The Scribbler Too

A Collection of Short Stories…
Some from the Wars, others not;
Little known for most.
Some amazing facts and some to move you to tears.

As put together by
Sam Newman
and his daughter, Tammy

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The Scribbler Too is Dedicated to All Cadets:

Sam and his daughter, Tammy, are both Canadian Armed Forces Veterans and products of the long established Cadets Canada Program. We are both personally aware of the values of this organization. Presently, it is open to young Canadians, male and female, aged 12 to 18. Anyone can participate. It's not only designed to be a variety of fun, challenging and rewarding activities, but these youngsters learn valuable life and work skills such as teamwork, leadership, citizenship and much more. Throughout their training, they learn to become actively involved and engaged members of their Communities. Ultimately, they are preparing to become tomorrow's leaders! We'd like to dedicate '**THE SCRIBBLER TOO'** to all of them. Thank You,

About Your Cordial Scribe

Sam Newman was born in Toronto and raised in the gold mining communities of northern Ontario. He served thirty-five years in the military, serving in all three branches. On retirement, he continued to volunteer for several para-military organizations. A former Cadet, he never lost the joy of serving with the Cadet organization with which he has been active for forty-eight years. He enjoys helping others, especially the youth of our Nation. Sam is now retired for the second (or third) time from various part-time jobs where he loved meeting and interacting with many people. He enjoys free time for reading, writing and tinkering around the house. He and his wife, Cathy, have taken some amazing vacations over the years. Family has always been very important and get-togethers are always fun. He feels blessed to have a loving and supportive household.

About Your Editor

(R - L) Your Cordial Scribe (Sam,) your Editor (Tammy) and the Force behind them both (Cathy.)

Tammy Newman was born in Ottawa. Her dad, Sam, was in the military and so Tammy was raised around the world. As a teenager and without any pressure from her father, she joined the Air Cadets. In turn, she also went to military college and became an air traffic controller. Her last job was a desk job where she was the editor of *Flight Comment*, the flight safety magazine of the Canadian Armed Forces. Now retired, Tammy enjoys her time with husband, Simon, and their cat and dog. She is an avid puzzler and scrap-booker. Tammy likes to travel whether she is visiting her friends and family or getting away from it all with Simon.

The Unsung Hero of Dunkirk, by Rick Munroe, 5 August 2017 issue of Toronto Star

Amid the buzz over the new film on *Dunkirk*, the true story of a remarkable Canadian continues to be ignored, as it has been for seventy-seven years. James Campbell Clouston was born in Montreal, attended McGill University and joined the Royal Navy in 1918. By 1940, Clouston had risen to the rank of Commander and was highly regarded by both his subordinates and his peers. While his destroyer, Isis, was in dock for repairs, Clouston was attached to the Naval Shore Party of eight officers and 160 men, under the command of Captain William Tennant. He was sent to the port of Dunkirk to help organise an evacuation, called Operation Dynamo. The Naval Shore Party embarked on the destroyer Wolfhound at Dover and, while they sailed, three officers cut cards for their assignments. Clouston's card cut earned him the position of pier-master at the eastern mole, a narrow wooden walkway mounted on a concrete breakwater that extended 1,280 meters into the English Channel. The pier-master needed to be capable of maintaining order among men who were mentally and physically exhausted, each of whom desperately wanted to be on the next ship home. The eastern mole was not designed to be used by ships. It was the only part of the port that had not been heavily bombed by the Luftwaffe.

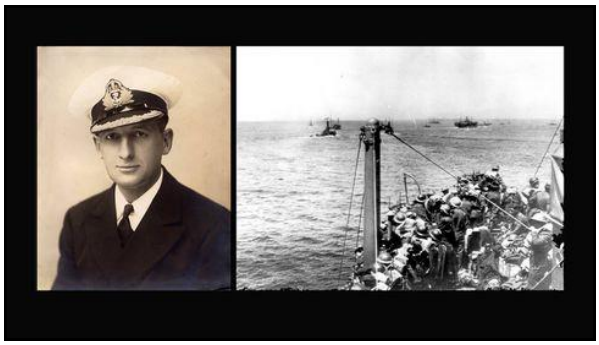
The evacuation of more than 338,000 Allied troops who were trapped on the French shoreline has been described as nothing short of miraculous. The skies clouded, providing respite from Luftwaffe attacks. The English Channel calmed, allowing the legendary "little ships" to rescue men from the shallow waters off Dunkirk's beach. The Little Ships of Dunkirk were about 850 private boats that sailed from Ramsgate, England to Dunkirk, France between 26 May and 4 June 1940. This process was slow, laborious and often chaotic. On Day Three of the ten-day evacuation, the decision was made to try loading men directly onto large ships via the east mole. A major risk in doing this was obvious: it could become a death trap. While soldiers who were assembled on the beach could scatter when German dive-bombers attacked, troops who were lined along the congested, elevated pier had nowhere to run. Once the Germans realized that the mole was being used for large scale escape, it would immediately become a prime target.

Starting on Day Three, Clouston assumed the role of pier-master and remained at his post near the tip of the mole for the next five days and nights. Armed only with a loud-hailer and a pistol (which he had to employ at least once to restore order,) Clouston ushered more than 200,000 onto ships moored next to the precarious mole. In making the movie, *Dunkirk*, a CBC film crew interviewed many evacuees for a 50th anniversary documentary film in 1990. Multiple survivors recalled a remarkable Navy Officer who spoke with a Canadian accent and had an uncanny ability to keep everyone calm. None of this is portrayed by "Commander Bolton" in the new *Dunkirk* film. Pier-Master Bolton never used a loud-hailer and consequently had no means to exercise direct control over evacuees, much less calming then while under attack. How our real-life

pier-master endured five straight days at the end of the mole is unclear; he apparently napped and ate as opportunity arose.

On 1 June, Clouston returned to Dover to report to Vice-Admiral Ramsay. On the afternoon of 2 June, he and a party of thirty men left Dover on two Royal Air Force rescue motorboats for the final night of the evacuation. Off the coast of France, the two boats were strafed and bombed by eight Junkers 87 dive-bombers. Clouston's boat was sunk, leaving the crew clinging to the wreckage. Clouston ordered the other boat to continue to Dunkirk and, while waiting for rescue, he and his men eventually succumbed to exhaustion and hypothermia. Only two men survived. Clouston was thirty-nine years old, leaving behind a young son and his pregnant wife in England. On 11 July 1940, Clouston posthumously received a Mention in Despatches for his part in the Dunkirk operation. Clouston is buried at Becklingen War Cemetery, in Lower Saxony, Germany.

Heroism is not rare; we regularly hear stories of rescues and other selfless acts. Although such acts make a huge difference to the rescued individuals, they rarely alter the course of human history. Not so in the case of Clouston; the deliverance of a third of a million experienced Allied troops was a pivotal moment of WWII and his steadfast service contributed greatly to that success. Most heroic acts are brief, often a matter of seconds, while Clouston's was sustained over several days. Lister Sinclair, who narrated the 1990 CBC documentary "We Shall Fight on the Beaches!" concluded the segment devoted to Commander Clouston by stating, "It was said that he should have had the Victoria Cross for his courage. It is rare that a single individual can play such a large role in history." Despite his exceptional service and sacrifice, Clouston was never awarded a medal and remains virtually unknown, even here in his homeland!



Clouston's actions inspired the character of "Commander Bolton" in Christopher Nolan's 2017 film, *Dunkirk*. Due to the attention drawn to Clouston by the film, Parks Canada installed a plaque in Montreal honouring him for his role in the evacuation at Dunkirk.

P.S. from your Cordial Scribe… Might I just end this story by suggesting to all my readers, both military and civilian, that when you see someone who has performed above and beyond the normal call of duty, DO write them up. Bring notice to those who have made that difference in someone's lives.

Hiroo Onoda

An Imperial Japanese Army intelligence officer, who fought in World War II, Hiroo Onoda never surrendered in 1945. Until 1974, for almost thirty years, he held his position in the Philippines. His former commander traveled from Japan to personally issue orders relieving him from duty in 1974.

Onoda trained as an intelligence officer. On 26 December 1944, he was sent to Lubang Island in the Philippines. He was ordered to do all he could to hamper enemy attacks on the island, including destroying the airstrip and the pier at the harbour. Onoda's orders also stated that under no circumstances was he to surrender or take his own life. When he landed, Onoda joined forces with a group of Japanese soldiers who had been sent there previously. The officers in the group outranked Onoda and prevented him from carrying out his assignment, which made it easier for United States and Philippine Commonwealth Forces to take the island when they landed on 28 February 1945. Within a short time of the landing, all but Onoda and three other soldiers had either died or surrendered. Lieutenant Onoda ordered the men to take to the hills.

Onoda continued his campaign as a Japanese holdout, initially living in the mountains with three fellow soldiers (Private Yūichi Akatsu, Corporal Shōichi Shimada and Private First Class Kinshichi Kozuka). During his stay, Onoda and his companions carried out guerrilla activities and engaged in several shootouts with the police. The first time they saw a leaflet announcing that Japan had surrendered was in October 1945. They found a leaflet left by islanders which read: "The war ended on August 15. Come down from the mountains!" However, they distrusted the leaflet. They concluded that the leaflet was Allied propaganda and also believed that they would not have been fired on if the war had, indeed, been over. Toward the end of 1945, leaflets were dropped by air with a surrender order printed on them from General Tomoyuki Yamashita of the Fourteenth Area Army. They had been in hiding for over a year and this leaflet was the only evidence they had the war was over. Onoda's group looked very closely at the leaflet to determine whether it was genuine and decided it was not.

One of the four, Yuichi Akatsu walked away from the others in September 1949 and surrendered to Filipino forces in 1950, after six months on his own. This seemed like a security problem to the others and they became even more cautious. In 1952, letters and family pictures were dropped from aircraft urging them to surrender but the three soldiers concluded that this was a trick. On 7 May 1954, Shimada was killed by a shot fired by a search party looking for the men. Kozuka was killed by two shots fired by local police on 19 October 1972, when he and Onoda, as part of their guerrilla activities, were burning rice that had been collected by farmers. Onoda was now alone.

On 20 February 1974, Onoda met a Japanese man, Norio Suzuki, who was traveling around the world, looking for "Lieutenant Onoda, a panda and the Abominable

Snowman, in that order." Suzuki found Onoda after four days of searching. Onoda described this moment in a 2010 interview: "This hippie boy Suzuki came to the island to listen to the feelings of a Japanese soldier. Suzuki asked me why I would not come out." Onoda and Suzuki became friends but Onoda still refused to surrender, saying that he was waiting for orders from a superior officer. Suzuki returned to Japan with photographs of himself and Onoda as proof of their encounter and the Japanese government located Onoda's commanding officer, Major Yoshimi Taniguchi, who had since become a bookseller. He flew to Lubang where, on 9 March 1974, he finally met with Onoda and fulfilled the promise made in 1944, "Whatever happens, we'll come back for you," by issuing him the following orders:

1. In accordance with the Imperial command, the Fourteenth Area Army has ceased all combat activity.
2. In accordance with military Headquarters Command No. A-2003, the Special Squadron of Staff's Headquarters is relieved of all military duties.
3. Units and individuals under the command of Special Squadron are to cease military activities and operations immediately and place themselves under the command of the nearest superior officer. When no officer can be found, they are to communicate with the American or Philippine forces and follow their directives.

Onoda was thus properly relieved of duty and he surrendered. He turned over his sword, his functioning Arisaka Type 99 rifle, 500 rounds of ammunition and several hand grenades, as well as the dagger his mother had given him in 1944 to kill himself with if he was captured. Though he had killed people and engaged in shootouts with the police, the circumstances (namely, that he believed the war was still ongoing) were considered and Onoda received a pardon from President Ferdinand Marcos.

The Korean War

Cordial Scribe's Note: I'd like you all to know that for many of my readers, both Air Cadets and others, the first booklet I wrote (http://vimylondon.ca/pdfs/The_Scribbler.pdf) has become a compendium of notes and stories. This was designed to be read by many, not just by Veterans, members of para-military organizations and family members. The real reason why this second project of mine – **The Scribbler Too** – has become so important is that it isn't just for reading entertainment; it's a unique teaching aid at the same time. This particular article is mostly just full of facts. It was meant this way because when I reviewed the subject of all the submissions with my daughter, I realized that we had not offered much material on the Forgotten War, that of the Korean War. This is my effort to remind you about another conflict that our Canadians were involved in. Short, concise but awe-inspiring when you read the statistics! I was not aware of them and I'm probably not the only one in that category. At any rate, this might help you clear up some cob-webs, so to speak.

The Canadian Forces were involved in the 1950–1953 Korean War, when North Korea invaded South Korea. 26,000 Canadians participated on the side of the United Nations. Canada sent eight destroyers and Canadian aircraft provided transport, supply

and logistics. 516 Canadians lost their lives in service during the conflict. Their names are inscribed in the Korean War Book of Remembrance in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. After the war, Canadian troops remained for three years as military observers. Although the fighting divided the nations along the Korean Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) and arranged for the return of POWs – a peace treaty was never implemented. On 27 April, 2018, South Korean President Moon Jae-in met with Kim Yong-chun in the DMZ, opening negotiations toward a formal conclusion to the war.

Beginning in July 1950, the RCAF's 426 Transport Squadron was tasked with carrying supplies and troops between North America and Asia to support the UN efforts in the Korean War. By June 1954, this unit had flown 600 round trips over the Pacific, carrying more than 13,000 passengers and 3,000,000 kilograms of freight and mail, without loss. Some 7,000 Canadian troops would serve in Korea in a peace support role after the armistice, before the last of our military forces departed in 1957.

On the Mackenzie King Bridge in Ottawa, near Confederation Park, there is a bronze statue of an unarmed Canadian soldiers standing with two Korean children. This was made in 2002 and is the Monument to the Canadian Fallen. It was designed by Vincent Courtenay, a Canadian Korean War veteran and made by Korean artist Young Mun Yoo. It is inscribed with the names of the 516 Canadians who died in the Korean War. There is an identical monument standing nearly 11,000 kilometres away, in the United Nations Memorial Cemetery in Busan, South Korea, among the headstones of the Canadians buried there. By design, the two memorial statues face one another, over a continent and an ocean, bound by solemn remembrance.

The courageous Canadian men and women who served in the Korean War put their lives on the line, travelling to the other side of the world to help UN forces trying to restore peace. It was dangerous duty in a harsh land that was far different from home. While the United States had made an early decision to repatriate the remains of their deceased, Canada and other Commonwealth countries decided to bury the bodies of their fallen soldiers overseas.

A Poem to Which I Can Relate, Author Unknown

I remember the bologna of my childhood,
And the bread that we cut with a knife,
When the children helped with
the housework,
And the men went to work, not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge,
And the bread was so crusty and hot,
The children were seldom unhappy
And the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top,
Our dinner came hot from the oven

The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks,
Just a game with their friends in the road,

And not from a freezer or shop.

I remember the shop on the corner,
Where cookies for pennies were sold
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?
Or is it… I'm just getting old?

I remember the slap on my backside,
And the taste of soap if I swore
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of
And we hadn't much choice what we wore.

And sometimes the Saturday flicks.

Bathing was done in a wash tub,
With plenty of rich foamy suds
But the ironing seemed never ending
As Mama pressed everyone's 'duds.'

Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table
And I think life was better enjoyed.

Man Honours Dad

After losing his dad to cancer eighteen months ago, Jim Brown now makes an annual visit to the London Regional Cancer Program at Victoria Hospital where he pays the parking fees of other cancer patients who've come for treatment. When cancer took his dad, Jim Brown found a way to fight back. For months, Brown and his father made multiple trips to the London Regional Cancer Program at Victoria Hospital. Like almost everyone else there, they paid $12 to park on their way in to treatment, day after gruelling day. For families fighting cancer, parking fees for multiple visits quickly add up to four figures over a course of treatment.

After his dad died, Brown wanted to help the people he'd seen in the clinic's reception areas and waiting rooms. To join his cause, he enlisted the help of his friend and Aylmer neighbour Barry Acheson, who's been battling cancer himself for eight years. First, they raised money during November. "We grew ridiculous beards and people paid us a lot of money to shave them off," he said. The pair then took that money and went back to the waiting room of the cancer clinic at Victoria Hospital.

Their plan was simple: spend a day leading up to Christmas using the November money to help cover patients' parking charges. "My dad was diagnosed with throat cancer and, eventually, lung cancer," he said. "During that time we probably visited the clinic thirty or forty times and, at $12 a shot, that's a lot of money. I thought this would be a good way to give back." It's a simple technique: One of the two men stand at the payment machine, wad of bills in hand. When someone comes to pay, he asks for their ticket and plugs in the money himself. On Thursday, he covered more than $2,000 in parking charges. "Oh, my goodness; thank you so much," said one women when told her parking was free. "My pleasure, Merry Christmas," he says. "Often, people are reluctant to take the money and they believe it's too good to be true," he said. "I think they're skeptical because it's not too often a good deed happens without a catch. Mostly, they're overjoyed."

When people come here, they're compromised emotionally. There can be tears and then hugs as people become overwhelmed with gratitude. Brown has a sense of what

patients and their loved ones are going through as they walk through the clinic doors. "I remember being overwhelmed," he said. "I remember being scared. But once we met with doctors and nurses, they're some of the greatest people I've ever met." Acheson, Brown's partner in the parking giveaway, is still battling cancer. It's a fight that's cost him a lung. "I'm a patient here as well," he said. "I know what it's like to come here a lot. Parking is expensive. Why we see such a reaction is the fact that a complete stranger is helping out. That's why you see the emotions that you do."

Lou Deane was elated to get the break. "It's the season for that," she said, "and you share what you can." A man named Otto was overwhelmed when Brown told him his parking was paid for. "I'm choked up, you know," he said, tearing up. "It's never happened to me before." When asked if he comes regularly, he could only answer, "Yes, unfortunately." Any money left over from the parking giveaway will go to Sakura House, the hospice in Woodstock where Brown's father spent his final days.

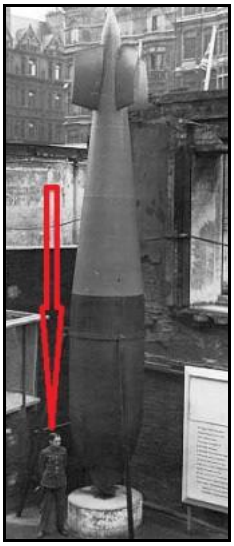
RAF Scampton's Gate Guard is Actually a LIVE Grand Slam Bomb
Contributed by Cousin Toey Horne, from Down Under

A gate guardian (or gate guard) is a withdrawn piece of equipment, often an aircraft, armoured vehicle or artillery piece mounted on a plinth and used as a static display. It is placed near the main entrance to a military base and forms a symbolic display of guarding. In 1958, when Lincolnshire County Council were widening the road past RAF Scampton's main gate, the gate guards had to be moved to make way for the new carriageway. Scampton was the WWII home of #617 Squadron and their gate guards were a Lancaster aircraft and the empty casing of a Grand Slam bomb.

When they went to lift the Grand Slam with an RAF 8-ton Coles Crane, it wouldn't budge. Originally, they thought it was filled with concrete until somebody had a horrible thought. No! It couldn't be, could it? All these years, it was out here open to the public for people to climb over, sit astride and be photographed! Could it possibly be filled with filled with something other than concrete? They raced off to get the armament officer. He carefully scraped off many layers of paint and gingerly unscrewed the base plate. Yes, you guessed it. It had a live 1944 explosive filling. The beast was very gently lifted onto a 5-ton low loader, using a much larger civilian crane and then slowly driven under massive police escort to the coastal experimental range at Shoeburyness. (I wonder what, if anything, they told the crane driver.) At the range, it was rigged for demolition and when it exploded, it proved to anyone within a ten mile radius that the filling was still very much alive!

Exhaustive investigations then took place but nobody could find the long-gone 1944, 1945 or 1946 records that might have shown how a live 22,000 lb bomb became a gate guard for nearly the next decade and a half. Some safety distance calculations were done, however, about the effect of a Grand Slam detonating at ground level in the open. Apart from the entire RAF Station, most of the northern part of the City of Lincoln, including its cathedral, which dates back to 1250, would have been flattened. The

Grand Slam was a 22,000 lb earthquake bomb used by RAF Bomber Command against strategic targets during WWII. It was the most powerful non-atomic bomb used in the war. Invented by Barnes Wallis, it was officially known as a Bomb, Medium Capacity, 22,000 lb. It was also nicknamed “Ten ton Tess.” Although work started on the Grand Slam in 1943, this powerful weapon wasn’t available before the spring of 1945, when it was used with great effect against viaducts or railways leading to the Ruhr and also against several U-boat shelters. If it had been necessary, it would have been used against underground factories and preparations for attacking some of these were well advanced when the war ended.



Left: at the bottom of the red arrow stands an adult man.

Right: its length is 26 ½ feet and its diameter is 3 feet, ten inches.

Because of the low rate of production and consequent high value of each bomb, aircrews were told to land with their unused bombs on board rather than jettison them into the sea if a sortie was aborted. After release from the Avro Lancaster B.Mk 1 (Special) bomber, the Grand Slam would reach near supersonic speed, approaching 1150 km/h. When it hit, it would penetrate deep underground before detonating. The resulting explosion could cause the formation of a cavern and shift the ground to undermine a target’s foundation. The Grand Slam was originally designed to penetrate concrete roofs. Consequently, it was more effective against hardened targets than any existing bomb. The first Grand Slam was tested at the Ashley Walk Range on 13 March 1945. By the end of the war, forty-two Grand Slams had been dropped in active service. Five complete Grand Slam bombs are preserved and displayed in the United Kingdom at the RAF Museum in London.

An Old Man and His Bucket of Shrimp

It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean. Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier. Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze. Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers. Standing out

on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier. Soon, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there, tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty, but Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place. When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. Old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like a funny old duck. He looks like just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp. To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant or maybe even a lot of nonsense. Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida. That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name was Eddie Rickenbacker. He was an American fighter ace in WWI and Medal of Honor recipient. In WWII, he served in a publicity function to increase support from civilians and soldiers. With twenty-six aerial victories, he was America's most successful fighter ace in the war. He was considered to have received the most awards for valour by an American during the war. He was also a race car driver, an automotive designer, a government consultant in military matters and a pioneer in air transportation, particularly as the long-time head of Eastern Air Lines.

On one of his missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane and climbed into a life raft. Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive. The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft.

Suddenly, Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull! Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off and he and his starving crew made a meal of it – a very slight meal for eight men. Then, they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish which gave them food and more bait and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea for twenty-four days until they were found.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull and he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why, almost every Friday night, he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

Little Known World War II Facts

*** Of the males born in the Soviet Union (USSR) in 1923, only 30% percent survived the war. Almost half of the males died before the war broke out. The babies of 1923 were born at an awful time and faced a dismal future. The country they were born in was poor and violent. Between 1914 and 1921, they had endured seven years of war and civil war, immediately followed by a major famine. Their society lacked modern sanitation, immunization programmes and antibiotics. Rates of infant and childhood mortality were shockingly high. The next major famine was in 1932. They men turned eighteen just as Germany attacked their country in 1941. The surprise attack on the woefully unprepared Red Army led to devastating losses for the USSR. Within the first six months, the Red Army had lost nearly five million men – the size of the USSR's entire prewar army. The USSR mobilized all possible resources in its subsequent fight for survival and ultimate victory. The need for manpower dictated a significant loosening of the age and nationality restrictions on conscription of Soviet citizens. It is reported that men well under the age of eighteen and well over the age of fifty-five were conscripted into the Red Army, with Russians and non-Russians alike required to serve.

*** High-ranking officers were occasionally killed with their men. The highest ranking casualty was the American Lieutenant General Lesley McNair. He was killed by friendly fire while in France to act as commander of the fictional First U.S. Army Group, part of the Operation Quicksilver deception that masked the actual landing sites for the Invasion of Normandy. During Operation Cobra, an Eighth Air Force bomb landed in his foxhole.

*** Between 1939 and 1945, Allied planes dropped 3.4 million tons of bombs on Axis (Germany, Italy and Japan) powers. Between 305,000 – 600,000 German and 330,000 – 500,000 Japanese civilians were killed by Allied bombs during the war. 60,595 British, 67,078 French and over 500,000 Soviet civilians were killed by Axis bombings.

*** In 1941, when Pearl Harbour was attacked by Japan, the U.S. Fleet was an organization in the U.S. Navy. The acronym CINCUS, pronounced "sink us," was used for Commander in Chief, U.S. Fleet. This was replaced by COMINCH (Commander in Chief) in December 1941 and was redefined and given operational command over the Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic Fleets, as well as all naval coastal forces.

*** Hitler's private train was named "Amerika." The Führersonderzug (literally Führer's special train) was Adolf Hitler's personal train. It was named Führersonderzug Amerika

in 1940 and renamed later, in January 1943, the Führersonderzug "Brandenburg." The train served as a headquarters until the Balkans Campaign. Afterwards, the train was not used as Führer Headquarters, although Hitler and his entourage used this train to visit various fronts and theaters of war. For safety, a front train and rear train were used to prevent any possible attack. In 1945, Hitler's aide and adjutant Julius Schaub saw to it that the Führersonderzug was destroyed.

*** The eldest daughter of King George VI of Great Britain, Elizabeth, served as a driver and mechanic during the war. She, of course, became Queen Elizabeth II. After months of begging her father to let his heir pitch in, Elizabeth – then an eighteen-year-old princess – joined the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service during World War II (WWII.) Known as Second Sub-altern Elizabeth Windsor, she donned a pair of coveralls and trained in London as a mechanic and military truck driver.

The Queen remains the only female member of the royal family to have entered the Armed Forces and is the only living head of state who served in WWII.

*** The soldiers of the US 45th Infantry Division wore a Swastika on their shoulder. The division's original shoulder sleeve insignia was approved in August 1924. It featured a swastika, a common Native American symbol, as a tribute to the Southwestern U.S. region which had a large population of Native Americans. The Swastika is an ancient symbol of spiritual power. With the rise of the Nazi Party in Germany and its infamous reversed and tilted swastika symbol, the 45th Division stopped using the insignia. The new insignia featured the Thunderbird, another Native American symbol, and was approved in 1939.

An early 4th century Swastika emblem

Coin of the Indo-Sassanid

*** More Russians, both soldiers and civilians, perished during the Battle of Stalingrad (1942-1943) than all British and American soldiers over the course of the entire war. Most historians consider Stalingrad to be the greatest battle of the entire conflict. It stopped the German advance into the USSR and marked the turning of the tide of war in favour of the Allies. The Soviets recovered 250,000 German and Romanian corpses in and around Stalingrad and total Axis casualties are believed to have been more than 800,000 dead, wounded, missing or captured.

*** 20,000 Allied bombers were lost during WWII, which was the deadliest and most costly war in the history of the world.

*** The Red (Soviet) Army is alleged to have raped two million German women, from ages thirteen to seventy. As Allied troops entered and occupied German territory during

the later stages of WWII, mass rapes of women took place both in connection with combat operations and during the subsequent occupation. The wartime rapes have been surrounded by decades of silence. After mid-1945, Soviet soldiers caught raping civilians were usually punished to some degree, ranging from arrest to execution. The rapes continued until the winter of 1947–48, when Soviet occupation authorities finally confined Soviet troops to strictly guarded posts and camps, separating them from the residential population in the Soviet zone of Germany.

*** Hitler executed eighty-four of his generals, mainly for involvement in plots against him. Nobody escaped the regime of Hitler, even those who served under him.

*** In the Philippines Campaign, (1945) U.S. soldier Private (Pvt.) John R. McKinney fought off one hundred Japanese soldiers single-handedly. Pvt. McKinney received the Medal of Honour in WWII during the campaign to recapture the Philippines from Japanese forces. Although greatly outnumbered, Pvt. McKinney was able to secure a crucial battlefield area before reinforcements arrived. Just before daybreak, the perimeter defense was stealthily attacked. Pvt. McKinney was resting a few paces away when an enemy soldier dealt him a glancing blow on the head with a saber. Although dazed by the stroke, he seized his rifle, bludgeoned his attacker and then shot another assailant who was charging him. Alone, Pvt. McKinney warily changed position, secured more ammunition and, reloading repeatedly, cut down waves of the fanatical enemy with devastating fire or clubbed them to death in hand-to-hand combat. When assistance arrived, he had thwarted the assault and was in complete control of the area. By his indomitable spirit, extraordinary fighting ability and unwavering courage in the face of tremendous odds, Pvt. McKinney saved his company from possible annihilation and set an example of unsurpassed intrepidity.

*** About 20,000 Koreans died in the atomic explosion that destroyed Hiroshima. Two thousand were killed in Nagasaki. On August 6, 1945, an American B-29 bomber dropped the world's first deployed atomic bomb over the Japanese city of Hiroshima. The explosion wiped out 90% of the city and immediately killed 80,000 people; tens of thousands more would later die of radiation exposure. According to recent estimates, about 20,000 Koreans were killed in Hiroshima and about 2,000 died in Nagasaki. It is estimated that one in seven of the Hiroshima victims was of Korean ancestry.

*** A new weapon first used by the Soviets on July 14, 1941, the Katyusha, could fire 320 rockets within 25 seconds. The Katyusha multiple rocket launcher is a type of rocket artillery first built and fielded by the USSR in WWII. Multiple rocket launchers such as these deliver explosives to a target area more quickly than conventional artillery, but with lower accuracy and requiring a longer time to reload. They are fragile compared to artillery guns but are inexpensive, easy to produce and usable on any chassis. The Katyushas of WWII, the first self-propelled artillery mass-produced by the USSR, were usually mounted on ordinary trucks. This mobility gave the Katyusha and other self-propelled artillery another advantage: being able to deliver a large blow all at once and then move before being located and attacked with counter-battery fire. The weapon is less accurate than conventional artillery guns, but is extremely effective in

saturation bombardment and was particularly feared by German soldiers.

*** Allied bomber crews lost 100,000 men in Europe.

*** The US Medal of Honour was awarded to 473 persons. Of these, half were given posthumously.

*** In the long campaign to free Western Europe, (June 6, 1944, to May 8, 1945) Britain, the USA and their Allies had 200,000 dead and 550,000 wounded soldiers.

*** Hitler lost 136 of his Generals during the war.

*** More Chinese were killed by the Japanese during WWII (20 million) than Jews in the Holocaust. (6 million) The greatest difference is that the Jews did not die by war activity. They were murdered by the Nazi Germany fascists. China's losses during WWII were due to military activity and war-related disease and famine.

*** Of the 40,000 men who served on U-boats, only 10,000 survived.

*** During the war, both Germany and the British Empire had 12,000 bombers shot down.

*** The U.S. Air Corps lost more men than the Marine Corps.

*** The Japanese fighter ace Hiroyoshi Nishizawa brought down over eighty planes.

*** Russian pilots knocked out some airborne German planes by ramming them.

*** The German submarine U-1206 sunk when its toilet malfunctioned. Only fifteen km from Peterhead, Scotland and just twenty-four days before the end of WWII, while U-1206 was cruising at a depth of 200 feet, misuse of the new toilet caused large amounts of water to flood the boat. According to the official report, a malfunction involving the toilet caused a leak in the forward section. The leak flooded the submarine's batteries (located beneath the toilet) causing them to release chlorine gas. The only alternative was to surface. Once surfaced, U-1206 was discovered and bombed by British patrols, forcing the Commander to scuttle the submarine. One man died in the attack, three men drowned in the heavy seas and forty-six were captured. Although the crew recorded the scuttle location, the wreck would not be located until the 1970s.

*** The U.S. Army possessed more boats than the U.S. Navy. As for watercraft, the Army had the largest seagoing fleet in WWII. While the Navy certainly had more vessels, nitpickers will insist that most Navy vessels are "ships" and so the Army could still have more "boats."

*** Coca-Cola was considered essential to the US troops in North Africa and complete

Coca-Cola bottling plants were sent there. In 1941, the Coca-Cola leader said that any person in uniform should get a bottle of Coke for five cents, wherever he was and whatever it cost the Company. During WWII, a special group of Coca-Cola employees were asked to fulfill Woodruff's promise. They supervised the shipment and operation of sixty-four complete bottling plants that distributed over five billion bottles of Coca-Cola to servicemen and women. Providing Coke to troops in remote areas proved difficult. An Australian bottler offered a solution when he recommissioned a portable soda fountain and had it flown into the hills to quench the troops thirst. It was so successful that the Army requested a hundred more immediately. Technicians from Coca-Cola quickly developed a portable dispensing unit known as a "jungle fountain" that could be easily transported to any location. Nearly 1,100 of these units were used in the Pacific.

*** A third of all German generals who died in the war were killed in air attacks.

*** Germany officially declared war on only one country – the United States.

*** Niels Bohr was a Danish nuclear physicist wanted by Hitler to help him construct an atomic bomb. When the Germans invaded Denmark, Bohr fled from his house while resistance fighters held off the soldiers. In September 1943, word reached Bohr that he was about to be arrested by the Germans and he fled to Sweden. From there, he was flown to Britain, where he joined the British Tube Alloys nuclear weapons project and was part of the British mission to the Manhattan Project. After the war, Bohr called for international cooperation on nuclear energy.

*** The first American serviceman killed in Europe was killed by Germans in Norway in 1940, at a time when the U.S. was not yet officially at war. Captain Robert Moffat Losey was an aeronautical meteorologist and is considered to be the first American military casualty in WWII. On April 21, 1940, prior to America's entry into the war, Losey was serving as a military attaché and was killed during a German bombardment in Norway. He had been attempting to complete the evacuation of the American diplomatic legation from Norway to Sweden in the wake of the German invasion.

*** The German cruiser Graf Spee was not sunk by enemy action. The commander of the ship ordered the vessel to be scuttled due to (false) reports of superior British naval forces approaching his ship. The ship was partially broken up in situ, though part of the ship remains visible above the surface of the water. After the attempt to scuttle her had failed, the wreck's salvage rights were bought by Great Britain.

*** In 1926, the Heil Hitler salute was made compulsory. Legend says that the infamous Nazi salute was based on the Italian Fascist salute, which itself was based on the salute of the ancient Romans. There is no surviving work of art depicting that nor does any text describe it. It is widely believed that efforts were made to establish its pedigree by inventing a tradition only after the fact.

*** Kiska, one of the Aleutian Islands off Alaska, was invaded by 35,000 US and Canadian troops on August 15, 1943. In the landing, twenty-one soldiers were killed

under heavy bombardment. But there was no enemy. The Japanese had abandoned the island two weeks earlier. Casualties were from friendly fire and booby traps.

*** Most of the Waffen-SS were recruited from countries outside of Germany. During WWII, the Waffen-SS recruited significant numbers of non-Germans, both as volunteers and conscripts. In total some 500,000 non-Germans and ethnic Germans from outside Germany were recruited between 1940 and 1945. The units were under the control of the SS Führungshauptamt (SS Command Main Office) beneath Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler. Upon mobilization, the units' tactical control was given to the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht. (High Command of the Armed Forces)

*** The youngest person to serve in the U.S. Armed Forces was twelve years old. His name was Calvin Graham. He told his mother he was going to visit relatives. Instead, he dropped out of the seventh grade and shipped off to San Diego for basic training. There, he said, the drill instructors were aware of the underage recruits and often made them run extra miles and lug heavier packs. He was wounded in battle and given a Dishonorable Discharge for deceiving the Navy about his age. An Act of Congress later restored him benefits due a veteran.

A DC-10 had come in a little hot and thus had an exceedingly long roll out after touching down.

- San Jose Tower noted: "American 751, make a hard right turn at the end of the runway, if you are able. If you are not able, take the Guadeloupe exit off Highway 101, make a right at the lights and return to the airport."

Wojtek, the Fuzzy Polish Soldier Bear (1942–1963) www.thesoldierbear.com

Wojtek, pronounced and sometimes spelled as Voytek, was a Syrian brown bear. The name Wojtek is the nickname of Wojciech (Happy Warrior,) an old Slavic name still common in Poland. In the spring of 1942, during World War Two (WWII,) the newly formed Polish Armed Forces Unit 3522, 22nd Artillery Supply Company, II Corps (more commonly called the Anders' Army) left the Soviet Union for Iran. On their trip, the men met a young boy carrying a large cloth sack. They thought the boy looked tired and hungry so they gave him some food. They also asked him what was in the bag. The boy opened it up and revealed a tiny, malnourished brown bear cub. The soldiers knew the little cub was in very poor health and needed attention quickly so they bought the bear. They nursed the bear back to health, giving it food, water and a warm place to sleep.

Wojtek initially had problems swallowing and was fed condensed milk from an old vodka bottle. He was subsequently given fruit, marmalade, honey and syrup. Often, he was rewarded with beer, which became his favourite drink. Once grown, he enjoyed smoking (or eating) cigarettes as well as drinking coffee in the mornings. If the soldiers were

ever cold at night, he would sleep with them. He enjoyed wrestling and was taught to salute when greeted. Wojtek also enjoyed taking hot baths for some reason. Over the summer in Palestine, he learned how to work the showers and you could pretty much always find him splashing around the bath house. Once, he entered the bath hut and came across a spy who had been planted to gather intelligence on the Allied camp. Wojtek growled and slapped the spy in the head, making him immediately surrender. The Soldier Bear was lauded as a hero for successfully capturing the enemy agent, who in turn was interrogated and gave up vital intelligence on enemy positions.

Polish soldier with Wojtek in 1942

He became an attraction for soldiers and civilians alike and soon became an unofficial mascot to all the units stationed nearby. With the 22nd Company, he moved to Iraq and then through Syria, Palestine and Egypt. Wojtek copied the other soldiers, even marching alongside them on his hind legs because he saw them do so. Wojtek had his own caregivers assigned to look after him. Although regulations forbade mascot and pet animals, Wojtek was officially drafted into the Polish Army as a Private. In order to get him onto a British transport ship when the unit sailed from Egypt to fight alongside the British Eighth Army in the Italian campaign, he was listed among the soldiers of the 22nd Artillery Supply Company. The Brits were like "whatever chaps" and didn't even bat an eye when Wojtek marched ashore with the rest of the 22nd Company. The soldiers also had a little fun with the bear, training him to pick up new recruits by their boots and hold them upside down to make them think the bear was about to eat them.

Wojtek with artillery shell – official emblem of 22nd Artillery Supply Company

As an enlisted soldier with his own paybook, rank and serial number, he lived with the other men in tents or in a special wooden crate which was transported by truck. He is probably one of the least known heroes of WWII. The Poles' finest hour of the war came in the incredibly bloody battle of Monte Cassino. Polish troops won the battle and overtook the Germans and they did it with Wojtek, the soldier bear, in their ranks. According to numerous accounts, Wojtek helped during the fighting. He actually hand-carried boxes of ammunition, some weighing in at over 100 pounds, from supply trucks to artillery positions on the front lines. He worked tirelessly, day and night, bringing supplies to his friends who were bravely battling the Nazis. He never rested, never dropped a single artillery shell and never showed any fear despite his position being under constant enemy fire and heavy shelling. It was his role during this battle that earned him his promotion to the rank of Corporal. In recognition of the bear's popularity, HQ approved a depiction of a bear carrying an artillery shell as the official emblem of the 22nd Company. Thanks to the heavy shelling by their artillery, the Polish forces broke through the Nazi defenses and captured Monte Cassino. Wojtek and his

comrades fought the Germans across the Italian peninsula, breaking through the enemy lines and forcing them out of Italy for good. It was probably pretty demoralizing to the Nazis to see that the Poles had a giant brown bear fighting on their side.

In 1945, after the end of WWII, Wojtek was transported to Berwickshire, Scotland with the rest of the 22nd Company. They were stationed at Winfield Airfield on Sunwick Farm, near the village of Hutton, Scottish Borders. Wojtek soon became popular among local civilians and the press. The Polish-Scottish Association made him an honorary member. Following demobilization on 15 November 1947, Wojtek was given to Edinburgh Zoo where he spent the rest of his life. He was often visited by journalists and former Polish soldiers, some of whom tossed cigarettes for him to eat, as he did during his time in the army. Media attention contributed to Wojtek's popularity and he was a frequent guest on BBC's Blue Peter children's program. Wojtek died in December 1963, at the age of twenty-one. At the time of his death, he weighed 490 pounds and was over six feet tall.

The soldier-bear was a WWII hero and there are many statues and plaques memorializing his brave service in Poland, Edinburgh, the Imperial War Museum in London and the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

- In 2011, a film, *Wojtek: The Bear That Went to War* was broadcast on BBC Two Scotland, narrated by Brian Blessed.
- In 2013, the Krakow city council erected a statue of Wojtek in the city's Jordan Park. It was unveiled on 18 May 2014, the 70th anniversary of the Battle of Monte Cassino.
- In 2013, the City of Edinburgh Council approved the erection of a bronze statue of Wojtek, by Alan Beattie Herriot, to stand in the city's West Princes Street Gardens. Unveiled in 2015, it presents Wojtek and a fellow Polish Army soldier walking together. A four-metre relief documents Wojtek's journey from Egypt to Scotland with the Polish Army.
- British songwriter Katy Carr released a music video titled *Wojtek* on 17 September 2014 – the 75th anniversary of the Soviet invasion of Poland.

Maples for Vimy, by Major (ret) Bruce Stock, Vimy RCL Br 145, London

In 2013, Paul and Barbara Gagnon of London, ON, wanted to find a new and different way of paying tribute to the magnificent sacrifices of both our Canadian soldiers and the French civilians. These civilian villages were saved by the indomitable presence of Canada's WWI troops.

The Gagnons were leaders in Canadian tree development and production and had established an international clientele. Coming up with a tree answer to the tribute challenge was a logical next step. In 2017, they chose several brands of Canadian maples. With the help of fifty volunteer Canadian Scouts, Girl Guides and their leaders, they planted 500 red, silver and regal petticoat Canadian maple trees, to help commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge. These living memorials were prepared, delivered and planted, at no cost to the host villages.

The Gagnons thought a living memorial would deliver many social, cultural and environmental benefits for decades to come and for younger generations to enjoy. Imagine the advantages of nurturing a young maple, as it grew to maturity. Despite the obvious merits of this concept, there were two giant challenges: permission and location. Both the French national and local government have very strict importation standards. After meetings, visits to France and e-mails over the next several years, the permissions were finally granted in 2016.

The location question had two aspects. First, which villages had the greatest involvement with Canadian troops? Secondly, which villages had enough suitable growing space to accommodate the caring and maintenance necessary? Seventeen village sites matched the criteria and, in April 2017, five hundred maples were planted with appropriate ceremonies, landmark speeches and champagne toasts.

Red Maple

Silver Maple

Regal Petticoat

The Maples for Vimy were prepared, shipped and planted at no cost to their host villages. The program includes a three-year replacement warranty. Funding came from several sources including the Gagnon's savings, investors, Veterans Affairs Canada and the Ontario cities of London, Strathroy-Caradoc and Dutton-Dunwich. Fund-raising continues to cover the program's tree replacement, maintenance and travel costs. More information is available at www.maplesforvimy.com

"A Man for all Seasons; A Hero for all Reasons" – Peter Harding

Your Cordial Scribe's comments: You go through life but once and along the path that has led to where I am today, there have been people whose life I have desired to emulate, in one form or another. Until recently, I have been unable to find the life story of one person that had it all together! The acknowledgement of this man's life was reported in the London Free Press, 15 Dec 2018. It was titled, "Former Deputy Fire Chief, a citizen of highest order." I have known this gentleman for some twenty-five years or so and I thought I knew him well. There are a zillion aspects of his life of which I was unaware. I found his story impressive, moving, powerful, stirring and, yes, touching. Here is the story of a remarkable citizen that the City of London lost recently, written by Glen Pearson, who worked many years for him. This is what was printed:

To one degree or another, we all learned about civics and citizenship in school, never enough, but at least something about how our communities function and the role of the private citizen in it all. Historically, being a citizen meant you participated with your peers in making collective decisions that regulate social and economic life. In Canada, this arrangement functioned well enough that cities and regions benefitted. As our politics have slumped in effectiveness and popularity, the concept of citizens pursuing their private lives is likely no longer sufficient. That is, until they come together at election time to determine the direction for the next four years. This is especially true with the modern challenges that threaten to unravel much of what has been built in the last number of decades. We search for politicians who can put the public good above their own self-serving purposes and yet frequently fail to acknowledge that citizens are required to do the same. What suffers here is our civic health and functionality. The less that citizens and their political representatives rise to the challenge, the greater the gaps will be in our performance as communities. Occasionally, a gifted service-minded politician emerges who, for a time at least, can compensate for political dysfunction and slow down the speed of decline. The same is true for the citizenry.

London lost one such citizen leader this week. Peter Harding was a Captain and Chief on the London Fire Department. He also served on the board of the London Food Bank. Harding's life was a big one, branching out far beyond these two involvements. Though he spent thirty-eight years in the fire service, his tenure with St. John Ambulance extended over forty years in all. During his last eighteen years, he was superintendent for London-Middlesex. His development of a fleet of ambulances, training courses on CPR and the overseeing of the construction of St. John House on King Street earned him promotion to provincial superintendent.

It was really in London where he made a lasting mark. He took leadership roles in St. John responses to train derailments in Mississauga, Hyde Park, Komoka, Pickering, Melbourne, Kerwood, Newbury and Chatham, in addition to tornado aid efforts in Reeses Corners and Barrie. His organizational ability proved essential when St. John London brigade assisted with the devastating effects of the Quebec ice storm in 1998 and sent an ambulance and crew to help with the response to 9/11 in New York City. That our city became known for its humanitarian savvy in such disasters is largely due to Harding's timely interventions.

In 2003, Harding was bestowed a Knight of Justice by St. John and its patron, Queen Elizabeth II. The sword that came with the honour will remain a family treasure, even though his long service has now ended. Part of what made Harding's influence so pivotal and far-reaching at St. John was the inclusion of his family in the effort. It isn't often that entire families take citizenship so seriously, but the Harding family did. They are determined to carry on his work. Harding had been Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus Council #13404. He also served as president of the Irish Benevolent Society in London. Harding was a citizen of the highest order and it is inevitable that his influence will resonate during the years ahead through those he mentored and supported. As we lose such towering figures, the need only grows greater for lives of such excellence. No legacy is so rich as service to others. We Will Remember!

Hallowed Ground, Slapton Sands, England
By Claire Barrett, Military History magazine, November 2018

Little more than five weeks before the Allied Invasion of Normandy, the largest amphibious assault the world has ever seen, a training exercise gone awry, resulted in appalling carnage. Yet, the April 27/28, 1944 fiasco at Slapton Sands, England, which claimed the lives of more than 1,000 men, may have assured the success of D – Day!

Code-named "Exercise Tiger," it was to be a dress rehearsal for Operation Overlord. The stretch of the Devon coast proved ideal training ground for forces tasked with landing on Utah Beach. Its coarse gravel, shallow lagoon and seaside bluffs closely resembled the terrain Allied soldiers would soon traverse in France. Supreme Allied Commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, ordered planners to make the exercise as realistic as possible, down to the use of live gunfire from naval vessels and shore-based artillery. On the morning of the 27th, in advance of the initial practice landing at 0730, the British heavy Cruiser HMS Hawkins was to shell the beachhead, stopping just before the troops reached shore. As some of the landing ships were running late, US Rear Admiral Don P. Moon, the Officer in charge of the exercise, changed the timing to 0830. Regretfully, several landing craft already en route never received word of the change. When the soldiers aboard clambered ashore, they came under devastating friendly fire. Some 300 men were killed in the accident.

Early the next morning, eight tank landing ships (LSTs) packed with American troops and equipment formed up in Lyme Bay. From there, the ships headed toward Slapton Sands. As the boats converged, a patrol of nine fast and well-armed German E-boats picked up the heavy radio traffic near Lyme Bay and zeroed in on the transports. The fully loaded LSTs (nicknamed “large slow targets” by the troops) made easy pickings. Making matters worse, the convoy had no destroyer escort as the one assigned to the exercise had collided with an LST and diverted to Plymouth for repairs. The flotilla’s only escort, the Royal Navy corvette, Azalea, spotted the E-boats but was unable to warn the convoy as the American vessels were using a different radio frequency.

The Germans struck with abandon, their torpedoes hitting three LSTs, sinking two and severely damaging the third. Of the hundreds of soldiers and sailors aboard, 749 were either killed outright or drowned in the icy channel water, pushing the death toll for the exercise over 1,000. In one of war’s tragic ironies, many men had improperly donned their life jackets and then drowned when the weight of their backpacks forced them face-down underwater. Allied commanders ordered a news blackout as search teams quickly and quietly recovered the bodies. Of immediate concern was the fate of ten officers participating in the exercise that all had top-level clearance and knowledge of the D-Day invasion plans. Fortunately, all ten were accounted for and Operation Overlord was given the green light.

Exercise Tiger resulted in the worst loss of life of American troops since the December 7th, 1941 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. Despite the fact that five times more men died at Slapton Sands than were killed storming Utah Beach on D-Day, the Allies

learned valuable, if grim, lessons essential to the success of the invasion. Foremost, the Allies standardized radio frequencies, trained troops on how to properly don life jackets and established more effective procedures for retrieving men from the water. As abhorrent as the losses were, the lessons learned from the rehearsal paved the way toward the allied foothold in France and the eventual liberation of Western Europe.

Today an amphibious M4 tank, recovered from the sea in 1984, overlooks Slapton Sands, England. It is recognized by Congress as the Sherman Tank Memorial Site and it stands as a somber tribute to the men who died and to a truth so long buried.

Martha Raye – a true hero and a warrior who is often overlooked!

Born Margaret Teresa Yvonne Reed in 1916, singer/actress/comedienne Martha Raye embarked on a show business career as a child. Her parents were a vaudeville couple and she joined her parent's act as soon as she learned to walk, stopping the show with an energetic rendition of "I Wish I Could Shimmy like My Sister Kate." After touring in a double act with her brother, Bud, she made her Broadway debut in the 1934 revue *Calling All Stars*, where she was billed for the first time as Martha Raye. While appearing as a singer/comedienne at Hollywood's Trocadero, she was selected to appear in Paramount's *Rhythm on the Range* (1936,) in which she introduced her trademark song, "Mr. Paganini." For the next four years she was Paramount's favorite soubrette, overemphasizing her big mouth and gorgeous legs in a series of zany comedy roles. She proved to be a romantic lead for Bob Hope, who was her friend.

During World War II (WWII,) Martha Raye joined with actresses Carole Landis, Kay Francis and Mitzi Mayfair to form a United Service Organizations (USO) troupe, performing shows, often under difficult and dangerous conditions, for U.S. soldiers across Europe, the South Pacific and North Africa. All four women later starred in *Four Jills in a Jeep*, a cinematic account of their wartime USO experience.

The following is from an Army Aviator taking a trip down memory lane…

> It was just before Thanksgiving '67 and we were ferrying dead and wounded west of Pleiku, Vietnam. We had run out of body bags by noon, so the Chinook helicopter was pretty rough in the back. All of a sudden, we heard a 'take-charge' woman's voice in the rear. There was the singer and actress, Martha Raye, with a Special Forces beret and jungle fatigues, helping the wounded and carrying the dead aboard. Maggie had been visiting her Special Forces (SF) heroes out west. We were short of fuel on departure and headed to the USAF hospital pad at Pleiku. As we were unloading our passengers, a USAF Captain said to Martha.... "Ms. Raye, with all these dead and wounded to process, there won't be time for

your show!" To our surprise, she pulled on her right collar and said "Captain, see this eagle? I am a full 'Bird' in the US Army Reserve and this is a Caduceus which means I am a Nurse with a surgical specialty… now, take me to your wounded!" He said, "Yes ma'am… follow me." Several times at the Army Field Hospital in Pleiku, she would cover a surgical shift, giving a nurse a well-deserved break.

Raye performed a similar service for G.I.s in two more wars, entertaining thousands and thousands of troops at U.S. military bases in Korea in the early 1950s and in Vietnam from 1965 to 1973. She is fondly remembered by generations of service members for her tireless efforts in staging shows for U.S. soldiers all over the world. She also endured the same conditions they did and went far beyond the role of an entertainer by tending to troops in the field. This included working with medivac units in Vietnam to pick up wounded Americans and assist in field hospitals.

For example, an October 1966 Associated Press article reported the following account: Comedienne Martha Raye, a front-line trouper for twenty-four years, changed her routine last week. She donned fatigues and worked for two days in an Army field dispensary, cleansing wounds, changing bandages and comforting GIs wounded in a Mekong Delta battle. The twangy-voiced brunette, who has gone from outpost to tiny outpost throughout Vietnam to entertain American servicemen, sang, danced and ribbed the men of two Army aviation helicopter companies stationed in the Mekong Delta town of Soc Trang. The next morning, the chopper pilots and their crews delivered Vietnamese soldiers to the paddy fields and marshlands of the delta to charge the entrenched Viet Cong. As the first helicopters settled into the landing zones, they were met by intense fire. Additional troops were brought in and, in the battle that followed, four American helicopters were shot down and twenty were damaged. American casualties began arriving by 8 a.m. at the small Soc Trang dispensary. Miss Raye, a former nurse, arrived about the same time, dressed in Army fatigues and volunteering for duty. “She worked all day – until 9:00 that night – doing everything she could,” one corpsman said.

One of the first things she did was donate a pint of blood to a badly wounded sergeant. Then it was hour after hour of scrubbing and preparing the wounded for surgery, helping the surgeons, changing bandages and cheering up men awaiting evacuation to field hospitals in Vung Tau or Saigon. Miss Raye’s show did not go on that night. The next morning she was back at the hospital in her stained fatigues, helping one doctor and eight corpsmen care for the patients. Shortly before noon, when the work eased, Miss Raye flew eighty miles north to Vinh Long and performed that night for another unit of Army chopper crews who fly Vietnamese troops into battle. “She did a lot for our morale and that of the men who’d been shot up,” said a corpsman at the dispensary.

In recognition of her efforts on behalf of U.S. service members, Martha Raye was given several honorary military designations, including the honorary ranks of Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Army and Colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps (leading to her being dubbed “Colonel Maggie” by troops in Vietnam.) In 1993, she was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Bill Clinton for her service to her country,

with a citation reading as follows:

> A talented performer whose career spans the better part of a century, Martha Raye has delighted audiences and uplifted spirits around the globe. She brought her tremendous comedic and musical skills to her work in film, stage and television, helping to shape American entertainment. The great courage, kindness and patriotism she showed in her many tours during WWII, the Korean War and the Vietnam Conflict earned her the nickname 'Colonel Maggie.' The American people honour Martha Raye, a woman who has tirelessly used her gifts to benefit the lives of her fellow Americans.

Her service to U.S. troops was also commemorated after her death in 1994 by a burial with military honors in the Post Cemetery at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, a singular honor for a civilian. Martha is the only woman buried in the Special Forces (SF) section of the cemetery. Martha Raye's exemplary service to the Army – including trips to Vietnam to entertain the Green Berets – earned her a funeral with military honours. Raye, who died in Los Angeles at age 78, had a ceremony with a flag-draped casket and military pallbearers. Raye entertained troops in Vietnam for nine straight years, four months a year, spending much of the time with isolated Special Forces detachments in camps all over the country. Normally, only active duty and retired Army personnel are buried on post, but the Defense Department granted an exception for Raye, who was made an honorary Lieutenant Colonel in 1966 by President Lyndon B. Johnson.

