



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. WILLIAM ANTROBUS GRIESBACH, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.

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THE FORTYNINER is the official publication of the 49th Battalion, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment Association, is published annually and has a circulation of approximately 1,500.

For the past three years the Magazine has been reproduced and bound by the Jasper Place Composite High School Graphic Arts Department, under the very capable direction of Mr. Frank Matthews, who was a member of the 49th Battalion back in the 1940s.

Advertising in the Magazine is still available at the following unchanged rates:

Full page (8½ X 11)	\$50.00
Half page (4¼ X 5½)	25.00
Quarter page	12.50
Business Card	5.00

All advertising for inclusion in the next issue of the Magazine should be in the hands of the Editor by 15th September of each year. Further information may be obtained by communicating with the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 501, Edmonton, Alberta.

1979 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND DINNER

To be held at No. 24 Montgomery Branch, Royal Canadian Legion, 10030 - 103rd Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta

6th January 1979

1500 Hours	-	Annual Meeting - Vimy Room
1800 Hours	-	Cocktails - Main Dining Room
1830 Hours	-	Dinner - Main Dining Room
2100 Hours	-	Dancing - Main Dining Room

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Over the years I have written many things for the Magazine, but this is the first time I am writing as your President.

To recap the last year for you, I must go back to the banquet. As the new President, sitting at the head table with the other head table guests, I thought how honored I was. The honor stemmed not only from being elected President but from being able, after all these years, to be part of such an esteemed group as that at the banquet. As usual, it was a wonderful night and my thanks go out to all who helped make it so.

During the summer we had a picnic at Camp Harris and, though the attendance was low, it was a really good afternoon. Let's all try harder next summer as I think the effort would be well worthwhile.

Several Executive Meetings were held during the year and we are happy to say that things are going as well as ever.

Two very important meetings were held by the Constitution Committee. The results of these meetings will appear elsewhere in the Magazine or will be provided under separate cover later.

In closing, I would like to say thanks to the Executive and Committee Members who help to make the President's position so much easier. May we always have the same spirit in years to come and thus keep our Association the proud outfit it so rightly is.

All for now,



EDITOR'S NOTES

The last Annual Meeting, Dinner and Dance, held on January 21, 1978, are now but a pleasant memory but the reunion of comrades and renewing of acquaintances from far and near was such that we keenly look forward to meeting again.

Talking about the meeting, we should remember that it is not just for a favoured few but for EVERY MEMBER of the Association, and it would be gratifying to see a greater number of our former brothers in arms taking part in the business of the Association by attending and participating in the Annual Meeting.

Each year our membership declines and it is the fond hope of your Executive that the Association remain strong and healthy and that the Magazine, which is an instrument that helps to bind us all together with a common bond, is published until the last three are able to gather together in memoriam. We, of course, are far from that day, but if you are able to attend the dinner, please do your utmost to attend the meeting. New ideas and new points of view are very much needed in any organization, and your views are solicited.

There are, as usual, some excellent articles in this year's issue of the Magazine, and it is hoped that you will enjoy reading it from cover to cover. Any stories, articles or anecdotes arriving too late for this year's publication will be carried over to next year's issue.

After three years of chairing the Magazine Committee and virtually single handedly editing and publishing the paper, I feel it is time for new blood and those new points of view that I mentioned earlier to be brought into the picture. I have enjoyed putting the Magazine together and I know from the many words of appreciation, both spoken and written, that it is a very worthwhile expenditure of time and effort. Nevertheless, I feel it is time for someone else to take a "crack at the cat" and this current issue will be my last as Editor, at least for the present time.

New stories will be needed to take the place of those now ended and I know from the calibre of writing we have been receiving that there is an untapped wealth of stories just waiting to be written. Make it a point to write in this year.

I would like to thank everyone who contributed articles, wrote letters (no matter how short) and sent in pictures and clippings. All of these helped to make the job not only easier

but a pleasure as well.

To all members I wish Season's Greetings and the best of health for the coming year.

- Ed

NORWOOD Legion

• 178

Wishes the
LER 49 Association
All the best for

79



I AM PROUD
TO BE A
CANADIAN



THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE 49th BATTALION LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT ASSOCIATION WAS HELD IN THE VIMY ROOM OF THE MONTGOMERY LEGION, EDMONTON, ALBERTA, ON THE 21st JANUARY 1978.

The meeting was called to order by President W. McVee, at 1500 hours with 36 members present.

The minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were read by the Secretary. Seconded by R. H. Rhodes. CARRIED

Business arising out of the minutes:

Owen Browne mentioned the plaque sent to the Oxted Legion has now been mounted and since October 1977 has been on display in the Legion Hall.

Minutes of the Executive Meeting held on the 9th January 1978 were read and adopted on a motion by Ed Morris and seconded by J. Botsford. CARRIED

Owen Browne referred to the Charter and By-laws and the need for amendment to officially allow for the formation of the B.C. branch of the Association. Suggested new wording for the appropriate sections and these will be considered by the executive with the help of some legal advice. A copy of the suggested amendment is attached.

Correspondence:

The President read a letter from Jack Birmingham advising that he was unable to continue in office. S. Chettleborough mentioned Jack's long association with our group and the excellent work he has done on the Hospital and Last Post committees. He proposed a vote of thanks be recorded in the minutes.

Financial Report:

Read by Barney Olson, who moved adoption; seconded by R. Knox. (Copy of the Financial Statement is attached.) CARRIED

Magazine Report:

Prepared report read by Ed Morris, who moved adoption; seconded by C. Wismer. (Copy of the report attached.) CARRIED

S. Chettleborough raised the question of more advertising to help cover increasing costs. This to be developed further.

Hospital and Last Post Report:

Submitted by J. Botsford; seconded by Pop Morgan. (Copy of the report is attached.) CARRIED

Owen Browne moved a vote of thanks to Ed Morris for the work done in assembling and publishing the Magazine, and also suggested an honorarium of \$50.00 be paid to Mrs. Morris, who did the typing for the Magazine. Moved by R. Dudley and seconded by O. Browne that the matter of the honorarium be left to the discretion of the executive. CARRIED

Owen Browne moved the Magazine Committee should consist of four members. Seconded by R. Rhodes. CARRIED

Owen Browne moved that an executive member should be appointed to assist the Colonel of the Regiment in setting up our museum in its new quarters. Seconded by Ed Morris. CARRIED

J. Botsford proposed a Notice of Motion that membership dues be increased from the present \$3.00 to \$5.00 in 1979. CARRIED

Owen Browne brought personal greetings from Jim Stone and this was well received.

Ed Morris brought up the question of the Association running or sponsoring a Casino, and asked for comments. The group gave him a vote of confidence in principle and this is to be followed up by the executive.

Colonel Ahlstrom reported on the Regiment's move to Griesbach Barracks. Mentioned they are still trying to find appropriate quarters for the museum and expect to have this finalized soon. Mentioned the matter of the Ortona Mural in the Prince of Wales Armouries. Its future location largely depends on the use to which the Armouries may be put. If the building is converted to public use the mural could stay in its present location.

In regard to Camp Harris, they have arranged for a new caretaker and spent about \$5,000.00 in improvements. Earnings for 1977 were about \$3,000.00 so it should pay its way.

The Kit Shop is again set up and some items were on display and available during the evening reunion.

Mentioned the move had resulted in a slight drop in regimental strength, which is gradually building up once again.

S. Chettleborough referred to a Notice of Motion made in 1977

re tenure of office and moved that the President and the Vice-President should be voted in for two year periods on alternate years. The President for two years in 1978 and the Vice-President for two years in 1979. Seconded by Ed Morris. This will require reference to certain sections of the By-laws and this will be added for the executive. CARRIED

Election of Officers followed and Owen Browne temporarily took the chair and called for nominations for President. Names submitted were:

W. McVee, S. Chettleborough and E. Morris
Nominations cease - C. Wismer and R. Jardine CARRIED

W. McVee and E. Morris withdrew and
S. Chettleborough was elected for 2 years.

Vice-President - Names submitted:

E. Morris, R. Rhodes and J. Botsford
Nominations cease - Owen Browne and R. Dudley CARRIED

E. Morris and J. Botsford withdrew and
R. Rhodes was elected for 1 year.

Treasurer - Names submitted:

B. Olson - elected by acclamation.

Secretary - Names submitted:

R. Craven - elected by acclamation.

The following names were proposed for executive members:

E. Morris	E. A. Smith
S. Jones	H. Funk
R. Knox	R. Castagner
J. Botsford	A. McLaren
R. Dupuis	W. Shaw
E. Greene	

Nominations cease - R. Dupuis and E. A. Smith. CARRIED

Following the motion certain members withdrew. These were E. Smith, H. Funk, J. Botsford and A. McLaren.

As a result of the election, the executive for 1978 is as

follows:

President	- S. Chettleborough	474-0809
Vice-President	- R. H. Rhodes	479-2548
Treasurer	- B. Olson	477-6018
Secretary	- R. Craven	434-3369
Members:		
	E. Morris	478-4807
	R. Castagner	488-2498
	R. Knox	477-3282
	R. Dupuis	465-5658
	S. Jones	475-6186
	Wm. Shaw	466-2220
	E.G. Greene	474-8595

This was the last item of business and the meeting adjourned at 1715 hours on a motion by R. Dudley, seconded by J. Botsford.
CARRIED

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MINUTES OF AN EXECUTIVE MEETING OF THE 49th BATTALION, LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, HELD IN THE OLD SERGEANTS' MESS, PRINCE OF WALES ARMOURIES, ON MONDAY, THE 9th JANUARY 1978.

The meeting opened at 1730 hours with the following members present:

Vice-President	J. Birmingham
Secretary	R. Craven
R. Castagner	
R. Knox	
R. H. Rhodes	
E. Morris	
S. Chettleborough	(as guest)

Items to be mentioned and discussed at the Annual Meeting:

1. Annual dues - propose to increase to \$3.00. Given as a notice of motion last year and must be voted upon.
2. Tenure of executive members. Propose that limitations be placed on length of time that a member can hold office.
3. Try to locate a book owned by Mrs. H. Sharp (England) daughter of Mum Kempston. Book contains Fortyniner signatures, believed loaned to Ted Horton and now cannot be found.

Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were read by the Secretary. Ed Morris moved adoption, seconded by R. H. Rhoses.

CARRIED

J. Birmingham suggests that a copy of the Magazine be sent to each widow following the death of a member, providing his name is included in the Last Post column. Also that members' widows can continue to receive the Magazine if they continue to pay annual dues.

Ed Morris suggested that in 1978 a copy of the Magazine be sent to EVERY former member of the Regiment, with a membership application form attached to the non-members' copies, asking for it to be filled in and returned.

Ed Morris mentioned the Legion Convention is to be held in Edmonton in 1978 and that we should place an advert in the "Legion" magazine regarding this Association.

R. Knox - Entertainment: Reported the Montgomery Legion Hall has been arranged for on the 21st January 1978. The Vimy Room for the Annual Meeting will be opened at 1430 hours, meeting to commence at 1500 hours. Registration and cocktail hour will open at 1800 hours with the banquet following at 1930 hours. He also moved we charge \$10.00 at the door - \$3.00 for membership and \$7.00 for the banquet (dinner and wine) and dance. Seconded by R. Castagner. CARRIED

Question of having a punch bowl was raised by R. H. Rhodes. He moved it be continued. Seconded by Ed Morris. CARRIED

Special duties are as follows:

- R. Castagner - Provide lapel stickers for names.
- R. Knox - Buy bottle of Scotch for the two oldest members present. Also arrange a piper for the presentation of the sword.
- J. Birmingham - Arrange for obtaining the sword from (W. McVee) City Hall. Arrange for a member to carry the sword and have two militiamen assist in the marching on.
- S. Chettleborough Will arrange Texas Mickey raffle.

The question of our annual banquet date was raised. The Secretary was instructed to write to the Montgomery Legion immediately following our 1978 meeting, confirming the date for the 1979 meeting and banquet, in order that no other date change be forced on us.

Meeting adjourned at 2100 hours.

* * * * *

MINUTES OF AN EXECUTIVE MEETING OF THE 49th BATTALION LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT ASSOCIATION HELD IN THE OLD SERGEANTS' MESS IN THE PRINCE OF WALES ARMOURIES ON MONDAY, THE 20th FEBRUARY 1978.

The President opened the meeting at 1930 hours with the following members:

President	S. Chettleborough	474-0809
Secretary	R. Craven	434-3369
Treasurer	B. Olson	477-6018

Members:	R. Castagner	488-2498
	R. Knox	477-3282
	E. Morris	478-4807
	W. Shaw	466-2220
	R. Dupuis	465-5658
	S. Jones	475-6186

The date for our next General Meeting, banquet and dance was the first item discussed. Moved by R. Dupuis that we reserve the required space in the Montgomery Legion for Saturday, the 6th January 1979. Seconded by W. Shaw. CARRIED

The Secretary was instructed to write a letter to the Legion immediately and reserve the above date. It was suggested the General Meeting should start at 1500 hours, the Cocktail hour at 1830 hours and the banquet at 1930 hours, followed by the dance. These times will have to be confirmed later.

Committee Chairmen and members were then named and for 1978 these are as follows:

Hospital and Sick Committee:	Chairman	R. Dupuis
	Member	R. Knox
Entertainment:	Chairman	R. Castagner
	Members	R. Knox
		W. Shaw
Membership:		B. Olson
Magazine:	Chairman	E. Morris
	Member	E. Greene

The question of suggested amendments to the Association's constitution was then discussed and it was moved by E. Morris that a committee be formed to update the Association's constitution and by-laws. This was seconded by R. Castagner and carried, and the following members named to the committee:

Col. L. E. Ahlstrom	R. Craven
E. Morris	S. Chettleborough

The matter of the summer picnic was then brought forward, and after general consideration it was decided that we should continue with the picnic with some additions to the program in an effort to make it more interesting and enjoyable. Moved by E. Morris that we hold a Church Parade and Picnic on Sunday, the 16th July 1978. Seconded by R. Dupuis and carried.

It was decided that the next executive meeting will be held in the same location (old Sgts Mess, P of W Armouries) on Monday, the 15th May 1978, and the complete program for the picnic can be laid out at that time.

New business. The General Meeting on the 21st January 1978 gave support to the idea of running a Casino as a means of improving our depleting bank balance. As a result of this basic approval it was moved by R. Castagner that we start proceedings to hold a Casino some time later this year, and that a committee be formed to make the necessary arrangements. Seconded by W. Shaw and carried.

A Special Projects committee was then formed of the following members:

Chairman	E. Morris
Members	S. Jones
	R. Castagner
	R. Knox
	W. Shaw

It is expected that a progress report will be offered at our next executive meeting.

The Secretary stated that efforts would be made to try and locate the Association's Corporate Seal, which has been missing for several years. It may be required if the constitution and by-laws are to be amended.

The meeting adjourned at 2115 hours on a motion by R. Knox and carried.

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MINUTES OF AN EXECUTIVE MEETING OF THE 49th BATTALION
LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT ASSOCIATION HELD IN THE OLD
SERGEANTS' MESS IN THE PRINCE OF WALES ARMOURIES ON
FRIDAY, THE 13th OCTOBER 1978.

The President opened the meeting at 1940 hours with the following members:

President	S. Chettleborough
Secretary	R. Craven
Members:	R. Castagner
	R. Rhodes
	R. Dupuis
	E. Morris

S. Jones

LtCol D. G. Miller (Militia)

Minutes of the February 20, 1978 executive meeting were read and adopted on a motion by R. Castagner and seconded by Ed Morris. CARRIED

A general discussion followed on the format of the Annual General Meeting to be held in the Montgomery Legion on Saturday, the 6th January 1979. Result:

The Annual General Meeting	will commence at	1500 hours
The Cocktail Hour	at	1830 hours
The Dinner	at	1930 hours

To be followed by a dance.

Space in the Montgomery Legion has been confirmed.

The President brought up the question of Head Table guests and we will limit this to a total of eight. These will be invited on discretion and will include Regimental Colonels, a B. C. visitor and the Padre.

The Secretary was instructed to send an invitation to Maj Gen G. G. Brown at Calgary, who would also be invited to the head table.

Punch will be provided for the Cocktail Hour and wine served at dinner.

A Texas Mickey will again be raffled and books of tickets will be distributed to members by the President. It was suggested that at least half of the tickets be held for sale at the Annual General Meeting, the dinner and dance.

LtCol Miller will be responsible for issuing an invitation to members of the Militia Regiment to attend the dinner and dance. He will also arrange for the attendance of two N.C.O.s for the ceremony of Marching on the Sword.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the Edmonton City Police asking for the services of a piper for the evening.

The Secretary was also instructed to contact the Secretary Manager of the Montgomery Branch, Canadian Legion, and arrange for the safe delivery and care of the Griesbach Sword for the evening.

R. H. Rhodes mentioned that we should once again consider offering a trophy or some other form of annual recognition that could be earned by a member of the Cadets and the Militia, this to be presented at the annual dinner. The matter has been taken under advisement and LtCol Miller will give thought to the kind of competition that would be acceptable and will bring suggestions forward at the next executive meeting if at all possible.

The committee named to contact the Secretary Manager of Montgomery Branch to arrange all details for our reunion on the 6th January 1979 are: S. Chettleborough, R. Castagner and R. Craven.

E. Morris stated the Magazine is well under way and that paid advertising should account for the main part of the total cost. The new and revised Constitution and By-laws is also in print in booklet form and will be sent out to all members together with the Magazine. He also mentioned that the Magazine will again include the Association's nominal roll both in Alberta and B. C.

In regard to the band for the dance on the 6th January, R. Castagner will contact R. Knox and together they will arrange this item.

Committee Reports

R. Dupuis presented a complete list of deceased Fortyniners compiled since he took over office. This was given to E. Morris for inclusion in the Magazine.

E. Morris reported our application to hold a Casino is being delayed until after our new Constitution and By-laws have been approved and accepted. This will be followed up in 1979, after the Annual General Meeting.

A letter from Len Dawes, Victoria, B. C., was read, in which he was giving strong support to the formation of a proper museum for regimental display. The matter is under advisement and consideration and LtCol Miller will look into the possibility of obtaining adequate space in Griesbach Barracks and will report at a later executive meeting.

The meeting adjourned at 2115 hours.

* * * * *

REPORT ON CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Pursuant to the Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting regarding the amending with a view to updating the Constitution and By-Laws of The 49th Battalion, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment Association as recommended by Owen Browne, a committee, consisting of the following members, was formed for that purpose:

Ed Morris, Chairman
Stan Chettleborough
Lea Ahlstrom
Ralph Craven

Three meetings were held and the Constitution and By-laws have been amended and will be presented to the General Meeting on January 6th, 1979 and voted upon.

It was the intention of the committee to forward a copy of the proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-laws to each member along with the Magazine. However, as the Magazine has grown to well over 100 pages, the amendments could not be included as part of the Magazine, and the cost of having a new Constitution and By-Laws printed as a separate item was prohibitive. There will, therefore, be a number of copies available at the General Meeting for those desiring them. It is noted at this time that there are no radical changes made to either of the Constitution or the By-Laws and the prime purpose of the amendments was to bring them more into line with today's requirements and convenience.

A copy of the proposed amendments has been forwarded to the Executive of the B. C. Branch for their review and comment.

As Chairman of the committee I will be placing a motion before the Annual General Meeting on January 6th, 1979 that the proposed amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws be adopted and registered with the Registrar of Companies for the Province of Alberta.

Ed Morris

* * * * *

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H.P. BELL-IRVING, DSO, OBE
Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province
of British Columbia

Loyal Edmonton Regiment veterans everywhere were happy and proud with the news that Brigadier-General H.P. (Budge) Bell-Irving, DSO, OBE, an ex-Commanding Officer of the Regiment, had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia. His Honour is, perhaps, better known as a Seaforth; in fact, at the present time he is the Honorary Colonel of that regiment.

During the Second World War, after the heavy casualties in the Hitler Line, His Honour (then Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Bell-Irving, DSO) was appointed Commanding Officer of the Loyal Edmonton Regiment. He served with distinction in that capacity from June 6th, 1944 to October 4th, 1944. He left the Loyal Edmonton Regiment to take over command of his own regiment, The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, and led it in action until the end of the War.

His Honour has been a strong supporter of the British Columbia Branch of the Loyal Edmonton Regiment Association and we look forward to a continuation of our fraternal (brothers-in-arms) relationship in spite of His Honour's onerous duties. We wish him every success in his Vice-Regency and we know that he will discharge his duties with distinction and dignity.

His Honour is most fortunate in having a charming and lovely chatelaine in the person of Mrs. Bell-Irving and we offer to them a paraphrase of the Irish prayer:

May the road rise up to meet them,
May the wind be always at their backs,
May the sun shine warm upon their faces,
The rains fall soft upon their fields
And, until we all meet again,
May God hold them in the palm of his hand.

* * * * *

Character is like a tree and reputation
is like its shadow. The shadow is what
we think of it; the tree is the real
thing.

- Abraham Lincoln



NEW COMMANDING OFFICER
The Loyal Edmonton Regiment

LCol D.G. Miller, who recently took over command of the Regiment, has served with the Regiment for the last 18 years. He joined as a Private in September 1960 and rose rapidly through the Non-Commissioned Ranks. By February of 1967 he had progressed to the rank of M.W.O. and later that Spring was a Guard Sergeant Major on the Presentation of Colors Parade.

In December 1968 he was promoted to C.W.O. and appointed R.S.M.

LCol Miller was commissioned in November 1970. He held the rank of Lieutenant until January 1972, at which time he was promoted to Captain. He served as Assistant Training Officer and Adjutant before being promoted to the rank of Major in June of 1973. LCol Miller completed his Reserve Officer's Staff Course in August 1973 and was employed as a Company Commander until May 1976. At that time he was appointed Deputy Commanding Officer.

LCol Miller took over command from LCol L.E. Ahlstrom at a Change of Command Parade held at Griesbach on September 23, 1978.



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BATTALION NOTES

LCol L. E. Ahlstrom (Retired)

The Regiment was very heavily committed throughout 1978 and it looks like 1979 will be almost as busy. Perhaps the most noteworthy events during 1978 were the Commonwealth Games in August and a Change of Command Parade in September.

In January, the Unit travelled to Jasper, Alberta, for a skiing exercise and a thoroughly enjoyable weekend resulted. We brought home to the local residents that the militia was alive and well and able to maintain the Regimental traditions of long endurance, especially in the local bistros.

In June we ran a live firing exercise in Camp Wainwright. All the troops participated in section and platoon attacks and the exercise was a tremendous success, especially after everyone got over the initial nervousness of attacking a dug-in position with live bullets ricocheting around their ears.

During the militia concentration in Dundern, Saskatchewan, from 1st to 10th July, the Unit sent a platoon under the command of Lt. Derek Nice. Major Terry Swan commanded one of the two infantry Companies assigned to the advance to Contact and Attack, and his performance was outstanding. His leadership and command abilities earned much praise for the Unit and himself. However, Major Swan has now left the Unit to attend Law School in Saskatoon and he will certainly be missed on the Regimental exercises this year.

During the Commonwealth Games the Regiment provided the Ceremonial Flag Party under the command of Major Chuck Marshall, OC A Company. His second in command was MWO Conway, assisted by Sgts Grier, Howard and Milley, Cpls Flint, Keon, Rarog and Taylor, and Ptes Harrington, Prager and Wankiewicz. No doubt they were all seen on television for the Opening and Closing Ceremonies where they performed very well. The Unit has received compliments from many quarters over this participation in the Games and I was certainly pleased to receive a letter from Brigadier G.A. Rimbault, CBE, DSO, MC, DL, former Colonel of The Queen's Lancashire Regiment (formerly the "Loyals"), our affiliated Regiment. We also had a number of Officers and men assisting in the Ceremonial Divisions of the Commonwealth Games and, although they were not in the limelight, they performed extremely well.

On September 23, 1978 LCol Don Miller took over the Regiment at a Change of Command Parade at Griesbach Barracks. We had a good turnout for the Parade and an extremely pleasant Mess Dinner that evening at which we had the pleasure of Col Jim Stone's company. LCol Miller has now had the opportunity to get a grip on his many new responsibilities which seem to go with command of an Infantry Regiment and he is being kept extremely busy with training, administration, Association matters, and the myriad other claims upon his time.

On October 14/15, 1978 the Unit attended a training exercise in Camp Wainwright for the advanced infantryman course. The exercise went well and the Regiment distinguished itself by setting a thousand acre fire in Camp Wainwright with an artillery simulator. All in all we are now very popular in that Camp and we will probably be followed by fire trucks on any future exercises.

BEST AND SINCERE WISHES

TO ALL 49'ers

1979

from

Ran Bowen, Owen Browne, Jack Childs, John Eggleston, Keith MacGregor, Wilf Oakey, Bill Remple, and Jim Stone, the Board of Directors of the B.C. Branch of The Loyal Edmonton Regiment Association.

MORE HISTORY OF THE 49ER MAGAZINE

OR

A FEW MORE RAMBLING THOUGHTS

By Stan Chettleborough

Well, here I go again. It is now July and though the Mag is not due for publication for a few months, it seems I have to get started now to have it ready for the fall publication.

Starting with Issue #11 of July 1930, I see on the inside cover where we are back to 1930 fashion-wise, as Eaton's and the Bay have three piece suits for \$25.00 or \$27.50 with extra pants at \$7.50 a pair.

The Editorial consists of an article telling about the number of books about the war that are on the market, and states that most of them were written by men who were not in the war. It would also seem that we are back to 1930 entertainment-wise, as so many of our T.V. shows, etc., are written by people who were not in the war.

For any of you who were involved, do you remember the passing of the Soldier's Insurance Act, Soldier's Settlement Act, War Veterans Allowance Act, and the Amendments to the Pension Act? This took place in 1930. Through these Acts the following figures may be of interest; these figures cover a totally disabled veteran with a wife and two children, as paid in various countries, per year. France \$359.00; United Kingdom \$803.00; South Africa \$864.00; Australia \$980.00; New Zealand \$1,012.00; U.S.A. \$1,200.00; and Canada \$1,524.00.

