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“My Darlin’ Clementine”? Wooing Zombies for \$6.50 a Night General Service-NRMA Relations in Wartime Calgary*

Dean F. Oliver

The 18th of July, 1944 was another bloody day in a long and bloody war. When night's cool shadows crept stealthily across the battlefields of Europe, the Americans' XIX Corps had entered St. Lô, the British had launched Operation Goodwood around Caen, and the Canadian II Corps had crossed the Orne river doing their 'bit' in Operation Atlantic. In Italy, Allied units were on the move across the peninsula, reaching the outskirts of Leghorn in one area, the Arno river at Pontedera in another, while the Polish II Corps, slowly but surely regaining national honour, had captured Ancona. The Russians were also on the march, advancing east of Lvov in Poland and towards Lublin to the north. They were nearing East Prussia as well, despite the best efforts of Model and the still brilliant German panzer generals. And in the far off Pacific, the government of General Hideki Tojo had fallen, just as the Americans closed in on Aitape in the stifling, inhospitable wilds of New Guinea. And in Germany too, amidst the ceaseless rain of high explosives and incendiaries pouring from the bellies of Allied bombers, a bold if tardy group of conspirators put the finishing touches on their plan to assassinate *Der Fuhrer*, a plot executed unsuccessfully, by a narrow margin, but two days later. Across the length and breadth of the war fronts on July 18, in other



words, men and women in field gray and olive drab, khaki and jungle green, were being shot, blown up, crippled, maimed, and discarded as the inevitable detritus of war. On the 18th of July, 1944, as on any other day since September 1, 1939, the butcher's bill was paid in full and the Grim Reaper collected a bountiful harvest.

And on the great prairies of Canada, on the wild moors of England, in the fetid swamps of the southern United States, and on the wind-swept plains of central Russia, thousands more young men and women were preparing diligently on the 18th of July to join the fray.

Amongst them were the hardy denizens of Number A16, Canadian Infantry Training Centre, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alberta. For them, the butcher's bill of World War II was yet but soon to come. Of more immediate concern, especially to the men of G Company, was a bill of a different sort, a bill of quantity measured not in human lives but in human currency: Canadian dollars. Six and a half of them to be exact, the amount calculated with cool precision by a Grim Reaper of another sort, Lieutenant W.G. Duckworth, Assistant Quartermaster, whose sharp pencil and hawkish eye had adduced the princely sum from an investigation of No. 1 Hut, E Company, where he found no less than 13 shattered panes of window glass.

**This article is based on the text of an after dinner address given at the 7th Military History Colloquium, Wilfrid Laurier University, May 1996.*

At 50 cents per pane, it was but a small jump to the larger figure, \$6.50, to be billed to a chastened (and slightly impoverished) G Company, on the orders of Lt-Col. J.O.R. Evans, Acting Commandant.

What strange events had shattered the normal calm of a placid training base so far removed from battle's ghastly grasp? In a camp so inured to the vicissitudes of war that at least one mine clearing exercise was conducted on a pay night when, according to the captain in charge, "the men had naturally been down to the canteen" and "some had had sufficient," surely a summer night's revelry of broken glass hinted at a some dark secret, some unspeakably evil stain gnawing hungrily at the innards of camp morale, a thwarted coup perhaps, an apprehended spy, a parachute invasion nipped in the bud, a Reform MP who dared to speak in caucus!!

But alas, nothing so dramatic had occurred in the darkened confines of No. 1 Hut, Currie Barracks that fateful night. The Canadian press would make much of the nocturnal shenanigans for several days, but the Court of Inquiry tells a different tale. Debunking the alarmist extravagances of the initial press reports in the Currie Barracks Incident, however, is the easy part. Less quickly dismissed is the event's broader significance, for while the Inquiry stated categorically the general health of camp morale, it also painted clearly and in distinctly darker hues a somewhat different story. The question to be asked, therefore, is this: was the Currie Barracks Incident the minor altercation which, on quick examination, even our tongue-in-cheek assessment must conclude it to have been; or was it, in fact, something else: the tip perhaps of a proverbial iceberg of dissatisfaction and discontent floating menacingly beneath the surface, a surface, we must remember, soon to be roiled by the fall 1944 conscription crisis? And from this, I think, must flow a second question. To what extent has existing scholarship on Canadian military affairs equipped us to tackle this problem? To what extent, in fact, do we know anything really about how Canadian soldiers thought, acted, and, in some sense, fought in this war; whether, for example, in a recent and deeply moving

Draftees, G.S. Troops Battle

Rifles and bayonets were brandished at A16 Currie Barracks last night, when the ill-feeling between General Service men and the draftees reached a fever heat and broke into open warfare.