A Lost and Found Tale from an Unkempt Grave
By Sergio Arangio, 29 December 2018 issue of Toronto Star

On a cloudy December afternoon, Maggie Allison stands over the grave of Pte Richard Staples, at Prospect Cemetery in Toronto. She talks to him, as she often does, and tells him she is about to meet his great-niece, Catherine Staples. While Staples and Allison have exchanged emails, they've never met in the five years Allison has been caring for the grave. According to Allison, who is in her forties, she found Richard's grave by accident while on a late-afternoon jog through the cemetery in October, 2013. Something pulled her to an unkempt grave in a poorly maintained section of the cemetery. She had a strong emotional reaction – the discovery made her break down crying. But Allison still doesn't know why, since she had never heard of him and has no apparent ancestral connection. "I just felt this overwhelming feeling of finding something that I had lost," Allison said in an interview. Allison has been drawn to his grave ever since, bringing flowers each season and keeping his plot tidy. She even planted a cedar tree next to this gravestone.

Allison was determined to find out everything she could about Richard. Information was scarce until a post on Find A Grave website in October, 2015, provided details of his trip to Canada and enlistment in the military. The post led her to Richard Staples' great niece, Catherine Staples, who had also found the post and had commented on it. Allison then sent her an email explaining the story. Over the next three years, they kept in contact, always intending to meet, but never finding the right opportunity. They've

even narrowly missed each other a few times while visiting other family in the cemetery.

When Allison and Staples finally met, their eyes lit up with smiles galore and arms outstretched. They shared a hug as if they, themselves, were long-lost relatives. "It was like I was hugging a part of Richard," Allison said. For Catherine, the whole experience has been surreal. When she read Allison's email, she was shocked and surprised. My first reaction was "My God, this is so special," says Staples, sixty-nine. She has a keen interest in genealogy and had been scouring Prospect Cemetery for months before Allison reached out, looking for a shabby grave rather than a well-maintained one. "I'm being rewarded for all my hard work of searching for ancestors.

The post on Find A Grave and an entry on Veteran's Affairs Canada's virtual war memorial explain that at age sixteen, Richard came to Canada from England in 1914 with his parents and two siblings, one month after the First World War started. His step-father, Sergeant (Sgt) Henry Staples, served with the 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment in the British Reserves. After going through over fifteen engagements, Sgt Staples was discharged owing to a nervous breakdown. Records indicate that both father and son were shoemakers. Richard was born in Tooting, England. He had been living in Canada for two years with his parents. Richard enlisted in the 169th Battalion in February 1916, at age eighteen. He was stationed at Exhibition Place in Toronto, which was used as a military training camp during the war. On May 16, 1916, Pte Richard Staples died at Exhibition Camp of cardiovascular failure with edema of the lungs due to pneumonia contracted while in execution of his military duties. Richard's death came as a severe shock to the family. Along with his death, his family had also received news of a relative killed in action.

In Staples' research, she found that Richard's name was originally Eugene Edward, when his birthfather, Thomas Edward, was still in his life. When or why he changed his name is a mystery. Although it was not uncommon for children to take their stepfather's name, he changed his first name, as well. While there are large gaps in the information, Allison and Staples speculate on the kind of man Richard was. "I think that he was just a really sensitive, sweet man," says Allison. "Do you get any feeling, Catherine?" "I have a good feeling because maybe he was following in his dad's footsteps," says Staples. Staples and Allison now share the upkeep of Richard's plot. They admit it's a strange situation, but they have a mutual respect for each other's connection to him. Their next goal is to spruce up his ragged section of the cemetery. Allison also hopes to one day solve the mystery of why Richard changed his name. "I've asked him but I get no response," she says with a laugh!

They both appreciate being able to learn as much as they have about his life, crediting that to the community of First World War enthusiasts, who dedicate much of their time to uncovering the stories of forgotten soldiers. Find A Grave is one of their many outlets for connecting people with their lost relatives. Owned by the genealogy company

Ancestry, the site claims to have more than a million contributors of virtual memorials and thousands of contributions are made per day. Margaret Rose Gaunt, who posted Richard's Find A Grave information, is one such contributor. She wanted to learn more about her uncle, who was killed in Normandy in June 1944. Gaunt made a post on the Canada Remembers Facebook page in 2010, which was met with many comments from war enthusiasts. One even visited her uncle's grave in France and photographed it for her. Gaunt then resolved that she'd pay the favour forward. She says it's a noble hobby, having made more than 1,800 contributions to Find A Grave alone. Part of what makes this important to her, she says, is the fact she was adopted by her uncle and didn't know who her birth parents were until she was in her forties. She feels a duty to connect people to their relatives. "They gave their lives for our freedom and they need to be remembered," says Gaunt, seventy-five. "If you can touch somebody else, that makes it all worthwhile."

Saving the White Helmets, from Reader's Digest and United Church Observer

It was black as pitch on the Syrian side of the border and floodlit on the Israeli side when the curtain rose on a dramatic rescue. Out of the darkness from the Golan Heights they came – the famed White Helmets – the bankers and barbers and ordinary citizens, known across the world for their courage. Over the course of Syria's seven-year civil war, these volunteer rescue workers had braved barrel bombings and chemical attacks to save more than 114,000 citizens who dared oppose President Bashar al-Assad. Singled out for torture and death by the regime, they came, exhausted and frightened, walking with their families up the grassy slope of Syria toward the forbidden border with Israel. Shortly after 2100 on July 21st 2018, the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) gave the order: "NOW." The metal gate separating the two enemy countries cranked open. 422 lives were saved that night! "Canada played the leading role in an absolutely extraordinary international rescue that came together in a frenetic three week period," says the founder of Mayday Rescue (MR.) MR is a volunteer organisation that operates in parts of rebel-controlled Syria and in Turkey. Formed in 2014 during the Syrian Civil War, the majority of the activity in Syria consists of medical evacuation, urban search and rescue in response to bombing, evacuation of civilians from danger areas and essential service delivery. As of April 2018, only 204 White Helmet (WH) volunteers have lost their lives in the process.

To understand it fully, in the fall of 2012, Assad's government began attacking villages, town and cities that were against his regime. His claim: any opposition to his autocratic rule was an act of terrorism. He withdrew all ambulances, fire and rescue services from areas not under government control, leaving citizens helpless. As bombs fell, there was no one to put out fires or help people trapped in the rubble. And when the attacks ended, there was no one to restart the electricity, reconnect water services or repair bridges. That's when groups of ordinary Syrians, first in Aleppo and Idlib and later throughout the rebel-held areas, united to respond. They gained experience in firefighting, rescue, trauma care and crisis management and learned how to restore services and rebuild bridges. They became known as the WH, named for the colour of

their hard hats. After receiving training from MR and funding from Canada, the U.K., Germany, the U.S.A., Japan and the Netherlands, what began as a high octane neighbourhood watch had, by 2014, morphed into a movement of 4,200 volunteers working in approximately 150 rebel towns, villages and cities.

A former Accounts Manager with a bank in Daraa remembers the night in January 2013 that he became a White Helmet: Our neighbourhood was hit with bombs. A woman was crying. She was injured and sure her baby was dead under the rubble. The team took the woman to the hospital and ran back to the site of the bombing to begin digging. We found the baby, covered in dust and sitting in a corner of the building, looking like she didn't know what had happened! The infant was tucked safely into the arms of the new WH and the child clung to him until he was able to return her to her mother. Another such volunteer said that he was in investment banker in Homs. Like his friend, he was arrested, jailed and tortured for months by the regime. He never talks about those memories; instead, he likes to recount the rescues. When the bombs explode, some people run to escape, others run to help, he said. Another saw his house destroyed and his family displaced. After leaving prison, he was told to get out of Syria. From his temporary home in Amman, he thinks back on the evacuation of the WH at the Golan Heights. "We didn't aim to be refugees and leave our country," he says. "We were looking to live in peace and dignity in our hometowns."

Whenever danger struck, the WH headed toward it – armed with stretchers, not guns. They became heroes. They also became the public enemy of Bashar al-Assad, since they were keeping people alive despite his bombardments and because they attached cameras to their helmets to record the chemical attacks and barrel bombing, gathering evidence of his war crimes. In retaliation, as areas fell to the regime, amnesty was offered to all people BUT the WH. All armed groups were eligible for reconciliation and for movement to other parts of Government Controlled Syria, but not the WH. They were singled out, taken off busses and put into regime detention facilities. They were tortured, terrorized and forced to make video confessions alleging that they had been responsible for conducting atrocities. Some WH were referred to as vermin that should be eradicated. They were also subjected to "double tap" operations - the regime would bomb an area and when the WH rushed in, a second bombardment would target the rescuers. The worst assault came after the fall of the rebel-held areas in the south. Residents were told they had to fill out reconciliation forms, pledge allegiance to Assad and identify terrorists, mass graves and WH. The first responders feared they would be arrested, tortured and disappeared. With 255 of their numbers already dead and more than 700 wounded, the risk was extraordinary. That's when Canada got involved!

28th June – Amman, Jordan

The Syrian country manager for MR went to the Canadian Ambassador on the situation in southern Syria. She said they needed assistance in evacuating some of the WH. "I could see in her face the look of despair, even panic" remembers the Ambassador. He immediately phoned his colleagues in Ottawa who were responsible for Syria. In the beginning, the rescue operation was driven by people in the field. A special envoy, located in Istanbul was eventually appointed in March 2014 and that person worked with

the WH – arranging funding, training and support for over four years.

3rd July – Istanbul, Turkey
The WH advised that President al Assad was advancing faster than anticipated and that his people were in trouble. He had thought the targeted men and women would have months to organize an escape route. In reality, they had weeks, maybe even only days. They understood the trajectory of the Assad government and how it pursued territory. A list was drawn up of WH most in danger – the leaders, the female members and the ones featured prominently in the media. Those names were marked for evacuation. An urgent report to Global Affairs Canada in Ottawa was dispatched stating that those WH could be detained or killed – it had happened before. Canada felt that they should keep them safe. We had funded them, had worked closely with them and we knew just how incredible their work had been. We knew how much Syrians relied on them. Meanwhile, the threatened WH were on the run, finding safe routes to the borders where a rescue might happen, concealing their identities, counting on strangers for clandestine help and staying in touch with MR through coded text messages.

11th July – Brussels, Belgium
At the NATO Foreign Minister's summit in Brussels, Canada's Minister of Foreign Affairs stood up at a dinner event and allegedly pounded the table when she made an impassioned plea to the others, saying, "We have to do something. We cannot leave the WH behind. We have a moral obligation to these people." If a deal was struck, it also had to include resettlement. The UK, Germany and France responded positively to the plea. While the Brussels meeting galvanized the diplomats, politicians and aid workers involved, time was running out. The tempo picked up and the MR staff started preparing operations for the plan that would follow. High-level diplomacy on the part of the Canadian Government and the American State Department was essential in reaching out to people in the region and engaging the UN in discussions. The regime's advancing army had closed off the border to Jordan, leaving the Golan Heights as the only crossing point available, which meant Israel had to agree to let them in. Jordan had to sign off on receiving the rescued men, women and children from Israel, even if only for a short stay. Busses taking the WH from Israel to Jordan had to be organized.

Meanwhile, Assad's regime was closing off access routes from the south to the Israeli border To further complicate matters, ISIS had started its own scrap for a piece of land that also cut off entry from the south. The next steps to secure the crossing included engaging with the Israelis at a number of different levels. The first thing the Israelis needed to know was the immense scope of the problem. Once that was established, they went to work brainstorming different options. Israel was absolutely indispensable. To their credit, their government and military put human life ahead of politics and stated an unequivocal promise to work with the rest of the coalition to get them out safely.

19th July – Amman, Jordan
MR sent a coded message to the WH: "Head to the Israeli border! The instruction seemed counterintuitive – Israel was an enemy border. But it was the only option available, so the first responders began moving from dozens of locations toward the

Golan Heights. Canadian and Israeli officials then worked to get identification documents for each of the vulnerable WH from the MR office in Amman and to finish the vetting so the evacuation would go off without a hitch.

21st July – The Golan Heights

Occupied by Israel since the 1967 Six-Day War and tucked between two mountain ranges in the Valley of Tears, the Golan Heights is the de facto border between Israel and Syria. Here, neighbours who have become enemies watch each other from vantage points scattered about the hills. But, on this night, the border would open briefly. The plan was to unlock the gate, receive the WH, process them and load them onto busses bound for Jordan. Representatives of the Jordanian Government were there to observe the evacuation, as were UN officials. MR had sent two WH members. The anxiety level at the MR office in Amman and the Canadian Embassy office in Ottawa was palpable. So many things could go wrong. The regime's military could catch wind of the top-secret rescue, charge the border and attack. Assad could call for an airstrike. Syrian citizens living nearby could seize the opportunity to cross the border when it opened, prompting a military response from the Israelis.

The worst part was knowing that something bad could happen to the WH in the course of the evacuation. The IDF took security very seriously; there were many different terrorist organizations on the other side that were not particularly fond of the state of Israel, who could take advantage of the situation to attack us or the Syrians trying to come across. They had coordinated the time and place where the WH would come across the border with the Canadian Embassy and the MR Team. They set up a table where each evacuee would be identified. When the sky was dark, the order was given to open the gate. As it cranked slowly to a position that exposed the Syrian hills, everyone stared into the night. The WH were called to come forward as families – one group at a time. If people were on their own, they were to approach as individuals. The control was tight. Except for gunfire in the distance, the night was eerily quiet. The frightened WH moved toward the gate carefully, not really knowing where to go or how to conduct themselves. The Israelis had people who spoke Arabic to give them a sense of security. The evacuees had mixed feelings – sadness because they were forced to leave their homeland, but happy that they were rescued. As each family cleared security, they were moved to busses where blankets, food, baby formula and water awaited them. When all ten busses were filled, they left in a convoy for the Jordanian border. As the night progressed, it became clear that this just might work, but until the last person was safe, no one relaxed for a second. The personnel of MR felt the pressure keenly, worried that it was not going to happen or that it was too complicated, too difficult. At the Canadian Embassy in Tel Aviv, the Embassy colleagues were receiving updates from the IDF. Some of the Syrians, such as children born after the civil war began, lacked documentation. Others had lost passports in the fracas of war. But each case was worked out and no one was turned away. However, out of the approximately 800 WH and family members expected to escape, just slightly more than half made it to the Golan Heights – many couldn't get past the various checkpoints across Syria and went into hiding. Of course, the plan was to save many more, but it was a War Zone, a dynamic situation unfolding literally as the regime was working to

retake the territory. It was 0500 when the last busses arrived in Jordan.

28th August – Amman, Jordan
The plan had about a 2% chance of success. It was an impossible mission. They were pinned between an advancing regime and ISIS forces, against two sealed international borders in one of the most politically sensitive regions of the world. There was no way this should have worked out and, yet, it did! It did because of a committed Foreign Affairs Minister, prepared to make a tough decision and do the right thing. It did because of a range of officials in the field and in Ottawa who wanted to do the right thing. It worked because of incredible, coordinated international diplomacy. The WH could only say "Thank you" for the miracle when they realized the enormity of what had been accomplished. Naturally, they expressed sadness and concern for the teams left behind but they also said that, for the first time in a long time, they felt safe. Nightmares had stopped. The Rescuers had been rescued!

Hometown Battlefield, a song, by J. P. Cormier

He got home from the service as the spring began its turn
Twelve long months away
He folded up his uniform with the medals tucked inside
Started living for today.

But the present could not find him, nor could his wife and kids
He was there but he was gone
And soon his only comfort was a bottle and his gun
Something right that went so wrong.

And the silence keeps on coming as the movie plays again
He can smell that yellow dust and death hanging on the wind
And we thought the war was over, but the headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today, on the hometown battlefield.

He sits outside the courthouse with his pant legs tucked away
And no one knows his name
One wrong step there in the sand put him where he is today
One more just the same.

All his memories live there in the space below his knees
Back when he was whole
But that IED didn't just relieve him of his legs;
It blew apart his soul.

And the silence keeps on coming as the movie plays again
He can smell that yellow dust and death flying on the wind
And we thought the war was over, but the headlines do reveal

That another soldier died today, on the hometown battlefield.

If you're wearing loafers, you ain't walked the burning sands
And you ain't ever had to shoot another living man
It don't matter if we won, it don't matter if we lost
They were following their orders, no matter the cost.

So I remember what they've given when I see my flag unfurled
Free against the sky
And the way we seem to lose them when they get back to the world
Can someone tell me why?

That the silence keeps on coming as the movie plays again
He can smell that yellow dust and death hanging on the wind
And we thought the war was over, but the headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today, on the hometown battlefield.
Yes, we pray the war is over, but the headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today, on the hometown battlefield.

Brenda Fredrickson – Recipient of the Sovereign's Medal for Volunteers

The Royal Canadian Legion in each province puts together a Youth Leaders' Pilgrimage of Remembrance group every two years that flies to France to tour the Normandy Beaches. For almost ten years, the thirty-two members of our 2009 group have made it their business to work diligently and tirelessly to promote service and remembrance to our fellow comrades, friends and neighbours across Canada. The Guest of Honour, Brenda Fredrickson, was among our group. With great pride, on behalf of our entire Pilgrim's Family, the following comments were offered in support of the momentous occasion of celebrating Brenda's Award of the Sovereign's Medal for Volunteers.

Our group viewed the awesome cemeteries, the poignant monuments, the gigantic battlefields, the meaningful war museums and spoke to the locals concerning events of the War Years. We Pilgrims who accompanied Brenda on this awe-inspiring trip have seen a dramatic, yet, phenomenal change in this lady. We yearned to learn more about this quiet, warm lady, whose shy demeanour was overshadowed by her knowledge, love and kindness towards all of us. We also learned that Brenda was involved with students in her community, teaching them about the horrors of past wars.
(left) The Honourable Vaughn Solomon Schofield SOM SVM, 21st Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan made the presentation on behalf of the Governor General of Canada.

We fill with pride when we hear stories and reports about her talents and we have been

privy to many of her entertainment stints. She has shared her humour, her generosity and her passion to support so many people with impairments and disabilities. What a privilege to refer to her warmly as "Our Florence Nightingale," as she persistently ignites people from all walks of life to help the less fortunate and, in particular, the Wounded Warriors. She continues to spend an inordinate amount of energy offering hope to many in the starkness of their circumstances, thereby bringing considerable honour to all of us connected with the Legion, as well as to her Community of Elrose, SK. The Legion has, indeed, been blessed to have such a staunch remembrance supporter working on their behalf.

To Brenda, may we simply say that from the bottom of our collective Pilgrim hearts, we would all love to be with you in person, including our Fallen Comrade, Dick. You have our sincere congratulations on a well-deserved, prestigious award. You have earned it with your stellar and continuing performance and we only hope that receiving the award in front of so many of your friends and associates will encourage others to follow suit and engage their talents. We love you and are proud of you, from your family of 2009 Youth Leader's Pilgrimage of Remembrance. BRAVO ZULU!

My Buddy is Missing, by Sam Newman

I'm not sure when we first met and I can't remember where it even might have happened. We were alike and, yet, very much dissimilar in many of our ways. All of that has gone out the window anyhow and here I am with my best friend missing. He may be out of the picture and away from this planet but he's certainly not out of my memory. Perhaps it can be said that, for the last decade or so, you rarely ever might see Dick at a military function without his shadow and friend Sam and vice versa. Our friendship likely flourished the most over a pint of the cool stuff. The only difference was that I drank the real stuff and Dick drank that God Forsaken Export Ale! While he rarely ever finished his second beer, I always found it difficult when he asked me to finish it for him so he wouldn't be embarrassed with those around us! It was always his ritual to finish off the business session of our gathering with Bailey's Irish Cream.

I hit it off with Dick many years ago and I attribute that to our mutual appreciation for the Cadet Movement. It mattered not what element we were talking about – Army or Air, because we were both part and parcel of both over our years. Dick commanded both colours, #27 and #741 Air Cadet Squadrons, along with #9 Army Cadet Corps and enjoyed his stint with both. I started my association with the Army Cadets back in the early 50's but most of my time afterwards was dedicated to the Air Cadet League. We'd ferociously debated the pros and cons of all of the Cadet Leagues over time, but we were both in agreement as to the fact that Cadets were the best kept secret in Canada!

That said, our time as Buddies really flourished when we both decided we were going to join the Legion's 2009 Youth Leaders' Pilgrimage of Remembrance and we headed for two weeks of the Normandy Beaches of Europe, visiting France, Belgium and Holland. It was a gruelling trip, especially for Dick, as he travelled in a wheelchair exclusively. It

was a good thing his son Jamie, from the OPP in Lucan, came along to help us “PUSH DICK ACROSS EUROPE.” There were thirty-two of us and it was the trip of a lifetime. I never realized what a treasure trove of historical military knowledge Dick had. As the wheelchair lumbered on from town to town, cemetery to cemetery, museum to museum and memorial to memorial, what our Tour Guide, John Goheen, didn’t know was that Dick seemed to have the answers to many of our questions. We were blessed throughout the entire fourteen days with a kaleidoscope of places, battles, dates and banter throughout it all, regardless of the challenges set before us.

Dick (l) and Sam (r)

Dick, his son Jamie and I all agreed that touring the Museums, Memorials, Battlefields, Cemeteries of WWI and WWII et al was life-changing for us. We headed home with a deeper appreciation of the sacrifices others made for our freedom and for the unquestioned precious nature of life. I miss Dick tremendously but I know he’s planning a big party for us upstairs someday, when we’ll all be together again.

Radar Control: "TWA 2341, for noise abatement, turn right 45 Degrees."
TWA 2341: "Center, we are at 35,000 feet. How much noise can we make up here?"
Radar Control: "Sir, have you ever heard the noise a 747 makes when it hits a 727?"

The Inuk Sniper – John Shiwak of Labrador was a Top Marksman in WWI
By Herb Mathisen, from the Oct / Nov 2017 issue of *up here* magazine

Many of the men who enlisted to fight for the Allied Powers in World War I did so in the romantic and naïve pursuit of adventure. Few were as equipped with the skills required on the frontline as John Shiwak. A seasoned hunter and trapper from Cul-de-Sac, near Rigolet in Labrador, Shiwak arrived in France and quickly distinguished himself among his fresh-faced peers – most of whom had never shot a gun before. But, as anyone who spent time in the trenches would attest, no one could ever be prepared for the mental and spiritual hell awaiting them.

As a boy, Shiwak hunted seals and ducks and ran a dog team. He left home at a young age and worked a variety of jobs, spending some winters on a trap-line. In 1911, at the age of twenty-two, he travelled to St. John’s, Newfoundland and met a writer, William Lacey Amy, who is responsible for many of the details of Shiwak’s life that survive today. The two exchanged letters in the years that followed, with Amy noting his friend’s growing interest in becoming a soldier. Shiwak did just that after war broke out in 1914. When Great Britain declared war on Germany, they brought Canada and the separate Dominion of Newfoundland along with it.

Howard Lorry, a fellow Newfoundlander and member of the Regiment, became friends with Shiwak, sneaking out to visit him at his sniping outpost. “He was shy and lonely, but I got to be quite friendly with him by talking of seal and duck hunting. His eyes would light up,” wrote Lorry. He noted the many notches on Shiwak’s rifle stock - “He must’ve killed a lot of Germans.” Shiwak had been promoted to Lance Corporal within nine months. The two men would talk for hours, Lorry wrote, with Shiwak constantly on watch. He often sighed and said, ‘Will it ever be over?’” noted Lorry.

Shiwak arrived on the frontlines in northern France on July 24, 1916, just weeks after his Newfoundland Regiment had been all but wiped out on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. As the regiment recovered with reinforcements, Shiwak made a name for himself as a top-notch marksman and scout. He would soon be considered the best sniper in his regiment – one officer went as far as calling him the best sniper in the British Army. Shiwak’s patience, discipline and accuracy came from years of swatching seals – the practice of shooting them in open water as they came up for a breath.

Following the death of two friends in April 1917, Shiwak became quieter, even despondent. He wrote letters home, pining for a woman named Louisa – most likely Louisa Flowers, with whom he was said to have been engaged. He also wrote letters to Amy, in which he longed for home, his family and to be out hunting on the ice once again. Shiwak kept journals on the front line, which included his poetry, sketches and even watercolour paintings. Sadly, none of these journals have been recovered.

Shiwak was shuffled between Flanders, Belgium and the Somme, France with only brief training reprieves, He and six others from his regiment were killed on November 21, 1917 by a shell explosion in Masnières, France. It was a blow to morale. “His loss was keenly felt by the whole regiment as he was a great favourite with all ranks, an excellent scout and observer and a thoroughly good and reliable fellow in every way,” his captain wrote. Shiwak was just twenty-eight. Wrote Lorry: “I guess his spirit is back in his beloved Labrador – I would like to think so, anyway. What a change from the stillness and quiet and whiteness of Labrador to the mud and dirt and noise of Flanders.”

Did You Know… “MAYDAY” is derived from the French word m’aidez, which means help me.

Walking in My Grandfather’s Footsteps, by Roger Pike

A major highway and farmland now divides the battlefield at Monchy Le Preux which claimed so many Newfoundlanders. Sheep graze where many died and farmers say that over fifty tons of WWI metal is taken from the soil each year. Some say it will take 400 years to remove it all. As the 100th anniversary of WWI approached, I had to see

for myself the battlefields which impacted our province, our country and my own family. My visit was prompted by a letter I came across, written by my late grandfather. This letter was my grandfather's personal testimony, handwritten for the war crimes tribunal, outlining his torture as a prisoner of war in Germany from 1917 to 1918. His testimony was candid, brutal, shocking and even disturbing. I had no idea how my grandfather had suffered and how his torture would affect all aspects of his life. The torment of his abuse, at the hands of others, haunted him until his death. While he lived well into his nineties, his WWI memories shaped and even those of his children and grandchildren.
Ethelbert (Bert) Moss, formerly of Grand Falls-Windsor, was born on Sailor's Island, near Salvage and, like many others, answered the call in l914 to fight in WWI. At that time in history, Newfoundlanders became a unit of the British Army as they were not yet a part of Canada. Their loyalty was to the British Empire. It was, after all, the Great War and my grandfather had been an active participant. Relatively quiet, he was a reserved yet spirited man, searching for a new beginning that would take him away from the fishing boats. He won no major medals nor was he a military hero. If anything, he was simply a young boy, caught up in a great adventure.

According to the Regiment's war diary, which I researched prior to my visit to France, the day in question at Monchy Le Preux was doomed from the start. It had rained heavily for two days and many shells were either wet, damp or did not explode as planned. The timing for the artillery barrage was off considerably, giving the enemy advance notice that an attack was imminent. The attack that morning was a brutal moment in my grandfather's life. In just seconds his life would be changed forever. With sixty-eight pounds of gear on his back, he leapt out of a muddy trench to meet his fate. He was seriously wounded three times while crossing an open field during the attack and was left for dead for over three days in a water-filled shell hole.

He was finally captured by German forces and, for over a year, was mistreated (as were most prisoners) at the hands of their German captors. In his testimony to the war crimes tribunal, he outlined his lack of medical treatment. Greedy guards took his Red Cross parcels and he detailed how food was taken from him as punishment. He spoke of the lice, the lack of warm clothing, the disease in the prison camps, the isolation and the inability to communicate with his loved ones. Finally, in l918, suffering from starvation, he and others made a last desperate attempt to escape the prison camp by hiding in a hay wagon. "Better to die running from hell than to die in it," he would say. It was here that German guards put a bayonet through his wounded arm. His friend, a British corporal, was shot as they tried to escape. Days later, the war finally came to an end but the nightmare didn't stop there. It followed him everywhere, for the rest of his life. After 1918, Bert Moss returned home and created a new beginning. After many surgeries on his wounded arm, he went to work in the paper mill. He married, raised a family and lived into his nineties, despite his war injuries. During my recent visit to the various World WWI trenches, I saw first-hand how difficult the task was for all the units. As I stood near the battlefield at Monchy Le Preux, I could only imagine that chaotic day in 1916 when grandfather went over the top, so early in the morning.

Located in the heart of this small French town is the Newfoundland Caribou Memorial, which honours those who gave their lives liberating this village. Just viewing the memorial in the town square, where many of this Regiment called home and were billeted, made me feel so proud. I was glad I stopped for the day and walked ever so briefly in my grandfather's footsteps. My journey would also take me to Newfoundland Memorial Park at Beaumont Hamel where the Newfoundland Regiment faced its greatest defeat. My first reaction was that of shock and disbelief that such an attack in broad daylight could have occurred. "The enemy must have thought we were mad to think we could charge this open field and actually make it to break the German line," I thought. As I walked toward the old enemy position, it was evident that making this objective was next to impossible, especially with over sixty pounds of equipment on your back. I made it to the Danger Tree, the shell-shocked tree which would mark the furthest point a regimental soldier would eventually make it. There was nowhere to hide. I took a photo. I was later told that Beaumont Hamel would be taken four months later by a Scottish Regiment. They broke the enemy line at night, under the cover of darkness and without a rolling artillery barrage. The Memorial Park at Beaumont Hamel is a great reminder there is no small price for freedom. As I watched the work being done to refurbish the huge caribou memorial, I noticed the names of those from home to whom this is their final resting site. While there, I placed Newfoundland flags on the many gravesites and viewed the uniform of Lt. George Hicks who later would serve as a schoolteacher in the town of Grand Falls. I felt that placing the Newfoundland flags at the many gravesites was the least I could do as part of my family journey of Remembrance.

My final journey would take me to Vimy Ridge where they say it's here Canada was born as a nation. Both enemy and Canadian trenches were extremely close and have been well preserved, especially underground. The Vimy Ridge Memorial is the most impressive of all the war memorials, with the names of those who gave their lives engraved in the stone. I stood briefly in a trench observation post and realized how close combat actually was right here. As I toured the many military cemeteries that day, I was hard pressed to find anyone in their graves over the age of twenty-five. When you look to the past to find answers to the future you will be amazed at what you will find. I found not just a letter written by my grandfather but a renewed respect and admiration for those who gave the supreme sacrifice to serve their country. I'm at peace now. I stood in the trenches at Beaumont-Hamel, Monchy Le Preux and Vimy Ridge and I reached the Danger Tree. I followed in my grandfather's footsteps for a brief moment in time and was touched by what I saw. It was something I had to do. God bless them all.

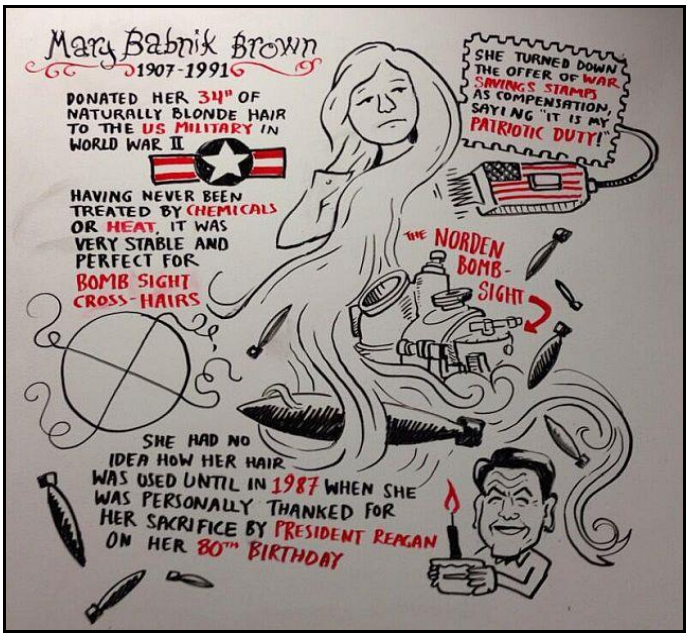
Did You Know… Pilots are 75% more likely to be at the front door saying goodbye to passengers after a good landing than after a bad landing. That's probably why few from the flight deck ever leave the cockpit.

Mary Babnik Brown (November 22, 1907 – April 14, 1991)

Mary was an American who became known for having donated her hair to the United States military in 1944, during World War II. At thirty-four inches long, her blonde hair had never been chemically treated or heated with curling irons. Brown's hair was her most prized possession. She washed it with pure soap twice weekly and combed it twice a day. It stretched down to her knees when she combed it out. She normally wore it in a braid wrapped around her head and was known as the "lady with the crown." She was told that the hair was needed for meteorological instruments. Brown declined compensation for her donation, believing what she had done was her patriotic duty. She was traumatized by its loss and cried for two months.

Norden bombsight crosshairs

Truthfully, the hair proved resilient enough to withstand a wide range of temperatures and humidity. This made it ideal to use as crosshairs in Norden bombsights for bomber aircraft. Although hair was found through newspaper ads, the fact that it was used as bombsight crosshairs was clandestine. The bombsight was used on the B-24 Liberator, B-29 Super Fortress and B-17 Flying Fortress military aircraft. It was so secret that it was surrounded by booby-trapped charges that the crew were ordered to detonate if the bombsight might be seized by the enemy. Brown's hair was also used to make precise measurements of humidity, paramount in the production of military aircraft and other war equipment.



In 1987, on her 80th birthday, President Ronald Reagan wrote to say thanks for her donation. It was only at that time she learned how her hair had actually been used. In 1990, she received a special achievement award from the Colorado Aviation Historical Society, during a ceremony at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. On November 19, 1990, Paul Harvey told Brown's story on his nationally broadcast program *The Rest of the Story*. The city of Pueblo, Colorado, declared 22 November, 1991 as "Mary Babnik Brown Day."

B-36B Ride from Hell... Talk about having a BAD DAY! by Ted Mahood

Cordial Scribe's note: Grant E. "Ted" Mahood, CD, is a thirty year veteran of the Air Force. He was an aero engine technician who worked on both fixed and rotary wing aircraft. Ted has served in numerous executive positions over the years. Previously a Sergeant, Ted was acclaimed as National President of the Air Force Association of Canada on 10 October 2005. Ted is the Association's representative at Veteran Affairs Canada, Canadian Defence Association committees and AFAC Committees. He is an RCAFA Trustee and an Area Representative for the RCAF Benevolent Fund.

This is the story of a Convair B-36B Peacemaker – B-36B #44-92035 - that turned into a disaster. Aircraft Commander (AC) 1st Lt. Hildebrandt, Pilot 1st Lt. Ross, Co-pilot Capt. Evans and a crew of thirteen took off from Carswell Air Force Base (AFB) on November 22, 1950. The planned thirty-hour training mission consisted of air-to-air gunnery, bombing, simulated radar bombing and navigational training. Immediately after take-off, the #4 alternator would not stay in parallel with the others, so it was taken off-line. A minute later, flames eight to twelve feet long erupted from around the air plug of the #1 engine. Six minutes later, the flight engineer (FE) extinguished the fire, shut down the #1 engine and feathered its propeller. The mission continued on the power of the remaining five engines. 44-92035 arrived on site and the gunners began practicing. The charger for the right gun burned out so only half of the ammunition was used. Vibrations from firing the cannons were increasing significantly, causing the radar set to smoke and blow up. The liaison transmitter failed. The cannons in the left forward and rear upper turrets stopped firing and would not retract.

Next, the #3 engine suffered an internal failure. The torque pressure fell to zero, the manifold pressure dropped to atmospheric pressure and the fuel flow dropped off. The FE could not stabilize the engine speed. The pilot shut down the #3 engine and feathered its propeller. The B-36B could not maintain its airspeed on the power of the four remaining engines. It descended about 1,000 feet and its airspeed decreased to 135 mph. The pilot applied more power but the only response was severe backfiring. The B-36B had only one operating engine on the left wing so the pilot aborted the remainder of the training mission and set course for Kelly AFB.

Kelly AFB was overcast and had restricted visibility. The weather at Bergstrom AFB was not as bad and Carswell AFB was great but it was 155 miles farther away. Air Traffic Control (ATC) cleared all airspace below 4,000 feet ahead of the crippled B-36B. AC Hildebrandt was flying in thick clouds. The poor weather at Kelly AFB convinced the pilot to go to Carswell AFB, passing by Bergstrom AFB on the way in case they needed to land. Bombardier Captain Nelson made two attempts to salvo the 1,500 pounds of practice bombs in the rear bomb bay, but the bomb bay doors could not be opened. There was no way to dump fuel to reduce the bomber's weight. The FE's attempted to increase fuel flow to the engines but the high power and lean fuel mixture made the engine temperatures climb. This, in turn, caused the cylinders to detonate, diminishing power and damaging the engines. AC Hildebrandt decided to continue to the longer runway in Carswell. When they reached Cleburne, all engines were backfiring violently.

The #2, #5 and #6 engines were running at 70% power and #4 engine was only at 20% power. The airspeed had dropped to 130 miles per hour.

AC Hildebrandt attempted to restart the #1 and #3 engines, without luck. As the bomber passed to the west of Cleburne, dense white smoke, oil and metal particles were coming from the #5 engine. Soon, the #5 engine lost power and its propeller was feathered. He was still twenty-one miles from Carswell AFB. The B-36B could not stay airborne on the three remaining failing engines. It was flying at just 125 mph, barely above stall speed, losing both altitude and airspeed. ATC asked other pilots in the area to be on the lookout for the B-36B. They were spotted five miles south of Cleburne with the #1 and #3 propellers feathered and the #5 engine on fire. They followed the descending bomber. At that point, AC Hildebrandt ordered a bail out.

- Bombardier Capt. Nelson suffered contusions of his lower spine when he landed.
- Radar Operator Capt. Yeingst's parachute opened just before he hit the ground but he suffered fatal injuries.
- Co-pilot Capt. Evans broke both bones in his lower right leg when he landed.
- Navigator Capt. Stewart pulled his rip cord as soon as he exited. His parachute opened and pulled him toward the #3 propeller, killing him instantly.
- FE M/Sgt. Farcas' parachute didn't open when he pulled the rip cord. He pulled the parachute out of its pack with his hands and landed with only minor injuries.
- Radio Operator Sgt. Villareal did not trust his chute to open so he pulled the rip cord while still inside the plane. He held his parachute in his arms as he jumped feet first. Despite his unorthodox method of escape, he landed with only minor injuries.
- Pilot 1st Lt. Ross, Radar Mechanic Gianerakis, FE Capt. Baker, Gunner S/Sgt. Byrne, Radar Observer S/Sgt. Earl, Radio Operator Cpl. Myers and Gunner S/Sgt. Williams all landed with only minor injuries.
- Gunner Cpl. Martin broke his right ankle on landing and then fell backward onto a rock, fracturing his third lumbar vertebra and compressing his tailbone.
- Gunner S/Sgt. Boyd broke the fibula of his left leg.
- When everyone had bailed out, AC Hildebrandt set the autopilot and jumped clear less than 1,000 feet above the ground. He escaped with only minor injuries.

Local pilots reported each emergency parachute jump twenty miles from Carswell AFB. The B-36B was trailing smoke, flying in a nose-high attitude. After a mile of flight, it stalled, pitched nose down and impacted in a terraced field, fourteen miles south of Carswell AFB and six miles west of Crowley. Four minutes after the crash, two Navy aircraft were circling the wreckage. The wreckage smoldered for about eight minutes before a fire broke out. The 15,000 gallons of remaining fuel consumed the forward fuselage and wings. Everyone was driven away from the crash site by exploding ammunition and knowledge of the presence of 1,500 pounds of bombs aboard the airplane. Talk about having a BAD DAY!!

Did You Know… A Boeing 747s wing-span is longer than the Wright Brothers first flight (120ft.)

World War II Beer Runs for British Troops in Normandy

To keep the many men and machines in fighting shape during the WWII invasion of France, logistics technicians had their work cut out for them. Bombs, bullets, planes and tanks were top priorities, so there was little room for luxury items. When British breweries donated gallons of beer for troops on the front, there was no way to get it to the men by conventional means. Enter... Britain's Royal Air Force.

After the Normandy invasion of June 1944, British and American troops noticed an acute shortage of beer. Many British soldiers complained about watery cider being the only drink available in recently liberated French towns. Luckily for them, the Royal Air Force was “on tap” (pun intended) to solve the problem. With no room for cargo on their small fighter planes, RAF pilots arrived at a novel solution. They used drop tanks to transport suds instead of fuel. The drop tanks of a Spitfire each carried forty-five gallons of gas, meaning a plane could transport ninety gallons of extra liquid. When carrying fuel, the tanks were used and then discarded. For ferrying beer, ground crews steam-cleaned the tanks. These flights became known as "flying pubs" by the troops.

As the desire for refreshments increased in Normandy, the RAF began employing the Hawker Typhoon which could carry even more than the Spitfire. Unfortunately, the Typhoon was often mistaken as the German Focke-Wulf 190 and, on one particular day, the beer deliveries were attacked twice by U.S. Thunderbolts. The Typhoon had to jettison its tanks to take evasive action, costing the troops on the ground dearly.

The drop tanks had a serious disadvantage. While they could carry large amounts of beer, the initial runs still tasted of fuel. Even after the tanks had been well-used and lost their fuel taste, they still left a metallic flavor to the beer. To counter this, ground crews developed Modification XXX, a change made to the wing pylons of Spitfire Mk. IXs that allowed them to carry actual kegs of beer. These kegs, often called 'beer bombs,' were standard wooden kegs with a specially-designed nose cone and attachments for transport under the wing of the Spitfire. Though they carried less beer, it tasted like it just came out of the tap at the pub, chilled by the altitude of the flight over the Channel.

To ensure their compatriots remained satisfied, pilots would often return to England for rudimentary maintenance issues or other administrative needs in order to grab another round. Eventually, all new Spitfires and Typhoons being shipped to airfields in France carried beer bombs in their bomb racks. When the Americans learned about it, they joined in, bringing ice cream for the GI’s as well.

As the practice gained popularity, Britain's Custom and Excise Ministry caught wind and tried to shut it down. By that time, there were official shipments of beer making it to the troops. However, the enterprising pilots kept up their flights with semi-official permission from higher-ups; they just kept it a better secret.

A Pan Am 727 flight, waiting for start clearance in Munich, overheard the following:

- Lufthansa, (in German:) "Ground, what is our start clearance time?"
- Ground, (in English:) "If you want an answer you must speak in English."
- Lufthansa (in English:) "I am a German, flying a German airplane, in Germany. Why must I speak English?"
- Unknown voice from another plane (in a beautiful British accent:) "Because you lost the bloody war!"

America's first "Broken Arrow" incident – 1950 British Columbia B-36 Crash

A Broken Arrow is defined as an unexpected event involving nuclear weapons that results in the accidental launching, firing, detonating, theft or loss of the weapon. On 14 February 1950, a Convair B-36, #44-92075, assigned to the 7th Bomb Wing at Carswell Air Force Base (AFB) crashed in northern British Columbia (BC) on Mount Kologet after jettisoning a Mark 4 nuclear bomb. This was the first such nuclear weapon loss (Broken Arrow) in history. The B-36 had been en route from Eielson AFB near Fairbanks, Alaska to Carswell AFB in Fort Worth, Texas, more than 3,000 miles to the south-east.

The B-36 took off with a regular crew of fifteen plus a weaponeer and a bomb commander. The plan for the 24-hour flight was to fly over the North Pacific, due west of the Alaska panhandle and BC, then head inland over Washington state and Montana. Here, the B-36 would climb to 40,000 feet for a simulated nuclear attack on San Francisco and then would continue its non-stop flight to Fort Worth, Texas. The flight plan did not include any penetration of Canadian airspace. The plane carried a Mark 4 nuclear bomb, containing a substantial quantity of natural uranium and 5,000 pounds of conventional explosives. The bomb was blimp-like in its design – 3.25 meters long and 1.5 meters wide. It weighed five tons. According to the United States Air Force (USAF,) the bomb did not contain the plutonium core necessary for a nuclear detonation.

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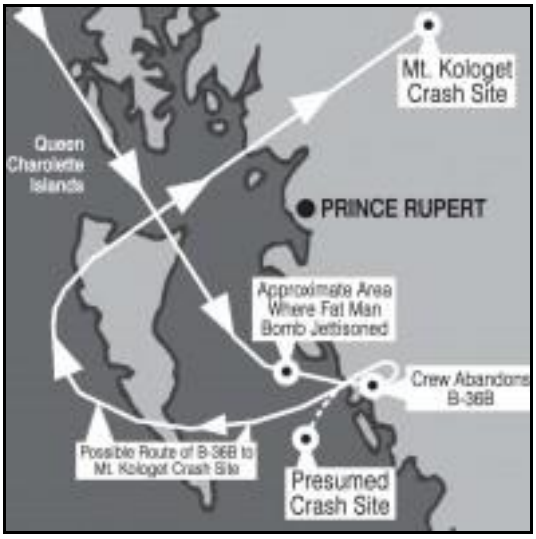
Cold weather (−40 °C) on the ground at Eielson AFB adversely affected the planes involved in this exercise and some minor difficulties with #44-92075 were noted before take-off. Seven hours into the flight, three of the six engines began shooting flames and were shut down and the other three engines proved incapable of delivering full power. The subsequent investigation blamed ice build-up in the carburettor air intakes. The 17-

man crew was forced to bail out. But, before doing so, they were instructed to detonate the bomb over the Pacific Ocean, thereby making it impossible for the Soviets to find it. The atomic bomb was jettisoned in mid-air, with the fake practice core inserted into the weapon before it was dropped. The crew parachuted toward Princess Royal Island, off the Northern B.C. coast. Five men did not survive. The plane was set on autopilot and directed to crash into the Pacific Ocean.

The plane had been in constant radio contact with Strategic Air Command (SAC) headquarters at Offutt AFB, Nebraska and, within minutes of the bailout, the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) launched Operation Brix to find the missing men. Poor weather hampered search efforts. Nevertheless, twelve of the seventeen men were eventually found alive. One of the five deceased, the weaponeer, was recovered four years later (1954) at the crash site. The remaining four airmen were believed to have bailed out of the aircraft earlier than the surviving crew members and it was assumed that they landed in the ocean and died of hypothermia. Canadian authorities were never told that the aircraft was carrying an atomic weapon.



Planes searched for the B-36 and it was believed to be at the bottom of the Pacific. Three years later, an RCAF flight spotted the B-36's wreckage. It was found on the side of Mount Kologet, about fifty miles east of the Alaskan border, roughly due east of the towns of Stewart, British Columbia and Hyder, Alaska – hundreds of kilometres in the opposite direction from where it was supposed to crash. Quite inexplicably, the plane had circled back inland and crashed near Mt. Kologet in the Kispiox Valley (56.03N 128.32W) northeast of Terrace, B.C.

In 1997, there was an expedition led by the Canadian Department of National Defence, seeking to conduct an environmental analysis of the site. The expedition members were apparently the first humans to set foot in the area since 1956. The mission found no unusual radiation levels. In late 1998, the Canadian government declared the site protected. A portion of one of the gun turrets is on display at The Bulkley Valley Museum in Smithers, BC.

The Lady in White - Perla Siedle Gibson

Perla Siedle Gibson was a South African soprano and artist who became internationally celebrated during WWII as the Lady in White, when she sang troopships in and out of Durban harbour. Gibson was born in Durban in 1888, the daughter of a prominent local shipping agent, businessman and musician. In the early twentieth century, she studied

music and art in Europe, giving recitals in both London and New York. During WWII, Durban was an extremely busy waystation for convoys of ships en route to the fronts in North Africa and the Far East. Gibson became famous to Allied troops when she serenaded them as their ships passed in and out. Gibson's custom arose when she was seeing off a young Irish seaman her family had entertained earlier. As he departed, he was said to have called across the water asking her to sing something Irish. Gibson responded with a rendition of "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." She decided then to sing to every ship connected with the war while it entered or left the harbour.

Over the following years, she went on to sing to more than 5,000 ships and a total of about 250,000 Allied servicemen. She never missed a vessel between 1940 and 1945. Clad in white with a red hat, she would stand at a spot at the mouth of Durban Bay where ships entering and leaving the harbour pass quite close. She sang patriotic and sentimental songs through a megaphone from a torpedoed ship which grateful British soldiers had given her. Soldiers' talk led to the fame of the Lady in White spreading around the world. A British army newspaper called Parade, dated 3 March 1945, described Gibson as a highlight of troops' visits to Durban:

As the crowded ships passed into the harbour, men lining the landward rails saw a woman, dressed in white, singing powerfully through a mega-phone such songs as "There'll Always be an England!" and "Land of Hope and Glory." A well-known local figure, she would drive down from her home on the Berea as soon as she could see that the ships were moving in.

Gibson was married to Air Sergeant Jack Gibson, who served in Italy, and had two sons and a daughter in the military. She had sung goodbye to all their ships as they left for the war. She even sang on the day she received news that her son Roy had been killed in the fighting in Italy. She died in 1971, shortly before her 83rd birthday. A year later, a bronze plaque donated by men of the Royal Navy was erected to her memory on Durban's North Pier, on the spot where she used to sing. In 1995, Queen Elizabeth II unveiled a statue of Gibson near the Ocean Terminal in Durban harbour. The statue of Perla Gibson was relocated to the Port Natal / Durban Maritime Museum in 2016.

Lieutenant Commander Edward Henry "Butch" O'Hare

Butch O'Hare, March 13, 1914 – November 26, 1943, was an American naval aviator of the United States Navy. Edward Henry "Butch" O'Hare was born in St. Louis, Missouri,

the son of Selma and Edward O'Hare. Butch had two sisters, Patricia and Marilyn. When their parents divorced in 1927, Butch and his sisters stayed with their mother in St. Louis while their father Edward moved to Chicago. Butch's father, known as Easy Eddie, was a lawyer who worked closely with Al Capone. He kept him out of jail for many years before turning against him and helping convict Capone of tax evasion.

On February 20, 1942, Butch became the Navy's first flying ace when he single-handedly attacked a formation of nine heavy bombers approaching his aircraft carrier. As he was returning to the mother ship, low on both fuel and ammunition, he saw a squadron of Japanese aircraft, speeding its way toward the American fleet. The American fighters were gone on a sortie and the fleet was defenseless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert them from the ship.

Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted 50 caliber's blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent. Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible, rendering them unfit to fly. Successfully, he managed to shoot down or damage several enemy bombers. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

O'Hare's final action took place on November 26, 1943, while he was leading the U.S. Navy's first-ever night-time fighter attack launched from an aircraft carrier. During this encounter with a group of Japanese torpedo bombers, O'Hare's Grumman F6F Hellcat was shot down; his aircraft was never found. In 1945, the U.S. Navy destroyer USS O'Hare was named in his honour. In Butch's short Navy career, he was awarded the following medals: the Medal of Honour, the Navy Cross, two Distinguished Flying Cross and a Purple Heart.

A few years later, Colonel R. McCormick, Cordial Scribe of the Chicago Tribune, suggested that the name of Chicago's Orchard Depot Airport be changed as a tribute to Butch O'Hare. On September 19, 1949, the Chicago, Illinois airport was renamed O'Hare International Airport to honour O'Hare's bravery. The airport displays a Grumman F4F-3 museum aircraft replicating the one flown by Butch O'Hare during his Medal of Honour flight. The Wildcat on display was recovered virtually intact from the bottom of Lake Michigan, where it sank after a training accident in 1943. The restored Wildcat is exhibited in the west end of Terminal 2, behind the security checkpoint, to honour O'Hare International Airport's namesake.

The Road to Recovering Korean War Remains
Source: Military History Magazine, November 2018 issue

How awful it must be to go through life wondering where a member of your family is...

Beginning in July 1950, the RCAF's #426 Transport Squadron was tasked with carrying supplies and troops between North America and Asia to support UN efforts in the Korean War. By June 1954, when the assignment ended, this unit had flown 600 round trips over the Pacific, carrying more than 13,000 passengers and 3,000,000 kilograms of freight and mail, without loss. Some 7,000 Canadian troops would serve in Korea in a peace support role after the armistice before our military forces departed in 1957.

The courageous Canadian men and women who served in the Korean War put their lives on the line, travelling to the other side of the world to help UN forces restore peace. It was a dangerous duty in a harsh land, far different from their own. Sadly, 516 Canadians lost their lives during the conflict. Their names are inscribed in the Korean War Book of Remembrance, located in Parliament Hill Peace Tower, in Ottawa.

More than six decades after the 1950-53 Korean War, the remains of thousands of U.S. service members killed in North Korea may finally be headed home. During a June 2018 Summit in Singapore, U.S. President Donald Trump and North Korean Supreme Leader Kim Jong-un pledged to accelerate efforts to recover and repatriate the remains of some 5,300 American troops interred in the North. Within days of the summit, the U.S. Military had transported caskets for the already recovered remains of some 220 American soldiers. On 27 Jul, 2018, the 65th anniversary of the armistice, North Korea returned the first sets of remains.

The war began when North Korea invaded South Korea on June 25th, 1950. An armistice signed on July 27th, 1953 ended the fighting, divided the nations along the Korean Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) and arranged for the return of POWs – but a peace treaty was never implemented. On April 27th, 2018, South Korean President Moon Jae-in met with Kim in the DMZ, opening negotiations toward a formal conclusion to the war.

Nearly 800,000 U.N. and South Korean troops were killed, wounded or captured in the conflict. The Defence POW/MIA Accounting Agency estimates some 7,700 U.S. service members remain unaccounted for on both sides of the DMZ. Recovery operations in the North have made only modest progress. Between 1990 and 2005, joint U.S. – North Korean search teams recovered just 229 sets of remains before President George W. Bush halted efforts amid heightened tensions and fears for the safety of the American searchers. South Korea is also angling for permission from the North to recover the remains of its own war dead, numbering some 120,000 men.

Did You Know... the Magnetic North Pole is Moving?

A storm is raging in the centre of the Earth. Nearly 3,200 kilometres beneath our feet, in the swirling spinning ball of liquid iron that constitutes our planet's core and generates it magnetic field, a jet has formed, roiling the molten material beneath the Arctic. This geological gust is enough to send Earth's magnetic North Pole skittering across the globe. The place to which a compass needle points is shifting toward Siberia at a pace of fifty plus kilometres a year. As of 2017, the pole is projected to have moved beyond

the Canadian Arctic territorial claim to 86.5°N 172.6°W.

The Magnetic North Pole is the wandering point on the surface of Earth's Northern Hemisphere at which the planet's magnetic field points vertically downwards. There is only one location where this occurs and it is near, but distinct from, the Geographic North Pole and the Geomagnetic North Pole. Scientists know that the movement of molten iron in the Earth's interior generates a magnetic field and they know that the magnetic field fluctuates according to the behaviour of those flows. For this reason, the planet's magnetic poles don't align exactly with its geographic ones which are, simply, the end points of the Earth's rotation axis.

The location of the poles can change without warning. Records of ancient magnetism buried in million – and billion-year old rocks suggest that sometimes Earth's magnetic field flips; the South Pole has been in the Arctic while North Pole has been with the Antarctic penguins. Over the life of Earth, the orientation of Earth's magnetic field has reversed many times, with magnetic north becoming magnetic south and vice versa – an event known as a geomagnetic reversal. Evidence of geomagnetic reversals can be seen at mid-ocean ridges where tectonic plates move apart and the seabed is filled in with magma. As magma seeps out of the mantle, cools and solidifies into igneous rock, it is imprinted with a record of the magnetic field direction when the magma cooled.