Now to some of the doings of old 49ers. First, a recap of a recap concerning Bunny Cloughs who I formerly said went chicken farming. Guess that didn't pay too well as I see where he is now in the Post Office in Victoria. Andy Black works for the Department of Public Works of the Province in the winter and in summer he works at Ponoka Mental Hospital. Percy Oldroyd is working in the Prince of Wales Armouries. Capt. Hobbs owns the Eskimo Billiard Hall. Capt. Robinson is working for the Liquor Control Board. Former CSM MacDonald is an executive with Gainer's Ltd. O. Muckleston has opened a barber shop on Jasper and 103rd Street. A. G. Rowland works for the Bank of Montreal in Trochu. Sgt "Pinky" Pinkney runs a store at Blairmore.

It always surprised me to think that so many men in a Regiment, who had such different jobs and diversified interests,

could jell into such an outfit and all end up with the same set of ideas and ideals.

The President's message for Issue #11 again mentions the Calgary Branch though as I wrote before, I can find no date when this happened. He also states that he hopes a Branch can be formed in Vancouver.

In this issue there appears one of the finest tributes ever paid to the 49th, and is written by Brigadier (later General) Macdonell. He writes of watching a parade as it marched past General Mercer GOC 3rd Canadian Division, at Mont des Cats. As the 7th Brigade passed by, General Mercer said of the 49th, "And this last Battalion of wonderful men, where do they hail from?" Brigadier Macdonell then told the General all about the Battalion. General Mercer's response was, "You must be the proudest Brigadier in France." to which Macdonell answered, "I am, Sir!"

Do the dates June 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1916 stir your memories to the Battle of Sanctuary Wood? There is a great article in this issue that covers the entire battle as reported to 7th Brigade Headquarters by LtCol Griesbach. Once again it shows the great fighting spirit of the 49th.

Speaking of battles, do you remember La Boisselle? This was on the main route for transportation to the Somme battlegrounds. You may remember John Campbell, who after the war was a barrister at Chipman. In a letter to the Magazine he made a comment that I think deserves repeating. He states, "The 49er Magazine is helping to keep the memory of the Battalion's share in the Great War green and its efforts are appreciated by those who had a part in the campaign and came home to the piping times of peace with memories grave and gay of these stirring days." That's what the Magazine is still all about; so don't forget, the only way we can do this is for you to cooperate and send in your own thoughts and memories.

From another letter from Hugh Morton, written from Vancouver, he mentions that he has met a lot of former comrades and names George Swanson, Archie Clark, Alan McCauley, Will Hainig, Alex Dickie, Silversides, Capt. Taylor, Major Marstone, John Mills, J. I. Smith and Will Skinner. How many do you remember? I wonder how many of them are still around. A few other names and where they were located back in 1930: A. L. Belton at Stettler; M. B. Browne, Whiston, Lancashire; P. Ford, Metiskow; Lt. G. Herrick in Orano, California.

A report of the Annual Dinner held at the Royal George Hotel on January 4, 1930. This must have been one big banquet.

as there were almost 500 in attendance. This was the Fifteenth Anniversary of the founding of the Regiment. With the 49th were also men from the PPCLI, the RCR's and the 42nd Royal Highlanders, which made up the 7th Brigade. Memories of the Ypres Salient, the cellars of Hooze, the night of May 31st, 1916 at Mount Sorrel, Sanctuary Wood, Regina Trench, Moquet Farm, Vimy Ridge, Avion, Lens, Mericourt, Hill 70, Passchendaele, were all recalled and refought. Messages were sent by Sir Arthur Currie, Major General MacDonnell, LtCol Hobbins, A. L. Smith, H. J. McDonald, Tom Kay, Brigadier General Hugh Dyer and Brigadier General J. A. Clarke.

Also recalled was the morning of November 11, 1918, when the Brigade advanced along the Mons-Conde Canal, thereby capturing the City of Mons. This climaxed a real co-incident in that the last place the Regiment faced the enemy was also the same place the British first faced the enemy in 1914. It must have been a wonderful evening and it closed with the Band, under J. B. Daly, playing "Bonnie Dundee".

An item of great interest appears in this issue as it outlines the organization of the 1st Battalion, Edmonton Regiment (49th Batt. C.E.F.) on September 15, 1920. It also tells of the order issued in 1929 which gave the Militia Battalion custody of the 49th Battalion Colors. The first Commander was LtCol G. Howland. The second was LtCol L. C. Harris. This report tells of the Battalion going to Sarcee Camp. Some of the names mentioned in attendance at the Camp were LtCol Harris, Major Hale, Major Dallamore, Charlie Lilley, QMS Joe Waithe and Sgt Farrugie, the cook.

A couple of pictures show the Band at Locre, Belgium in December 1915 and another of Major "Tiny" Boyle, Capts Jim Meade, Bob Ferris and Oliver Travis, and Lt Bill Martin, taken at Bruay, just before Vimy. How sad it is to report that four out of the five did not survive the war. The only one to return was Lt Martin.

Well, back to the old subject about the Calgary Branch. I am still not sure when it started, but in the 1930 issue I see a report of their Annual Meeting and they read the minutes of the last Annual Meeting, so maybe, just maybe, it was formed in 1929. Anyway, LtCol Knight is the President, J. S. Kilarski the Vice President and A. J. Nash the Secretary Treasurer. Some names present include A. Hunter, T. F. Higgleton, Dr. Harvey Duncan, J. McMillan, A. W. Hill, Capt H. G. Nolan and H. B. Clow. Remember these names.

There is also a report of our own Branch Annual Meeting. A few of the fellows attending this meeting were Col Harris, R. Dean, J. Waithe, N. H. Jones, Andy Black, R. Callender,

A. Fowley, S. Levine, W. Wright, Earle Hay, R. King, Norman Arnold, Daniel Collins, C. Wampler, Maj Chattell, T. Robb, Col Elliott, Walter Hunter, Walter Hale, J. W. Williams, Capt Hunt and A. T. Nixon. Run those names through your noggin and see how many you recall. By the way, Capt Hunt was Editor of the Magazine at this time.

Now for an item about a man who is mentioned very often in the Mag, Bandmaster J. B. Daly. Sorry to read where he had his leg amputated. Glad to relate that Col (Doctor) L. Harris says Daly is doing real well.

The following are some of the Regiment who passed away in 1930: Sgt Lee, Sgt W. M. Allen, Capt W. R. Herbert, M.C. and Capt W. B. Thomas.

This issue of the Mag ends with the Financial Statement. As of January 1930 the Association had \$446.64 in the General Fund and \$298.75 in the Memorial Fund.

The above is interesting because when you stop and think about it, we have only about doubled that figure in the last 48 years. Seriously though, the figures are not relevant when you consider that in 1930 we got 1,000 copies of the Mag for \$181.56 and brought in \$268.00 from advertising. We'd surely like to work on that percentage today!

Now to Issue #12, January 1931. Sorry to open it on such a sad note; on page one I read where Bandmaster J. B. Daly passed away the previous July. There is quite a write-up about him but I quote just one sentence: "He was one of nature's gentlemen."

There is a page entitled, "Doings of 49ers". It is too lengthy to cover in full so will just hit you with a few. Lawdanski Baleslaw, now living in Quebec; Ed Becker, farming in High Prairie; Dave Irons, driving a truck in Calgary; HOLD IT, I just read further and all these guys are in Calgary: Ray Steadman, A. J. Logan, Herb Stewart, Jack Kilariski, J. B. Manton. Lots more there so no wonder they formed a Calgary Branch.

The date, July 20, 1930. The event, Annual Church Parade. Do any of you remember falling in at the Market Square and then marching down Jasper Avenue to the Parliament Buildings behind Major General Griesbach? Members of the Active Militia carried the Colors, followed by the Regimental Band. Rev. G. G. Reynolds conducted the Service.

Do you remember in a previous article I asked who H.L.H. was? Well, I found out and will comment on that later.

Here I go again with another mystery. Who is 432396? If you are still with us, will you please identify yourself. Anyway, you did a fine job of reporting on the Annual Banquet. As usual it seems it was a very large evening. Likewise a report from the Calgary Branch Banquet - another howler of a night.

Another date, another place, June 2 and 3, 1916 - Ypres. There is a long account of this famous battle. It makes glorious but sad reading, especially the ending; 47 killed, 245 wounded, and 69 missing. This account was written by Maj A. K. Hobbins.

The next page reports the death of Col Weaver. Once again I will quote just one line from this account, as it seems most fitting: "Beloved Officer; Distinguished Citizen." He passed away October 1, 1930.

Well, what do you know? Just found out that there is also a branch of the Association in Peace River. They seem to be popping up all over the place. Do any of you know anything about its beginnings? Some of the names of members of this branch are Bert Gower, Ring Reid, Bobby Henderson, Robert Erskine and Bert Cruickshank.

It would appear that one topic in the 1930 newspaper was typical of the 1978 papers. In 1978 it was concerned about moving the Cenotaph: in 1930 it was concerned about building one. There should be more about that later.

Once again, news of the death of Sgt R. Bridson. If you think back, he was Col Harris's batman.

So closes Issue #12.

Starting off Issue #13 of July 1931, I see where LtCol L. Harris is this year's President of the Association and also in command of the Militia Unit.

Now for a real memory trip for the First War Vets and for a real history lessor for Second War Vets. The following, from yesteryear, is something I did not know but find it very interesting. First I must ask of the old Vets if the C.O. of the Regiment in 1916 was Griesbach. If he was the C.O. (or whoever it was), he had the idea while in France to organize a post-war Association. The C.O., in consultation with Capt G. Z. Pinder, suggested an Association be formed with the following people as Officers: Mayor Henry (father of the late Lt Reg Henry), Mr. R. M. Smith, W. E. Lines and Mrs. Peter McNaughton. THE FIRST MEETING, AND THE BIRTH OF OUR ASSOCIATION, TOOK PLACE IN

ROOM 917 IN THE McLEOD BUILDING, ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1916
AT 4:00 P.M. (How's that for nailing it down?)

This meeting was attended by Mr. R. M. Frith, Mayor Henry, Mr. B. F. Blackburn, Mrs. R. P. Gamon (representing the 49th Batt. Chapter of the I.O.D.E.), Mrs. A. C. Sloan (representing the Col Griesbach Chapter of the I.O.D.E.) and Capt G. Z. Pinder.

The aims of the Association, as laid down at this meeting, were:

- (1) To welcome home returning members of the Battalion.
- (2) To advise members about pensions.
- (3) To render all possible assistance to members.

Now you know how it all got started. For myself, I find all the writing worthwhile when I think of all the things I have learned about our history.

Just to jog your memories once again, a few more names: Norman Arnold, who wrote an article on the death of Sgt Maj Mills in this issue; Harvey D. Duncan, who is the Secretary of the Calgary Branch; Earl Thurston, George Harper, Neville Jones and Tom Walker, who all work for the C.N.R. Here are two more: Perry Barron, who went to San Francisco and Theodore Bakkan, who went to Oakland, California.

Once again, the 1931 Banquet, held at the Macdonald Hotel this year, was called the greatest one yet.

Talk about jumping around, as now I go back to 1918. Not my fault, though, I just keep turning the pages never knowing where I'll end up next. Anyway, back to 1918 and a picture of Capt G. Young, Capt W. Hale, Capt C. Martin and Lt R. Ames, taken at Fauquenham just before proceeding up to the Somme for the big battle on August 8th. (I had more trouble spelling that town's name than some people have spelling Chettleborough.)

The 1931 Annual Meeting seems to have been well attended, with Col Harris being elected President, Capt Hunter Vice President, Earl Hay Hon. Secretary, Neville Jones Hon. Treasurer and Norman Arnold Asst. Secretary. On a motion by R. Dean, 17 men were elected to the Executive. That's too many to name so will leave it up to your memory to call the roll. Then, as now, 49ers must have been a bunch of roamers as we find these names in these places: F. Sutter at Elk Point; W.D. Chalmers at Lethbridge; A. B. Kidstone, J. J. Corlette, F. Trout and A. Marshant in Delia; F. A. Imeson in Nobleford; Bert Cruickshank in Peace River; and

this very impressive sounding name, E.H.H. Wynn-McKenzie, in Vegreville. There are a great many more listed and I wonder if any of our readers, who may live in or around these areas, know anything of these men or their families. The Financial Statement in 1931 was not much different from today's. The General and Memorial Fund had \$1,891.00 in the bank. The new Honorary Colonel is LtCol James Ramsey. He is a "retired merchant" and was the head of James Ramsey Ltd. A notation also states that the Colonel recently presented the instruments for a complete bugle band to the 138th Battalion (my father's Battalion). This closes out Issue #13, and so now gamely onward to #14.

I never got enough rank to have a batman, but sure wish I had one now, if only to sharpen my pencils.

During 1943 in training in England, I broke my right wrist in seven places. At that time the doctor told me I may not have much use of it in future. Man, would he be surprised if he could see the miles of writing I get out of it every Magazine issue!

To start off with July 19, 1931 was quite a day for the Regiment as this was the first time an Annual Church Parade service was broadcast. This was carried by CJCA and was well received by people in such places as Peat, Daysland, Mistsue Lake, Barrhead, Canyon Creek, Morinville and Eatonia, Saskatchewan.

An article by Lt Inar Anderson states that will always be one place and one event to stand out in everyone's mind and will never be forgotten. In his case it was the Ypres Salient and the event was the Battle of Sanctuary Woods. How about you out there. Where and what were your highlights? See where Major R. Walter Hale is the new Postal Superintendent for the Edmonton district. Wonder how the Post Office would be run today if there was someone like him running it.

A good picture next of the original "C" Coy #3 gun section, all decked out in their new issue of sheepskin jackets. This was taken in France in 1916 and shows J. Spittal, A. Petherick, J. Dale, H. Denford, T. Turner, E. Rendall and F. Martin. Martin was killed not long after this picture was taken. Another nice picture of Norman Arnold, to whom we owe so much for his many years on the Executive and the Magazine Committee.

Though I never met him, I find I had something in common with General Griesbach. Seems he was just as concerned as I was to complete his set of Magazines and was worried because he could not find #8 Issue, which, as I explained before, "there never was one of".

Well, here I go for the last Mag, #15 July 1932, for this year. To any of you who have been following me through the last fourteen issues, do not be confused this time as I'm not going through it from front to back, but just hit and miss.

Something else I have just learned, and I wonder if anyone else knows, is that the trees along Macdonald Drive in downtown Edmonton were (and maybe still are) known as "The Elm Memorial Trees". They were planted and, when growth was assured, after three years they were all tagged with the names of some of our honored dead. Those 49ers who were mentioned are as follows: Capt Percy Belcher, Sgt C. L. Bain, D. A. Hayman, Pte John Kerr, Harry Hall, James Armstrong, Leo Mail, Pte Hugh Jackson and Pte Thomas E. Hayes. As I think this is such a gem of information I intend to research this with the City fathers.

Here's another comparison with old times. Seems Major Hale's car lost a wheel on Jasper Avenue and he was involved in an accident. Don't know if the pot holes on Jasper are the same ones he ran into, but if they are not, we still have lots just like them.

Next, some news about a grand old pair. Seems like Byron Morrison and an ex-42er Arthur Barnes, have opened themselves a jewelry and watch repair business on Rice Street. That name was to become well known for the next few decades.

Finally, after reading all the accounts by H.L.H., I see his picture, along with others from 8 Platoon, "B" Coy. (As I said, more about him later.)

Here's one for the old mind. A picture taken in the spring of 1915 at the Exhibition Grounds. How many of you remember Crockett's Horse or, as it was also known, The 49th Light Brigade. Anyone remember the 1931-32 hockey season and the four very fine hockey teams that wore the colors of the 49th? The senior team, managed by Major Hunter, coached by M. Kaplansky, trained by T. Robson. The intermediate team, managed by Lt McGrath, coached by C. E. "Bus" Brown. The junior team, managed by Bill Ruff, coached by John Dorsey and trained by Louis Lavoie. The juvenile team, managed by Bill Ruff, coached by Bill Ruff and trained by Bill Ruff.

Another thing I would like to look into is the Weaver (Col) Memorial, which is, or was, in the form of a drinking fountain near the cricket pitch on the western end of the Municipal Golf Course. Do any of you oldsters remember this?

Well, fellows, this is about it for this time. The more I do this recap the more difficult it becomes. First of all I never know how much to write. Are these accounts getting too long, and if so, where do you stop? These Magazines make fascinating reading and it is very hard to know what to quote and what to leave out; who to mention and who to leave out. Page after page deserves repeating, but of course that is not possible. So many ordinary guys - so many heroes. So many battles and so many honors. Though I say it is difficult, it is most certainly interesting; to me, anyway, and to you I hope.

Thus endeth the reading of Issue #15.

You may recall that I asked if anyone could tell me who H.L.H. was, as several articles appeared in the Magazine signed only by those initials.

In September I got a phone call from Mrs. J. Yowek, of Edmonton, to tell me she was calling to clear up the H.L.H. mystery. H.L.H. was her uncle and he was here in Edmonton to attend the wedding of his great-niece. A date was set for me to meet him following his return from a trip to Vancouver and the United States.

Today I met Lt Henry Leonard Holloway, M.C., D.C.M., M.M. and bar. By the time you read this Henry will be in his 90th year. He has to impress his age on you because he sure doesn't look or act like he is 90 years old.

First of all, I am not going to try to tell you of Henry's war years because you can all take out your copy of "A City Goes To War" and turn to pages 62, 63, 76, 133, 135, 138, 164 and 389 and read of his exemplary war record. LtCol Stevens, who wrote "A City Goes To War", said of Henry, "That fine soldier with a charmed life."

Charmed his life must have been in peace time as well. The man travelled the world and his account of his trip through Ecuador and the Amazon River Basin in 1931, as written in Issue #14, is one of the greatest adventures I have ever read.

On my visit with him he told me of his work in Eritrea, North Africa and other places. We looked at photos and old newspaper clippings and he showed me all his medals plus a French decoration. My visit was all too short with this fine elderly gentleman. Henry was going from here back to England for a few days, then over to Germany for a while and then on to

Spain for a holiday.

In 1990 we will hold our 75th Anniversary. I don't know what part of the world he will be in, but it just would not surprise me to hear from Henry as he seems to have lots of get-up-and-go to last him that long anyway.

I promised to go and see him the next time I'm in England. He would like to see you, too, if you're ever over there. His address is: 53 Bradford Avenue, S. Humberside, Cleethorpe, England DN35 0BQ.

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REDFORD-BROWNE extends most cordial personal greetings to all members of The Loyal Edmonton Regiment Association, of which he is a member, known simply as Owen Browne.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HAPPENINGS

By J. R. Stone

The year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventy-eight has been a good year for the British Columbia Branch of the Association. Veterans of the 49th Battalion, C.E.F., and of The Loyal Edmonton Regiment have come out of the "woodwork"; some have joined the Association, and all are now on our mailing list. Some of you may remember:

Alex Hyde	49th Battalion, CEF	Courtenay, BC
Robert Wood	49th Battalion, CEF	Shellbrook, Sask
Bernie Baker	Loyal Edmonton Reg't	Winfield, BC
Leslie Duncan	" "	Penticton, BC
Fred Middleton	" "	Abbotsford, BC
George Moroz	" "	Lintlaw, Sask
Walter Nelson	" "	Burnaby, BC
(?) Shenfield	" "	Vancouver, BC
Ralph Paulsen	" "	Dartmouth, NS
Dewey Pawson	" "	Kingston, Ont
Earl Graham	" "	Penticton, BC
F. L. Munro	" "	Salmon Arm, BC
Richard Palmer	" "	Thunder Bay, Ont

The Annual Dinner was held in the Grosvenor Hotel, Vancouver, B.C., on February 4th, 1978 - for the thirtieth consecutive year! Owen Browne has reported fully on the dinner elsewhere in this edition and further comment would be redundant.

The Annual Picnic was held in Saxe Point Park, Esquimalt (Victoria) on August 6th, 1978. The day was, as promised in our newsletter, warm and sunny and Saxe Point Park was at its best. The grounds committee, comprising Alan Macdonald, Wilf Oakey, Keith MacGregor, and Jack Childs did a superb job of laying out and decorating the picnic area, their expertise and imaginativeness no doubt developed over the years of laying out brigade and divisional HQs and fabricating lies for the War Diaries. They did a wonderful job on the picnic site, which ensured a smooth operation in attractive surroundings.

At 1330 hrs Sergeant (retired) Bill Brown opened the bar, and Bill Remple commenced receiving patrons. Miss Jill Remple and Miss Valerie Holt registered members and their guests, took in the admission subscription, and issued lapel labels. The efficiency of these two young ladies was amply demonstrated, especially as they short-changed somebody for ten bucks, which sum now reposes in our bank account. Bill Remple sold bar tickets

and accounted for all cash transactions in a manner that compensated me for the years spent on his training.

At 1400 hrs, His Honour, Brigadier-General H.P. Bell-Irving, DSO, OBE, ED, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and his charming wife arrived at the picnic area. They were met by the President, Owen Browne and his wife, she looking very beautiful and cool in summery attire. Piper Angus Grant led the party to the picnic site piping our Regimental March, Bonnie Dundee. His Honour was quickly at home with his comrades-in-arms, many of whom remembered him as their Commanding Officer through the tough battles of the Gothic Line. We all appreciated the fact that he and Mrs. Bell-Irving had taken time from a strenuous round of duties in connection with the Commonwealth Games, and the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to British Columbia. His Honour assured me that he would not have missed the picnic in any circumstances and, when he left, both he and Mrs. Bell-Irving told me how much they had enjoyed the whole afternoon. We were glad to have in attendance on His Honour, Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Ahlstrom, his aide-de-camp at the Commonwealth Games. Lea is a worthy 49er, and we were very glad that he could be of service to our Lieutenant-Governor.

Jack Childs, trumpeter extraordinary, sounded "assembly" as Dave Petrie, our perennial Master of Ceremonies, took his place on the podium and declared the picnic open. How such a small body produces such a stentorian roar I have never been able to fathom. Dave is half way through his eighties but each year he arrives at the picnic, spry and debonair, keeps the program running smoothly, and makes himself heard over the "roar of the madding crowd". It must be what he drinks and the tender loving care bestowed on him by his charming wife, Jean.

Brigadier-General Joe Cardy, MC, CD, our Branch padre, invoked the blessings of the Almighty on the dead and living. The text of his invocation is printed here both for its message and its eloquence:

"Almighty God, who in Thy great goodness has brought us together this day in the close bonds of continuing comradeship, we gratefully recall Thy good providence and great mercies, which, having led us through the perils of war, have blessed our lives in the days of peace.

"Grant Thy blessings upon our beloved Queen, our Lieutenant-Governor and all the people of the Commonwealth.

"For this good land of Canada, for home and friends and loved ones, for all the rights and privileges we enjoy,

and for the many blessings, spiritual and temporal, that have touched our lives, receive our thanks.

"We commend to Thy divine compassion those who cannot be with us this day, especially the sick, the maimed and wounded, who still carry through the years a burden of suffering. Let not our gratefulness to them fail or grow weary, but deepen our sympathy that we may share their burden and so fulfil the law of Christ.

"We remember before Thee those of our number who in the past year have been gathered into the peace of Thy presence, especially Dave Bettcher, H.W. Burton, Archie Bertrand, Alex Constantine, Kenneth Houghton, Kenneth Kinnaird, Jimmy McMillan, John Mundy, W. D. Taylor, and those whom we have forgotten do Thou, O Lord, remember.

"We gratefully recall all those who have laid down their lives in our country's service and defence.

"Let the memory of their devotion and comradeship be ever an example to us, that we may be taught to live by them who learned to die. Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them. Amen."

Following the two minutes of silence Jack Childs sounded the "Last Post" and then roused us to our continuing duties with "Reveille". Piper Angus Grant piped a "Lament", which affected all of us emotionally. The memory of our departed comrades having been honoured, we turned our attention to the veterans of the First World War. The Master of Ceremonies called on Jim Stone to "Fall-In" the Old Guard for inspection.

General George Pearkes, VC, PC, CB, DSO, MC, CD, who perennially has been our Old Guard inspecting officer, had to beg off this year, most regretfully, because too many other duties, combined with Anno Domini, had forced him to rest on our picnic day. Major-General George Kitching, CBE, DSO, an ex-Commanding Officer of the Regiment, and now Colonel Commandant of the Canadian Infantry Corps, kindly substituted. He arrived at the saluting base and, with the Old Guard at "Attention", he was honoured with a "General Salute" sounded on Jack Childs' trumpet. General Kitching moved along the rank of the eight World War I veterans on parade, greeting each one in turn, and then collectively passing to them General Pearkes's regrets at missing the parade. He spoke of his own pride in them and their bearing on parade.

A photograph of the Old Guard on parade is reproduced

hereunder and, except that Jim Stone has his bulk between "Pip" Muirhead and the camera, all are identifiable:



On the right of the line is PIP MUIRHEAD; GEORGE BEATON, who, although really "under the weather" was determined to be on parade; DAVE PETRIE, who grows younger as the years progress; SYD BRYANT, in his nineties, who gave up his golf date to be with us; GEORGE KEY, debonair and active, who, with his charming wife, attends annually; AL BRYANT, standing in a soldierly-like manner, whose wife, Lucille, chauffeured her car from Vancouver with Al and Pip as passengers; BOB WOOD, ex-Corporal, 49th Battalion, CEF, who came by air from Saskatchewan; and our own LEN DAWES, still looking youthful in spite of the fact that he wore King George the Fifth's uniform over sixty years ago, and whom we youngsters remember as our 1939 Quartermaster.

WHAT A GREAT GROUP OF MEN!

At the conclusion of the inspection a "rum" ration (actually the best Glenlivet "malt") was issued to the inspecting officer and the members of the Old Guard, who raised their glasses and drank to the memory of their deceased comrades, with special mention of Kenny Kinnaird. Owen Browne called for three cheers for the Old Guard, and the picnic area echoed with the roars of the crowd. The Old Guard was then dismissed.

