



2008-2009

# VETERANS DAY MAGAZINE AND SOUVENIR PROGRAM



7TH ANNUAL VETERANS APPRECIATION DAY EVENT  
REMEMBRANCE DAY NOVEMBER 11, 2008

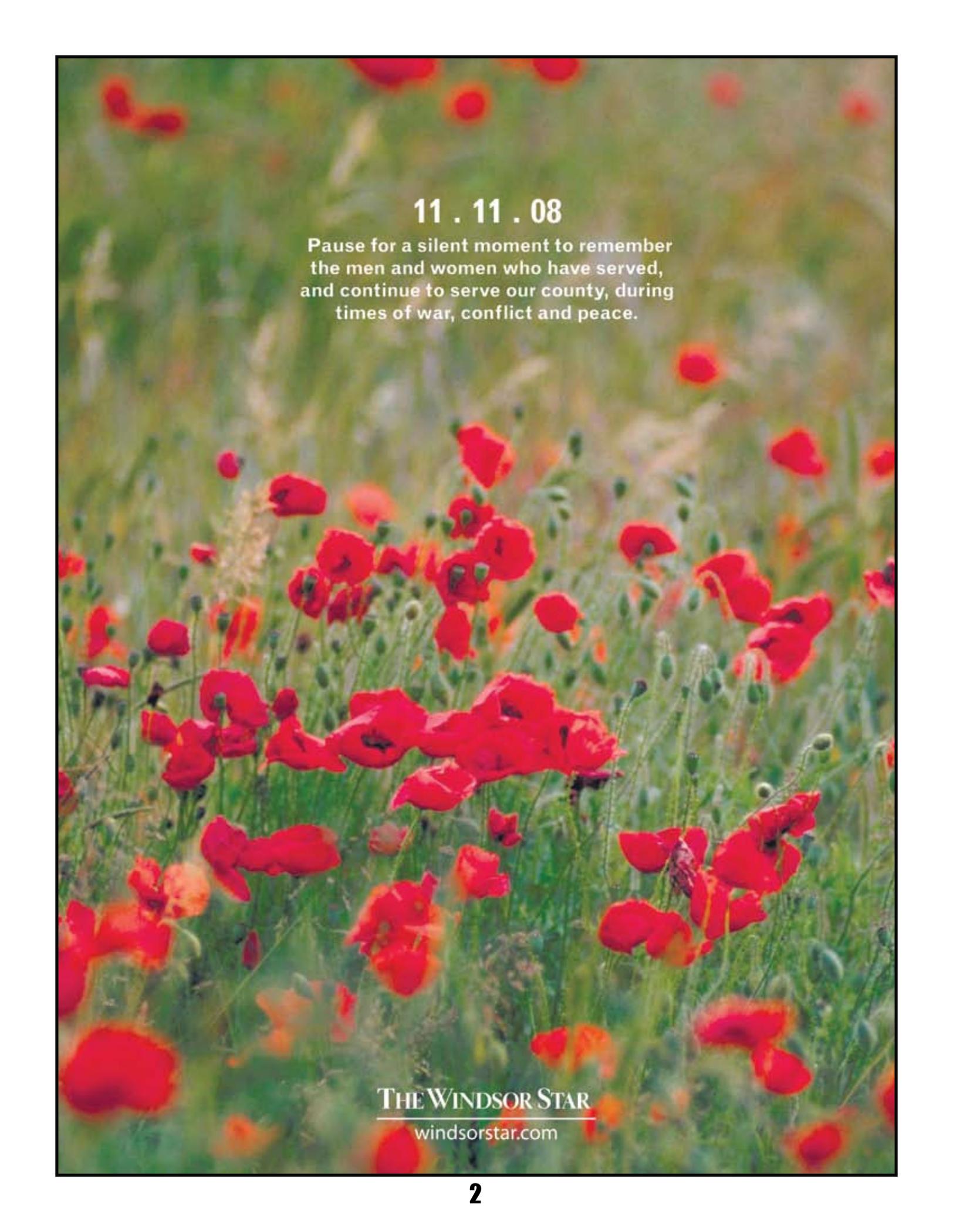


"People are right to call Cpl. Grenon and my brother heroes - but I hope they realize that they are not heroes because of how they came home from Afghanistan... they are heroes because they went in the first place."