Some 150 men were involved in the fracas, which lasted for about two hours, but none was seriously injured, according to the meagre information available.

The draftees have been removed from the barracks and are now bivouaced under canvas on the Sarcee reserve.

The fight started in the canteen when the draftees commenced to sing "It's better to be a Zombie than a General Service man."

The tables were overturned in the fight which followed when the General Service men openly resented the implication of the words of the song.

The draftees ran to their hut and grabbed their rifles and bayonets to repel the General Service men.

Then the draftees barricaded themselves in their hut, and the General Service men ran to their huts for their own arms.

The two groups did not clash after both groups were armed, but the General Service men milled around the draftee "stronghold" for about two hours.

from the
The Calgary Herald
Wed., July 19, 1944



Colonel J.L. Ralston, the Minister of National Defence.

account, a Canadian gunner in the Normandy campaign was justified in indicting our profession for its near-anal fascination with operational history, start lines, and troop movements, at the expense of living conditions, personal relationships, and mental strain? Is it still fair, to open this conjectural crack ever wider, to remind Canadian historians, as Marc Milner did in an *Acadiensis* article seven years ago, that when units are 'thrown' at the enemy, "what are being 'thrown' are hundreds of individual life stories?"

But surely, some of you might now suggest, those at least who've not already written off a mole hill-to mountain approach and returned to your bitters, a single incident does not a crisis make. Private Saunders, No. B. 159414, who, as we will see, started this whole mess, can hardly be tagged with the Terrace incident, Aldershot, the Halifax riot, the RCAF strikes in the winter of 1945-46, or the naval mutinies that followed the war, can he? You would, of course, in this be correct for, indeed, he can not. What I intend to do this evening, however, is not to slander the service of one young private, but to employ his example in altered guise: to tease you, who represent a goodly portion of this country's collective wisdom in such matters, a storehouse of experience that no single researcher could accumulate in a score of lifetimes, and I say this from well-

considered and well-earned professional respect (plus more than a little fear!), with the possibility that what happened at Currie Barracks is a clarion call of sorts, a road not taken in our study of Canada's war, its Good Fight, its Maple Leaf Route, and that while we have probed occasionally the great reservoir of unanswered questions that ooze beneath the surface of our canon, we remain, like Jed Clampet before that fateful shot, poor mountaineers indeed.

And so, we turn now to Private Saunders and \$6.50 worth of broken glass, to the Canada of Mackenzie King and Charlotte Whitton, to the Canada of C.D. Howe and M.J. Coldwell, to the Canada of Zombies and General Service men.

On July 18, 1944, a busy day as we have seen, the very day of the fateful Currie Barracks Incident, O.J. Waters, private secretary to Col. J.L. Ralston, the Minister of National Defence, passed his chief a brief and slightly unusual memorandum. Attached was an equally brief and anonymous note obtained by Waters from some unknown source, also draped in mystery. It read as follows: "As I am a soldier in Little Mountain Depot, Vancouver I would like you to know that this is what we find on the table when we go on meal parade." He referred of course to the strange document being forwarded to the minister's crowded desk.



Canadian troops on exercise dig in to defend their barracks. Though the incident at the Currie Barracks in Calgary never reached this point, the press accounts would have you believe that it did.

This memorandum was hardly that normally received by busy government ministers, making recommendations, arguing positions, or providing crucial and policy-relevant pieces of information or opinion. Instead, it consisted entirely of a song sheet, the last three verses of a little ditty identified facetiously by the title "Salute to a Zombie." The anonymous letter writer, evidently, had enlisted some time previously in His Majesty's Canadian service under the terms of the National Resources Mobilization Act (NRMA), a statute passed in June 1940 which provided for conscription for home defence only and which required all men and women over the age of 16 to register with the Department of National War Services. Known derisively after a Hollywood horror film's repugnant creatures as Zombies, those NRMA personnel who refused to 'go active', or volunteer for General Service, were treated harshly by both the Canadian public and by GS personnel, their reception linked inextricably to the broader debates between French and English, Liberal and Conservative, and other well-worn Canadian cleavages, wounds rubbed raw by the 1942 conscription debate and salted liberally (small 'I' perhaps) by the casualty rolls from Europe in 1943 and 1944.