Dave Petrie then called on Owen Browne, as President of the Branch, to speak. Owen was at his eloquent best, and a brief resumé of his speech follows. He welcomed everybody to Victoria, which he described as God's waiting room by the sea. He expressed

everyone's pleasure at the attendance of His Honour and Mrs. Bell-Irving. He thought that they might have stayed away "white-washing the stones" at Government House in preparation for the expected arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Owen mentioned that there were five Commanding Officers of the Regiment at the picnic: George Kitching; Ted Day; His Honour, "Budge" Bell-Irving; Jim Stone; and the present C.O., L. E. "Lea" Ahlstrom. Present also was an old friend from Vancouver, Reg Clark. Fred Middleton, from Abbotsford, who was attending his first Association function; Bernie Baker, lost from the fold since 1942 but here today; Percy Darlington, who hitherto had let his money rather than his person represent him; Alan Purvis from Calgary, whom many remembered as the person who had supplied them with the money necessary to frequent the "Hay-cutter".

Owen said that he could not mention everyone there, nor all those who sent letters. He did make mention of Stan Chettleborough, the President of the Association, Edmonton, who had written saying that his commitment to the Commonwealth Games precluded his attendance. He also gave greetings from Bill Lowden, Bill Shel Drake, Danny Hicks, Al Cantin.

Thanks were offered to all who had cooperated to make this year's picnic the best ever. Their pride in our fraternity was the same as his. When asked in Vancouver what The Loyal Edmonton Regiment has that caused them to get together to celebrate for over thirty consecutive years, he answered, "If you have to ask me, you won't understand the answer." He thanked everyone for coming and asked that when they got home, would they please say "hello" to those who couldn't come.

Bill Remple was then introduced in his capacity as "Branch Singing Master". Joined by Alan Macdonald, and with Jack Childs accompanying on the trumpet, he led the group singing. The effort was much appreciated by the crowd who joined in the choruses. After the singing, the MC declared that the parade was dismissed, and the crowd dispersed - again to the bar.

"Cookhouse" was not sounded until about 1530 hours, allowing time for a little social drinking and general fraternizing. When Jack Childs sounded "Cookhouse" a queue formed rapidly to partake of the delicious food prepared by the master chefs of the PPCLI. The Old Guard and their ladies were served at their own table by a few volunteers whose thoughtfulness was much appreciated. The salmon was cooked to perfection, and the salads, etc., that went with it testified to the professionalism of the chefs. How fortunate we are to have the support of the PPCLI. At the conclusion of the meal, a huge cake, suitably decorated with the

name of the Regiment on the icing, was paraded, Owen Browne leading the parade, brandishing a large pointed knife much in the manner of a "haggis-stabber" at a Burns' night dinner. He greatly flattered the Secretary-Treasurer, Jim Stone, by giving him the honour of ceremonially cutting the cake, whereupon it was distributed to the multitude.

164 persons attended the 1978 picnic. We list below the names of the members of the Association who were present:

His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, to whom many of you referred during the war as "B-I", and Mrs. BELL-IRVING; Mrs. MARJORIE JEFFERSON, widow of our own Jim Jefferson; from Kingston, Ontario, DEWEY PAWSON; from Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, BOB WOOD; from Lintlaw, Saskatchewan, GEORGE MOROZ; from Lloydminster, Alberta, CHARLIE SWAN; from Edmonton, Alberta, SID FRY, JIM MULLEN, LEA AHLSTROM; from the B.C. mainland, BERNIE BAKER, TIM ARMSTRONG, PERCY DARLINGTON, FLOYD GOUCHEE, GORDON HAMILTON, WALTER HOLMES, EINER JORGENSEN, DAVE LARIVIERE, PERCY McBRATNEY, AL BRYANT, REG CLARK, LESLIE DUNCAN, IAN GRAHAME, AL GRACIE, RUSS GORSELINE, GORDON McINTOSH, PIP MUIRHEAD, ARCHIE McCALLUM, FRED MIDDLETON, DAVE McELROY, WALTER NELSON, A.W. ROBINSON, BUD SIMPSON, BOB SUMMERSGILL; from Vancouver Island, GEORGE BEATON, RAN BOWEN, OWEN BROWNE, SYD BRYANT, PADRE JOE CARDY, JACK CHILDS, JIM CRAIG, HARRY COVE, LEN DAWES, TED DAY, JIM EASTERBROOK, CRAWFORD GLEW, OWEN HUGHSON, TREVOR JONES, STEVE JOSSUL, GEORGE KEY, GEORGE KITCHING, R. P. LEWIS, KEITH MacGREGOR, KEN McKENZIE, VERNE McCOY, ALAN MACDONALD, VERN McKEAGE, WILF OAKLEY, DAVE PETRIE, BILL RENDALL, BILL REMPLÉ, DOUG ROGERS, JIM STONE, LEN TUPPEN, JIM WATSON, TEX WILKINS, and the guests of all of them. Truly a memorable crowd.

As usual, some members who said they were coming failed to arrive. In two instances motel arrangements had been made for them. Several who sent regrets enclosed money with their letters. Our friend, AL CANTIN, of California, at the time of the death of Kenny Kinnaird, sent the Secretary-Treasurer \$10.00 with which to buy a drink to the memory of a mutual friend. That \$10.00 was the base of the fund that provided the "Glenlivet" for the Old Guard "rum" ration. DAVE BALFOUR, now in his 84th year, wrote regretfully of his inability to attend the picnic as he was driving to his home in Nova Scotia, a round trip of about 12,000 miles from his present domicile! Bill Lowden's wife, Hazel, was quite ill, thus precluding Bill's attendance. To all who returned cards, our best thanks. It helps greatly in planning to know approximately how many are attending.

Our thanks are offered to the following:

The Commanding Officer, 3rd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, for cooperating with us in every way. Without this cooperation there would be no picnic in its present form.

Major Bill McMillan who, with his charming wife, Lorraine, attended the picnic thus ensuring that everything was operating.

The master chef and his assistants, who prepared our wonderful meal.

The work party from the Patricia's who trucked barrack stores back and forth, set up the tables and chairs and, after the picnic, removed them. They did such a great job of cleaning up the grounds that the Parks Superintendent invited us to use the Park every day because of the standard of cleanliness achieved. A hardworking and friendly group of servicemen.

Piper Angus Grant, whose piping was a pleasure and inspiration to all attending. Angus's ears must have been blushing at the compliments flying around.

Sergeant (retired) Bill Brown and his assistant, for operating a most efficient and courteous bar operation.

Jack Childs, whose trumpet took our minds back to the bugle sounding the same calls during the years we spent in England. Mind you, Jack's trumpet is much more musical than some of the bugle calls I remember.

Keith MacGregor, who demonstrated to us all what organization is about. His administrative order was a staff college classic.

Wilf Oakey, who again worked hard at planning and decorating the picnic site.

Alan Macdonald, who not only offered legal advice, but assisted with brain and muscle in planning and decorating the picnic site.

Miss Jill Remple and Miss Valerie Holt for efficiently and courteously handling the reception.

Bill Remple, for looking after the money, selling bar tickets and cheerfully performing the other duties thrust upon him from time to time.

Browne and Stone graciously acknowledge the solicited,

but unheard applause, and are most grateful to you all for making the 1978 picnic the most successful to date.

The picnic concludes most of our activities for the year. We shall be issuing a Newsletter late in the Fall, giving particulars of the Annual Dinner, which will be held again in the Grosvenor Hotel, Vancouver, on the first Saturday in February (February 3rd, 1979). At that time we shall present the financial statement (very healthy), and offer a slate of officers for re-election. Mark the date now, and plan to attend.

We are grateful for your support, financial or otherwise, for we would like to see the Association survive until the last two survivors meet to spend all the accumulated funds on liquor and high living. That last reunion party could last a month!

God bless, and don't fall off any high buildings or step in front of any fast moving traffic.

Owen Browne,
President.

Jim Stone,
Secretary-Treasurer.

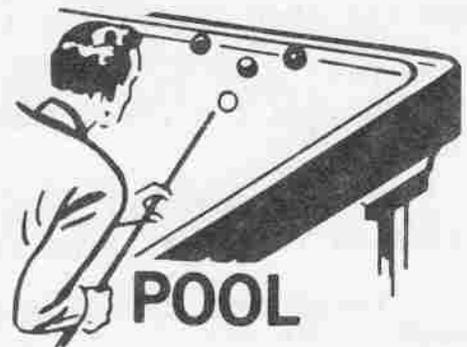
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BILLIARDS



Pat Lucy

PROFILE

(Taken from the Edmonton Journal, Saturday, March 11, 1978)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

He denies kissing Blarney stone

By Nick Lees

Pat Lucy lied about his age to fight in the Second World War. He was too old.

"All my friends signed up and I didn't want to be left behind," said Pat, now 84.

"I took 10 years off my age and went off with the Edmonton Regiment.

"But it cost me \$50. I had a bet with a friend that I would never fight again.

"I'd had enough in the First World War at Vimy Ridge and then during the troubles in Ireland."

Pat, born in Listowel, County Kerry, had a \$10 price on his head when the Irish fought to free themselves of British rule.

Michael Collins, the man most wanted by the British authorities in 1920, was a personal friend.

"Those were terrible days and Collins was a fine man," he says. "He did a lot for Ireland but was killed after the civil war began.

"He was ambushed and shot through the head in 1922. A tragedy. He was one of the men who fought in the general post office during Easter week 1916."

Disgusted with the Irish civil war -- "brother was fighting brother" -- Pat headed for Edmonton and spent his first night here in the Cecil Hotel.

"It was the smartest place in Edmonton in 1924," he says. "And a British pound note could keep you drunk for a week."

Pat drove horse teams through Strathcona mud, chopped wood deep in the bush in Jasper Place and sometimes stayed at the Grand Centre.

"The Grant was an old Chinese restaurant which was replaced by the Hotel Macdonald extension," he says. "It was \$3.75 for a room, breakfast and supper."

He later headed for Queen Charlotte Islands and for 17 years worked as a lumberjack. "It was then I started boxing," he says. "And the Swedes and Norwegians I worked with backed me to fight Jack Delaney, the North American light heavyweight champion. "He could have killed me in the first three rounds but didn't. I could have taken him in the last three but didn't.

"I was as strong as an ox and muscle bound then from lumbering.

"His father, a multi-millionaire, gave me \$3,000 after the fight. He said I could have taken Jack in the last round."

Pat signed up Sept. 14, 1939, and was one of the 84 Edmonton Regiment men who raided Spitsbergen in Norway after sailing from the U.K. in the Empress of Canada.

"Terrible trip on that ship," he says. "The cockroaches were so big they could march with rifles on their backs. The ship sank during the war."

He was later driving a bulldozer in Scotland in a wood gathering operation when the machine skidded on soapstone and crashed hundreds of feet down a hill.

"I injured my back in scrambling clear and have a disability pension from the accident," he says.

Pat returned to Alberta, tried farming at Lloydminster, but went logging at Slave Lake when his crops failed two years in a row.

He went to Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories in

1952 and worked for the forestry service in the summer and cooked for construction engineers in the winters.

Pat returned to Edmonton last fall to be near his family. He has five children and five grandchildren.

"I'm looking for a job," he says. "I'll go nuts doing nothing."

"I love the bush and have been prospecting for uranium these last few years. I had a couple of good strikes and have several claims filed."

In his spare time Pat loves to fish and says he caught a lake trout that tipped the scales at more than 30 kilos in Tsu Lake, North of Fort Smith.

"I thought I had caught the bottom of the lake," he says. "The fish took off and dragged me around the lake."

"It took me an hour to land it."

Pat says he was born about 16 kilometres from the Blarney Stone -- but denies having kissed it.

He counts drinking and singing Irish rebel songs among his other hobbies.

Regularly the neighbors are treated to:

"You English Black and Tans

You may wash your dirty hands

Before you are banished from our shore

You can go and tell the king

That he might as well give in

For he'll never rule old Ireland anymore."

* * * * *

1979 Annual General Meeting and Dinner

6th January 1979

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HOW I REMEMBER THE FORTY-NINTH
By Alfred H. Cantin, DCM, MM

PART 5 - "THE AFTERMATH"

The following two months at the 21st Reserve were anything but pleasant. The newly commissioned "rankers" found that a severe schism existed between them and the "bombproofers" who had never seen service at the front. They had sat out the war in a pretty cushy billet. I wonder how they explained their "war" experiences to their grandchildren. We heard ourselves being referred to as being impudent upstarts. In return we cast insulting aspersions upon their service records, none of which helped to create good feelings.

Anyway, they kept to their side of the table and we to ours. It got a little sticky when it became obvious that if there were any unpleasant duty assignments we got them - never them. It came to the breaking point at the height of the influenza epidemic. This was worse than combat. Men would go to sleep and never wake up. Each morning an officer and working party had to go into the barracks with the medical officer and supervise the removal of the dead. Naturally it was not a pleasant task but it had to be done. It was the new officers who drew the duty, the others hung to their quarters on some flimsy pretense or other. The thought of contracting the deadly disease again separated the men from the mice. Looking back I do not remember any of the officers dying from the flu - it seemed to be the men who suffered - I often wondered why.

Somebody said that booze was a good preventative. Nobody knew for sure, but any excuse was better than none to indulge our appetites. We went to the mess each morning and signed for two bottles of Scotch apiece. Tucking a bottle in each pocket of our trench coats we faced the day. We plastered ourselves and each of the men who accompanied us into the barracks. We soaked our face masks (crude substitutes for the real thing, as usual) with the precious liquid - and prayed. It turned out to be a pretty drunken detail, but we got the job done. We were asked if we would not like to take our meals in our quarters, a suggestion we repulsed with dignity and took our flu bugs right into the mess where we were given a wide berth...

When it was over we were billed for the booze. None of us had any part of the amount of money needed to cover. We refused, standing on the grounds that if we did the dirty work the least the others could do was provide the preventive medicine. The argument went on and was finally settled by a very astute colonel who figured he'd better do something before it got out of hand. He

suggested that the others volunteer (?) their share and declared the matter closed. Closed it might have been but it did not enhance our popularity and we were practically ostracized socially.

My brother Joe and my uncle were returning to Canada and I wanted to have a last visit with them before they left. I requested leave and it was denied. Furious, because there was no evident reason for the action and since everyone else was going in and out like flies, I promptly told them to go to hell and took off. I suspected the presence of retaliation for the booze incident. Upon my return I was informed that I had been booked to return to Canada aboard the Empress of Asia. This fine ship from the Vancouver-Hong Kong run was returning after service as a troop ship. Sounded good to me and I was just as anxious to see the last of them as they were to get rid of me.

It was sure the long way around to get home. We sailed from Liverpool and proceeded across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal and up to Pacific to Vancouver. We were aboard about thirty days in all. At the canal the American officers took us in charge and showed us the works. They took us across the Isthmus and back by train and then we went through on the ship. A real tourist's delight. The Americans were determined to show us a good time. It was all first-class travel, of course. I went over steerage on the old Metagama, but sure came back in style. Funny how quickly one can adjust to luxury. Nothing could have possibly been more pleasurable. It was a fitting end as a fillip to a long, arduous and dangerous war-time experience.

We were given a rousing welcome by the people of Vancouver and stayed over night at the old Vancouver Hotel which I was to watch being torn down during a return visit after World War II. It was a shame to see it go for it represented a lot of history of the City. It died hard because of its solid construction; the blasters and bulldozers had their work cut out for them.

We took the CPR to Edmonton and after a last night of revelry in the dining car we arrived home to face the cold facts of peace and the bitter weather. Walking jauntily from the comfort of the heated car, with no protection against the January cold, I quickly froze both ears and my nose. I do not think I was ever any madder in my life. My wounded ear started to act up and burn like fire. My first thought was how to get the hell out of there. It dawned on me that one of the most important reasons for joining up was to get out of the cold. I had no affinity for it and little or no bodily resistance against its

effects on my person. In plain words I hated it. If my family had not been waiting for me I am sure I would never have left the comfortable heat inside the station. Happily for my later life I somehow survived the first shock and decided to play the hand out before making any radical decisions.

I enjoyed the reunion with mother and my brothers and sister, but soon my restive spirit started to plague me. The full impact of where I stood in civilian life hit me right in the face. I was suddenly a highly trained and skilled combat officer out of a job due to the fact that there was no call for such workers anymore. No formal education, no civilian training of any kind, no job or prospect of one I became another piece of the wreckage of the post-war period. The battalion was still overseas and I had none of the old reliable friends to turn to for advice and guidance. At nineteen I still was in need of some.

The government was most helpful to a point. They gave me six months on full pay and after a medical examination that declared me 100% fit they took out all the lead field fillings in my mouth and replaced them with silver. They used lead in the field for the simple reason that it was considered temporary - either the patient would be killed soon or they could patch it up after the war. Not too unsound reasoning at that.

With many of the others I hung around town indulging in the fun and games that always follow the end of a war. Soldiers and civilians alike trying to adjust to the new outlook of life. Then came the day when the battalion came home. We all donned our uniforms and formed a unit to march in the rear. It was nothing like the thrill we would have felt marching in the ranks of our old platoons.

Things were getting a little hectic for me about this time. It was the old story of the devil and idle hands, and the bootleg booze was filthy. My first company commander, Major H.E. Daniel, the same officer who had suggested my medical discharge at the very beginning, learned of my presence in town and invited me to visit him at his office. He recalled our earlier experience and expressed his pleasure that I had gone all the way and done so well. We had an almost father and son discussion as I related my work problem and lack of education. He arranged a meeting with an official of the CPR who was a close friend of his. The outcome was that I accepted a job with the promising title of Assistant Agent. I was assigned to the little town of Strome to break in. I quickly discovered that I had been "passed a shovel" again, this time it was a broom. Again I started to look for a way out. Fortunately, at this point some wise and sympathetic official in government (they are hard to find, I might add) declared all us underage kids to be totally disabled

for the purposes of rehabilitation. I left Strome and returned to Edmonton to attend Alberta College North (on 101 Street south of Jasper). I elected to take a railroad telegraphy and office course. We were given a subsistence as well as paying the tuition. The ten-months course had the desired effect. My first job back with the CPR I was the operator and agent and passed the broom to the next guy. The experience gained through the course and my time with the railroad stood me in good stead all my life. While it took many years of night school and correspondence courses to make up for the lost educational years while in the army, it at least was a start and that was what I needed.

Railroading proved to be a good job except for two drawbacks. First, it was out of town and I never was a village boy. Secondly, it was highly seasonal. When the grain ran out in December each year we youngsters without seniority were out of a job until spring. My eyes remained raised to other horizons.

My last winter in Edmonton found me broke and without a job. Things looked bleak indeed. Then I got my last leg-up from that dear man Colonel Weaver. My mother called and said there was a job waiting for me at the City Clerk's office. It saved the day and held me up until I was recalled to the CPR that spring. For all the fine things he did for me I have never been able to adequately (or in any other way) repay the Colonel. When I learned of his early death I was deeply shocked. I was always in hopes of having the opportunity of a heart to heart chat during which I might have been able to express in some small way at least, some part of the feelings I held for him. I knew I had lost a true friend, the kind that is always there when needed - he was one of a kind.

Speaking of my mother. I think everyone will understand the pride with which I remember her. Many people may love their mother and not be particularly proud of her - I had both, love and pride. To identify her as Mrs. Mary A. Cantin, who lived at 13135 West 65th Street, Edmonton, might recall her to some although I fear that all who knew her have gone. I do not know if any such records were kept, but I think mother deserves recognition for being a British subject of Irish stock who gave three American sons to the service. The tender age at which we enlisted makes the record more outstanding. Joseph N. Cantin, 17, 51st Battalion; Phillip O. Cantin, 16, 138th Battalion; and myself 15, 49th Battalion. Joe saw service and was severely wounded while with the 4th Battalion and Phil served in an ambulance unit and was badly gassed. My sister, Esther, who also lives in Los Angeles, and I are the last of the family. All the others are gone.

With the coming of winter in 1922 and with no more work on the CPR and no other prospects, I requested and was given transportation to Portland, Oregon. The chief dispatcher advised me to go there for more experience and he would wire me when to return. From Portland I made my way down the coast and finally reached Los Angeles. It was warm and beautiful. I reacted in the manner of the word "EUREKA", which is included in the State of California Official Seal - it means "I have found it." I wish I could say that the city has remained as I first found it, but the huge population growth and change to an industrial area have taken their full toll. I stayed and gave up all thoughts of railroading for good.

My brother Joe had been forced by doctor's orders to leave the Police Department in Edmonton and he joined my old pal Dan Driscoll on the Los Angeles Department. They both worked on me and while I did not exactly enjoy the prospect of going back into a uniform again as a private, I finally decided to take a chance. That it was a fortunate decision for me can be seen when one considers the handsome pension on which I am able to enjoy most of the good things in life today.

I had no problem with the examination, but I did have to go before a Federal Court to have my citizenship restored. When the judge checked my birth certificate and my Officer's Certificate of Service he noted what he thought to be a discrepancy in the ages. I informed him that they were correct and that I had indeed been only 15 when I enlisted. Whereupon he completed the official forms, but he instructed that it be entered into the records that I had never lost my citizenship as a boy of 15 was not competent to swear allegiance to or from anyone. It would appear that for a time I enjoyed dual citizenship, but when I raised my hand to swear allegiance to the United States and to forego any such to any foreign power, and especially to King George V of England, it seemed that I was truly back home at last. I was always proud to be an American, if I talk and act like one it is with the objective of reflecting pride in my country and myself.

After three months cadet training I received my first police assignment. Holy Cow! I got a "shovel" again in the form of a raised box in the middle of the street from which I directed traffic as a human semaphore. After a few days of this it was back to the revaluation again. What was I doing out in the middle of the street? Where had my ambition gone? How do you get to hell out of this? The answer was soon forthcoming. As a part of the enrollment procedure I had put an X after everything I could do, and some that I thought I could do, just in case. It paid off at once. I was called to the Chief's office and on the

basis of my army and railroad experience, plus the fact that I had picked up Gregg shorthand, I was assigned as private secretary to the Chief Jailer. Goodby shovels forever. I stayed with him four years and following my first permanent promotion became Jailer In Charge of the main jail. It was in this position that I had my last contact with an old Forty-Niner.

Walking through the jail one morning on an inspection tour, the cell trusty approached me and said there was a man in the holding tank who knew me and wanted to speak to me. I asked his name and the trusty in a sheepish voice said, "he told me to tell that so-and-so that he had the Curly Wolf in his lousy trap." That was identification enough. I had him brought to my office. He was the same old con-man of yore. He convinced the cell officer that the invitation included his three chums. They had come down to Los Angeles on a lumber schooner and, like many men of the sea following a night on the town, they had the misfortune to run afoul of the law. We had quite a reunion. They were cleaned up and given a bath. Some good hot coffee laced with a little of the creature that was always around despite Prohibition helped to cure the shakes. We laughed about old times and as always toasted those who did not come back. I straightened up the matter of their cases with a sympathetic judge who was also an American Legion pal of mine. I did not dare to let them go for I was certain they would get right back into trouble again. They enjoyed the full benefits of my quarters until I got off duty and could take them back to their ship. Giving Barron a few bucks for ship canteen purposes (and I slipped a pint aboard for sociability's sake) I saw them off with the old Curly Wolf yelling from the stern that he would be back. Unfortunately (?) he never made it. Even under his terms he was always welcome.

I nearly made the U.S. Army during World War II. In fact I was still within the draft age and had to sign up. As the local police were most important to civil defense we were quickly deferred. However, due to my police command and staff experience I was deemed needed during the first rush of organization of the military police and arrangements were made for me to enter as a staff major. It would have been an interesting experience and made me eligible for the lavish veteran's benefits they dish out down here, but a bursted appendix knocked out that dream.

After completing twenty-five years service with the department I retired in 1949 when a post-operational blood clot forced me out of field command. I never could be happy in strictly staff work - I liked to get out in the field and see how the planning worked out.

For twenty years after retirement I engaged in the public relations business as an independent contractor in the fields of show business, charity fund-raising and politics. With my handsome pension I could pick and choose and work when the spirit moved me. It was a wonderfully independent period in my life and as I was working with people all the time it was right down my line. Frankie worked with me and we both earned our Social Security Pensions. I mention these things only to reassure any of my friends who might be interested that no one will ever have to take up a collection for us.

Last June (1972) I made an overnight visit to Edmonton. Frankie and I had been touring the Canadian Rockies by car. She was deeply impressed. I had spent a whole summer at Banff and Lake Louise while working for the CPR and remembered it all so well, but for her it was all new and she agrees with me that there is nothing in all the world to equal the beauty and grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. Being so close I could not resist the urge to detour north to Edmonton in the hope that I might run into some of the old boys. My luck was in as I found my dear friend Bob Whyte still around. Unfortunately he had lost his only son just a few days before our arrival and was not in the spirit of reunion that might have otherwise been the case. We did have a chance to meet and kick the gong around for a while. We drank a toast in good old rum to all our memories and dear friends - here and beyond.

I took the liberty of calling Major W. F. Wakefield, C.D. who I had been informed was the President of the Battalion Association. He received us most cordially and arranged for Frankie and I to have lunch with him and his lovely wife the following day. He also called Col. G.H.K. Kinnaird, one of my old platoon officers, to join us. What a happy moment that was to be reunited after 55 years with a man I had so many reasons to admire and respect - one of the best.