-Dana Gobbato sister of Cpl Michael Farrah



REMEMBERING CPL ANDREW PAUL GRENON



11 . 11 . 08

Pause for a silent moment to remember  
the men and women who have served,  
and continue to serve our county, during  
times of war, conflict and peace.

THE WINDSOR STAR

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**THE CITY OF WINDSOR**  
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

EDDIE FRANCIS  
MAYOR

November, 2008

**THE CITY OF WINDSOR IS HONOURED TO EXPRESS THESE  
THOUGHTS OF GRATITUDE TO YOU, OUR VETERANS,  
AT THIS SPECIAL SEASON OF THE YEAR**

Remembrance time is always an occasion for poignant reflection and there is a special significance to the year 2008, for this edition of our Veterans Day Magazine is published exactly 90 years after the "11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month", when the Armistice was signed to bring an end to what the world hoped would be the last great war endured by civilization.

Since 1918, however, history has shown us that however faithful such a belief may have been at the time, circumstances have arisen to sorely test us again and again.

And it has only been through you, our veterans, and your dedication to liberty and your willingness to sacrifice, that we have journeyed as far toward peace as we have.

So it is entirely fitting that we pay special tribute to you in this of all years, and offer particular thanks and recognition as together, we reflect upon what you mean to us and what you and your comrades, both here with us now and those who have gone on before, have contributed and continue to contribute.

I and my colleagues on our City Council, along with our citizens of all ages, are grateful to have our thoughts included in this Veterans Day publication as a reminder of the esteem in which we hold you and the determination which you pass on to us and to the generations to come.

With every good wish and admiration,

Sincerely,

Eddie Francis  
Mayor

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## *We Remember...*

On November 11, Canadians honour and remember all those who served Canada in times of war, military conflict and peace. East Windsor Cogeneration Centre is honoured to support all Canadian Veterans and remember the brave men and women who sacrificed their lives while defending our country. We value the opportunity to contribute to Windsor's Veterans Appreciation Day.



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Grenon, Cpl. Andrew,

*There is much to say, and many to thank,*

*As I'm sure everyone is aware, the events of September 3rd, 2008 in Afghanistan changed our lives completely. Many times since August 2, 2006 ..., I had thought about how events would unfold if something happened to him ... As much as it was always a possibility, I never actually expected it to happen. But it did ... What I would like to do is sincerely thank the many people who made these ten days as bearable as they could.*

*... Thank you.*

*To the City of Windsor and her citizens, especially the students, thank you. What you have done for Andrew and his family will be remembered always. Because of the hard work and efforts of many, including the Windsor Police and Fire Departments, Transit Windsor, numerous VETERANS, and many volunteers, the people of this city created a "Highway of Heroes" ... I would like to close by asking that in Andrew's memory, always say proudly to whoever is listening, I AM CANADIAN! Speaking for Paul, Cecile, Mike, Jeffery, & Matthew, a proud mom,  
... Theresa Charbonneau.*

### September 17th, 2008

There couldn't have been a more fitting tribute.

I had the privilege of standing on the side of the road as the procession for Cpl. Andrew Grenon drove by. Cpl. Grenon's sacrifice hit close to home as my little brother is serving his second tour in Afghanistan.

On behalf of my brother and all the soldiers fighting with him, I want to thank Mayor Eddie Francis and all of Windsor for the incredible honour you bestowed upon Cpl. Grenon and his family. The ribbons and signs, but most of all the thousands who rose to the occasion to show their support, was overwhelming. I can't imagine a more fitting tribute for a local hero.