The anonymous writer, therefore, whose discomfiture had been caused by the equally

anonymous song-writer, was undoubtedly one of many Canadians affected by the passionate debate over military service that raged almost without let-up throughout the war. How, specifically, our angst-ridden correspondent felt in the face of these anti-Zombie attacks we will, of course, never know but, with your indulgence and at risk of extreme ridicule, we can at least relate the immediate source of his distress. Sung to the tune of "My Darlin' Clementine," the offending verses of "Salute to a Zombie" sounded something like this:

So I joined Active Service,
Sailing over with the tide,
I can walk along the street now,
And never have to go and hide.

Now come listen all you Zombies,
You drink our wine, you drink our beer,
But you won't turn General Service,
For a handcuffed volunteer.

That's the end of our story,
All you Zombies, please take heed,
Why not join the Active Service,
Help us out, where ere there's need

Now I am not sure of the exact time this document crossed the minister's desk, or even if he actually read it, which is to say I am not sure if it arrived coincidentally before events in Calgary or afterwards, but either way, the same little tune was having a very busy day. Half a continent away, in the Currie Barracks, hearty throats worn raw in the dry heat of a Prairie summer's training but well watered that evening by the base's wet canteen, had bellowed out its simple verses as well, no doubt at a level of melodic virtuosity at least equalling my own. The song, according to later newspaper reports, had originated in Vancouver with three returned men and a CWAC sergeant and had subsequently swept through General Service personnel with gusto. Such was its fame that following the Currie Barracks Incident some papers published it in full, an exercise in flame-fanning that did nothing, I am sure, for national unity.

What relevance is this musical aside for our purposes? Well, according to the Calgary

Herald, whose report was excerpted widely - the *Ottawa Citizen* heading its plagiarized column "Bayonets Flash When Troops at Calgary Clash" - on July 18, while 2nd Canadian Corps battled SS fanatics south of Caen, 150 men at the Currie Barracks had fought with rifles and bayonets brandished after a night of drinking at the wet canteen. The cause? NRMA troops, exasperated by GS men singing their "Salute to a Zombie" and other, no doubt equally unflattering numbers, had responded in kind with their own, pro-Zombie chant, a little ballad called "It's Better to Be a Zombie than a General Service Man," lyrics withheld by request. As neither song was to the other group's liking, according to the press reports, "tables were overturned." Home defence troops ran back to their huts, got weapons, and barricaded themselves inside, certainly to be considered a mark of extreme cowardice were it not for the fact that they were outnumbered at the base, 1400 GS troops to 229 NRMA, a ratio of Alamo-like or, given the Western setting, Batoche-like proportions.

The GS men also armed and, presumably, chased the drunken, warbling, but speedily retreating Zombies back to their barracks, upon which "the general service men milled around the home defence stronghold for about two hours," without further incident. No one was hurt in all this 'milling' and the arrival of a bevy of concerned officers and NCOs calmed the multitude and restored order. Following the incident, the General Service assailants, members of G Company, who had been scheduled to go on bivouac in a couple of days, had their travel itineraries altered slightly and their date with mother nature considerably advanced. A full inquiry was also conducted.

The resulting investigation rounded on the Calgary press for having exaggerated both the extent and severity of the incident, reports which had been reprinted widely around the country. But if what it revealed of the specific circumstances was mildly reassuring, what it revealed of general morale conditions was somewhat more problematic. A *Globe and Mail* report on the 21st entitled "Song Blamed for Trouble" continued to highlight the superficial, but the inquiry quickly dismissed this claim. The incident had, indeed, grown from small

beginnings, but they were less musical and more lyrical, involving not a battle of the bands but the combustible mix of alcohol, women, and vehicular transport: in this case, a lone bicycle.

It had started, apparently, on the night of July 17th, when a lone soldier, described in the Adjutant-General's September report to the minister as "intoxicated," had been prevented by members of the inlying piquet (i.e., night patrol) from crossing the boundary into a certain portion of the camp described as belonging to the Canadian Women's Army Corps. In the no doubt pleasurable company of not one but two female soldiers at that time, the jilted paramour was doubly blessed and doubly battered, first by his interception and then, horror of horrors, by his lady friends' decision to proceed into the CWAC lines without him. Alcohol which, evidently, had bred romantic success for the young soldier, the aforementioned Private Saunders, now bred pugilistic aspirations as well, for even in his less than lucid state he decided to take a poke at his unwanted chaperons, and dismounted menacingly from his trusty steed, an army-issue peddle bike. Raining insults and a slap or two on the dutiful if humourless piquet, the unfortunate trooper failed to consider that A) he was outnumbered, two sentries to one; and that B) he was drunk. The two sentries responded, not surprisingly, by "us[ing] justified means of warding off the attack" and Private Saunders was sent packing.