After the Major excused himself due to the pressure of business, the Colonel and I sat down and stirred up old memories. My minor wounds shrank into insignificance as I observed the severity of his wounded arm. As in the case of my brother Joe, it was almost a miracle that the doctors were able to save it. He reminded me of an incident that took place when he first came to the platoon. Many new officers arrived with revolvers and field glasses - a deficiency we were always able to overcome. We old scroungers always knew who had the needed article and how to pry it loose. The then Mr. Kinnaird informed me of his problem and I promptly produced the needed revolver. He expressed his thanks and in order to make conversation, I am sure, asked me where I got it. He was treated immediately to combat lesson number one as I replied, "Sir, around here nobody asks anybody

where they got anything." We sure had a few good laughs. Since I had been 18 days on the road and was starting to become somewhat fatigued I had to get on my way home. I will always be grateful to Major Wakefield for his thoughtfulness in getting us together, it added so much to the pleasure of our Canadian vacation. In the words of the show business lingo I sincerely hope that we can do it again at least "one more time".

At age 73 I am in comparatively good health "weight for age" as the horse people say. We keep moving and enjoying life. Our final objective is to keep one jump ahead of the devil while keeping in step with the Lord. When He calls, we will be ready. At that moment, if I can be met at the Gates by Herbie and Mickey, each with a purloined bottle or chicken in one hand and reaching the other out to greet me, I shall feel completely at home. If, as I reach the Bar, I can have as my advocates those beautiful spirits who while on this earth answered to the names of Weaver, Davies, Hill, Mooney and Wallace, I know my case will be in good hands.

A piece such as this should end in a proper conclusion: I choose to summarize.

Everything I have written and the opinions expressed are mine alone. I did not consult with anyone beforehand. I did check with the book "A City Goes To War" for chronological guidance.

If I have offended in any way the sensitivity of anyone, I am sorry, such was not my intention. I purposely omitted the names of my fellow victims of the incident at Villers au Bois for fear they might have suffered embarrassment - I never did. Admitted it was a dubious honor to have been the subject of the only full-dress parade ground court-martial I knew of in the Battalion's history. All it ever did was make me mad and determined to put it all back together again - I hope it is considered that I succeeded.

If I have been critical in part it was only because the remainder was so praiseworthy.

Finally, at last, I wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank all the Officers, NCO's and Men of the Original Battalion and their equally worthy successors, living or dead, for their kindness, sympathy and patience in permitting an under-aged, uneducated and often very obstreperous Yankee boy to join with them in their venture and to grow into manhood within the shadow of their greatness.

Saying farewell has always aroused unhappy emotions for me. I have never been able to fashion an adequate defense against their devastating effects. So let it be in the words of the London music hall ditty of those dear dead days of yore:

"NAP-ooo, TOODLE-ooo, GOODBY-eee."

* * * * *

BE HAPPY

Here are ten simple rules on how to get along with people, and you're sure to be happier if you can follow them:

1. Keep the skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think.
2. Make promises sparingly, but keep them faithfully, no matter what the cost.
3. Never let an opportunity pass by to say a kind and encouraging word about anybody.
4. Be interested in others; recognize everyone as a person of importance.
5. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions; discuss, don't argue.
6. Say nothing of another person, unless it is something good.
7. Always respect the feelings of others; criticize helpfully, never spitefully.
8. Do your work well, be patient, and keep an even disposition.
9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks, simply live so no one will believe them.
10. Spend some time with God each day.

- Anon

THE LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT (49 Bn) ASSOCIATION
B. C. BRANCH

SEMI-ANNUAL NEWSLETTER

JUNE 1st, 1978

Dear Forty-Niner,

It's that time again. SUNDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1978, is the date for our ANNUAL PICNIC, to be held again in SAXE POINT PARK (courtesy of Mr. Jim Moist - who promises good weather, despite his name), Parks Superintendent, Esquimalt.

The beautiful surroundings, the lovely weather, the excellent bar (to be operated as usual by Sgt Bill Brown) and the superb buffet (piece de resistance: barbequed salmon) catered by the chefs of the Third Battalion, Princess Patricia's Light Infantry (with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Keith Gorbould, CD), all guarantee a GALA EVENT!

Our own Jack (Doc) Childs will sound his very well educated trumpet, a piper will pipe 'laments', 'reels', 'strathspeys' and other tunes that delight the Scots and those who would like to be Scotch; the President will speak; Dave Petrie, our perennial Master of Ceremonies, will keep the programme operating, and Bill Remple will lead us in song.

We hope our favourite Canadian, Major-General George Pearkes, VC, PC, CB, DSO, MC, CD, with his charming wife, will extend again their gracious patronage and, in the course of the afternoon, inspect and talk to the members of our 'Old Guard' who are able to be on parade. We are looking for a good turn-out of our World War I comrades, with their ladies, for the opportunity to meet with them is all too few and far between.

The weather in Victoria is always favourable when the August moon is waxing, so make August 6th, 1978, a red-letter day on your calendar and return immediately the card enclosed with this newsletter, completed in all details, to the Secretary-Treasurer. Come and re-live for a few hours those days when we were serving together in the greatest infantry regiment in the Canadian Armed Forces.

This past year has seen a renaissance in Association matters. From correspondence received, it is apparent that the Magazine, much expanded under the editorship of Ed Morris, has been much appreciated. However, articles for publication are solicited from anyone who has a War Story to tell, or has stories about himself or other Forty-Niners which are of general interest.

Subscriptions and donations to the BC Branch have augmented our balance in the bank to the point where the Secretary-Treasurer can enter the bank on his feet rather than on his knees. The generosity of our members is much appreciated by your executive.

The ANNUAL DINNER, held in February 1978 at the Grosvenor Hotel - and incidentally, this was the thirtieth consecutive year the Grosvenor has catered to our annual event in B.C. - was attended by 52 Loyal Eddys. And it was a real pleasure to have Percy Knowles, Al Bryant, Pip Muirhead, Clem Grewcutt, Bill Lowden and Dave Petrie, our World War I vets, at the head-table. As part of the program there was a powerful and moving reading of GHOSTLY VOICES, an original poem by Jim Stonespeare; the poem will appear in the next edition of the Forty-Niner - watch for it. Lieutenant Colonel Lea Ahlstrom, Commanding Officer, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment, came down from Edmonton to join us, and bring greetings from all those closer to our home base. All told, a most enjoyable evening, but we missed those of you who, for various reasons, couldn't make it. But, see you next year.

The financial statement relating to the Annual Dinner is as follows:

<u>Receipts:</u>	70 dinners @ \$8.00 per ticket ...	\$560.00
	Donations	<u>388.00</u>
	Total:	\$948.00
 <u>Disbursements:</u>	Grosvenor Hotel Account	\$372.00
	Bar advance: \$200.00	
	Bar refund: 49.23	
	<u>Net bar expenses</u>	<u>150.77</u>
	Total:	<u>\$522.77</u>
	Excess RECEIPTS over DISBURSE-	
	MENTS ...	<u>\$425.23</u>

We regret to report the deaths of the following members of the Association, reported to us by correspondents: ALEX CONSTANTINE, JIMMY McMILLAN, ARCHIE BERTRAND, JOHN MUNDY, KEN HOUGHTON. These deaths have been reported to the Editor of The Forty-Niner for inclusion in the "Last Post" feature of our magazine.

Correspondence in one form or another has been received from the following: JOHN BARKER (94 years old); TOMMY GIBSON; BILL BURKHOLDER; ALEX CONSTANTINE (just shortly before his death); REG (SLUG) CLARK (who went to the Antipodes instead of attending the banquet); RUSTY RUSSELL; JAKE STOCKI; and

KENNY KINNAIRD (now very ill in Edmonton); EDGAR ARNOLD (also under the weather, but whose wife writes cheerfully); CHARLIE LOCKE (who could not attend the dinner because of illness); WILF OAKLEY (now in greatly improved health); BILL REMPLE (fitter than he has ever been, but missed the dinner because he was en route to Tahiti on a holiday); and

ALEC PURVIS; BOB SUMMERSGILL; "STICKY" GLEW; S.R. SIMPSON; KEITH MacGREGOR; CHARLES DAWES; "SLIM" DUDLEY; GORDON McINTOSH; GORDON LEWIS; STEVE JOSSUL (recently married to a lovely lady from Poland); and

TED DAY; GEORGE KITCHING (travelling in Europe at the time of the Annual Dinner); BILL RENDALL (ever generous with his money); W. RHIND; DAVE PETRIE (whose every action belies the story of the parsimony of the Scots); JACK WASHBURN; H.G. COVE; KEN MCKENZIE; VERN McKEAGE; and

RAN BOWEN (now recovering rapidly from the effects of a heart attack); DUKE LENGLET; ED BRADISH; JACK CHILDS (lately moved in to Victoria from the "bush"); GEORGE WILLSON (who could not come to the dinner but sent best wishes to all); G.B. KEY (sorry to miss the dinner, but Anno Domini and a touch of angina pose a problem); MARTIN CAINE (99 years young, and sending a Bonnie Dundee to all); and

R. BORTON (under the weather, but cheerful); ARCHIE GREENE; DON JACQUEST (out of town, but sent regards to all with "punchbowl money"); FRANK PETLEY (took a trip to Italy last year and met a lot of ghosts). I quote from him: "Visited the cemetery at Cassino and I recognized a lot of people that I knew."; F. GOUCHEE; RON GUTHRIE; ART YELLS; DAVE BETTCHER; KENNETH HALL (has undergone extensive repairs in the past year or so); LOU SMITH (always a great supporter); DOUG ROGERS; PERCY KNOWLES; VERNE McCOY; ART BIRD; STAN BATH; and

JIM PLENTY (great friend of AL CANTIN and DAVE BARBOUR, same platoon during the 1914-18 unpleasantness); ALAN MacDONALD (has a lovely wife; that compensates for many things); R.P. LEWIS (was a member of "BOO" Company at the time of the incident on Exercise Tiger. Promises to write the facts for the Magazine); ALEX McCONNELL; WALTER HOLMES; "PIP" MUIRHEAD (sent the sad news of ALEX CONSTANTINE's death, and has taken on the duties that Alex assumed among the 49er veterans of WW-1); and

BILL ROWLAND; AL GRACIE; ALBERT BRYANT (WW-1 and still going strong); GEORGE BEATON (under the weather, but we shall do all we can to get him to the Picnic); BILL LOWDEN ("one like me is enough"); JACK BRUNTON; RUSS GORSELINE; EARL GRAHAM (who hated to miss the Dinner); D.J. LaRIVIERE; TOM BENTLEY (sent greetings

to all; not able to attend the Dinner; writes, "like the old soldiers, I am fading away." But not for many years, we hope); JIM WATSON; "JORGY" JORGENSEN; TIM ARMSTRONG; MELVIN LIKES (chats over old times with his neighbour - SAM HATELY)(We would all like to); RALPH BLAINE (now living in Vernon, recovering from a heart attack and doing well); and

PERCY DARLINGTON (a long letter that will be reproduced in the Forty-Niner Magazine. Thanks, Percy); BILL SHELLDRAKE (missed the dinner because of arthritis. Make it to the Picnic, Bill); LEN TUPPEN, PERCY McBRATNEY; MAX DeFOREST (a most generous subscription, for which many thanks!); OWEN HUGHSON; JOHN LIVINGSTONE; and

AL CANTIN (a lovely letter indicating that our "Yankee" boy is still full of life and values greatly his 49th connections. Old timers will be interested to know that he had a letter from FRED BONNETT, who was knocked out during the trench raid preceding Sanctuary Wood); and

DAVE McELROY; "BUDGE" BELL-IRVING (regretted he missed the Dinner).

Please excuse us for any errors or omissions in this report on correspondence.

The Regiment has some reflected glory and honour in the announcement of the appointment of Brigadier-General H.P. Bell-Irving, DSO, as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia. As an officer of exceptional capabilities, apparently it was felt by the "powers-that-be" that he, as Lieutenant-Colonel Bell-Irving, needed the development that could only be afforded by association with Canada's finest infantry regiment, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment. On June 6th, 1944, he was given command of The Regiment and, in that capacity, served with distinction until October 4th, 1944, when he assumed command of his own Regiment, The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. The benefits of his stay with us were obvious for, under his command, the Seaforths improved to such an extent that they were reckoned to be almost half as good as we were. But seriously, we gained much from the leadership given by this efficient and gallant officer, and we wish "His Honour" a happy and successful tenure of office as Her Majesty's Vice-Regent of British Columbia.

Our PICNIC will be only as successful as all of you make it. We could accommodate about three hundred, if necessary, but we must know in advance of the numbers for which we must cater. We are holding-the-line on the charge for admission and luncheon (\$5.00 per head); the price of bar tickets will depend upon what happens to liquor prices during the next month or so, but they will be cheaper than tavern or bar prices. And considering the

quality and quantity of the food, it is the cheapest meal in Canada.

But what the picnic is all about is not food, but the renewal of comradeship developed in the bosom of our Regimental Family during the two World Wars. None of us has had any other experience comparable to it, and each re-union offers to all that spiritual uplift that is known only to Regimental comrades. Come and experience it with us.

With kindest regards to you, especially you.

Owen Browne, President
Jim Stone, Secretary-Treasurer

* * * * *

PHONE (604) 595-7812 (VICTORIA)

Best Wishes to all 49'ers

ROBERT W. DUDLEY

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THE BATTLE OF OXTED

(Later to be known as The Battle of The Bulge)

By Garry (Mrs. Owen) Browne

They descended en masse, the whole of the 1st Canadian Division, on this quiet little English town under the chalk cliffs, in July 1940. They took over the woods and the fields, these mighty men with the red patches on their arms, sleeping under the stars until billets were found. They appeared to do nothing but eat, for they were always sitting there by the side of the road with their mess-tins in their hands.

I recall with terror my nightmarish cycle ride twice daily to work. With calls of, "Hi, Blondie!" or, "What are you doing tonight, honey?", and their whistles sounding like screaming bombs as I tried to keep my skirt down over my knees, those two miles seemed never to end as I tried to keep my nose in the air and pretend I wasn't weak at the knees.

I hated them by day - but by night they were handsome, and tough, and tempting. They were Sir Walter Raleighs as they carried their groundsheets for the ladies to step on (they said!); I wonder how many lost them in the dark and recovered them at dawn.

By autumn the PPCLI were in Godstone, the Seaforth Highlanders were in Limpsfield, and the 49th Edmonton Regiment had Oxted to itself - and the battle was on!

Anxious mothers prayed, "Dear God, what have I done to deserve this?" Irate fathers put a ten-o'clock curfew on their innocent daughters.

They bombarded us with gum and Sweet-Cap cigarettes, dined us on pancakes at Flapjack Annie's, those men with blue flashes on their shoulders.

While dancing at the Barn Theatre or St. Agatha's Hall to the tune of Now Is The Hour they would tell us, "Have nothing to do with the Seaforths, for they are men of the skirt, my dear."; "Never trust the PPCLI, for they are the Ping Pong Champions of Long Island."; "But I am a Loyal Fortyniner" was the brag, "I own a gopher ranch in Toronto. Stick with me, honey, and you'll be draped in furs, and you'll be rich!"

There was many a skirmish in Staffhurst Wood and Broadham Green, even in Masters Park on pay-day. The Royal Oak, the Hay

Cutter, the Bell, and not forgetting the Hoskins Arms, all raked in the ammunition during those days. Was that water truck with the number 62 and the curly haired driver really carrying water, or was it apple cider which was the downfall of so many?

They travelled far and wide on their 48-hour passes, and were as often as not AWOL. There was always someone locked up in the guard room outside Oxted Station, and the MPs were always on the prowl.

The News Of The World, Sunday's lively newspaper, often had headlines screaming of cases of "Rape!" or "Purse Snatching" with "... Canadian soldier suspected ...". And there were several "identification parades" held in the Oxted fields, usually unsuccessful, and leaving only a trail of broken hearts across the land.

But they were smooth, these men of the Canadian west, with their trans-Atlantic drawl, and they wooed as you cannot believe. Twenty of my comrades, I recall, fell in the "Battle of Oxted", and were led like lambs to the altar.

They were itching to fight and were magnificently fit as they left us for battles anew, and many of us were left to fight the "Battle of The Bulge" alone. And when the war was over, we followed those red patched heroes - our previous bulges now young Canadians led by the hand - leaving an Oxted that was never the same again.

What an exciting battle of the sexes it was, and I for one am happy and proud to be a prisoner of love of The VERY Loyal Edmonton Regiment!

* * * * *

THOUGHT PROVOKERS

Bargain: Something you figure out a use for after buying it.

Why worry because your hair falls out? Suppose it ached, and you had to have it pulled, like teeth!

Those who jump to conclusions may land with foot in mouth.

A paradox is a truth that bites its own tale.

COLONEL G. D. K. KINNAIRD



MAY HE REST IN PEACE

You have asked me for a few comments with respect to the late Colonel G.D.K. Kinnaird for publication in our Magazine.

A regiment is made up of many things; its history, its battle honours, the men who pass through it and, perhaps above all, the cherished memories of those men together with the precious comradeships that have developed through service under demanding and dangerous conditions.

And then there is peace time. How does a regiment such as ours maintain the pride and reputation that it earned at such cost in war so that pride and reputation may be perpetuated for following generations, and when the regiment is called upon by Canada it can again and again serve her with distinction and honour. It is perhaps best accomplished by a strong militia unit supported and encouraged by the Government of Canada on the one hand and by the unselfish devotion of veterans of the regiment to its causes, its problems, and its traditions on the other.

Such a veteran was Colonel Ken Kinnaird, the only Honorary Colonel the regiment was ever permitted to have, due in part to our marriage to another fine regiment, namely the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and our consequent acceptance of their Colonel-in-Chief and Colonel of the Regiment.

Between the wars and during the Second World War, after a distinguished record in the First World War, Ken served the militia battalion well and faithfully and in 1945 was on hand to greet and assist returning 49ers. Subsequent to the Second World War his ready counsel and knowledge was available to successive commanding officers. He promoted regimental institutions and he breathed life and spirit into regimental customs. He was ever a guardian and watchdog of all those things which we cherish in our regiment. He was a true champion of the 49th Battalion The Loyal Edmonton Regiment.

May he rest in peace, and may his love for us and for the 49th be an inspiration to one and all.

- Edgar L. Boyd

ASSOCIATION ANNUAL PICNIC - July 16th, 1978

This year, as in past years, we held our annual 49'er summer picnic at Camp Harris on Sunday, July 16th (and for those of us who were there, the 35th anniversary of Piazza Armerina).

The early and mid-morning showers probably deterred some who had planned to attend, but by noon it had turned into a warm and beautiful, sunny day.

We had a very informal sort of picnic with everyone providing their own food and refreshments. The young and not-so-young organized a few games and everyone appeared to be enjoying themselves. All in all it turned out to be a nice day for all concerned.

Stan Chettleborough organized a "Lucky Bottle Draw" which was won by Bill Rendall, who now lives in Duncan, B. C. That was a long way to come for a bottle, Bill. The "bottle bit" was well supported by those present and Stan made a profit of \$42.00 for the Association.

The turnout for the picnic was fair, considering the threatening weather, holidays, Klondike fever, etc. We had some come from near and far and, as we did not make or keep a register, any omission of names of those who attended with their wives, families and friends we ask your indulgence.

In attendance were:

Bill Rendall, from Duncan, B. C.
 Bob Corrigan, from Clive, Alberta
 Tiny English, from Two Hills, Alberta
 S. Burry, from Fallis, Alberta
 Hon. LtCol G. J. Armstrong, Edmonton, Alberta
 LtCol L.E. Ahlstrom, Sherwood Park, Alberta
 Jim and Sally Foote, Ted Dombroski
 Stan Chettleborough, Jock McCulloch
 Harvey Farrell, Mrs. Bernie Summers
 E. "Vino" Smith, Bob Knox
 Pete Turner, Sandy McLaren
 Roger Dupuis, Bob "Dusty" Rhodes
 Gus Erickson, J. Robertson
 Eddie Morris, A. Cheshire
 Hugh McCulloch, Swede Swelin and Bill McLean
 all from Edmonton, Alberta.

Generally, the picnic was a success and we hope the next one is well attended.

R. L. Castagner

THE RETURN TO ITALY

By J. R. Stone

Chapter III

"HE STOPPED AT ORTONA, AND SO DID WE"

The road to the Adriatic coast was by way of Larino to Termoli. We drove up the coast road through Vasto and into Ortona, where we stayed the night. After dinner, we wandered through the town, but I found it very difficult to identify areas or buildings in the half light.

The next morning we started afresh by returning to Colle Casarini where, in 1943, we relieved the London Irish of the 78th British Division, which had played a prominent role in smashing through the defences of the Sangro River. We were reserve battalion in 2nd Brigade's attack over the Moro River, but enemy shelling killed Hiles, Bruinsma, Rich, Harris, Barnett and Brierly, while we waited for our turn in the battle.

Villa Rogatti still sits on its hill and it was here that the Patricias did such an excellent job. Unfortunately, their success was not exploited, mainly because our division's front was narrowed and another division moved on that axis. Nevertheless, it was a fine effort by the Patricias and, looking across the Moro Valley in 1968, the event was remembered as though it was yesterday.

The Seaforths also had dirty work to do in that battle and, looking at the vine covered and difficult slopes on the north side of the river, I recalled the stupid phrase used to describe the action to be taken by "Buck" Buchanan and his company. "Winkle out the machine gun posts". No one who has actually tried to destroy a machine gun post would use such an absurd term.

San Leonardo has been built up and repaired beyond recognition. However, in San Vito, where Forbes Thrasher operated the "Sword and Drum", I examined the square where Sir Oliver Leese pinned a Military Cross ribbon to my tunic in 1944. The event took place in the morning and I had had a very bad night before. Reeking of stale rum, feeling not too steady on my legs, I advanced through the drawn up square of medal recipients to Sir Oliver's location. Fixing my eyes on a large nailhead protruding from the wall above his head, and thus lined up on the target, I advanced. My progress was straight and steady. I answered Sir Oliver's questions out of the side of my mouth, to save him from asphyxia, managed an "about-turn",

and escaped into the assembled crowd. This year, I found several protruding nailheads in the wall, but could not identify any particular one as my friend in need.

Vino Ridge is still covered with vines on sturdy wire and it is just about impossible to identify particular parts of it. An excellent highway runs right through what were our FDLS and, although we thought we found the old Battalion Headquarters house, we were not sure. We did look back at the ridge from the "Tedesci" side and realized why frontal attacks there were difficult.

The battle for Vino Ridge was most frustrating and here we lost Smith, Bober, Lister, Rutter, Bryans, Donaldson, Rothery, Sonier, Denchuk, MacDonald, Piercy, Ritchie, Purves, Baldry and Warring. Most of them I knew well and one in particular, Smith, who died at my feet, killed by an "S" mine, had joined the army with me in Grande Prairie and, during our stay in Edmonton, was my partner in many escapades that were disciplinary irregularities. All through his service he was Pat Murphy, the most typical Irishman that ever came down the pike. The register in the Ortona cemetery lists Arthur J. Smith (served as L/Cpl A.J. Murphy). To me he will always be Pat Murphy, scalawag, lots of fun and a first class fighting man. R.I.P.

The road from "Vino Ridge" to "Cider" crossroads has not changed much. We made a side trip to Casa Berardi, where Paul Triquet won his V.C. We talked to the lady of the house and left a "Kilroy was here" card for Jean Allard, Chief of Defence Forces, who was scheduled to arrive in Ortona the following week for the dedication of a war memorial. Jean told me just recently that he got the card when he visited the Casa.

The advance from "Cider" crossroads to Ortona was under a creeping barrage, in hundred yard lifts, every three minutes. This time, our Fiat moved along at fifty kilometres an hour, through vineyards heavy with grapes, past a huge commercial winery and other industrial development, to the outskirts of the town.

The open field over which Ronnie Bowen, John Dougan and I charged in 1943 is completely built over, and it was not until I found "Johnson's" house that I got myself oriented. This big square house with green shutters was first entered by my company, but Johnson and his scouts took it over when we advanced and it became a snipers' and scout base, its roof serving as an artillery OP.

The railway track that I followed to find Jim Jefferson's HQ, the first night we reached town, is still there. I relived

a little of the fright I felt that night, when I knew not whether I was in enemy territory. I stood near the spot where, on the morning of December 22, 1943, having lost some sixty men of my company, I was exhorted by Jim, over the radio, "Our other child on first objective. You must push on." I was not amused.

On the wall of the buildings on the east side of the first square in the town, still as plain as the day they were written in 1943, are the words, "CURFEW FOR ALL ALLIED TROOPS IS 2130 HRS." We photographed it for our records. The main street is recognizable right up to the second square. It was up this street, on December 23, 1943, we tried to charge through the town. My company had been reinforced by remnants of "C" Company and, with a squadron on Three Rivers Tanks, we started up this street. At my request, the tanks were in low gear, sirens screaming, main guns firing at buildings straight ahead, auxiliary armament at buildings on the sides. My platoons were ahead and on the flanks of the tanks and, while we maintained the impetus, we had no opposition. Unfortunately, the lead tanks halted, fearing mines under pieces of metal on the road and the threat of a 75mm anti-gun sited just off the square. Had we not stopped, we might have gone through Ortona the first day, as I do not think that the rubble pile that later proved such an obstacle, would have stopped tanks traveling with speed and determination.

Ortona has been largely rebuilt, the esplanade, battered to pieces by "Tiger" Welsh's 17 pounders, is as new. It took quite a long time for me to recognize the third square, especially the buildings on the south side, where "Willie" Longhurst commenced "mouse-holing" through the walls towards the Cathedral of S. Tomas. Later I realized that new buildings, at a different angle, were a new facade to the destroyed row of original buildings.

Once oriented, I lived again the nightmare of the "rubble pile", my two minor wounds that I received there, and the loss of many gallant Edmontonians who were killed in that vicinity.

S. Tomas is completely restored and is a beautiful cathedral. Facing it is a war memorial depicting, in the centre, Christ's sufferings, surrounded by panels illustrating civilian suffering in war conditions.

Al Johnson had led the final patrol through Ortona to the old castle on the day that the Germans evacuated the town. During this stay in the town, we met one of the civilians who had guided Al and his scouts on that happy, happy day when German resistance ceased there.