**DANA GOBBATO**

## "THANK YOU"

Veterans Day Magazine & Souvenir Program is a venue for advertisers, sponsors, and contributors to come forward and publicly say, "thank you" to our Veterans

On behalf of all our Veterans, the Windsor Historical Society thanks each and every one who helped to make the 7th Annual Veterans Appreciation Day possible and helped to publish Veterans Day Magazine

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Veterans Memories Projects  
4350 Pleasant Place  
Windsor, ON N8Y 2G2  
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Our commitment is: to recognize, remember, honour thank and celebrate Veterans responsible for securing the rights and freedoms that we Canadians enjoy every day.

## Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Projects

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Since I was a writer of sorts, I decided to join the Windsor Historical Society and found it much to my liking. I found new friends whose interests were along the same lines as mine, and the organization as a whole was innovative and dynamic. I soon found that its main interest was in working for the benefit of veterans as depicted by their annual Veterans Appreciation Day and Veterans Day Magazine.

I have realized my being a member is one of the better moves I have made in my lifetime. I'm a relatively new member but in the time I have been, I am amazed by the projects they are involved in. The Society, with the City, is now near completion of the restoration and rededication of the gateway to Memorial Park to its memorial status, which in 1925 was dedicated to honour the 837 Windsor and area lads who gave their lives in WWI. This rededication will include plaques honouring the dead of all wars and peacekeeping duties.

In closing I would like to thank President Dann Bouzide for his acceptance of my literary efforts to include in the annual Veterans Day Magazine. It is an honour indeed.

Stan Scislowski





## FREEDOM;

### WE MUST BE FREE OR DIE

By Idalia Rappé

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!  
(Lord Byron)

Do you know, do you remember what happened on April 12, 1945? That was the day on which President Roosevelt (FDR) died. It was also the very same day World War II came to an end for me and hundreds of others. Although the war in Europe was to last almost another month, freedom came on that day in April to 1,721 Polish Women - Freedom Fighters, imprisoned in a POW camp in Obelangen, north-west Germany, just 7km away from the Dutch border.

Who were these women, these girls, and why were they there? To know the answers, we must go back to the very beginning of WWII, when Germany invaded Poland on September 1st, 1939, and then on September 17th, when the Soviet's invaded Poland from the east. After a month of fierce resistance and heavy bombardment, the country was defeated.

The five years of German occupation were years of persecution and

horror. All radio sets were confiscated, the press abolished, high schools and universities closed. Curfews and blackouts became compulsory. The population, and especially young people, lived in constant fear of street round-ups, arrests, imprisonment, public execution and deportation to concentration camps or as forced labour-to-labour starved German farms and munition factories.

However, terror did not break the resolve of patriotic Poles to resist and regain freedom. Soon, high school and university education was resumed in secret, in classes held in private homes. Hidden radios and news bulletins discretely printed and distributed, mostly by women couriers, kept the population informed. Soon, in Warsaw and all over Poland, a clandestine resistance movement - the Polish Home Army (A.K.) - was taking shape. Intensive training and preparation for an uprising against the occupying Germans began secretly, since detection meant arrest, torture and execution. The legal Polish Government-in-Exile, in London, directed all these clandestine activities through secret mission

aries and couriers.

Then came the summer of 1944. The Germans in Poland were preparing to evacuate their posts and offices as their army was retreating from Russia and as the Soviet army was moving west. Eventually the Soviets stopped outside Warsaw, on the east bank of the Vistula River. Faced with this situation, the High Command of the Polish Home Army decided this was the right time to launch an uprising against the now vulnerable German occupiers, but also to free the city before the imminent arrival of the Soviet troops.

The Uprising began in Warsaw on Tuesday, August 1st, 1944, at 5pm. It was planned to last 3 days. An uneven struggle began: barricaded streets, unrelenting bombardment from air, tanks and heavy guns, bitter street fighting, snipers, massacres of whole civilian neighbourhoods, and women used as human shields in front of German tanks. But strangely, those were also the days of hope and glory, of unprecedented heroism, of elusive euphoria of freedom, seeing Polish flags flying on insurgent-held buildings, and even being able to wear red and white arm bands with the White eagle stamp.