The incident might have ended then and there, were it not for the fact that Saunders was General Service, and the piquets, Privates Tanghe and Williams, NRMA. The virile but thwarted, brave but foolish Saunders had also taken umbrage at his rebuff and proceeded to repeat the tale over the next twenty-four hours to all who would listen, altering the facts ever so slightly. In the new and improved version, Saunders claimed to have been attacked and beaten up without provocation by several Zombie thugs, an interpretation authenticated in part by the bloody nose protruding from the private's gloomy visage when he returned from his encounter. Neither Tanghe nor Williams recounted this wound, though Tanghe had, in his words, 'pushed Saunders in the face,' and the official report hypothesized that the nose

knock could quite probably have been delivered by a fall from a bicycle, aided and abetted, no doubt, by spirits.

Later that evening, the 17th, Saunders in tow and obviously still drunk, several GS men marched into the NRMA hut to demand an explanation for their comrade's injury. Only four in number, however, they staged a tactical retreat when confronted by the two unrepentant piquets and a barracks' full of less than sympathetic Zombies. They were dispersed on this occasion, ironically enough, in front of a hut named 'Dieppe' by a lance corporal with a distinctly Germanic last name.

By the following evening, the 18th, when the Army's drunken choir boys were alleged to have swung into action, feelings continued to run high. Officers who visited the canteen that evening denied seeing anything out of the ordinary - no drunken GS soldiers, no plans to have a crack at exacting vengeance from the combative Zombies - but shortly after lights out a disturbance erupted. A number of GS men from G company entered E Company's hut (a return to Dieppe?), the only Zombie company at the base, and roughed up the place, overturning some beds, breaking some windows, and pouring water from the fire pails onto the bed clothes. There were harsh words, but no fights, no bayonets, and no weapons of any kind except, curiously, a long wooden plank carried by four GS men who fled into the crowd (sans the plank) when approached by one of the officers. In a half hour it was all over, the GS men had returned to barracks, the commandant had posted extra patrols, and Private Saunders, who had participated willingly in the melee, had - in some measure - been avenged.

For his activities, however, the enthusiastic Private was charged for striking a piquet and for allowing "unfounded rumours to be circulated amongst the members of his Company, thereby creating the above mentioned disturbances."

No fight, no weapons (except for the plank), no injuries (not counting a single bloody nose), and no song? Then what are the broader implications of a minor tussle on a training base far from the fighting fronts?

Well, consider this. Witness after witness before the inquiry, while denying knowledge of similar prior problems, pointed to the general deterioration in GS-NRMA relations in recent weeks, especially since the Normandy landings and the increased flow of casualties from overseas. Captain Bagnall, the Adjutant, styled it a "feeling of animosity which has been smouldering for some time," a feeling which, for GS troops, was aggravated by "the indifferent attitude which is only too obvious among NRMA soldiers." The Acting Commandant described the relationship as "very bitter." An Acting Sergeant was very clear and very explicit: these feelings are common and exist elsewhere, he noted, having been posted recently to Petawawa.

There is a feeling that the GS soldiers get sent overseas as reinforcements and the NRMA soldiers get Courses which help them in civilian life...There is also some feeling with regard to Compassionate Leave, Farm Leave and Special Leave, that the NRMA personnel are privileged compared with the men expecting to go over on the reinforcement stream. I don't know what basis there is for that feeling but there is that feeling.

One manifestation of the mutual dislike was the Zombies' phrase for General Service personnel: General Suckers. "These little things all build up," recorded the soldier, "and create a feeling of resentment." They may not be, as Lord Moran wrote in 1945 in his treatise, *The Anatomy of Courage*, "things that fester in the mind and bring defeat," but they did surely fester in the mind.

