombardier Hill, a Canadian who fell at Caen. He was killed in the street and was buried by the roadside, either by his own friends or by the French. One soldier's grave the more: what is that, in Europe? Well, the French have made a wayside shrine of a new kind of his grave. They have ornamented it, and they keep it fresh with flowers. They have put the French tricolour and the Union Jack on composed an especial little poem in homage to Bombardier Hill, and written above it «The French will never forget the Canadians.» I've seen no more impressive tribute. It says all that could be said.

BRITISH TRIBUTE TO CANADA 16 Oct. 1944

Our friends in England — and in so many cases our families — appreciate our efforts. This is what The Evening Standard says:

«Once again Britain acknowledges a debt of gratitude to the Canadians. They stormed positions of steel and concrete to liberate our Kentish towns from the batteries which for four years have been their constant scourge and tribulation. They helped to reduce the flying bomb from a terror to a nuisance weapon. They have de-infested the harbours from which the E-boats menaced our shipping; restored to our French allies their maritime cities, and to us supremacy over the narrow waters. Above all, they have, by their brave exertions, sustained the general advance exploited so brilliantly by Montgomery's men; freed the general staff from one of their greatest anxieties, and enabled the main forces to go forward, confident of their long sea flank and communications.»

THE CANADIAN STATURE 16 Aug. 1944

«The Dominion of Canada has reached full stature among the great nations of the world.»

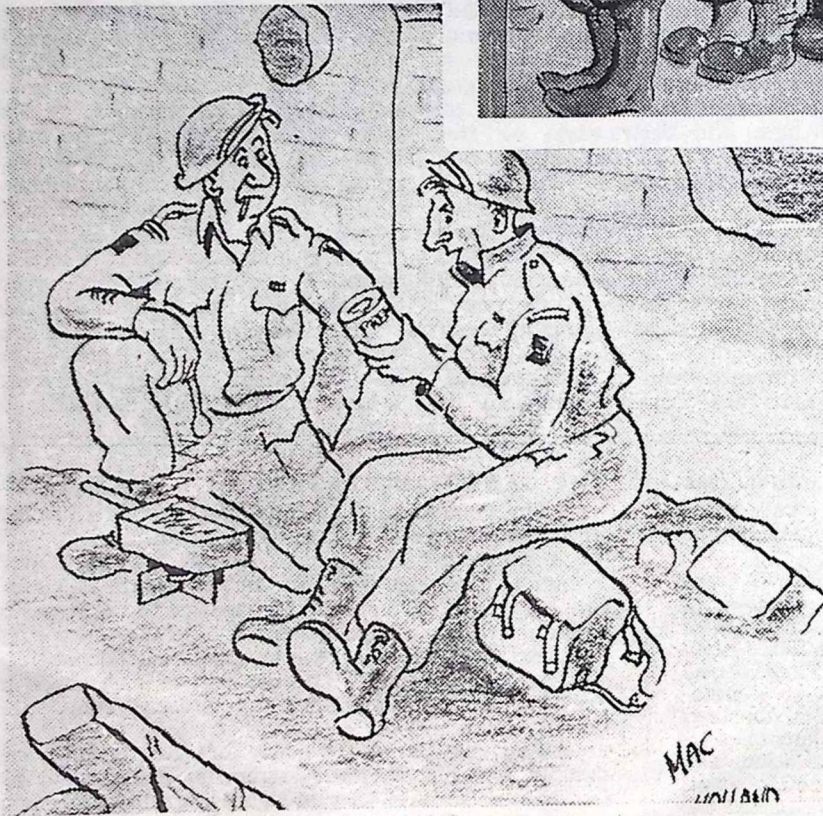
The Evening Standard of London pays a tribute in commenting last week on the expansion of Canadian forces in France to the status of a powerful national army. «It is difficult», The Standard says, «to recount our debt to Canada: harder still to express our gratitude. The heroism of her troops in the last war is legendary; her present sons their worthy successors.»

«Now, on the anniversary of the decisive onslaught launched by their fathers at Amiens against the Kaiser's armies, they are entering into their heritage. They are not avenging Dieppe, where they bore the heaviest burden of a brave experience. They are exploiting the experience of Dieppe with the skill, tenacity and the shining courage of a great and grand people.»

CONTRIBUTED CARTOONS ...