In the end, the hope of Soviet help from across the river never materialized. The Allied help was minimal. After 63 days of heroic struggle the Uprising was defeated. The insurgents, mostly young men and women, lost 18,000 fighters, while the Germans lost 20,000. The city was left in ruins. The entire civilian population was ordered to leave on foot, carrying their belongings. By October 12th, 1944, the city formerly housing one million inhabitants had become empty, silent, ruined.

Through surrender negotiations, the Polish Home Army became recognized as a regular combatant army, so that the fighters were now treated as regular prisoners of war (POW's) subject to the Geneva Convention. Gradually they were transported to a number of POW camps throughout Germany.

As for the women, during the Uprising they had served either as couriers or first-aid nurses and field-hospital nurses. Now, they were transported to several camps in Germany, separate from the men. In spite of the Geneva Convention, groups of women were used as forced labour in the German munition factory in Chemnitz. I was one of them. In the end, gradually, most of the women were shifted into one camp in Oberlangen.

There, in the spring of 1945, in the weeks preceding liberation, the sound of guns was drawing closer, and the speculations grew livelier as to whether the liberators would be British or American. But on that memorable day of April 12th, 1945, a lone motorcyclist, followed by heavy motorized vehicles, all wearing non-German uniforms, drove into the camp already abandoned by German guards. As the women were streaming out of the barracks, the motorcyclist looked around amazed, and exclaimed in pure Polish: "For Heaven's sake, so many women!" It was a squad from the 1st Polish Armoured Division under British command that was taking part in the Allied invasion of Europe.

Pandemonium broke out among us. Surprise, shock, joy and happiness don't even begin to accurately describe the feelings of the captives now set free. This liberation brought an end to five dark years of war, of suffering and of captivity. The new freedom was made even sweeter as it came from our own countrymen.



**Interview with Wayne Hillman and Michael Akpata:**  
18th June, 2008

**Windsor Historical Society (WHS):**

Has this ever been done before, other than fighting a war together, have an American and Canadian ever sat down and actually shared their stories like you're about to do?

**Michael Akpata (MA):** If you go back to the Second World War, the first special service force which was an amalgamation of Canadian and American Regiments, so maybe. But have I seen anything like this? No. So, to the best of my knowledge, [this has] never [been done] before.

**WHS:** Your name and where you served?

**Wayne Hillman (WH):** My name is Wayne Hillman and I served with the United States Armed Forces, U.S. Army in Vietnam.

**WHS:** You're a Canadian that joined the American forces?

**WH:** That's right.

**WHS:** What were your reasons for joining?

**WH:** Well, back when I graduated out of school there were no jobs here available in the city. I started looking

at Canadian Forces but I opted to go to the American Forces they promised a little bit more travel than what the Canadians were offering at the time.

**WHS:** Did you ever expect to go to Vietnam?

**WH:** No. I had actually never even heard of Vietnam when I joined, it was 1963. I think it was still called Indo-China at that time, I wouldn't swear to that, but no, I didn't volunteer to go to Vietnam.

**WHS:** Can you recall your first day there?

**WH:** First day in Vietnam? Oh, absolutely. We landed in the beaches of Quinon, one of the major ports along the eastern coast of Vietnam. We marshaled into the air field there and were transported by helicopter to our Fire Base and that was basically my first taste of combat. On our trip inland the helicopters were taking small arms fire and it was a culture shock for sure. It was a scary moment for us. Most of us were only 18, 19, 20 years old. So you can imagine the thoughts that were going through our head. We knew most of us had 13 months to look forward to, so we were very scared.