This, of course, is not a revelation. Granatstein and Hitsman, Reg Roy, Pariseau and Bernier, and others have documented the nastiness of this dispute through several prisms, most commonly the political debate surrounding conscription and the ouster of J.L. Ralston from the King Cabinet. Stacey has covered it as well and several monographs on the campaign in North West Europe discuss the eventual arrival of Zombies in frontline units. We know that, to some greater or lesser extent, it existed. The mutinies in the British Columbia interior, for example, are well covered in Roy's biography of Pearkes, in his article on the Terrace incident, and in a CHA paper or two. Stacey and Wilson on morale amongst overseas



troops in the first winters of the war is equally useful.

But these, I would again suggest, represent only the tip of the iceberg, a fleeting glimpse at the complexities of Canadian military life in the 1940s that cannot be charted on battle maps or followed in war diaries. To borrow an ugly but occasionally useful word from my political science colleagues, we have yet to 'problematize' the entire concept of morale in our study of Canada's war.

Other intangibles remain equally ill-defined. Milner's work on the naval war goes a long way to broaden our understanding of the war in the North Atlantic, for example, and succeeds brilliantly, but having reviewed recently a small shelf full of memoirs of the naval war, I was struck by the number of references to far more personal, far more idiosyncratic, far more intimate details. The small and unenclosed space between galley and mess deck on the early corvettes, where the waves regularly turned dinner to stew, stew to soup, and soup to a

good salt water gargle, is but one example of this phenomenon. Gil Drolet's recent comment in reviewing *Crucible of War*, that it lacked 'empathy' for its human subjects might in some ways seem unfair to an evaluation of official history, but it points, I think, in the same direction.

I would also offer this example from my own recent work. Having ploughed through several hundred pages of my doctoral dissertation on military demobilization and sorted through the General Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation, the Inter-service Demobilization Committee, the Demobilization Information Committee, and a dozen other similarly labelled, dull-as-dishwater bodies, the chair of my thesis committee had this to offer to a young, struggling scholar, if I may be forgiven the literal rendition: "Jesus Christ, Oliver, where are the goddamned people?" Tough justice, but largely correct and a valuable lesson on the relationship between the proverbial forest and its constituent trees.

My dismissal, inadvertent though it was, of this personal, private, vague, nailing-jelly-to-a-wall type factor was all the more troubling because I knew full-well its importance to my subject. Perception was reality in gauging the response of veterans to government policy. Policies which were not communicated effectively or 'sold' to an attentive audience were doomed to fail. Combatting rumour and innuendo was essential. Buttressing morale was absolutely vital, not just to win the war, but to win the peace. All this I knew to be true, and yet I had skirted it, in part as a self-evident truth, in part for want of the methodological tools to tackle the problem.

The primary evidence came readily to hand. In the NRMA-GS case, for example, morale reports submitted to the Adjutant General's office support fully and completely the Impressions garnered from the Currie Barracks court of inquiry. Relations between the two groups were going from bad to worse, despite the fact that many training camps reported a noticeable lack of enthusiasm for the war among all but the youngest GS personnel. Attention was turning to the post-war, more so every day, and because the NRMA were not being sent overseas their access to various leave arrangements was seen as having a detrimental effect on the post-war prospects of GS personnel. War and post-war were merging in interesting and unpredictable ways. GS and NRMA personnel, whatever their differences, had many similar goals as well.

These reports also highlight numerous other aspects of the morale equation yet to be unearthed: the essential role of recreation and education in the maintenance of spirits and unit efficiency; the provision of leave; the physical location and living conditions of camps; leadership; the training regimen; and a hundred and one other factors. The more one rummages, the more one unearths. Might such spelunking lead to new or profound interpretations for Canadian military historiography? Perhaps, perhaps not, but having sipped briefly of this heady wine, I was surprised at some of the findings: that CWAC's, for example, in aggregate appear not to have resented in the slightest the return of those men overseas, even if it meant their own immediate discharge; that anti-Zombie feelings appear to have been relatively

more potent in Canada than overseas; and that there were serious problems in most aspects of the home training establishment, problems aired reasonably well for those overseas, I must admit, by Col. English, but scarcely touched upon with respect to our forces in North America.

A distinct note of peachiness having crept into these remarks, I must now backtrack with haste and sprinkle the qualifications and caveats like Allied propaganda pamphlets on the North German plain.

First, I claim neither the pedigree nor the perspicacity of a John Keegan in highlighting from my limited archival travels the dimly lit back roads of our military historical wilderness. Milner, Douglas, Schurman, and Richard Preston have all in recent years reminded us through the wonderful medium of the review article those areas where we have yet to boldly go. I can make, no claim to originality, nor even, perhaps, to timeliness in this.

