

spout so that the drips ran down the match and into a milk bottle I placed on the shelf, next to some items of kit. I pointed this problem out to the corporal in charge, but nothing was done about it. I decided to make a complaint at the next commanding officer's inspection. I was told by my friends that if I did, I would be fired out the north gate at the "high port." This thought was pretty scary, with unemployment the way it was at the time. Nevertheless, the fateful day arrived, and "C" Block was the last building to be inspected. Finally, the door of our room crashed open, with the usual "ROOM SHUN!" They were an impressive looking bunch, led by the Officer Commanding, Supt. C.H. Hill; 2i/c, Insp. Cooper; Training Officer, Insp. Tapson Jones; S/M E.O. Taylor; DO, Cpl. Kennedy, and Room Corporal Fenton. Then it began. "Any complaints?" from the OC to each man, who of course, said "No Sir!", until they almost reached the end of the room where I was with the milk bottle on the shelf. When I was asked, I said "Yes, Sir!" As the OC was about to make a U-turn and go back the other side of the aisle; I was thankful he didn't trip over his spurs. He was very gracious, and enquired about my problem. I mentioned the leak, and pointed at the bottle on the shelf, half full of soft water. The OC looked at the S/M, who made a note in his book, and they went away. I guarantee that within the hour a group approached "C" Block with a ladder, and repairs were completed. The only "high port" I did was out at the rifle range. Faith in the system was confirmed. Equally relieved were my friends

P.G. Hunt later of *St. Roch* fame, and Joe Downey, who led the Ride at Queen Elizabeth's Coronation, who were standing near my end of the room, overlooking the chapel.

Duties of the night guard were numerous and extended over a 12-hour period. After lighting the stove in the Sergeants' Mess, the final duty was waking one of the trumpeters on the top floor of "C" Block, in order to sound *Reveille*, and raise the flag at the flag pole on the east side of the square. There were four trumpeters at the time, George Cutting, Bing Lindsay, and apprentices Ted Hutchings and Pete Howell. I won't mention which one was awakened on this particular morning, but it was done on time. The member apparently rolled over and remained in the arms of Morpheus, until it was far too late to make it to the flag-pole, properly dressed. Consequently, the next best thing was to open the slat in the storm window, push the trumpet through the space and *Reveille* found its way across the square. Actually, it sounded more like a spin-off from "*Seagrams V.O. Opus 35*." We suspected that one particular note was so intense it cracked a window in the church in Brora, Saskatchewan. Despite the uncommon procedure, everyone reported for work on time, and a crisis was averted by the usual ingenuity of the trumpeter.

I could write a lot more, but enough is enough. Looking back, it would be wonderful to do it all over again. It was a tremendous experience in a tremendous outfit. ■