When British Royal navy explorer James Clark Ross went looking for the North Pole in 1831, he found it in the Canadian Arctic. A Cold War-era U.S. expedition pinpointed the pole 400 kilometres to the northwest. Since 1990, the pole has moved a whopping 965 kilometres and, last year, it crossed the International Date Line into the Eastern Hemisphere. The South Pole has stayed comparatively stable. The World Magnetic Model is updated every five years to accommodate these shifts. The next one was supposed to last until December 31, 2019. However, the movement of the North Pole was accelerating unpredictably and the 2015 version couldn't keep up. Due to extraordinarily large and erratic movements of the magnetic North Pole, an out-of-cycle update was released in February 2019.

EAA Member Helps Fight November 2018 California Wildfires

From Your Cordial Scribe: Most of my readers know, by now, that I have held a strong penchant for planes, preferably of the older vintage and the pilots of the same vintage who fly them! I think my interest stems back to my teenage days in the gold mining town of South Porcupine, when my father would drive into town for a beer at the Airport Hotel in South End. He would leave me alone on the docks to watch the float planes come and go, get loaded and unloaded or just to mingle and talk with the pilots and crew who flew in them. As a child, I developed an understanding of and interest in modern day aviation. During my military career, I spent three years in the Navy before transferring to the RCAF in 1962. Becoming an Air Force officer seemed to cement the idea that my future interests would have to include flying machines and their pilots. This particular story concerns a member of the EAA Experimental Aviation Association

(EAA,) to which I have belonged since 1993, when I retired. The author, Marcos Valdez, tells his story about fighting the California Forest Fires just this past year. Valdez summed it up succinctly when he stated that “firefighting is the most demanding, ragged, on-the-edge, every-second counts kind of flying that I’ve ever done!” The involvement of Marcos and others like him make them everyday heroes, in my eyes.

“I can’t stress this enough that the real heroes are the firefighters on the ground,” Marcos Valdez said about the men and women fighting the California wildfires. “Those guys and gals are most amazing, fighting the fire up close and personal.” Marcos, (call sign “Taco Loco”) and his fellow fire bomber pilots definitely do make a difference in the battle. As a Boeing 747-400 Captain for aerial fire-fighting company Global Super-Tanker, Marcos was in Northern California assisting with the efforts of containing and eliminating the 2018 Camp Fire. The Camp Fire, named after Camp Creek Road, its place of origin, was the most devastating wildfire in California state history. It covered an area of almost 240 square miles and destroyed 18,804 structures, with most of the damage occurring within the first four hours.

Marcos was a cargo pilot for many years before lining up a job with Global Super-Tanker as the Captain of flight standards. Now in his third season with Super-Tanker, Marcos has been transitioning to Tactical Captain, a position in which he flies in the left seat of the 747 and makes fire retardant drops. “Having flown the airlines as a cargo pilot for years, tanker pilots are probably the most skilled set of pilots I’ve ever flown with,” Marcos said. “It is the most demanding, ragged, on-the-edge, every-second-counts kind of flying that I’ve ever done. We’re flying the 747 just 200 feet off the top of the trees, so we’re less than our wingspan over the trees a lot of times. There’s smoke and flames, visibility can be poor and we’re following a lead plane so we’re in close proximity with traffic. There are always helicopters and other tankers in the fire traffic area. It’s just incredibly demanding flying. For an adrenaline junkie, it’s addicting. I don’t know if I could ever go back to flying a 747 straight and level again.

As for the day-to-day operations of a fire-bomber pilot, each day and particular mission brings about unique challenges. Marcos said the most frustrating part is simply not having an exact time frame as to when he’ll be sent out after his morning briefing. “The hardest part of aerial firefighting is waiting,” he said. “Sometimes you wait for hours, sometimes you wait for days. We’ve sat on a tanker base for five or ten days without being activated. That’s the life of a fireman, regardless of whether you’re an aerial firefighter or if you’re at a firehouse. It’s a lot of hurry up and wait!”

The process of sending a tanker out to battle the fire starts with a small lead airplane. It goes out beforehand to observe the fire, communicate with the ground commanders about what needs they have and begin to work out a plan of attack. When the word comes in that the 747 is needed, it takes about thirty minutes for the airplane to be ready for action. After getting the go-ahead, the lead plane will come out to meet the 747, form up and do a “show me.” Visually, the lead describes the target, pointing out different land-marks to determine where to dump fire retardant. As intense, precise and dangerous as aerial firefighting can be, Marcos is very glad to know that he’s helping

people in need. “It’s the most gratifying type of flying I’ve done. We’re helping firemen on the ground and we’re helping to save lives and property. I remember when I was little and I wanted to be a fireman or a pilot and, now, I’m both!”

A student became lost during a solo cross-country flight. While attempting to locate the aircraft on radar, Air Traffic Control asked, "What was your last known position?" Student: "When I was number one for takeoff."

9/11 Through the Eyes of a Firefighter, photo by PH1 Michael W. Pendergrass

Arlington, Va. - A section of the Pentagon lies in ruins following the 9/11 terrorist attack. When disaster struck, volunteer firefighter Brian Roberts ran toward danger. He never thought he would be part of history before he walked toward a black cloud of smoke at the Pentagon on the morning of 9/11. The Greenbelt, Md. resident had been preparing for what he thought would be another ordinary work day when he got word that one of NYC’s World Trade Center towers had fallen. By the time he arrived at the Volunteer Fire Department and Rescue Squad Station, the second tower had collapsed. Then, Roberts was a student studying science and engineering. Now, he’s a NASA engineer.

Roberts was a part of the first wave of firefighters called to the Pentagon. When his crew arrived at 1026, Roberts recalls feeling as though he entered a war zone. Police cars, military vehicles and helicopters filled the scene, followed by numerous fire trucks in an already-congested parking lot. While waiting for direction, the members of his team of firefighters weren’t sure if they would be able to enter the building and do their job. An hour later, they suited up and received orders to put their nose in their sleeve to protect themselves from inhaling smoke. They were also instructed to use their oxygen packs sparingly because they would be fighting the fire from the inside out.

Roberts knew things were as bad as they seemed because of actions being taken in the courtyard of the Pentagon by the police department and organizations such as Red Cross. “They had the body bags already laid out,” Roberts said. No one in Roberts’ immediate family knew where he was. Later, he borrowed a cell phone to notify his girlfriend that he wouldn’t be able to make their date, an Orioles’ baseball game. He didn’t know the game had already been cancelled due to the attacks.

Seeing the motionless bodies of innocent people is something he will never forget. “One guy was still sitting in his chair – literally just one second there, one second gone,” Roberts said. “The fire came through, torched his chair, torched his desk and torched half his body.” Heat was one of the first things that grabbed Roberts' attention when walking into the smoke filled Pentagon. He said he didn’t even think about his own life or those of the firefighters around him. He felt that his only goal was to stop the fire and save whoever might be trapped.

Within the first wave, the firefighters separated into groups. At some point, it was his team's turn to relieve the firefighters who went in ahead of them to fight the fire. The first group that went in said it was pitch black. They couldn't see anything and said the hose was getting hung up on dead bodies, Roberts said. As the smoke cleared, Roberts said he imagined how quickly people had moved from the attack at the Pentagon. At the scene, he saw cell phones, car keys and other valuables left behind. Being at the Pentagon on 9/11 changed the way Roberts thinks about life. He said the most important life lesson he took from his experience was to "not sweat the small stuff." Even now, he still recalls how the Pentagon's burnt offices looked and smelled.

Eric Melrose Brown – Highly Decorated British Fleet Air Arm Pilot
By Robert McFadden, the New York Times News Service

Eric Melrose Brown was born in Leith, Scotland, on Jan. 21, 1919. His father, Robert, had been a pilot in the WWI and the boy was raised on tales of aviation. By eight, he was flying with his father. In 1936, they attended the Swastika-draped Olympic Games in Berlin and met Ernst Udet, a fighter ace, who took the youth up in a two-seat Bucker Jungmann. He said that he never forgot the flight – terrifying, exhilarating loops and dives, ending with an upside-down final approach and a roll upright at touchdown. A year later, after graduating from high school, Eric enrolled at the University of Edinburgh, joined its air squadron and learned the basics of flying. He joined the Fleet Air Arm and flew sorties in the Battle of Britain. The Royal Navy's chief test pilot also flew combat missions over Britain, Continental Europe and the Atlantic for many years. He retired from active duty after thirty-one years of service. He was a hero to generations of military and aviation enthusiasts. His exploits were recounted in a half-dozen books, including a memoir, *Wings on My Sleeve*.

His test flights established the P-51 Mustang as the fast and manoeuvrable fighter-escort that smothered the Luftwaffe in dog-fights over the Continent late in the war and gave top cover for Allied bombing runs into Germany. His work also demonstrated that aircraft carriers escorting Allied shipping could successfully protect convoys from enemy air attacks, if not from U-boats. He amassed information that influenced the designs of many Western aircraft and aircraft carriers, during and after the war. His experiences often bordered on the improbable. He was caught in Germany and arrested by the Gestapo as the war began in 1939. After several days of interrogation, he was released at the Swiss border as a harmless exchange student – only to become a major asset to the Allies as a combat and test pilot. He was no dare-devil. Relying on superb flying skills and careful estimates of the dangers, he performed screaming power dives, breathtaking pull-ups, acrobatic rolls, high-altitude climbs and chases into the unknown to discover the speed limits and flight characteristics of warplanes. He also trained hundreds of pilots to land on the decks of aircraft carriers. Capt. Brown, then a Lieutenant, survived the sinking of his first escort carrier, HMS Audacity, which was torpedoed off Brittany by U-boats on the night of Dec. 21, 1941. He bobbed in the icy Atlantic with a life jacket for three hours before being rescued. He rarely bailed out but said he survived eleven crashes – mostly hard landings on carrier decks as his plane

broke through arresting wires, lost its landing gear and skidded to a jolting halt with crumpled wings and nose.

With the war nearly over, Capt. Brown flew to a major Nazi base in Denmark to test-fly a German jet bomber. He expected the Germans to be gone but he landed at a still-operational Luftwaffe base. He had only a pistol but the Base Commander offered to surrender. The Captain took charge of both the base and the 2,000 prisoners until Allied ground forces arrived the next day. In April, 1945, he went to the just-liberated concentration camp at Belsen, Germany, where he saw acres of unburied corpses and "shuffling ghosts of men." He was fluent in German and a British medical officer asked him to interrogate the captured camp commandant, Josef Kramer, who was later hanged for war crimes. After V-E Day, the Captain, because of his language and aviation expertise, was assigned to interrogate the rocket scientist Wernher von Braun, the Luftwaffe commander Hermann Goering, the aircraft designers Willy Messerschmitt and Ernst Heinkel and many Nazi fliers.

During and after the war, he flew every major Allied and Axis prop plane, jet and helicopter, as well as most minor ones. In late 1945, Capt. Brown made the first jet landing on an aircraft carrier – a de Havilland Sea Vampire on the deck of HMS Ocean. It heralded a new age of jet-propelled carrier aviation. In 1946, he achieved a speed of 750 mph in a jet power dive from 45,000 feet. He might have been the first to break the sound barrier as chief test pilot for the Miles M.52, a bullet-like jet designed to fly 1,000 mph but the project was cancelled and its research given to the US. The American Chuck Yeager broke the sound barrier, Mach 1, on Oct. 14, 1947, flying the Bell X-1 rocket plane at about 760 mph. "Not you again" King George VI quipped in 1947, when the flier appeared at Buckingham Palace for a fourth royal recognition. Capt. Brown flew about fifty captured German aircraft, including a jet bomber and an experimental rocket plane, exploring many advanced German technologies that were used in postwar aviation designs. In the 1950s, he helped rebuild West Germany's air power, which was integrated into NATO. Sent to the US, he proposed British innovations for aircraft carriers that proved useful to the U.S. Navy, including catapults and upturned decks for easier takeoffs.

He was appointed a naval aide de camp (ADC) to Queen Elizabeth II on 7 July 1969 and appointed Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE) in the 1970 New Year Honours. He retired from the Royal Navy later that year. After retiring, Brown became an aviation executive and president of the Royal Aeronautical Society. He quit flying in the 1990's, but continued to write and lecture, living in Copthorne, England. His Royal Navy colleagues gave him the nickname "Winkle," short for "Periwinkle," a small mollusk, because of his short stature (5 ft. 7 in.) The quietly confident Brown partly attributed his survival of dangerous incidents to his ability to "curl himself up in the cockpit." In TV interviews, lectures and public appearances, he was often asked about his feelings in an airplane. "I don't frighten easily," he told BAE Systems in a 2012 interview. "If a pilot has this perfect harmony of control, you feel you're bonded with it, really. The airplane welcomes you and to fly like that is a sheer delight."

Brown was a British navy test pilot who shattered records and made history with exploits that advanced Allied fighter power in WWII. He was a pioneer of jet technology into the postwar era. He died in 2016 at East Surrey Hospital, in Redhill, south of London. He was ninety-seven. In a career that spanned an era from biplanes to the threshold of space flight, Captain Brown, by his own accounts and Royal Navy records, flew 487 distinct types of aircraft, more than any pilot in history. He set a world record of 2,407 landings on aircraft carriers, including the first by a jet plane. He was also the most decorated pilot in the history of the Fleet Air Arm, Britain's naval aviation service.

A Mistake Never to be Forgiven, Royal Naval poetry

Their blood ran cold with horror
As they gazed on the awful scene
Their faces paled with anguish
And their gills turned faintly green

There on the deck before them
The shattered remnants flowed
And a steady stream of crimson
Sought its level on the Burma Road.

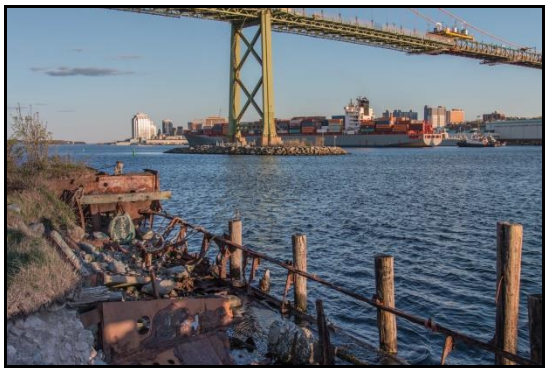
For seldom has anyone suffered
As they did that horrible day
Never before have humans
Beheld such a grisly display.

And they stood in breathless silence
As men who were stricken dumb
For they'd just seen the Petty Officer
Drop a case of Pusser's rum... R.I.P.

The SS Daisy

Not far from the MacDonald Bridge in Halifax Harbour, a piece of maritime history is built right into the Dartmouth shoreline. It is the hull of a ship, once known as the SS Daisy. She was built in 1912 as a trawler for the British Navy. The rusting ship has been sitting in the harbour for decades, dating back to when it was a common practice to use old ships as infill to extend the shoreline out into the water.

After WWI, the SS Daisy was bought by the government of Newfoundland. She became a de facto police boat and enforced prohibition on the open seas, by chasing rum-runners off St. John's. Her greatest challenge came in November, 1929 when a 7.2 magnitude earthquake shook the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, sending a tsunami wave toward the Burin Peninsula. The SS Daisy happened to be docked there and, while the ship survived, the town of Burin was left in far worse shape. Nearly thirty people were killed and whole houses were washed out to sea. It took almost three days to get the word out about the disaster, since the single telegraph cable was severed.



The SS Daisy went to work picking up stranded people and salvaging houses and boats that had been carried off into the sea. The history of the SS Daisy went dormant for some years but, following WWII, the ship limped into Halifax Harbour. She had been purchased by a company to work as a tugboat for a few years and then was scrapped. The ship was sunk into the harbour, filled with rocks and dirt and a wharf was built over her hull. These days, thousands of Maritimers drive over the bridge, never knowing that she's there or, even, where she's been.

Shutting Down History, by Jim Griffith, reprinted from Vintage Wings of Canada

It was a hot, muggy day, late August 1983, when my good friend Gerry Norberg called. He asked me if I still had a Viscount endorsement on my pilot's licence. I told him "yes." Gerry explained that the Western Canada Aviation Museum owned the former Trans Canada Air Lines hangar at Winnipeg and they were planning on using it for the home of their historic aircraft collection. The Vickers Viscount, their largest plane, was stored in a former RCAF hangar up at Gimli. Gerry told me that two of the plane's four engines were time expired and they needed to swap them out to make it airworthy for a flight to Winnipeg. He asked me if I would fly it to Winnipeg and advised me that they had no money to pay anybody. I thought it over and asked Gerry if he would be my co-pilot. Without hesitation, he agreed. He added that it would be ready in about three weeks, as soon as they finish changing the engines and putting the tail back on.

Gerry and I drove up to Gimli to have a look. Airplane parts were scattered over the hangar floor. I had second thoughts. To test run the engines, we would need to blast down the runway to take-off speed and then stop before we ran off the end. There were two problems with that. First, if there was a wind, it had to be right down the runway for, without a rudder, we would have insufficient control. Second, after years of sitting, how reliable were the brakes? Two weeks later, we returned to find everything in its proper place... except the tail. There is nothing worse for a pilot than flying without a tail. The weather and maintenance Gods both smiled on us and the test run proved satisfactory.

With the tail in place, the Viscount was ready for flight. It was September 17th, 1983 and the weather was perfect. My Dad offered to drive us up, drop us off and said he would be back in Winnipeg to photograph our grand entrance. Gerry and I exchanged worried glances. We both knew driving to Gimli with my eighty year old Dad was likely to be the

riskiest part of the adventure. We did our best to appear grateful as we accepted his offer. The trip up was uneventful and no one noticed that Dad was only driving at 45 mph and had a turn signal on for the entire journey.

We arrived early and lunched at a popular cafe near Gimli's waterfront. Dad ordered a salmon sandwich. He took his first bite and began to choke. He stood up. I stood up. Gerry sat immobilized. I felt every eye in the crowded place upon us. I quickly reached over Dad's head from behind and, clasping my hands together, I balled them into a fist and gave a tug. Nothing happened. Dad was still gasping for breath and trying to speak. Now desperate, I gave my mightiest possible heave. Out popped the offending salmon bone and then his dentures. Dad reached down, picked up his teeth, sat back down and calmly resumed eating his sandwich while Gerry and I left our plates untouched, trying to look as if nothing had happened. On the ride to the hangar, Dad complained of a pain in his side but bravely said, "I'll be okay; I think you've only broken my rib. Don't worry; I'll meet you in Winnipeg."

Just before departure, the maintenance chief asked us to leave the gear down for the entire flight, not being certain it would descend properly for landing at Winnipeg. Disappointed, I graciously agreed to his request. I could not risk the hundreds of volunteer hours he and his team had done to restore this aircraft to flying condition for the sake of doing a victory flypast on arrival in Winnipeg. The home-coming trip would have to be like all its other flights – steadfast, reliable and unpretentious. I climbed into the cockpit with a sense of nostalgia. I had spent five years flying this type of airplane across the Canadian Prairies and Rocky Mountains to the coast and paralleling the Laurentian Shield, spanning Ontario and Québec. Those were the best years of my flying career. There was a strangeness in the cockpit layout that I had not anticipated. As Gerry clambered into the right seat and began reciting the litany of the checklists, the old black magic came back and, by the time we taxied out, I was at home again.

The take-off was not like I remembered nor were the control responses. Thirteen years of flying a jet left me unprepared for the strange lift-off. We had a strong wind right on the nose and a low ground speed. It gave me the sensation of rising horizontally, unlike the pitched up, nose high attitude of a jet. My one regret was that I dare not, with a clear conscience, waste the museum's valuable fuel to allow Gerry much time at the controls during the short flight – a couple of turns either way and that was it. We made a staid low pass over the meager welcoming crowd and landed smoothly. We taxied in; I set the brakes, reached over and shut down the fuel to all four engines. True to his word, Dad was back in time to photograph our sedate, wheels down flyby. A professional RCAF photographer during WWII, the out-of-focus photo injured Dad's pride. He said, "You know, Jimmie, that picture wouldn't have been blurred if you hadn't broken my rib."

After our rather anticlimactic arrival, Gerry and I stood around for a bit. Before towing THS into its new hangar, they had to suck the remaining JP-4 fuel from the tanks; otherwise it would be a fire hazard. I don't remember who suggested starting up THS and burning off the fuel by running the engines. Some other genius thought we should taxi the plane around the field and take everyone who wanted to go for a ride. It was all

right for them but it was going to fall on me to execute the Uber rides; after all, I was the only one around qualified to do it. First, the ferry permit only stipulated one non-stop flight from Gimli to Winnipeg without passengers. Second, taxiing on the ground with passengers was not prohibited. Third, it would depend on whether Air Traffic Control in the tower would allow it and if airport emergency services would be available. I was starting to get a headache from over-thinking all the possible negative outcomes from unexpected circumstances so I said, "Sure; why not?" Whoever was in charge in the tower gave us clearance with free range over the entire airport. My sidekick later said I was taxiing pretty fast but I can't imagine myself doing that.

I had a sense of intense sadness that this aircraft would never again share with its crews the ecstasy of a minuet with the Gods of flight. Instead, its destiny was to be poked, prodded and groped by the sweaty hands of curious strangers. Aviation historians continue to understate the contributions made by the Viscount, in particular to the economy of Winnipeg's aviation industry and to Canada's transportation system. While it is true that the many smaller bush planes did much to open the north, it fell to the turbine powered Vickers Viscount to gift multitudes of westerners fast, efficient, comfortable and, above all, safe travel throughout the west and beyond. Indeed the Viscount connected many small cities within Canadian regions and, in turn, linked those regions to the larger centres – Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal and to the USA. There is evidence that the Viscount significantly altered the travel patterns of businessmen and everyday Canadians. The Viscount's hippity-hop route structure improved inter-city commerce and connected economically separated families more than any other aircraft in the dramatic shift from piston driven power sources for aircraft to turbines.

I am gratefully proud to have my name as the last entry in the logbook of CF-THS and to have had Gerry Norberg as my co-pilot. Years later, as Dad walked me to the elevator, where I was visiting him from our home in Niagara, he suddenly grabbed my elbow and said, "Jimmie, remember the time you broke my rib?" "Yes Dad, I remember." I replied. I continued, "I think you, Gerry and I had a fun day. I'm really sorry I broke your rib." "It's okay Jimmie; it wasn't really broken anyway - only cracked." We hugged and said goodbye and that was the last time I ever saw him.

After a few years at the hands of the volunteers at the Western Canada Aviation Museum, CF-THS stands in the sunshine once more, with her paint freshened and her livery reapplied.

Photo: Richard Vandervort, 1986

The Mysterious Moving Island

Sometimes in life, the guy with the so-crazy-it-just-might-work idea hits one out of the park and saves the day. This is what happened in 1942, aboard the HNLMS Abraham Crijnssen, the last Dutch warship standing after the Battle of the Java Sea. Originally planning to escape Down Under with three other warships, the then-stranded minesweeper had to make the voyage alone and unprotected. The slow-moving vessel could only get up to about fifteen knots and had very few guns, boasting only a single 3-inch gun and two Oerlikon 20 mm canons. It was a sitting duck for the Japanese bombers that circled above. Knowing their only chance of survival was to make it to Australia, the Crijnssen's forty-five crew members frantically brainstormed ways to make the retreat undetected. The winning idea was to turn the ship into an island.

You can almost hear crazy-idea guy anticipating his shipmates' reluctance but, lucky for him, the Abraham Crijnssen was strapped for time, resources and alternative means of escape, automatically making the island idea seem like the best one. It was time to put the plan into action. The crew went ashore to nearby islands and cut down as many trees as they could lug back onto the deck. The timber was arranged to look like a jungle canopy, covering as much square footage as possible. Any leftover parts of the ship were painted to look like rocks and cliff faces. They weren't messing around.

Now, a camouflaged ship in deep trouble is better than a completely exposed ship. There was still, however, the problem of the Japanese noticing a mysterious moving island and wondering what would happen if they shot at it. The crew figured the best means of convincing the Axis powers that they were an island was to truly be an island. They didn't move at all during daylight hours. While the sun was up, they would anchor the ship near other islands and then cover as much ocean as they could once night fell. They prayed no one would observe a disappearing and reappearing island amongst the nearly 18,000 existing islands in Indonesia. As luck would have it, nobody noticed.

The Crijnssen managed to go undetected by Japanese planes and avoid the destroyer that sank the other Dutch warships, surviving the eight-day journey to Australia and reuniting with Allied forces. Sometimes in life, the guy with the so-crazy-it-just-might-work idea saves the day. That's what happened in 1942 aboard the HNLMS Abraham Crijnssen, the last Dutch warship standing after the Battle of the Java Sea.

Did You Know… Camomile was planted in England at the request of the Ministry of Home Security for use as a quick-growing, wiry camouflage for new airfields.

Boss of the Sky – a Great Fighter Pilot Story

This came from a gentleman who runs a 2,000-acre corn farm near Oshkosh, WI. He used to fly F-4Es and F-16s for the Guard and participated in the first Gulf War.

I was planting corn one day, trying to finish the field and witnessed “The Great Battle.” A golden eagle – big, with about a six-foot wingspan – flew right in front of the tractor. It was being chased by three crows that were continually dive-bombing it and pecking at it. The crows do this because the eagles rob their nests when they find them. At any rate, the eagle banked hard right in one evasive maneuver and then landed in the field, about 100 feet from the tractor. This eagle stood about three feet tall. The crows all landed too and took up positions around the eagle at 120 degrees apart, but kept their distance at about twenty feet from the big bird. The eagle would take a couple steps towards one of the crows and they'd hop backwards and forward to keep their distance.

Then the reinforcement showed up. I happened to spot the eagle's mate hurtling down out of the sky at what appeared to be approximately Mach 1.5. Just before impact, the eagle on the ground took flight. It was obviously a coordinated pre-briefed tactic. The three crows that were watching the grounded eagle also took flight – probably thinking they were going to get in some more pecking on that big bird.

The first crow being targeted by the diving eagle never stood a snowball's chance in Hades. There was a mid-air explosion of black feathers and that crow was done. The diving eagle then banked hard left in what had to be a 9G climbing turn, using the energy it had accumulated in the dive and hit crow #2 less than two seconds later. Another crow – dead. The grounded eagle was now airborne and had an altitude advantage on the remaining crow that was streaking eastward in full burner. The eagle made a short dive and then banked hard right when the escaping crow tried to evade the hit. It didn't work – crow #3 bit the dust at about twenty feet above the ground.

This aerial battle was better than any air show I've been to, including the War Birds show at Oshkosh. The two eagles ripped the crows apart and ate them on the ground. As I got closer, working my way across the field, I passed within twenty feet of one of them eating its catch. It stopped and looked at me as I went by and you could see that the bird knew exactly who the Boss of the Sky was. What a beautiful bird! It was some of the best fighter pilot action I've seen in a long time.

Did You Know… about coke bottle bread… During WWI, WWII and the Korean War, Coke Bottle Bread was sent in parcels from home. Loved ones would bake a big loaf of bread and then make a hole in it. Inside the hole, they would stick a bottle of coke for the soldier to find as a treat. The bread was a great cushion for shipping. Yum!

British Airways Flight 5390

British Airways Flight 5390 enroute from Birmingham, England to Malaga, Spain suffered explosive decompression, with no loss of life, shortly after take-off on 10 June 1990. An improperly installed windscreen panel separated from its frame, causing the plane's captain to be blown partially out of the aircraft. With the captain pinned against the outside of the window frame for twenty minutes, the first officer managed to land at Southampton Airport. The captain was 42-year-old Tim Lancaster, who had logged 11,050 flight hours; the co-pilot was 39-year-old Alastair Atchison, with 7,500 flight hours. The aircraft also carried four cabin crew and eighty-one passengers.

Atchison handled a routine take-off at 0820 and then handed control to Lancaster as the plane continued to climb. Both pilots released their shoulder harnesses and Lancaster loosened his lap belt. At 0833, the plane had climbed through about 17,300 feet over Didcot, Oxfordshire and the cabin crew were preparing for meal service. Flight attendant Nigel Ogden was entering the cockpit when there was a loud bang and the cabin quickly filled with condensation. The left windscreen panel, on Lancaster's side of the flight

deck, had separated from the forward fuselage. Lancaster was propelled out of his seat by the rushing air from the decompression and forced head first out of the flight deck. His knees were caught on the flight controls and his upper torso remained outside the aircraft, exposed to extreme wind and cold. The autopilot had disengaged, causing the plane to descend rapidly. The flight deck door was blown inward onto the control console, blocking the throttle control and causing the aircraft to gain speed as it descended. Papers and debris blew into the flight deck from the passenger cabin. Ogden rushed to grab Lancaster's belt, while the other two flight attendants secured loose objects, reassured passengers and instructed them to adopt brace positions in anticipation of an emergency landing.

The plane was not equipped with oxygen for everyone on board, so Atchison began a rapid emergency descent to reach an altitude with sufficient air pressure. He then re-engaged the autopilot and broadcast a distress call, but he was unable to hear the response from air traffic control because of wind noise. The difficulty in establishing two-way communication led to a delay in initiation of emergency procedures. Ogden, still holding on to Lancaster, was by now developing frostbite and exhaustion, so chief steward John Heward and flight attendant Simon Rogers took over the task of holding on to the captain. By this time, Lancaster had shifted several inches further outside and his head was repeatedly striking the side of the fuselage. The crew believed him to be dead, but Atchison told the others to keep hold of him because his body might fly into the left engine and damage it.

Eventually Atchison was able to hear the clearance from air traffic control to make an emergency landing at Southampton Airport. The flight attendants managed to free Lancaster's ankles from the flight controls while still keeping hold of him. At 0855, the aircraft landed at Southampton and the passengers disembarked using boarding steps. Lancaster survived with frostbite, bruising, shock and fractures to his right arm, left thumb and right wrist. Ogden dislocated his shoulder and had frostbite on his face, with damage to one eye. There were no other major injuries. Lancaster returned to work after less than five months and retired from commercial piloting in 2008.

Police found the windscreen panel and many of the ninety bolts securing it near Cholsey, Oxfordshire. Investigators found that when the windscreen was installed just twenty-seven hours before the flight, eighty-four of the bolts used were $^{1}\!/_{16}$ inch too small in diameter and the remainder were 0.1 inches too short. The previous windscreen had also been fitted using incorrect bolts, which were replaced by the shift maintenance manager on a like-for-like basis without reference to maintenance documentation as the plane was due to depart shortly. The undersized bolts were unable to withstand the air pressure difference between the cabin and the outside atmosphere during flight.

Investigators found that the shift maintenance manager responsible for installing the incorrect bolts had failed to follow British Airways policies. They recommended that the Civil Aviation Authority – the UK's specialist aviation regulator recognise the need for aircraft engineering personnel to wear corrective glasses if prescribed. They also faulted

the policies themselves, which should have required testing or verification by another individual for this critical task. Finally, they found the local Birmingham Airport management responsible for not directly monitoring the shift maintenance manager's working practices.

- First Officer Alastair Atchison and cabin crew members Susan Gibbins and Nigel Ogden were awarded the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air.
- Atchison was also awarded a 1992 Polaris Award for his ability and heroism.

Anthem Veterans Memorial

The Anthem Veterans Memorial is a monument located in Anthem, Arizona which was dedicated in 2011 to honour the sacrifice and service made by members of the United States Armed Forces. The pillar provides a place of honour and reflection for veterans, their family and friends and those who want to show their respects to those courageous service men and women who have served and continue to serve their country.

The memorial's five white marble pillars represent the nation's military branches and are arranged in Department of Defense order of precedence: Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Coast Guard. They are staggered in size (from seventeen feet to six feet.). Each pillar has an elliptical opening that slants downward toward the Great Seal of the United States. On Veterans Day – November 11th – the design allows the sun's rays to spotlight the Great Seal at ~11:11 a.m. Mountain Standard Time. (The design goal was 11:11:11 a.m. but yearly variations cause the precise alignment over the next 100 years to be between 11:10:58 and 11:11:22. As well, due to the leap year discrepancy between the official and astronomical calendar, the effect can be observed at least one day before or after Veterans Day.)

The award-winning monument is surrounded by 1750 red paving stones engraved with the names of veterans. The red stones, the white pillars and the blue Arizona sky represent the colours in the flag of the United States. The circle represents an unbreakable border. Designed by Anthem resident Renee Palmer-Jones and engineered by James Martin.

Did You Know… Pilots are 75% more likely to be at the front door saying goodbye to passengers after a good landing than after a bad landing. That's probably why few from the flight deck ever leave the cockpit and will greet you saying hello instead.

Burial at Sea – November 6, 1944 – For the first and last time in history, a man was deliberately buried at sea, inside of the aircraft he had served.

Loyce Edward Deen was the seventh of eight children born to Grace and Allen Deen. The family lived in Altus, Oklahoma where Allen worked as a schoolteacher. Altus was the kind of small town, where the newspaper printed the bio of every graduating high school senior. The Times-Democrat wrote that "Loyce Deen is a young man with high ambitions. He plans to enter the US Navy aeronautical mechanics division after graduation and finds subjects such as problems of American democracy the most interesting. He has also been active in dramatics work at school." Loyce worked for a time with the government's Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and later worked at the Douglas Aircraft Company in Wichita, building wing sets for the A-26 Invader attack bomber. Even before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Loyce had wanted to join the Navy. In October 1942, he did just that. First, he did basic training in San Diego and then he went to gunner's school, learning all about the weapons systems aboard a Grumman TBF Avenger torpedo bomber. After that, he was off to Naval Air School Fort Lauderdale before finally joining the new 15th Air Group, out of Westerly, Rhode Island.

On April 29, 1944, the Air Group reported for duty aboard aircraft carrier, USS Essex, at Pearl Harbor. The Essex was known as the "Fightingest Ship in the Navy." An Air Group consists of eighty or so aircraft of three distinct types – fighters, dive bombers and the torpedo bombers. The fighters were the fast, single seat Grumman Hellcats. The dive bombers were two-seated Curtiss Helldivers. The pilots were joined by a rear-seat gunner, whose job it was to lay the one-ton bomb on the target while handling a machine gun at the same time. The torpedo bombers were Grumman Avengers, with two enlisted crewmen in addition to the pilot. The Avengers carried a ton of bombs, depth charges or aerial torpedoes and was designed for low-level attack.

Deen was the turret gunner on an Avenger and was assigned to protect the aircraft from above. The 15th Air group encountered some of its most intense fighting during the battle of Leyte Gulf, October 24 – 25, 1944. The squadron made three hits on one battleship, two hits on another battleship and two hits each on two different heavy cruisers. Deen received a shrapnel wound to his foot sometime during the fighting of the 24th. He wrapped the thing up and stayed on to fight the following day. Following rest and replenishment, USS Essex was on station for the November 5th Battle of Manila Bay. Deen could have stayed back on a hospital ship until that foot healed but chose to ignore the injury and rejoin his unit. He received a Purple Heart medal for his wound – posthumously.

Loyce Deen climbed into his gun turret for the last time on November 5th. It was a two hour ride to the target zone in Manila Bay, with Japanese aircraft on the radar for most

of that time. The carriers USS Lexington and Ticonderoga were under kamikaze attack. Loyce Deen took two direct hits and was killed instantly. The Avenger aircraft, tail #93, was so smashed up that it was virtually unflyable. It took all of the pilot's strength and skill to fly back through two thunderstorms and land on the Essex.

What remained of Loyce Edward Deen was so badly mangled, it was all but impossible to remove him from his smashed turret. For the first and last time in history, a man was deliberately buried at sea, inside of the aircraft he had served. Fingerprints were taken and dog tags removed. The Avenger was not even scavenged for parts. With the crew of the USS Essex assembled on deck, the shattered aircraft was pushed over the side. Two other Avengers flew overhead in salute, as the tail dipped beneath the waves. Loyce Edward Deen was going home. Not long after the ceremony, the Essex went to General Quarters. There were kamikazes to deal with. The rest of Air Group 15 got back into their aircraft the following day and again on the 12th, 13th and 14th and attacked those same cruisers in Manila Bay.

To All Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts, by Your Cordial Scribe

Once during my military career, while serving at CFB London, I was posted out on a six-month tour of duty to the Middle East to serve with the UNEF II Canadian Contingent. My six months turned into a nine month rotation. Our mandate was to supervise the ceasefire between Egyptian and Israeli forces at the end of Yom Kippur War and, following the agreement of 18 January 1974 and 4 September 1975, to supervise the redeployment of Egyptian and Israeli forces and to man and control the buffer zones established under those agreements.

I departed London on 25 October, 1978 to fill a Logistics Operations (LOG OPS) position, located at Ismailia, Egypt. The job entailed working with the troops of 73 Service Battalion who were employed in the countries of Egypt, Israel and Syria. To be certain, every day brought new challenges. Don't let anyone tell you that there were never any disputes. While I was never accosted, I certainly was provoked. Confrontations were readily present, yet common sense seemed to be the ultimate solution. From my view, most of us came home feeling that we really did accomplish what we were sent to attain – peace! We mingled and sorted out solutions with many different contingents – the Swedes, the Finns, the Ghanaians, the Indonesians, the Danes, the Polish, the Dutch and others.

Now, back to the subject at hand... Mothers, wives and sweethearts all were in receipt of a list of recommendations from DND Officials, merely a month or so before we landed back on Canadian Terra Firma. When you read it, take the words with a grain of salt. With a grin, know that it was meant for your loved ones about what they might not have been previously told. It is meant to be welcoming and light-hearted as repatriation took place. Remember, we were in a war zone. We were there to keep the peace. We did have our serious moments and, despite the impeccable benchmarks that we set for ourselves, our Unit and, ultimately, our country, not all of the U.N. members returned

home in the same shape as they were when they initially left. On my watch, we all did and that was important to me. Was I a different person when I came home? You bet I was. The weather varied and we all, from time to time, wished that we were in Cyprus, carrying out similar UN responsibilities, but we weren't!

DND's Recommendations – To All Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts:

Very soon, the one you love will be in your midst once again; He may be dehydrated, demoralized, possibly demobilized, but more than willing to take his place once again as a human being with renewed vigour in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Before making your joyous preparations to welcome him back into society, you must be willing to make allowances for the environment to which he has been subjected to during his tour of duty, regardless of the length of duty, be it six, nine, twelve months or longer. In other words, your loved one may still be living in the same continent in his head that he has been living in all this time, suffering from "long time U.N. virus" and, therefore, should be handled with extreme care. The following is United Nations advice to read and heed! It is the aim of this letter to re-introduce to you the shell of a man that was once a proud and dutiful Canadian who went abroad in the good name of his country's request for Peace Keepers.

- Watch them most carefully when out shopping, as they will bargain for lower prices, using the most horrific language.
- Question not his tortured mind to substantiate his insistence on sleeping in daylight and wandering aimlessly about the yard at night.
- Confiscate not his "Puppy-pounder," lest he perish in fear of being devoured by the neighbour's dog.
- On no account, speak of patrols, road blocks, investigating shooting incidents, lovely sunshine, canal crossings or holidays by the sea.
- Never offer him tinned potatoes, tinned peas, tinned fruit, baked beans, stew, watermelon, camel or rodent.

He may indulge in such practices as reading week old newspapers, listening to CFN, Voice of America, the BBC, Radio Moscow or Radio Free Europe on his new 10-transistor, 4-band, short-wave radio. Habits can be difficult to break. They've all been trained to react to the slightest noise instantly. Don't be alarmed, therefore, if:

- He should fall flat on the ground if a passing car should backfire.
- He scans all roof tops before moving on to the next corner.
- He slams visitors against the wall and searches them carefully before allowing them to proceed into your house.

Once again, it's that thing about habits! Ask not for drinks lest the poor tortured mind may recall some past unpleasant experience that caused him poverty and mental anguish until a casual pay parade could be arranged.

- Allow to go un-noticed his acquired habit of carrying a roll of toilet paper about with him. Above all, do not take it from him, for it is a valuable and cherished possession.
- Don't be alarmed if he should prefer to watch Lassie over Combat.
- Never subject him to the smells of fresh paint (especially powder blue,) white-wash, goats, greasy foods, pig farms, donkeys, camels or multiple outdoor toilets.

- Refuse to ridicule him when he drives his car on the 'other' side of the road, refuses to give pedestrians the 'right of way' and deafens thine ears with foul insults cast upon other motorists.

It is impossible to explain in this letter, the suffering and anguish that each veteran has been subjected to, as others will detail. The above recommendations are given as general knowledge to those who don't know, in hopes of a more speedy recovery and rehabilitation.

Memories of My Grandfather – J.A.D. (Douglas) McCurdy, by Gerald Haddon

Your Cordial Scribe's Comments – Gerald Haddon is Douglas McCurdy's grandson. Douglas McCurdy represented the Aerial Experimental Association (AEA) when, on February 23rd, 1909, he piloted the Silver Dart, lifting off from the surface of the frozen Bra D'or Lake, near Baddeck, NS. This was the first heavier-than-air powered flight in the British Empire. Gerald was appointed Honorary Colonel (HCol) of the Aerospace Technology and Engineering School at 16 Wing Borden from Oct 2010 to Apr 2014. The expression "what goes around, comes around" falls true as, in 1959, his grandfather was an Honorary Air Commodore. I spent a day with other volunteers, including Gerald, working out the final kinks of the replica Silver Dart before its 100th anniversary flight. I'll never forget the stories Gerald and I shared that day.

In the summer of 1885, Alexander Graham Bell was visiting Baddeck. While out walking, Dr. Bell noticed a man (Arthur McCurdy) struggling with his telephone at the local newspaper office. Bell entered and offered to help. He dismantled the phone and pulled out a dead fly. When Bell returned the phone, Arthur asked how he was able to repair it. Bell replied, "My name is Alexander Graham Bell and I invented it." Arthur and Alexander soon became good friends. Arthur was the father of J.A.D. (Douglas) McCurdy, a young boy born in Baddeck, NS on August 2, 1886. In 1887, when Alexander returned to Baddeck, he persuaded Arthur to become his personal assistant. As a boy, Douglas could be found in Alexander's laboratory, helping him with his glider and kite experiments. Douglas was fascinated with the mystery of flight.

In 1906, Douglas graduated from the School of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Toronto. He returned to Baddeck with his friend, Casey Baldwin, a fellow engineer. One night in September 1907, Bell's wife, Mabel, was listening to McCurdy, Baldwin and Bell talking and, noting their common interest in flight, suggested that they form an organization together. On 01 October 1907, the AEA was born. Independently financial, Mabel insisted on funding the AEA herself. The five associates of the group were Alexander Graham Bell, J.A.D. McCurdy, Casey Baldwin, Thomas Selfridge and Glenn Curtis. AEA's single purpose was to get a man into the air.

The first of the four planes built by the AEA at the beginning of 1908, called the Red Wing, crashed on its second flight due to no lateral control. The AEA devised a method of gaining stability. The result was a hinged controllable arrangement of moveable wing tips - ailerons - which they built into their second plane, the White Wing. Ailerons are

used to generate a rolling motion that allows it to bank left or right. The June Bug and the Silver Dart, the AEA's third and fourth planes, also had ailerons installed. The first to be fitted with the tricycle landing gear was their fourth plane, the Silver Dart. AEA's lasting achievements were the development of the aileron and the tricycle landing gear, both of which are still used today on aircraft worldwide. McCurdy had a number of firsts:

- Used a water-cooled engine in the Silver Dart
- In 1909, he took up Canada's first passenger, Casey Baldwin
- Made the first figure 8 flying manoeuvre in the world, through the use of ailerons
- Along with Baldwin, he formed The Canadian Aerodrome Company, the first aircraft production company and built Canada's first powered aircraft, called Baddeck No. 1
- Sent and received the first wireless message from a plane
- Built the JN-4 (Jenny) that was flown by ~95% of all trainees during WWI
- Flew the first intercity flight in Canada, winning a race from Hamilton to Toronto
- Flew the world's first seaplane on Baddeck Bay, the first oceanic flight from Florida to Cuba and the first flight in Mexico

In May 1915, McCurdy managed Canada's first aviation school, the Curtiss Aviation School in Long Branch, Toronto. Members of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, along with Canadians, trained to obtain a Certificate of Flight. Most of the graduates went to England, at their own expense, to join the Royal Flying Corps or the Royal Naval Air Service. In 1928, during the development of commercial air traffic, McCurdy formed the Reid Aircraft Company. He established a plant in Montreal and manufactured many types of airplanes. In 1929, the company merged and became known as the Curtiss-Reid Aircraft Ltd; McCurdy was the company's President.

In 1943, McCurdy was appointed a Member of the Order of the British Empire. In 1947, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, serving until 1952. In 1953, the Canadian Aeronautics and Space Institute created the McCurdy Award for "Outstanding Achievement in Art, Science and Engineering relating to Aeronautics and Space Research." In 1959, he was awarded the McKee Trophy for life-long contributions to the advancement of Canadian aviation. That same year, the Queen appointed McCurdy an Honorary Air Commodore in recognition of the 50th Anniversary of his historic flight. Also in 1959, the Royal Canadian Air Force Association established the J.A.D. McCurdy Trophy, "To recognise outstanding and praiseworthy achievements by Canadians in the field of civil aviation in Canada." On the fiftieth anniversary of his 1909 first flight, the Royal Canadian Air Force appointed McCurdy as its first civilian Honorary Colonel. In 1973, he was posthumously inducted into Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame with the following citation:

> "The dedication of his engineering talents to the development of manned flight was a prime factor in the birth of North America's Aviation Industry and has proven to be of outstanding benefit to Canadian Aviation."

In 2009, the airport in Sydney, NS was renamed the J.A.D. McCurdy Sydney Airport. In 2012, he was inducted into the Canadian Science and Engineering Hall of Fame. In May 2013, the 2005 Silver Dart replica made its way to a new permanent home at the

Alexander Graham Bell Museum in Baddeck.

I (Gerald, the author) had the privilege of being part of the AEA 2005 Group, which built the 2009 Silver Dart replica. In February 2009, for the Centennial of Flight Celebrations, we duplicated my grandfather's 1909 feat by flying a replica Silver Dart over the same expanse of frozen ice. What a breathtaking moment it was to see the Silver Dart take to the skies. Time had stood still. If my grandfather were here today, he would probably say, "Move over; I'd like to fly her now."

The pilot of the Centennial flight was former Canadian astronaut, Bjarni Tryggvason, the payload specialist on the 1997 Space Shuttle. He described the first flight of the Silver Dart in nearly a century as "majestic." Having flown the Space Shuttle and the Silver Dart, he has gone from flying the highest and fastest, to the lowest and slowest!

This is my grandfather's description of the historic 1909 flight: "It was a brilliant day in more ways than one. The sun was glaring down on the ice of Bras d'Or Lake. The town of Baddeck had turned out in a festive mood, done up in mufflers and heavy fur hats. The town consisted largely of very doubtful Scotsmen. The aeroplane was surrounded by people. It was wheeled into place in the early afternoon. The propeller was cranked and, with a cough, the motor snorted into life. I climbed into the pilot's seat. With an extra cough from the motor, we scooted off down the ice. Behind came a crowd of small boys and men on their skates – most of them still doubtful that the Silver Dart would fly. With a lurch and a mighty straining of wires, we were in the air. It was amusing to look back and watch the skaters - they seemed to be going in every direction – bumping into each other in their excitement at seeing a man actually fly. On take-off, I had to clear one old Scot who was so doubtful I would fly that he had started off across the ice with his horse and sleigh. I think they both had the daylights scared out of them. I travelled three-quarters of a mile at a height of about thirty feet before coming to the surface of the ice. I will say the doubting ones overcame their feelings in short order."

The latter years of my grandfather's life were spent in Montreal, QC, where he died on 25 June, 1961. As his funeral procession slowly wound its way through the streets of Montreal, the Royal Canadian Air Force paid their final respects, with full military honours, to the man whom many regard as the Father of Canadian Aviation. J.A.D. McCurdy is buried in his home village of Baddeck, NS. His tombstone faces Bras d'Or Lake, where he made his historic flight and from where Canadian Aviation took its first steps. An engineer by profession and an innovator and adventurer by spirit, he placed his hand on the "Arc of History" and bent it towards the milestone of Canadian Aviation.

How History Echoes through the Years, by Bruce Stock, London, ON, a retired major and former aide de camp (ADC) to Governor General (GG) Georges Vanier

(Your Cordial Scribe's comments... We were posted to Metz, France when, in 1966, at a very famous press conference, French President Charles de Gaulle announced that he

was pulling out of NATO's military structure and so discourteously ordered the military out of France. Regardless of what all the Allies had done for France during and after the Great Wars, de Gaulle took a dislike to the NATO forces and so we, the Newman family and all the other Canadian military families had to go.)

When French President Charles de Gaulle dropped his bombshell on July 24, 1967, by shouting, “Vive le Quebec libre” (Long live free Quebec) in Montreal during Canada’s Centennial year, I was stationed with the second battalion of Princess Patricia’s Canadian Light Infantry in Germany with NATO. I had been ordered to take a regimental 100-person honour guard and colour party to Dieppe, for the 25th anniversary parade of that WWII raid on August 19th. One of my first concerns was how to reduce the boredom of what would seem as endless parade square bashing to the troops. I had to figure out what could be done to make sure every single member of the honour guard knew the enormity of what happened at Dieppe and what a privilege it was for us to participate in the anniversary event.

As luck would have it, a new book on the Royal Regiment of Canada’s role in Dieppe had just been published in Canada. We managed to get twenty copies shipped to us and quickly set up a reading rotation schedule for the guard. By combining a series of rough and ready book-review sessions with our ceremonial drill periods, we killed two birds with one stone. Everyone on the guard had a chance to read up on the details and significance of the raid, giving our drill preparations a heightened sense of mission.

For me, however, one of the details in the book triggered an unwelcome situation. The raid had been badly planned by Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten of the Allied Forces combined operations headquarters, the same man who would take the salute at the anniversary parade. I had almost met him in the summer of 1966, when he attended a reception hosted by GG Georges Vanier at Rideau Hall. As the GG’s ADC, I was taking care of any late arrivals when Mountbatten walked in, resplendent in his white Royal Navy uniform, covered in his carpet of honours, decorations and medals. As I tried to brief him, he looked right through me and kept walking toward the reception. I have never forgotten that dismissive feeling.

Now our paths were crossing once more and the circumstances would not allow me to feel any sense of dismissal. As one French spectator noted, the extra preparation paid off: “I’ve never seen troops like that. It was like you were floating above the ground, you marched so proudly.” There was one other effect, however, we could never have anticipated. Before our honour guard ever arrived in Dieppe, de Gaulle carved out a large niche in Canada’s history by championing the separatist cause with his pronouncement, “Vive le Québec... Vive le Québec libre!” In response, his official host, Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, brought the state visit to an abrupt halt.

De Gaulle’s faux pas made international headlines and, back in Dieppe, even though it had happened nearly a month before, we were stopped regularly and told in no uncertain terms by the locals that their President had no right to say what he had said in Canada. Their vehemence told us that, even twenty-five years later, they loved and

honoured Canadian troops for attempting to liberate them from Nazi occupation. They were embarrassed by their President's words. What an unforgettable experience that was for all of us. In retrospect, I am confident this incident would not have happened if Vanier had been alive

Vanier and de Gaulle had first met in London in 1940. As generals, they liked and respected each other enormously. In his book "Vanier: Soldier, Diplomat and Governor General," Robert Speaight recounts an extraordinary exchange of messages between the two. In replying to a telegram from de Gaulle in December 1942, Vanier wrote:

> "From the moment I left France in 1940, your voice has always represented for me the voice of the French people."

In a letter to Vanier in August 1945, de Gaulle wrote:

> "I am not forgetting that, from the very first day, you were the faithful friend of the Free French and the evident defender of their cause. Every fresh proof that France gives of her vitality is an homage to your clear-sightedness."

My contention is simple: In July 1967, the President of France would never have uttered his infamous remarks had he been hosted by his old WWII friend, Vanier, who had died four months before. That de Gaulle ignored his regard for his long-time friend can only be described as one of history's mysteries.

Did You Know... In the Avro Lancasters, neither the mid-upper nor the rear gunner's position was heated and the gunners had to wear electrically heated suits to prevent hypothermia and frostbite.

Glass Half Full – An Outside Perspective to See Ourselves Anew
Written by opera sensation Measha Brueggergosman, who truly takes stock of the meaning of being a Canadian.

There is a danger in being Canadian. It lulls you to a false sense of security and makes you feel like democracy, health care and pervasive peace are normal. We could throw a dart at a map and, chances are, it would land in a place where citizens experience a much harsher daily reality. It's not normal to be set up to have generational prosperity simply because of where you were born. Relative to the norm experienced by millions worldwide, being a Canadian is tantamount to winning the lottery. I love that Canada has put me in a good position. Being born female and black, there is so much that would not have been within my reach. I am within striking distance of such prosperity that I feel the race has got to be rigged. I have done nothing to deserve this. Yet, through blessing and grace, five generations of my family have conceived of, constructed and lived out lives of their own choosing. I truly believe that to whom much is given, much is required. To me, this means that I am to love and help people with gratitude and thanksgiving. Period. It is a humbling truth that I could easily have been born into poverty, a war zone or a contaminated earth. Instead, I live in one of the most

beautiful countries on our globe, with some of the best people in the world.

As I travel this globe singing, I know first-hand the Canadian reputation of possessing a healthy dose of humanity is more than a rumour. Our niceness is stapled to every comment about us and has secured our reputation. We expand ourselves through a desire to right wrongs. Our shortcomings and misgivings about doing right by each other are shared universally and aren't unique to this country. We aren't the only society to wonder if we shouldn't be doing more. I have worked hard, sacrificed, lived through periods of plenty and survived periods of none. I have been so poor that it forces me to choose between necessities. Forget excesses. I don't have job security or a pension. There is no safety net or Christmas bonus. My income bobs and weaves and I am hardly a genius when it comes to money management. That said, I'd rather be poor in Canada than anywhere else because even on my worst day, I have enough to give to the person next to me.

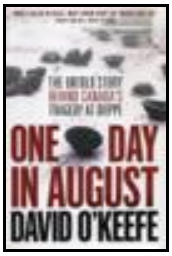
Let's not get discouraged needlessly by fighting amongst ourselves. Through the sheer force of what glows in our hearts, we can democratically force the hand of our leaders to do what is right. We have a calling on each of our lives to be more because of what we have been given by way of personal autonomy, freedom of expression and landscape. Actionable ambition is a resource whose renewal should be celebrated and not be taken for granted. I have the right to choose where I live, the privilege of electing my leaders, the chance to keep my children healthy and, therefore, my glass is half-full of Optimism!