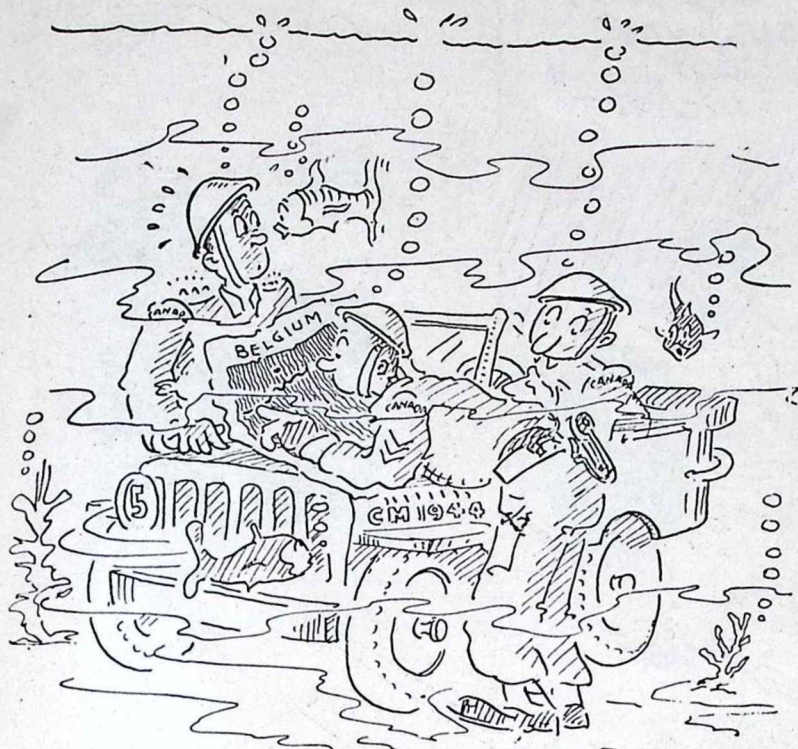
The irrepressible fun-loving characteristics of the Canadian soldier frequently bubbles to the surface and even under the most trying conditions he'll be found laughing at himself or the situation in which he finds himself. This ability to uncover a wealth of humour in the ways of war often finds expression in cartoons submitted by soldiers to the Maple Leaf.

On this page are two examples of cartoons which have been submitted. Unfortunately space and other considerations have limited the number of such cartoons that could be used.



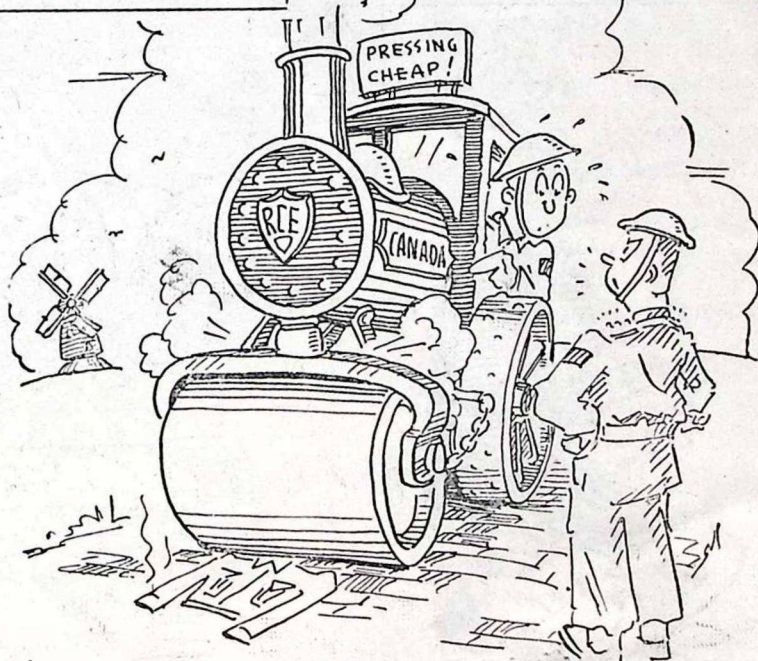
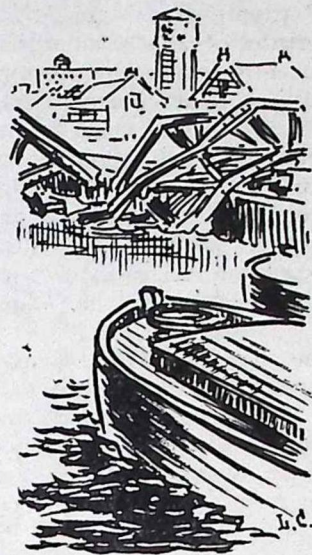
«It says here, remove from can, sprinkle with brown sugar and cloves, place in oven and bring to a temperature of 135 degrees F. Cut into slices and serve with scrambled eggs and tomatoes.»