On Hitler's birthday 1944, German soldiers had hung out "Nazi" flags from the windows of Crecchio, a village that overlooked our positions along the Arielli. We drove into Crecchio and explored the stone walls and narrow passageways that made the village almost invulnerable to our shelling and mortaring. In fact, all the positions from Crecchio east demonstrated the advantage the enemy had during that horrible period of winter warfare along the Arielli front. How many good men, especially platoon commanders, were wasted in fruitless patrolling in that dark, close country, I would not hazard a guess. I do know that most of the patrolling was worthless, morale destroying and wasteful of manpower.

The Ortona battle and the Winter Line along the Arielli cost the regiment many men. I record their names here, as accurately as I can: Gutrath, Holden, MacLean, Henry, Cottingham, McLellan, Vass, McDonald, Briault, Hansen, Rich, Tough, Williams, Grice, Claude, Wallis, McClellan, Weisgerber, Rahko, Channel, Ross, Versailles, Chambers, East, Kerfoot, Morris, Pybus, Bone, Harrison, Chisholm, Hutt, Stevenson, Patrick, Marquardt, Allen, Mucklestone, Clements, Harris, Metcalfe, O'Neil, Wood, MacNeil, Golinowski, Aitken, Mearon, Jinks, Quattrin, Bennett, Haines, Moran, Able, Pacquette, Jeremy, McAra, McFadden, McPherson, Ullman, Whitford, Ireland, Jardine, Helsby, Greig, Landon, Dietrich, Dolan, Flett, Stevens, Harrison, Rushton, Hanlan, Ramsey, Nelson, Eldridge and Sandford.

Many of those names are to me personalities and of several I could write the story of their deaths and the actions in which they were engaged at the time. To those who knew them, this is unnecessary; to those who didn't, it would be superfluous.

CHAPTER IV

"FROM ARIELLI MUD AND RAIN DOWN INTO THE LIRI PLAIN"

On the afternoon of September 16, the Fiat nosed towards the Liri Valley by way of Lanciano, Casoli, Castel di Sangro, Pozzili and Venafro to Cassino. Neither Al nor I had been with the battalion at the time of the fighting there in 1943. However, I had maps from the War Diary and we drove up to the monastery to look over the valley. Unfortunately, a haze prevented identification of places named in the account of the battles there and we had to be content with our exploration of the monastery grounds and visits to the German and British cemeteries. The cemeteries are beautifully kept and well worth a visit.

Our route was to Pofi and we passed Casarelle, where I took

command of the battalion on May 27, 1943. In Pofi we met a "Canadese" and his wife, Torontonians, visiting her relatives in Pofi. To see a red Chrysler, half a block long, on the narrow streets of Pofi was shock enough, but the Ontario licence plates were even more so. I would hate to keep that "baby" in gasoline at Italian prices.

My first job as battalion commander was to attack three hills, code named Tom, Dick and Harry, features overlooking Frosinone and Highway 6, the road to Rome. A simple victory, beautifully executed, because of one important factor. The enemy had left.

I pointed out to Al the scene of this famous battle, regaling him with descriptions of the preparations, support, assembly and the crossing of the start line. Napoleon himself could not have done a better job.

Frosinone, the next objective to fall into our hands during the period of my command, has built up out of recognition. Here, I lost a patrol of scouts sent in at night to feel out German strength. The patrol of four was captured, but some days later two of the four, Collins and Kovach, reported back to the battalion, having escaped their captors.

The battalion casualties through the Liri Valley to Frosinone were heavy. Killed were Sherman, Babb, Bauman, Brown, Clarke, Campion, Chandler, Crozier, Dodds, Genereux, Hallaby, Hurd, Hull, Joyes, Johnson R., Johnson R.A., Kay, Klatt, McKay, Newnham, Oerlemans, Price, Warden, Wityshyn, Beich, Buehler, Dixon, Fediuk, Fish, Fraser, Korner, Lang, MacKinnon, Ledoux, Nutt, Wylie, Steele, Lamont, Cook, Forsberg, Lang, Zuber, Arthurs, Shaw, Nyvoll, Reid, Hauptman, Whitaker, Dayton, Guthrie, Haynes, Simm, Polinski, Wood, Uschity. Members of the regiment will recognize many well known names among the dead of the Hitler Line, not the least being that of Sergeant Campion, who had fought so well in Ortona.

We left Frosinone for Rome but turned off Highway 6 to Mt. Radicino where, with a squadron of the North Irish Horse, we had chased a rearguard of Germans based in a monastery located a mile or so from the highway. This area was also the location of a magnificent party, held in my officers' mess tent, where the North Irish Horse and the Loyal Edmonton Regiment pledged eternal friendship in gallons of "booze" of all kinds. The monastery is still there, but all traces of the party have been obliterated by the ravages of time.

Rome was the next stop, but we had decided previously that

we would not stay there overnight. We parked opposite the old "Chateau Laurier", visited the Canadian Embassy to straighten out Al's passport and to arrange with Air Canada for our flights out of Italy. For old times' sake, we went into the San Giorgio bar, very much changed, and had an "Alexander" cocktail. Even it did not taste the same. Carlos, our wartime bartender, has long departed and no one could make an "Alexander" just like Carlos.

Our night stop was Terni en route for Florence. The Florence move in 1943 was part of a massive deception plan calculated to draw the enemy's attention away from the Adriatic coast. Our action at Florence was negligible; two and three patrols over the Arno with little real fighting. Nevertheless, we had seven fatal casualties: Stephens, Butler, Foster, MacMurray, Sager, Cosgrove and Cameron.

We found the village of Signa, where Captain Stephens and Pte Foster were killed. This unfortunate accident happened during a reconnaissance for a staging area for our move back from Florence. I, as second in command of the battalion, commanded the party and sent Stephens and Foster in a Jeep towing half a ton of "beehives" (A/T Mines) to find an area for support company. Fifteen minutes later I heard a tremendous explosion and, on driving to investigate, found a huge crater in the road, wounded civilians going in all directions and pieces of the Jeep and trailer on rooftops 500 yards away.

An old Italian woman told me that the tall man (Foster) was standing on the trailer fooling with an Italian "box mine". He apparently closed the lid, exploded the mine and the beehives and blew himself and Stephens into quite small pieces. Burying them was an unpleasant business.

I am pleased to report that Signa shows no sign of the occurrence and the road crater has been fixed.

Our real memories of Florence were Maori soldiers, riding out of town on trucks piled high with "loot" of all descriptions. Guitars and other musical instruments, ladies' shoes (for trading purposes, no doubt) and other articles too numerous to list. When we entered the outskirts, the shops were all protected by steel shutters so our lack of "loot" may have been due to lack of opportunity more than virtue.

On our 1968 tour, not having a "looting" license, we drove through the City, walked over the Ponte Vecchio, but did not buy any of the lovely things on display. Florence, happily, has recovered from the serious floods of a few years ago and is as

beautiful as ever.

In August 1944, we had moved towards the Adriatic by way of Siena, Perugia, via Highways 75, 3 and 76, to Barbara, prior to crossing the Metauro at Sarrugarina. To save time, Al and I took a different route; stayed overnight in Arezzo and travelled to Urbina along the Flaminian Way. Beautiful, beautiful country.

We cooked breakfast in a valley bottom near Borgo Pace, gorgeous weather and a most friendly landlord on whose land we camped. Like most Italians we met, he was friendly, helpful and charmingly happy.

To be continued in the next issue:
CHAPTER V - "THE GOTHIC LINE"

* * * * *

A MILE WITH ME

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day --
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

- Henry Van Dyke

I am forwarding the last episode in the late Harry Botel's Recollections. It was sent to me by his widow, Mary Botel, who resides in Victoria. A.H.A. Cantin

RECOLLECTIONS - PART 2

By Harry "Bo" Botel

Encouraged by the reception given to my recollections in the last issue of the 49er, I will attempt to continue them in some sort of chronological order; by doing so I can jog my memory by scanning the diaries of the late Frank Hasse and my own.

We made a few trips into the Hooge sector; Sanctuary Wood and Hooge were separated by an area called The Gap. It was a piece of dead ground enfiladed from both sides so it was rarely manned. To my mind it was the most desolate piece of real estate one can imagine; gazing from an O.P. on the Sanctuary Wood side, all that could be seen was a stretch of heavy wire separating no-man's land, tattered strips of uniform fluttering in the breeze, nothing else moving except maybe a rat scurrying around.

Early one morning while we were in the Hooge trenches a batman was heating what he thought was water on the Primus stove. Unfortunately, what he thought was water was gasoline. This promptly exploded and in seconds the dugout was afire and smoke pouring out of the entrance. As can be expected, the smoke drew the attention of the Germans, who opened up terrific barrage of the area and by the time things quietened down several men had been killed and a number wounded. An unfortunate incident; do any of the old timers remember it?

It was at Hooge that we lost several of our fellows taken prisoner by the enemy. It took place near the Menin Road. Crossing the Menin Road had been a problem. It was constantly being swept by machine-gun fire so a culvert was dug under the road. Thousands of men must have crawled through that tunnel at one time and another. Do any remember the China Wall that gave us cover, as we thought, going into the line at Hooge? I do not know how it came to be called the China Wall, but it must have taken hundreds of working parties and God knows how many sandbags. It was along this wall the 60th Battalion came to a sad end on the 2nd of June. Much has been written about the June scrap, but I have seen very little mention of the fate of the 60th Battalion. When the 3rd Division was formed they became part of the 9th Brigade and had made only a few trips into the line when the June scrap opened up. When the Germans had overrun the Sanctuary Wood front and part of the Hooge, the 60th were ordered to move

up to support the left of the battle. By the time they were strung along the China Wall, Fritz opened up on them. The artillery fire must have been terrific for they literally wiped out this unit. As I understand it, the 60th was withdrawn as a unit and made into a reserve Battalion, their place in the 9th Brigade being taken by the 116th Battalion. During the 2nd-3rd June battle I saw little of the abortive counter attack which cost the 49th so dearly. Most of the H.Q. Company were formed into carrying parties, stretcher bearers, runners, etc. I became a runner between Battalion H.Q. in the Ramparts at Ypres and the forward companies.

On one of my trips I came across a wounded officer. He said his runner had been killed and he was Brigade Major Critchley on his way back to 7th Brigade H.Q. I helped him fix up his wound and he went on his way. Many may remember that Major Critchley subsequently became Camp Commandant of the Officers' Training School at Bexhill. Also, in 1936, while I was on the Vimy Pilgrimage, I found that he had become a successful promoter of Greyhound Dog Racing establishments, one of which was in the White City Shepherd's Bush in London. While the Pilgrims were in London, he invited them for an afternoon's sport, everything on the house. Unfortunately I was unable to avail myself of the invitation but I understand the fellows had a royal time.

That day, 3rd June, I witnessed a scene that had all the drama that could have been dreamt up by a modern movie director. When the Germans captured Observatory Ridge and Tor Top in their initial attack, they obtained a full view of the whole of the salient so it was literally suicide to travel on the roads with the prevailing horse transport. Nevertheless, I saw a convoy of limbers of the Lahore Division Artillery come tearing down the road which ran in front of the Railway Dugouts taking ammunition to the guns. As could be expected, the Germans were giving them a hot time. When a horse was hit, the drivers cut it loose and rolled it into the ditch and continued on to the guns. How many made it I never knew, but the exposed position of the Lahores must have caused their losses to be enormous. The memory of this incident remains indelible in my memory and the bravery of those artillery men. The June 1916 Battle of Ypres was a costly affair for the 49th as it was for the whole Canadian Corps. The 49th went in about 800 strong and suffered 391 killed, wounded and missing. After we were relieved we went into reserve to lick our wounds and take on reinforcements.

Much to Col. Griesbach's satisfaction, most of the reinforcements came from Edmonton for it was the Colonel's

ambition to keep the 49th an Edmonton regiment in both name and substance. After a period of rest and making ready for the line again, we headed back to our old battleground. In the meantime the first Division had retaken Tor Top, Observatory Ridge and restored the front to pretty much what it was before June 2nd.

Our turn came to take over the left of the Division front; I think it was somewhere near Sanctuary Wood. We took cover from a Guards Battalion. What an outfit! When we relieved them and they were ready to leave, they were just as spick and span as if going on parade. Their trenches were a model. You would never imagine they had done a tour in a line which had been demolished by successive bombardments.

We were not in these trenches very long and moved up to the immediate front line, which was a mess. My section of three signallers, Pinky Blows, Gordon and self, took over the Signal Dugout which was the usual excavation into the side of the trench; a roof of galvanized iron served as a roof which was covered with a fallen tree. It kept the rain out, which was the best that could be said about it. There was just enough room for the three of us to stretch out, one of us who happened to be on duty had the Field Telephone on an ammunition box by his side. As I recall it, it was reasonably quiet until early in the morning when a terrific bombardment opened up, the ground shook all around us. As day was breaking it tapered off but not before a shell got a direct hit on our dugout. We were completely buried; the phone was out but we all seemed to have survived. After much scrambling, we were able to dig ourselves out. We rescued the telephone and found that Gordon was badly wounded but was able to make his way out. He never returned to the section so gather he made Blighty. The trench our dugout was in was almost flattened. There were a number of casualties which were being carried out. We tried to recover our rifles, which were buried, but found them useless. They were bent like pieces of hoop iron - they must have taken the full impact of the explosion. It was almost night before we were able to repair the telephone line and establish communication with Battalion H.Q.

With the exception of being wounded at the Somme, that was the closest I came to being a write-off. As I said, Gordon never returned but Pinky Blows and I stayed with the 49th through all its ups and downs to march into Mons on 11th November, 1918.

Soon after this we went into the line at Tor Top. This was the scene of some of the heaviest fighting. It had a commanding view over the Salient. When the 1st Division retook it, the British Artillery literally blasted the Germans off the

ridge much as the Germans had us on June 2nd.

In all my three years on the Western Front I never felt or saw such horror; the stench of decaying bodies was awful. The ferocity of the shell fire had made it impossible to bury the dead properly. As one walked along a trench the squelch and the resulting odor sickened one. How glad we were to finish our four day tour and get out of there.

We left the Salient some time in August 1916, had a period of rest, being reinforced and put in shape for our move to the Somme. How excited we were about this move for we were very sure we were booked for the Somme Battle. We moved part of the way by bus and then foot-slogged it for the last twenty miles. The nearer we got to the battle zone, the louder the thunder of incessant bombardments became. I think this fearsome sound occasioned a sad incident during the last day of reaching Albert, our final destination before going up the line. We had fallen out and were sprawled out alongside the road, taking a break, when a shot rang out in the rear company. Word was soon passed along that one of the men had found the roar of the guns too much for him and he decided to end it all. We were saddened by the incident.

The Headquarters Company which headed the column during the march were a jolly lot. The signallers, of whom I was one, were a bunch of youngsters, some still in their teens. At the time I was 24 and referred to as "Old Bo". One of our number was Tom Fox, a linesman, with a voice like a foghorn. During our march he would roar out, "Hooray, hooray! This is my daughter's wedding day. Ten thousand pounds I will give away." to which the whole section would shout and cheer. Then a moment of silence and Tom Fox would say in a full voice, "On second thoughts I think it best to put it back in the old Oak Chest." and then the whole section would groan.

I noted at the time that Colonel Griesbach and General MacDonnell, who were riding ahead of us, were laughing heartily and must have thought it great fun, but it must have also passed through their minds that this would be the last march for many of these youngsters.

We sang the usual marching songs that date the First World War, and it runs through my mind as I sit on the patio of my daughter's home in California ...

Editor's note: We deeply regret that we will not be privileged to hear the end of this piece as Harry passed on, as otherwise reported in this issue, before he had the opportunity to complete the article.

EXERCISE "WEDDING" IN A MODEL T

Some time ago, in fact when Owen Browne came back from the Annual Dinner in Edmonton, I was asked to write a story in the same key as that which I wrote when Jim Jefferson set fire to his trousers. I propose to tell a story about the time I took some patients from the hospital in Edmonton to Ken Kinnaird's wedding in June 1918. Ken's passing has taken much of the humor from the story and I will present it just as it really happened. I received permission from Mrs. Kinnaird and a special request for the names of the twelve wounded who made an arch with their crutches. Perhaps someone will remember.

I was wounded in June 1916 and was still in hospital when Ken arrived home. In 1917 I was appointed Military Representative under the Military Service Act and, to the annoyance of the hospital staff, kept my car in the Ambulance Entrance at the back of the hospital. It was a very small hospital in those days and cars in Edmonton were few and far between.

No operation, whether military or civilian, ever escaped the ears of the Intelligence Section of the hospital inmates and a party was organized to attend Ken's wedding. Of course Petrie's car was commandeered to transport the walking wounded. However, the passengers forgot that my car was a 1913 Model T Ford Roadster built for two passengers and about a dozen wanted to ride.

It had a running board on both sides of the car and a convertible roof. The leg wounded sat on the top, folded down, and the others held on to the sides and stood on the running boards. We lost one passenger when we turned east on 84th Avenue. He kept going south and the convoy had to slow down. I have less than a hazy recollection of arriving at Robertson Church but I'll bet the citizens of Edmonton along the route remember it well, and the more sober-minded attendants at the wedding do so too.

I can't recall any amputations following this exercise but no doubt there were painful bruises that the owners declined to exhibit. I don't remember how we all got back to the hospital but I have a faint feeling that not all returned by Model T.

In those days everything was funny - going upstairs for an operation, or going to the Pantages on a Saturday night to watch someone throw peanuts at Weaver Winston's violin. He always smiled, God bless him.

Many of these boys are gone but we all shared experiences which could never be duplicated in civilian life, and we are the better for it.

- Dave Petrie

* * * * *

THE REASON B COY BECAME KNOWN AS BOO COY AND MY
OWN PERSONAL ACCOUNTS AND THOUGHTS TODAY

By Raymond Paul Lewis

I was with 11 Platoon when we started out as a routine route march to take part in Tiger Scheme.

How little we knew that by the time the day was over one of the most controversial incidents would take place which was to echo throughout the Canadian Army and higher echelons.

As often happens on those narrow English roads and wrong map references, we got on the wrong road. We had to retrack until we came to the right road and after covering nearly twice the distance we were tired and tempers were short. A jeep made its appearance right down through the center of the road instead of going to one side. In the jeep were some of the top Generals of the Allied Forces. The jeep forced some of our men off the road and we were so tired our patience wore out. Then the booing started and spread and it was justified but nothing more was said at that time.

After Tiger Scheme was completed, B Company's troubles were to begin. One of our officers suggested that when the guilty men were asked to take a forward step it would be a good idea that everyone do the same. Due to a misunderstanding by some of the men, this did not happen. Now one of the reasons it had been suggested for us all to step forward was that the Army had used the map reference and the time of day and identified one particular platoon which happened to be on that spot when the booing started.

When we had been asked to step out, most of the men from the Identified Platoon never did so; therefore it was impossible to place heavy charges on certain people of the other platoon. Since I was in the platoon that stepped forward, but had no previous Army record, I was confined to barracks for 26 days, and I believe the sentences were based on how the individual's

Army record stacked up. I believe some of these were rescinded later because the conditions of the country. I mention no names because many of those later became some of our greatest men in action and are buried in different cemeteries. Most of them at the Moro River Cemetery.

To me it was frustration, but thanks to so many good officers and men we had, we more than made up for these petty things.

The individual who started the booing will never be known, and even if he were I would think it unwise to divulge a name and just let the myth go on.

You can edit this or print it if you think it worth while for the next magazine. Dates I cannot remember because we moved around so much. After all, we were part of McNaughton's Travelling Circus - here one day and somewhere else the next.

Best of luck for now.

M15790 Raymond Paul Lewis

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THE SPITZBERGEN EXPEDITION, 1941

By Jim Stone

Author's Note: I was going through some of my scrap-books and came across the front page of the OTTAWA JOURNAL, dated September 9, 1941, headlined: "CANADIANS RAID SPITZBERGEN"; sub-heading: "Expeditionary Force Wrecks Mines Coveted by Enemy." Under Ross Munro's by-line, the War Correspondent of the expedition, I read: "Canadian Forces, in their greatest operation of the War, raided Spitzbergen, seized valuable coal mines and evacuated almost the entire population of the Arctic Island in a landing carried out without Nazi interference." Later in his despatch Ross said, "It was a daring foray which involved the covering of 2,500 miles altogether into increasingly colder northern waters and a return trip in which the evacuation of the islanders was carried out." Another despatch on the same front page stated, "The landing was made by troops armed for instant action but members of the expedition said not a single follower of Major Vidkun Quisling, the Norwegian Nazi Leader, was found in the islands. Nor were any Germans stationed there."

The story of the Edmonton (we were not "Loyal" until 1943) Regiment and Spitzbergen has not, to my knowledge, been told, and it seemed to me that The Forty-Niner would be an appropriate vehicle to carry the tale to any readers who might be survivors of this most interesting experience. My story must, perforce, be anecdotal. I have no War Diary, notebooks or collaborators with whom to consult and I rely entirely on my memory for facts. As the event is 37 years back, I shall miss in my tale many important persons and events, but those who were there may get some satisfaction in recalling the things that I miss of which they are cognizant.

SPITZBERGEN, an archipelago under Norwegian sovereignty, has for almost a century been a source of high class steam coal. The Norwegian railroads used this coal in their operation and, as the Germans were transporting war supplies from both Norway and Sweden over Norwegian railroads, it was felt that denial of the Spitzbergen coal would hamper the German war effort.

At first it was intended to garrison Spitzbergen with two Canadian battalions of infantry with some ancillary units, but a better appreciation of the overall situation caused an abandonment of the first plan and one was substituted that would achieve the objective of denying the Germans the coal, with great economy in the use of the Armed Forces.

"D" Company of The Edmonton Regiment was selected as the

infantry assault force. "D" Company had been recruited mostly from the Peace River country and from the North and were presumed to have the "knowhow" to survive in Arctic conditions. Another company supplied a platoon as ship's garrison; the Saskatoon Light Infantry machine gunners for ship's anti-aircraft defence; British RASC for general stores; RCCS signallers to continue the operation of the wireless station at King's Bay during the occupation of the island; and, most important of all, sappers from the RCE as demolition technicians.

The Empress of Canada sailed from Scotland in early August 1941, in convoy, under the overall command of Sir Phillip Vian, a British Admiral with a reputation for great daring. The Empress was escorted by the cruisers H.M.S. Nigeria and Aurora and three destroyers. There was much speculation aboard regarding our destination, especially when the convoy "hove to" off Reykjavik, Iceland. Soon after steaming north from Iceland the "bag" was opened and all ranks were informed of the destination and the tasks awaiting them.

The land expedition commander was Brigadier (later Major-General) Arthur E. Potts. Major "Archie" Donald was O.C. troops on the ship; Major "Bill" Bury, O.C. "D" Company; Major (later Lieutenant General "Geoff" Walsh, O.C. Engineers; C.S.M. "Jimmy" Anderson, Ship's Sergeant-Major. There was no disciplinary trouble on the ship; the accommodation was almost luxurious for a troop ship and Barentsberg in Ice Fiord, Spitzbergen, was reached without incident.

In a LCM (Landing Craft, Mechanical) the assault party headed for shore with Brigadier Potts, complete with "red hat", standing in the bow, looking for all the world like pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware. The party was greeted by a most friendly reception committee, our "tommy-guns" were dropped from the "high port" position and my recollection of the first action on land in which I had a part was being taken to a communal dining room where we were served a huge meal. No doubt Brigadier Potts had much official business to transact but we, the troops, were overwhelmed with hospitality. One Russian, seeing Edmonton Regiment on my tunic, said, "Me Edmonton, 1910. Corner hundred and first and Jasper."

Prior to our landing, the signal detachment was taken to King's Bay to allay suspicion that something might be going on, by keeping the weather reports, etc., going to Norway for Nazi consumption. The Norwegian operators were only too happy to "play ball" and, no doubt, the Germans were surprised by the deterioration of the weather while we were "messaging around" Spitzbergen. An interesting note here is that King's Bay was the "jumping-off" place for Amundsen when he crossed the North Pole by dirigible. His hangar was still standing.

17 Platoon was detached from "D" Company and, under the command of Lieutenant (later Lieutenant-Colonel) "Bill" Cromb, was sent up the fiord to Longearby, a Norwegian mining settlement of 600 - 700 persons. The same damage objective was to be attained there as at Barentsberg.

The overall objective of the expedition was to evacuate the population and destroy the coal mining operation. There was one pile of coal awaiting transportation to Norway that was reputed to contain 750,000 tons. This was to be destroyed by fire. Planned engineer activity at the mine faces, on the railway, and at the loading dock was to ensure that resumption of coal mining would be most difficult for a long time.

Barentsberg was populated by Russians, sent from Russia to work the mines for Norway on a contract basis. The original contract dated back to the Czarist regime and had been continued after the Russian revolution, presumably to earn foreign currency for Russia. The residents were predominantly male but there were a number of females, many of them mothers of children. All were to be transported on the Empress of Canada to Archangel. Each person was to be allowed to carry 50 kilograms of personal baggage plus 100 kilograms per family.

Unfortunately, the Russian Consul had a grievance about something or other to do with the evacuation. Although his wireless station was put out of commission he, apparently, managed to get particulars of his complaint to Russia, as, when the Empress appeared off Archangel, she and her escorts were surrounded by Russian warships making angry noises and explanations had to be made before the transportation was completed. However, at Barentsberg, Brigadier Potts demonstrated a rare talent for diplomacy and got the Consul paralytic drunk on SRD (issue rum) and he was carried on board. Once he was loaded "loaded", the rest of the population followed like sheep after a "judas" goat.

The quay at Barentsberg had insufficient sea depth for the Empress of Canada to dock and everything and everybody had to be ferried to her on the destroyers. We, on land, were most happy when the last Russians left Barentsberg but the troops on board the Empress, under the command of "Archie" Donald, must have had an awful time. As soon as the Russians were gone we started operating.