Book Review of David O'Keefe's *One Day in August*, by Your Cordial Scribe

Recently, I came upon "*One Day in August: The Untold Story Behind Canada's Tragedy at Dieppe*," in the War section of our local library. "*One Day in August*" re-examines the disastrous raid at Dieppe, France, in light of new discoveries and attempts to finally uncover the real reasons behind a seemingly senseless tragedy. I have taken three different trips to the Normandy Beaches with the Royal Canadian Legion. Much of our time was spent in Dieppe, educating us on the Canadian Army's engagement as they took part in the raid code-named Operation Jubilee. Nearly 5,000 soldiers crossed the English Channel to the beaches of Dieppe in Northern France in an attempt to break the German stronghold. Imagine how we all felt as we learned more about what a dismal failure it turned out to be. I think the figures stood around 900 Canadian soldiers killed and thousands more wounded or taken prisoner. Having seen the surrounding cliffs with my own eyes, not one guide or any of those that lived to tell the tale could readily explain the rational for the attack.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we all know that history <u>does</u> get re-written. For seventy plus years, the objective stated for the raid has been one of the most perplexing mysteries of the entire War. In just six hours on August 19, 1942, over 2,000 Canadians, British and Americans lay dead or dying on the beaches around the French seaside town. Those awful losses have left a legacy of bitterness, recrimination and controversy. In the absence of concrete reasons for the raid, a myriad of theories ranging from

incompetence to conspiracy have developed. The author has researched for over two decades, sifting through countless recently declassified intelligence documents. He has skilfully put together the pieces of the puzzle and the resulting story may reveal a more understandable reason behind the raid.



If you thought I was going to reveal the secret that has been kept all these years, you were incorrect. I won't reveal any more of this exciting story, for it was a highly secret mission designed in one of Britain's darkest times. I will suggest to you that this thrilling, multi-layered story fundamentally changes our understanding of this most tragic and pivotal chapter in Canada's history. It might now make you understand what our Dieppe Veterans died for in August, 1942. Do yourself a favour and visit your library to read a copy of this book.

Lost Words from our Childhood

Life was so much better in the olden days. Murgatroyd – remember that word? Would you believe the email spell checker did not even recognize that word? Heavens to Murgatroyd! It's sad really. The other day, I told a not so elderly lady about my son driving a jalopy and she looked at me quizzically and said "What the heck is a jalopy?" OMG – new phrase! She never heard of the word jalopy!! She knew she was old… but not that old. Well, I hope you are hunky dory after you read this and chuckle.

Here are some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry." Back in the olden days, we had a lot of "moxie." We'd put on our "best bib and tucker" to "straighten up and fly right." Heavens to Betsy! Gee willikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moly! We were "in like Flynn" or "living the life of Riley" and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. No way, Jose; not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell. Truly, when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys, spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers and, don't forget... saddle stitched pants. Oh, my aching back! Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap and, before we can say "well, I'll be a monkey's uncle" or "this is a fine kettle of fish," we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues, our pens or our keyboards. When did the words of our youth disappear? We blink once or twice and, poof, they're gone. Where have all the great words of our childhood gone?

"Long gone; Pshaw; The milkman did it; Hey! It's your nickel; Don't forget to pull the chain; Knee high to a grasshopper; See ya later, alligator! After a while, crocodile. Okidoki. Well, fiddlesticks; Going like sixty; I'll see you in the funny papers and don't take any wooden nickels." It turns out there are more of these lost words and

expressions than Carter has liver pills. "Carter's Little Liver Pills" are gone too! We, of a certain age, have been blessed to live in changeable times. For a child, each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We, at the other end of the chronological arc, have the advantage of remembering that there are words which once did not exist and there were words that once strutted upon the earthly stage. Now, they are heard no more except in our memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging.
It makes us wonder where Superman will ever find a phone booth.

Only in the Back Woods of Canada, by Bruce Stock

In 1939, Canada hosted a remarkable Royal Tour planned at Rideau Hall months in advance for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth I who traveled across Canada by train. By all accounts, it was a smashing success, with the Royal Train stopping in dozens of communities en route enabling hundreds of thousands of Canadians to provide a roaring, flag-waving, cheerful greeting, as they welcomed their King and Queen to their respective home towns. The schedule included a stop at the small, Northern Ontario town of Chapleau in the middle of the night, to allow the steam locomotive to take on water and coal for the onward trip. During the pre-tour planning, stopping at Chapleau at that late hour seemed a routine procedure but it didn't take long before the royal tour planners found themselves embroiled in a debate. The big question… When the train stops do we, or do we not invite the Mayor of Chapleau and his wife aboard the Pullman car to meet Their Majesties at the ungodly hour of 2:00 a.m? Or, do we just carry on and sneak through town, because Their Majesties need their sleep and, for goodness sake, it is just too uncivilized an hour to be social!

The two camps quickly dug in, neither side willing to budge an inch in favour of the other's viewpoint. In fact, it seemed likely they were heading toward some sort of 'battle royale' in order to render a decision, when someone remembered that since this was a Royal tour - perhaps the King would have an opinion. After all, he may be asking the Queen to stay up late too! Well, wouldn't you know it, His Majesty responded to Rideau Hall suggesting that if he were the Mayor of a small town and woke up one morning to find that his Monarch had stopped, however briefly, in his town the night before and had not had the courtesy to say hello, he would have every right to be mightily offended. As a consequence, a beautiful, ornate, scrolled invitation, with gold lettering and the Royal Coat of Arms was soon dispatched to the Mayor of Chapleau and his wife.

On the appointed date, and precisely on time at 2:00 a.m., the mighty steam-engine locomotive, thundering in all its puffing magnificence, arrived in Chapleau, where His Worship and his wife waited dutifully on the platform. They were quickly invited aboard the Pullman with its magnificent Art Deco interior, where they were presented to Their Majesties. Refreshments were offered and a most cordial and happy meeting was under way. Understandably so, for how often does one get to meet a King and Queen in the middle of the night, in your own backyard, so to speak? During the conversation, His Majesty made an observation. "Your Worship," he began, "I see you are not wearing your chain of office this evening?" Completely taken aback, and looking down at his

empty front, the Mayor tried desperately to explain the oversight, in what he hoped would be a suitable manner. “Oh yes, Your Majesty... That’s right... it’s back in the office.” Then, gaining confidence that he was on the right track he continued, “You see, Sir, I only wear it on important occasions!”
… only in the back woods of Canada could these words be uttered!

Operation Fish Egg, by James H. Pocklington
Taken from Legion Magazine, September/October 1998

Located a mere seven and a half miles south of Corsica, Sardinia is separated from the west coast of Italy by the Tyrrhenian Sea. It has nearly 2,000 km of coastline, sandy beaches and a mountainous interior crossed with hiking trails. The island's population still has some native people whose culture dates back prior to the Roman conquest. The island is semi-autonomous from Italy and its geography includes a large plain that stretches from the south-west coast to the central west coast at the Golfo di Oristano. In the east, there are mountains that rise up to 6,000 feet.

In 1962, a horde of tiny Canadian speckled trout arrived to take up permanent residence on the Mediterranean island of Sardinia, Italy. The trout were all goodwill ambassadors, provided by Canada in appreciation for the local hospitality extended to the RCAF personnel who were stationed there. After thirty-six years of cultivation, the descendants of the Canadian speckled trout reign supreme in the island’s freshwater streams and also grace the tables of many fancy Italian restaurants. This is, indeed, a little-known Canadian success story, but before I go any further, I should provide an overview on Sardinia – the second largest island in the Mediterranean – and my involvement there.

In 1956, the RCAF shifted F-86 Sabre aerial gunnery practice to Sardinia from Rabat, Morocco and later expanded weapons practice to include CF-100 fighter rocketry. The Canadians were based at Decimomannu, ten miles northwest of Cagliari and the weapons range extended approximately 100 miles adjacent to the island's west coast. My posting to Sardinia came in February 1959 when I was a flight lieutenant in the RCAF air weapons unit. We reported to the Canadian Air Division in Metz, France, and my first job was co-ordinating the weapons firing. A year later, I became responsible for RCAF administration on the island, a job that proved to be a tremendous challenge because of the considerable differences between Canadian and Sardinian lifestyles and customs. It wasn't long before I discovered that when it came to getting things done by the local population, you had to recognize their unique work ethic. That meant you often had to take the time to appreciate their sense of values.

Sardinia has plenty of beautiful beaches, but the spare time of a serviceman and his family was not limited to swimming and sunbathing. Some servicemen tried to follow their hobby of sport fishing in the freshwater streams and lakes but had had only limited success. Apparently, after WWII, mosquitoes carrying malaria temporarily contaminated the freshwater resources. An unfortunate side effect was the poisoning and consequential demise of the fish. We were lucky enough, however, to discover a

lake in the eastern mountains that contained some hybrid trout. Another bonus came when we discovered that the fishing rights to this lake were controlled by a wealthy but benevolent landowner named Peppino Catte. During the early 1960s, this gentleman provided many pleasant angling opportunities for RCAF sport fishermen and their families. Even when our luck was poor, the kind landowner would supplement our catch from his fish nets in the lake and provide a succulent feast to raise our spirits. It was after one such feast that I felt my verbal thanks to Catte was somewhat hollow. Surely, I thought, we could find a better way to repay this man's generosity.

Straight monetary gifts could be diplomatically unacceptable and, besides, we wanted to give Catte something useful – something that would last a long time. We discussed several ideas but, in the end, it was a chance remark by Catte that led our group to commence an operation that would satisfy both our desire to thank our gracious hosts and revitalize the fauna of Sardinia. Catte told us he was constructing a modern fish hatchery that would capture the pure waters that cascaded down the mountain from Lake Flumendosa into the Tyrrhenian Sea. He believed a fish hatchery would greatly improve the commercial aspect of his fresh fish business on the island. However, he also shared the fisherman's chagrin over the loss of trout in the wild streams of his beloved island. Catte was determined to acquire a pure breed of trout. He would raise them in his hatchery and restock the waters of his native land! Finally, we had discovered a way to repay the gentleman's hospitality and, at the same time, leave a Canadian legacy for sportsmen of the future.

As luck would have it, the Canadian Minister of Fisheries at the time was Angus MacLean. He was a former RCAF Wing Commander who, years later, became Premier of Prince Edward Island. I wrote to MacLean and related our story and a request for his assistance to obtain speckled trout eggs from Canada's fishing resources. Although a positive reply was received, a hitch developed. I had indicated that the cost for air transport of the eggs would be borne out of our non-public station fund, but the Minister felt he could avoid this cost and help us by sending the eggs via RCAF transport. Sure enough, I had to respond to a number of messages and letters criticizing my direct contact with other government agencies. I then had to forward a detailed study for Operation Fish Egg to the Air Force Headquarters in Ottawa. Apparently, my apologies were accepted because the chief recreation specialist was dispatched from Ottawa to evaluate my proposal and report on the feasibility of the operation in location. The specialist arrived and was favourably impressed so my hopes were high.

A couple of weeks later, Douglas Harkness – then Minister of National Defence (MND) – conducted a formal inspection of our base and, while visiting the island, was given a taste of the Sardinian hospitality which we hoped to repay. I explained the project to him and politely asked if he could check on things with his colleague at the Department of Fisheries. I wanted to see if the bureaucracy could speed things up and send the eggs before the heat of summer. The Minister said he would be pleased to do so. The essence of the letter sent to me by Ottawa staff was that our chief recreation officer made a good pitch to the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal C.R. Slemon, but the operation was turned down because it was felt that we could not take a chance on

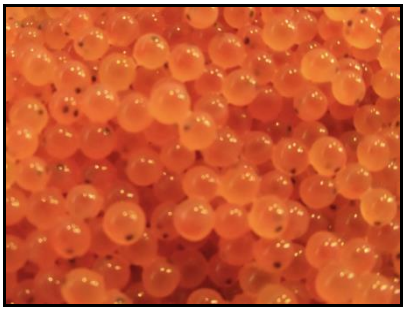
delivering rotten eggs! Two days later, the MND returned to Canada and was able to reverse the decision. At last, Operation Fish Egg was approved. What luck!

Obviously, the safe transport of the delicate fish eggs was critical to the operation. To ensure its success, a fisheries expert from New Brunswick accompanied the three large insulated crates of eggs. These live embryos could be transported only during a few days of their evolution, specifically during the ‘eye'd’ stage. That is when two little dots appear and move around within the egg indicating life and a prediction of their hatch date. Indeed, it was a difficult situation because the 300,000 eggs had to be maintained in a simulated environment while flying thousands of miles from Canada to Europe.

To be factual, the operation entailed five separate movements by five different vehicles with co-ordination required to ensure no excessive delay and an adequate supply of dry ice. From the Canadian hatchery in Saint John, NB, the three crates of eggs were rushed to the airport and then by air to Trenton, ON. From there, the eggs were loaded on a Yukon aircraft and then flown to Marville, France. In Marville, they were loaded onto a Bristol Freighter and then flown to Decimomannu. At the air base, the live embryos were loaded onto a truck and then transported – alive and kicking within their tiny world – over a mountain range to their new freshwater home.

The success of the venture was good reason for celebration. A spontaneous feast took place, complete with short speeches from all concerned. Our language differences resulted in a happy atmosphere because everyone interpreted as he desired and the result was bouquets to all. And throughout it all, the Italian media ensured that positive public relations would never falter for RCAF personnel. A rather typical example of this was a local newspaper article that stated: "Some just come and plant a tree whereas the Canadians provided a permanent legacy to their Sardinian friends."

Of the 300,000 eggs transplanted in 1962 from Canadian to Sardinian waters, approximately 250,000 reached maturity. This certainly exceeded our expectations! The fisheries expert pronounced that Catte's hatchery and the fresh water flowing down from the mountain was the finest he had ever seen. Since that time, the trout have reproduced many times and the ancestors of those Canadian speckled trout now swim in the streams of Sardinia. What's more, Catte's hatchery rapidly expanded and live trout were sent by barge to many Italian ports.



The story of how a few Canadian servicemen helped to repopulate Sardinia's freshwater streams may be a small matter in the affairs of men and women, but it's a big deal if you happen to be a trout or a fly fisherman trying his luck on the island. Indeed, all Canadians should be proud of the success of Operation Fish Egg.

The Eagle named Freedom, by Jeff Guidry

I live in Monroe, Washington and volunteer my spare time working as a member of the educational team at the Sarvey Wildlife Care Center, located in Everett, Washington. The Center provides food, shelter and rehabilitation to orphaned and injured wildlife.

Freedom is an eagle and we've been together ever since she came in as a baby in 1998, with two broken wings. Her left wing still doesn't open all the way, even after surgery; it had been broken in four places. When Freedom came in, she could not stand. She was emaciated and covered in lice. We made the decision to give her a chance at life, so I took her to the vet's office. From then on, I was always around her.

We had her in a huge dog carrier with the top off and it was loaded up with shredded newspaper for her to lie in. I used to sit and talk to her, urging her to live and to fight. She would lay there looking at me with those big brown eyes. We had to tube feed her for almost six weeks and she still couldn't stand. It got to the point where the decision was made to euthanize her if she couldn't stand in a week. It was a fine line between torture and rehab and we didn't want to cross it.

I was supposed to see the vet to discuss putting her down the next day. I didn't want to go because I couldn't bear the thought of her being euthanized. I went anyway and, when I walked in, everyone was grinning from ear to ear. I immediately went back to her cage and there she was, standing on her own – a big, beautiful eagle. She was ready to live. I was almost in tears by then. That was a very good day. We knew she could never fly so the director asked me to glove train her.

I got her used to the glove and then to jesses and we started doing education programs for schools in western Washington. A jess (plural "jesses") is a thin strap, traditionally made from leather, used to tether a hawk or falcon in falconry. Jesses allow a falconer to keep control of a bird while it is on the glove or in training and allow a bird to be secured on a perch outside its aviary. Believe it or not, we were in the newspapers, radio and on TV. Miracle Pets even did a show about us.

In the spring of 2000, I was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. I had stage three, which is not good. It meant it was located in one major organ plus everywhere else. I had to do eight months of chemo. I lost my hair and I missed a lot of work. When I felt well enough, I would go to the Center and take Freedom out for walks. Freedom also came to me in my dreams to help fight the cancer, time and time again.

In November, 2000, I went in for my last check-up. I had been told that if the cancer was not all gone after eight rounds of chemo, then my last option was a stem cell transplant. When I returned for the results, I was told that all the cancer was gone. The first thing I did was get up to Sarvey and take Freedom out for a walk. It was misty and cold. I went to her flight, jessed her up and we went to the top of the hill.

I hadn't said a word to Freedom but, somehow, I think she knew. She looked at me and

wrapped both her wings around me to where I could feel them pressing in on my back. Engulfed in eagle wings, she touched my nose with her beak and stared into my eyes. We just stood there like that for I don't know how long. That was a magic moment. My soul-mate was a very special bird

I have had people who were sick come up to us when we were out and it's almost like Freedom has some special hold on them. One time, a gentleman who was terminally ill saw us. I let him hold her. His knees almost buckled and he swore he could feel her power course through his body. I have so many stories like that. I have never forgotten the honour I had of being so close to such a magnificent spirit as Freedom!!

Imjin River Hockey in Korea

I'm writing this on Opening Day of the Winter Olympics, 2018 in Pyeongchang, South Korea. More than sixty-five years on, passions still run hot over the hard-fought hockey matches between Canadian soldiers serving in the Korean War. As our country returns to the rinks there, let's take a look back at the Imjin River contests that showed that eternal Canadian spirit. Go Canada, Go!! (Cordial Scribe's two bits – They didn't!)

The river ice wasn't always in great shape and the boards were just sandbags and wood but, in the early 1950s, Canadian soldiers at war in Korea suited up for a series of hockey games. The rink was on the Imjin River, just a few kilometres away from hostile Chinese forces. These hockey games were a footnote to a war that claimed 516 Canadian lives. More than 25,000 Canadians served in the Korean War.

The Imjin River hockey games in the 1950s had roots in government damage control. In the wake of WWII, the Canadian military decided to provide their own troop-welfare programs. The troops in Korea complained that they were doing a poor job of it. It became a serious issue, provoking debates in the House of Commons. In response, the Minister of National Defence, Brooke Claxton, flew to South Korea in late 1951 and promised soldiers movies, twenty cigarettes a day and sports equipment.

The troops wanted more than just coffee and cookies so they got hockey gear. After

the delivery of skates, sticks and protective pads, army engineers sprang into action. They used sand-bags and wood to fashion shin-high boards around a small cleared surface on a tributary of the Imjin River. A match between teams of the 1st Battalion (Btn) Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPCLI) and the 2nd Btn Royal 22e Regt (Van Doos) was played on 11 March, 1952. No one can remember how close the rink was to the front-line but it was likely within range and earshot of Chinese artillery. PPCLI Sgt Dennis Moore was fighting when he was told he would be suiting up. He had played left wing in high school and was, no doubt, thrilled to be escorted away.

A heated dressing tent had been set up. Hundreds of soldiers crowded around to watch. Mr. Moore, 87, remembers that the frozen river was "just like a piece of glass." The play was a little less clean. "We went at it pretty good," he recalls. The soldiers organized a few teams according to the regiments and rivalries erupted on the ice. At one point, Mr. Moore checked a player with the Van Doos and sent him flying over the low boards. The player leaped back up and the two traded blows. The soldiers had stacked their guns in a nearby vehicle before playing, although the referee carried a pistol. "I didn't see him going for his 9 mm, though" said Mr. Moore, with a laugh. "We didn't even get penalties, looking back on it." He believes he is the last living PPCLI from those games. The ice rink in the midst of a war zone attracted its share of attention. American helicopters hovered overhead to watch. At one point, Australian soldiers formed a team of their own, although they struggled to skate. I've been asked if I was ever scared and I always say, "Well, who would ever think of attacking thirty Canadians with hockey sticks in their hands?" Canadian soldiers played hockey games in the winters of 1952 and 1953, although it's not clear exactly how many matches in total. In 1952, Claude Charland, then a Lieutenant in command of a Van Doo infantry platoon, was called to duty on the right wing. "The war disappeared for just a moment," he said, "and the players forgot about everything else." "There was no room to think about attacks or bombs. When the game was finished, we all hoped there would be a next one. It was a tremendous morale booster," Mr. Charland, now 88, said.

In a strange twist, Canadian soldiers may actually have played a bigger role in boosting Japanese hockey. At the time of the Imjin River games in 1952, a senior officer told the men the best team would be sent to Japan to play against the national team there – a rare change for a week away from the battlefield. "Of course, this is why people gave it all they had," Mr. Charland said.

The CF brought hockey into Korea in other ways too. They sent Detroit Red Wings defence man, Red Kelly, to visit the troops. He narrated films of his team's winning Stanley Cup re-runs for them. The Canadian troops spent much of their time in Korea during a protracted stalemate amid negotiations of an armistice agreement, although firefights and bloody raids still took place. Hockey wasn't their only sport. Soldiers also

fashioned a volleyball court and baseball diamond. At one point, they staged a military-themed track and field day whose events included precision tossing of (inert) grenades. The soldiers were far from the first Canadians to bring slap shots to Korea. Hockey had come to the country much earlier, played by university teams. The Korean Ice Hockey Association was first established in 1928. It's believed that Canadian missionaries played a role in bringing the game to the country, just as U.S. missionaries spread baseball, a sport that has grown far more popular in modern-day South Korea.

The military eventually delegated an all-star team. Mr. Charland was among those flown to Japan. Standing at barely 5'6", he was startled to find taller, blue-eyed players on the other side. "They had come from the northern part of Japan," in areas with mixed Russian heritage" he said. The Canadians lost the first two games but won the second pair. "The Japanese were very diplomatic about the whole thing," Mr. Charland says. The same could not be said about the Canadians, whose passions over the Imjin games still run hot enough that Mr. Moore and Mr. Charland recently got into a heated exchange over the results. In the final game of 1952, the PPCLI beat the Van Doos. "The games we played, we won," Mr. Moore says adamantly. Nearly seventy years later, Mr. Charland isn't prepared to admit defeat. "Of course, the PPCLI won the tournament," he said. However, there is a saying in the Regiment... "The Van Doos never lose. We may not win, but we never lose!"

Railroad Track Widths

The U.S. standard railroad gauge (the distance between rails) is 4 feet, 8.5 inches (4' 8.5".) The responsibility for the choice of this exact measurement rests with the British engineer, George Stephenson, of locomotive fame. While inspecting some portions of the Roman wall through which chariots used to be driven, he discovered that deep ruts had been worn in the stone. Not doubting that the Romans had adopted this gauge only after much experience, he determined to use it as a standard in the construction of his railroads. From that time on, the measurement of 4' 8.5" has been the standard gauge in both England and the United States.

That's an exceedingly odd number. Why was that gauge used? Because that's the way they built them in England and when Americans started building their own railways, they used equipment purchased from English manufacturers. Naturally, the equipment used on the rails necessitated that the rails be the same size in both countries. Why did the English build them like that? Because the first rail lines were built by the same people who built the pre-railroad tramways and that's the gauge they used. Why did they use that gauge then? Because the people who built the tramways used the same jigs and tools that they had used for building wagons, which used that particular wheel spacing. Why did the wagons have that particular odd wheel spacing? Well, because that's the spacing of the wheel ruts. If they tried to use any other spacing, the wagon wheels would break on some of the old, long distance roads in England. So, who built those old rutted roads? Imperial Romans built the first long distance roads in Europe, including England, for their legions. Those roads have been used ever since. Why

were there ruts in the roads? Roman war chariots formed the initial ruts that everyone else had to match for fear of destroying their wagon wheels. Why were these chariots such a specific size? The chariot was attached to a cart axle pulled by two horses in harness. How was the cart axle designed? Naturally, Imperial Roman cart axles were made just wide enough to accommodate the rear ends of two war horses, so, the chariots were all alike in the matter of wheel spacing.


1


2


3


4


5


6

To be specific… the width of the horse's behinds (1) led to the size of the chariots used (2.) The chariots left ruts in the road (3) so wagon wheels (4) were sized to fit perfectly in the ruts. When George Stephenson saw the ruts, he presumed the distance was by specific design and he built his railway (5) to fit the ruts. When Americans purchased train equipment from England, they bought standardized railroad gauge of 4' 8.5".

Now the twist to the story… When we see a Space Shuttle sitting on its launch pad, there are two big rockets (6) attached to the sides of the main fuel tank. These are solid rocket boosters (SRBs.) The SRBs are made by Thiokol at their factory in Utah. The engineers who designed the SRBs might have preferred to make them a bit fatter, but the SRBs had to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site. The railroad line from the factory had to run through a tunnel in the mountains. The SRBs had to fit through that tunnel. The tunnel is slightly wider than the railroad track and we now know how wide that track is. So, the major design feature of what is arguably the world's most advanced transportation system was determined over two thousand years ago by the width of the horse's behinds!

The Bombing of East Grinstead, by Stephen J. Thorne, *LEGION MAGAZINE*

(A note from your cordial scribe: While most of the stories we are sharing are upbeat, this story tells of devastation and death of civilians, including children and both British and Canadian military personnel. We cannot put our heads continually in the sand and

say it didn't happen. It did and this is how it happened. This town had never been touched by the German bombers but, one particular day, one of them became detached from the rest of the Flight headed towards London. I can remember attending the Victory, Broadway and the Palace theatres up in Timmins in the mid-forties and I also saw the Hopalong Cassidy Western movies. Really, I was lucky to be in Timmins, away up in Northern Ontario and far away from the War Scene because there, but for the Grace of God, go I! If I can set the scene like this and you, the reader, can put yourself in it, you may feel entirely different about reading a story such as this one.)

On July 9, 1943, a Dornier Do 217E became separated from the rest of its ten-plane Luftwaffe flight as it entered a cloudbank on its way to bomb London. During World War Two (WWII,) the Germans were based near the town of Toulouse, France, close to the border of Spain. During the war, the German bombers crossed the English coast on hundreds of raids that dropped tens of thousands of tonnes of bombs, killing some 60,000 British civilians and injuring 80,000 more – most of them Londoners. The market town of East Grinstead located at Surrey, in Southern England, lay below the German's flight path. It had always been a potential target for Germans passing overhead but, until this day, it had never been touched. It was 5:05 p.m. on a wet and miserable Friday and the Whitehall Cinema on London Road was unusually full with 184 people watching Hopalong Cassidy. Many were children. There were dozens of Canadians there too – mainly soldiers from a broad cross-section of units and disciplines: signallers, support troops, armoured, infantry, artillery and combat engineers, to name a few. Most of the audience paid little heed as the air-raid sirens sounded and a warning appeared on the screen. They had, after all, encountered alarms many times before.

Depending on the specific type and configuration, the Dornier could carry as much as 4,000 kilograms of bombs. Its armament included a manned, forward-firing MG-15 machine gun in the nose. Some were also fitted with a movable 20-millimetre cannon up front along with a fixed 15-millimetre weapon installed in the forward floor, all controlled by the pilot using a firing button on the yoke. By 5:10, the plane with its four-man crew was circling, seeking targets before turning for home. It sighted a train at nearby Lingfield. The pilot dove and strafed it before following the railway south until he found East Grinstead.

Patricia Lorange, from Surrey, had met her husband-to-be, Alex, a pilot from Montreal, during the Battle of Britain. In a letter written to the local town council ahead of this 75th anniversary, the 92-year-old war bride said she was working in an East Grinstead shop at the time of the attack. She said she didn't hear the siren but she did hear the loud noise of a plane diving very close. Looking out of her window, she saw a German plane with its black-and-white cross. She also saw the pilot's face in profile and thought it seemed close enough for her to reach out and touch him. She left the window to throw herself on the floor, yelling, "It's Jerry!" She saw the bombs leave his plane and start their rapid curving flight towards the cinema and then heard the awful sound of more explosions and then machine-gun fire. After circling twice, the pilot dropped his stick of bombs on London Road and High Street.

Two bombs – one fifty kilograms and one 500 kilograms – crashed through the cinema roof. The bombs were delayed action but there was an immediate and panicky rush for the exits. Some people in the front seats were able to escape safely but, sadly, most could not. The bombs exploded, destroying the building and burying most of those inside under piles of rubble. Thirteen-year-old John Parsons had gone to the cinema with a friend after school. "We saw the newsreel and while a cowboy film was showing, the bombs fell," he said in an interview shortly after the attack. "I was sitting in the front row – in the "tenpennies." The first thing I noticed was a sort of crackling which ran along the ceiling. The exit lights and the film went out at the same moment and the place was in complete darkness. Bits of debris started flying about. I got on the floor in less than a second. I crawled along in front of the seats, jumped up and ran to the exit. Just as I was going up the steps there was an explosion. Then I felt a pain in my face and found I had been cut. When I came out I heard machine-gun fire and I stepped back inside again. When the firing stopped, I left the cinema." Another fifty-kilogram bomb hit nearby Bridgeland's, an ironmonger. The shop had 500 gallons of paraffin in the cellar which exploded, together with another fifty-kilogram bomb that exploded at Rice Brothers, next to Bridgeland's and one at the Scotch Wool Shop. Sainsbury's, between Bridgeland's and the cinema, collapsed. A fifty-kilogram bomb exploded on London Road, by the Wesleyan Church Hall. The Warwick Arms pub, where some Canadians were hoisting a few, was also hit. Another bomb hit the Brooker Brothers shop and four fifty-kilogram bombs hit a stationer's shop, Tooth's. Two other fifty-kilogram bombs landed but didn't explode.

East Grinstead's Whitehall Theatre **before** it was destroyed by a Dornier bomber.

East Grinstead's Whitehall Theatre **after** it was destroyed by a Dornier bomber.

The Dornier then wheeled around and strafed London Road, the railway approach and a train approaching the station.

- Norman Henry Arnold was in the Whitehall Cinema during the bombing but escaped without serious injury. He worked at a railway signal box at Three Bridges, about ten kilometres away and was making his way to the station when he was hit twice in the back when the bomber returned to machine-gun the town, dying soon after.
- Herbert Brackpool was working in the cinema's basement bakery when the ceiling split open and four female casualties fell through. His eleven-year-old son – Michael John – was later found in the theatre rubble by a co-worker.
- Carol Ann McCollum may have been the youngest victim. She was two or three. Her father Edmund was a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

- Canadian Lance-Corporal George Dale Burgess of 3 Provost Company died five days later from wounds he sustained in the attack. He was from Toronto.
- Robert Wesley Harcourt, a Captain in the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, was killed along with his English wife Ethne at the Whitehall Cinema.

Police, Home Guard and civil-defence workers rushed to the scene, along with troops based nearby, many of them Canadians. At least 108 people died in the attack, including nearly two dozen Canadians. Another 235 were injured, most of them seriously. The last survivor was rescued at 7:10 p.m. Eighty died in the theatre, including thirteen children. Some fifty more were badly injured. Information online suggests the aircraft was excavated in the 1970s. The crew was buried in a local cemetery and later exhumed and repatriated to Germany. Most of the Canadians lie buried at Brookwood Military Cemetery in Woking. This Cemetery, located thirty miles from London in Surrey, is the largest Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery in the United Kingdom. The cemetery contains the graves of more than 1,600 servicemen of the British Empire in the First World War and over 3,470 from the Second World War.

The countryside around the south of England was dotted with grass-field air bases and the Dornier was shot down by anti-aircraft fire. My father, an Air Force doctor, was dispatched to the crash site near Bletchingly, about five kilometres from Redhill. There were no survivors. “Felt awful,” he wrote in his wartime diary on July 9, 1943. “Dornier… crashed near Bletchingly after bombing theatre.” He took no satisfaction in recovering parts of the Dornier pilot from a tree. I believe it was at this site when he picked up a German Luger pistol, its barrel bent backwards. He considered keeping it – a violation of the rules – but thought better of it and took the plane’s clock instead, which I still have.

The clock my father recovered from the Dornier that bombed East Grinstead. It still works.

A formation of Dorniers flying in 1940. The plane was to become a standard in the Luftwaffe arsenal.

The memorial at East Court features the names of all those killed in the East Grinstead bombing.

All his life, my dad spoke bitterly of the incident and the children’s deaths. As much as the deaths of all the pilots and others he knew, I am sure it shaped his post-war life immeasurably. He admired the Germans for their precision and workmanship, but he never understood how people could so blindly follow a madman like Hitler. Most of his views mellowed over the years but, as much as he loved cars, he never drove a German car and he made my sixteen-year-old brother return the first automobile he bought – a used Volkswagen Beetle.

The Farmerettes, by Trina Moyles

When the men of the family left to fight in the Second World War, (WWII) it was up to the women to take control of the family home. Approximately 760,000 Canadian women did so and they continued to feed our country and the soldiers on the front lines. When WWII broke out, the women of the house waved goodbye to their husbands and sons and became the only one responsible for acres of grains, animals, maize and pastureland. Overnight, they became the farmer, created out of hardship. They had abundant gardens with potatoes, carrots, beets, peas and giant heads of cabbage. They kept cattle, pigs, sheep, chickens and a team of draft horses for pulling the plough through the fields. Every spring, the sheep were sheared for wool and spun into yarn. When the farming took a rest, they cooked, canned, knit garments and did everything else that held a family together. These "Farmerettes," who sustained themselves with rationing, probably liked to think that they were feeding their sons and husbands, as they served and sacrificed overseas. Their work was, undeniably, their sustenance. God Bless the ladies of that generation!

The Women's Land Army, by Tammy Newman

The Women's Land Army (WLA) made a significant contribution to boosting Britain's food production during the Second World War (WWII.) Before WWII, Britain had imported much of its food. When war broke out, it was necessary to grow more food at home and increase the amount of land in cultivation. With many men off to war, women were needed to provide a new rural workforce. The WLA, originally disbanded at the end of WWI, was reformed in June 1939. Women were initially asked to volunteer and, from December 1941 on, were also conscripted into the WLA. At its peak in 1944, there were more than 80,000 women – often known as "land girls" – in the WLA. Land girls did a wide variety of jobs on the land. They worked in all weathers and conditions and could be directed to work anywhere in the country. (Editor's note: my mother-in-law, Pam Lemire, was proud to be a British Land Girl.)

Land Girls Employed as Rat Catchers

Pests posed a serious threat to supplies of food and animal fodder on British farms. During wartime, there were thought to be over 50 million rats in Britain. To help counter this threat, teams of land girls were trained to work in anti-vermin squads. Two land girls are reputed to have killed 12,000 rats in just one year. Land girls in anti-vermin squads were also trained to kill foxes, rabbits and moles.

The Women's Timber Corps

The WLA had a specialist forestry branch called The Timber Corps. The Women's Timber Corps was set up in 1942 to help source and prepare wood which was needed urgently for pit props and telegraph poles. The work carried out by women in the Timber Corps, known as "Lumber Jill's," included selecting and measuring trees suitable for felling, sawing and lifting timber and burning brushwood. Around 6,000 women worked in the Timber Corps.

Ron Joyce – The Other Face behind Tim Hortons, by Sam and Tammy Newman

In northern Ontario during the 40's and 50's, on the gold mine properties near Timmins, there wasn't much to do at the best of times. We only had radio to keep us happy and give us news because I'm not even sure that there was newspaper delivery in those years. I loved the winters the most, either as a rink rat, a player or a spectator. There was always a game going on somewhere. As kids, we saved up for our NHL hockey posters. They adorned our bedrooms, basements, garages and any other spot that wasn't already covered! I've got to tell you, my two favourite hockey players were Bill Barilko (sweaters #21, 19 and 5) and Tim Horton (sweater #7.) They both played in the NHL for none other than the high-flying Toronto Maple Leafs and they were both connected to the Timmins region. Yes, the Leafs have always been my favourite team.

Why did I have such an interest in Bill Barilko, you ask? Well, Bill was a home-grown product from Timmins. Barilko began his playing days in 1947 as #21 but changed to #19 for the seasons 1948-1950. #5 was only used for the one season of 1950 – 1951. He had four Stanley Cup Ring seasons under his belt and he scored the winning overtime goal against the Montreal Habs in Game Five of the 1951 Stanley Cup finals. On August 26, 1951, while flying in a Fairchild 24 float-plane piloted by his dentist, Dr. Henry Hudson, the plane went missing. The plane wreckage was found eleven years later and fifty-six kilometres off course. The cause was listed as a combination of pilot inexperience, poor weather and overloaded cargo. Notably, the Maple Leafs won the Stanley Cup that year after <u>not</u> winning during the eleven years Barilko was missing!

Miles Gilbert 'Tim' Horton lived between 1930 and 1974. Originally from Cochrane, Tim moved closer to Timmins before starting his NHL career. He played with the Leafs from 1950 to 1974, proudly wearing # 7. During that time, he won four Stanley Cups. Notably in seasons 1961 – 1968, Horton appeared in 486 consecutive regular season games, which remains a Leaf record today! Horton later played for the New York Rangers, the Pittsburgh Penguins and the Buffalo Sabres. He was well-known as the founder of Tim Hortons in 1964. Horton died in a tragic motor vehicle accident on the QEW 21 Feb 1974.

By now, you're probably asking yourself why this article is titled Ron Joyce. Most people don't know about his involvement in the Tim Hortons franchise. One morning while drinking my coffee and reading the local paper, I saw a headline titled "I've had a Helluva Ride in Life." It was a tribute written by Mr. Joe O'Connor to Tim Horton's partner, Ron Joyce, 1930 – 2019. Ron died at age eighty-eight, not far from where the first coffee-shop had been established.

Ron Joyce was born in 1930 in Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia. In 1951, he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy where he specialized in the communications field. His tour of duty took him around the world, serving off the coast of Korea and Japan in 1954-55. In 1956, Mr. Joyce moved to Hamilton, Ontario and took up a full-time career with the Hamilton Police force. In 1965, his entrepreneurial spirit had come to the fore and he took over the fledgling Tim Horton Donut Shop on Ottawa Street in Hamilton. By 1967, after he had opened up two more restaurants, he and Tim Horton became full partners in the business. Upon Tim Horton's death, Mr. Joyce purchased Tim's shares from Mrs. Horton and took over as sole owner of the chain, which then consisted of forty restaurants. Interestingly enough, Joyce's son, Ron Joyce Jr., is married to Horton's eldest daughter, Jeri-Lynn Horton-Joyce. Yes, the couple own a Tim Hortons franchise.

Mr. Joyce was instrumental in setting up the Tim Horton Children's Foundation, created in line with Tim Horton's love of children and his desire to help those less fortunate. The Foundation is a non-profit, charitable organization that operates camps for economically disadvantaged children from communities in which Tim Hortons stores operate.

- In 1989, Mr. Joyce was honoured for his success in the food-service industry by being made a Fellow of the Hostelry Institute.
- In 1991, Mr. Joyce's dedication and commitment to the Tim Horton Children's Foundation earned him the Gary Wright Humanitarian Award, presented in recognition of the outstanding contributions to the betterment of community life throughout Canada.
- In 1992, he was selected as the recipient of the Ontario Hostelry Institute Gold Award as Chain Restaurant Operator.
- Mr. Joyce also served as the 1992 Honorary Chairman of the Ireland Fund, an organization which assists in setting up educational and community programs to promote and foster peace and harmony within all parts of Ireland.
- On October 21, 1992, in recognition primarily for his work with the Foundation, he received an appointment to the Order of Canada.
- In May 1993, Mr. Joyce proudly accepted an Honorary Doctorate of Commerce from St. Mary's University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.
- In 1994, he received the McGill University Management Achievement Award. He also holds honorary degrees from Mount Allison University and McMaster University.
- In November 1996, Mr. Joyce became only the second person ever to receive the Canadian Franchise Association's Lifetime Achievement Award.
- In April 1999, he was inducted into the Canadian Business Hall of Fame, alongside other well-known Canadian business moguls and in October of the same year, he was named Entrepreneur of the Year® for Ontario and Canada.
- In June 2005, Mr. Joyce generously donated $10 million towards the construction of

a new sports stadium at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario.

- In November 2005, Mr. Joyce was honoured as the 2005 Humanitarian Award Recipient by the Canadian Red Cross, Nova Scotia Region for his work with the Tim Horton Children's Foundation and for his continued support of education and health organizations across the world.

Mr. Joyce spent one Christmas at an army base in Kandahar, Afghanistan. He declared that the base's Tim Horton's outlet would be serving free double-doubles and doughnuts all day. Unbeknownst to any of the authorities, he had all these extra supplies brought in and then he opened it up to the entire base. It typified the man. As they say in the Special Forces, he was all about deeds and not words. He felt that he was extremely privileged and would always tell you that he was the luckiest man alive.

***Operation Mincemeat* Book Review**, by your Cordial Scribe, Sam Newman

You know how I continue to look around for "The Book" or "The Story" of the decade? Well, I came upon it. A fellow Peace Time Veteran highly recommended it to me and he's one guy that I know who, when he gives me the high sign, I can depend on his judgement. I hate to give anything away, because from start to finish, it was absolutely riveting and I simply could NOT put it down! It is written by Ben Macintyre and is entitled *Operation Mincemeat - The True Spy Story that Changed the Course of World War II.* I know that it fascinated me and I hope it will fascinate my friends, both those who fit into the Veteran category and those who don't.

It really does fit into that cliché "And Now you know the Rest of the Story." Simply stated, it deals with a dead man and a bizarre plan which fooled the Nazis and assured an Allied Victory! It can be described as a "small classic of deception, brilliantly elaborate in detail and completely successful in operation." The deception not only worked, but, it succeeded dramatically and with a profound impact. I can't give away any more than that except to say, if you enjoy intrigue, are interested in furthering your knowledge of World War II and desire something out of the normal stream of reading, you won't be disappointed. Enjoy!

Ode to the Tudor House, by Ron Boughton, C & PO's Association Newsletter

The Tudor House was located in Esquimalt, British Columbia. It was built to be a home away from home for the military and merchant navy. Originally called The Sailors' and Soldiers' Home, its grand opening was on May 5, 1904. The Colonist newspaper described the building as "being beautifully equipped to supply the immediate needs of the service man and to provide him with a place for relaxation and amusement." In 1917, the building reopened as the Sailors Club, providing a "well-scrubbed, bright, cheerful home with good home cooked meals." In 1919, His Royal Highness, Edward VIII, The Prince of Wales dropped by and signed the guest book. The Sailors Club was wet (served alcohol) and everybody else was dry. You couldn't get a drink in Victoria

until 1952, so everyone went there. In July 2013, The Tudor House burned down.

The Tudor House burned down today, and many a sailor is heard to say
A friend is gone, now we must pray, and remember well a special day.
When I was young and very nervy, I'd go inside and talk to Herbie,
And see if I could get a drink; I'm "21", I'd hope he'd think
Though younger than the legal age, you'd be OK if you behaved,
Until at last the law arrived and you were asked to wait outside.

What stories of the fights and brawls when chairs and tables hit the walls,
And legends from the fleet emerged... Don't fight them was the word.
Foreign navies came and went, and all their monies they have spent
And told their friends both far and near, the Tudor had the finest beer.

From Karaoke to sports pub, they sponsored teams without a snub;
From young to old and in between, all types of people would be seen.
Entering to buy some grub and beer, of course, "Support the Pub,"
And now it's gone, it seems a shame; only memories and ash remain.
The Tudor House burned down today and many a sailor is heard to say,
A friend is gone, now we must pray; and remember well a special day!

(Your Cordial Scribe's note: I was one of the lucky young Matelots who, early in my career, was posted out to HMCS Naden in Esquimalt. It made me yearn to be a "West-Coaster," with an "E" on my Dog Tags rather than the "H" which I ended up with. I was housed in Nelles Block to attend the Naval Training Centre in 1960. I made many long standing friendships and it did, on more than one occasion, offer me an opportunity to become one of the attendees at the famous Tudor House. I learned, in no uncertain terms, that when it came to Navy CLASS, this was one of the high spots.)

The Lint Roller, by Murray Lewis, *Our Canada* magazine

The Red Poppy. The Cenotaph. The Wreaths. These are among the images associated with November 11th. Recent years have added another, perhaps, surprising item to my list of Remembrance Day icons – the lint roller! For any member of the Canadian Armed Forces, the lint roller is an essential piece of equipment and it is always in demand on Remembrance Day.

After my son returned from Afghanistan, I travelled to Edmonton for a visit and was able to join him for Remembrance Day ceremonies. The morning of my wedding day involved considerable chaos, but it was nothing compared with that morning on November 11th. I got up, showered and dressed. My son had to sew, iron, polish, run around hunting for various suddenly missing bits and pieces and, finally, apply the lint roller to every square inch of his uniform (I'm sure that I missed some steps in this list because there are a **LOT** of steps.) The lint roller must be wielded in such a manner that every bit of fluff, speck of dust and hint of lint is removed. The uniform must be

pristine. After you're dressed, it's useful to have a comrade, spouse or – in a pinch – a parent around to go over the hard-to-reach areas behind you. I did my best to ensure that the lint roller got everything there was to get. And when we arrived at the parade ground, the lint roller came out again.

Last year, I travelled with my younger son and a friend to Ottawa for the Remembrance Day ceremony at the National Military Cemetery. My younger son is a member of the Royal Canadian Navy and his friend was a member of The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada, so I got to observe as both men struggled with their dress uniforms – one involving a kilt. We have cats and so we went through three lint rollers that morning. Still, when we got out of the car, we spent twenty more minutes with yet another lint roller. It's not clear where I'll be on November 11th this year, but you can be sure there will be lint rollers involved! Lest We Forget.

The Mystery of the "Big Prop," by Captain Terry Rollins, PX Magazine
Thanks to Mr. John Scott for pushing this story along.

In 1943, a group of friends purchased 100 acres of land on Bowen Island, BC. Thirteen waterfront lots were developed. On one of the lots, owners built a summer cottage and later moved there as permanent residences. There was no electricity on the island and so they wanted to build a wind generator. A friend saw a used propeller at the Air Base and asked the attending mechanic if they could have it. With approval, the rotor was sailed to Bowen Bay. Realizing that a foundation to support such a heavy prop would require sturdy engineering and a lot of planning, the Watts propeller was jammed beneath the front deck until such a robust structure could be built. In 1983, with the old cottage in disrepair, it was simply removed. At that time, a 12'x 3' Watts aircraft propeller was found jammed under the deck between the joists. I, the author, was called to identify the prop. I was shocked as I had never seen a propeller that long.

Unfamiliar with what kind of plane it came from, we contacted the National Aviation Museum in Ottawa. According to the Museum, in 1935/36, there were twenty-six Blackburn Shark ll (760 hp/570 kW Tiger VI) float planes that were purchased by the RCAF on the recommendation of the British Air Ministry. Their purpose was to be the standard RCAF torpedo-bomber for Western Canada. They established a float-plane base at Jericho Beach in Vancouver with Detachments at Pat Bay, Ucluelet, Alliford Bay and Prince Rupert. With the outbreak of WWII, the Shark ll became the primary patrol bomber for the West Coast of Canada, carrying 250 lbs of torpedoes. Although none of the planes ever dropped a torpedo, Japanese submarines had been spotted along the coast of B.C. They were withdrawn from service in August 1944. Oddly enough, of the twenty-six Shark ll's, seven were reduced to spare parts, five were returned to the Royal Navy in England, one crashed during an initial testing at Trenton in 1938 and thirteen crashed along the B.C. coast. This propeller still exists and is probably the only one left in the world. You can find it hanging on the wall in the South Terminal of YVR.

These photos were taken from the Vancouver Airport Media Department to illustrate that yes, indeed, the propeller is located at their airport. Thanks Arpen Thandi for your help.

SS Warrimoo
Submitted by Joe Wright, C2HT (Ret'd) – Chiefs' and Petty Officers Mess, Halifax

The date was 31 December, 1899. The passenger steamer SS Warrimoo was quietly knifing its way through the waters of the mid-Pacific, on its way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix and brought the master, Captain, John Phillips, the result. The Warrimoo's position was latitude 0 degrees, 31 minutes N and longitude was 179 degrees, 30 minutes W. "Know what this means?" 1st mate Payton broke in. "We're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line." Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check and double check the ships position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he adjusted the engine speed. The calm weather and clear night worked in his favour.

At midnight, the SS Warrimoo lay on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line. The consequences of this bizarre position were many.

- The bow of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere and in the middle of summer.
- The stern of the ship was in the Northern Hemisphere and in the middle of winter.
- The date in the aft part of the ship was 31 December, 1899.
- In the bow (forward) part, it was 01 January, 1900.

This ship was therefore not only in two different days, two different months, two different years and two different seasons, but it was also in two different centuries – all at the same time! One wonders if the record will ever be equalled.

Izzy Dolls, by Shirley O'Connell, Perth, ON Reprinted from *Our Canada*, Summer 2017

We tend to think of our soldiers as being tough, dedicated and highly trained to serve and fight for peace to protect Canada and to help protect all the innocent victims of war around the world. Little do we think about the humanitarian side of each and every soldier who puts his or her life on the line every day in the service of peace. This is only one story of a Canadian unit, the 1 Combat Engineer Regiment – which lost one of their own, MCpl Mark Isfeld (Izzy,) on peacekeeping operations in Croatia in 1994.

In 1993, while on tour in Croatia with his Regiment, Isfeld drove into a village and noticed something on a pile of rubble by a destroyed house. Although it looked like a small child, it was actually a life-size doll. He took a photo and on his next leave home to Courtney, BC, he showed it to his parents, Brian and Carol Isfeld. Mark said "Look, Mom, A little child has lost her doll and a doll lost her little child." Remembering his happy upbringing in Canada, he added, "These kids don't have a childhood." Carol was moved by the photo and felt the need to do something to help her son cope with the daily challenges he faced on duty. Giving a gift of a doll to the children of war, to bring a little happiness into their lives, would also bring joy to Mark as he gave them out. So, Carol began crocheting little dolls – girls with yellow pigtails and boys with blue berets. She sent them to her son and, as Mark gave out the dolls, he became known as the soldier who collected little smiles, little handshakes and little hearts.

After Mark's tragic death a year later, his troop continued giving out Izzy dolls to the children in his honour. Over the years, the Izzy doll has become a symbol of peace, showing the humanitarian side of all Canadian soldiers. Nationwide, knitters and crocheters joined Carol`s cause to bring smiles to the children of war. Their candid comments expressed the joy they felt in helping the children. Many of the elderly crafters lived through war and the Great Depression. They said they knew what it was like to have nothing and that creating an Izzy doll for a child who had nothing was something they just had to do.

To relieve suffering in the world, Vancouver resident and Canadian veteran Billy Willbond and his wife Lynne started ICROSS Canada (International Community for the Relief of Suffering and Starvation.) Since its inception in 1998, ICROSS Canada has repurposed and distributed millions of dollars` worth of medical equipment to suffering Third World villages and sent medical aid and much more. Billy sought and received

permission from Carol Isfeld to use the Izzy doll for, as Billy put it: “the poorest of the poor on the planet.” Carol Isfeld suggested the knitters and crocheters use darker colours for the skin tones, making the dolls more real for these children. It would be called the Izzy African Comfort Doll and even more crafters were excited to volunteer.

Although Billy`s death in 2014 has left an unmistakable void, many veterans across Canada – including Maj Gen Lewis MacKenzie (Ret`d,) the patron of ICROSS Canada – continue to collect used hospital equipment, Izzy dolls, African comfort dolls and medicines for shipment to all countries needing assistance. Much has happened in the years following Mark`s death. More than 1.5 million Izzy dolls have brought comfort, peace and love not only to the innocent victims of war but also to children suffering globally because of natural disasters, starvation, displacement and trauma. Many Canadian charities, doctors, health care workers, students and others also take thousands of Izzy dolls with them each year to distribute to children in South America and Third World countries.

In 2007, following the death of Carol Isfeld, I (Shirley, the author of this story,) became the new Izzy Doll Mama. “I`m fortunate to be working in partnership with the Canadian Military Engineers, other Canadian Armed Forces personnel and, in particular, with former Canadian Military Engineer Association president LCol Ken Holmes (Ret`d) who is my Military Advisor.” Phyllis Wheaton has written a book, *In the Mood for Peace: The story of the Izzy Doll*, which taught me the true meaning of a humanitarian – the giving of time, talent and love shown for the suffering children of the world.

The Izzy Doll project has also captured the interest of the youth. Through a program called “Encounters with Canada” that is sponsored by Veterans Affairs Canada, selected students from across Canada arrive in Ottawa to participate in a week where they discover their country through each other, learn about Canadian institutions, meet famous and accomplished Canadians, explore exciting career options, develop their civic leadership skills and live an extraordinary bilingual experience. For the past five years, students attending an Izzy Doll workshop during Remembrance Week finish making an Izzy doll that will find its way to some trouble-spot.

Like the Scout Motto says, Be Prepared!

Kazimierz (Kaz) Piechowski (1919 – 2017) was a member of the Polish Scouting Association. After the invasion of Poland in 1939, members of this Association were branded criminals by Nazi Germany. He was nineteen when German forces swept through Poland and began killing priests, intellectuals and members of the country’s Scouting organization, fearing – correctly – that the Scouts would help form the seeds of the country’s underground resistance. Kaz struck out for France, aiming to join the displaced Polish army but he was captured near the Hungarian border and imprisoned. On June 20, 1940, he was sent to Auschwitz, which had been opened a month earlier by the SS as a concentration camp for criminals and political prisoners. Kaz was a political prisoner, #918.

Under the threat of death, Kaz took on a new job, working more than twelve hours a day to expand the forced-labour camp into the core of an elaborate killing centre. Kaz enacted his own unlikely escape plan in 1942, two years to the day after he arrived in Auschwitz. He had seen plenty of escapes foiled by the electrified barbed wire and watchtowers surrounding the camp and knew that ten people were forced to starve in reprisal for each person who escaped. A friend of Kaz's, Eugeniusz Bendera, learned that he was scheduled to be killed and suggested they flee the camp in an SS car. Bendera, a mechanic, had access to the vehicles. In an effort to spare his cellmates from retribution, Kaz devised a plan in which he, Bendera and two others, Jaster (a former Scout) and Lempart (a priest) would leave the main camp area by pretending to be part of a four-person work unit. Kaz figured that if the entire unit disappeared, their block supervisor would likely be held wholly responsible. If they were caught, the men agreed, they would shoot themselves.

On a quiet Saturday morning, they pushed a garbage cart through the first camp gate, under a sign reading "Arbeit Macht Frei" (Work Sets You Free.) They had taken a cart and passed themselves off as haulage detailers – a work group which consisted of between four and twelve inmates pulling a freight cart instead of horses. Once through the first gate, they scurried through a coal hatch inside a warehouse and Kaz led them to a room where they nabbed SS uniforms, four machine guns and eight grenades. They stepped inside the speedy Steyr 220 belonging to commandant Rudolf Hoss and drove toward the camp's main gate, greeting an SS officer with a "Heil Hitler!" along the way. At the camp's outermost gate, they were met with a closed barrier. "Wake up, you buggers!" Kaz yelled in German to the men manning the gate. "Open up or I'll open you up!" The gate opened and the escapees drove to freedom. According to the Auschwitz Museum, only 196 inmates were successful in their escape attempts.

Still, the episode seemed to haunt each of them. Kaz spent years speaking with student groups and others about the Holocaust and his experiences at Auschwitz. He described nightmares of guard-dogs, nerve problems and a sense of duty that led him to recount his memories, despite the pain they caused. "I am a Scout and I will be one to the end of my life, so I have to do my duty – and be cheerful and merry," he told interviewers. Like the Scout motto says, Be Prepared!

Verse and Sound Stir Vimy Salute, by Lieutenant Colonel (LCol) Joe Belanger

LCol Joe Belanger of the 1st Hussars attended the 100th Anniversary of the historic 1917 Battle of Vimy Ridge. A poem written by Penn Kemp, *The Stand of Oak*, was read at the anniversary celebrations. Kemp is a Canadian poet, novelist and playwright who lives in London, Ontario. She was London's inaugural Poet Laureate and Western University's Writer-in-Residence as well as the 2015 League of Canadian Poets' Spoken Word Artist. Ms. Kemp's great uncle, Sir Arthur Currie, led one of the four Canadian Divisions to what historians say was a nation-building victory.