THIS WEEKES' WAR



"HEY - YOU KNOW THAT CANAL BRIDGE ? - WELL ITS GONE !"

Weekes '44



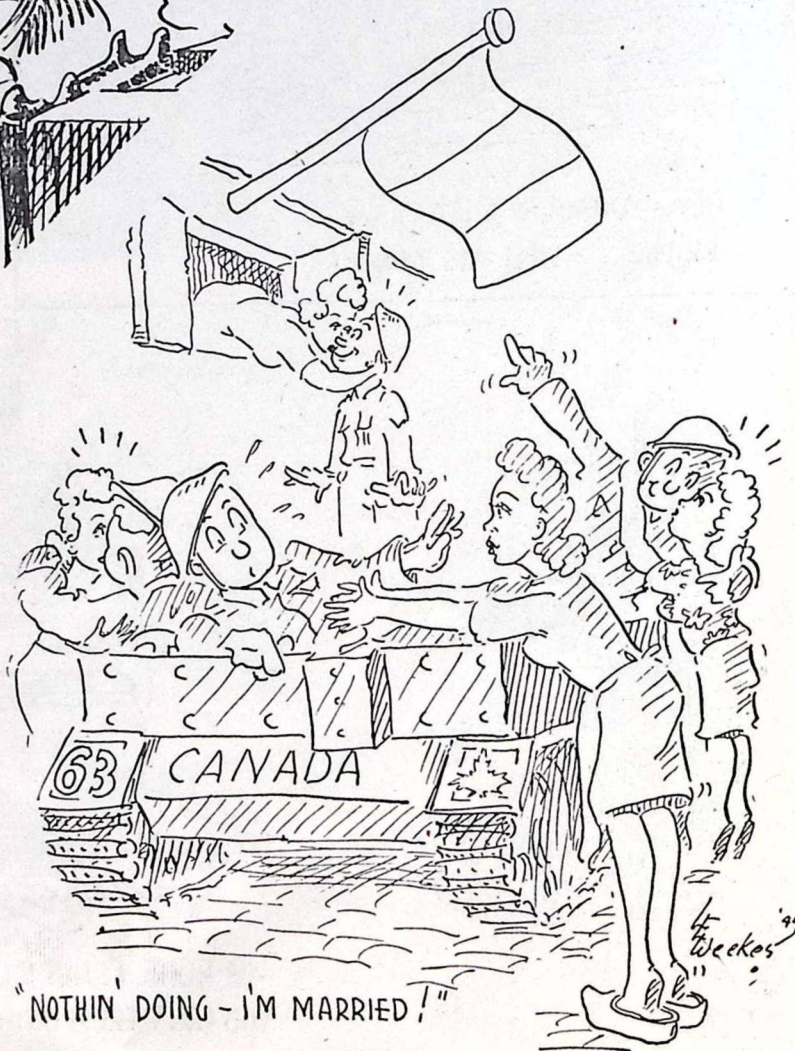
"48 HOUR LEAVES OR NOT -- YOU CAN'T PRESS UNIFORMS ALL DAY !"

Weekes '44

For the last time Grogan,
its, "your through sir;" not,
"go' ahead brig. its your
nickel -"



By Broomfield.



"NOTHIN' DOING - I'M MARRIED!"

Weekes '94

Continued From Front Cover

had to be resurfaced. A No. 1 kitchen cooker was scrounged from Ordnance in order to heat the type metal for casting press plates. Even then came the question — what about newsprint?

The local supply of newsprint was stored across the Orne in Vaucelles — and the Hun was there. Another day went by until a few rolls of the stuff could be spirited from the warehouse by Capt. Doug Smith, circulation manager, and his boys.

On the editorial end, *Les Callan*, former cartoonist for the Toronto Star, rushed a couple of sketches for the first issue and CMHQ filed news flashes from Canadian Press over army signals lines. In a matter of less than five days the experiment was ready. With patched-up equipment and a make-shift staff the first issue of *The Maple Leaf, France*, was ready for the launching.