The animal population comprised 10 or 12 Holstein cows, a bull, 15 or 20 beautiful Siberian ponies, all stallions, dozens of brood sows, some with litters of suckling piglets, and many pigs fattening in all stages of development. Every pound of food for the animals had been shipped from either Russia or Norway, for on Spitzbergen no grass grows, the rocks being covered with a

thin layer of lichen. The animals had been well cared for, especially the ponies. They were fat and had been groomed consistently. They had not been overworked in the mines and were stabled above ground at all times. We soon had a milking gang, complete with a pony delivery service to the several messes; and a butchering gang started killing and dressing all the pigs fit to butcher. Except for one team of ponies being used around the town, the beautiful little stallions had to be shot for nothing but foxes and lemmings could possibly survive on their own in Spitzbergen. Mother pigs and their babies were knocked on the head or shot, an appalling waste in the eyes of our ex-farmers. What meat we could save, was saved.

Danny Smith, then a sergeant in "D" Company, was an expert butcher and a hog killing and dressing was done under his direction. After each day's work the rows of white hog carcasses lengthened and Gainer's would have been proud of the expertise of the man that they had trained. Most of these hogs finished up in the refrigerators of the warships whose crews quickly threw overboard the South African mutton they carried and gladly substituted Spitzbergen pork.

Someone tried to despatch the bull with a "tommy-gun", but a burst of .45 slugs in the forehead just made him mad and, with one loud bellow, he headed cross country. Fortunately for him he was saved from starving to death by Ran Bowen who administered the coup de grace with a fantastic shot from his rifle, which struck Mr. Bull right behind the ear. Doubtless he made good eating for the foxes a little later in the year. The sad story of the livestock came to an end when fire forced us to leave the town. The teamster drove his magnificent team of ponies down to the dock and shot them in their harness. It was a sad, sad sight.

Spitzbergen is entirely tree-less and all building materials had to be transported from either Russia or Norway. The town comprised wooden buildings, some of log construction, others frame. The appearance of the whole place was drab and dismal and one shudders to think of spending a five year tour there as the Russians did. There was a well equipped hospital, so well equipped that some British Naval medical officers threw much of their surgical equipment overboard, substituting Russian tools taken from the hospital. A large machine shop had equipment to repair and replace any piece of machinery in use on the island and an officer from the Saskatoon Light Infantry spent all his time at Barentsberg removing and packaging tools from the machines. What happened to them when we returned to Scotland is not known to me, but they were high quality tools, diligently removed by a dedicated machinist.

Barentsberg was connected to the coal mining area by a narrow gauge railroad which was covered by a wooden shed from the mine entrance to the miners' bath-house and changing rooms, a distance of two or three kilometres. In town was a school for the children, a ramshackle building, but containing text books on every conceivable subject, visual training aids, slide projectors, etc., equipment superior to that supplied to most Canadian schools. Another building was the communal kitchen where every resident had fed, no doubt on a steady diet of "borsch" and pork. There were communal barracks, a few separate houses, the stables and the piggery all set out in a manner to demonstrate the worst in town planning. The largest building in town was the "warehouse" in which was stored everything from pencils and notebooks to dried vegetables. The railroad track to the dock divided the town, which was on a steep slope from the mine to the sea.

Our local economy was operating smoothly. There was work of sorts for everyone, lots of food, especially fresh meat of which we had been deprived in Britain, milk from the cows and a daily rum issue. I had persuaded "Bill" Bury to keep the troops out of the warehouse, not really to save anything but to hold in check the looting instinct that is in all of us. Bill eventually succumbed to the importuning of others and the warehouse doors were opened. As I had foreseen, there was a mad scramble to get at Russian tea and tobacco (both horrible), souvenir pencils and anything that caught each and every individual's eye. Within hours the floor was three feet deep in paper, tea, cigarettes, molasses, dried vegetables and what-have-you. A most disgraceful exhibition of greed for what were really useless goods. A few persons held themselves aloof from the scramble but the majority were grabbing for anything. I don't know of anyone who took back to England anything really useful or valuable from Barentsberg.

While we were running the town, the Engineers were busy destroying the railroad and the mining machinery. One activity was "blowing up" the switch-points of the railway. During the years of hauling coal, dust had settled deeply between the ties and the eventual destruction by fire of Barentsberg was due to the combination of exploding dynamite, coal dust, and the roof of a bone-dry shed.

The danger of fire was foreseen and I had posted a sentry for twenty-four hours a day in the town fire tower. His instructions were, in case he spotted a fire, to fire three bursts from a Bren gun, thus arousing us, the population. The sentries were changed frequently and all were threatened with dire consequences if they slept on the job.

With most of my Company, I slept on the floor of the miners' changing room. Barentsberg was infested with bed bugs by the million and the changing room was one area that was comparatively free of them. We had good "down" sleeping bags for, although it was early August, there were constant night frosts. Night was as light as day and sleeping for any length of time was difficult.

One morning I was awakened at about 0300 hours by one of my Company who reported that the shed tunnel was on fire. As the shed sloped up from the mine to the changing room it was obvious that we were in immediate danger of burning. We evacuated our sleeping quarters and I rushed to the fire tower to see why an alarm had not been sounded. Fast asleep on the floor was the sentry, his Bren gun cradled in his arms. I snatched the gun, fired three bursts, and issued dire threats to the now thoroughly awakened sentry. (14 years later, in an Ottawa supermarket, a man made himself acquainted to me by saying, "Do you remember me? I was the sentry that you found asleep in the fire tower in Spitzbergen." I said, "What are you doing now?" He answered, "I am a fireman in the Ottawa Fire Department.")

At the high point of the town there was a water tank for fire fighting purposes. It relied on sea water pumped up from the dock area to keep the hoses full. Unfortunately, the day previous to the fire, the Empress of Canada had returned from Archangel, having delivered her load of Russians, and had taken the pump to fill her water tanks from a lake on a nearby island. To shorten a long story, the lack of water defeated our efforts to save Barentsberg and the town burned. Oxygen and acetylene tanks in the workshop exploded and flew over our heads as red hot missiles intent on spreading fire everywhere, and they did. Fortunately the only casualties from fire were millions of bedbugs in all stages of development, although we did put to death some sows and suckling pigs that had previously escaped the axe and the gun. We gradually retreated to the dock area where, in railroad "tub" cars, we grilled ham on sheets of steel over a tar fire. By this time the fires that had been set in the coal dump were burning and I have been told that three years later there was still a glow from that 750,000 ton pile of coal.

Later that night we were taken on board a "minesweeper" and at daylight ferried to the Empress of Canada. On board was the Longearby detachment with 600 or more Norwegians who were being taken to Scotland. These Norwegian miners and their families were fine looking people, impeccably clean and quite well dressed. Bunny Allen (killed in Ortona in 1943) was attempting to ingratiate himself with a lovely Norwegian girl and progress to date could be judged by his command of the Norwegian language.

He had been coached by another Norwegian girl and repeated frequently in Norwegian, "Your eyes are as blue as the sky." He would have done better petting the magnificent dog team which was quartered on the fore-deck. The Longearby experience had been a pleasant one according to Bill Remple, then a lance-corporal, later to attain the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When the Empress returned from Archangel she brought with her 200 or 300 French sailors who had been interned in Russia since the outbreak of war. They were emaciated and in rags and gave vent to their feelings about the Russians in blasphemy in at least three languages. On a trip ashore in Barentsberg they saw large pictures of Lenin and Stalin which they promptly stoned and loudly cursed. On board, they ate everything in sight, even stealing raisins to satisfy appetites deprived for almost two years. We gave them our spare uniforms and, I believe, enhanced the entente cordiale.

The trip back to Scotland was uneventful. Admiral Vian left us to the tender mercies of the Arctic Sea while he chased off and sank the collier fleet which had left Norway to pick up the coal which was by then burning. On the Empress the ship's engine room gang commenced pilfering our stores (cigarettes, etc.) but we discouraged that by stationing sentries with Tommy guns high up in the holds with orders to shoot anything that moved. There were no casualties.

Back in Scotland we were disembarked and quickly moved by train to the Oxted area. The quartermaster staff, with a rear party, were left to move the stores from the ships holds, and move them they did. Rumors filtered through later about some marvellous "rackets" which evolved in disposing of stores returned from the Norwegian settlement. I am sure that it was Lenko who told me of selling cigarettes by the kitbag-load on the streets of Glasgow with the police forming queues of the purchasers. I happened in an Oxted pub and was invited to drink with three gentlemen closely connected with the stores operation and who had been left to supervise the off-loading. They each had a roll of pound notes that would choke the proverbial ox. However, as no one suffered as a result of the pilfering and most of the stores ended up in the hands of the poor, no real harm was done.

So ended the Spitzbergen caper.

That Saturday night two young soldiers decided to get drunk and make nuisances of themselves in the village of Godstone. The policeman on duty cautioned them as to their conduct. They replied, "We're the boys just back from Spitzbergen", as though that gave them license to misbehave. The policeman, not a bit impressed, said, "Spitzbergen! Gawd-blimey, the A.T.S. could have done that job." And, you know, so they could.

"FORTY-NINER" REUNION 1978

Extract from a newspaper story: "There were gathered together in the Banquet Room of a local hotel a group of Loyal Edmonton Regiment (Forty-Ninth Battalion C.E.F.) veterans of the two world wars, commemorating the founding of this famous Regiment in January 1915. The assembly was seated, ready to rise to drink the traditional toasts, when a movement of air was noticed in the room. The doors and the windows were shut and there was an eerie feeling that something supernatural was happening. My informant admits that all present had consumed copious quantities of liquor, and that that might be the reason for the consensus that their deceased comrades had returned to earth to spend the evening with them. They swore that they could hear ghostly voices."

We're gathered together this night of the year
 To talk of the past in a state of good cheer,
 We'll think of the battles, the fun and the games
 And keep reminiscing of liquor and dames,
 But there's more to meeting in this way, you know,
 Than chasing the Hun from the Marne to the Po,
 For with us this even' are ghosts of the past
 From Heaven's abode and the fiend's fiery blast.

Ghostly voices:

We're shadows on an earthly mission,
 Our bosses gave us their permission
 For us to join you in your toasts,
 But don't mind us, we're only ghosts.

They came from their places in Heaven and Hell
 For sinner and saint served the Regiment well,
 They join us now with ne'er thought of the morrow
 For their time here on earth they all had to borrow,
 From their supra and sub terrestrial places
 They have come here tonight to see the old faces
 Of comrades who still dwell on this earthly sphere,
 But they are only ghosts and can't steal your beer.

Ghostly voices:

How true he speaks, we're only ghosts,
 We really can't drink earthly toasts,
 But we're happy to see you gathered here
 Enjoying whisky, wine and beer.

These spiritual members, the ghosts here tonight
 Are the unsung heroes of a thousand fights,
 The Regiment's honour they died to defend
 And blessed is he who gives life for a friend,
 Let us now pay heed to their chorus of thought
 For their visit to earth was quite dearly bought,
 The saints missed their supper in Peter's arcade,
 The sinners catch hell on defaulter's parade.

Ghostly voices:

Listen to this ghostly chorus
 How the torch to you was flung,
 Yours to hold, and yours to cherish,
 Else this earth would sure to perish.

Forty-niners remember this challenge of yore
 From your ghostly comrades, the heroes of war,
 Confess to yourselves of the past unheeded
 Except when again the thought is re-seeded,
 Tonight they have warned us that their breed of men
 Is fast disappearing from this mortal ken,
 Keep bearing the torch on which freedom depends
 Not letting complacence defeat moral ends.

Ghostly voices:

Heroes now, but on the morrow
 When your ways apart do go,
 Luxury your minds have sotten,
 Promises will be forgotten.

Dear ghostly comrades, ere you leave us for home,
 We pledge to you all we will heed what you told,
 We will vote with our conscience, to Hell with the party
 And raise all our children to be patriots hearty.
 We'll dig at the things in our politics rotten
 And see that your widows are not all forgotten,
 And when you return for our next annual toasts
 We hope you will find us worthier hosts.

Ghostly voices:

Farewell, Forty-niners living,
 From ghost comrades of Heaven and Hell,
 The fiend's defaulter's call is sounding;
 Peter's ringing the golden bells.

- Stonespeare 1978

THE ANNUAL BANQUET IN VANCOUVER

A Report by Owen R. Browne

The Manager of the Grosvenor Hotel, Vancouver, having a cup of coffee with this reporter, said, "Not long after the end of World War II this hotel was catering for thirty-seven military reunions of one kind or another. Over the years they have all quietly disappeared - except yours. This will be the thirtieth consecutive year we have catered to your Loyal Edmonton Regiment's reunion here. What is it that makes you guys so different from all the others?" To which your reporter replied, "Well, if you have to ask the question, there is no way you could understand the answer. It's one of those intangible, inexplicable things which, never-the-less, is real and enduring."

And so we had our thirtieth annual banquet in the Grosvenor Hotel on the 4th of February 1978 - and a good one it was, too. By mid-afternoon many of the fellows were collecting messages at the reception desk: Come to room 116. That's where the action is. Or room 334; get on parade. Or Roll Call in room 238; report! and the like. By the time Johnny Eggleston had his bar open in the banquet room downstairs, most of the gang was already about twenty years younger than when they arrived.

There were fifty-two who, waiting for dinner, listened to the President's welcoming remarks. But there seemed to be some uncertainty whether his remarks were designed to welcome or scare those assembled. Tempus fugit, he said - as though it was necessary to remind anyone that time flies. And then, sticking to his "aging" theme, he made cracks like, "Do you remember when your HEARING AID was the fellow on sentry duty with you?", and "Remember when a PACEMAKER was the fellow leading the route march?", and more. No wonder Tim Armstrong interrupted him and said, "Let's eat before all this hot air evaporates the soup."

And eat we did, bountifully.

Following two minutes respectful silence honouring our dead, the sad news was given of the passing of Captain Ken Houghton and James McMillan, both First War 49ers, and John Mundy with service in both wars, and Archie Bertrand of the Second War.

Jorgy Jorgensen then called everyone to rigid attention

with a loyalty toast to HM The Queen - and afterward, with that pronounced accent which we hope Jorgy will never lose - he told us where he had come from: Denmark, and Denmark had a Queen, too. Hang in there Jorgy. You drop that accent and nobody will know you!

It was refreshing to hear all the appropriate lies coming from the First World War boys, being honoured at the head table: Percy Knowles (on an out-patient pass from Shaughnessy Hospital), Al Bryant, Pierson (Pip) Muirhead, Clem Grewcutt, Bill Lowden and Dave Petrie. It's easy to tell which Company taught 'survival' best, because all of them came from A Coy, except Al and Pip (D and C Coys). During any next war, I'm going to stick with the A Company boys!

What a pleasure it was to welcome back Brig-Gen Keith (How-many-rounds-does-a-Tiger-Tank-carry?) McGregor. Recently retired after a full Regular Force career to the decadent, golf-twelve-months-a-year, life in Victoria, Keith proposed a toast to our absent comrades, making special mention of our great affection for Col Kenny Kinnaird, our only Honorary Colonel, who is now not well enough to visit us from Edmonton; Gordy Armstrong, our Honorary Lieut-Col; Stan Chettleborough, newly elected President of our parent Association in Edmonton; Marty Caine who, at 96 and still driving his car in Prince George, is our oldest Forty-Niner; John Dougan and P.S. Cooper, our most distant Loyal Eddies, both being Canadian High Commissioners - in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and Colombo, Sri Lanka, respectively; and that intrepid trio, Dave Barbour, Al Cantin and Jim Plenty, who were toasting us somewhere in Los Angeles and promised to do so every year so long as two of them are left; and from all the others who wanted to, but were too far away from Vancouver to join with us.

The rumor is false. Bill "Pappy" Lowden is alive and well. When the President called on Bill to propose a toast to our departed comrades, referring to him as "Tombstone", Bill slowly rose to his full 6'3", affixed the President with a double-whammy, which was the same as saying, "I'm going to EVIRATE YOU!", and then, wisely dismissing the President from further attention, he proposed a toast of a kind, and in a manner which we had never heard before, and which held the entire assembly spellbound. To accomplish this, he was assisted with the stentorian voice of Bob Dudley and ethereal tones of Tim Armstrong. Wow! (See Ghostly Voices which appears elsewhere in this edition.)

Dave Petrie had barely had time to get his First War Forty-Niner uniform into moth-balls, than he had to take it out,

get rid of the smell, put it on again, and, as Adjutant, see the new Edmonton Regiment onto the SS Batory, for Second War service. It was this same Dave, the incomparable, the indestructible, the impeccable, Petrie, who gave the toast to The Regiment. It was not just his words, but also his delivery, which moved everyone to spontaneous applause as Dave said:

"It is indeed an honour to propose the Toast to the Regiment. A regiment does not just mobilize and march on to the battlefield and do great deeds. The bonds of mutual trust are started with simple acts of interdependence, like sharing needed things with a friend, like the protection of a ground sheet across a slit trench. Do you remember thinking how comfortable and safe it was?

Of such little things were the bonds created that bound you together. And from these little things came the bigger things, like knowing your flanks were secure because you know your buddies were there, on each side of you. And they would never let you down. And you knew it.

Shakespeare had this bond in mind when he had Henry V say before the Battle of Agincourt:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he today who sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile.
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And Englishmen in England now abed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speak,
 That he fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Let us now re-affirm those bonds. Gentlemen, stand and join with me, and drink a toast to The Loyal Edmonton Regiment."

We were all most delighted that Lieut Col Lea Ahlstrom, Commanding Officer, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment, had come from Edmonton to join us for this evening, and we were assured of the enduring nature of the Regiment, and the durability of its reputation, and for the continuity of the Association and the unchanging nature of our unique esprit de corps as we listened to Lea report on the nature of, and the activities of the present soldiers of our Loyal Eddies. We assume you are aware the Battalion has now settled into its new quarters in Griesbach Barracks, having now completed its move from the Ortona Barracks, Edmonton.

Of course the name of Col Jim Stone was bandied about during the evening, but it was only when the President gave a combined President's-cum-Secretary's-cum-Treasurer's report that we learned the truth about Big Jim's absence this night. The President, reporting upon our Association's finances said, "As of December 31, 1977 we had \$1,177.40 in the bank. But with Treasurer Jim Stone and his wife now cruising around the Caribbean heaven only knows what our financial position is now. Don't be surprised if you learn I have clapped him in irons when he gets back - if he gets back."

Our peace of mind was further shattered when the President confirmed his comments by reading a message from Jim: "Greetings from the cruise ship Golden Odyssey at present at sea en route to Balboa. Sad as I am to miss the annual dinner, the cuisine is even superior to that at the Grosvenor Hotel. I miss the comradeship at the dinner and at our annual picnic, but I have some compensation in girl-watching at the swimming pool. Fortunately for me, the one part of my body that has not deteriorated is my visual facility, but the images transmitted to my mind die right there. It's hell to be getting old ... A Bonnie Dundee to everyone."

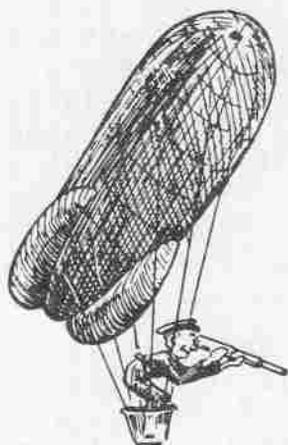
Some of our peace of mind was restored when we were informed how successful the salmon barbeque picnic had been last summer - until we learned that one of our Directors, Bill Remple, and his wife, were just departing for Tahiti. Bill had control of the cash box during the picnic, and the instant change of expression on everyone's face seemed to scream out: "Mygawd! Are we financing him, too!"

It came as something of a surprise to everyone, therefore, when the annual election of officers was held, and lo and behold, the same set of rogues was re-elected by acclamation:

President	- Owen Browne
Secretary-Treasurer	- Jim Stone
Director	- Bill Remple
Director	- Ran Bowen
Director	- Wilf Oakey
Director (Vancouver)	- John Eggleston

Before anyone had a chance to challenge the legality of the election, the President banged his gavel and declared, "This assembly is adjourned until THE SALMON BARBEQUE PICNIC, AUGUST 6th, VICTORIA."

And we all crowded around Johnny Eggleston's free bar, which didn't run out of booze for a hell of a long time.



WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

COLONEL G.D.K. KINNAIRD wrote, under date of 20 December 1977:

"I'm afraid I won't be able to make the Annual Meeting again this year. My eye sight and my hearing are very bad and I'm on a very strict diet. I also have trouble sitting for any length of time.

Congratulations to the Magazine Committee, they certainly deserve a great deal of praise.

Our Very Best Wishes to you and all members of the Association.

Please accept this donation from the Kinnaird family.

Sincerely,

Ken"

T.P.H. (PERCY) DARLINGTON wrote from Yuma, Arizona, on November 16, 1977:

"Am writing this from Yuma, Arizona, where we have been spending part of each winter at least for the past nine years, did not have time to get it off to you earlier, so here goes.

Last year my good wife and I decided to take at least one more trip over to Dear Old Blighty, as time is marching on. We have visited over there for two other trips since the war. This time (1977) we decided to go by boat and when I started looking into the various possibilities, was amazed to see that the only vessel plying

between Montreal and the U.K. was the "Batory". Well, that did it, and we immediately started out to book passage on that dear old vessel that took us overseas safely in '39. Needless to say it was not the same old hull; the original had gone all through the war, participated in all the allied landings, and was honorably retired a few years ago. The present vessel was the former "Maasdam" of the Holland America Line. In short, we had a wonderful outward and return trip on the Batory, struck up with one or two officers who knew the old ship, served on her and knew the Commanding Officer. They treated us royally, and if anyone is planning on going over by ship we can heartily recommend it. I enclose a copy of a photo of the ship's officers. I wonder if the picture of the original Batory still hangs in the Officers' Mess in Edmonton?)

We had a wonderful four months in the U.K. and Eire (Southern Ireland); for the first time we visited dear old Oxted, stayed at the new "Hoskins Arms". If you haven't seen it you wouldn't believe it! It's a round structure (on the same spot), three stories high and no elevator. However, it's not so bad - rooms small but nice and food reasonable. Took some pictures of the hotel but having camera problems and they didn't turn out. My main purpose in going there, other than a desire to look around the old town, was to visit the British Legion and see the plaque which was mentioned in the last issue of the Mag. Well, the camera decided to cooperate and out of three or four tries the flash worked and I got a reasonable picture of same. The flag which came with the plaque had been framed and I guess the flash blurred from the glass, so am sending the photo and the neg to you in case you would like to put it in the Mag for all to see. It really is nice and stands in a place of honor, to the left of the bar in the main lounge. Plaques from many regiments, ships, etc. are mounted in that room but ours is the only one to have the British, Legion, and Canadian Flags displayed in this way. We spent a very pleasant evening there. Eldon Perritt, who was apparently the prime mover in this effort, was unfortunately away on leave in Wales and I did not get to see him. However, we had a pleasant time with other Members, including Taffy Davis of 9 Platoon LER. He was asking about members of "Able" Company and I was able to fill him in on the whereabouts and wellbeing of a number of same, including Bill Lowden of 9 Platoon and quite a few others.

Please excuse the bad typing. Just got myself a portable

and it's been a few years since I have hammered anything out on a machine. Unfortunately, since I retired in '70 I have not been in Vancouver in the winter to attend the re-union dinner, prior to that I was on deck from 1956 yearly.

May I say that I thought the last issue of the Magazine was superb and a credit to all responsible. Please give my best wishes to all 49ers, wherever they may be.

Sincerely,
T.P.H. (Percy) Darlington

R. P. LEWIS writes from Trail, B.C., enclosing the old photographs reproduced below, wishing best of luck to all, and congratulating the Magazine Committee. Thanks for the kind words and hope you can make it to the Edmonton reunion on January 6th, 1979.



#1. Taken at Shoreham - back of Cookhouse.
Lewis, R.P., Bill Geremy (with arms around me),
Sonier, Craig, James. Many names I do not
remember.



#2. Taken at Millbarn. 11 Platoon, B. Coy.
(More pictures to follow next issue.)

- G. CLIFF GATES wrote to say how much he enjoyed the Mag and enclosing his dues and a donation. Thanks, Cliff.
- BILL PATERSON wrote from Redcliff, Alberta, enclosing \$20.00 to cover his dues and a donation towards the Magazine expenses. Thank you for your donation and good wishes.
- A. J. EDGE (Support Coy) wrote acknowledging receipt of the last issue of the Magazine and enclosing a cheque to cover current dues and a donation. Our thanks for your cheque. Don't forget the 6th of January 1979.
- IVAN H. FELDBERG wrote from Evansburg, Alberta, enclosing a Money Order to cover his membership dues for the year. Glad you enjoyed the Magazine and hope to see you at the next reunion.
- JACK MACKIE wrote enclosing a cheque to cover dues and to inform us that he was leaving Edmonton for the "Republic of British Columbia" but that he intends to keep in touch. Hope you do, Jack, and that you enjoy B. C.
- G. SEAGER wrote sending dues, acknowledging receipt of the Mag and saying he has some pictures he will send later. It would be nice to have more pictures for the next issue.