During the celebrations, former Canadian Armed Forces member, Ryan Mullens, played “Amazing Grace” at the Ridge on a two pronged wooden drone flute. This flute is made out of a very special wood. After the battle of Vimy, a soldier named Lt. Miller collected some acorns off of the battlefield and sent them home to Canada. The Vimy oaks have been growing in Greenbank, ON, north of Oshawa for about the last 100 years.

When I found out I was going overseas, I contacted a friend of mine, Stephen Rensink, who makes flutes. I thought it would be an interesting project to see if we could have something made to honour those soldiers. It's made in the style of a Native American flute. It is two flutes so it creates a droning effect. It has a little bit of a bagpipe sound to it. The drone flute is carved out of wood from Vimy Oaks, a woodlot that originated from acorns collected at Vimy Ridge a century ago. He has a line from Kemp’s poem engraved on it – “In the slow dream of trees may the men awake who died here.” Kemp says that she was “really moved and truly honoured” about her poem’s line written on the flute. Mullen played the flute at all the battlefields that week.

For those who might have forgotten, or never knew, the Battle of Vimy Ridge, April 9 – 12, 1917, involved four Canadian divisions and is considered by historians as a major symbol of nationhood. This battle was significant because it was the first time that Canadian forces had been assembled together to fight as a single unified force. It was an **important** conflict on the Western Front of World War I. Capturing **Vimy Ridge** was also **important,** strategically, for the overall war. The Canadian force of 97,000 men suffered casualties of 3,598 killed and 7,004 wounded, with four men later awarded the highest military honour – the Victoria Cross.

Angel of Dieppe

Sister Agnes-Marie Valois, who earned the nickname “Angel of Dieppe” for her defiance in treating Canadian soldiers on the beach of Dieppe during the disastrous Second World War raid has died, aged 103. Valois became an iconic hero to Canada’s veterans for defying Nazi authorities on the bloodstained beach who ordered her to treat wounded German soldiers before aiding the Canadians. The words from LCol (ret) Hardy Wheeler, with the Essex and Kent Scottish Regiment – one of the first units to hit the Beaches of Dieppe, ring true:

> “She was known for standing up to the German soldiers; they held a gun up to her and told her to treat the German injured firsts, but she just looked at everyone as equal – regardless of rank, regardless of nation, regardless of who or what you were, she treated those who needed help the most.”

Military lore says she even defiantly stood between an injured Canadian soldier and a German soldier preparing to shoot him, saying he would have to shoot her first. Eventually, the soldier backed down. Hundreds of Canadian soldiers passed through her care, both on the beach and afterwards, in the hospital at Rouen. The disastrous assault on the coastal port of Dieppe in Nazi-occupied France on Aug 19, 1942, was a costly one for the Allied forces, in which about 5,000 of the 6,000 troops were Canadian. Nearly 1,000 Canadians died, thousands more injured and captured.

The soldiers never forgot her and she never forgot them. The connection between Valois and the Canadian military grew year after year as she was an honoured guest at commemorations, reunions and remembrance services. A French citizen, she was awarded Canada's Meritorious Service Medal in 1998. In 2012, the City of Windsor, ON, home to the Essex Scottish regiment, presented her with a key to the city. She died 19 April, 2018 at age 103. News of her death, confirmed by Veteran's Affairs Canada, passed quickly through the offices of regiments across Canada that had fought at Dieppe. Many wounded Canadian soldiers spoke of her soothing voice and comforting care and her promise to always care for them. They loved her and she loved them. Whenever she met what she called 'my Canadians,' she had a great big smile on her face, said Tim Fletcher. Fletcher is a retired Captain with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, another unit that suffered heavy casualties during the landing in the area code-named Red Beach, near where Valois helped.

Fletcher was in Dieppe in 2007 with Jack McFarland, a Hamilton vet who was wounded at Dieppe, when McFarland's eyes lit up: He got excited and he grabbed my arm. That's my nurse. That's her, that's Sister Agnes, Fletcher said. The way they were responding to her was remarkable. They called her the Angel of Dieppe. LCol John Hodgins, Commanding Officer of the Windsor-based regiment now known as the Essex and Kent Scottish, who met her in 2006, said her name remains widely known and revered by members of the unit. She was very important to the regiment. Everyone is so respectful of her tenaciousness to stand up at gunpoint to help. It was a touching moment when she was reunited with her boys.

Valois became a nun in 1936 at the Convent of Hotel-Dieu in Rouen and worked as a religious nurse during WWII. After the deadly Dieppe raid, Valois and her fellow sisters treated hundreds of wounded soldiers. They also gave Canadian soldiers a proper burial in the Convent grounds rather than turn the bodies over to the Germans as they were told. Valois remained bitter about the engagement. Several times, when asked about that day, she gave the same answer... "It wasn't war, it was a massacre."

Heroic Efforts on the Rocky Shores of Burin Peninsula, NL

In June 2016, I represented my Legion Vimy Branch 145 at the Dominion Convention held in St. John's, Newfoundland (NL.) Going to NL also afforded me the opportunity to spend some time with friends I met during my 2009 Youth Leaders Pilgrimage of Remembrance. Their name was Newman too, believe it or not, but totally unrelated. It was a time to renew old stories and to visit the Burin Peninsula. The highlight of that mini-reunion, for me, was to hear the stories and see the places where things happened. It was there that I first heard about the sea tragedy of two American Navy ships – the USS Pollux supply ship and the USS Truxtun destroyer. I knew I had to write down this story before it disappeared from my memory. Our group spent an entire day learning about the brave Newfoundlanders who risked their lives to save the crew members from these two ships. We saw the spot where the ships ran aground and hit the rocks. We climbed the cliffs to get a better view of the terrain and we saw the distance it took for the locals to reach that rocky shoreline. Having viewed it all, we had a better idea of the odds that were against the two ship's crews that fateful winter night.

When the WWII broke out in September, 1939, Allied Forces quickly recognized that Newfoundland was in an unusually strategically location. The Island was closer to Europe than any other part of North America and an invasion there would give enemy forces easy access to both Canada and the United States. Yet, the small British colony did not have any military bases of its own at the start of hostilities and could not afford to build any. As a result, the Newfoundland and British Governments agreed to allow Canadian and American Armed Forces to establish a series of bases on the island and in Labrador. One of these was Naval Base Argentia, a large American navy base and naval air station, on the Island's south-east coast.

In the early morning hours of 18 Feb 1942, the USS Supply Ship Pollux was steaming toward this base with a valuable cargo of bombs, radio equipment, aircraft engines and other needed supplies. It had left Maine two days earlier and was being escorted by the USS destroyers Wilkes and Truxtun. The vessels would protect the Pollux in the event of an enemy attack. Many of the sailors in the convoy had enlisted in the Navy only two months earlier, following Japan's surprise attack at Pearl Harbour on 7 Dec 1941. The military strike prompted America to enter the war and motivated thousands of young recruits to join the Armed Forces. By now, that war was almost 2 ½ years old and the North Atlantic was a hotbed of military activity. German U-Boats patrolled these waters and frequently torpedoed convoys travelling from one Allied Port to another to prevent them from delivering vital equipment and supplies.

In addition to worrying about enemy attack, however, sailors also had to deal with unpredictable and hazardous weather conditions in the North Atlantic ocean. A violent winter storm was pelting the Wilkes – Truxtun – Pollux convoy as it steamed towards Argentia. Visibility was zero and gale force winds whipped sleet onto the ship's decks and covered them with ice. As the vessels plunged through giant waves and rough seas, navigation became a growing concern. Many men onboard the Pollux worried they would collide with one of the destroyers. It was Navy policy that ships travelling in

convoy follow a zig-zag route. This helped to evade U-boat attack but also increased the risk of collision in the blinding conditions of the storm. At some point during the night, the navigator aboard the Pollux recognized the convoy was slightly off course. He plotted this by a dead-reckoning track from a known position that was hours old. He recommended that they abandon the zig-zag pattern and change course by thirty degrees. Navy regulations dictated that they follow the track laid down by their flagship but eventually agreed to a ten degree course change. Unfortunately, this was not enough alteration to steer the ship out of a danger that lay just 2 ½ hours ahead. Only the Wilkes made it. The other two ships went aground on the jagged rocks of Newfoundland's south coast in the ferocious winter storm. Giant waves eventually pounded the vessels and broke them to pieces. The Truxtun was trapped in Chamber's Cove and the Pollux was 1 ½ miles west of them at Lawn Point. The Truxtun carried 156 men and the Pollux carried 233.

For hours, those men fought to survive in the driving sleet, howling wind and the bitter cold of the North Atlantic. With their ships breaking up beneath them, they first had to cross the raging ice-cold seas that separated them from land. Then they had to travel over miles of snowy wilderness to reach the nearest inhabited buildings. A great number of men spent all night outdoors, huddled wet and cold in caves or under clumps of trees. Many drowned or froze to death. Of the 389 aboard the two vessels, 203 died but 186 lived! They lived because of their determination, resourcefulness and courage. Their survival was also due to the tremendous heroism displayed by residents of St. Lawrence and Lawn Point. These rescuers travelled to the wreck sites through blowing snow and spent hours hauling men out of the ocean, pulling them over the icy cliffs and rocky terrain, eventually bringing them into their own homes. The rescuers and their families bathed the numb and semi-conscious survivors in warm water, gave them what little clothing and food they had and nursed them back to health. Although one of the worst disasters in US Naval History, the story of the Pollux and Truxtun is not just about death and anguish, it is about human courage, generosity, transcendence and bonding. The local townspeople risked their own lives to save strangers in imminent danger and, in the process, forged intimate relationships that would not only span the decades but would dramatically change the lives of some survivors.

In an interesting anecdote, there was a black sailor aboard the Truxtun by the name of Lanier Phillips. He was the victim of severe racism not only while growing up in Georgia during the 20's and 30's but also while enlisted in the US Navy. To this day, Phillips credits the kindness and respect he received from the white people of St Lawrence with changing his life and giving him a newfound sense of self-worth. He says that it motivated him to fight racial discrimination in the U.S. and to become the first black sonar technician in the US Navy. Today, Philips is widely recognized as a civil rights role model. Although many lives were lost as the result of the shipwrecks, 186 were saved. One life, at least, changed for the better with profound and far reaching results.

Epilogue - An update from a survivor's daughter, Terry, whose father was rescued by the brave citizens of Lawn. The message was read by Eileen Brockerville-Thorne, as Terry couldn't attend the Memorial Ceremony of February 18, 2019.

Hello everyone. Today, I'm reminded of the surprise and gratitude the sailors felt at their first reunion in 1988, when they discovered that you held remembrance services every year, in honour and memory of them and of those who were lost. I recall my father's story of arriving at the fish plant the year before, in 1987, on a sailing cruise and discovering that instead of everyone forgetting that he was rescued at Lawn Point and taken to the Rose home, everybody remembered and he was treated like a hero. He was moved to tears telling that story, but he couldn't imagine why he'd be considered a hero. As you all know, he owed his life to the rescuers at Lawn, not the other way around. So he left that title for the deserving rescuers of both Lawn and St. Lawrence who truly were his heroes. Many of you may also have heard him wisely point out that there was nothing heroic about running up on the rocks in a ship because you were thirty miles off course! I will never stop being awestruck by the tremendous courage, tenacity and self-sacrifice of your family members in rescuing and caring for our young sailors and the risks that were taken to rescue even those that seemed impossible to save. I will forever feel grateful for being part of all of you, part of this story and for having been given the gift of telling it. You, as a community, have always known that what your relatives did out there was essential. I believe it's that deep value of your humanity that made your family's rescue whoever they could that night and the days after and that compels us all to keep this memory alive. I have seen photos of Lawn Point in winter and I can see what it was like that night and what it took to overcome the weather and freezing spray to save even one soul. No doubt, it was a human miracle of heart, spirit and generosity beyond expectation. That is what we continue to celebrate and what holds meaning for us, decade after decade. I wish I could be there with you all today and I will be again soon. In the meantime, I'm sending you a deep bow of thanks and gratitude. With love, Terry.

Message in a Bottle, taken from the *Washington Post*, September 19, 2018

On Mar 26, 1930, four roofers in Goslar, Germany inscribed a message to the future. "Difficult times of war lie behind us," they wrote. After describing the soaring inflation and unemployment that followed the First World War, they concluded, "We hope for better times soon to come." The roofers rolled up the message, slid it into a clear glass bottle and hid it in the roof of the town's 12th century cathedral. Then they patched up the roof's only opening. Eighty-eight years later, while doing maintenance work, fifty-two year old roofer, Peter Brandt, happened upon the bottle. He recognized the letterhead of the receipt paper on which the note was written, as well as the name of one of the signatories: Willi Brandt (not related to former chancellor Willy Brandt.) Willi, a shy, eighteen year old roofing apprentice at the time of the note's creation, was Peter's grandfather. "It was an exciting find," Peter Brandt said, given the improbability of discovering the bottle in the roof his grandfather had repaired almost a century earlier. The letter, Brandt said, is from a dark chapter of Germany's past. But its discovery offered a chance to reflect on today's relative peace and prosperity.

He has memorized one of the message's lines in particular: "we worked an entire week for one pound of butter and one bread *(sic*,)" wrote his grandfather and his colleagues in

1930. “It’s shocking when you think about the country we live in today and all the things we can afford now,” Peter said. “They were already living in difficult times. But the war made everything even worse.” A few years after his grandfather signed the note, he enlisted as a soldier during the Second World War where he was captured and imprisoned by the Russians. After returning to Goslar, Willi resumed his profession. He never talked about the war. “When I met him, he was very reticent and closed off,” said Peter, who joined his grandfather on the roofs of the town’s buildings during his school holidays when he was twelve. Peter would later take over the family business.

In September 2018, Goslar Mayor Oliver Junk, along with Goslar residents including Peter Brandt, returned the eighty-eight year old message to its resting place. Although the original paper from 1930 is now in the town archives, a copy and an added message from the mayor were inserted in the bottle and placed in the roof of the 12th century cathedral. The mayor hopes that in one hundred years, another roofer will discover the bottle. Although he won’t reveal exactly what he wrote in his message to future Goslar residents, he said he doesn’t hope for better times. Rather, he says: “If there’s still peace then and the people are doing just as well as they are today, that’s enough.”

Did You Know... about the Ice Cream Barge?
Perhaps the war's most unusual ship was commissioned in 1945 at a cost of around one million dollars. It was the US Navy's Ice Cream Barge – the world's first floating ice cream parlour. Its sole responsibility was to produce ice cream for American sailors in the Pacific Theater. The barge crew pumped out 1,500 gallons every hour! The concrete hulled vessel had no engine but was towed around by tugs and other ships. A second barge, also in the ice cream business, was anchored off Naha, Okinawa.

Did You Know... WWII Legally Ends in December, 1947?
Although the war officially ended on August 14, 1945, Britain extended this date to December 31, 1947. This extension was to make allowance for the many casualties who died from wounds received during the true war period to be classified as war dead.

The Teardrop Memorial – A Lesser Known Salute to the Twin Towers

Almost everyone remembers where they were when they heard about the attacks on the World Trade Centers on September 11th, 2001 but, for some, details and specifics about that day and its aftermath have started to fade. In fact, an entire memorial has already faded from memory – Russia's gift to the United States, which is called "To the Struggle against World Terrorism" or, more simply, "The Teardrop Memorial." The tower is made of bronze-coated steel. Standing at 100 feet tall and weighing 175 tons, the monument was shipped from Russia to the United States in six sections – weighing between twenty-eight and sixty-three tons each – and assembled by a group of Russian artisans. Russian artist Zurab Tsereteli spent several months in the U.S. overseeing construction of the memorial. It has a jagged gash running through the center and a

delicate (albeit huge) stainless steel teardrop suspended within the crack. The idea behind the design is to touch on the grand scale of heartache that terrorism causes. It represents sadness and grief over the loss of life but, also, hope for a future free from terror. The jagged opening frames Manhattan and, if the viewer is standing in the correct spot, the site of the twin towers. In 2011, a piece of steel from the World Trade Center was placed next to the site.

Sculptor Zurab Tsereteli, a famed Russian artist and the man behind the monument, was hesitant to build his memorial on top of Ground Zero out of respect and chose Bayonne for a few reasons. It is only 9.8 miles from Ground Zero in New York City and served as an arrival point for many evacuees on 9/11 and a staging area for rescuers. The site offered a direct view of the Statue of Liberty and the former World Trade Center towers. By day or by night when it is lit, the Memorial is clearly visible from lower Manhattan, the Staten Island Ferry, ships passing through New York Harbour and airplanes approaching Newark Airport. In fact, the memorial is made up of only one column because from Bayonne, the World Trade Center towers appeared to be one building.

Tsereteli was inspired to build the memorial on his own and even footed the bill himself, an estimated $12 million. The statue is an official gift of the Russian government. Both Vladimir Putin and Bill Clinton attended the dedication ceremony on September 11, 2006. Along the 11-sided granite base are plaques etched with the names of those who died in the 9/11 attacks in Washington and Pennsylvania, as well as on the World Trade Centers in both 1993 and 2001. The design of the memorial itself has been both praised and criticized but the statue is accepted by most. Despite its imposing size, history has largely forgotten the statue.

Many feel that its location in Bayonne, New Jersey has something to do with the fact that few know about the site. They have called the memorial tacky, ugly, insensitive, simplistic and heavy-handed. *Foreign Policy* magazine listed it as one of the world's ugliest statues. Some have called the artist “one of the world's blatant self-promoters" based on past works he has done. Unfortunately, Tsereteli used an outdated list of names of the deceased. He failed to remove forty-three names that were deleted from the official record when their actual deaths and, in some cases, their very existence was not proven. The most prevalent criticism has been that this supposed expression of grief and empathy was a gift from the citizens of a country considered a political enemy.

Yes, there was a lot of controversy over this monument but it is a beautiful work of art and a fitting memorial located on the New Jersey side of the Harbour. Some praised the piece for its meaning, with President Bill Clinton thanking the artist for “capturing the remarkable feelings that go beyond words” at the 2006 dedication ceremony. Many believe it is a touching gesture and are glad to know that the Russian government and

the Russian Academy of Arts cared enough to build it in the first place.

Remember... The French hated the Eiffel Tower for a generation before they started warming to it. Pre-Eiffel Tower Paris had just been renovated with grand boulevards, tree-lined streets, historic buildings, lush parks and gardens. According to locals, all of that was ruined by a giant, black, wrought-iron monstrosity towering into the air. For many, it seemed horribly out of place and a petition was submitted to stop construction. Heck, even many NY'ers hated the World Trade Center for the forty years it existed. Plans to build the World Trade Center were controversial. Its site was the location of Radio Row, home to hundreds of commercial and industrial tenants, property owners, small businesses and about one hundred residents, many of whom fiercely resisted forced relocation. A group of affected small businesses sought an injunction, challenging the Port Authority's power of eminent domain. The case made its way to the United States Supreme Court but the Court refused to hear the case. In the end, love it or hate it, maybe it's the spirit of the monument that should be the focus.

Lest We Forget, by W. E. Heron, Chairman of 434 (Niagara Peninsula) Wing

Too many times we take for granted, things that we should treasure
Things that we enjoy in life and give us hours of pleasure
But stop a while and think of those, who not so long ago
Went overseas to unknown lands, how quick they had to grow

So many hearts were broken, when to foreign lands they went
Not knowing what awaited them, not sure why "they" were sent
To fight in armed conflict on land, in air and sea
These brave young men and women, how determined they would be

They faced their foe and stood for right for all the world to see
And along the lines of battle they fought for you and me
Some friends are gone, no more to speak they paid a price too high
They stood for right and justice but, why did they have to die?

The sacrifice you made for us, was the price that freedom brought
Our lives are much safer now because of battles fought
And yes, some did survive and homeward bound they came
But there are just too many for me to know you all by name

So I'll just say to those that served although we've never met
A word of thanks and gratitude and no, I'll not forget.

Steinbach Woman finds 102-year-old Letter from Manitoba Vimy Ridge Soldier

The owner of a Steinbach antique shop and cafe (Amanda Kehler) is on a mission to find descendants of a soldier who wrote a letter 102 years ago. Amanda bought a box of random old papers for $1 in an estate sale but never dreamed she'd find such a treasure. The letter, sent in May of 1917 from a military hospital in Birkenhead, England was addressed to a Selkirk woman. It described in detail how the woman's brother, Gordon, saved his life in the Battle of Vimy Ridge, during WWI. Sadly, Gordon lost his own life in the battle. The Battle of Vimy Ridge was fought April 9-12, 1917.

"I found it and read it and re-read it and I just knew it was something very special." I couldn't believe that I had found it in a box with torn ripped papers that anybody could have thrown out," said Kehler, The faded address on the letter says Miss P. Rochford, Manitoba Avenue, Selkirk, MB. The letter is postmarked May 1917. According to Canadian military records, Earl Sorel was but twenty years old at the time. Both Earl and Gordon grew up in Selkirk, MB and had been friends for a long time. Earl describes how Gordon saved his life:

> "On Easter Monday, the big advance on Vimy Ridge started. At 0500, we were all lined up in the trench waiting for the barrage to open up and then we were to advance. At 0530, we started. Gordon, the Sergeant of platoon #9 led. The barrage was like a thunderstorm and we were trotting along at a good pace. We had gone about 1200 yards and bang – I felt a sharp burn in my back and left arm. The next thing I remembered was Gordon pulling me in a shell hole and he told me to stay there. That was the last I saw of poor Gordon. Later, I was helped to the dressing station by a corporal. It was just the other day in this hospital that I learned that Gordon was killed. He died a hero along with many others that day."

"A lot of people have been offering to buy the letter from me already and it's creating quite a stir," Kehler said. "But, I don't want to sell it. It's a pretty neat family heirloom. I would hope to find someone that it means something to."

Dr. Stephen Davies is the project director for The Canadian Letters and Images Project at the History Department of Vancouver Island University. The Project is an online archive of the Canadian war experiences as told through the letters and images of Canadians themselves. It is history without a lens of interpretation by the present. It is about ordinary individuals who did extraordinary things for our nation. Vimy is often thought of as that big battle… where Canadians took the Ridge. Letters like this one let people see the individual and personal side of what's really important. They also help us understand the relationship that soldiers had with one another, their camaraderie and their empathy when faced with loss. One letter, by itself, may seem insignificant. However, in combination with the slew of other materials found in the Project, that single item can help to tell a remarkable story of the unyielding spirit of a country at war.

An Insight on "Black History Month," by Elizabeth Renzetti of the Globe & Mail

Forward by Your Cordial Scribe: Who we choose to remember and who we let history forget defines us, both as individuals and as a country! The month of February is Black History Month (BHM.) This should give cause for folks, including myself, to learn more about what has made our country different and, even, great over the years. My parents lived in a gold mining community known as "The Porcupine," located in Timmins, ON which is pretty far up north. In the late 1930's, when I made my arrival into the world, there were many displaced people that came north to make their living. There were Swedes, Danes, Italians, Croatians, Greeks, Finns, Germans, French and likely more that I can't recall right now. I can't, however, ever remember seeing a dark skinned person until I was seven or eight and I ended up taking piano lessons from that same person – a story for another day. She was a lady who reminded me of the "Aunt Jemima Pancake" wrappings in the local grocery store and she was the kindest and most talented lady I can remember from those early days. She baked the yummiest pancakes and cookies and her piano abilities matched both her cooking talents and her disposition. I invite you to be the judge of the comments offered below.

BHM is observed across Canada every February. BHM in Canada provides an opportunity to share and learn about the experiences, contributions and achievements of peoples of African ancestry. It was initiated in Canada by the Ontario Black History Society and introduced to Parliament in December 1995 by Jean Augustine, the first Black woman elected as a Member of Parliament. BHM was officially observed across Canada for the first time in February 1996. Before BHM in Canada, there was a movement in the United States to recognize Americans of African descent. In 1926, African American historian, Carter G. Woodson conceived of the idea to declare Negro History Week to coincide with the birthdates of abolitionist and former enslaved person Frederick Douglass and President Abraham Lincoln. During the 1970s, the week became known as Black History Week and, in 1976, it was expanded to BHM.

Graveyards are a wonderful classroom for the living. Not just for the finger-wagging from the great beyond but for the lessons they offer about the past and the future. On a chilly night one August, I stood in a graveyard in Nova Scotia and learned about a woman whose history I should have known. Annapolis Royal is a pretty, tiny town that is perched on the lip of the province. It is situated on traditional Mi'kmaq territory that was settled by Europeans in 1605. The past lives in its streets and is buried in the old garrison graveyard of Fort Anne, one of the most hotly fought-over bits of land in Canadian history. Twenty years ago, I took one of historical interpreter Alan Melanson's famous candlelight tours of the garrison graveyard. Given that cemeteries aren't known for their adherence to new trends, I didn't expect much to have changed when I returned this year. There was, however, something new: an elegant monument to one of the town's great entrepreneurs, a black Loyalist named Rose Fortune. Now we're talking about a freed slave who had arrived with her family in Nova Scotia just before the American War of Independence. Rose became a famous figure in town, using her wheelbarrow to help transport travellers' goods from the wharves to their lodgings. She is often referred to as the country's first unofficial policewoman, as she enthusiastically

applied her baton to keep local rowdy teens in line. Her business grew and prospered and she became the matriarch of a Nova Scotia transport dynasty. On July 1st, 2017, Rose's monument, a metal sculpture that also functions as a bench, designed by artist Brad Hall, was unveiled in the garrison graveyard. We gathered around the bench, holding our lanterns high, as Mr. Melanson related Rose Fortune's story. I wondered why I'd never heard it before. I had spent many childhood summers in Annapolis with my grandparents and they'd never mentioned it; perhaps they didn't know either. The little I knew of black Maritimers in those days had to do with how my grandmother's few black classmates were abysmally treated in their rural school.

History has a lot of gaps to fill and amends to make and perhaps now is the time to make them known. Monuments have very little to do with the past and everything to do with the societies that create and remove them. The majority of Confederate statues now so hotly contested in the American South were not erected right after the Civil War but, instead, years later in the Jim Crow era, as a way of reinforcing white supremacy. And of course, it is an indication that Canadians might finally be taking reconciliation seriously if we consider removing John A. MacDonald's name from schools and Hector-Louie Langevin's name from government buildings. Symbols do matter. Who we choose to memorialize and who we choose to forget are clear indications of what a society values: the way forward or the darkness of the past? When New Orleans Mayor Mitch Landrieu announced the city was taking down four Confederate monuments, he said it was a way of rectifying "a lie of omission." The decision, he acknowledged, was difficult in the moment, but right for the future, "making straight what has been crooked and making right what was wrong."

In Halifax, just a couple of hours away from Annapolis Royal, there is a difference of opinion over what to do about the statues of Edward Cornwallis. He was the founder of the city but perhaps, more importantly, a man who put bounties on the heads of people whose land he helped steal. Take him down? Move him to a museum? Leave him be? Rebecca Thomas, Halifax's poet laureate, lays out some alternatives in her poem "Not Perfect." You could, let's just say, consider putting up memorials to people who are worthy (but not perfect,) people such as Donald Marshall Jr. or Anna Mae Aquash, who also have left their fingerprints on the country's history but do not get schools, streets or hockey arenas named after them. Scattered around Halifax, I found a bunch of fascinating temporary markers dedicated to hometown heroes, none of whom I knew: Clare Gass, a nurse in WWI, who encouraged John McCrae to publish "In Flanders Fields" and George A. Downey, a member of the "Black Battalion," decorated for his service in WWI who re-enlisted to fight in the next one, despite racial discrimination in the forces. On the Halifax pier was a picture of the Jewish Legion that had trained in Nova Scotia to fight in WWI and had included David Ben-Gurion in its ranks. Temporary markers, all of them! Any one of them could have a prominent permanent memorial, such as Rose Fortune's – if we're at a place where individual heroism outweighs political power and military domination in the scale of what we honour, that is. If we decide to think again about who we should honour, there certainly are a lot of worthy ghosts who could be brought back to life!

Did You Know… Air travel is the second safest form or transportation. Only the elevator/escalator is safer, although it would take quite some time to travel 1,000 miles on an escalator.

Radio Broadcasters and Journalists, by Your Cordial Scribe

You know, one of my favourite daily pastimes is reading the newspaper, with a freshly brewed cup of coffee at my side. The weekends are extra special as I get to read both my local *London Free Press* and the *Toronto Star*. The weather outside can be anything, my wife can be anywhere and last night's sleep is irrelevant. Every morning is a perfect opportunity for me just to read and contemplate. Sadly, it seems that never a week goes by without losing a close friend or a distant colleague. I'm certain that everyone in our age group goes through that, especially when you've met many people throughout your lifetime! Just thinking about it causes me to remember two deaths - one twenty-seven years back and the other in early 2019. I'm referring to two of my favourite radio broadcasters/journalists – Barbara Frum and Joe Schlesinger.

Barbara Frum was born in Niagara Falls, NY and grew up in Niagara Falls, ON. Her dynamic personality made *As It Happens, Morningside* and *The Journal* three of our Nation's favourite radio and TV programs. Frum was such a perfectionist, constantly searching for the "why" behind the events of the day. She reached into the most troubled and remote areas of the world and covered some of the most complex and, often, ludicrous topics. In 1979, she was named to the Order of Canada. Frum endured a very private battle with leukemia for eighteen years and the country was in shock when she passed away on March 26, 1992. She was only fifty-four years old. Among her many tributes was an editorial cartoon depicting her at the gates of Heaven with a reporter's notebook, insisting on interviewing God. Her daughter, Linda Frum, is a Canadian senator and a member of the Canada-Israel Committee and her son, David Frum, became a political journalist and, after he moved to the United States, was a speechwriter for George W. Bush.

Joe Schlesinger, one of the finest journalists of his generation and one of the world's best, made us care about stories that otherwise seemed remote. His parents sent him and his brother to England when he was ten to escape the horrors of the Holocaust. Sadly, they were not as lucky and were killed. Schlesinger had a lifetime of reporting from the front lines of history. He will be remembered by the many Canadians whose understanding of the world largely came from his decades of insightful, sharp-edged reporting, delivered on CBC in his distinctive, gravelly voice. Schlesinger always said, "We should remember that Canadians desperately want to understand and care about the world and we need to help them do that." He was made a Member of the Order of Canada in 1994. He also held honorary doctorates from the University of British Columbia, the Royal Military College of Canada, Dalhousie University and Carleton University. Schlesinger died at ninety, after a prolonged illness on February 11, 2019.

It is my opinion that the careers of both of these distinguished Canadians led to hearing

about the scoops of a lifetime. We have been privileged to be along for the ride with both of these fine, respected people. Again – We Will Remember!

Roger Ptosnick, submitted by Linda Kohut, Winnipeg, MB

Roger enlisted in the Canadian Army at the age of twenty, serving with the Armoured Regiment, Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians.) He was a dispatcher, riding his motorbike in Britain, Italy, France, Germany and Holland during the Second World War. His job, then, was taking messages or papers to the different headquarters of each squadron. He said, “It wasn’t too bad. You got shelled along the road sometimes but you just kept going and that was it. If your time was up, I guess it was up. That’s the way I looked at it.” After the war, he started his own plastering and stucco company. Later, he worked making artificial marble tops, then as an ice-maker and maintenance man at Dutton Arena, in St. John's-Ravenscourt School.

During both his working career and retirement years, he served tirelessly for the Royal Canadian Legion in numerous capacities. He enjoyed speaking to school children and youth groups about the roles that Canadian service personnel had during the wars. He was the Manitoba correspondent for the Legion magazine for twenty-three years. He was actively involved in the maintenance of the Legion's athletic camp at the International Peace Garden. A Legion member for sixty years, he was honoured with a lifetime membership. He received the Meritorious Service Medal and Palm Leaf, the highest honour given to an outstanding Legion member. In 2012, he was honoured when he received the Queen Elizabeth Diamond Jubilee Medal.

Diamond Jubilee Medal

Roger Ptosnick (1921-2013)

Meritorious Service Medal

Roger was the first volunteer to distribute memorial prints that the Canadian Fallen Heroes Foundation had commissioned for Winnipeg soldiers, finding an appropriate home for his fallen comrades. Roger passed away in 2013 at the age of ninety-two. The greatest tribute you could pay Roger would be to observe a minute of silence, wear a poppy or attend a memorial service on Remembrance Day.

Buchenwald Survivor – Ed Carter-Edwards
By Sam Newman and Les Peate, a Korean War Vet and author for Esprit de Corps

It is apparent that the Holocaust was one of the most all-encompassing and devastating persecutions of our life-time. Since six million Jews and five million non-Jews lives were ended in the Wartime Concentration Camps, while enduring unbelievable torture and starvation, we must make it our business **never** to forget that part of our history. The most exclusive Canadian Veteran's Associations of them all is the Konzentrations lager Buchenwald (KLB) Club. Its members are Allied aircrew who were imprisoned in the notorious Buchenwald Concentration Camp during World War II (WWII.)

Of the 168 airmen held there, twenty-six were Canadian; one of those was Edward Carter-Edwards. Ed was born in Montreal in 1923 and he joined the RCAF during WWII. *O*n June 9th, 1944, the twenty-one-year-old wireless operator/air gunner was forced to bail out when his Halifax Bomber was shot down near Paris. By a stroke of luck, he made contact with the French Underground Movement and was spirited away in an attempt to gain freedom. After a few close shaves, his luck ran out. He fell into the hands of the Gestapo who sent him to Buchenwald to await execution.

Two explanations are given for the Allied airmen being sent to a concentration camp. First, they had managed to make contact with the French Resistance. Some were disguised as civilians and they were carrying false papers when caught. They were, therefore, categorized as spies, which meant their rights under the Geneva Convention were not respected. The second explanation is that they had been categorized as *Terrorflieger* – terror aviators. The aviators were initially held in Gestapo prisons and headquarters in France. In mid-1944, they and other Gestapo prisoners were packed into covered goods wagons (boxcars) and sent to Buchenwald. The journey took five days, during which they received very little food or water. After experiencing a number of horrifying incidents, Ed was fortunate enough to encounter a visiting Luftwaffe Officer who had heard that Allied aviators were being held in the camp and demanded their release. He was transferred to a regular POW camp for the rest of the war.

Following his liberation, Ed returned home and married Lois in 1946. They settled in Ancaster, ON. Ed had a marvellous voice and sang with choirs in the local region and afar. After retiring from Westinghouse/Camco, Ed and Lois moved to Florida before settling back in Smithville in 1994. Ed was a co-founder of the Hamilton/Burlington chapter of the National POW Association and a member of many clubs – the KLB Club, the Association Française Buchenwald Dora et Kommandos, the RCAF Association, RCAFA 434 Wing, 427 Lion Squadron, the Smithville Legion Branch 393, the 6th RCAF Museum in Dunnville and honorary member of the OPP Veterans Association.

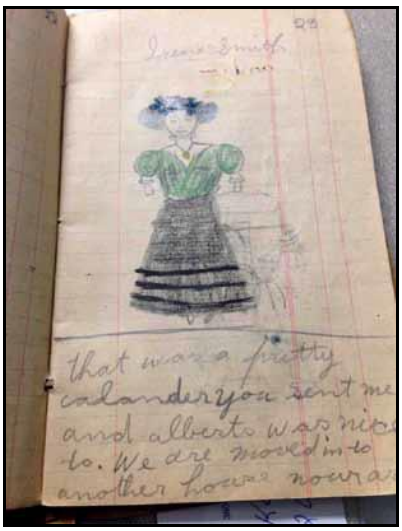
Before Ed passed on, I (Sam) was fortunate to be in his company many times as my wife and I were often down in the Fonthill / Welland area. We enjoy spending time with Ed and other members of the 434 (Niagara Peninsula) RCAF Association Wing. We could literally fill books and books of detail and stories concerning Ed's life. Ed's forte was, undoubtedly, public speaking! He spent many hours talking to people of all ages,

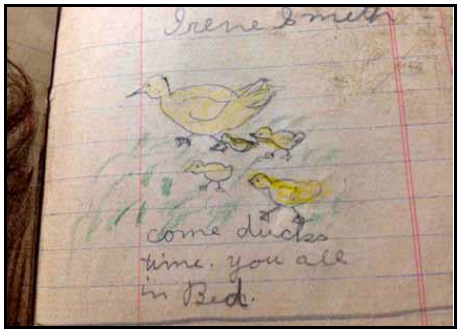
from elementary through to university level, service club members and various Associations. He spoke both at home and abroad on his war experiences, the dangers of intolerance, the need for compassion and human understanding. His tenor voice, sense of humour that spat out endless jokes and talks about his POW experiences were so much a part of Ed. He passed away in his 94th year and has been sorely missed by Lois, his wife of seventy years, his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Along with many of his colleagues and family – WE WILL REMEMBER.

Diary of a Little Girl's Life, by Gordon Sinclair Jr., Winnipeg Free Press June 28, 2014

I visited Elmwood Cemetery on Mother's Day to lay flowers at my mum's grave and spoke with the new executive director, Wayne Rogers. He told me about a woman who had been by the office earlier in the day, carefully clutching the sketch-book diary of a nine-year-old Winnipeg girl who died in 1909. The drawings and words remember a little girl who died over a century ago. If someone can be brought back to life, I suppose a cemetery is the right place to start.

The woman, a retired teacher named Linda Kohut, had chanced to find it in late March. She had come to the cemetery looking for the child's gravesite and the rest of the story. The little girl's name was Irene Jessie Gertrude Smith. Eventually, I was able to reach Linda on the phone. "If you look at it, you can see all the fashion, the food and the environment from before the first world war," Linda said. She told me that I had to see it. It's a little girl telling her story by way of art."





When we met, Linda gave me white gloves to open the fragile pages as she shared the story of how she came upon it. Linda isn't related to Irene. She happened to stumble upon the diary because of her neighbour, Sandi Lazaruk, who is Irene's great-great-niece. Sandi and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Salina, are two of only a few surviving relatives of Irene. Sandi asked Linda to help her clean out the apartment of an aunt who had died. Sandi had seen the diary years before when she was younger, but life

has a way of making one look more forward than back and she hadn't thought of the diary in recent years. Both she and Linda were happy to find the diary still intact.

"I haven't been in here since I was my daughter's age," Sandi said last month when we all visited Irene's still upright and clearly legible granite stone in the children's section of the Cemetery. She said her grandfather, who was Irene's brother, took her to visit the grave until he died. There are photos of both him and Irene in the same Scottish kilt and attire the family still has. There's also a drawing in Irene's book of her brother dancing in the Highland outfit. "I would like to have met her," Salina said as we left the cemetery. We do meet Irene through the drawings and the words she left us in the fragile and time-tattered book that suggest who she was. She loved drawing flowers, farm horses, birds and especially families of ducks. "Come ducks," she wrote under a drawing of a mother and her ducklings, "time you all in bed." But there is an evident depth to Irene's sweetness that the childlike drawings don't reveal. "Over and over again," she writes, "no matter which way I turn, I always find in the book of life some lessons I may learn." All the time spent drawing, in an age long before Facebook and iPhones, suggests what the family lore says. Irene had polio and spent much of her time in bed at 838 Pritchard Ave., the home of her father, a railway policeman and labourer.

Irene would write her name at the top of each page and number them. On page sixty-four she wrote: "I cannot think of anything else to do. I am going to draw in my other book when this one is finished." But she wasn't to finish the book. Three pages later, in an uncharacteristic stick-figure drawing, she appears to depict a man in a hat holding a child's hand and a single phrase, "Summer day." The numbered pages are blank after that page sixty-seven. Little Irene died of a chronic heart condition on Aug. 20, 1909, the same day more than ninety years later her great-great-niece's daughter, Salina, would be born. There is one more significant aspect to the story.

Linda Kohut, the woman who found the diary, works with the Royal Canadian Legion. She carts a trunk full of First World War artifacts with her, trying to make young school children aware of their personal histories, especially as they relate to family members who served or died in fighting for Canada. "It's quite often difficult to engage little kids in the idea of remembering," Linda said, "but it's wonderful when we take along a little girl's sketch-book." That's why Irene will live again. Bless her wee heart and memory. The little girl had been buried for more than 100 years. Her diary brought her back for me, her few relatives who survive and, hopefully, for many more children of today.

The House Behind the House, submitted by James Sadler, Portsmouth, Ohio

Many of us can recall this "house!" The "biffy" was a pretty common site on mining properties back in my heyday. For sure, all the cottages and hunt camps had them too. – Sam Newman

One of my fondest memories
As I recall the days of yore
'Twas a place to sit and ponder
With your head all bowed down low;

was the little house, behind the house,
With the crescent o'er the door.

Ours was a multi-holer, three,
With a size for everyone.
Left there feeling much better,
After your job was done.

Oft times in dead of winter,
The seat was spread with snow.
'Twas then with much reluctance,
To that little house you'd go.

I recall the day ol' Granddad,
Who stayed with us one summer,
Made a trip out to that little house
Which proved to be a bummer.

He tossed the rags down in the hole
Went on his usual way
Not knowing that by doing so
He'd eventually rue the day.

He sat down on the wooden seat,
With both feet on the floor.
He filled his pipe and tapped it down
And struck a match on the outhouse door.

The blast that followed, I am sure,
Was heard for miles around;
And there was poor ol' Granddad
Sprawled out there on the ground.

We asked him what had happened,
What he said I'll ne'er forget.
He said he thought it must have been
The pinto beans he et! (sic)

Knowing that you wouldn't be there,
If you didn't have to go.

You had to make those frequent trips
In snow, rain, sleet, or fog--
To that little house where you usually
Found the Eaton's catalog.

With a swish you'd clear that wooden seat,
Bend low, with dreadful fear
You'd shut your eyes and grit your teeth
As you settled on your rear.

'Twas the same day that my Dad had
Finished painting the kitchen green.
He'd just cleaned up the mess he'd made
With rags and gasoline.

Now Granddad had an urgent call,
I never will forget!
This trip he made to the little house
Stays in my memory yet.

He lit the pipe and sure enough,
it soon began to glow.
He slowly raised his rear a bit
And tossed the flaming match below.

The smoldering pipe still in his mouth,
His eyes were shut real tight;
The celebrated three-holer
Was blown clear out of sight.

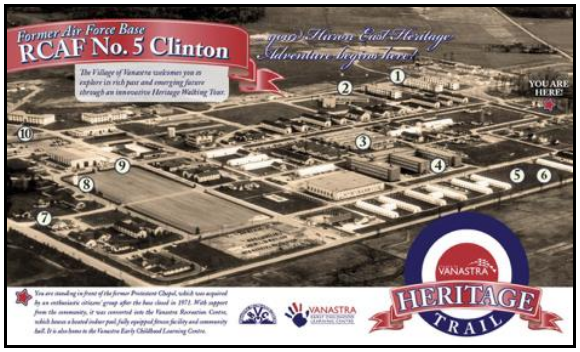
Next day we had a new one
Dad put it up with ease.
But this one had a door sign that read:
No Smoking, Please!

Now that's the story's end my friend, of memories long ago,
When we went to the house behind the house, because we had to go.

Historic Trail Opens at Former RCAF Base

The once top-secret Canadian Forces Base Clinton, a radar technician training facility for Canada's WWII Allies, is located in a community three kilometres south of Clinton, ON. When the base closed in 1971, the buildings were sold to real estate developer John Van Gastel and now make up the small village of Vanastra, Ontario. Following the completion of a fifty-year contract binding the signees to secrecy, the former Air Force Base in Vanastra opened its doors to the public to showcase the area's history for the 2019 Jane's Walk. This annual festival of free, community-led walking conversations

was inspired by the late Jane Jacobs, a celebrated author, journalist, urban planner and community leader. It takes place on the first weekend of May yearly, in cities all around the world and encourages people to share stories about their neighbourhoods, discover unseen aspects of their communities and use walking as a way to connect with their neighbours. The history of the former base has been incorporated into the two-kilometre heritage trail in the Municipality of Huron East.



Canadian Forces Base Clinton

The radome is the circular building on the top right of the photo

The tour begins at the Vanastra Rec Centre and winds through the streets of the village. Along the route, signs have been erected providing information about the buildings and sites that were in existence when operating as a secret base. You'll learn about the history of CFB Clinton its importance during WWII and the Cold War. One of the plaques provides information about the radome, when it was built and how it was used. A radome is a dome or other structure protecting radar equipment and made from material transparent to radio waves. It's believed that the radar training is what gave the Allies the upper hand in the war, an edge gained thanks to CFB Clinton. There are plans to plant a small garden at the base of the large sign and to install a series of black and white images from the RCAF Base on the reverse side. The sign is erected in front of the Vanastra Rec Centre as it marks the beginning of the Heritage Walking Trail.

Wally's Saddle, by Captain Mason Gary

Members of 443 Maritime Helicopter Squadron recently paid tribute to a fellow aviator who died in an accident two and a half decades ago. The squadron is part of 12 Wing Shearwater, NS but, as the West Coast operational CH-148 Cyclone squadron, 443 Squadron's home base is Patricia Bay, British Columbia (BC.) While carrying out a mountain flying training exercise in April 2019, the 443 group flew their CH-148 Cyclone helicopter to a mountain saddle located southwest of Keremeos, BC, at an altitude of 7,400 feet. Their destination was a place known as "Wally's Saddle," named after Major Wally Sweetman, a CH-124 Sea King helicopter pilot and 443 Squadron member whose sacrifice and heroism twenty-five years ago will not be forgotten.

During the morning of April 28, 1994, a transfer of Sea King helicopters was taking

place from 12 Wing to 443 Squadron. Major Sweetman was the aircraft commander and Major Bob Henderson was the co-pilot. En route over the Bay of Fundy, near Saint John, NB, the crew experienced an aircraft emergency. A fuel line broke, causing complete engine failure and a fire on board the aircraft at 6,000 feet. As the aircrew were preparing for a forced landing, burning fuel was entering the cabin from above, causing blinding smoke to rapidly fill the cockpit. In spite of the chaos, the pilot performed an autorotation and managed to execute a survivable landing. The navigator and flight engineer escaped, albeit with severe burns. Both Major Sweetman and Major Henderson were killed in the ensuing inferno. Their actions, however, live on as an example of bravery, courage and outstanding airmanship. They were both considered shining examples of strength and valour.

In 1991, Wally attended mountain flying school at Canadian Helicopters Mountain Flying School in Penticton, BC and he had come to love the location that now bears his name. In 1999, a memorial plaque was commissioned in Wally Sweetman's honour. His friends and family thought the best place to remember him was in the spot he loved so much, located in what is now the Snowy Protected Area, in BC.

After the accident, the first expedition to visit Wally's Saddle was called Exercise Cathedral Remembrance and was a multi-day adventure training hike by a group of Canadian Armed Forces members close to Wally. As part of the exercise, Canadian Helicopters delivered the bronze and concrete plaque to the location. Working together, the CAF members built a cairn using surrounding rocks. 2014 was the twenty-year anniversary of the crash. The journey to Wally's Saddle by members of 443 Squadron was carried out via helicopter. The crew consisted of LCol Patrick MacNamara, Maj Don Leblanc, Capt Rob McMullen, MWO Michael Tuohy and 2Lt Mason Gary. It seemed somehow fitting that the same type of aircraft that Wally flew would be used to visit his memorial during a mountain flying training exercise.

The intention of this most recent visit to Wally's Saddle was that of a force generation trip, during which one of the most experienced pilots in the squadron trains a less-experienced co-pilot on the art and skill of mountain flying. The story of the two Majors has a similar purpose – inspiring the younger generation of aviators with shining examples of strength and courage – and their legacy lives on as a part of 443 Maritime Helicopter Squadron's heritage. Its members continue to visit the site and are dedicated to the remembrance of both Major Wally Sweetman and Major Bob Henderson.

Dominion Command's First Pilgrimage of Remembrance, by John Goheen

(Cordial Scribe's Comments – I'm blessed to have participated in two Pilgrimages, once in 2009 and again in 2013. It was a very special tour to partake in for a retired Veteran.)

A resolution was passed at the 3rd Dominion Convention of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Services League (now the Royal Canadian Legion) in 1928 to organize a Veteran's Pilgrimage back to the old Western Front in northern France and the Flanders region of Belgium. With the unveiling of Canada's National Memorial at Vimy Ridge in 1936, a pilgrimage of remembrance was planned. They thought it important that ex-service members and dependents of those fallen should be present at this ceremony.

By the late 1920's, touring the old battlefields was nothing new for many, from Britain at least. It was just a short and inexpensive trip across the English Channel and the old front line was easily accessible. The first battlefield visitors arrived just months after the Armistice and, by the end of 1919, more than 60,000 visitors had toured the still ravaged and often dangerous battlefields of the Somme, Arras and Flanders. More visitors followed and local towns and villages near the old front line were recovering their economies for most of the 1920's. This much needed boost started a burgeoning industry of battlefield tourism. Near the old battle sites and cemeteries, enterprising locals opened "trench cafes," selling coffee, eggs and chips, wine, beer and souvenirs to the throngs of sightseers, keen on experiencing the remnants of war.

Not all the visitors were tourists. Another group comprised of Veterans, grieving widows, children, sweethearts and heartbroken family and friends came to France and Flanders as well. While they may have shared the hotels and cafes with the tourists, they were motivated by something far deeper and more reverent. These were the first pilgrims and they engaged in more solemn acts of remembrance. There was a sacred nature ascribed to their sojourns. They often travelled with fellow grievers, stopping to place flowers or wreaths in the newly created cemeteries, speaking of their experiences in hushed voices. For mourning family members and war haunted veterans, these l trips were about seeking answers and finding closure.

For those in attendance at the Dominion Convention, the prospect of a Pilgrimage must have stirred a mix of emotions about returning to the sites of memory and mourning. There would be the opportunity to gather with old comrades and the thrill of a trans-Atlantic voyage and seeing Europe. That was something extraordinary for the average Canadian in the 1920's. Legion organizers approached railway and steamship companies to seek out the best rates possible to ensure that those who wanted to go could afford the fare. Planners faced a major setback soon, though, when the stock market crashed in 1929 and worldwide economic depression changed priorities for many Canadians. Travelling to Europe was out of the question for those now out of work or just scraping by. Adding to the economic issues of the day, delays in construction and cost overruns of the Vimy Memorial meant that plans for a Pilgrimage, while not dead, were on hold, at least in the short term.

Notwithstanding the challenges, the spirit of the veterans remained strong. Dreams for a pilgrimage were postponed but not forgotten. In 1934, a reunion of more than 75,000 veterans at the exhibition grounds in Toronto celebrated and demonstrated their unity and comradeship. That same year, the magazine of the Canadian Legion, The

Legionary, announced that the Canadian Legion was definitely organizing and conducting a Pilgrimage to the Battlefields for all ex-Service men and women in Canada. Planners anticipated 5,000 would make the journey. In the end, 6,200 Canadians from all across the country signed on for the three and half week Pilgrimage in July, 1936. The cost was $160 and included all meals, sea and land transportation, accommodations and insurance. Considering the average yearly earnings for a man was less than $1,000, shelling out 15 – 20 % of one's yearly income at the height of the Depression was an impressive measure of the old soldiers' desire to return.

While German Nazis and Mussolini's Fascists made world newspaper headlines, the Pilgrims made their way to Montreal, where Europe-bound ships awaited. They were hailed as the heroes upon their arrival in France on the 25th of July. A full itinerary was in store over the next few weeks with various ceremonies, commemorations, receptions and side tours. The crowning event was the unveiling of the new Vimy Memorial.

An estimated 50,000 – 100,000 French civilians joined the 6,200 Canadian Pilgrims at the memorial site. The Canadian Radio Commission, forerunner of CBC, broadcast the event live back to Canada, a remarkable feat in 1936. Among those pilgrims in attendance was Mrs. Charlotte Susan Wood from Winnipeg, Manitoba, sadly, one of scores of mothers who made the voyage. She became known as the first National Memorial (Silver) Cross Mother, when she placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Westminster Abbey. She did this on behalf of all Canadian mothers who lost a child in military service to their country. Eleven of Mrs. Wood's sons served in the war; five were buried in France and three more died later as a result of their wounds.

Left: Mrs. Charlotte Susan Wood, first National Memorial (Silver) Cross Mother, 1936

Right: Memorial Silver Cross Medal, Canada

The new King, Edward VIII, in his first official engagement, was at home with the Canadian Veterans, with whom he had served at times during the war. There were more events in the coming days and the Canadians were feted wherever they went. On the world stage, there were events happening that would soon overshadow the Great War, and, with the exception of the participants, this Pilgrimage was forgotten. Sadly, few Canadians today know of that first Great Legion Pilgrimage but it left a legacy upon which the current Royal Canadian Legion's Pilgrimages of Remembrance are based.

Bringing Stories to Life, by Shaun Francis, Branch 15 Abbotsford Legion

When you study the wars in which Canada has been involved over the last one hundred years, large numbers are always thrown around – the billions of dollars it cost, the

millions of lives affected, the hundreds of thousands that served or the tens of thousands who paid the ultimate sacrifice. More than 60,000 killed in WWI, more than 42,000 killed in WWII and hundreds more in Korea and in the service of Canada since. These are large numbers for Canada's small population at the beginning of the 20th century. The cemeteries are beautiful and all of them unique. At the beginning of WWI, most of the burials were in small battlefield cemeteries that had 100 to 200 burials. These areas were fought over by both sides throughout the war with the never ending shifting of the front line. Some of the original burials were destroyed or lost in the heat of battle. As a result, some of the headstones now have engraved across the top "known to be buried in this cemetery."


Shaun Francis

By the end of the war, everyone had become very good at burying soldiers. Concentration style cemeteries became prevalent with thousands of graves, many of which are "known unto God" while many more have no known resting place. The importance of Remembering may get lost in all these big numbers, as it does not seem relevant or real or significant in today's fast-paced world. However, behind each and every one of those killed, missing and wounded soldiers over the last one hundred years, there IS a story! Here are the stories about three such young Canadians that joined the Canadian Armed Forces to protect our right to democracy, to ensure our freedoms and I am sure, like many other young people, to have a little adventure.

Private Sydney George Bennett

Private Bennett was a young man who was killed in the WWI long before any of us were born. Why? What is the significance? I researched Sydney's history before I went on my Pilgrimage. When we arrived at Adanac Military Cemetery in the Somme area of France, I stood before Sydney's final resting place and introduced him to the members of our group. (FYI – the name Adanac was formed by reversing the name "Canada.") For all I knew, no one, in almost 100 years, had visited his grave site. For all I knew, no one has mentioned his name in many, many years. I did find out that Sydney was born on 9 March, 1897 in a small community in the midlands of England before he immigrated with his family to Vancouver in 1911. He was a new Canadian, living a new way of life in a new culture. Finishing school, Sydney got a job at the Leckie Shoe Factory. At age eighteen, Sydney joined the 72nd Battalion – the Seaforth Highlanders. Pte Sydney Bennett was killed in action on the night of 8 October 1916, in the assault on the Regina Trench in the Somme region of France. Just a little over a year after leaving home, Sydney was never to return to Canada. It is so important to remember the sacrifices from so long ago and how they have shaped our lives today.