But then no ink!! There was a frantic search through the ruins of nearby jobbing plants and one lone tin of jobbing ink was produced. Petrol was siphoned from a jeep and mixed with the sticky mass. It had to be « thinned down » for use on a rotary press.

The baby was ready and even Jerry celebrated by opening up with mortars from across the river. It meant retiring from the press room to the basement but not for long for the date line was for the next day and tempus was fugiting. With more than hope the power switches were turned and the first rotary press to be liberated in western Europe commenced turning out the Canadian Maple Leaf.

By noon that same day Canadian troops throughout the beach head were reading Number One, Volume One of their own newspaper. Since then not a single issue has been missed except for a short period of moving from Caen to Brussels. Liberated enemy supplies of newsprint however have saved the day more than once since then. On occasion when the circulation boys disappeared into the night with a three ton lorry and came back at dawn with enough for another day or two no questions were asked.

The Maple Leaf reaches the troops everywhere, in the line, in hospitals, reinforcement centres, leave hostels or embarkation camps.

The popularity of *The Maple Leaf* is evidenced by the host of letters reaching the editor each day.

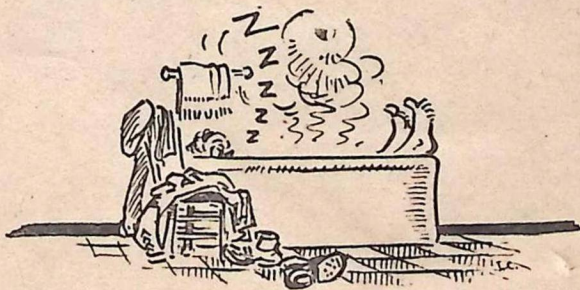
The CPC, RCASC and unit personnel co-operate in the circulation. At times it has been a problem regarding distribution for the front has been terribly extended, especially in the race across France and Belgium.

A few days after the liberation of Brussels the French edition was discontinued and the *Edition Belgique* made its appearance. The facilities of one of Europe's most modern newspaper plants was offered generously by *Le Soir* of Belgium's capital city. They would accept no money for their services but on insistence they do receive funds which they credit to their foremost charities.

Founder of *The Maple Leaf, Italy, France* and also Belgium editions has been Lt Col Richard Malone now ADPR 21st Army Gp — a former newspaperman who saw service as a Brigade Major in Sicily.

Since their start Major Doug. MacFarlane has been managing editor of the Italy Edition and Major Seth Halton has managed the France-Belgique editions.

The staff comes from all branches of the army, mostly with the smell of printer's ink in their nostrils from pre war years and their efforts take them wherever Canadian troops are located.



First Battalion Canadian Scottish hold Leopold
Cameron's fighting spirit

Fusiliers Mont Royal win base in Woensdrecht sector
When their fighting men came back from Dieppe the Fusiliers Mont Royal had a base in Woensdrecht sector.

Perth Regiment led the Lombardy
that opened the Lombardy

Royal Regiment
BY ALLAN BENT
Toronto War Correspondent

Algonquins in series of savage actions
fight crack Nazi troops in victory march

Canadian Army Commandos hit Hun across Meuse
Commandos struck under first attack across Meuse.

North Shore Regt. Governor General's Foot Guards fought non-stop bloody duels from Caen to Holland

Queen's Own Rifles aided in liberation of Antwerp

Royal Montreal Regiment saved early Leopold bridge
originals of North Nova Scotia

First Hussars Regiment of London clear paths for infantry



Sherbrooke Fusiliers start with opening tank battle

PEI Light Horse Company now operating with corps

Canadian Armoured Brigade punches ahead of infantry

XII Manitoba Dragoons killing hundreds of Huns

Argyll-Sutherland Highlanders in series of long exhausting attacks

Canadian Army Newspaper

Canadian Grenadier Guards victorious fight to

Royal Canadian Artillery as from Caen to Scheldt

23 Field Company Engineers accomplish dangerous tasks on Europe's trail of duress

Third Canadian Medium Regiment has stuck right on heels of Huns

Dental corps works under fire services troops of all nationalities

Canadian Forestry Corps Merit Certificate won by RCME members

Even German commander is impressed by smartness of Canadian Provost Corps

Canadian parachutists our patrols in Ardennes

8 Field Park Engineers construct 4000

Pay corps