- MERVYN C. KIRBY wrote enclosing a cheque for membership dues and noting a change of address to 5237 Belair Drive, Delta, B.C. V4M 2E3. Phone 943-9958.
- J. KUMKA wrote enclosing annual dues and saying he would be sending his recollections concerning the event that led to B Coy becoming named "Boo Coy", as he was in D Coy at the time with the late Major W. Bury and C.S.M. Ran Bowen. We are still looking forward to receiving that material.
- E. H. JOHNSTON writes from Ponoka, Alberta, enclosing a cheque for \$10.00 for dues and "the balance where needed." We look forward to receiving the account of your proposed pilgrimage to Sicily, Italy and the U.K. for publication in a future issue or issues. Thanks for the very welcome donation.
- S. KMIECH writes enclosing cheque and noting change of address and regrets he cannot attend the picnic due to being "stuck on duty" for that day. Hope to see you at the January 6th reunion.
- H. B. "SMOKEY" ATKINSON writes from Creston, B.C. sending dues and greetings to all 49ers and saying how much he enjoyed the Magazine and knowing where everyone is. He says he was up to Hythe at Easter and visited with Walt Wills, Mike Antonio, Bill Purvis and brother Sam Atkinson. Smokey says that so far as he knows, he is the only Forty-niner in Creston. Thanks for the cheque for \$5.00 and your kind regards, Smokey.
- M. S. ANTONIO wrote from Hythe, Alberta, on March 4, 1978:
- "Just a line to let you Old Sweats know that all's well over our way. Both Bill Purves and myself work at the Air Base as Commissionaires. Had everything going our way for the Reunion until the change of date that caught both of us in the middle of a shift. Hoping for better luck for the next one.
- Old Bill still has a good sense of humor. When we were Bonspieling at our Legion "do" a week ago, Bill had the misfortune to stumble into the end of a stair rail. Next morning, of course somewhat tender, he was asked what happened. Remarked Bill, "That Legion Bonspieling is rather a dangerous game!" Maybe. Next year we just might put a limit on the number of bottles to be taken by contestants. Just might work, eh? But a grand' time was had by all concerned.

"Bill Purves and I are enclosing \$5.00 each to help on the great job done on the Mag. I'm off to collect some more new and old memberships, which I'm listing below. Keep up the good work, and All the Best to All 49ers." Thanks for a great letter.

BOB PROWD writes from Pioneer Lodge in Grande Prairie, Alberta, enclosing his cheque for \$10.00 to cover dues and a donation. He was unable to attend the reunion in January 1978 due to ill health and says he really appreciates the 49er. Hope you are in better health at this time, Bob, and that you'll be able to attend the reunion on January 6th, 1979.

MELVIN R. LIKES writes from Madeira Park, B.C., enclosing annual dues and saying that he and Sam Hatley, who live opposite each other, visit often. Thanks for your regards from the "Sunshine Coast".

REG WATTS writes from Barrhead, Alberta:

"Please find enclosed my annual Money Order for membership. I wish to thank you for the Magazine. It sure keeps us in touch. I am one of the Old Boys of the First World War, am 85 years young and still going good and strong. Am still able to go on the Armistice parades 11th November, and so far never miss a step. I sure hope I can go for a while yet in spite of my advancing years.

I remember Vic Ingley and also Freddy Guest and Bill Mair, Goldie Fairholm, Orville Palmer, Bill English. All, I believe, have passed on now. Then there's Mr. Botel. I can recall many more. I went all through those Somme Battles with the 49th and we were nearly wiped out. A few of your "Wandering Boys" are left and I'm one of the few. I am one of the few able to attend funerals of the boys - we are all in our 80's now.

Your magazine is tops and I look forward to reading it. What a lot of work the boys who compile it do for us Old Boys and the Second War boys also. Please keep up the good work. And once again, I thank you.

Your Wandering Boy,
Reg Watts 100724 M.M.
Ex 49th Battn.

A.H.A. CANTIN wrote from Woodland Hills, California, enclosing \$20.00 to cover the dues for himself and Jim Plenty and to use the balance to help defray the costs of the Magazine. Thanks, Al. It will come in handy. Al also reminds us that he and Jim Plenty are the last surviving members of 12th Platoon. He sends compliments to Stan Chettleborough for his "clever excerpting of interesting facts and anecdotes from past issues".

J.A. DOUGAN writes from the Canadian High Commission in Kuala Lumpur:

"I was delighted to receive the October 1977 issue of the Fortyniner and enjoyed immensely the many stories which it carried, particularly the ones by Jim Stone with whom I had the pleasure to serve first in D Company and later while he was Second-in-Command and then Commander of the Regiment. Indeed I notice that, along with a number of others, my name was taken in vain in his wonderful account of the return to Italy.

Regrettably, being in the Foreign Service and having left Edmonton in 1946, it has not been possible to maintain the type of personal contact that I would have liked with members and ex-members of the Regiment. This is one of the reasons why the magazine has been such a useful and interesting source of information and one which I appreciate, along with others, very much indeed. To my knowledge there are two old ex-Fortyniners still in the Canadian Foreign Service - Stu Cooper in Colombo, Sri Lanka, and myself in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

As I intend to retire in due course to Victoria, I have been a member of the British Branch for some time and regularly have the pleasure of meeting fellow members in both Vancouver and Victoria.

Once again may I repeat how much I enjoyed reading your latest issue and look forward very much to the next one.

Yours sincerely,

John Dougan
(J.A. Dougan)"

W. G. MAIR wrote enclosing a cheque for his 1978 dues and saying thanks for the Magazine. You're welcome, and hope you can make it to the January 6th, 1979 reunion.

- HARRY G. PARIS wrote from Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex, England wishing all members of the Association a Happy New Year and noting a change of address. He says he is wondering if CSM Jimmy Anderson of B Coy is still in Eastbourne. Does anyone know? Very best regards to you, too.
- J.A. LONG writes from Hines Creek, Alberta, saying he enjoyed "much interesting stuff from J. R. Stone"; that he saw Wm. Purves, Mike Antonio and Walt Wills in August and all looked well. He heard that Keith Baldry had a heart attack some time ago and apparently has recovered. He asks about Pat Lucy - be sure to see the article on Pat elsewhere in the Magazine. Best regards.
- GEORGE M. DUNCAN writes from Bengough, Saskatchewan, enclosing 1978 membership dues and saying that it is so very good to hear of old or former comrades through the Magazine. Thank you for your good wishes, George, and same to you.
- ELWYN R. SPRINGSTED wrote that he would be unable to attend the annual meeting on the 21st of January as he had to fly back to Southern California before that time. He enclosed some newspaper clippings which will be reproduced in the next issue of the Magazine.
- A.C. COLBECK writes from Calgary, Alberta, sending a cheque for his dues and "a little extra for expenses", for which our thanks, and says the information and articles in the last issue of the Fortyniner were of excellent quality and he would not attempt to single out any one item as they were all excellent. He goes on to say "I thought you would be interested in knowing that May Hempstock is at present living in the same Apt. Building as I am (117 - 23rd Ave. S.W., Calgary). My Apt. No. is 402 - hers is 403. May was married July 2nd, 1977 to Mr. Cliff Windells, a High School Teacher, in Calgary. My wife (Nancy) and I will be in England for 8 weeks this summer visiting many of the places we were stationed at in Sussex and Surrey during the last war. Sorry I couldn't get to the Banquet. All the Very Best to you all for 1978."
- COLIN WISMER wrote from Mirror, Alberta, saying that Ed Tannous had hosted a day-long welcome home party for Wally and Hazel Davies on September 8th, 1977, at the Inn on Whyte. Among those present were Vino Smith, Colin and Edna Wismer, Harvey Farrell, Ed and Peggy Boyd, Jack Mackie, Pinky Beaton, Cassy and Dru Castagner, while others visited on the phone. Ed present Hazel and Edna with lovely cups and saucers. Ed was assisted by his brother

George, who acted as chauffeur. It was a nostalgic day as the war memories recounted brought tears and laughter in remembering former comrades and events. Sorry we could not bring the group photo you sent, Colin, but colour photos do not reproduce well in this medium. However, the membership can take our word for it that Ed Tannous, Vino Smith, Harvey Farrell, Wally Davies and your good self are all getting younger and better looking by the year.

R.P. LEWIS writes from Trail, B.C., with a couple of anecdotes which will appear in the next issue and saying he has some good pictures of B Coy. and Anti-Tank Platoon that he will send. Ray also congratulates the Association on being such a wonderful organization. Thanks, Ray.

MRS. MARTHA BETTCHER, of Quesnel, B.C., writes to Jim Stone, the Secretary-Treasurer of the B.C. Branch:

"I have received your letter and announcement for the Loyal Edmonton Regiment annual picnic, to my husband, David Bettcher. I am very sorry, but I must tell you that Dave, my husband, passed away February the 5th, 1978. I thought by now that you would have heard of his passing away. Dave was failing for a little while, but my family and me, we never thought that his time was so close. At the end he went very fast. We truly miss him very much."

PERCY DARLINGTON also wrote to Jim Stone from Yuma, Arizona:

"Notice re Annual Bash just forwarded to me. Unfortunately, as usual, I will not be in a position to attend. Phyll and I spent four months in U.K. and Ireland last summer. We drove over 5,000 miles, which might seem hard to do in the U.K., but when you are driving relations each day to some pub for a pint and a ploughman's lunch .. Needless to say the Guinness is still as good as ever and am again fighting the battle of the bulge. We went both ways by train and ship. The vessel was the "SS Stefan Batory", successor to the one the Battalion went on in '39, and we had a grand time and were treated royally by the Kapitan and Officers when I told them that our Regiment was the first to use the original Batory as a troopship. The Captain said she went all through the war, participated in all the Allied landings; Africa, Sicily, N.W. Europe, etc. and retired honorably a few years ago. Anyone going overseas by ship would really enjoy a trip on her. She sails from Montreal to London (Tilbury Dock), then

Rotterdam and Sardinia.

We stayed a weekend at dear old Oxted, our first stay there although we have been over 3 times since the war. Stayed at the new Hoskins Arms. Boy, what a change! It's built on approximately the same spot but is three stories (no elevator) and built in a hexagon shape. The rooms were good and food quite nice. Visited the Royal British Legion and saw the Regimental Plaque which occupies a place of honour in the lounge, and it's the only one honored by the crossed Union Jack and Legion Flag with the Maple Leaf below. Sent it to Ed Morris for the Mag but he said the printers told him that colored pics or negs no good for their type of print. So here is the one of the plaque, thought you might be interested in seeing it and will get it from you when we come to the Island in the spring. Best wishes to all assembled and will down one here in memory.

P.S. Here's some sweetening for the pot.

P.P.S. Had a few with Taffy Davis, formerly of
9 Pln L.E.R."

ALEX HYDE writes from Courtenay, B.C., to Jim Stone:

"I have just received your interesting Newsletter of June 1st. In regards to the Annual Picnic, I wish to say that I would very much like to attend but due to the circumstances of travel am in doubt that I will be able to make it. There was a time a few years back when I could leave Courtenay at 6 A.M., be in Victoria at 9 A.M., do a day's business and be back in Courtenay by 9 P.M., but those days are gone now I become very tired just driving to Nanaimo, so to attend the picnic I would have to go by bus the day before, stay in a hotel overnight, attend the picnic the next day and stay in a hot hotel again and travel back by bus the next day. Due to my very limited financial resources this is quite out of the question. However, if I find someone who is going to drive to Victoria on August 6th, there is a possibility that I could make it.

In April last year I was one of 25 Vimy Vets that was invited to attend the 60th Anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. We arrived in Ottawa on March 31st, and left for France in an Airforce 707 Jet on April 3rd. After landing at Paris we were bussed to Arras and accommodated at a motel.

For two weeks we were bussed, with three gendarme escorts

to all the allied war graves and monuments in France. The Commissioner of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission rode with us and acted as our guide.

On the 9th, we lined up in front of the Vimy cenotaph and took the salute as units of the Canadian and French Army marched past. All the generals and VIPs stood aside and gave us this honor. That evening we had a grand banquet in one of the large hotels in Arras. During the banquet a brass band from a Canadian Artillery Unit from Montreal played the old songs of Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Tipperary, etc. It was a great occasion in memory of a far greater occasion when the 49th went into the Battle of Vimy a thousand strong and, after two days of fighting, we had 97 men left for duty.

I joined the 194th Edmonton Highlanders on February 7th, 1916 and when we arrived in England that fall the battalion was broken up and a draft of 50 sent to reinforce the 49th, in December 1916.

Previous to enlisting I attended Norwood School in Edmonton and was a member of the school cadet corps. We were issued left-over uniforms from the South African war and drilled with Snider carbines, although we used the Ross rifle for target practice. We were supposed to be a cavalry regiment so, instead of getting the command to form fours we got the command for sections right or sections left. We didn't have a sergeant-major for he was called a Color Sergeant. Our drill master was Captain Flint, who was killed alongside of me while leading an attack at the village of Filloy in the battle of the Canal du Nord on September 26th, 1918. I received a bullet through the arm soon afterwards but the wound was not serious because I rejoined my battalion in time to take the City of Mons on November 11th. At eleven o'clock we lined up in the main square in Mons and got the command to unload, that an armistice had been signed. On the command to unload you raise the rifle to high port and pull the bolt back ten times and then pull the trigger to make sure that there are no cartridges in the firing chamber, but that day most of us could only count to nine with the result that the sergeant-major was running up and down the line pulling his hair on the breach of discipline. I was chosen one of fifty as an honor guard to King Albert of Belgium, who came and interviewed us the next day. As he went down the line he stopped and said a few words to each one.

You mention Charles Daws in your letter. If this is the

same Charles Daws that I think it is, then I went to school with him at MacKay Avenue School in 1909 and we were both in the 194th bugle band.

In the battle of Vimy the 49th did not go over at zero hour but were kept in support. About 8 o'clock our Captain of "C" Company came running down the tunnel where we were and said that there was a break in the line between the 3rd and 4th Division, for 80 volunteers to follow him immediately. This break was at LaFolley Woods about a mile from where we were. When we got to this position we got hell from both the German and Canadian artillery. It was quite some time before we got a message back to our artillery to raise their fire and we were almost under the muzzles of a German battery. I got blown up by a shell and had considerable internal bleeding from the concussion. While I was laying in this shell hole our Captain crawled in beside me with a hole through his foot from an H.E. After a time the Captain said to me, "Let's see if we can crawl back to a first aid station", so we helped each other back to a captured German dugout where first aid men helped us out to a dressing station. I forget this Captain's name but believe he once lived near Victoria.

Our casualties were caused by the German counter-attack and it is this ability to fend off a counter-attack where great battles are won or lost.

Well, this is about all for now. I am sorry that this typewriter don't spell worth a dam.

Sincerely,

Alex Hyde"

Thanks for a wonderfully interesting letter, Alex.

* * * * *

The Association mailing address is:

P.O. Box #501, Edmonton, Alberta.

The 1979 Annual Meeting and Dinner will be held on 6th January 1979.



Last Post



- ALNONITIS - Alex C32997, passed away August 21, 1977, age 66, Grande Prairie, Alberta.
- ANDERSON - Emil K49746, passed away January 25, 1978, age 66, Nanaimo, B.C.
- BALDRY - Ernest Walter M30914, passed away July 14, 1978 age 66, Collingwood, Ontario.
- BERTRAND - Archie, passed away in December 1977.
- BISHOP - Col. Wells Arnold, DSO 432899, passed away August 6, 1978, age 82, Sawyerville, Quebec.
- CAINE - Martin S., passed away March 28, 1978, age 98, Prince George, B.C.
- CHALOPA - John, passed away July 17, 1978, Edmonton, Alberta.
- CONGER - Edwin Burn, passed away April 13, 1978, age 65, Edson, Alberta.
- CONSTANTINE- Alexander, passed away February 11, 1978, age 84, Vancouver, B.C.
- CRAIG - Thomas M. M16902, passed away in August 1976, age 64, Stettler, Alberta.
- CUMISKY - Allan Roy M17096, passed away at Elrose, Sask.
- DANCE - Grafton Thomas (Tom), passed away July 27, 1978, age 89, Edmonton, Alberta.
- DAVISON - Benjamin Campbell, passed away July 12, 1978 at Edmonton, Alberta.
- ELSDON - Albert, passed away December 13, 1977, age '77, at Edmonton, Alberta.

- GRONNESTAD - (Green), Hans (Hank) L110207, passed away December 15, 1977, age 57, Yellowknife N.W.T.
- HALL - Charles G. (W.W.I), passed away June 28, 1978 at Edmonton, Alberta.
- HARRIS - William, passed away January 8, 1978, age 83, at Stony Plain, Alberta.
- HILL - Franklin Wixson, passed away December 23, 1977, age 70 years, at Edmonton, Alberta.
- HOUGHTON - Captain Kenneth Gassiott, passed away November 2, 1977, age 85, Vancouver, B.C.
- HUGHES - Magnus Peter, passed away February 20, 1978, age 68, Langley, B.C.
- KEAY - D.H. (Steve), passed away at age 86, Edmonton, Alberta.
- KINNAIRD - George David Kenneth, passed away June 6, 1978, age 87, at Edmonton, Alberta.
- KIRBY - Clifton Stanley 433180, passed away February 7, 1978, age 84, Westlock, Alberta.
- LIVINGSTONE - Neil George, passed away September 27, 1978, age 86 years.
- MANTLE - Albert (Al), passed away December 6, 1977, age 62, Edmonton, Alberta.
- MARCHMENT - Samuel Arthur, passed away November 10, 1977, age 68, Edmonton, Alberta.
- MILLER - John T.A. M15867, passed away October 30, 1978, age 70, Calgary, Alberta.
- MILNER - William Murray M15646, passed away September 7, 1978, age 56, Moncton, N.B.
- MUNDY - John C., passed away October 25, 1977, age 86, Vancouver, B.C.
- McCAULEY - Mark, passed away December 5, 1977, age 64, Edmonton, Alberta.
- McKINNON - Edmund Roy, passed away November 14, 1977, Devon, Alberta (formerly of Fort McMurray, Alberta)

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- McMILLAN - James P., passed away September 30, 1977, age 81, Calgary, Alberta.
- NELSON - John Bell H. M15922, passed away April 29, 1978, age 77, Edmonton, Alberta.
- NEWSOME - Harry, passed away November 8, 1977, age 83, Coleman, Alberta.
- MILLS - Robert 830154, passed away in Saskatoon, Sask.
- PTASHNYK - Stanley, passed away August 15, 1978, age 74, Edmonton, Alberta.
- RAY - Fred J. M17328, passed away February 11, 1978, Edmonton, Alberta.
- RONNIE - Oliver, passed away September 2, 1978, age 71, at Edmonton, Alberta.
- STEVENSON - Rodney Blair, passed away October 29, 1977 at Edmonton, Alberta.
- TAYLOR - Arnold Walter, passed away January 31, 1978, age 93, at Edmonton, Alberta.
- THERRIEN - Joseph Arsene, passed away May 15, 1978, age 81, St. Albert, Alberta.
- TORRANCE - S.F. 808160, passed away 1978, Calgary, Alberta.
- TYNER - Leigh Allison, passed away March 24, 1978 at Edmonton, Alberta.
- WALKEDEN - Thomas J.A., passed away April 30, 1978, age 83, at Edmonton, Alberta.
- WHYTE - Bob, passed away in 1978, at Edmonton, Alberta.
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As when one layeth his worn-out robes away,
 And, taking new ones, sayeth,
 "These will I wear today!"
 So putteth by the spirit lightly its garb of
 flesh,
 And passeth to inherit a residence afresh.

LOYAL EDMONTON REGIMENT (49th BATTALION) ASSOCIATION
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

R. Adair	11114 - 62 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 1N2
W. Adair	12529 - 109A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 2H8
J. Adams	84 St. George's Cr.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5N 3M7
L.E. Ahlstrom	29 Braeside Cr.	Sherwood Park, Alta.	T8A 3M9
R.C. Ahlstrom	12928 - 79A St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5C 1L1
G.F. Allan	Box 444	Olds, Alta.	T0M 1P0
A. Ambrose		Lake Isle, Alta.	T0E 1H0
R. Andersen	1237 - 2 Ave. W.	Prince Rupert, B.C.	V8J 1J3
M. Antonio	Box 364	Hythe, Alta.	T0H 2C0
G.J. Armstrong	11139 - 54A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 0W3
H.B. Atkinson	Box 40	Creston, B.C.	V0B 1G0
S. Atkinson		Goodfare, Alta.	T0H 1T0
A.J. Baker	1301 - 10 Ave. S.W.	Medicine Hat, Alta.	T1A 5C5
L. Baker	#3, 10625 - 107 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 0W5
K. Baldry	Box 178	Worsley, Alta.	T0H 3W0
J. Basarab	Box 573	High Prairie, Alta.	T0G 1E0
D.A. Barbour	10354 Wilshire Blvd.	Los Angeles, Calif.	90024
M. Baydala	12771 - 118 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 5K9
G.M. Beaton	1941 Neil St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 3C8
M. Beaton	12311 - 105 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 2P2
E. Beaudry		North Cooking Lake, Alta.	T0B 0Y0
L. Bedner	9866 - 79 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 1R1
T.H. Belford	9812 - 91 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 0G2
T. Benson	Box 1501	Edmonton, Alta.	T5J 2N7
W. Bennett.	Box 484	Redwater, Alta.	T0A 2W0

E. Berget	Box 484	Rycroft, Alta.	T0H 3A0
G. Bilton	Box 189, Ganges	Salt Spring Island, B.C.	V0S 1E0
J. Birmingham	4312 - 105 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 0Z9
A.J. Black	R.R. #1	Falun, Alta.	T0C 1H0
R.C. Blakely	11719 - 125 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 0N7
H. Booth	R.R. #1	Barrhead, Alta.	T0G 0E0
A. Bolinski	9720 - 80 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 1S7
H.W. Bone	12110 - 59 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3Y3
F.W. Bonnett	Andrews Res., 104 - 99 St.	Chatham, Ont.	N7M 3R5
G.A. Bostrom	#316, 5210 - 106 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 2S9
J.S. Botsford	#1, 11015 - 109A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 1G6
R. Bower	#4, 11327 - 95 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 1L2
R.O. Boyd	9650 Hillcrest Dr.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 1A8
D. Boyer	5003 - 1st St. N.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2K 0X7
P. Boxall	Jardine, Scotts Grove Rd.	Chobham, Woking Surrey, England	
H. Bowzailo	12315 - 87 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 3P1
E.L. Boyd	5904 Fulton Rd.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 3T2
W. Brinton	Box 1571	Barrhead, Alta.	T0G 0E0
O.L. Brooksher	8926 - 80 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0T7
J. Budzinski	10240 - 122 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5N 1L9
D.T. Burns	11724 - 48 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 0E6
S. Burry		Fallis, Alta.	T0E 0V0
A. Campbell	#2, Legion Lodge, 79 Patterson Cr.	Red Deer, Alta.	T4P 1J4
A.M. Campbell	4512 - 109 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 1R5
A.H.A. Cantin	22200 Victory Blvd., A 206	Woodland Hills, Calif.	91367
R.L. Castagner	#602, 10185 - 115 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5K 1T4
A. Carwell	10640 - 115 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 3K8
A. Cheshire	10804 - 61 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 1M1

S. Chettleborough	12014 - 105 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 2N5
J. Clark	11045 - 152 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5P 1Z9
E.F. Clausen	10635 - 75 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 2Z8
A.C. Colbeck	#402, 117 - 23 Ave. S.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2S 0H9
D.D. Collins	615 - 36 St. S.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T3C 1R1
R. Corrigan	R.R. #1	Clive, Alta.	T0C 0Y0
P.H. Cote	11519 - 136 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 1N4
M. Couture	10989 - 125 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 0L9
H.G. Cove	79-15 Buttertub Dr.	Nanaimo, B.C.	V9R 3X8
E.K. Cox	11006 - 157 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5P 2W5
W. Craig	#306, 4605 - 106A St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 3B1
R. Craven	4116 - 126 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6J 2A4
D.L. Crozier	R.R. #2	St. Albert, Alta.	T8N 1M9
D. Cunningham	10520 - 75 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 2Z7
E.A. Cutler	#301, 9607 - 156 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5P 2N8
N. Dack		Enderby, B.C.	V0E 1V0
A. Dahl	10564 - 98 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 2N4
W.G. Davies	#109, 2010 Ulster Rd. N.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2N 4C2
L.F. Dawes	2094 Falkland Pl.	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 4M5
E.W. Day	261 Moss St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8V 4M6
J. Decoine	11253 - 89 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 3T3
G. Der	802 Lee Ridge Rd.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6K 0P9
T. Dombroski	7624 - 83 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 2Y6
M. Drewicki	11930 - 63 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 4G3
G.M. Duncan	Box 544	Bengough, Sask.	S0C 0K0
J. Duncan	Box 114	Clairmont, Alta.	T0H 0W0
R.J. Dunn	11531 - 77 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6G 0M2
R.J. Dupuis	8513 - 89 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 3K4
R.R. Duquette	11103 - 34 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 1Y8
L. Dynes	9215 - 68 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6B 1S7

A.J. Edge	9319 - 70 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 0T8
I.G. Edwards	Box 1662	Edmonton, Alta.	T5J 2N9
G.A. English	Box 400	Two Hills, Alta.	T0B 4K0
E.G. Erickson	#206, 10616 - 109 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 3B4
H.C. Erickson	Rancho del Oro	Armena, Alta.	T0B 0G0
J. Escott		Lousana, Alta.	T0M 1K0
H.G. Farrell	7656 - 91 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 1P8
I.H. Feldberg	Box 355	Evansburg, Alta.	T0E 0T0
C.J. Feldman	13316 - 106A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5N 1C3
B.R. Ferguson	308 Staleta Manor, 5432 Riverbend Rd.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 5E1
P.A. Ferguson	Box 44	Fort Smith, NWT	X0E 0P0
S. Fisher	Box 65	Neerlandia, Alta	T0G 1R0
J. Fleck	#3, 12722B - 118 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 2L1
R.J. Foote	Box 5516, Stn. L	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 4E9
C. Fraser	R.R. #2	Balzac, Alta.	T0M 0E0
S. Frerichs (Mrs)	12007 - 89 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 3W2
S.J. Fry	11122 - 153 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 1X5
H.J. Funk	9738 - 71 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 0W6
F. Funnell	1 Mayfield, Kinnerley nr Oswestry	Shropshire, England	
F. Gaschnitz	12832 - 127 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 1A7
G.C. Gates	12210 - 123 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0H6
D.W. Gaulter	R.R. #1	Thorsby, Alta.	T0C 2P0
A.H. Getschel	13421 - 101 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 4G5
A.A. Gilchrist	613 - 19 St. S.	Lethbridge, Alta.	T1J 3G8
L. Gill	Box 302	Spirit River, Alta.	T0H 3G0
J. Goertzen	Box 82	Valhalla Centre, Alta.	T0H 3M0
A. Gould	7916 - 93A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 1V3
M.A. Gould	Box 69	Consort, Alta.	T0C 1B0
E.G. Greene	Crescent Place 13910 Stony Plain Rd.	Edmonton, Alta.	