Mr. Finch's Brothers – Tom and Gordon Crawford

When I left the PPCLI in 1988, I joined the Royal Canadian Legion in my hometown of Keremeos, BC. The President of the Branch at the time was Charlie Finch. Mr. Finch had served in Bomber Command during WWII, flying over war-torn Europe. When I joined the Legion, he was very welcoming and we became good friends. I knew that

Mr. Finch had two brothers killed in Europe and wanted to know if either one was buried in any of the cemeteries on my Pilgrimage itinerary. Mrs. Finch kindly provided me with those locations. Sergeant Tom Crawford was killed in action with the British Columbia Reg't on 15 August, 1944 and was buried in Bretteville sur Laize Canadian War Cemetery. It was an honour to be at Tom's graveside to pay my respects. Mr. Finch's other brother, Gordon Crawford, is buried in Holten Cemetery in the Netherlands. Before I left, Mrs. Finch showed me some letters and mementos that Mr. Finch had kept from the war. I read a letter that Mr. Finch had written to his Bomber Crew. He was being sent home because his two brothers had been killed. At the time, Mr. Finch was more concerned about leaving and letting his crew down than the death of his brothers.

Sergeant Craig Gillam
Craig and I met in the summer of 1986 at Canadian Forces Recruit School in Cornwallis, NS. We learned how to polish boots, how to march, how to make a bed, how to march, how to polish floors, how to march, how to shoot and how to march. Ten weeks later, we were soldiers. After graduating from Basic Training, we went our separate ways. Craig went to Petawawa to learn how to drive tanks with the 8th Canadian Hussars while I went to Wainwright to become an Infantry soldier and march some more. Craig and I never crossed paths again. Sgt Craig Gillam was killed in action on October 3, 2006 in Panjwayi, Afghanistan. I saw Craig's picture on the news a couple of days after he had been killed. It hit me; I knew him! Why did he have to die? What happened? The questions just kept rolling. Craig left a young family – his wife Maureen and teenagers Stephen and Gale. The kids have no Dad for homework help, driving lessons or at graduation. They have no Dad forever. This is the meaning of the supreme sacrifice. Whether it was one hundred years ago, seventy years ago or nine years ago, the significance and loss is the same.

One hundred years is a very long time and the number of sacrifices that were given is colossal. The enormity of it all is hard to understand in today's world. Every name on the War Memorials and Cenotaphs, like every name on a grave marker in the war cemeteries, weaves a tale. It may be about the fisherman, the bank clerk, the miner or the cowboy, from every walk of life and from every corner of Canada. Some tales are lost forever and some buried in a cemetery not visited in years. It is their stories that we must remember, because no man is truly dead as long as his story is told and his name is remembered. I challenge you on Remembrance Day, after the service at your local community Cenotaph, when the crowds have cleared, to read the names that are engraved on there. Reading their names, those that paid the ultimate sacrifice, will, in a small way, begin to bring their stories to life. We will remember!

Queen Elizabeth II Visits Newfoundland in 1997

John Cabot sailed from Bristol, England to North America in 1497 aboard the *Matthew*. The ship was a caravel – a small, highly maneuverable sailing ship with three masts, developed in the 15th century. It held a crew of eighteen men. To commemorate the

500th anniversary of Cabot's voyage and discovery of the North American coast, a full-size replica of the *Matthew* was reconstructed in Bristol by naval architect Colin Mudie and the boat-building company Storms'l Services. Work began in February 1994 and it took two years to complete the $3.8-million project. In 1997, the replica *Matthew* sailed across the Atlantic Ocean as part of the quincentennial celebrations. After fifty-four days at sea, it arrived in Bonavista, NL on the 24th of June 1997, where it was welcomed by Queen Elizabeth II and 30,000 spectators.

Here's what one of the crew members, Chris LeGrow, had to say about it:

> I had done a lot of sailing prior to trying out for the *Matthew*. I was nineteen at the time. We spent almost eight weeks at sea in very tight quarters. The ship was very unstable and we bobbed around like a cork. We broke through the fog in Bonavista and started to see yellow, green and red all along the rocks. They were the colours of the spectator's rain-jackets. We pulled up to the dock and jumped ashore. The Queen was already there, watching from the stage with Prince Philip. She gave her speech, wearing a lime-green hat. The wind was blowing a gale and how that hat was staying on her head was an act of engineering.
>
> The officials didn't think she was going to come down to the ship, but she was interested in meeting the crew. We all ran back to the ship. I happened to be eating a chocolate-dipped Tim Hortons doughnut that I had craved all the way across the Atlantic. Within thirty seconds, I could feel her presence. I still had half the doughnut to go. I didn't know what to do with it. I couldn't throw it over my head behind me because every seagull in Bonavista would attack this thing. I had no pockets in my clothes as we wore replica outfits. I couldn't keep it in my hand so I had to stuff it in my mouth and start chewing it.

When the Queen pulled up in front of me, I stuck my hand out and said, "How's it going?" In her indubitable royal manner, the Queen replied "Oh, quite well, thank you." I'm pretty sure I had chocolate on my teeth. I think there might have been a little bit of Tim Hortons chocolate on those royal black gloves, too!

Editor's Note: When the Queen arrived by helicopter in Bonavista in 1997, my husband MWO (Ret) Lemire was there. At the time, he was working in Trenton at the mobile radar unit – 8 Wing Air Communications and Control Squadron (8ACCS.) 8ACCS is a deployable, self-sufficient unit used to provide tactical communications for air traffic command and control, navigational aids and airfield facilities in support of national and international operational requirements. As there was no local airport in Bonavista, 8ACCS had been sent to provide air traffic control services, in case of inclement weather which they actually had. There weren't hotels in town for the 8ACCS crew so

they all stayed with and were fed by local villagers.

MWO (Ret) Rush was the air traffic controller for the Queen's radar approach. It was his milestone 10,000th run which is a rarity. He asked the Queen's aide-de-camp (ADC) if she would sign his logbook to mark the occasion. Unfortunately, the Queen was too tired but her ADC took his book anyway. About six weeks later, he received his book in the mail, signed by Her Majesty.

Bells of Peace – by Stephen J. Thorne. Reprinted courtesy of Legion Magazine www.legionmagazine.com

They came from small towns and big cities, villages and farms, east and west, north and south – 619,636 volunteers and conscripts, two-thirds of whom served overseas during the First World War. More than 66,000 were killed and 172,000 wounded in places like Ypres, the Somme, Passchendaele and Vimy Ridge. The place names are part of the lexicon of Canadian history, but they also died in faraway Egypt, Palestine, Gallipoli and on the Dvina River in Northern Russia. At home, it was a sombre time as sons and brothers and fathers – daughters, sisters and mothers, too – enlisted and served overseas, so many never to return.

Across Great Britain from 1914 to 1918, regulations introduced under the Defence of the Realm Act limited the amount of bell-ringing that could take place. Thus, church bells were rarely heard. The Armistice came into effect at 11 a.m., Nov 11, 1918 and bells across Britain, Canada and the world spontaneously began to ring and not particularly well in some places: 1,400 bell-ringers from Britain alone were killed in the war and, with so many at the front, accounts from the time recall how older ringers, former ringers and virtually anyone who could lend a hand, joined in.

In 2018, one hundred years after the end of the "War to End All Wars," bells in those little villages, small towns and big cities rang out once again, this time at sunset on November 11th. Communities across Canada marked the Armistice Centenary with 100 tolls. The casualties were remembered in keeping with the words of Robert Laurence Binyon in his 1914 poem "For the Fallen." This poem is known to Veterans as "The Act of Remembrance."

They shall grow not old,
As we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them,
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them.

The Great Halifax Explosion, compiled by Your Cordial Scribe

The Halifax Explosion was a monumental Maritime disaster which occurred in Halifax, NS on the morning of 06 Dec, 1917. The short version is that the Norwegian vessel SS IMO collided with SS Mont-Blanc, a French cargo ship laden with high explosives. It happened in the narrows, a strait connecting the upper Halifax Harbour to the Bedford Basin, causing a large explosion on the French freighter that devastated the Richmond District of Halifax. The exact moment of the explosion was at 9:04 a.m. A primitive seismometer located in the basement of the old physics building at Dalhousie University recorded the event. The blast was the most powerful man-made explosion in history, a distinction it held until the dropping of atomic bombs on Japan in 1945. The rumble was audible as far away as Cape Breton, over 300 kilometres to the northeast. In Truro, nearly 100 kilometres north of Halifax, the blast's concussive shock broke windows and shook a clock off the wall in the railway dispatcher's office. As one commentator said, the Halifax explosion was "a sound for God to make, not Man!"

The Mont-Blanc ship was under orders from the French Government to carry her cargo of high explosives from New York City, via Halifax, to Bordeaux, France. At approximately 0843 hrs, she collided at low speed (~1 knot or 1.2 mph) with the un-laden IMO, chartered by the Commission for Relief in Belgium to pick up a cargo of Relief Supplies in New York. On the Mont-Blanc, the impact shattered bezel barrels stored on deck that leaked vapours which were ignited by sparks from the collision, setting off a fire on board that quickly grew out of control. Approximately twenty minutes later, the Mont-Blanc exploded.

Nearly all structures within a half-mile radius, including the community of Richmond, were obliterated. A pressure wave snapped trees and bent iron rails, demolishing buildings, grounding vessels (including the IMO, which was washed ashore by the ensuing tsunami) and scattering fragments of Mont-Blanc for miles. Across the harbour, in Dartmouth, there was also widespread damage. A tsunami created by the blast wiped out the community of the Mi'kmaq First Nation who had lived in the Tufts Cove area for generations. Relief efforts began almost immediately and hospitals quickly became full. Rescue trains began arriving the day of the explosion from across Nova Scotia and New Brunswick while other trains from Central Canada and the North East U.S.A. were impeded by blizzards. Construction of temporary shelters to house the many people left homeless began soon after the disaster. All told, the Halifax explosion destroyed more than 1,500 buildings and damaged 12,000 more. 6,000 Haligonians found themselves homeless, while more than 25,000 lacked adequate shelter. Almost 2,000 people would lose their lives, with hundreds of them perishing in a heartbeat. Another report stated that the explosion laid waste to much of Halifax, killing those who were eating breakfast, in school, out walking or watching from their doorway or window. The blast wave was ferocious and ruthless, striking down men, women and children with abandon, turning houses into nothing but wooden splints.

Rebuilding was a vast enterprise. There were other long-lasting legacies of the tragedy; – some financial and medical aspects of the relief effort lasted until 1976. Within

minutes, sailors from Canadian, British and American ships began helping victims in the harbour. Reserve soldiers serving in Halifax or waiting to go overseas, (numbering in the thousands,) began clearing the streets, searching for survivors and rounding up relief supplies. Responding to a call for help, surgeons, firefighters and nurses from Pictou County on Nova Scotia's north coast, about 180 kilometres north of Halifax, boarded a train bound for the devastated city. A group of government officials met at City Hall and established the Halifax Relief Committee. In the coming days, this helped organize groups to co-ordinate transportation, food, shelter, financing, identification of bodies and burials. The Old Colony, a former U.S. passenger ship that was in dry-dock awaiting boiler repairs, was towed to the British Naval docks and used as a hospital. British and American surgeons worked together on the ship. Two U.S. Navy Cruisers, the USS Tacoma and the USS Von Steuben arrived in Halifax. The cruisers were passing by when they heard the explosion and they assisted the Canadian Army with security. A total of thirty-one people – doctors, nurses and Red Cross workers – left from Boston that night after the Massachusetts Governor heard of the disaster and pledged his support. Surgeon George Cox arrived on the train from PIctou County and, when he found the city's hospitals overflowing, he began operating and didn't stop for several days. He was one of twelve specialists who, by the end, treated nearly 600 people with eye injuries and performed surgeries to remove a total of 249 eyes, mostly injured by glass. Sixteen of the people ended up losing both eyes.

The State of Massachusetts contributed more than $750,000 in goods and money, maintaining a warehouse of furniture for victims and shipping it all duty-free. The city of Boston directed Military personnel to convert the damaged Bellevue Mansion into a hospital and ordered glass in gigantic quantities from Boston so that broken windows could be repaired. Nova Scotia sent a Christmas tree the next year to say thank you and, in 1971, the tree gift became an annual tradition.

The Canadian Red Cross, which had been founded in peacetime in 1896 as an affiliate of the British Red Cross, was later organized to help the sick and dying during wartime. The Halifax tragedy was the first time the Canadian Red Cross responded to a disaster that wasn't part of a conflict. Under the direction of the American Red Cross, which had been responding to disasters for decades, Canadian workers distributed medical supplies throughout the city and hundreds of Red Cross volunteers sewed bandages non-stop for days. Branches of the Red Cross throughout Eastern Canada sent medical supplies and clothing. The organization's mandate was changed two years later to include peacetime activity. So too, the Halifax Relief Committee's reconstruction department started work within days and by Dec 10th, more than 500 military carpenters and glaziers were on their way to Halifax. By March 01 of the next year, 832 temporary apartments and thousands of houses were built in Halifax and Dartmouth.

The entire story of this disaster, cataclysm, catastrophe or tragedy – call it what you wish – simply can't be retold in a booklet such as this. I encourage all of you to read up on more of it and get a fuller picture of this historic event. It has been said many times over, I suspect, that numbers do not tell the full story of the courage of the people of Halifax and of those volunteers who came to help with the emergency relief efforts.

They persevered despite the trauma of being knee-deep in blood, suffering and death. They emerged from the disaster to rebuild their shattered lives and their City.

In closing, when I met my wife, Cathy, in Halifax and started dating her in the early 60's, I learned that Haligonians are resilient. Over the years, they have turned their city into a dream city, one that people from across the country are now pining to be part of. In Naval parlance, I think they deserve one massive Bravo Zulu from the Canadians who live there, those that visit that city and those who wish they could in the future. I'm glad that I had the opportunity to live and serve there.

Remembering a Couple who Risked it All, by Larry Cornies, found in the London Free Press, circa 11 Nov 2017

I met Georgie in 2000, just before Remembrance Day. Although she was then eighty-one, she teased, laughed and joked like she was in her twenties! I tried for two weeks to persuade her to let me tell her story. Finally, she relented and I visited her at home, where she permitted me to tell her story. Georgie told me of her youth in the Maritimes, her nursing training in Toronto and her romance with a young airman named Murray Seeley. Murray packed off to war in 1939 and Georgie stayed behind in Canada to pursue her nursing career. They wrote each other often. Murray survived the war and was discharged in 1942. He came home and asked Georgie to marry him. "Not a chance," she said. "Not while a war's on and I'm needed overseas." That said, Georgie headed for Europe – one of 4,473 Canadian Nursing Sisters who were stationed in field hospitals, well behind the front lines, tending to Canada's wounded and dying.

While I was interviewing her, Georgie brought a wooden box from her bedroom. In it was a pair of pink panties. "I wore these when we landed at Normandy," she said with a laugh. "I don't know why I kept them." But then her smile quickly faded. From the box, she lifted a pair of bandage scissors. From its handles dangled several strips of discoloured gauze. "That gauze is stained with the blood and sand of Normandy," she said, her voice almost a whisper. Over three years, Georgie bandaged soldiers delivered to her from the north European and Italian campaigns. She talked some soldiers through their pain, some through their final moments and others through the terror of going back into action. Among those memories are indelible mental images of May 9, 1945, at a field hospital in Friesoythe, in northern Germany, on a night when she was the only female nurse on duty. That night, "seven men died in these arms," she said. Seven brave souls among thousands, snared in a rendezvous with history that would change both the caregiver and the cared for, forever. "They were fabulous men… I can't get over the outstanding quality in each of them. Every Remembrance Day, I think of them all," Georgie told me. Georgie returned home following the war. She and Murray were married in 1948.

I had promised to bring Georgie a couple extra copies of the November 11, 2000 paper, as keepsakes. I picked them up in the London Free Press newsroom and then headed out to the Seeley's condo. It was nearly 11 a.m. and the Seeley's living room TV was

tuned in to coverage of the Remembrance Day ceremonies in downtown Ottawa. Georgie and I were talking in the kitchen. Then, a minute or so before 11 a.m., Murray emerged from the bedroom. He headed for the living room, slowly, step by step, behind his walker. He was wearing his old military uniform, with freshly polished medals on the left side of his chest. When the moment of silence began, he stood as erect as his infirmities would still allow and raised his arm in a salute. I stood too and my eyes welled up. I realized I was in the presence of two veterans who had risked everything – their careers, their lives, even the possibility of their marriage and their future – all for their country. I felt humbled. I was raised in a faith that urged pacifism and conscientious objection to war. Murray and Georgie's story showed me, once again, that different people serve different truths – often with the same dedication and commitment. We would do well to honour the differences among us.

Murray and Georgie eventually moved to Woodstock to be nearer their daughter, Beth. Murray died in 2003 at the age of 85; Georgie died in 2009 at the age of 90. She delighted in a hearty laugh right to the end, her daughter reported. She also said that her mother and father discovered something important, early on. Through the war, they learned that the most valuable thing in life isn't what you won. It was the time that you have and what you did with it that counted. "They were determined to make every moment matter," Beth said. That, in itself, was a valuable lesson. Since meeting the now-departed Georgie, not a single Remembrance Day has gone by that I, personally, haven't thought of the men who died in her arms or survived because of her care – and how she gave her all in an effort to restore them to their families and to their country. WE WILL REMEMBER!

Tower: "Delta 351, you have traffic at 10 o'clock, 6 miles!"
Delta 351: "Give us another hint! We have digital watches!"

Terry Fox, compiled by Your Editor, Tammy Newman

Terrance Stanley "Terry" Fox CC OD (July 28, 1958 – June 28, 1981) was a Canadian athlete, humanitarian and cancer research activist. In 1980, with one leg having been amputated due to cancer, he embarked on an east to west cross-Canada run to raise money and awareness for cancer research. Although the spread of his cancer eventually forced him to end his quest after 143 days and 5,373 kilometres (3,339 mi) and ultimately cost him his life, his efforts resulted in a lasting, worldwide legacy. The annual Terry Fox Run, first held in 1981, has grown to involve millions of participants in over sixty countries and is now the world's largest one-day fundraiser for cancer research. As of January 2018, over C$750 million has been raised in his name.

Fox was a distance runner and basketball player for both his Port Coquitlam, BC high school and his Simon Fraser University teams. His right leg was amputated in 1977 after he was diagnosed with osteosarcoma though he continued to run using an artificial leg. He played wheelchair basketball in BC, winning three national championships. In 1980, he began the Marathon of Hope, a cross-country run to raise money for cancer research. He hoped to raise one dollar from each of Canada's 24-million people. He succeeded and then some. He began with little fanfare from St. John's, NL in April and ran the equivalent of a full marathon every day. Fox had become a national star by the time he reached Ontario. He made numerous public appearances with businessmen, athletes and politicians in his efforts to raise money. He was forced to end his run outside Thunder Bay when the cancer spread to his lungs. His hopes of overcoming the disease and completing his marathon ended when he died nine months later.

Order of the Dogwood

In 1980, Fox received the Order of the Dogwood (OD,) BC's highest civilian honour for public service. Terry Fox was the thirteenth person who was granted this honour. Fox is the youngest ever named a Companion of the Order of Canada (CC.) The Order of Canada is the second highest honour for merit. Established in 1967 by Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, the Order of Canada is the cornerstone of the Canadian Honours System and recognizes outstanding achievement, dedication to the community and service to the nation. The Order recognizes people in all sectors of Canadian society. Although their contributions are varied, they have all enriched the lives of others and made a difference to our country. He won the 1980 Lou Marsh Award as the nation's top sportsman and was named Canada's Newsmaker of the Year in 1980 and 1981. Considered a national hero, Fox has had many buildings, statues, roads and parks named in his honour across the country.

Companion of the Order of Canada

Holten Canadian War Cemetery, by David Smith – 427 (London) Wing Historian

In May 2005, I was part of an entourage of Canadian and Dutch people visiting Holten Canadian War Cemetery. We were honouring the 1,400 Canadians buried there who had lost their lives fighting in Holland, in the spring of 1945. Our soldiers found fierce German resistance, famished and desperate Dutch people and a ravished landscape as they entered Holland. The 2nd Canadian Corps, who fought at the Scheldt and Rhine campaigns, was joined by the 1st Canadian Corps who fought with distinction in Italy.

It was a Canadian force that helped free the Netherlands from German tyranny. Every Christmas the school children of Holten gather Christmas Eve and place a candle at the base of each Canadian headstone. THEY REMEMBER US.

Humbled by the rows and rows of those who served, I searched for the headstone of Lieutenant-Colonel (LCol) Frederick Ernest Wigle of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada. LCol Wigle, from Hamilton, ON, was born July 11, 1913. He attended Trinity Christian School (TCS) where he displayed exceptional qualities of mind and heart which led to his being awarded the Bronze Medal for "steady perseverance in courtesy, industry and integrity." He took an active part in sports, being one of the strongest football and hockey players ever to play on TCS teams. Entering McGill University, he did well in his courses and starred on both the football and hockey teams. He was picked for the Eastern Canada all-star football team. After graduation, circa 1937, he entered business in Montreal.

He received his commission in the Armoured Corps in May, 1941 and was promoted to Captain on proceeding overseas in November. In February 1945, he was appointed to the command of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada with the rank of LCol and, in March, he was awarded the Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE) for gallantry, efficiency and devotion to duty. He fought with his battalion through the Hochwald battle and then led his men across the Rhine River. It was during this period that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) for going forward, without regard for his own safety, to rally and inspire his men under heavy German counter attacks. His courage was an inspiration to all ranks under his command.

On April 12th, he had moved his tactical headquarters into a building in a small town which he had captured west of Bremen. He had one officer and ten other ranks with him. At 0400, another battalion drove eighty Germans from a stronghold a mile and a half south of the town. They retreated to this town, arriving about 0700. Half of the men in the building were on the ground floor and half on the second floor. The Germans closed in, surrounding the house and fired at point blank range. Colonel Wigle was killed instantly while trying to reach his men on the second floor. After his death, he was mentioned in despatches (MiD) for gallant and distinguished service. A member of the Armed Forces MiD is one whose name appears in an official report written by a superior officer and sent to high command, where their gallant or meritorious action in the face of the enemy is described. The base of Lieutenant-Colonel Wigle's headstone reads: "He leaves behind a white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance... a shining peace."

While I was visiting Holten, Isabelle McBride, a schoolchild, recited the following poem.

I Come To Say Good-Bye
I'm here by your grave, at last my friend. I hear the angels cry. I see your smile. I hear your voice. I come to say good-bye.
Memories come of that time long ago. I watch as you die. I hear your cry. I feel your

pain. I come to say good-bye.
You're not alone in this foreign field. Your friends are here, close by. The birds still sing; the flowers bloom. I come to say good-bye.
I slowly kneel by your grave in prayer. You speak, and I reply. I touch your stone and shed my tears. It's time to say good-bye.
So rest in peace, my boy-hood friend, as angels sing on high. My prayers and thoughts are here with you. I've said my last good-bye.

North America in Most Danger since Height of Cold War, reprinted with kind permission of Captain Amos, editor of Windsor Military Institute Bulletin

"North America is now facing a level of military threat comparable to the height of the Cold War, without the comparable strategies and resources to contain that threat." This was the tough message delivered by NORAD commander, General (Gen) Terrence J. O'Shaughnessy, at the Ottawa Conference on Security and Defence 2019. The first Canadian-born NORAD Commander was speaking to a full house of military officers, defence contractors, academics and other delegates at the Chateau Laurier hotel.

"When I look at the security environment of today, I see striking parallels between our past and our present," said Gen O'Shaughnessy. "We face a more competitive and dangerous international security environment today than we have in generations. Like yesterday, our security environments are marked by the re-emergence of an evolving balance of power. Our competitors are analyzing our perceived vulnerabilities, and methodically developing capabilities to erode our competitive military advantage," he added. "The most vulnerable area, physically speaking, is the Canadian Arctic where Russian forces are making their presence known. The economic infrastructures of Canada and the U.S. are also at risk, thanks to the advent of cyber-attacks from around the world." To back up his case, the NORAD Commander cited current North American vulnerabilities. They include subsurface nuclear torpedoes, stepped-up Russian aircraft and surface ship incursions into the Arctic and the development of Russian hypersonic missiles tipped with both conventional and nuclear warheads. Gen O'Shaughnessy also noted that hostile powers can cripple the North American economy by remotely attacking communications networks, dams, pipelines, power grids and roads.

Former Special Forces Soldier turned Consultant, Steve Day, appearing alongside officials from the RCMP Border Services and the Coast Guard opined that he worries that our Canadian Agencies do not understand or identify the 21st century security challenges they face. He too, is concerned that we're not ready for tomorrow. We can do what we need to do to stop the 20th century threat vectors but, as the world changes and adapts, the system, as it exists today, is grossly under-resourced. Simply put, he said, Canada is applying 20th century solutions to 21st century challenges. Frontiers are no longer delineated by lines on a map, he added. They are not necessarily a border check point, or something tangible or physical. Look what's happening with China, Russia and other adversaries out there. As they get smarter, if we don't get smarter, we're opening ourselves up to some significant challenges down the line.

"We must ask if our current efforts are enough in today's changing security environments?" said the NORAD Commander. General O'Shaughnessy said that NORAD is currently considering ways to confront the renewed threats to North America. "Rather than simply responding to advancements in doctrine technology, we must drive ahead of those technologies and create dilemmas to make it too costly for anyone to contemplate attack on our nations," he said. "We are at risk in ways that we haven't been in decades."

The Two EXTRA Silver Darts

Elsewhere in *THE SCRIBBLER TOO***,** our readers will find a very personal tribute, dealing with the first heavier-than-air powered flight in Canada, which was written by none other than the grandson of J.A. Douglas McCurdy. That article was penned by the Honorary Colonel (HCol) Gerald Haddon, a member of both the 434 (Niagara Peninsula) RCAFA Wing and the AEA 2005. As a bonus for me, he is a very personal friend of mine! His Grandfather McCurdy's presence represented the embryonic Aerial Experimental Association (AEA.) Douglas McCurdy was the craftsman and pilot of Canada's original Silver Dart which lifted off from the surface of a frozen lake near Baddeck, NS on 23 February 1909. This great feat followed numerous years of research, trial and error working with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and his friends.

Gerald Haddon – sitting aboard the AEA 2005 Centennial edition of the Silver Dart

From 2005 to 2009, there was plenty of action going on in Southern Ontario's aviation community. From a private air strip outside of Woodstock, south to the Niagara Peninsula and the communities of Welland, Fort Erie (and in between,) the building and restoring of really old planes was alive and well. It was like a buzzzz that never stopped! The conversations in any one of the Niagara coffee shops, the garages, the private air strips, the Air Cadet Squadrons or any of the Air Force Association Wings were all centered on the building of the Centennial Dart.

Little wonder as, at that time, there happened to be three variations of the same plane.

- Rebuilding of the original Dart, according to specs, thanks to AEA 2005 members;
- The construction of the Dart look-alike to scale, built by Ed Lubitz and Mark Taylor outside of Woodstock, and
- The ½ scale Dart model built under the direction of Jack Minor, a Veteran Photographer of the RCAF, who also 'had a dream.' (Jack was also a good personal friend of mine through our Air Force Association.)

Ed Lubitz constructed a replica of the Silver Dart in 2008/2009. He was supplied with existing plans and plane details by his friend Jack, who had done extensive research on

the Wright Brother's and Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's AEA construction and associated flights. Setting aside further details concerning the why's and wherefores of this latest endeavour, Ed got busy with his construction of the truck portion of this build and then decided to halt it for personal reasons. A retired RCAF Air Frame Tech, Mark Taylor, offered to pitch in as a full time worker on Ed's replica, so they proceeded with the project. They had to hunt for appropriate materials which were germane to the work. With the generous offer of additional materials and labour from other local small groups, firms and a co-op, together with their planned modern way of getting things done, progress resulted at a rapid pace. Those who worked on this replica readily admitted that original construction issues of 1907 and forward were often reduced or replaced with the use of new materials, simplified construction methods and alternative thinking.

The original engine power was increased by using a more efficient engine model. So was the prop they ended up with. Both parts were reliable and much lighter in weight. Rather than using the original rubberized silk used to cover the plane 100 years ago, a lighter Dacron fabric was glued to the structure, tightened using an iron and painted with acrylic house-paint to seal the weave. The later craft weighed out at 580 lbs compared with the original's 610 lbs. Of course, it altered the centre of gravity (C of G) which had a direct bearing on the care taken as the Dart rotated during take-off. As it was, the Dart was stable in all axes. They reported it flew a total of four times in short hops down the runway. Reputedly the crews found as constructed, it was easy to fly because it was slow. This was despite the fact that the controls were different enough that having a lot of flight experience on modern aircraft was perhaps more of a hindrance than a help!

This Silver Dart model was displayed for one summer in various locations, from Dorval Airport in Montreal, west to Oshkosh, WI, USA. It is presently is on display at the National Air Force Museum of Canada in Trenton, ON. As Ed has quoted "It's a unique bird, so check it out when you pass by the city of Trenton, located off the 401 Hwy, just West of Belleville." The museum entrance fee is FREE to everyone!

As for the little-known story concerning the ½ scale replica of the Silver Dart… It began as a Wright Brother Flyer look-a-like for the 2003 Anniversary of Flight Celebrations by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, the only company in the world with direct ties to Orville and Wilbur Wright. The replica was eventually discovered outside of the Dayton Air Force Museum as a derelict, waiting to be scrapped. This relic was brought to Canada (with permission) and over several months during the summer of 2006, it was converted into a ½ size Silver Dart by Jack Minor, his family and some friends. Jack Minor was a qualified ultra-light pilot and an aviation buff who cherished a long held dream of building a Silver Dart. Following completion, it was first displayed at a local Harvey's Restaurant in Port Colborne in September of that year.

Worthy of note, it made the rounds to schools, malls, air shows and Cadet Corps/Squadrons of all stripes, all over the Niagara Peninsula, thanks to Jack and his colleagues. When the time, money and inclination permitted, the ½ Dart later travelled to the Ottawa and Quebec Region for attendance at a multitude of occasions, including a RCAF Squadron Banquet and a Bush Plane Fly-in on the frozen Ottawa River.

Jack Minor and friend Mark Taylor show off a replica version of the Silver Dart plane at Oakwood Public School.

In order to further boost the publicity of both Ed's full sized Silver Dart replica, as well as the ½ scale model, each of group's crew drove in tandem together to several of the big-time events. You can just imagine the surprise look on many of the faces in attendance when the ½ size replica was taken up in the freight elevator to the 3rd floor of a Downtown hotel, was reassembled and displayed as a backdrop for a big-time breakfast meeting of 200 Buyers, Sales reps and Suppliers of the International Aircraft Industry! Later, both Darts travelled to the Bombardier HQ where, for the following 24 hours, hundreds of people saw both of them on display. Another highlight of that trip was the International Luncheon at a Bombardier assembly hangar, where the ½ scale Dart sat on display under the wing of a newly finished Bombardier Business Jet, during the meal and speeches. There were some 400 guests, including fifty Air Cadets who were given special recognition by one of the guest NASA Moon Trips' Astronauts. Worthy of remembering also was the trip made to the 348 Wildcat Sqn 75th Anniversary celebrations where they were used as the backdrop for the formal banquet and dance. Lastly, it was located outside the following day for the naming of # 10 Hangar, in honour of Senator Hartland Molson, a former fighter pilot and former 438 Sqn Commander.

Thankfully, Norm Sonnenburg, from 434 (Niagara Peninsula) Wing has been able to gather bits and pieces of unheard of or untold adventures of the little known ½ scale Dart which often accompanied the look-alike full-sized model and help to contribute publicity to the 100th Anniversary Year of Flight events in Canada. In my mind, all the truly dedicated volunteers that offered their time in hours and travel expenses from their own pockets, for all three Silver Darts, richly deserve a BRAVO ZULU for their efforts!

Author's note: Jack Minor passed away 15 Mar 2019. Not only was he an interesting, warm and compatible friend, but he was a 'natural' informative spokesperson for the Air Cadet League and mentor to literally hundreds (if not thousands) of students and Cadets located all around the Southern Ontario Communities.

Volunteers – Our Unsung Heroes, by Belinda Wilson, Fenelon Falls Branch 238

I think we are all agreed that volunteers are the backbone of any organization and a Legion Branch is a great example of this. At one point, I noticed that our morale was at an all-time low and our volunteers had stepped away. Sure, there was the core group of "old reliables" and, thankfully, they carried on doing whatever was required. But something had to change. We used to have a Volunteer Appreciation Night which had

fallen by the wayside. I wanted to bring it back but also wanted to make sure we didn't miss anyone when the invitations went out. It was easy to identify the usual suspects – the folks who worked the Thursday and Friday lunches and those who helped with events, etc. I didn't want to forget about the guy who always stood up to help bring the groceries in or the folks who always offered to help move tables and chairs around in the Hall. This often unnoticed group of people were as important to the success of the Branch as anyone else.

Enlisting the help of the Executive and the bar stewards, we began to keep track of everyone who helped in any way around the Branch. Each month, a list was posted thanking all those who had volunteered in the past month. Intended to provide us with a comprehensive list of volunteers, it had residual effects. First, our volunteers were being acknowledged in a very public way. Second, people wanted to be on that list, therefore our volunteer numbers began to grow! In about four months, we went from a list of fifty-eight names to over 120!

Our volunteer family was growing, the "old reliables" were able to back off a bit and, as folks began to take pride in ownership, the Branch flourished. We decided to expand the format of the Volunteer Appreciation Night to include the presentation of Certificates of Appreciation and Merit. Usually, these were handed out at our Remembrance Day Honours & Awards Dinner which was typically attended by Veterans and their families, Branch Executive, dignitaries, etc. Most of our volunteers were not given to such formal occasions. We felt it was important that our volunteers receive their acknowledgment in front of their peers, the folks they worked with at the Branch. The familiarity and comradeship added to the experience and it also allowed us more time to tell a couple of anecdotes, have a few laughs and really focus on the volunteers.

The Hall was decorated by the Executive; every seat had a placemat with each volunteer's name and dinner was prepared and served by the Executive. We even had some before-dinner entertainment. When it came time for clean-up, guess what? Yep – those kitchen volunteers just couldn't help themselves and we got kicked out of the kitchen while they did dishes and tidied up! Also interesting here was that the bar did so well that we always ended up covering the costs of the dinner and making a profit!

The Enemy Within, by Sandro Contenta, Toronto Star 30 March 2019 issue

Wolf William Solkin was born of Jewish parents on Feb 12, 1923, in Bessarabia, an eastern European territory that at the time had been annexed by Romania but now forms part of Ukraine and Moldova. When World War II (WWII) broke out, Solkin volunteered. He completed his degree in sociology from McGill University while in training and attended the graduating ceremony in military uniform. Of all things, a D-Day training exercise put Solkin out of action. He rode a motorcycle on a pitch-black night at the head of a truck convoy. "English country roads are narrow and very windy," he recalls. "I'm not sure what happened, but I went around a bend too fast or I couldn't see it and I rammed into a steel pole with my head first." Along with his bike, he flew

through a high row of hedges and blacked out. No one knew he was missing until morning. When he regained consciousness, his mouth was filled with shattered teeth. He heard a search party nearby but couldn't move so he threw his leather helmet over the hedge and it was spotted. He spent months recovering in hospital from a fractured skull and jaw and a serious concussion.

His superiors were understandably cautious about sending him into action when he finally got out. Authorities appointed him morale officer, organizing dances and bingos. Solkin raised an almighty fuss until he was transferred to the Algonquin Regiment, and, as a Lieutenant, sent to fight in Holland in early 1945. He hesitates to talk about the war. Prodded gently, he describes an experience of the day he led his rifle platoon to a railroad embankment near the German border. "Suddenly, we were plastered with heavy bombardment of artillery," he says. "I realized very quickly it was coming from behind us – it was our own artillery; it was friendly fire! I was in charge of these guys and couldn't do a thing about it. All we could do was press our faces against the embankment. Artillery is fragmentation – you don't know who it's going to hit and who it's going to miss. They couldn't move; I couldn't move and we were just decimated. I felt not so much fear, but helplessness."

Today, Wolf Solkin lives with a pacemaker, legs that don't support him and bedsores that need constant attention. At ninety-six, his wits are as sharp as a spear and his fighting spirit remains intact. He helped liberate the Netherlands during WWII and watched men he led get shredded by artillery. He now watches old soldiers die from his room on the 11th floor of Ste. Anne's Hospital, a long-term-care facility for war veterans in the Montreal area. Of the thirty-two vets who lived on the floor when he arrived in 2013, only Solkin and one other are still breathing. Three times a week, he rides his battery-powered wheelchair to a memorial on the ground floor, where pictures of deceased veterans are posted. With a steady hand, he salutes them.

For Ste Anne's veterans, those dead and alive, Solkin has gone back to war. Much to his anger and regret, his foes this time include the federal government he once risked his life to defend. He has launched a class-action lawsuit that accuses the Quebec government of allowing care at Ste Anne's to deteriorate. He also accuses Ottawa of betraying the veterans it has a duty to care for. "It's an injustice of the worst order," he says. "It's a corruption of morals and I won't take it." Ste. Anne's was the last federally operated veteran's hospital to be transferred to a province. By all accounts, care declined literally overnight on 01 April, 2016, when Ste. Anne's was handed to the Quebec government. A written agreement to maintain the same level of bilingual care was broken. "We went from being a fine federal facility to a provincial geriatric garage," says Solkin, who pays a monthly rent of $1,039. Veterans cared for by staff they had known for years suddenly found themselves dealing with a revolving door of part-time workers whose skills and experience seemed limited.

Solkin, for example, needs a hoist to get him out of bed and into his battery-powered wheelchair. Recently, a new orderly strapped him in the harness, raised him with the hoist, but realized as he was being lowered that the chair was out of place. What the

orderly apparently didn't know is that, as a safety mechanism, the chair can't be moved when it is tilted slightly upwards. The orderly had no idea which button would level it, and communication was an exercise in frustration. "I tried to explain it to her but her English was extremely poor and my French is fractured." So I remained hanging "like a stuffed pig in mid-air" while the orderly fumbled with the controls and my cramped hips registered pain. Finally, I yelled through the open door: "Help! Help!" A more experienced orderly rushed in, assessed the danger and placed the chair properly.

On Feb 20th 2019, to the cheers of veterans across the country, Quebec's Superior Court authorized Solkin's class-action lawsuit against both the federal and Quebec governments and the agency that operates Ste. Anne's Hospital. Ste Anne's was one of forty-four federal hospitals for returning soldiers shortly after the end of the WWII. By the time a Royal Commission on the organization of government reported in 1963, only eighteen of those hospitals remained. It noted health care was a provincial responsibility and recommended the hospitals be transferred. By 1995, all but Ste Anne's had been turned over to the provinces. In 1998, a Senate committee reported on deteriorating services in some of the facilities. An agreement between Ottawa and Quebec City committed both to maintaining the level of care and services at Ste Anne's.

According to the lawsuit, the federal government agreed to pay Quebec $159 per day for each veteran at Ste. Anne's. A freedom-of-information request filed by Solkin revealed that two years after the transfer, the federal government had remitted more than $27 million to the Quebec government. Yet, services and care declined. Solkin's lawyer (Laurent Kanemy) asked "Where did that money go?" He speculates that Quebec's health ministry probably distributed the funds among the eight hospitals and clinics that form the West Island health care consortium, including Ste. Anne's. Claims made in Solkin's lawsuit haven't been tested in court. In his decision, however, Justice Bisson said the defendants had "failed miserably" in their contractual obligation to maintain services and the federal government also failed in its fiduciary duty to veterans. Solkin says he's fighting for veterans who can't speak for themselves or are too frightened to do so. All suffer the consequences, he adds, of worsened care.

"I have a permanent catheter. That's part of my condition and I can live with it – if they let me live!" Bladder infections are a constant risk. Urologists used to visit St. Anne's once a month to change catheters. After the transfer, Solkin says they do so every three months. In 2017, Solkin suffered a urinary tract infection and was rushed to an emergency ward. Less specialized basic services have also been reduced. "There were several occasions where I soiled my diaper and I'd ring my bell and I'd have to wait up to forty-five minutes and more to have someone come change me," Solkin says. "It's not just that it's undignified and a terrible feeling, it potentially causes infection. If you have a catheter and bed-sores, as I do, it can be dangerous. I can accommodate myself to the conditions of my health, but I can't accommodate myself to the way those conditions are being neglected."

Recently, Solkin was rushed to hospital after his heart slowed to twenty-two beats a minute. A pacemaker was installed. He says seventeen days went by before a doctor

came to examine him after the surgery. The transfer agreement also guarantees that veterans continue to be served in the official language of their choice. Solkin says he has repeatedly been told by administrators that bilingual help can't be found. "They say, 'Look, your choice is having a non-bilingual person or nobody.' Well, in some cases, having a non-bilingual person is almost equivalent to nobody."

This is what constitutes a normal day for this former Artillery Officer these days. Each day starts off with the staff emptying his catheter. (What a joy that must be!) He traditionally has his breakfast and then tackles the New York Times cross-word puzzle which, by design, increases in difficulty each day. Solkin never gets past Wednesdays! He gets himself spruced up on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, when his wife Louise visits. He keeps his time in a wheelchair to a minimum. Part of his day is spent on his iPad, communicating with younger veterans across the country and receiving thousands of messages of support. He types with his index finger. "I can send, receive and forward. Don't ask me to cut and paste or any of those fancy phrases." Younger veterans, Solkin says, are so exasperated by efforts to get services and benefits from Veterans Affairs they've labelled the exercise "Delay, deny – until we die." Of the 340 war veterans at Ste. Anne's when the transfer occurred, 133 were left at last count, according to Solkin's lawyer. "They're just waiting for them to die," Kanemy says of the defendants in the lawsuit. "They're not going to change the level of service, I can tell you that." Solkin, of course, knows he may not live to see the outcome of what he calls "my final act of desperation." His big extended family has gathered to celebrate his birthday every decade, at 75, 85, and 95. "Now, I'm only promising them a reunion at 100, not 105."

Yet, it's the lawsuit that gets him up in the morning. "The war was a noble battle. We fought for freedom, we fought for liberty and we fought against conquest by the Nazis and the Fascists. This battle is not a noble one, it's a tragic one," Solkin says of his lawsuit. "We're fighting the government we once fought to preserve. Or, you can look at it another way – the government we once fought for is now fighting us. They are our foe and that's the tragedy!"

Did You Know… Hijacking of aircraft was not officially outlawed until 1961.

Impressive People That I've Been Extremely Fortunate to Meet, by Sam Newman

When I started to plan this second edition of *The Scribbler* in earnest, with my daughter Tammy as the Planner, Editor, Scrounger, Sleuth and all the other positions for which she is getting highly paid (as a matter of fact, her income equals mine on this project, so there's no argument from either of us,) we mutually decided that although we'd have trouble getting sufficient quantities of 'little known war stories,' we'd simply add other categories. The first one we readily agreed upon was the topic of "Our Personal Heroes." My #1 daughter had some good suggestions and I, too, wanted to pay tribute to some impressive people that I have met during my Service Career and Post Military

activities, which mainly includes the members of the Air Cadet League of Canada, the RCAF Association (as it is now referred to) and the Royal Canadian Legion.

Oddly enough, my interest in the old RCAFA, later to become the AFAC and now back to the RCAFA, began unexpectedly back in the early 60's. Before I was married, I transferred from the Navy to the Air Force. As a fresh new airman, I was housed in Beaver Barracks in the Cartier Square Drill Hall. It was located right downtown, in the middle of all the entertainment that Ottawa had to offer. One of the first persons that I met was Sammy Sayle, the Volunteer Historian for the Association. He was the guy who first tweaked my interest in this organization. As a newly minted LAC in the "BIG CITY," I sure didn't have a lot of extra quid to spend. Sammy would spend a great deal of his personal time to introduce me to the world of the Association. He gave me a feel for its ideals, its financial aspects and its operational side. In addition, he was a wonderful singer and could keep people engaged and entertained for hours with his Jamaican stories from the Islands!

The second big impression was made by the Ceremonial Director for the Ontario Group, then MWO Ed Walker, from CFB Trenton Supply Section. He was known and referred to simply as "Mr. Boeing." In my early 70's, I was posted to Trenton as a newly minted Lieutenant. Mr. Walker taught me the IN's and OUT's of the Logistics world and guided me in Leadership skills that I honed for the rest of my service career, including the Air Force Association.

It wasn't until I retired in the mid 90's that a third impression was made on me – that of a crusty, well-seasoned Wing President of 434 (Niagara Peninsula) Wing out of Welland / Fonthill by the name of Don Feduck. Over the years, we've become close friends. We have worked well together over the years, often helping each other and the Wings for which we have served. In many respects, our contributions within the Ontario Group mirrored each other and perhaps that gave us license to get the difficult jobs done. When you have a dossier like his and have truly "bin der and dun dat," it's worthy of publication, so permit me to elaborate.

Don's stalwart contributions to the RCAFA commenced in 1981. As a charter member of 483 (Regional Niagara) Wing, he became their President from '86 – '91 and, in doing so, became the 1992 AGM Convention Chairman which was held for the first time in Niagara Falls. With his original Wing successfully operating, he was asked to transfer to the 434 (Niagara Peninsula) Wing in Welland. In the late 90's, he became its leader until just last year, 2018, making twenty years his benchmark for a successful Wing President. Being curious, a reader of many subjects and full of knowledge gleaned over the years, Don truly has done it all. He led the way in supporting #'s 79, 87 and 611 Air Cadet Squadrons, teaching them, among other subjects, photography, aeronautics and aircraft related subjects. He not only coerced a long standing RVP (Gerry Cuffe) to be an important "GO TO" man for him but, over the years, he made contact with important people who served as Guest Speakers and he shared those connections that he made. Don made it one of his important chores to obtain the continued services of a Regular Force Liaison Officer, usually from Trenton. He continually organized or co-organized

successful Battle of Britain Parades and ensuing Ceremonies in the Niagara Peninsula. Not to pour on the icing too high here, but, Don was fastidious at writing up nominations for Awards and Directives for the Group's usage. All in all, he displayed leadership of the highest calibre for many, many years.

Don Feduck

His many accolades and achievements over the years consisted of the Award of Distinction ('93,) Ontario Group Member of the Year ('98/99,) Honorary Associate Life Member of the Polish Air Force Assoc ('99,) Meritorious Service Award ('03,) Army, Navy, Air Force plaque ('06,) Certificate of Appreciation from the AFAC ('09,) RCAFA Order of Excellence ('14,) RCAFA Life Membership ('16,) 434 Wing Member-of-the-Year ('09 & '18,) 434 Outstanding Service Award ('18) and, somewhere in between those presentations, the City of Welland accorded Don an Award for his work while working on the AEA 2005 Silver Dart Project. If that wasn't enough over the years, Don became a Life Member with the Canadian Aviation Historical Society and the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum. The latter permitted him to become part of the Restoration, Maintenance and Flight Crew for the Lancaster aircraft, VRA.

Truly, Don has been central to a full gambit of historically important aspects of our Association. With deep respect, on behalf of all the members of, especially, the Ontario Group, I thank Don for his services over the decades, for becoming a mentor, a close friend and a strong 'Skipper.' Don, you are truly deserving of a Special Mention in this unique book of stories. Thanks, too, for recognizing my BRAVO ZULU award!

Some of the Aircraft of Yesteryear's Wars, by Sam Newman

Since *The Scribbler* was initially produced to tell of little known stories as collected and sometimes told, I will add the following few stories concerning aircraft that were used during the past world conflicts. This might surprise you… It did for me!

Have you heard the story about the only wartime use of a submarine standing in for an aircraft carrier? The story goes that it was meant to be a surprise attack to rival Pearl Harbour, with the Panama Canal as its target. It was the brilliant idea of the Japanese Fleet Commander, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto. He figured that if a flotilla of Aichi M6A Seirans could take out this vital passageway in question, Japan might keep many Allied ships from reaching the Pacific. The design of the top secret Seirans began in 1942 but it took three years to ready the giant I-400 submarines, the largest ever built up to that time and the planes required. By 1945, the target had shifted to the U.S. fleet in the Caroline Islands, which was already gearing up to attack the Japanese mainland.

In 1942, engineers at the Aichi factory designed wings that could fold inside the submarine's hangar, and then unfold easily so a crew of four could prepare it for a catapult launch from the deck in just a few minutes. The Seirans were sleek dive-bombers. Each plane had a single 1,760-pound bomb, the largest in the Japanese inventory. Subs carrying six planes, each with a two-man crew, set out from Ominato, (Northern Japan) in July 1945 but, just as the Strike Force was closing in, Japan surrendered and the crews were ordered to dump their unused Seiran bombers into the ocean. The planes were disguised for the operation as American planes in violation of the laws of war. The planes were dumped so the aircraft carrier would avoid capture. The only surviving Seiran is now at the Steven F. Advar-Hazy Centre in Virginia, USA.

Then, there has been the question posed concerning Germany's Messerschmitt Me 262 Schwalbe. Had this plane been ready to fight before 1944, it would indeed have been bad news for our Allies! With a top speed of 540 mph, the Nazi air superiority break-through could easily outrun a Mustang by 120 mph and it was the world's first jet fighter to see combat. Fortunately for us, there were simply too few that were ready to use to reverse the dominance of the skies that the Allies had earned, at great cost, over the preceding two years. A design team led by Waldemar Voigt had the plans ready in April 1939 and test flights of the revolutionary swept-wing airframe began two years later. Since the jet-engines were far from ready, those early flights were powered by a nose-mounted piston engine turning a propeller. In early 1942, Fritz Wendel made the first successful jet-powered take-off but both wing-mounted BMW jets failed, forcing Wendel to land under conventional propulsion. By the time the turbine engines that the designers eventually settled on were ready for production, competition for the Reich's resources was stiff. The German factories, where POWs were forced to build fuselages, produced 1,443 Me 262s, but fewer than 300 saw action. As the Allies continued to bomb Luftwaffe airfields, many Schwalbe jets were forced to operate from hastily repurposed Autobahns. The majority were destroyed on the ground by Allied bombers or lost in accidents. The appearance of the world's first jet fighter in 1944 did not influence the war's outcome, but it deeply influenced the design of military aircraft.

Are you familiar with the Fairey Swordfish? It was a creaky 1934 open-cockpit biplane that looked as if it might have been more at home in the WWI than in WWII. Did you know that the most heralded action undertaken by the plane was the May 26, 1941 attack that crippled the German battleship Bismarck? The largest, most feared battleship afloat when the war started, the Bismarck had traumatized the United Kingdom two days earlier by sinking its prize battle cruiser - the HMS Hood, drowning 1,415 crew members. That night, the HMCS Victorious launched eight torpedo-carrying Swordfishes to exact revenge but only a single torpedo found its mark. A few days passed before a second Swordfish-launched torpedo damaged the fighting ship's rudder and left the Bismarck helpless to evade the Royal Navy's guns.

Less famous, but far more valuable to the British cause, was the damage the fragile torpedoes exacted on the German U-boat wolf pack, which terrorized Allied supply ships in the Atlantic. In 1942, more than 1,000 ships were lost, along with the fuel, food and materiel they were carrying to the United Kingdom. Winston Churchill wrote in a

six-volume account of WWII, “The only thing that ever really frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril.” Frantic to keep the supply line open, the Royal Navy pressed merchant ships (oil tankers and grain haulers) into service as makeshift aircraft carriers. Ship makers were directed to build flight decks atop the hulls so that patrol a/c could accompany supply convoys travelling the Atlantic. The merchant aircraft carriers were both part and protector of the supply convoys, transporting fuel and grain across the Atlantic while they launched Swordfish planes on U-boat patrols. On patrol, the Swordfish’s three-man crew - the pilot, the observer and the telegraph operator-gunner - orbited the convoy at a distance of about fifteen nautical miles, keeping the ships in sight while watching the sea. Swordfishes equipped with surface vessel radar flew with a crew of two; the radar left no room for the rear gunner. The plane was famously slow. It cruised at 100 mph and stalled only below 50 mph. Supposedly, it escaped the Bismarck’s guns only because German gunners had no speed settings that low. The biplane was also famously versatile, loaded with mines, torpedoes, bombs and array that gave it the nickname “Stringbag,” a reference to the shopping bag carried to British stores. Throughout the war, the old-fashioned Swordfish sank more than 300,000 tons of enemy shipping, including twenty-two U1-boats. In the Atlantic, intimidated by the aging torpedo bomber and other aircraft, submarines generally stayed submerged from late 1943 on. Only on the surface were the subs fast enough to catch a convoy!

Lastly, there is the under-rated importance of one of our lesser known Canadian planes, built during WWII by de Havilland, right here in Ontario at the Downsview factory. It was referred to as the “Balsa Bomber,” the “Loping Lumberyard” as well as the “Timber Terror.” Those were all pertinent references to the de Havilland DH.98 Mosquito. They built over 1,000 of these unique, largely wood composition bombers and the first flight occurred on 23 September, 1942. The nicknames suggest its versatility and the reason why this multi-tasker was so valuable to both the British and the Canadian Allies. These “Mossies” served as night fighters, photo-and weather reconnaissance missions, low-altitude intruders and, still, could fill in for the precision bombing raids that took place deep into enemy territories. It was conceived as a twin engine bomber stripped of defensive armament which allowed it to fly faster, farther and with more bombs. The wartime production ran a total of 6,710 and they, in turn, were responsible for bringing down nearly 500 German planes.

The questions has been posed often… in the age of aluminum, why make a warplane from wood? One explanation was that birch plywood, balsa and spruce were in more plentiful supply. Another was that British cabinetmakers, furniture shops and piano factories already possessed the tools and skills to construct airplane components, with little retrofitting or special training for workers and, besides, many of these planes were built in these smaller factories. There was a downside, however, as these Mosquitos were put together with glues and lacquers that weren’t as resilient as those made today, making the airplanes vulnerable to wood rot. Several suffered structural failures, sometimes with fatal consequences. Interesting to note was that Ferry Command enjoyed delivering these planes to 410 Squadron at Coleby Grange for conversion training before 544 Squadron in Bomber Command made good use of them. As an aside, it was well publicized that the frustrated Luftwaffe Chief, Hermann Goring, had

complained to a group of German aircraft manufacturers that he turned “green and yellow with envy” every time he saw a Mosquito and he even formed a special Luftwaffe Squadron to hunt the elusive fighter-bomber, which proved largely ineffective.

Should this tweak your interest for more information and more than 2,000 photos, I heartily recommend Larry Milberry’s three volume production of “Canada’s Air Force at War and Peace.” You won’t be disappointed!

Honorary Captain (N) Allan Hick, a long and loyal member of the RCN Association, London Branch; Allan Hick is now ninety-two years young.

It was Christmas Day 1945 and our ship, HMCS Crescent, was tied up in the Esquimalt, BC harbour. I had just started eating my turkey at lunch when, over the sound system, the quartermaster called out “Would SA Hick report to the Captain’s cabin, on the double.” I immediately jumped up and went to the Captain’s cabin and knocked on his door. The Captain was there, along with two or three officers. Captain Nixon told me about the naval tradition where, on Christmas Day, the youngest man in the crew is honorary captain. He told me that he was going ashore and that I had the freedom of his cabin for the day. The Captain then took off his jacket – the one with the two and a half gold stripes of a Lt. Commander and, with his hat, he handed them to me. He was not a large man and his jacket fit quite well. He said “Help yourself to my bar if you wish” and with that, the Captain and his officers left.