And second, I cannot pass on the subject without highlighting the excellent work done recently or in progress which promises to address, I am sure, some of the themes raised this evening. Doctoral dissertations by Michael Stevenson on National Selective Service and Dan Byers on the NRMA, for example; superb memoirs by George Blackburn, Frank Curry, and several others; Copp on the Fifth Brigade and (with McAndrew) battle exhaustion; Neary and Brown on veterans affairs. We are indeed broadening our field of vision, if slowly; the new military history, two decades old but not long in the tooth, which Milner once said was waiting in the wings, is edging - maybe running - towards the stage.

But these, I suppose, are cosmic inferences. What began as a discussion of a minor, musically-inspired punch-up in the backwaters of the Second World War has blossomed into a more general and, I freely admit, more ham-fisted affair.

The Currie Barracks incident, therefore, depending on one's point of view has as much or as little significance as one care's to ascribe. The initial reports of Clementines and bayonets were grossly exaggerated, but the general

conditions found by the Court of Inquiry are validated fully by other documents from the period and have been alluded to in at least cursory form in several secondary accounts, most notably, perhaps, in the work of Reg Roy. What to make of such rumblings I do not yet know, nor, in fairness, can the existing literature tell me. Terry Copp and others have argued, in response to those annoying accounts that lionize blindly the prowess of German arms, that Canada's armed forces performed rather well on the battlefields of Europe against one of the finest armies that has ever marched, and I am not entirely inclined to disagree. Whence came this strength, this resilience, I am not sure. Granatstein adds a defence - qualified though it is - of the army's general officers to the mix and the many memoirists have catalogued the determination and commitment of the men. How to reconcile this, in whatever fashion, for or against, with the amorphous mess of morale, motivation, training, leadership, ideology, and social interaction that lies below the surface of our existing accounts?

The irrepressible Private Saunders has, inadvertently, and for me at least, cast quite a shadow, in overturning some beds and breaking some windows, helping to shatter as well my own assumptions as to how for Canadian service men and women the war was actually lived.

And so I close now with the words of our protagonist, or antagonist (depending on which hut you were in that 18th of July), Private Saunders, recounting his version of events before the Court of Inquiry into the circumstances surrounding a disturbance at A16 Canadian Infantry Training Centre, CA, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alberta, on the evening of 18th July 1944, and referring here to his actions on the 17th, when it all began:

I am a GS soldier of G Company, A16 CITC, CA. On the night of July 17th, I was down in the wet canteen and I had quite a lot of beer. I don't remember exactly where I went that night. I remember going back to the Hut I had a nosebleed. I remember some sort of an argument with the piquet, I can't get it clear in

my mind... Some of the others in the Hut, when they saw my nose bleeding, they asked me what had happened. I don't remember what I said. I don't remember going in to No. 1 Hut and asking for the soldiers who had been on piquet duty. I don't remember going in to No. 1 Hut. I don't remember anything that may have happened in no. 1 Hut.

I remember that there was a crowd of G company people collected outside of No. 1 Hut that evening. I don't remember for how long.

I am eighteen years of age...I don't think it would have happened if I had not been full of beer.

Bibliographic Note

The large secondary literature on Canada during the war includes surprisingly little material on the home front, and even less on relations between General Service and National Resources Mobilization Troops. Several standard references address the subject, including Granatstein and Hitsman's *Broken Promises* (1977) and the first volume of Stacey's official history, *Six Years of War* (1955), but there is no complete account. Reginald Roy's biography of George Pearkes, *For Most Conspicuous Bravery* (1977), and his article in *Canadian Defence Quarterly* (autumn 1976) on the Terrace, B.C., incident are perhaps the most relevant pieces, while several ongoing doctoral dissertations, including Daniel Byers' McGill thesis on mobilization for the war effort, promise to fill in many gaps. While gaps remain, researchers are best advised to consult local histories, period newspapers, or the official records of the Department of National Defence located at the National Archives of Canada in Record Group 24. The Court of Inquiry records that formed the basis of this article are located in the latter collection, Volume 2197, file HQ-54-27-130-16, vol. 2. Another valuable source, acquired recently by the Canadian War Museum, is a vast collection of wartime newspaper clippings acquired from the *Hamilton Spectator*. The collection contains thousands of articles from English-Canadian newspapers including many on incidents between NRMA and GS personnel.

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