T.W. Greenfield	3800 Benny Ave.	Montreal, Que.	
J.W. Guay	12331 - 89 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 3W8
C.S. Goldring		Devon, Alta.	T0C 1E0
E. Guichon	14356 - 92A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5R 5E4
H. Giesbrecht	3212 Carol Dr.N.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2L 0K5
J. Hall	79 Patterson Cr.	Red Deer, Alta.	T4P 1J4
H.L. Hall	5911 - 121 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 1P1
S. Haller	4023 - 114 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6J 2G7
W.O. Harper		Dawson Creek, B.C.	
S. Hately		Madeira Park, B.C.	V0N 2H0
E. Hellquist	9010 - 90 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T0C 3L9
S. Henke	1148 - 1 Ave.	Whitehorse, Y.T.	
B.J. Heller	10127 - 95 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 0L5
D.H. Hicks	R.R. #2	Ft. Saskatchewan, Alta.	T0B 1P0
R.C. Hidson	6424 - 84 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 2W9
W. Hogg	11140 University Ave. Veterans' Home	Edmonton, Alta.	T6G 1Y6
H.L. Holloway	53 Bradford Ave. S. HumberSide,	Cleethorpes, England	DN35 0BQ
E. Horton	#306, 9903 - 104 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5K 0E4
E.J. Howard	3551 - 107 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6J 1A9
L.A.C.O. Hunt	22g Coulburn Ave.	Ottawa, Ont.	K1N 8E4
P. Ireland	Box 1199	High Prairie, Alta.	T0G 1E0
W. Ireland	10340 - 117 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5K 1X8
S. James	Box 100	Killam, Alta.	T0B 2L0
T. James	9519 - 75 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 1H5
R. Jardine	R.R. #2	Ardrossan, Alta.	T0B 0E0
A. Johnson	596 South Drive	Winnipeg, Man.	R3T 0B1
D. Johnson	Box 29, Site 11, R.R.#1	Sherwood Park, Alta.	T8A 3K2
E.H. Johnston	Box 1952	Ponoka, Alta.	T0C 2H0
S. Jones	10603 - 128 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 0J2

T. Jones	8412 - 141 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 2E8
T.S. Jones	980 McKenzie Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8X 3G7
M. Kain	8727 - 77 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0L6
S.M. Kawalilak	8716 - 135 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 1N3
A.D. Keen	11922 - 64 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 4J3
W.H. Kerr	#44, 13404 - 96 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 4B4
C.S. Kirby	1850 Allenby St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 3B7
M.C. Kirby	5237 Belair Dr.	Delta, B.C.	V4M 2E3
R.J. Kirkness	31 Dolphin Bay	Regina, Sask.	S4S 3J7
S. Kmiech	7012 - 92A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6B 5T8
A. Knoll	5207 - 95 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6B 1A2
R.B. Knox	11622 - 72 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 1Y1
M. Krewusik	#310, 5210 - 106 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 2S9
J. Kumka	1195 Sherburn St.	Winnipeg, Man.	R3E 2N3
L.P. Lamarche	12147 - 107 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 2S8
S. Latoski	11615 - 111A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 0G2
V. Lawrence		Rycroft, Alta.	T0H 3A0
R. LeBas	6915 - 92B Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6B 0W1
S. Lenko		Sangudo, Alta.	T0E 2A0
M.R. Likes	Box 72	Madeira Park, B.C.	V0N 2H0
H.V. Lloyd	Box 679	Grimshaw, Alta.	T0H 1W0
J.A. Long	Box 113	Hines Creek, Alta.	T0H 2A0
S. Lotoski	11215 - 52 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3H8
J.J. Mackie	Box 14, R.R. #2	Cobble Hill, B.C.	
W.G. Mair	#305, 10720 - 108 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 3A3
G. Marshall	#9, 10724 - 115 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 3K9
D.K. Matsen	#5, 4555 - 101A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 0L3
J.P. Maxwell	Box 243	St. Adolphe, Man.	R0A 1S0
F.E. Mayer	#116, 5210 - 106 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 2S9
D.G. Miller	107 Main Terrace	Sherwood Park, Alta.	T8A 0R7
J. Missen	R.R. #2	Sherwood Park, Alta.	T8A 3K2
C.M. Mitchell	5425 - 109 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 3A7

L.E. Mitchell	12431 - 127 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 1A1
J.B. Morgan		Innisfail, Alta.	T0B 2G0
M.R. Morgan	Box 54	Rochester, Alta.	T0G 1Z0
E.H. Morris	9519 - 140 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 5Z9
B. Morrison	11140 University Ave. Veterans' Home	Edmonton, Alta.	T6G 1Y6
J.F. Mullen	11935 - 123 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0G9
D.B. Mundy	Oakley Farms, R.R. #3	Carp, Ont.	
J. Munro	6115 - 92 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6B 2G9
H.A. Murray	416 Laurier Dr.	Swift Current, Sask.	S9H 1L5
J.H. Myers	11839 - 126 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0W1
R. MacDonald	#1711, 10330 - 120 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5K 2A6
R.K. MacEachern	12328 - 141 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 2G2
P. McBratney	699 Buck Rd.	Kelowna, B.C.	V1W 1N6
J. McBride	#603, 6205 - 101 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	16A 0H3
A.E. McCormack	12102 - 124 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0M9
J.B. McDonald	Box 88	Mayerthorpe, Alta.	T0E 1N0
H. McCulloch	12109 - 85 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 3G5
J. McCulloch	11839 - 127 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0Z2
D. McElroy	R.R. #3, Auto Rd.	Salmon Arm, B.C.	V0E 2T0
V.S. McGee	11841 - 105 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 2N1
R. McGregor		Hythe, Alta.	T0H 2C0
M.A. McKain	8727 - 77 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0L6
H. McKay	11603 - 122 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5M 0B6
A. McLaren	R.R. #2	Sherwood Park, Alta.	T8A 3K2
G.J. McVee	11916 - 51 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3G4
D.W. McVee	12219 - 59 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3Y4
A.C. Nicholls	9027 - 138 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5R 0E5
W.R. Nicol	46 Erie Ave.	Hamilton, Ont.	L8N 2W6
A.C. Norlander	5823 - 119 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 1J4

B. Olson	11223 - 56 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3S3
N.E. Olson	11835 - 134 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 1T6
Most Reverend M. O'Neil	67 Hudson Dr.	Regina, Sask.	S4S 2W1
A. Papirnick	11313 - 103 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 2H8
W.H. Parry	16617 - 102B Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5P 4G9
H.S. Parent	412 Frazier Dr.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	37421
F. Pasula	4615 - 45 St.	Camrose, Alta.	T4V 2V3
H.G. Paris	41 Riders Bolt East Sussex	Bexhill-On-Sea England	TN 39 4JY
B. Patterson	516 - 3 St. S.E.	Redcliff, Alta.	T0J 2P0
E. Perritt	#7 Pollards Oak Rd. Oxted	Surrey, England	
D.A. Petrie	2310 Dolphin Rd.	Sidney, B.C.	V8L 3X9
A.G. Phillips	4215 - 37 St.	Red Deer, Alta.	T4N 0T6
J.W. Pittman	Box 1067	Jasper, Alta.	T0E 2E0
J. Plenty	11 Las Casitas Dr.	Rohnert Park, Calif.	94928
J.P. Poirer	14316 - 106 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5N 1B4
G.O. Potter	Box 54	Buck Lake, Alta.	T0C 0T0
H.O.W. Powell	10727 - 48 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 2B6
W. Preuss	16309 - 112A St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5X 2B5
R. Prowd	9508 - 100 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 0T1
R. Pulkrabed	Box 124	St. Paul, Alta.	T0A 3A0
A.M. Purvis	511 Sonora Ave.	Calgary, Alta.	T3C 2K1
W. Purves	Box 23	Hythe, Alta.	T0H 2C0
J.H. Quarton	9339 - 83 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 2Z6
M. Rancourt	75 Great Oaks	Sherwood Park,	T8A 0V8
B. Read	#2 Grove Acres	Spruce Grove,	T0E 2C0
H. Reay	R.R. #2	Red Deer, Alta.	T4N 5E2
W.A. Rendall	Box 317	Duncan, B.C.	V9L 3X5
R.H. Rhodes	12224 - 80 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 2P3
J.W. Robertson	11615 - 70 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 1T6
A.W. Robinson	19 Gillian Cr.	St. Albert, Alta.	T8N 0V9

E. Rooney	10814 - 93A St.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 1Y7
G. Ross	#1701, 10140 - 113 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5K 2H6
W.H. Ross	9603 - 142 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5N 2M8
A.J. Rudd	3 Ferguson Rd.	Collingwood, Ont.	
M. Rudyk	5723 - 110 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 3E4
E. Schening	11140 University Ave., Veterans' Home	Edmonton, Alta.	
R.D. Scott	R.R. #1	Wetaskiwin, Alta.	T9A 1W8
G. Seager	10 George St.	Orillia, Ont.	L3L 2V2
K.L. Shaw	5311 - 109A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6A 1S6
W.G. Shaw	8723 - 93 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 1T7
J. St. Pierre	11144 - 110A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5H 1K1
H. Shantz	3723 - 111A St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6J 2G4
C.F. Shoubridge	Box 26	Tenaga, Que.	JOX 1N0
W.H. Silvester	Box 2786	Edson, Alta.	T0E 0P0
G. Simmons	178 - 2 St., S.W.	Medicine Hat, Alta.	T1A 4A8
G.A. Smart	Box 385	Cold Lake, Alta.	T0A 000
D. Smith	11120 - 95A St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 1N7
E.A. Smith	8742 - 80 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0T4
W.D. Smith	#312, 8604 - 103 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6E 4B6
E.R. Spring- steel	Box 15, R.R. #3	S. Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 4N7
F. Stepchuk	8515 - 92 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 1S1
K.C. Stewart	12115 - 129 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 1H3
R. Stewart	6011 - 148 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5A 1V1
A.J. Storrier	12147 - 126 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0W6
C.F. Swan	R.R. #3	Lloydminster, Alta.	S9V 0X8
B. Swanson	2318 - 2 Ave. N.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2N 0H2
E. Swelin	12127 - 126 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0W6
E.P. Tannous	7741 - 85 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 3B4
W. Teleske	9749 - 71 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	

P.J. Thieson	Box 629	Beaverlodge, Alta.	TOH 0C0
C. Thompson	9912 - 101 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 0K8
V.D.E. Tillett	4912 - 52 Ave.	Vermilion, Alta.	TOB 4M0
A. Tschetter	Box 58	Hythe, Alta.	TOH 2C0
J.P. Turions	Box 352	High Prairie, Alta.	TOG 1E0
D.S. Turner	13311 - 128 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 1E7
P. Turner	8735 - 77 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0L6
H.J.H. Varty	Box 487	Swan Hills, Alta.	TOG 2C0
C.H. Vaughan	13332 - 96 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5E 4B3
E.F. Wade	Box 520	Smoky Lake, Alta.	TOA 3C0
M. Waitt	7616 - 152A Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5C 2Z9
C. Walker	#303, 10017 - 106 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 1J7
R. Walker	9913 - 109 St. Box 443	Ft. Saskatchewan, Alta.	T8L 2K3
S.R. Watts	Box 277	Barrhead, Alta.	TOG 0E0
J.F. Wallace	12445 - 76 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5B 2E6
F.J. Weisner	12232 - 54 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3N5
B.J. Weir	R.R. #1	Two Hills, Alta.	TOB 4K0
H.T. Wevill	11140 University Ave., Veterans' Home	Edmonton, Alta.	
C. Whelan		Rycroft, Alta.	TOH 3A0
E.A. White	9229 - 109 Ave.	Grande Prairie, Alta.	T8V 3L4
B. Whitmore	Box 802	Sylvan Lake, Alta.	TOM 1Z0
R.A. Whyte	#258, 8403 - 142 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5R 4L3
R.A. Wickett	1400 - 8 W. Calhoun St.	Macomb, Ill. USA	61455
R.S. Willmot	5016 - 116 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6H 3R2
W.C. Wills	Box 245	Hythe, Alta.	TOH 2C0
J.E. Wilson	11509 - 94 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5G 1H6
R. Wilson	8750 - 78 Ave.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6C 0N8
C. Wismer		Mirror, Alta.	TOB 3C0

I.E. Workman		Hillspring, Alta.	TOK 1E0
E. Yez	12106 - 58 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5W 3X4
J. Zak	Box 414	Coleman, Alta.	TOK 0M0

B.C. BRANCH

Armstrong, J.R.	4249 Burke St.	Burnaby, B.C.	V5H 1B5
Arnold, Edgar	2320 Windsor St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5T 3Z5
Anderson, R.	Box 783	Parksville, B.C.	V0R 2S0
Barnes, H.H.	67 Dieppe Place	Vancouver, B.C.	V5M 4A3
Bath, F.S.	3146 - 78 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T6K 2Y2
Beaton, Geo.	1841 Neil St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 3C8
Bell-Irving, H.P.	Government House	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 1V9
Bentley, T.J.	21547 River Rd.	Haney, B.C.	V2X 2B5
Berreth, N.	6991 Chadsey Rd. R.R. #1	Sardis, B.C.	VOX 1Y0
Bird, A.	3937 Lauder Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8N 4H3
Blackall, D.L.	3087 - 19th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5M 2S8
Blaine, R.	Box 102	Harrison Mills, B.C.	V0M 1L0
Borton, R.	Box 124	Harrison Hot Springs, B.C.	V0M 1K0
Bowen, R.O.	30, 2161 Haultain St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 2L8
Bowling, R.	22153 - 96 Ave. R.R. #5	Langley, B.C.	V3A 4P8
Bradish, E.B.	Box 2149	Squamish, B.C.	V0N 3G0
Brandon, L.G.	4825 Inverness St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5V 4X5
Browne, O.R.	1733 St. Ann St.	Victoria, B.C.	V9R 5V7
Brunton, J.	Box 841	Oliver, B.C.	V0H 1T0
Bryant, A.J.	312, 6570 Burlington	S. Burnaby, B.C.	V5A 3M7
Bryant, S.J.	1748 Cedar Hill Cross Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8P 2R3
Burkholder, W.C.	1050 W. King Edward Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6H 1Z4
Barbour, D.	1186 Dimond St.	Garden Grove, Cal.	92645

Barker, J.	101, 1937 Pendrell St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6G 1T4
Bigelow, S.O.	150, 1840 - 160 St.	Surrey, B.C.	V4A 4X4
Baker, B.F.	Ste. 33, Comp 9, R.R.#2	Winfield, B.C.	V0H 2C0
Crock, J.	1631 Fell Ave.	N. Vancouver, B.C.	V7P 2K5
Cruickshank, G.	2125 Grant St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5L 2Z5
Coleman, Dr. J.V.	6006 Lakes Rd.	Duncan, B.C.	V9L 3G2
Clark, R.P.	566 Southborough Dr.	W. Vancouver, B.C.	V7F 1M1
Casey, D.	6214 - 181A St.	Surrey, B.C.	V3S 4M3
Cantin, A.H.A.	Apt. A206, 22200 Vic- tory Blvd.	Woodland Hills, Calif.	91367
Childs, J.	1723 Albert Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 2G5
Craig, J.	2239 Armhurst Ave.	Sidney, B.C.	V8L 2G5
Cove, H.G.	79, 15 Buttertubs	Nanaimo, B.C.	V9R 3X8
Caine, M.	1430 Ash St.	Prince George, B.C.	V2L 1W3
Dudley, R.W.	4541 Montford Cr.	Victoria, B.C.	V8N 3W6
Dack, N.	Box 132	Enderby, B.C.	V0E 1V0
Darlington, P.	11 Rodondo Place	Kelowna, B.C.	V1V 1G6
Dawes, L.F.	2094 Falkland Place	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 4M5
Day, E.W.	261 Moss St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8V 4M6
Dick, E.C.	R.R. #4	Salmon Arm, B.C.	V0E 2T0
Dudley, C.F.	9381 - 160 St., R.R. #5	N. Surrey, B.C.	V3R 4N5
Dunbar, W.	Craigdarroch Beach, R.R. #3	Courtenay, B.C.	V9N 5M8
Dawes, C.W.A.	12, 895 Academy Close	Victoria, B.C.	V8V 2X8
Dougan, J.A.	Box 990	Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia	
DeForest, M.P.	14, 333 Riverside Dr.	N. Vancouver, B.C.	V7H 1V2
Davies, W.G.	109, 2010 Ulster Rd., N.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T2N 4C2
Duncan, L.	1060 Government St.	Penticton, B.C.	V2A 4T7
Easterbrook, J.	5157 Beckton Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8Y 2C2

Eggleston, J.D.	869 Sperling Ave.	Burnaby, B.C.	V5B 4H7
Erickson, H.E.		Armena, Alta.	T0B 0G0
Ferguson, J.	4164 Wilkinson Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8Z 5A9
Freeman, J.T.	8132 Cartier St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6P 4T5
Greene, A.A.	1325 Rockland Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 1V4
Gauchie, R.	Cartwright Ave.	Summerland, B.C.	V0H 1Z0
Gibson, T.A.	311, 2550 Departure Bay Rd.	Nanaimo, B.C.	V9S 3W4
Gorseline, J.R.	316, 10272 - 127A St.	Surrey, B.C.	V3V 5L4
Gouchee, F.T.	R.R. 1, Pineridge Estates	Westbank, B.C.	V0H 2A0
Gracie, A.L.	4012 McDonald Ave.	S. Burnaby, B.C.	V5G 2Z4
Grahame, D.I.	12275 - 84 Ave., R.R. #9	N. Surrey, B.C.	V3W 3G7
Grewcutt, E.C.	R.R. #2	Hope, B.C.	VOX 1L0
Guthrie, R.P.	1563 Stevens St.	White Rock, B.C.	V4B 4Y4
Glew, C.	608 St. Charles St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 3N7
Graham, E.	201, 901 Forestbrook Dr.	Penticton, B.C.	V2A 2J5
Hall, P.K.	8055 Montcalm St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6P 4P4
Hamilton, G.E.	2575 Charles St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5K 3A2
Hamilton, R.E.	49 East 26th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5V 2G6
Holmes, W.G.	203, 6630 Sussex St.	Burnaby, B.C.	V5H 506
Hately, S.. Jr.	Box 17, Gen. Del.	Madeira Park, B.C.	V0N 2H0
Huntington, T.	1117 Regent Cr.	Calgary, Alta.	T2E 5J6
Hughson, O.	Box 1057, Gen. Del.	Parksville, B.C.	V0R 2S0
Howard, D.	R.R. #2	Armstrong, B.C.	V0E 1B0
Hayter, R.	L28 Ord TP	Shanty Bay, Ont.	L0L 2H0
Hyde, J.A.	R.R. #3	Courtenay, B.C.	V9N 5M8
Jacquest, D.M.	510, 945 Marine Dr.	W. Vancouver, B.C.	V7T 1A8
Johnson, A.M.	596 South Dr.	Winnipeg, Man.	
Jones, T.S.	980 Mackenzie Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8X 3G7
Jorgenson, E.	17 Glen Rd., R.R. #1	Gibsons, B.C.	V0N 1V0
Jossul, S.	2414 Millstream Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V9B 3B3

Jefferson, M. (Mrs.)	2353 Windsor Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V7G 1A8
Key, G.B.	1500 Shorncliffe Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8P 2T4
Knowles, P.	6029 Cambie St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6P 3H1
Kitching, G.	1849 Hillcrest Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8N 2R7
LaRiviere, D.J.	975 E. 41st Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5W 1P8
Larkin, E.C.	R.R. #1	Qualicum Beach, B.C.	V0R 2T0
Lewis, G.	c/o Seaside Hotel 875 Island Highway	Campbell River, B.C.	V9W 1A2
Lewis, R.P.	12, 1261 Columbia Ave.	Trail, B.C.	V1R 1K8
Livingstone, J.T.	10580 - 140 St.	N. Surrey, B.C.	V3T 4N5
Locke, C.T.	12052 Garden Dr.	Haney, B.C.	V2X 5Z3
Logan, E.	3549 Kennedy St.	Port Coquitlam, B.C.	V3B 4B3
Lohn, E.A.	1420 W. 11th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6H 1L1
Lowden, W.D.	310 W. 28th St.	N. Vancouver, B.C.	V7N 2J1
Lifton, Geo.	4890 Searidge Dr.	Victoria, B.C.	V8Y 2B2
Lenglet, D.	2861 Biscayne Bay Rd.	Nanaimo, B.C.	V9T 3G5
Likes, M.R.	Box 72	Madeira Park, B.C.	V0N 2H0
MacGregor, E.M.K.	2452 Camelot Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8N 1J4
McConnell, J.A.	2730 Claude Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V9B 3T6
McIntosh, G.	3189 E. 5th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5M 1P2
McKenzie, K.D.F.	824 Richmond Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 3Z1
Milnes, J.G.	8431 Hudson St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6P 4M3
Moreau, W.A.	3731 Fir St.	S. Burnaby, B.C.	V5G 2A4
Morris, A.G.	12117 - 75 Ave.	N. Surrey, B.C.	V3W 2S6
Mugridge, W.L.	R.R. #1	Naramata, B.C.	V0H 1N0
Muirhead, P.	405, 820 - 6th Ave.	New Westminster, B.C.	V3M 5V4
Musa, M.J.	9092 - 160 St., R.R. 5	N. Surrey, B.C.	V3R 4N3
Mullen, J.	11935 - 123 St.	Edmonton, Alta.	T5L 0G9
McBratney, P.	699 Buck Rd.	Kelowna, B.C.	V1W 1N6

Markowsky, M.	4238 Granville St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6H 3L5
McCoy, V.	211 Dogwood Ave.	Duncan, B.C.	V9L 1H3
Macdonald, A.	2716 Dewdney, Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 3M4
McKeage, V.	2624 Belmont Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V8R 4A6
McElroy, D.	R.R. #3, Auto Rd.	Salmon Arm, B.C.	VOE 2T0
Morton, E.W. (Mrs.)	15437 - 18 Ave.	White Rock, B.C.	V4A 1X1
McCallum, A.M.	853 E. Pender St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6A 1V9
Munro, F.L.	Box 1508	Salmon Arm, B.C.	VOE 2T0
Middleton, F.T.	1869 Dahl Ave.	Abbotsford, B.C.	V2S 4B3
McDougal, F.	720 Keith St.	Moose Jaw, Sask.	S6H 5R2
Moroz, Geo.		Lintlaw, Sask.	S0A 2H0
Nisbet, S.C.		Maple Ridge, B.C.	V2X 6W7
Nelson, W.I.	1620 Augusta Ave.	Burnaby, B.C.	V5A 2V6
Oakey, W.S.L.	Box 177	Saanichton, B.C.	V0S 1M0
Parker, W.M.	401, 3159 Shelbourne St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8T 3A5
Paupst, F.R.	7724 Argyle Dr.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5P 3L4
Petrie, D.	2310 Dolphin Rd., R.R. #3	Sidney, B.C.	V8L 3X9
Purvis, A.M.	511 Sonora Ave. S.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T3C 2K1
Petley, F.	3212 Lancaster Way S.W.	Calgary, Alta.	T3E 5W4
Plenty, J.W.	11 Los Casitos Dr.	Kohnert Park, Calif.	94928
Palmer, R.H.	1756 Stanley Ave.	Thunder Bay, Ont.	P1E 3H3
Paulsen, R.C.B.	5-B Churchill Dr.	Dartmouth, N.S.	B2X 1M2
Pawson, D.	897 Auden Park Dr.	Kingston, Ont.	K7M 4T8
Rendall, W.A.	R.R. #2, Payne Rd.	Duncan, B.C.	V9L 3X5
Remple, W.	5234 Beckton Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8Y 2C1
Rhind, W.	2606, 3 Selwyn Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V9B 3L2
Robb, T.	904, 1260 Bidwell St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6G 2L1
Rowland, W.	1261 Union Rd.	Victoria, B.C.	V8P 2J5
Russell, D.	23, 21163 Lougheed Hwy.	Maple Ridge, B.C.	V2X 2R4

Rogers, D.	1523 Shasta Place	Victoria, B.C.	V8S 1Y1
Stone, J.R.	1281 Fairlane Terr.	Victoria, B.C.	V8P 2E6
Sheldrake, W.E.	1075 Holferd St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8X 3B5
Simpson, S.R.	3595 Vaness Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5R 5B5
Smith, L.D.	473 Cumberland St.	New Westminster, B.C.	V3L 3G7
Stewart, J.	615 - 20th St.	New Westminster, B.C.	V3M 4W1
Stocki, J.	8120 Osler St.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6P 4E2
Sutter, W.A.	2934 E. 28th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V6L 1X2
Summersgill, R.H.	2434 Mathers Ave.	W. Vancouver, B.C.	V7V 2H8
Tuppen, L.J.	R.R. #2	Ganges, B.C.	V0S 1E0
Washburn, J.R.	5516 Ocean Place	W. Vancouver, B.C.	V7W 1N8
Watson, J.	408, 1165 Yates St.	Victoria, B.C.	V8V 3N1
Webb, T.	395 E. 38th Ave.	Vancouver, B.C.	V5W 1H5
Wilkins, Tex	1150 Vista Heights	Victoria, B.C.	V8T 2H6
Willson, Geo.	Box 691	Osoyoos, B.C.	V0H 1V0
Wood, R.A.		Shellbrook, Sask.	S0J 2E0
Yells, A.	2890 Glenwood Ave.	Victoria, B.C.	V9A 2S2

* * * * *

A GAELIC BLESSING

May the blessing of Light be on you, light without
and light within.

May the blessed sunlight shine on you and warm your
heart till it glows like a great peat fire, so
that the stranger may come and warm himself at it,
and also a friend.

'Til we meet again.