The Canadian warship, HMCS Winnipeg, had arrived at Esquimalt during the night. I was aware that Mac MacDonald, one of my classmates from basic training in Cornwallis, was aboard. As the temporary Captain, I called the Quartermaster to my cabin and instructed him to go over to the HMCS Winnipeg and, if MacDonald was aboard, ask him to report to the Captain’s cabin on my ship. In due course, there was a knock on the door and in stepped MacDonald. He looked at me in disbelief and said “What the heck are you doing here?” I asked him to sit down and we had a drink and talked and laughed about our training days. After MacDonald left, I made the Captain’s rounds of our entire ship which drew jeers and comments from my fellow crew members. Soon enough, the real Captain returned and I had to relinquish the jacket and hat to its rightful owner. This was an experience that I shall never forget.

D-Day Clickers

After parachuting over Sicily in 1943, the future commander of the 101st American Airborne Division realized the importance of communication within the parachuted units in enemy territory. Indeed, scattered, isolated parachutists had difficulty in finding their comrades without risking exposure to enemy fire. To connect with each other, the Americans used a toy consisting of a spring steel blade that made a clicking sound when pressed. One press emitted a click-clack sound and its meaning was to request

identification. The answer had to consist of a double pressure or two click-clacks indicating the presence of a friend rather than a foe. The clickers, known as crickets, were all made by the English firm, J Hudson & Co. Whistles, now known as Acme Whistles. The factory itself was bombed when incendiary bombs were dropped and one found its way down the lift shaft, exploding in the cellar. Whistles were sent raining out into the streets of Birmingham. A third of the factory was demolished but, so essential were its crickets, it was rebuilt in just four days.

Only the 101st Airborne Division was equipped with clickers and the paratroopers only received it a few days before June 6, 1944 (D-Day.) Paratroopers were free to hang their cricket wherever they wished. Some kept it in the pockets of their jackets or trousers while others hung it around their necks or their helmets. Only 7,000 clickers were made for the soldiers to use on D-Day and very few genuine originals have ever been found since. Fearing the clickers would be captured by the enemy and subsequently replicated, they were only used for twenty-four hours before being discarded. As a result, very few originals have ever been located. Many replicas have been produced so it is not uncommon to hear the famous “click-clack” at the ceremonies in Normandy.

The Dreyfus Affair

Alfred Dreyfus (9 October 1859 – 12 July 1935) was a French Jewish artillery officer. His trial and conviction in 1894 on charges of treason became one of the tensest political dramas in modern French history. It is known today as the “Dreyfus Affair.”

In October 1877, Dreyfus enrolled in the elite military school in Paris, where he received military training and an education in the sciences. In 1880, he graduated and was commissioned as a Sub-Lieutenant in the French army. After specialized training as an artillery officer and two postings, Dreyfus learned that he had been admitted to War College. At the War College exam in 1892, he graduated ninth in his class with honourable mention. However, one of the members of the panel, General Bonnefond, felt that “Jews were not desired" on staff and gave Dreyfus poor marks for *likability* which lowered Dreyfus' overall grade. Bonnefond did the same to another Jewish candidate, Lieutenant Picard. Learning of this injustice, the two officers lodged a protest with the school director, General de Dionne. The General expressed his regret but said he was powerless to help. The protest later counted against Dreyfus. The French army had an estimated 300 Jewish officers, of whom ten were Generals. However, General Bonnefond's prejudices were shared by some of the new trainee's superiors. The personal assessments received by Dreyfus during 1893/94 acknowledged his high intelligence but were critical on aspects of his personality.

In 1894, the French Army's counter-intelligence section became aware that information regarding new artillery parts was being passed to the Germans by a highly placed spy, most likely on the General Staff. Suspicion quickly fell upon Dreyfus who was arrested

for treason on 15 October 1894. On 5 January 1895, Dreyfus was summarily convicted in a secret court martial and sentenced to life imprisonment on the penal colony of Devil's Island, in French Guiana. Following French military customs, Dreyfus endured a public ceremony of degradation by having the rank insignia, buttons and braid cut from his uniform and his sword broken.

In August 1896, the new chief of French military intelligence, Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, reported that he had found evidence to the effect that the real traitor was a Major Esterhazy. Picquart was silenced by being transferred to the southern desert of Tunisia. When reports of an army cover-up and Dreyfus's possible innocence were leaked to the press, a heated debate ensued. Esterhazy was found not guilty by a secret court martial, before fleeing to England. Following a passionate campaign by Dreyfus' supporters, he was given a second trial in 1899 and, again, declared guilty of treason despite the evidence in favour of his innocence.

In 1899, due to public opinion, Dreyfus accepted a pardon by President Émile Loubet and was released from prison. This was a compromise that saved face for the military's mistake. Officially, Dreyfus remained a traitor to France and pointedly remarked upon his release:

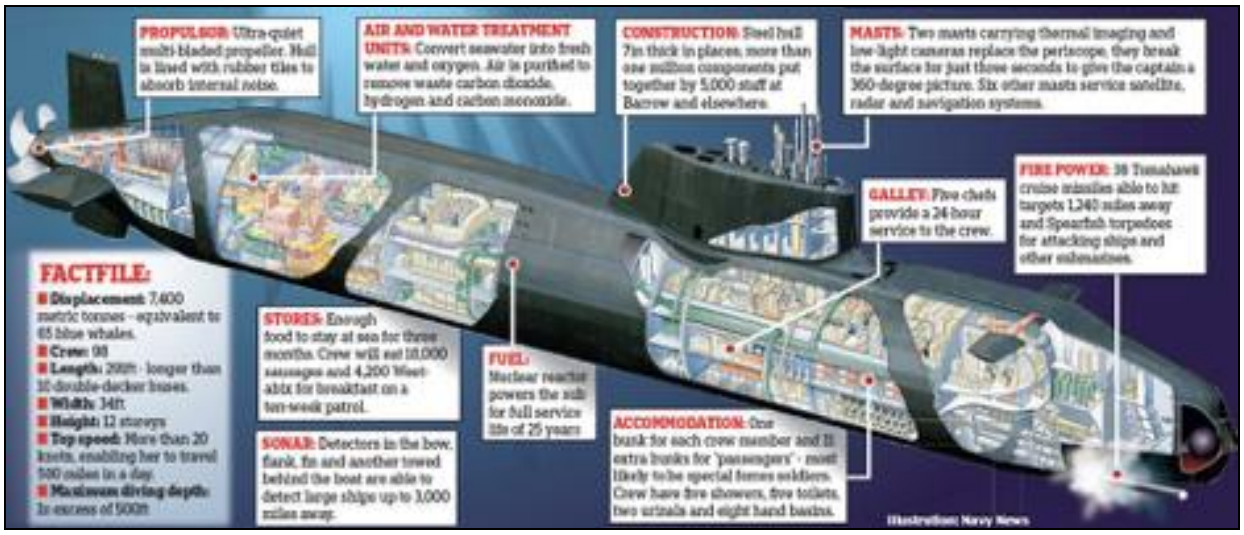
> "The government of the Republic has given me back my freedom. It is nothing for me without my honour."

Until July 1906, when Dreyfus was officially exonerated by a military commission, he lived in a state of house-arrest with one of his sisters. The day after his exoneration, he was readmitted into the army with a promotion to the rank of Major. A week later, he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour and subsequently assigned to command an artillery unit at Vincennes. On 15 October 1906, he was placed in command of another artillery unit at Saint-Denis.

Dreyfus retired from the army in October 1907. At the outbreak of World War I, .he re-entered the reserves as a Major. Serving throughout the war, Dreyfus rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He served mostly behind the lines of the Western Front, in part as Commander of an artillery supply column. He did perform some front-line duties in 1917, notably at Verdun and on the Chemin des Dames. He was promoted to the rank of officier de la Légion d'honneur in November 1918.

Dreyfus died in Paris at age seventy-five, exactly twenty-nine years after his exoneration. Two days later, his funeral cortège passed the Place de la Concorde through the ranks of troops assembled for the Bastille Day holiday (14 July.) He was interred in the Cimetière du Montparnasse, Paris. The inscription on his tombstone is in both Hebrew and French. A statue of Dreyfus holding his broken sword is located at the exit of the Notre-Dame-des-Champs metro station. A duplicate statue stands in the courtyard to the Museum of Jewish Art and History in Paris.

HMS *Ambush*



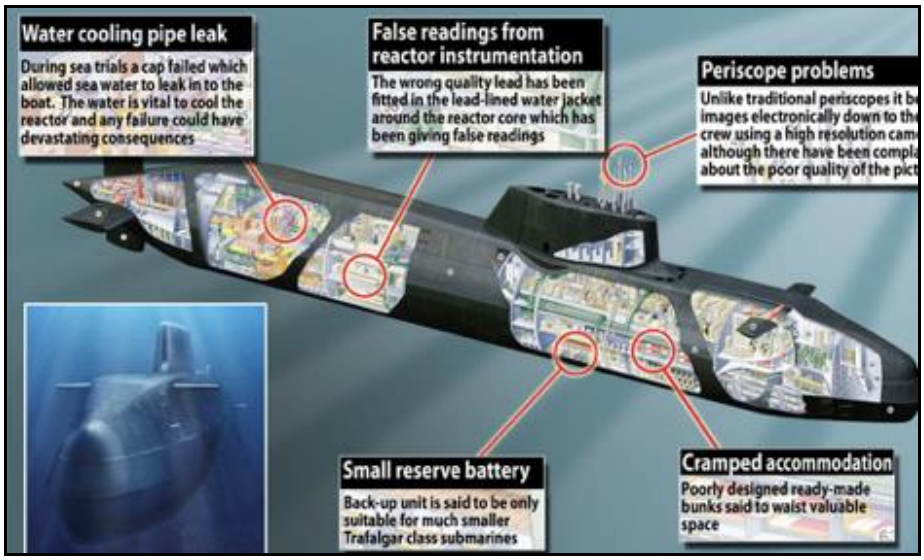
HMS *Ambush* is an Astute-class nuclear fleet submarine of the Royal Navy, the second boat of her class. She's one of the world's most sophisticated and powerful submarines. HMS *Ambush* was ordered in 1997 from GEC's Marconi Marine (now BAE Systems Submarine Solutions), laid down in 2003 and commissioned in a ceremony at HM Naval Base Clyde on 1 March 2013. She's so high-tech she doesn't need a periscope. Her crew use a digital camera system to see above the surface when she is submerged.

- HMS *Ambush* is capable of hearing a ship leaving port in New York while sitting underwater in the English Channel.
- Her sonar can detect vessels moving on the other side of the ocean.
- *Ambush's* powerful nuclear reactor allows her to cruise non-stop for twenty-five years. Her range is only really limited by the need for maintenance and resupply.
- She cost around £1 billion to build.
- Her weapons include precision Tomahawk cruise missiles capable of hitting targets 1,200 miles away and Spearfish torpedoes for fighting other vessels.
- HMS *Ambush* can travel over 500 miles in a day, allowing them to be deployed anywhere in the world within two weeks.
- The submarine is one of the quietest built, capable of sneaking along an enemy coastline to drop off Special Forces or tracking a boat for weeks.
- Her listening ability is quite awesome. She has a sonar system with the processing power of 2,000 laptop computers.
- The submarine's kitchen will be staffed by five chefs, providing food 24-hours a day for her officers and crew.
- Most of her 103-strong crew live in bunk-beds measuring two meters by one meter, with up to eighteen submariners sharing one room.

Did you know that the HMS *Ambush* bumped a tanker as she tried to come to the surface near Gibraltar? The sub hit the other ship with her conning tower during naval exercises off the Rock in 2016. The Commander, Justin Codd, pled guilty at a court martial to being hazardous during a training exercise. The damages were £2.1 million

and the Commander was sentenced to forfeiting a year of seniority.

Currently, they have found leaks in the water cooling pipes, allowing sea water to leak into the boat. They are receiving false readings from the reactor instrumentation because the wrong quality lead was fitted around the reactor core. There have been complaints about the poor quality of the electronic periscope pictures. Engineers have been struggling to increase the boat's speed without making it too noisy. A naval source likened it to "a V8 engine with a Morris Minor gearbox." The back-up battery is said to be only suitable for much smaller class submarines. Lastly, the poorly designed, ready-made bunks are too cramped and waste valuable space. The submarine has been plagued with design flaws and can't reach top speeds to avoid attacks if needed.



Eyeglass Eagle Crash, submitted by Rosetta and Hugh McGlinchey

422 Squadron Royal Canadian Air Force arrived in Fermanagh, Northern Ireland in the spring of 1944. They were youthful, joyful crews of men who had, thus far, generally enjoyed their war experiences stationed with Coastal Command in Scotland, protecting Merchant Navy convoys from the threat of German U-boats. They flew Sunderland flying boat bombers. They were to do the same job from their base on Lough Erne, patrolling out into the Atlantic and also into the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. Their role was an important one. The U-boats were the only cog of the German war machine which really frightened Churchill and any break in the Allies supply line would have had a debilitating effect on the war effort. To the airmen based on the usually serene Lower Lough Erne, the war must often have seemed a world away. Conditions on the base were beautiful and even when they were patrolling airborne, at an average altitude of 400 feet, there was never any real feeling of unease or fear.

"We felt like nothing was ever going to happen to us out there. To fly was just a treat to get up and if they ever postponed a flight on us we got sick, you know, just sick. I don't know any aircrew that ever worried – it was all jovial, fun guys that had a good time, I don't know anybody that ever worried about dying. Flying out to sea in those things was so peaceful. You almost forgot that you had a job to do it was so beautiful and peaceful." The biggest threat to their safety actually came from the Merchant Navy which the Sunderlands were sent to protect. Engagements with enemy aircraft and U-boats were rare by 1944, but the Merchant convoys were jumpy and fairly trigger-happy. The worst part was flying alongside a convoy, because those merchant people were shooting at everything and they didn't know their friends from their foes. When approaching a convoy, the skipper used to give them every view they could of the markings or else the Merchant Navy would shoot. The pilots would also shoot coloured flares by way of identifying themselves, but the colours were changed frequently and sending up the wrong colour could prove fatal. Call signs were also used for identification but they, too, were changed frequently.

“Eyeglass Eagle” was the last call sign of Sunderland NJ175, as it took off around 11:15 on August 12, 1944. NJ175 was supposed to have been checked by the engineers before take-off. Every one of the twelve-man crew had checks to make after being rowed out to the plane on a dinghy. The crew, having flown and socialized together for months, had got to know each other like brothers. They were heading for the English Channel, hoping to catch the German subs heading for Norway from their base at Brest on the French coast. The men – all members of the RCAF, were expecting to be away for between ten and twelve hours, which would burn an enormous 2000 gallons of fuel. As it happened, they were only airborne for about thirty minutes and had to dump as much of the fuel as possible over the surrounding area to reduce their landing weight.

The engine sounded uneasy after take-off, like it wasn’t firing on all cylinders. The noises got worse as the plane reached the West Coast of Ireland and a problem in the outer starboard engine had developed into a fire. The crew sent out a mayday call and turned around to return to base. Orders came to jettison the fuel and the depth charges on board, which would have exploded on impacting with the ground. Local people in the fields were used to seeing the huge flying boats sailing out to war over their heads but to see one with thick black smoke billowing out from its starboard engine was an unusual and alarming experience. Although the plane was in a remote area, there were a number of people in the vicinity. On board the plane, dumping the 2000 gallons of fuel was proving too dangerous as the high octane fuel was pouring out perilously close to the burning engine, risking an explosion which would blow the plane to smithereens. Sergeant (Sgt) Platsko, the Second Pilot, who had the job of jettisoning the fuel and depth charges in preparation for a less than routine landing, now had to shut off the fuel dump valve. He also had another problem – the track for the depth charges stuck and the crew couldn't get them out of the plane. After a desperate struggle, the crew eventually worked the charges free and they dropped harmlessly to the ground, to be blown up next day.

Sgt Platsko returned to the task of shutting off the fuel dump valve but was shuddered

out of his work by a loud bang. The burning engine suddenly froze up and the propeller twisted off its shaft and spun into the starboard float, causing the plane to bank suddenly and steeply to the right. Not long before impact, the propeller broke off with a sharp snap. The pilot, Flying Officer (F/O) Devine, had a fight on his hands. With one engine on fire and out of action and a half-ton propeller embedded in the side of one of its floats, the plane was losing height at a frightening rate and in danger of hitting the ground sideways first. It would've cartwheeled if the wing had touched first and everyone would have died. The crew members were adopting the crash position, something similar to what is advised on commercial airliners today, but without the fancy demonstration cards. F/O Devine was fighting for his life and the lives of his comrades, fighting to get the heavy plane back on an even keel to give them a chance in the crash landing which was now inevitable. Somehow, against the odds, he achieved this, righting the plane just before impact on the ground, succeeding in saving the lives of nine of his crew members. Three of the crew – F/O Devine, F/O Wilkinson and Pilot Officer (P/O) Forrest died instantly. Sgt Platsko, who hadn't time to buckle himself back into his seat after jettisoning the depth charges, was thrown through the windscreen and survived, although he was seriously injured.

The plane hit the lip of a country track, coming down perpendicular to the road rather than along it, which caused the bottom half of the plane to be severed in the sudden halt. "When the bottom half of the plane was torn out, I was up in the ceiling getting my arms broke, my face cut and a concussion. I was looking down and I could see Sgt Colbourne laying face-up on the bottom," recalled Sgt Singer. "We went over the top of him but it looked like we were still and he was sliding on a toboggan underneath us. That was the last thing I remembered until I regained consciousness and tried to get out of that thing." The next thing he recollected was the heather all around the crash site being on fire. The Sunderland had broken in two places – at the tail and between the under section and the rest of the plane. The tail breaking off was a blessing in disguise, affording an escape hatch for Sgt Singer and some of the other crew.

Dazed, bleeding and with his left arm hanging limply by his side, Sgt Singer somehow got out of the mangled remains of the plane. As aviation fuel leaked out, the fire spread and ammunition was exploding in the heat. He staggered clear of the heat but heard Sgt Colbourne crying for help. Sgt Colbourne was trapped under the wreckage of the tail, powerless, with two broken legs. Sgt Singer turned back into the flames. "I can remember going back when I heard him crying and screaming. My left arm was broken and I tore a ligament in my shoulder hauling him out. By the time I got him far enough away – until I couldn't feel the heat anymore, I passed out and so did he." The fire totally engulfed the plane but, somehow, all of the survivors got clear of the wreckage. Twelve year old Joe O'Loughlin reached the plane on his bicycle about half an hour after the crash, along with other locals, the supposedly neutral Irish Army from Finner Camp, rescue services from Castle Archdale and medical staff from Ballyshannon's Shiel Hospital. All of the injured, with wounds ranging from a broken back to severe burns, were taken to the hospital, where they remained for 48 hours before being transferred to St Angelo Airport and over to a hospital in England.

At this point, according to the records of 422 Squadron, Sgt Singer died. This was quite an alarming discovery for Bob Singer who thought that his father had recovered from his injuries, received a medical discharge and flown back to Canada, where he later married, had five children and moved to Florida. Sgt Singer kept in contact with Sgt Colbourne, who rang him every year on August 12th to thank him for saving his life, a lifetime ago. Bob had decided to do a little research into his father's Airforce career and had stumbled upon the Squadron records. He knew very little of the crash and nothing of his modest father's heroic rescue of Colbourne. He sent a reply to the website, stating that as his father had been helping him in the yard that morning and notwithstanding a Lazarus-like reincarnation, he had not died in England on August 14, 1944 as the Squadron notes reported. Sgt Singer had missed out on over fifty years of squadron reunions thanks to an erroneous report in the records. He had no idea that there was such interest in those based at Castle Archdale. He also got in touch with the courageous now Doctor Platsko, who lives in California. The two old comrades talked together for the first time in fifty-eight years, while Sgt Singer ordered his Squadron badge, an honour he had neglected for over half a century.

Sgt Singer and his son, Bob, returned to Fermanagh and to Cashelard. They revisited many areas of huge significance – the well-kept war graves in Irvinestown where his three comrades are buried, Castle Archdale and the Shiel Hospital in Ballyshannon. At the hospital, Sgt Singer joked that he had an outstanding bill from 1944 and asked the staff if he owed them anything. Finally, he made his most emotional visit of all to the site at Cashelard, where Sunderland NJ175 crashed fifty-eight years ago to the day. A tear ran down the cheek of Sgt Singer as he stood on the windswept bog, receiving long overdue recognition for an act of great courage undertaken all those years ago. It was a marvellous moment and a fitting closure to his selfless actions as a nineteen-year-old First Gunner on a stricken Sunderland flying boat in 1944, where he saved the life of a comrade. It was also emotional to his son, Bob, who had correctly pointed out that reports of his father's death in the Squadron records were greatly exaggerated. A large crowd gathered on Monday at the exact hour at the site where Sunderland NJ175 crashed shortly after taking off from its base at Castle Archdale. They gathered to pay tribute to Sergeant Chuck Singer and also to the three airmen who did not survive the crash. Their names are recorded on a memorial stone erected at the site. With a beautiful ceremony choreographed brilliantly by local historians Joe and Breege, interspersed with presentations to Chuck, the crowd listened to a recounting of the Canadian's remarkable story.

Full of praise for the people of Fermanagh, Chuck returned to Florida, laden with gifts such as a mounted piece of the wreckage of his plane, a framed citation commemorating his bravery, a copy of the memorial plaque erected to the memory of his fallen comrades and a replica model of the plane in which he soared above the seas, risking his tomorrow for our today. Having been reacquainted with his squadron and returned to the site of his wartime experiences, he admits to being overwhelmed with his time in Fermanagh. As far as Flying Boats go, he has just one disappointment and he is not the only one. "It's a shame there isn't one for you guys to look at. They're all on the bottom of the lake, you know. Isn't that crazy?"

Perished crew:

- F/Lt Devine – Pilot – aged 22 – Buried in Irvinestown Church of Ireland
- P/O Forrest – W.Op / AG – Buried in Irvinestown Roman Catholic Churchyard
- F/O Wilkinson – Pilot – aged 22 – Buried in Irvinestown Church of Ireland

Surviving crew members:

- Sgt Allen – Navigator – Severe head injuries and burns to hands and legs
- Sgt Jeal – Flt Engineer – Fracture to spine; extensive burns to his hands and face
- Sgt Colbourne – A/G – Head injury and fractured right leg
- Sgt Platsko – 2nd Pilot – Head injury
- Sgt Oderskirk – W.Op/ AG – hand and facial injuries
- Sgt Clarke – FME/AG – Compressed fracture of the spine
- Sgt Singer – A/G – Fractured left arm
- P/O Locke – W.Op/AG – Head injury

Walt Disney Productions and World War II, by Tammy Newman

From the quick-tempered Donald Duck to the loveable Dumbo, Walt Disney Productions (WDP) created some 1,200 designs during World War II (WWII.) Such recognizable characters were used for aircraft nose art, flight jacket patches, pins and other memorabilia for American and allied military units. All of this work was done by the Disney studio free of charge, as a donation to the war effort. Disney's relationship with the military dates back to 1917, when Walt Disney's older brother Roy joined the Navy. Walt himself served a year later, during WWI, as a Red Cross ambulance driver when he was only sixteen years old. A sign of what was yet to come, he decorated his ambulance and others in his unit with drawings and cartoons.

WDP created their first military insignia in 1933 and created many public information and training films during the war years. Disney also created more than 1,200 unit insignia during WWII for all branches of the U.S. Armed Forces. It did the same for allied military units from the United Kingdom, Canada, China, France, New Zealand, South Africa and Poland. In fact, the only major Disney character that didn't appear in any insignia designs was Bambi. Two notable Walt Disney artists during this effort were Hank Porter and Roy Williams. Porter created the 334th Fighter Squadron, Army Air Forces eagle with boxing gloves which came from the American Eagle Squadron in the Royal Air Force. Williams created the Flying Tiger insignia for the 14th Air Force and later became the inventor of the mouse ears worn on The Mickey Mouse Club.

The most requested Disney characters include:

- Donald Duck: At least 216 unit designs
- Pluto: 45 designs
- Goofy: 38
- Dumbo: 20
- Mickey Mouse: 37
- Snow White: Officially used only once for a medical unit

In June 1942, the Disney studio in California became a war plant. By 1944, they employed 600 people and 25% of them either voluntarily enlisted or had been drafted. According to David Lesjak, author of "Service with Character – The Disney Studio and WWII," the studio had a service flag with 165 blue coloured stars on it. Each star represented an employee serving in the military. The studio's 1944 annual report noted the breakdown of staff serving – eighty-five army, forty-nine navy, twenty-one Marines, two merchant marines and one Women Airforce Service Pilot (WASP.) They also had five gold coloured stars, each representing a staff member killed in the line of duty. Fast forward to today, the military's century-long relationship with Disney continues to evolve. The studio regularly coordinates film productions with the military and service members and their families enjoy discounts at Disney's theme parks. Given the longevity of Mickey Mouse, there's no sign of that relationship slowing.

Stanislawa Leszczyńska

Auschwitz is best known as a place of death – a hellish extermination camp, the largest of its kind, where at least 11 million people are thought to have been murdered. So, it's strange to think of the camp as a place of life as well. It was, though – thanks to a woman named Stanislawa Leszczyńska. During her two-year internment in Auschwitz, the Catholic Polish midwife delivered 3,000 babies at the camp in unthinkable conditions. 2,500 did not survive the camp. Stanislawa Leszczyńska was instructed to murder babies, but refused. She is a candidate for sainthood in the Catholic Church. Though her story is little known outside of Poland, it is testament to the resistance of a small group of women determined to help their fellow prisoners.

Leszczyńska's desire to help others is what landed her in Auschwitz in the first place. She was born in Lodz in 1896 and spent her early years in relative peace – marrying, studying for her midwife's certificate and having children. In 1939, everything changed when the Nazis marched into Poland. Suddenly, Leszczyńska lived in an occupied country and her city – home to the second largest number of Jews in Poland – became home to a ghetto. More than $^{1}/_{3}$ of the city's population was cramped into a tiny area and forced to work for the Nazis. Horrified by the conditions in the ghetto, Leszczyńska and her family, including her four children, decided to help. They smuggled false documents and food to Jews inside the ghetto as part of a growing Polish resistance.

In 1943, the family's work was discovered and they were interrogated by the Gestapo. Though Leszczyńska's husband and oldest son managed to escape, the younger children and their mother were arrested. Leszczyńska was separated from her sons, who were sent to different camps to do forced labour. She was sent to Auschwitz with her daughter, a medical student. Her husband kept fighting the Nazis, but was killed during the Warsaw Uprising of 1944. She never saw him again.

When she arrived at the camp, Leszczyńska found a German doctor and told him she was a midwife. He assigned her to work in the camp's maternity ward, a set of filthy barracks that was less a place to care for pregnant women than a place to usher them

into death. Most pregnant women at Auschwitz were simply sent to the gas chambers. Women who found out they were pregnant at the camp were sometimes given abortions by Gisella Perl, a doctor who helped prevent hundreds of women from giving birth. Often, when a pregnancy was discovered, they were summarily executed. Others were sent to a hospital barracks to wait out the rest of their pregnancy in squalid conditions. Sister Klara, a midwife who had been sent to the camp for murdering a child, oversaw the barracks with a woman named Sister Pfani. They were in charge of declaring babies born in the ward stillborn, then drowning them in buckets, often in front of the mothers who had just given birth. Sister Klara's role did not include assisting with deliveries.

When Leszczyńska heard what was expected of her in the macabre maternity ward, she refused. When she was taken to the doctor who oversaw the entire camp, she again refused. "Why they did not kill her then, no one knows," said Leszczyńska's son, Bronislaw. Despite threats and beatings by Klara, Leszczyńska simply began caring for mothers and delivering their babies. Despite knowing that most babies she delivered would be killed within a few hours, she worked to save as many of the mothers' lives as she could. It was almost impossible work; there was no running water, few blankets, no diapers and little food. Leszczyńska quickly learned to have women in labour lie on the rarely lit brick stove in the center of the barracks – the only place that could accommodate a labouring woman. Lice and diseases were common in the hospital, which would fill with inches of water when it rained.

Leszczyńska, assisted by her daughter and other prisoners, later said she delivered 3,000 babies during her two years at Auschwitz. She continued to refuse to kill babies despite repeated orders to do so. She even stood up to Dr. Josef Mengele, the camp's infamous "Angel of Death," who was known for his brutal experiments on twins and other inmates. Not every baby was immediately murdered. Beginning in 1943, some were taken to give to Nazi couples as Aryan babies. Leszczyńska and her assistants did their best to tattoo the babies who were taken, in the hopes they would later be identified and reunited with their birth mothers. Other women killed their babies themselves rather than hand them over to the Nazis.

Some non-Jewish women were allowed to keep their babies, but they usually perished quickly due to the conditions in the camp. However, a few Jewish babies were allowed to live, though it's unclear what happened to them. In the words of historian Zoé Waxman, "If a child was allowed to survive, it was likely to be for a specific purpose and for a specific time." Leszczyńska felt helpless as she watched the babies she delivered be murdered or starve to death, their mothers forbidden to breastfeed. But she kept on working, baptizing Christian babies and caring as best as she could for the women in the barracks. They nicknamed her "Mother."

Of the 3,000 babies delivered by Leszczyńska, medical historians Susan Benedict and Linda Sheilds write that half of them were drowned, another 1,000 died quickly of starvation or cold, 500 were sent to other families and 30 survived the camp. It is believed that all of the mothers and all of the newborns survived childbirth. In early 1945, the Nazis forced most inmates of Auschwitz to leave the camp on a death march

to other camps. Leszczyńska refused to depart and stayed in the camp until its liberation. Leszczyńska's legacy lived on long after the liberation of Auschwitz – both in the memories of the survivors whose babies she attempted to give a dignified birth, the lives of the few children who left the camp alive and the work of her own children, all of whom survived the war and became physicians themselves.

Children's clothing items – Auschwitz

A nurse and children during the liberation of Auschwitz, 1945.

"To this day I do not know at what price she delivered my baby," said Maria Saloman, whose baby Leszczyńska delivered. "My Liz owes her life to Stanislawa Leszczyńska. I cannot think of her without tears coming to my eyes." Leszczyńska returned to life as a midwife in Lodz after the war and only began to discuss her time at Auschwitz when she retired in 1957. She is still revered in Poland and has been nominated for sainthood in the Catholic Church. Even if she never becomes an official saint, her crucial work in a living hell speaks for itself.

Antoine Verschoot's last 'Last Post' in Ypres, by John Goheen

John Goheen is the principal of Rochester elementary school in Coquitlam and the tour guide for the Royal Canadian Legion's Pilgrimage of Remembrance for more than twenty years.

12 December 2015 – It's 7:30 p.m. and the Belgian policeman's whistle pierces the cold, dark December night in Flanders. Traffic is halted and even the impatient and shivering teenager on the motorcycle will have to wait. The audience that started arriving well over an hour ago now numbers in the thousands. Most evenings, the size of the audience at the Last Post Ceremony at Menin Gate Memorial in Ypres is impressive, but this is no ordinary night. This is Antoine Verschoot's last night. He will play his last "Last Post."

I doubt Antoine imagined that when he started playing at this ceremony in 1954, he would do so most nights for the next sixty-one years. In that time, he has played for royalty, prime ministers and presidents as well as many thousands of pilgrims who come to this town and this ceremony from every corner of the globe year round to remember. Now, at age ninety, Antoine is the most senior member of the small corps of buglers from the Ypres Volunteer Fire Brigade who perform this daily ritual. Tonight, after more than 15,000 performances, Antoine will sound his last note. Antoine's

longevity is remarkable but the real significance of his final ceremony is simply that another bugler will take his place tomorrow night and become part of the long line of succession that perpetuates this ritual of remembrance.

Antoine Verschoot

Menin Gate Memorial in Ypres

The Last Post at the Menin Gate is a ritual performed every night since Nov. 11, 1929. In all weather, in front of thousands or dozens or none, the buglers come to attention at 8 p.m. sharp and sound the first note of "The Last Post." The only exception to this devoted tribute was during the Second World War, when the Nazis occupied Ypres and would not permit the ceremony. But the very evening of the day Ypres was liberated in September 1944, the buglers returned and have played every night ever since. Despite the passage of time, locals will tell you, "We never forget." Sadly, far too many in Canada have. For Canadians, Ypres was once a well-known place name. Situated in the heart of the Flanders region of Belgium, the city and Canada were forever linked during the Great War when Canadian soldiers fought and died in numerous battles in the area in 1915, '16, and '17. Known as "Wipers" by the soldiers, the town was never far from the frontline. My grandfather was one of those who knew "Wipers" until he was wounded in 1916. His war lasted just weeks but his wounds caused pain and suffering for the rest of his days. Through the town's eastern gate, known as the Menin Road Gate, marched tens of thousands of soldiers of the British Empire, including Canadians, on their way to the front just a few kilometres away. For much of the war, the British front line in this area extended, finger-like, as a bulge or salient into German occupied territory. The Ypres Salient was always under enemy fire and observation at all times, and was considered the most heavily shelled place on earth by 1917.

By war's end, Ypres was little more than rubble. Every building except the old post office was destroyed or damaged. Today, the town stands rebuilt and appears centuries old. The citizens of Ypres rebuilt their town brick by brick after the war. On the site of the town's old east gate, the Menin Gate Memorial to the Missing was erected. The memorial is an immense arch that lists the names of 55,399 soldiers of the armies of the British Empire, all killed within a modern day ten-minute drive from here. Their bodies were never found. As the memorial explains:

> "Here are recorded names of officers and men who fell in Ypres Salient but to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death." They are the "missing."

In fact, there are over 100,000 British Empire soldiers missing in the Ypres area alone. Some still lie in the now green fields and occasionally their remains are found; others simply vanished for all time in the fire of war. Included among the rolls of the missing are 6,940 Canadians killed in the savage fighting here between 1915 and 1917. Almost 10,000 more of their comrades are buried in numerous cemeteries that mark the battlegrounds of the old Ypres Salient – St. Julian, Gravenstafel Ridge, St. Eloi, Hill 62 and, worst of all, Passchendaele – names that are forever linked to Canada's sacrifice. Soon, Antoine's part in this incredible ritual will be history but he retires knowing that Remembrance is renewed nightly at the Menin Gate. In Ypres, every day is Remembrance Day.

Christmas in Ortono

By Dec 1943, the Allies had reached the historic seaport of Ortono on Italy's Adriatic Coast. The town was held by Hitler's elite paratroopers, whom he had personally ordered to defend at all cost. The Canadian troops were mostly young Loyal Edmonton Regiment reservists in their twenties who revelled in liberating town after town as they quickly advanced up the eastern side of Italy. The Canadian troops met the Germans at the Moro River, less than seven kilometres away from Ortono. It was hoped there would be a day or so of fighting. Instead, the Canadians fought their way into the town for eight bloody days. The Battle of Ortono began on Dec 20th. That December was the wettest on record. The Moro River had risen more than eight feet and the surrounding fields became seas of mud that clung to soldiers as they tried to advance against sniper fire, mortar, artillery and tanks. The Germans counterattacked repeatedly and, often, the fighting was hand-to-hand as the Canadians inched toward Ortono. What the Canadians didn't know is that they were about to crash into a German defence line.

The streets of Ortono were narrow and lined with stone houses. The Germans had blocked off the side streets thus forcing the Canadians onto the only street wide enough for tanks, a highway running through the center of Ortono. Buildings had been blown up, creating piles of rubble which acted as roadblocks. It was a trap. As Canadian tanks proceeded down the streets, they were blown up. A tangle of land mines and booby trips were placed in the rubble while snipers and machine gunners were positioned at strategic locations throughout the town. It was a battle for every building on every street and for each corner in town. The enemy used all their tricks and weapons. Heavy artillery was placed in the ruins of buildings to provide cover for the German infantrymen. Basements were packed with explosives which could be remotely detonated by German engineers. The Germans blew up a building packed with Canadians and the only surviving soldier was pulled from the building three days later.

The streets were killing zones. To protect themselves from sniper fire, the Canadians utilized a technique called "mouse-holing" with great success. A demolition charge was moulded out of plastic explosive. The charge was placed against the interior wall of a house and soldiers would blast a hole through the wall, enabling them to advance through the adjoining buildings without being exposed on the street. The Canadians

used mouse-holing to attack, house to house, clearing the enemy one room at a time. Sometimes, they cleared entire blocks without ever setting foot in the streets. This successful technique is still employed in urban warfare.

On Dec 25th 1943, it was Christmas in Ortono. In a bombed-out church at Santa Maria di Constantinopoli, members of the Seaforth Highlanders gathered in shifts a few blocks from the fighting for a Christmas dinner. They had scrounged the essentials for this special meal – table cloths, chinaware, beer, wine, roast pork, applesauce, cauliflower, mashed potatoes, gravy, chocolate, oranges, nuts and cigarettes. An organist played "Silent Night" and, for a few moments, there was a semblance of normalcy as the soldiers were able to sing these words amongst the raging war. Unfortunately, they had to return to the fighting. For some, it would be their last meal.

The Germans withdrew two days after Christmas. The Canadians achieved their objective but at great cost. Ortono had been liberated, ending the month that would go down in history as "Bloody December." It was the bloodiest month of war in the Italian Campaign with 213 Canadians dead during that Christmas week alone. It was a Christmas in hell. The losses suffered by the Canadians at Ortono were nearly one quarter of their total casualties in the entire Italian Campaign.

About Canadians

Some information is taken from an article by Gerry Boley, Buffalo News, 16 September, 2013. Gerry Boley is a high school teacher, university lecturer and writer living in St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

With the exception of Horstman Glacier on Blackcomb Mountain in Whistler, BC during June and July only, summer skiing in Canada just isn't happening. Frigid northern winters, however, have shaped the tough, fun-loving Canadian character. When it is -30°C, the Canucks get their sticks, shovel off the local pond and have a game of shinny hockey – pick up hockey that is played with whoever is available at the moment. Let's face it... Canadians are hockey. Canadians have a great sense of humour. Canada has some of the world's greatest comedians, from early Wayne and Shuster to Rich Little, Jim Carrey, Russell Peters, Seth Rogen, Mike Myers, Leslie Nielsen, John Candy, Martin Short, Eugene Levy and Lorne Michaels.

The suggestion that Canadians are soft on terrorism is a myth. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau backed down the Front de Liberation du Quebec terrorists during the 1970s. Trudeau declared in his press statement that in order to deal with the unruly radicals, the federal government would invoke the War Measures Act, the only time the country used these powers during peacetime. The Canadians in Gander, NL countered the

despicable terrorist acts of 9/11 with love and caring when planes were diverted there. The Canadians are anything but pacifists. This warrior nation has never lost a war that it fought in – War of 1812, World War I, World War II, Korea and Afghanistan. In hunting the Taliban in Afghanistan, U.S. Commander and Navy SEAL Captain Harward stated that the Canadian Joint Task Force 2 (JTF2) team, a special operations force of the Canadian Forces, was "his first choice for any direct-action mission." JTF2 is primarily tasked with counter-terrorism operations but also specializes in direct action, hostage rescue, personnel recovery and foreign internal defense.

In 1813, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles de Salaberry was a tough, capable British Army officer who was fluent in French. He had already made life difficult for invaders by harassing them as they crossed the border. He had trees felled to block roads to hinder their carts and cannons. On the north side of the Chateauguay River, southwest of Montreal, de Salaberry's forces used natural ravines as defensible earthworks. They dragged intact trees with sharpened branches on top to serve as a kind of natural barbed wire. This was the main protection for de Salaberry's militia unit, the Voltigeurs, plus seventy-two members of the Canadian Fencibles Regiment, 202 militiamen and twenty-two native warriors. The rest of his troops were in the rear. De Salaberry let the enemy come to him. To make others think they were well-manned, de Salaberry directed his men to blow bugles and shout from various locations. The ruse worked and intruders retreated. Why did French Canadians join the struggle to save British North America? The answer is in the 1774 Quebec Act, where the British guaranteed French Canadians the right to remain Catholic and francophone. French civil law is still the basis of the Quebec legal system today.

Canada consolidated its status as a warrior nation during World War I battles at Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, Somme and the Second Battle of Ypres, where soldiers were gassed twice by the Germans but refused to break the line. By the end of the war, the Canadians had earned their reputation as the Allies' shock troops and they were widely recognized as one of the most effective fighting formations within the British Expeditionary Force. In the air, four of the top seven World War I aces were Canadians. Crack shots, the names William "Billy" Bishop, Raymond Collishaw, Donald MacLaren and William Barker, with seventy-two, sixty, fifty-four and fifty victories, respectively, were legendary. These were the original Crazy Canucks, who regularly dropped leaflets over enemy airfields advising German pilots that they were coming over at such and such a time, and to come on up. Bishop and Barker won the Victoria Cross, the highest award for gallantry. In 2011, the Canadian War Museum named Barker as the "most decorated war hero in the history of Canada, the British Empire and the Commonwealth of Nations." The pilot who is officially credited with shooting down the Red Baron – Manfred von Richthofen – was Roy Brown from Carleton Place, ON. Modern historical consensus suggests that ground fire actually downed the Baron.

In 1922, while a student at the University of Manchester, Winnipeg native William Stephenson invented the wire-photo and then a radio facsimile method of transmitting pictures without need of telephone or telegraph wires. He used this to transfer photos over the wire for the U.K. Daily Mail newspaper. During World War II, the now knighted

air ace ran the undercover British Security Coordination (BSC) using the code name Intrepid from Rockefeller Center in New York, as a liaison between Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. As head of the BSC, Sir Stephenson handed over British scientific secrets to Franklin D. Roosevelt and relayed American secrets to Winston Churchill. Sir Stephenson established the program to create a training facility called Camp X, the secret spy school near Whitby, Ontario. Camp X was the unofficial name of the Special Training School No. 103, a WWII British paramilitary installation for training covert agents in the methods required for success in clandestine operations

Canadian inventions such as the oxygen mask (Roy Stubbs) and anti-gravity suit (Wilbur Rounding Franks) allowed Allied fighter pilots to fly higher, turn tighter and not black out by the resulting G-force. The thirty-two Canadians from the Avro Arrow team helped build the American space program and were, according to NASA, brilliant to a man. James Arthur Chamberlin, chief designer of the Jetliner and the Arrow, was responsible for the design and implementation of the Gemini and Apollo space programs. In the early 1960's, he was one of the key people that proposed that the lunar orbit rendezvous was the best option for landing a crew on the Moon and returning them to Earth, the method eventually used on Apollo lunar landing missions.

Canadians have had a free, workable medical system for over fifty years. Whether it is a ruptured appendix, a hip replacement, a heart attack, brain surgery or a broken foot there is zero cost. Canadians have and value a medical system for all Canadians that is free with minimal waits. It is not socialism; it is caring about fellow Canadians.

People may be surprised by the Canadian content in their life. Many popular sports are Canadian in origin.

- Superman was co-created by Canadian Joe Shuster. The Daily Planet is based on the Toronto Daily Star newspaper. The film's character Lois Lane was played by Margot Kidder and Superman's father was played by Glenn Ford - both Canadians.
- In the movie Star Trek, the Captain of the Starship Enterprise was Montreal-born William Shatner.
- Torontonian Raymond Massey scored a great triumph on Broadway in the Pulitzer Prize-winning play *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* despite reservations about Lincoln's being portrayed by a Canadian. He repeated his role in the 1940 film version, for which he was nominated for the Academy Award for Best Actor. Massey again portrayed Lincoln in *The Day Lincoln Was Shot* on Ford Star Jubilee (1956) and two TV adaptations of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* broadcast in 1950 and 1951.
- The expression "as American as apple pie" isn't true. John McIntosh discovered the original McIntosh sapling on his Dundela farm in Upper Canada in 1811.
- James Naismith from Almonte, ON invented basketball.
- In football, both tackles and downs were introduced by the Canucks in games between Harvard University and McGill University in the 1870s. Harvard introduced the new version to Yale University and Yale introduced it to Princeton University. That particular game was the start of American football.
- Five-pin bowling is also a Canadian game. In 1909, Thomas F. Ryan invented the game at his Toronto bowling club. Five-pin bowling was birthed from customer's

complaints that the ten-pin bowling ball was heavy and difficult to play. He cut five of the ten pins down to about 75% of their size and cut the other five pins out completely. His new smaller balls were now able to fit into the hand of the player.

- By the 1600's, a version of lacrosse was well-established and was documented by Jesuit missionary priests in the territory of present-day Canada. Lacrosse was declared Canada's national game in 1859. However, in 1994, Canadian Parliament passed Canada's National Sport Act, which made lacrosse the national summer sport and hockey the national winter sport.
- Famed baseballer Jackie Robinson was terribly discriminated against in the United States simply because it was 1948 and he was black. He called Montreal "the city that enabled me to go to the major leagues." The issue of race was not as fundamental a marker of identity in Canada as it was in the U.S. Canadian conflicts were more religiously based and centered on the ongoing dissension between the French and English or the Catholics and the Protestants.

To make everyone's life easier, Canadians invented Pablum, the electric light, the electric oven, the telephone, Marquis wheat, standard time, the rotary snow-plow, the snowmobile, Plexiglas, oven cleaner, the jolly jumper, the pacemaker, the alkaline battery, the caulking gun, the gas mask, the goalie mask and many more. Our history is exciting but we don't toot our own horn. The world does that for us. For the fourth time in six years, Canada has come out on top in a Reputation Institute global survey that tries to determine which country has the best reputation. More respondents would rather live, visit, work and study in Canada than in any other country in the Top Ten list.

Japanese Canadians in World War Two, by Sam and Tammy Newman

We have all heard of David Suzuki from *The Nature of Things,* the longest running CBC documentary series. David is a third-generation Japanese Canadian, born in 1936. He and his twin sister, Marcia, were the first of four children born to second-generation Japanese Canadians. His father, Carr Kaoru Suzuki, and mother, Setsu Nakamura, owned a dry-cleaning shop in the Marpole neighbourhood of Vancouver.

Most people know that Suzuki has received many honours and awards. These include five Gemini Awards for his work in Canadian television as well as the 2002 John Drainie award for distinguished contribution to Canadian broadcasting. He has twenty-nine honorary degrees from universities in Canada, the United States and Australia. In 1986, he received the Royal Bank Award and the UNESCO Kalinga Prize for the Popularization of Science. In 1995, he received the Order of British Columbia. Suzuki was named an Officer of the Order of Canada in 1976 and was elevated to Companion in 2005. He received a lifetime achievement award from the University of British Columbia in 2000. In 2009, he won the Right Livelihood Award, known as the "Alternative Nobel Prize," which recognizes outstanding vision and work for the planet and its people. Suzuki was inducted into Canada's Walk of Fame in 2017

Most people don't know about David Suzuki's childhood. In 1942, while Canada was at

war with Japan, the federal government forced all Japanese Canadians – about 22,000 people – off the West Coast, effectively declaring them enemy aliens. Carr Suzuki volunteered to leave Vancouver to help build the Trans-Canada Highway, hoping to reassure authorities that he was loyal to Canada, his country of birth. The effort was in vain. The government sold Carr's dry-cleaning business and sent him to a labour camp in Solsqua while the rest of the family was forced to move to an internment camp in Slocan and had to give up most of their possessions. Internment is the imprisonment of people, commonly in large groups, without charges or intent to file charges and thus no trial. The term is especially used for the confinement of "enemy citizens in wartime."

Their new home was one room in a dirty, run-down, old hotel. A year into their incarceration, a school opened. David began Grade 1. He was an avid student who did well in class. In *David Suzuki: The Autobiography*, he relates mixed memories of this time. The Slocan Valley was a paradise with its wilderness and wildlife but he was bullied by other children in the camp because he could not speak Japanese.

In 1945, Prime Minister Mackenzie King issued an order-in-council giving Japanese Canadians two options. They could resettle east of the Rocky Mountains or choose repatriation to Japan once the war ended. The WWII restrictions prohibiting Japanese Canadians from living within 160 km of the BC coast were not lifted until 1949. Toward the end of the war, the Suzukis were moved to another camp in Kaslo, BC. After the war, the family was forced to leave the province, resettling in Leamington, ON, where they were the first visible minority family in the small community. In 1950, they moved to London, ON. David Suzuki currently lives in Vancouver, BC.

Many single men were exiled to labour camps in Ontario. Apparently, they weren't formal internment camps because the men volunteered to work on farms with crops such as sugar beets and tobacco and were to be paid through the Ontario Farm Service Force program. Chatham-Kent had five locations operating under this program – in Northridge, Wallaceburg, Dresden, Glencoe and Petrolia. Newspaper files make it clear the workers weren't welcome. Residents didn't want them staying at the Essex Fairgrounds so the nineteen men that came in 1942 went to a farmhouse or stayed in nearby tourist cabins. In 1943, almost forty more men arrived.

The provincial government stressed that the men were Canadians and they wouldn't be guarded, but there would be RCMP supervision. The workers could go into town to shop or see a movie. After a small riot in Essex on 5 June 1943, their activities were restricted. Five workers were at a restaurant when what sounds like two drunken residents accused the workers of not previously paying for a game of pool. The atmosphere escalated and, eventually, a crowd to 100 to 150 residents gathered, threatening violence. The RCMP and OPP came and dispersed the crowd by getting one of the residents to admit he was wrong. By remembering this part of the war, we get a more balanced view of history.

In 1988, then-Prime Minister Brian Mulroney formally acknowledged the wartime wrongs committed in Canada against the Japanese community and announced compensation.

The $300 million compensation package included $21,000 for each of the 13,000 survivors, $12 million for a Japanese community fund and $24 million to create a Canadian race relations foundation.

Attacked at 18000 Feet by a Crew Member, by Barbara Armstrong

My father, Flight Sergeant Harry Wilson DFM, was Navigator/Bomb Aimer with Bob Lasham's crew in 9 Squadron and, later, with 97 Squadron, the "Pathfinders." He survived the war. One story he often told was the time when he was attacked by a crew member at 18,000'.

It was January 14, 1944 at 7:30 p.m. We were returning from a raid on Brunswick at a height of 20,500 feet, thinking that we were getting the hang of operating things and could look forward to shortly finishing our flight. Suddenly, the aircraft gave a tremendous jolt and tracers were striking the fuselage and screaming over our port wing. My skipper immediately went into a diving corkscrew and as we were climbing starboard, we were hit again. The pilot continued corkscrewing for some time and we seem to have lost our attacker. It was now time to take stock.

The pilot called each member of the crew and all replied that they were okay, with the exception of the rear gunner from whom there was no reply. The mid-upper gunner reported seeing hits on the rear turret and the rear of the fuselage. The pilot ordered the flight engineer (FE) to go back and investigate. He was instructed to call up on emergency intercom points down the fuselage, but there was no response from calls made to him. The wireless operator (W/O) was then sent back – but by the time he got to the first intercom point and called up, he was incoherent and was obviously suffering from lack of oxygen. He was told to stay put. I was then asked to go back. The aircraft was descending by this time so I didn't need oxygen.

I came across the W/O, saw that he was now on oxygen and proceeded towards the rear turret where I found the FE unconscious on the floor. He had been sick into his mask, so I cleaned him up and plugged him into the oxygen. He had obviously tried to open the turret, as lying beside him was the emergency axe. The turret was turned to the beam, and there was a gaping hole just behind the turret – so I started to pump the dead man's handle when I felt a blow from behind. (The dead man's handle is a grip lever on the control handle that was pressed on by the gunner.) For a second, I thought we had been hit again. Then I saw the FE with the axe in his hand. (He apparently thought I was a German and he was trying to save the Rear Gunner.) I struggled with him for a few seconds but he was bigger and stronger than me so I pulled his oxygen mask off and he passed out. I then continued pumping the dead man's handle until the turret was in line with the fuselage. With trepidation, I opened the door and found the Rear Gunner smiling at me – though wounded in the leg, shoulder and arm. He was lucky; if the hole just above the dead man's handle had been a foot further back he would have been a goner. We landed on three engines with a damaged port tire.

The skipper had called air traffic control for an ambulance to meet us. When they boarded the aircraft, they passed the FE who was standing by the rear entrance. They thought he was okay and ignored him. He let himself out of the aircraft and disappeared. A search party was sent out to find him as he thought he was in Germany and was trying to escape. Both members of the crew recovered and were able to continue flying. We've all had terrifying experiences but being mugged at 18,000' qualifies as unique!

The Dickin Medal: The Victoria Cross for Animals
Compiled with information from the Canadian Army Public Affairs website

Throughout its history, the Canadian Army (CA) has relied on animals to take on various tasks, including communication, transportation and troop morale. No matter what job they did, thousands of dogs, pigeons, horses and other animals have played vital roles in the success of the CA. The CA recognizes the significant contributions of thousands of animals, including many who died while serving Canada. There are a number of ways military animal heroes are honoured. The Animals in War Dedication is a monument located in the heart of downtown Ottawa in Confederation Park. Visitors to the National Capital Region can go there to learn about the history of animals in the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF.)

Another way these animals are celebrated around the world is through the Dickin Medal. Often referred to as the "Victoria Cross for Animals," it is the highest honour that an animal can receive. Maria Dickin was the founder of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals (PDSA,) a British veterinary charity. She established the Dickin Medal for any animal displaying conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty whilst serving with British Empire armed forces or civil emergency services. Since its conception in 1943, this medal has been awarded to more than seventy animals, including dogs, horses, pigeons and a cat. Of all recipients, dogs have been awarded the most Dickin Medals. Man's best friends have often been unlikely heroes, doing everything from providing morale to troops to searching for mines in battlefields. The medal, which continues to be awarded today, is international in scope. While several animals from Canada have received the medal, the majority of the recipients served with other nations such as the United Kingdom, France and the United States. The medal's ribbon is green, brown and blue, to represent naval, land and air forces. The front of the bronze medallion has "For Gallantry" and "We Also Serve" inscribed on it. On the back, it has the name of the animal recipient, its branch of service or unit and the date and location of the act that earned them the award.
Four animals have earned a Dickin medal for their service to the Canadian Army.

- Sergeant (Sgt) Gander, a Newfoundland dog, mascot of the Royal Rifles of Canada – In 1941, a Newfoundland dog named Sgt Gander was serving as the mascot for the Royal Rifles of Canada. He was given to the regiment by a civilian family and was loved by his fellow troops. As noted in the official citation when the medal was presented, twice he stopped the enemy's advance and protected wounded troops. On a third occasion when Canadians were under attack in Hong Kong, Sgt Gander

picked up a grenade and ran with it, but, tragically, it detonated and he never made it back to his troops. Sgt Gander's sacrifice saved many Canadian lives in Hong Kong. He was awarded a posthumous Dickin Medal on October 27, 2000, becoming the first recipient of the medal since 1949. He has also been honoured in many other ways. The Gander Heritage Memorial Park in Gander, Newfoundland was named in his honour to remember his sacrifice along with the human members of the Royal Rifles of Canada. His name appears with the names of 1,975 Fallen on the Hong Kong Veterans Memorial Wall in Ottawa. A statue of Gander appears as part of the Cobequid Veterans Memorial Park in Bass River, Nova Scotia.

- Beachcomber, the pigeon at Dieppe – On March 6, 1944, a Canadian pigeon named Beachcomber by the troops, was awarded the Dickin Medal for delivering an important message from Canadians at Dieppe in 1942. Flying across the foggy English Channel through treacherous conditions all the way to Britain, Beachcomber delivered the news about the landing. He is one of several WWII carrier pigeons to be recognized by the Dickin Medal, but the only one to do so while serving Canada.
- Sam, a German Shepherd with the British Royal Army Veterinary Corps (RAVC) on assignment with The Royal Canadian Regiment (RCR) in Eastern Europe in 1998 – During the breakup of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia in 1991, the region was devastated by a series of conflicts. Canada, the United Nations and NATO allies went to the region to help create peace and stability. While serving with the RCR, Sergeant (Sgt) Carnegie, Sam's RAVC handler, saw him perform two acts of bravery within only a few days of each other. On April 18th, a gunman opened fire in the town of Drvar in Bosnia and Herzegovina. After locating the suspect, Sam charged at him and helped bring him to the ground, allowing Sgt Carnegie to retrieve a loaded firearm. On April 24th, Sam and Sgt Carnegie were called in to help protect a group of civilians who had taken refuge in a warehouse. Ethnic tensions were high in the region so when rioters came toward the warehouse, the two had to create a barricade to protect the civilians. They stood their ground until reinforcements arrived and none of the civilians were harmed. Two years later, at the age of ten, Sam passed away from natural causes. In 2002, Sgt Carnegie accepted a posthumous Dickin Medal on Sam's behalf. In the book *The Animal Victoria Cross: The Dickin Medal* by Peter Hawthorne, Sgt Carnegie is quoted as saying: "Sam displayed outstanding courage and not once did he shy away from danger. I could never have carried out my duties without Sam at my side. He deserves the best."
- Warrior, a thoroughbred horse – The most recent animal to earn the Dickin Medal for serving in harm's way for Canada was a WWI horse named Warrior. Born in 1908, Warrior belonged to British Major-General (MGen) John Seely. In December 1914, MGen Seely was named Commander of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade (CCB.) Warrior led the CCB in charges at several battles including Ypres, the Somme and Passchendaele. In March 1918, he led the charge at the Battle of Moreuil Wood, a crucial action that helped make way for the final days of the war. Even after MGen Seely suffered injuries from a gas attack, Warrior stayed with the CCB under its new commander, Brigadier-General (BGen) Paterson. Warrior survived WWI and became known as "The horse the Germans couldn't kill." In December 1918, he was shipped back to the Isle of Wight, where he was born. MGen Seely published a book about him in 1934 and rode him in 1938 to commemorate the date that their

combined age was 100. In April 1941, Warrior died at the age of thirty-two. The centennial of the beginning of WWI led to several commemorations in his honour, including the unveiling of a bronze statue of MGen Seely riding Warrior at Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight. Another honour that Warrior received was the first-ever honorary Dickin Medal. Warrior's specific recognition is significant because he represents the resilience and strength of all animals in the war effort.

In the century since the end of WWI, the use of animals in the CA has evolved. Some units, such as The Lord Strathcona's Horse and The Royal Canadian Dragoons still keep horses for ceremonial purposes. Canadian Rangers sometimes use horses to access remote locations but the horses are privately owned and supplied when needed. Dogs are not officially trained for military service by the CA although they are sometimes obtained from outside agencies for sniffing out explosives or for search-and-rescue tasks. Animals still contribute to many aspects of overall CA operations and culture. Dogs and other animals remain beloved as regimental mascots and are much valued to improve troop morale.

Animals in War Dedication

A bronze, life-sized statue of a medical service dog stands guard over the dedication. It is wearing an authentic replica of a medical backpack that war dogs used during WWI. The Animals in War Dedication was created in 2012 by Canadian artist David Clendining.

The Animals in War Dedication honours animals that served alongside their human comrades in war. It is symbolically set next to the South African War Memorial, a battle where Canada supplied 50,000 horses for mounted troops. Both commemorations are located in Confederation Park in downtown Ottawa. The footprints of dogs, horses and mules are stamped into the concrete at the Animals in War Dedication, representing the marks they left on the battlefield. Three bronze plaques depict the animals and provide interesting facts about their roles, their sacrifices and their unwavering loyalty. Among the roles animals have played in war:

- **Mules:** Carried panniers and artillery.
- **Horses:** Carried mounted troops and hauled field guns.
- **Carrier pigeons:** Delivered messages to specific destinations.
- **Dogs:** Used as messengers, medical assistants, bomb detectors and search and rescue workers.

Air Cadet Insurance Broker Soars to Success!
From www.insurancebusinessmag.com

Thomas Taborowski had a far from conventional start in the insurance industry. From the age of thirteen, his passion was all about flying. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Cadets (RCAC) and worked his way through various programs, gaining his private pilot license in the process. At the age of nineteen, when he aged out of Air Cadets, he joined the Cadet Instructors Cadre (CIC,) a special branch of the Canadian Forces Reserve. This enabled him to continue working with and training Air Cadet Squadrons. He joined the Air Cadet League of Canada (ACL) – a civilian, non-profit, volunteer-led organization which, in collaboration with the Department of National Defence and other partners, is dedicated to supporting the objectives of the RCAC program. The program helps young cadets learn about good citizenship and leadership, it promotes physical fitness and it stimulates interest in the aviation and aerospace industry, including the air element of the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF.)

He was on an Officer Training Course when a recruiter for the Empire Life Insurance company persuaded him to turn his hand to insurance. Taborowski, who was studying risk management at the University of Toronto at the time joked, "Who wants to be a banker anyway?" The gamble certainly paid off for the young Reservist… he's been flying high ever since. Taborowski joined Empire Life in 1984 and he received the Rookie of the Year award for top sales in the same year. After a three-year stint, one of his close friends suffered a family tragedy, which set Taborowski on a new course. He was asked to step in and oversee property and casualty (P&C) insurance brokerage at W.C. McLaughlin Insurance Brokers Limited, while the owner – his friend's father – recovered from a serious medical condition. "When they first asked me to step in, I thought, 'Oh no, I don't want to do that. P&C brokers are just order takers. I want to be in real sales.' But, they convinced me to give it a try so I got my license. The rest is history," Taborowski said. He worked for W.C. McLaughlin for four years before being recruited to another brokerage.

In 1999, just fifteen years after that discussion at the Officer Training Course, Taborowski founded Expo Insurance Broker. It is a full-service brokerage, providing home, auto, commercial auto, property, life and investment services to clientele in the general Toronto area. What he enjoys most about the P&C industry is that there are many different products to be sold. Taborowski likes to help clients with both home and auto insurance and, if they're a business owner, he looks after their commercial insurance needs also. He does say that, "as soon as you get really confident about a P&C product – enough to say: 'I really know this' – everything changes. It's been a constant stimulant to stay on top of market changes and make sure you fully understand the products. It's fun, but it's also challenging. The last five years have been brutal because of how fast everything's changing."

While Taborowski's broking career took off, he never forgot his first true passion – the Royal Canadian Air Cadets. After working his way up through multiple regional and national leadership positions in the ACL, Taborowski was awarded the 2019 Director of the Year award for his "exceptional service" to the ACL. The award was presented by Major General (MGen) B.F. Frawley, OMM, CD, Deputy Commander RCAF. Mr. Taborowski was humbled by the honour and he recognized the thousands of other people who are working just as hard for the organization.

MGen Frawley & Mr. Taborowski

"As an insurance broker, one of the key things we need to engage in is connecting with the community," Taborowski added. "We know the communities that we live in and we ensure that those people – our neighbours – are protected with insurance. There are 456 Squadrons in the RCAC. For me, it makes sense to let people see what I'm doing and to get other brokers involved so that they can support the Squadrons in their communities. For some kids, joining Air Cadets is their only chance. It makes a huge difference." Taborowski's efforts have not gone unnoticed. He has worked with Intact Insurance and Gore Mutual Foundation who have made significant donations of thousands of dollars to the ACL over the years.

Federally funded projects aim to improve STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics) and computer science education for students from rural areas of the country. Traditionally, these students fall behind their urban peers when it comes to college readiness and enrollment.
(L – R) Jay Szpala, Rozanne Kibel, Thomas Taborowski and Don Berrill

"Remembering Hervé Hoffer: Keeper of Canada's remembrance flame in Normandy," by Richard Foot, *The Globe and Mail,* Sunday, Jan. 22, 2017

Hervé Hoffer was born in 1951. His family's summer home is the famous "Canada House," the half-timbered duplex house that looms conspicuously behind the seawall at Bernières-sur-Mer. It was one of the first French homes liberated by Allied forces on D-Day, by soldiers of the Queen's Own Rifles regiment of Toronto. The Hoffer house is typical of the large, imposing holiday homes that were once common along the Normandy coastline. The Germans razed many of these beach houses during the Second World War, fearing they would be used as location landmarks for an Allied invasion force approaching from the sea. The Hoffer house was built in 1928 and

purchased by Mr. Hoffer's grandfather in 1933. Somehow, the building was spared the destruction, although the family was evicted from it during the Nazi occupation. The house also miraculously survived the bombardment of the Allied invasion in 1944, despite the presence of German soldiers firing a machine gun at Canadian troops from the home's front porch. In black-and-white photos of the time, the house is clearly visible, battered but still standing behind the seawall of what was code-named Juno Beach. Today, there is a plaque in front of the building that says,

> "This house was liberated at first light on D-Day, 6 June 1944, by the men of The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. Within sight of this house, over 100 men of The Queen's Own Rifles were killed or wounded in the first few minutes of the landings."

Mr. Hoffer and his wife inherited the house from Mr. Hoffer's parents in the 1970s. Remembrance of the war had dropped out of favour by then, in both France and Canada. Mr. Hoffer's parents, who had survived the Nazis as children, preferred to forget. In 1984, the 40th anniversary of D-Day, Canadian veterans first began returning in sizable numbers to Normandy. Mr. Hoffer noticed the Canadians stopping outside his house and pointing at the building. Curious, he invited them inside and heard their stories – becoming aware for the first time that he owned the most historic home on Juno Beach. "The veterans were still young and healthy then; many of them stopped to chat and have a beer," Mr. Hoffer once said. "Some asked if they could see inside the house. I made many friends, and it just grew from there."

So began his thirty-year obsession to preserve and honour the memory of Canada's sacrifices on the strip of sand where he had spent his summers since childhood. He made contact with veterans who had come ashore in Bernières-sur-Mer, particularly members of the Queen's Own Rifles and Le Régiment de la Chaudière, of Quebec. He collected photos and war memorabilia and displayed it inside the house – which he dubbed "La Maison des Canadiens" or "Canada House." Today, the private home more closely resembles a museum festooned with Canadian flags, regimental insignia and wartime maps and artifacts. On one downstairs wall, there is even a framed, bloodstained 500-franc note given to a Canadian soldier in Bernières-sur-Mer on D-Day, by a German soldier who pleaded for his life in exchange for the money. The Canadian veteran survived the war and presented the note to Mr. Hoffer years later on a pilgrimage back to Juno Beach.

(above – Hervé Hoffer and wife, Nicole at Canada House in France)

Mr. Hoffer also made several trips to Canada, each time visiting veterans at home or in hospital and once bringing a group of French schoolchildren with him. He also served as Vice-President of the Canadian Battlefields Foundation, an organization of historians and veterans that promotes remembrance. There always seemed to be a parade of Canadians to the Hoffers' door – tourists, school groups, visitors on battlefield tours. All were invited inside by Mr. Hoffer and his wife, if they were home.

Every year at the beginning of June, Hervé Hoffer lit a paraffin lantern and hung it from the balcony of his summer house overlooking the coast of Normandy, France. After sunset on June 6th – the anniversary of D-Day – crowds watch Mr. Hoffer carry the flickering lantern down to the beach and wade, fully clothed into the sea, where he tosses the lantern into the English Channel. Speaking in French, he calls it "a symbolic gesture to the Canadians who came from the sea, to give us back our freedom." Mr. Hoffer's lantern ceremony has grown in popularity over the years, faithfully attended by locals, young members of the Canadian regiments that stormed Juno Beach in 1944 and even surviving veterans of the battle. Afterward, they assemble at the beach house, remembering those who died in the war. It is the place to be on June 6th for any Canadian on Juno Beach.

On January 9, 2017, Mr. Hoffer suffered a stroke. He died in hospital four days later – leaving behind a shocked community in Juno Beach and many friends in Canada. He was sixty-five. "He's a hero to many Canadians, even though he's a proud Frenchman," says retired Major-General Clive Addy, the former president of the Canadian Battlefields Foundation, who attended Mr. Hoffer's funeral. "Hervé was absolutely dedicated to the idea of service to your country, the importance of democracy and the idea of education – especially educating young people about the war." He was known to be fond of sharing a drink with veterans. As the priest said with a smile at Mr. Hoffer's funeral mass, "Hervé is probably closer now to Saint-Émilion (a French wine) than to St. Peter."

As the popularity of Canada House grew over the years, so did the burden of maintaining the building and its collection of artifacts and of keeping its doors open. Years ago, Mr. Hoffer established a volunteer group, the Canada House Association, to help with the work. It now assumes responsibility for the house, along with Mr. Hoffer's wife. The right hand side of the duplex is owned by a different family and they are not open to the public.

Bad Angel, submitted by Rene McKinnon

Louis Curdes was born in 1919. In 1942, the United States needed pilots for its war planes. Lots of war planes meant lots of pilots. Curdes joined the Army Reserve on March 12, 1942. He became a 2nd Lieutenant (2Lt) and graduated from Flying School when he was twenty-two years old. Later, he was sent to the Mediterranean theater to fight against the Nazis in southern Europe during World War II (WWII.) He joined the 329th Fighter Group, a unit of the United States Army Air Forces, but was transferred to the 82nd Fighter Group, 95th Fighter Squadron where he saw action in North Africa, Sardinia and Italy, while flying a Lockheed P-38 Lightning. On April 29th, 1943, he shot down three German Messerschmitt Bf 109 aircraft and damaged a fourth near Cape Bon, in Tunisia. On May 19th, he shot down two more Bf 109s near Villacidro, Sardinia. In less than a month of combat, Curdes was a flying ace.

On June 24th, he shot down an Italian Macchi C.202 over Sardinia. He damaged a German Bf 109 on July 30th over Pratica di Mare, Italy. His last two victories in Europe

were two Bf 109s over Benevento, Italy. On August 27th, 1943, 2Lt Curdes was shot down whilst in combat with German aircraft over Salerno, Italy. He was captured by the Italians and sent to a prison camp near Rome. A few days later, the Italians surrendered to the Allies. In response to the Italian armistice, Germany invaded its former ally. Curdes and some other pilots escaped before the Germans took control of the POW camp. They reached Allied territory on May 24th, 1944.

2Lt Curdes was repatriated to the US and returned to his hometown in Fort Wayne. Curdes requested a return to active duty and joined the 4th Fighter Squadron of the 3rd Air Commando in the Pacific in August 1944, flying the P-51 Mustang. By November 1944, parts of the Philippines were again under US control. His unit had the task of bombing Japanese bases and providing support to ground troops. They also raided Japanese facilities along the coast of China and Taiwan, provided escort duties to Allied ships, dropped supplies from the air, delivered mail and evacuated the wounded. On February 7th, 1945, 2Lt Curdes flew a P-51 southwest of Taiwan, where he destroyed a Japanese reconnaissance aircraft Mitsubishi Ki-46-II. Now, he had shot down aircraft from the three main countries of the Axis Powers: Germany, Italy and Japan.

On February 10th, Curdes, now a Lieutenant (Lt,) formed a squadron of four aircraft that departed from Mangaldan Airfield in the Philippines. Their objective was to investigate if the Japanese were using a temporary air strip on the southern tip of Taiwan. No airfield could be found and Lt Curdes returned to the Philippines. Flying over the island of Batan, the squadron split; Lt Curdes and Lt Schmidtke headed north, while Lts Scalley and La Croix headed south. Lt Scalley and Lt La Croix located a small Japanese airfield and attacked it. When they called for reinforcements, Lt Curdes and Lt Schmidtke headed south to join them. During the attack on the airfield, Lt La Croix was shot down and made an emergency landing in the sea. As he circled, Lt Curdes could see that his companion had survived and remained in the area to guide a rescue plane and protect the downed pilot. While covering Lt La Croix, Lt Curdes noticed a larger plane was preparing to land at the Batan airfield. When he investigated, he found the aircraft to be Douglas C-47 transport with American insignia. Lt Curdes tried to make contact by radio but was not successful. He maneuvered his P-51 in front of the plane several times trying to get it to alter course but the C-47 didn't swerve. Lt Curdes lined up directly behind the C-47 and fired his .50 caliber machine guns into one of the C-47s two engines, causing it to fail. The C-47 still maintained its course for Batan's airfield so Lt Curdes then disabled the remaining engine, forcing the pilot to ditch in the sea. The plane successfully ditched without breaking up and the crew was able to evacuate into a lifeboat. Lt La Croix approached and was brought on board the C-47's life raft, where he was informed about the situation. The plane had apparently been lost in poor weather and its radio had stopped working. As it was also running out of fuel, the pilot headed directly to the island's airstrip, unaware that it was under Japanese control.

At this point, the dusk and low level of fuel of the P-51 forced Lt Curdes to return to base. The next morning, he accompanied the rescue patrol bomber to pick up the downed C-47 pilot and eleven crew members, including two nurses, all of whom had survived the incident. To Lt Curdes' surprise, he discovered that one of the nurses,

named Svetlana, was a woman with whom he had dated the night before the incident. Contrary to subsequent reports, Lt Curdes did not receive a Distinguished Flying Cross for that event, although he did receive credit for the "Kill" and displayed it on his aircraft. His unit was later transferred to Gabu Airfield in Laoag, Philippines from where he attacked Japanese positions in northern Luzon and Okinawa.

After WWII, he joined an Air National Guard unit at Baer Field until 1948. In Allen County, Indiana, April 2, 1946, he married Svetlana. Curdes returned to active duty, again with the United States Air Force. He participated in the Berlin airlift during the opening stages of the Cold War. He was promoted to Major on September 1, 1951 and retired from the Air Force as a Lieutenant Colonel (LCol) in October 1963. After his retirement from the Air Force, he started a construction company under the name of Curdes Builders Company. Canada (ACL) – a civilian, non-profit, died on February 5, 1995, at the age of 75, and was buried at Lindenwood Cemetery in Fort Wayne. Svetlana died on October 10, 2013, at age of 87. A replica of his aircraft, the P-51 named "Bad Angel," is currently in the Pima Air and Space Museum in Tucson, Arizona.

Kill marks on Bad Angel

Bad Angel at Pima Air and Space Museum

Ballet and World War Two

Herb met Grace at a dog show almost twenty years ago. Grace was a sprightly old lady and, during the course of their friendship, she disclosed some old war stories to Herb. She told him about the time when she was the first ballerina in Sadler's Wells Ballet in England. The Company happened to be playing in Rome when Italy (in partnership with Germany) declared war on England. At that time, Mussolini declared that the entire Ballet Company, including the orchestra, must be put into a Prison Camp. Grace tried everything she could to get an audience with Mussolini and, eventually, she succeeded. Apparently, she told him that they were in Rome only to entertain and added that a prison camp was no place for people of such talent. She also told him that if they had to spend the rest of the war in prison, she would make it her mission in life to let the world know that he, Mussolini, was an uncultured PIG! At that point, he supposedly took a little silver pin from his lapel and gave it to her. He told her that it would guarantee safe passage and take her and the Ballet Company over the border.

Meanwhile, during the same time period in 1940, the British Council arranged for the same Ballet Company to tour the Netherlands and Belgium. ENSA (Entertainment National Service Association,) which provided entertainment for the armed forces, then arranged for the company to entertain the troops in France. But, within the first few days of the tour, the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands began. At the time, the ballet company was close to the German border and so it was forced to evacuate very rapidly. The company had to leave behind all its baggage including scenery, costumes and music scores. Newspaper articles reported on company members who witnessed German parachutists landing and on how they escaped the air raids and machine gunning. Fortunately, no one from the Company was reported to be hurt – though they were presumably shaken by their experiences.

An internet search revealed that the pin with a Swastika and a Fascist Eagle with the last names of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini was made to celebrate the Rome-Berlin Axis Pact. This Axis Pact agreed on their opposition to the Allies but did not completely coordinate their activity. It did not emulate a sense of fraternity; it proved to be merely two powers exploiting each other to utilise their own spheres of interest. The search showed no information about safe passage.

We all know how time can fade and, even, change the details of a memory. Perhaps that happened with the story above. Maybe not? You can decide on that yourself.

Black Tot Day

Originally, the daily drink ration – daily tot – for British sailors was a gallon of beer (almost four litres.) Rum was first introduced into the Royal Navy shortly after the Invasion of Jamaica, in 1655. Due to the difficulty in storing the large quantities of beer, a half pint of rum (284 ml) was made equivalent and became preferred to beer. Over time, drunkenness on board naval vessels became an increasing problem. The ration was formalized in naval regulations by Admiral Edward Vernon in 1740 and was to be mixed with water in a 4:1 water to rum ratio and split into two servings per day. The mixture was dubbed "Grog" after Vernon's nickname "Old Grogram" because he was known for wearing coats made of grogram cloth (a mix of silk and wool.)

In the 19th century, there was a change in the attitude towards alcohol due to continued discipline problems in the navy. In 1824, the size of the tot was halved to ¼ of an imperial pint (142 ml) in an effort to improve the situation. In 1850, the Admiralty's Grog Committee convened to discuss issues surrounding the rum ration and recommended that it be eliminated completely. Rather than end it though, the Navy further halved it to $^1/_8$ of an imperial pint (71 ml) per day, eliminating the evening serving of the ration. On 17 December 1969, the Admiralty Board issued a written answer to a question from the MP for Woolwich East, Christopher Mayhew, saying:

"The Admiralty Board concludes that the rum issue is no longer compatible with the high standards of efficiency and high tech requirements of a modern warship."

This led to the ”Great Rum Debate” in the House of Commons on the evening of 28 January 1970, started by James Well – beloved, MP for Erith and Crayford, who believed that the ration should not be removed. The debate lasted seventy-five minutes and closed with a decision that the rum ration was no longer appropriate. 31 July 1970 was the last day on which the Royal Navy issued sailors with a daily rum ration. At the traditional six bells (11:00 am) in the forenoon watch, the last pipe of “up spirits” was called on Royal Navy vessels around the world. Sailors wore black armbands, tots were buried at sea and, at HMS *Collingwood*, one of the Navy’s training camps in Hampshire, a mock funeral complete with a shrouded coffin, accompanying drummers and a piper was held. The move was not popular with the ratings despite an extra can of beer being added to the daily rations in compensation.

A special stamp was issued, available from Portsmouth General Post Office, with the slogan "Last Issue of Rum to the Royal Navy 31 July 1970." Black Tot Day was subsequently followed in two other Commonwealth Navies. 31 March 1972 was the final day of the rum ration in the Royal Canadian Navy and 28 February 1990 was the final day of the rum ration in the Royal New Zealand Navy. The Royal Australian Navy had already discontinued the rum ration in 1921. It’s a pity one never hears the pipe on board again which signalled “UP SPIRITS!” Perhaps that explains why the rest of the announcement is never heard either… “STAND FAST THE HOLY GHOST!”

One of The Boys, written by Dave Bruns for Andre Juchli

So, I’m sitting in my living room and tipping back a beer
and I’m thinking, “Lord, it’s cold outside but safe and warm in here.”
My comfort is complacency and freedom year to year,
‘cause one of the boys took care of that for me.

For the boys crawled under the razor wire and died in the noise and the mud
and bought my right to sit home tight and paid for it with blood.
And they lost their limbs, or minds, or lives and I can’t pay the fee,
except to acknowledge how one of the boys took care of that for me.

The way my country’s working comes across a little strange.
Our policies are not quite right; we need to make a change.
But I can wave a protest sign or vote to rearrange
‘cause one of the boys took care of that for me.

The boys went up in the aircraft and paid what a life is worth.
They watched the ebb of their own life’s tides as they fell back to the earth.
And some of them never elected a leader or grinned at a child on their knee,
but I can do both because one of the boys took care of that for me.

My mother knows a lady who had lost her man at war.
The widow says, “I still recall the way he used to snore.”
But at least I’m here to miss him and that’s what he went there for,
to be one of the boys who took care of that for me.

The boys set sail on the oceans and met with the fire or the sea
and sank to the silent bottom at last, released from the savagery.
The hell of it is they set out to live and return to a family.
I weep for the ones they left behind to take care of that for me.

They were boys, God damn it, only boys, some had barely learned to shave,
yet they heard and felt the thud of the lead - and I go to parades and I wave.
Now I’m too old for fighting and I’m home and I’m safe and I’m free.
I wish I could somehow make peace with the boys who took care of that for me.

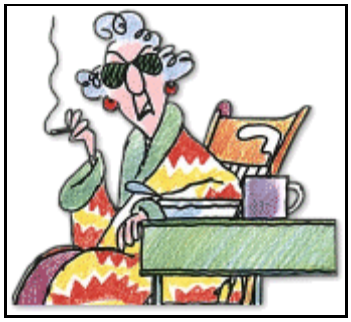
Ode to Maxine

Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not try to blame others. HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT senior citizens who took:

- The melody out of music,
- The pride out of appearance,
- The courtesy out of driving,
- The romance out of love,
- The commitment out of marriage,
- The responsibility out of parenthood,
- The togetherness out of the family,
- The learning out of education
- The Golden Rule from rulers,
- The nativity scene out of cities,
- The civility out of
- The ambition out of achievement or
- God out of government and school.
- And we certainly are NOT the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from personal relationships and interactions with others!
- And, we DO understand the meaning of patriotism and remember those who have fought and died for our country.
- I'm the life of the party… Even if it lasts until 8 p.m.
- I'm very good at opening childproof caps… with a hammer.
- I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.
- I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.
- I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.
- I'm wrinkled, saggy and lumpy and that's just my left leg.
- I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for

behaviour,

- The refinement out of language,
- The dedication out of employment,
- The prudence out of spending,



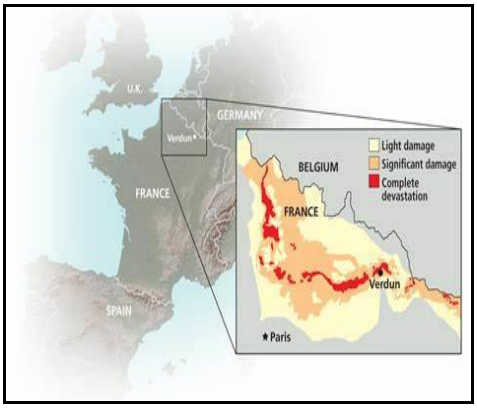
YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!

wimps.

- I think I am having the time of my life! Now… if I could only remember who sent this to me!

Zone Rouge – A swath of France so devastated by war it is still forbidden to go there.

The Zone Rouge, or Red Zone, is a no man's land in north-eastern France that was so damaged by the fighting of World War I it was deemed unfit for human habitation. The controlled areas have shrunk since 1918 yet certain areas still remain entirely off-limits. The soil is so full of arsenic that 99% of all plants die along with the ever-present threat of unexploded shells. The unimaginable intensity of the shelling along the Western Front left swaths of agricultural land completely obliterated, churned up into a nightmarish landscape of craters and bodies. In the Battle of Verdun alone, which lasted for 303 days and remains one of the longest and most costly battles in human history, hundreds of thousands of men were killed.



Shortly after the war, the French government declared a 460-square-mile area unfit for human habitation or development. It stretches roughly from Nancy through Verdun and onto Lille, with various non-contiguous zones so riddled with unexploded shells – many of them gas, human or animal remains, grenades and ammunition that it was simply too dangerous to enter. It was called the Zone Rouge. Within the no-go zone are many ghost villages t abandoned after the war, deemed beyond repair.

Signs around the zone warn "*village détruit*" or village destroyed. It is said these towns "died for France." At the time, the French government defined these areas in stark fashion: "Completely devastated. Damage to properties: 100%. Damage to Agriculture: 100%. Impossible to clean. Human life impossible."

In an attempt to salvage this land, a special munitions-clearing agency was created. Called the *Department du Déminage*, it has helped to reduce the extent of the Zone Rouge, destroying hundreds of thousands of munitions and chemical shells and returning some land to civilian and agricultural use. Their overwhelming task is aided by French farmers who, each year, collect a huge amount of unexploded ordnance, barbed

wire, shrapnel, and bullets during the annual “Iron Harvest.” Despite these efforts, the Zone Rouge is unlikely to be restored completely any time soon. Speaking with *National Geographic* in 2014, British historian and author Christina Holstein summed up the extent of the undertaking: “They reckon that they have 300 years work ahead of them before they have cleared the whole battlefield,” she said, “and they never will.”

Snoopy, by your cordial scribe, Sam Newman

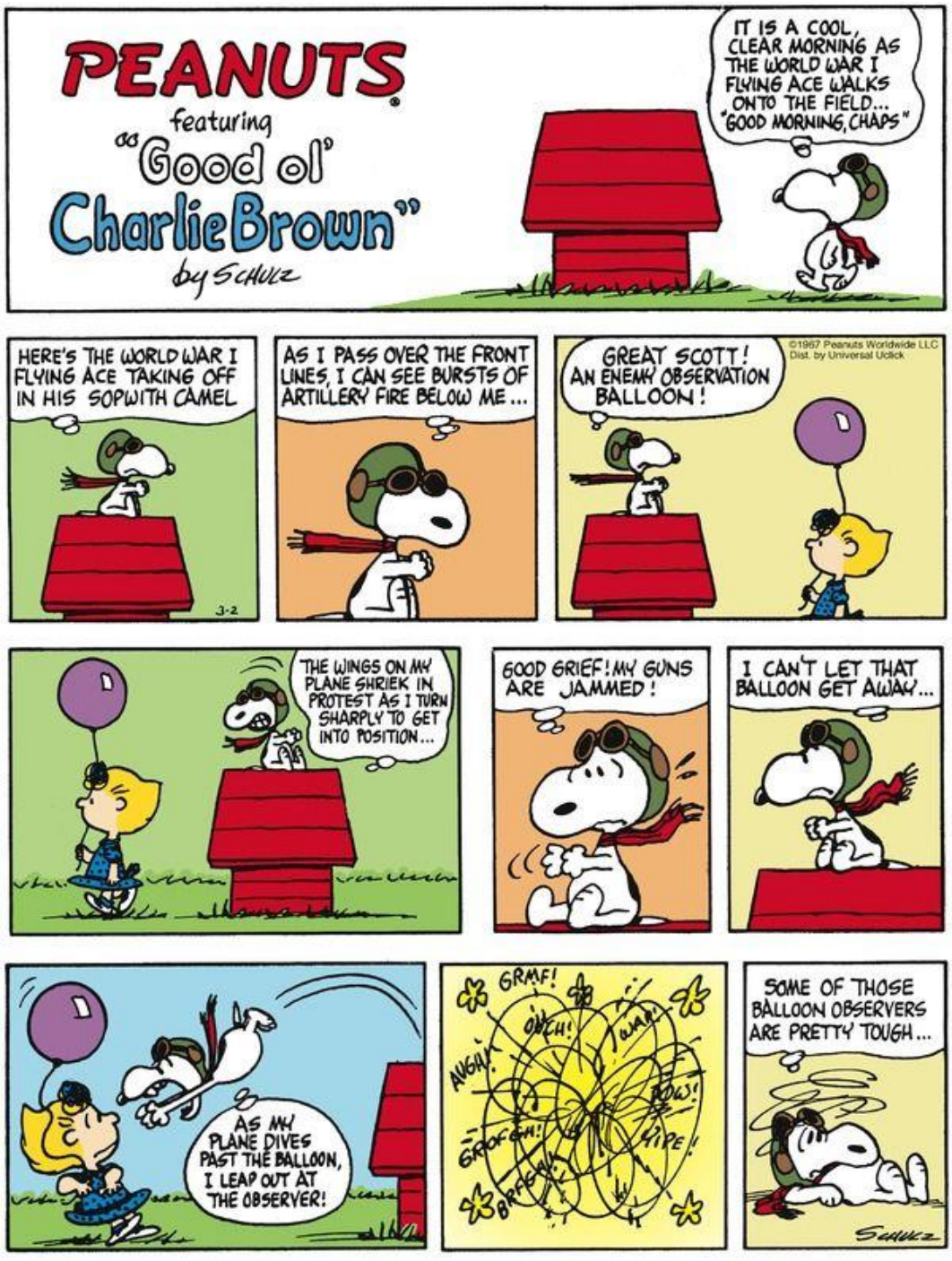
I believe that there can be heroes of an entirely different substance. I’m talking about a comic character that I’ve been pretty close to the past seventy-odd years… but just in reading only! I thank Charles M. Schulz for writing the comic strip *Peanuts*, which ran from October 2, 1950 to February 13, 2000. At its peak in the mid to late 1960s, it ran in over 2,600 newspapers, with a readership of around 355 million in 75 countries, and was translated into 21 languages. Snoopy took on many different lives but I favoured him as the famous WWI flying ace that battled his nemesis, the Red Baron. Always attired with goggles, flight helmet and scarf, his battles would occur while Snoopy was perched on his dog house, which became his Sopwith Camel plane through the power of his imagination.

I have to tell you, Snoopy worked hard up there on the roof of that doghouse. Not only was he that flying ace who battled the Red Baron in France but he quaffed root beer in the existential loneliness of the French countryside. He was also Joe Cool on campus. He pinched Charlie Brown’s white handkerchief to become a soldier in the French Foreign Legion and was a leader of the Beagle Scouts, a motley crew of little yellow birds. He was both a figure skater and a hockey player in equal measure. He was an astronaut, a tennis star, a skate-boarder, a boxer and a suburban pet whose doghouse contained Van Gogh artwork. This wasn’t just a dog who knew how to dream, this was a dog that so fully inhabited his realities that everyone around him saw them too! Snoopy heard the roar of the approving crowd as clearly as he heard bullets whizzing past his Sopwith Camel. Having ventured fearlessly into the world, he could come back to the roof of his doghouse and sit straight-backed in front of his typewriter to tap out the words that began so many of his stories: “It was a dark and stormy night…”

Snoopy wrote novels and he sent them out to publishers. Unfortunately, he got far more rejection letters back than he ever got acceptances and these ranged from impersonal to flippant to cruel in nature. It wasn’t as if he’d won all those tennis matches he played in. The Sopwith Camel was regularly riddled with bullet holes but he kept on going. He was willing to lose, even in the stories he imagined for himself. He lost yet he continued to be cool. He was still himself in the face of both failure and success. Charlie Brown tells the one story about Snoopy, in which his publisher had printed one copy of his novel. He went on to report that they hadn’t been able to sell it. The upshot of it all was that the publisher was sorry but his book was now out of print. It was painful, yes, but Snoopy loved his job! When he entered a room, everyone had to be warned not to stand on ceremony. At that point, this beagle would fall off his doghouse backward, cracking himself up, only to climb up again and look at his

typewriter lovingly. “I’m a great admirer of my own writing, aren’t I?”

HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUPPY



Did You Know… More than 80% of the population suffer from some form of ‘aerophobia’ or fear of flying.

Is it Sarah Emma Edmonds or Franklin Flint Thompson? Submitted by John Boileau

Born in 1841 in New Brunswick, then a British colony, Edmonds grew up with her sisters on their family's farm near Magaguadavic Lake, not far from the border with the State of Maine. Edmonds fled home at age fifteen, however, to escape an early marriage. Aided by her mother, who herself married young, Edmonds escaped and ultimately adopted the guise of Franklin Thompson to travel easier. A male disguise allowed Edmonds to eat, travel and work independently. Crossing into the United States of America, Edmonds worked for a successful Bible bookseller and publisher in Hartford, CT.

On May 25, 1861, during the Civil War, she enlisted in Company F of the 2nd Michigan Infantry, also known as the Flint Union Greys. She disguised herself as a man named "Franklin Flint Thompson." Perhaps she took her middle name after the city she volunteered in – Flint, Michigan. She was truly patriotic and felt it was her duty to serve her new country. Extensive physical examinations were not required for enlistment at the time and she was not discovered. At first, she served as a male field nurse, participating in several campaigns under General McClellan. Her career took a turn during the war when a Union spy in Richmond, Virginia was discovered and went before a firing squad. Edmonds took advantage of the open spot, applied for and won the position as Franklin Thompson. Although there is no proof in her military records that she actually served as a spy, she wrote extensively about her experiences disguised as a spy during the war.

Traveling into enemy territory to gather information required her to come up with many disguises. One such camouflage required Edmonds to use silver nitrate to dye her skin black, wear a black wig and walk into the Confederacy disguised as a black man by the name of Cuff. Another time, she entered as an Irish peddler woman by the name of Bridget O'Shea, claiming that she was selling apples and soap to the soldiers. Again, she was "working for the Confederates" as a black laundress when a packet of official papers fell out of an officer's jacket. When Thompson returned to the Union with the papers, the generals were delighted. She even worked as Detective Charles Mayberry in Kentucky, uncovering a Confederacy agent.

Edmonds' career as Frank Thompson came to an end when she contracted malaria. She abandoned her duty in the military, fearing that if she went to a military hospital she would be discovered. She checked herself into a private hospital, intending to return to military life once she was well. Once recovered, however, she saw posters listing Frank Thompson as a deserter. She chose not to return to the army under another alias or as Frank Thompson, risking execution for desertion. Instead, she decided to serve as a female nurse at a Washington, D.C. hospital for wounded soldiers run by the United States Christian Commission. Her fellow soldiers spoke highly of her military service and, even after her disguise was discovered, considered her a good soldier. She was referred to as fearless and was active in every battle her regiment faced.

Edmonds as Franklin Thompson

Edmonds became a lecturer after her story became public in 1883. In 1886, she received a small government pension of $12 a month for her military service. After some campaigning, she was able to have the charge of desertion dropped. She received an honorable discharge. In 1897, she became the only woman admitted to the Grand Army of the Republic, a Civil War Union Army veteran's organization. In 1898, Edmonds died in Texas and is buried in the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR) section of Washington Cemetery in Houston. Edmonds was laid to rest a second time in 1901 with full military honours.

Edmonds eventually told her partly fictionalized and highly sensational story in a book that was a best-seller. She was inducted into the Women's Hall of Fame of Michigan in 1992.

Admiral John Byng

Admiral John Byng (29 October 1704 – 14 March 1757) was a Royal Navy officer. He joined the navy in 1718 and, over thirty years, built up a reputation as a solid naval officer. He also served as Commodore-Governor of Newfoundland Colony in 1742, Commander-in-Chief Leith, from 1745 to 1746 and was a member of parliament from 1751 until his death. Byng is best known for failing to relieve a besieged British garrison during the Battle of Minorca at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. Byng sailed for Minorca at the head of a hastily assembled fleet, some of which were in poor condition. He fought an inconclusive engagement with a French fleet off the Minorca coast and then elected to return to Gibraltar to repair his ships. At that time, Byng received further instructions, relieving him of his command and ordering him to return home.

On arrival in England, he was placed in custody. Byng's perceived failure to relieve the garrison at Minorca caused public outrage among fellow officers and the country at large. Byng was tried by court-martial for breach of the Articles of War, which had recently been revised to mandate capital punishment for officers who did not "do their utmost" against the enemy, either in battle or pursuit. The court acquitted Byng of personal cowardice. Its principal findings, however, were that Byng had failed to keep his fleet together while engaging the French; that his flagship had opened fire at too great a distance to have any effect; and that he should have proceeded to the immediate relief of Minorca rather than returning to Gibraltar. As a consequence of these actions, the court held that Byng had "not done his utmost" to engage or destroy the enemy, thereby breaching the 12th Article of War. After pleas for clemency were denied, he was sentenced to death. Following the pronouncement of his sentence, Admiral Byng was taken to the quarterdeck of the HMS *Monarch* for execution in the

presence of all hands and men from other ships of the fleet in boats surrounding the *Monarch*. The admiral knelt on a cushion and signified his readiness by dropping his handkerchief, whereupon a squad of Royal Marines shot him dead.

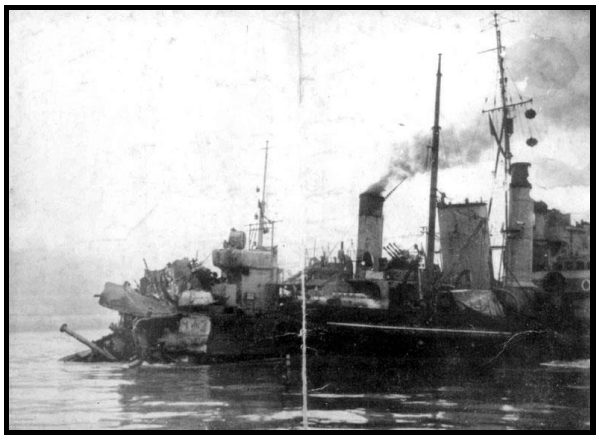
Byng's execution has been called "the worst legalistic crime in the nation's annals." Admiral Byng was buried in the Byng vault at the Church of All Saints in Southill, Bedfordshire. His epitaph there expresses the view of much of the country:

> "To the perpetual Disgrace of PUBLICK (*sic*) *JUSTICE*, The Honble. JOHN BYNG Esqr, Admiral of the Blue, Fell a MARTYR to POLITICAL PERSECUTION, March 14th in the year 1757 when BRAVERY and LOYALTY were Insufficient Securities For the Life and Honour of a NAVAL OFFICER."

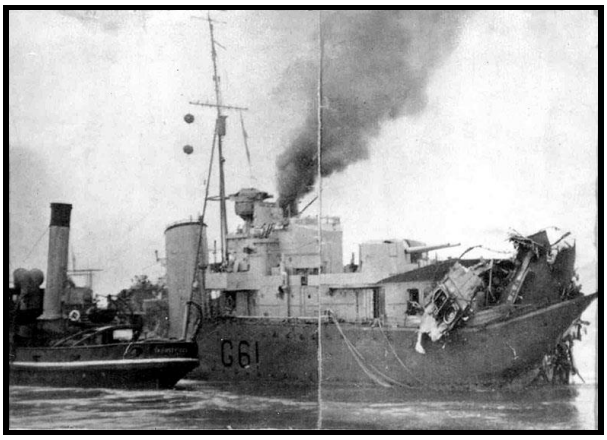
HMS Javelin (F 61) – Destroyer of the J Class, submitted by Ena Newman

HMS Javelin was a J-class destroyer of the Royal Navy laid down by John Brown and Company Limited at Clydebank, Scotland and launched on 21 December 1938. During World War II, the ship was part of the 5th Flotilla on the English Channel and was commanded by Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten (25 June 1900 – 27 August 1979.) (Admiral of the Fleet Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten was an uncle of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh and a second cousin once removed of Queen Elizabeth II.) On 29 November 1940, HMS Javelin was hit by two torpedoes – one forward and another aft – causing extensive damage. The complete bow and aft structures were demolished with extensive fire damages caused when some magazines exploded. There was major flooding of other compartments and the ship was totally disabled. Only 155 feet of the 353 foot hull length remained. She remained afloat and was towed back to harbour. Forty-six crew members perished. The HMS Javelin was out of action for almost a year. HMS Javelin was sold to the shipbreakers on 11 June 1949 and she was scrapped at Troon in Scotland.

There were four Newfoundlanders serving on board as Newfoundland was part of England at that time. Malcolm Hollett and Gordon Bowdridge were killed. Enos Darby, uncle of author Ena Newman, was a rear gunner and the only one on his gun to survive. The explosion knocked him to the deck and a gun fell on his leg, pinning him. He was injured and spent many months in the hospital, enduring multiple leg operations and plastic surgery to his face.



Damage bow



Damage stern

Mr. Darby later became the Chaplain of the Naval Association in Newfoundland. Bill Eaton was the fourth Newfoundlander and, in 1993, he tracked down the ship's bell. At that time, it was in the possession of the son of Lieutenant Commander Michael Hart, who agreed that it might be set up as a memorial to the Newfoundlanders at #29 Burin Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. In 1995, Bill travelled to Britain to collect it and it has remained at Branch #29 ever since.

Under the Eiffel Tower

(R) This amazing scene of Overstreet chasing and downing the enemy plane gave immense inspiration to the French citizens and the Resistance.
(L) He was awarded France's highest military award – the Ordre national de la Légion d'honneur. It was presented by Pierre Vimont, the Ambassador of France to the United States, at a ceremony held at the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford, Virginia on June 6, 2009.

William Bruce "Bill" Overstreet Jr. (April 10, 1921 – December 29, 2013) was an American fighter pilot and a veteran of the 357th Fighter Group, 363rd Fighter Squadron of the United States Army Air Forces during World War II. In the spring of 1944, Bill Overstreet and his P-51B Mustang, the 'Berlin Express,' were near Paris. Overstreet had followed a Bf-109 from the enemy fighter sortie on the US bomber group he was escorting. After most of the German fighters had broken off the attack, Overstreet and the German began a running dogfight but, as they neared Paris, Overstreet and his

Mustang were now on the tail of the Messerschmitt. The Bf-109 pilot flew over Paris hoping that the heavy German triple A batteries surrounding the city would solve his problem and eliminate Overstreet and his 'Berlin Express.' Overstreet managed to get some hits in at about 1500 feet. The German's engine was hit and damaged but Overstreet stayed on his tail, braving the intense enemy ground fire. The German pilot's desperation was undoubtedly growing and so he aimed his plane at the Eiffel Tower and, in a surprising maneuver, flew beneath it. Undeterred, Overstreet followed right behind him, scoring several more hits in the process. The German plane crashed and Overstreet escaped the heavy flak around Paris by flying low and full throttle down the Seine until he had cleared the heavily defended city's anti-aircraft batteries.

What I Learned in Church about Aviation, by John Chalmers, RCAF website

I never thought that I would learn anything about aviation at church or be prompted to learn more with follow-up research, but that's what happened on Sunday, July 2, 2017. To help celebrate Canada Day, the service was based entirely on hymns selected from 150 years of Canadian history. One of those hymns was "Crusaders of the Air," written in 1925 by Kathryn Munro Tupper. At that time, after World War One (WWI,) aviation was advancing rapidly. Her hymn was written for those who dared to fly. It was so compelling that I went home and did some research on our intrepid Crusaders.

After the war, several attempts were made to fly across the Atlantic from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. Some were successful; many failed. Some aviators were rescued after coming down in the sea while others took off and just disappeared. In 1930, Erroll Boyd, a fighter pilot with the Royal Naval Air Service in WWI, was the first Canadian to fly non-stop across the Atlantic. He flew with Harry Connor, a navigator with U.S. Navy experience. Flying from Harbour Grace, they landed on the Isle of Tresco in the Scilly Isles, thirty miles south-west of Land's End, England. Fuel problems forced them to land before reaching their destination at Land's End. At the Harbour Grace airstrip, where signs commemorate other aviators, there is no mention of Boyd or his flight. In 2017, Boyd was inducted as a Member of Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame. What I learned in church about aviation was, for me, another example of how something can trigger a fascinating pursuit – an experience that I know is shared by many who wander down the intriguing paths of history.

We Need to Remember, by Michael Shain, The Globe and Mail, Nov 4, 2018

Forward by Your Cordial Scribe – To all of my dedicated Readers: It's been said there are as many stories out there as there are stars that shine in the sky. We'll never get to all of them, regardless of how many lifetimes we go through. I've made it my challenge to dig out as many of these stories as I can while I'm able to and pass them along for other people. It is indeed odd sometimes how we make connections between the living and the dead. The author expressed the opinion that one of the most striking connections he had made was with a First World War soldier, Mervyn Naish, in 1987.

His wife had bought an antique buffet at an auction in Barrie, ON, some seventy years after the soldier had died. Here is his story. Enjoy!

A week or so after she brought it home, it still sat in the garage. When I examined it, I noticed a document lodged at the back of one of the drawers. The paper was yellowed with age and was the same colour as the wood. Understandably, I could see how you might have easily missed seeing it over the years. I retrieved what turned out to be an original Canadian Expeditionary Force death certificate for Mervyn Naish of the Automobile Machine Gun Brigade No. 1. The certificate, dated 1917, was rather ornate. It wasn't large, maybe 8 ½" x 11" equivalent, with the details written in fountain pen. I held it carefully because I was holding a piece of history that I knew didn't belong to me. Mervyn died of his wounds, which means he likely suffered before he expired. I knew I had to return this certificate to someone connected with the fallen soldier.

I began by checking the war memorials in Simcoe Country, just north of Toronto, not far from where the auction was held. The area is full of small cities and towns. As a lawyer, I often attended satellite courts throughout the country and, on my way home, I would check each town's memorial. I had never before scanned the long, sad lists of names carved in stone and the experience was sobering. Each one had been a man who was someone's son, brother or husband. Mervyn Naish, however, was not one of the names I found. He was proving to be elusive. Discouraged by my lack of success, I lost interest for a few months. I was racing to court in Penetanguishene, ON, one day when I spotted a memorial in the village of Waverley, which I hadn't seen before. I stopped on my way back and scanned the list of casualties. Among the fallen soldiers of Medonte township was the name Mervyn Nash. Although the spelling of his surname was different, I felt sure that this was the right man. Later that day, I checked the phone book for the area and came across another Mervyn Nash. I didn't believe it at first. I reread the entry several times. I felt a mixture of shock and relief, as I knew this must be the family. Instead of calling the number, I decided I would just drive the certificate over to them. The following Saturday, I placed the certificate in a legal file folder and headed to the township where Mervyn Nash lived. I stopped at a variety story and asked the fellow behind the counter if he knew Mervyn Nash. He did and he gave me directions to his farm.

As I turned into the yard, I realized I'd been looking forward to this moment. I walked up to the house and, through the screen door, I could see someone at the kitchen table. I knocked. The middle-aged man stood up and I could see he was dressed as if he'd just come in from working outside. He was wary of this stranger at his door. "Are you Mervyn Nash?" When he said yes, I pulled out the document and handed it over. "I think this belongs to you." I watched him mouth the words as he read and, when he looked at me, he was overcome and unable to say much. Of course, he wanted to know who I was and how I had come into possession of this certificate. I explained my story, and then asked him for Mervyn's. The man I was speaking to had been born about a decade after the end of WWI and named in honour of his fallen uncle.

Uncle Mervyn had enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in Orillia, ON, in

February, 1916. Because he was underage, he used a false name and date of birth. The soldier died in Noeux-les-Mines, France, a year and a half later, on August 8, 1917. Mervyn brought me inside and showed me his uncle's photograph, taken shortly after his enlistment. Mervyn had been entrusted with the soldier's medal and postcards but had never seen the death certificate. Mervyn and I spent the morning together. We walked around the farm, noting where the Coldwater River flowed through and where the salmon came in from Georgian Bay to spawn. Everything was green and lush – a beautiful and tranquil setting. While we spoke, we both thought of the young soldier who had been born and raised in Creighton, ON and who had never returned from the war. Every few moments, the conversation would naturally return to him. I asked Mervyn about the misspelling of the last name and was told that it actually had a significance of its own. Back at the house, Mervyn showed me old family records he kept hidden away in a bible and explained to me that the family name was once spelled Naish. It was changed to Nash in the mid-1800s after the family had immigrated to Canada from England. The young soldier had used his old surname in order to get around the local recruiters who would have known the Nash family and the fact that Mervyn was underage.

Before I knew of Mervyn Naish, Remembrance Day was never personal. I never had a relative killed in any war. Now, on every November 11th since then, I have thought of him during the minute of silence and when the bugle is sounded. I imagine that he, like many others, was a boy in a hurry to get away from the farm, into a uniform and off to Europe before all the excitement ended. I have thought of the sorrow that would have befallen his family when they received word of his death. I can only think that this certificate was too painful to look at or to hold and so became lost in a hidden part of a drawer and then forgotten with the passage of time. This, though, is one young soldier's story that needs to be remembered!

WHAT… Harness the Tidal Power of the Bay of Fundy?
George C. Baker, (Oct 29, 1918 – Nov 10, 2013)

One lost story, with the passage of time, is that of George C. Baker CM, MBE, D.Eng. DCL, P.Eng. of Kentville, NS. In 1936, Baker entered Royal Military College of Canada from which he received an early graduation in 1939 to go to war. He was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and arrived in England in 1940. Rising quickly through the ranks, he was responsible for planning and implementing the signals portion of the D-Day deception plan and subsequent communications for the Canadian Army's advance through Europe, earning him an appointment as a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (MBE.) Good communications saved lives during the war and Baker used his engineer's brain to improve the communications equipment used in executing the Normandy invasion.

On his return to civilian life in 1945, George studied electrical engineering at the University of Toronto and received his degree in 1946. After a brief employment with General Electric, he returned to Kentville to take over the family business – the Kentville

Publishing Company. During the thirty-three years he owned the company, he continued his interest in engineering as manager of the Kentville Electric Commission from 1960 to 1981. In 1971, George realized a life-long dream to harness the tidal power of the Bay of Fundy. He remained active in the field and developed an international reputation in tidal power and alternative energy sources. For his efforts in the worlds of business and engineering, George was appointed a Member of the Order of Canada (CM) and was awarded honorary doctorates by the Royal Military College of Canada, the Technical University of Nova Scotia and Acadia University.

Within the profession, he was an honorary life member of the Association of Professional Engineers of Nova Scotia, a Fellow of the Canadian Academy of Engineering, a Fellow of the Engineering Institute of Canada and a recipient of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers' Centennial Gold Medal. He continued his consulting engineering activities throughout his life. At age ninety-two, he finally closed his practice but he continued to advise engineering colleagues and old clients up to the time of his death. Truth, Duty, Valour

NOTAM - Doolittle Raiders Update, by Your Cordial Scribe

In my initial book, **The Scribbler**, I had a story on the Doolittle Raiders, on page 95. I have an update on Lieutenant Colonel Richard E. Cole and Staff-Sergeant David J. Thatcher. Cole was the only one to live to an older age than Jimmy Doolittle, who died in 1993 at the age of ninety-six. On Sept 19, 2016, the Northrop Grumman B – 21 was formally named "Raider" in honour of the Doolittle Raiders. Thatcher was the second last survivor of the group and he died on 23 Jun, 2016, at the age of ninety-four. He was buried with full military honours at Sunset Memorial Garden Cemetery in Missoula, Mont. Cole retired from the Air Force in 1966 and was the last living Doolittle Raider. He died in San Antonio, Texas, on 09 April 2019, at the age of 103. A memorial service for Cole was held at Joint Base San Antonio on April 18th, the 77th anniversary of the Doolittle Raid. He was buried with full military honours in the Arlington National Cemetery.

In Closing

The retired astronaut, Dave Williams, once quipped on the CBC Radio program, *The Current* the following words, which sums up our collective thoughts succinctly:

> "I realized that the opportunity for all of us is not to leave a legacy. It's to live a legacy – to live on a day to day basis and get the most that we can out of life. In so doing, we can be able to live a truly fulfilled life."

Thank you for allowing us into your library – Sam Newman and his daughter, Tammy