**WHS:** Were you there for the whole 13 months?

**WH:** No, I was there less than six months. My tour of duty was up. When I got my orders to go to Vietnam, I was home on leave. My wife had just given birth to our first child and I got a call, "get back to camp you're being deployed to Vietnam".

**WHS:** So the political environment at that time, did that hinder your wanting to go or your experience there at all?

**WH:** Well, like any good soldier, once you get your orders you go. There were a lot of American lads that were getting orders and leaving and coming to Canada; in other words, "draft dodgers". I felt it was my obligation [since] I signed up for three years. I signed up and that's what I was going to do. I was going to finish out my tour. Did I want to go? No. I just had a new baby but those were my orders and that was where I went.

**WHS:** How long were you serving before you went to Vietnam?

**WH:** Two and half years. I was due to get out January 6th, 1966. June 13th

is when I got my orders to go over. It took us a couple of months to get ready. We went by ship over to Vietnam. It took us 32 days on the boat [to get there].

**WHS:** When they trained you, was it something completely different then what you thought? Do you think they were pushing you a little too hard during training, wondering why would you need this type of training for anything?

**WH:** Well our basic and advanced infantry training were just normal boot camp, if you will. Then I went to Air Born jump school, became a paratrooper and then went to the 101 Air Born Division in Fort Campbell, Kentucky. I was there for two years when I got my orders to join the first Air Cav. My MOS or my job qualification at the time was critical in Vietnam so they needed radio operators over there so that's why I had to go. Normally, they wouldn't take a short-timer like me. Really I was going to re-enlist. I wanted to stay in the Army, I loved the Army. I loved the discipline, I loved everything about it. Until I went to Vietnam and people started shooting at you, which kind of curtailed that activity.

**WHS:** What was the hardest part about being there?

**WH:** Being away from family, obviously losing some very close friends. The people in Vietnam were beautiful people. The country is a beautiful country. Unfortunately it was war torn at the time, the

Communist North was trying to take over the independent South and we tried to stop them.

**WHS:** So in comparison to then and now, what would you say to convince somebody that these parallels continue to happen? Why do you believe that they continue to happen?

**MA:** While the countries and the times are different, the mindset and the encounters are identical. It took him 32 days by ship it took me 72 hours by plane. I flew from Trenton to Edmonton to pick up the tankers, then from Edmonton to Germany, Germany to Dubai, Dubai to Afghanistan. I can picture him on the ship, I know what happened. If he knew the guys that he was with, they're sitting there smoking and joking and they're talking about what's going on. "Can you believe we're actually going?" "What are you waiting for?" "What are you expecting?" "What's it going to be like when you get there?" And then you arrive in the port, because he talked about the port, when did you arrive? What season was it? June?

**WH:** September

**MA:** So, was it hot?

**WH:** Oh, yes, very hot.

**MA:** Okay, so when I get off the plane in Dubai in February it's hot and they open the doors to the Hercules because that's how they fly into Afghanistan, and you look left and you look right you've got your body armor on and you are soaked, you are just soaked. You smell the smell of jet fuel, diesel and this new smell of the desert so when the doors open you know you're not at home anymore and the sights, the smells and sounds are different. And there's a welcome to the base sign and you're met by an officer, like I can go through the whole thing. You're met by an officer who gives you the, "you shall do this, you shall do that...you shall not do this, you shall not do that." Ammunition issued, weapons

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check, confirm you've got all of your kit, move over there, wait for further instructions, soldiers go to ground. So I can see him sitting on the dock, laying on his kit bag, trying to find all his stuff, the same thing that I did waiting to get on the plane to Afghanistan. So the experiences, different times, different conflicts, it's all the same stuff. It repeats itself with every soldier whenever they're deployed. You know like he talks about small arms fire, I got rocketed. So, it was about 9:08. My experience is different. We went to Tim Horton's because there's a Tim Horton's in Kandahar. They flew a trailer over. The Chief of Defense staff General Hillier always stomping around and talking with the boys, said "What would you like?" and Tim Horton's stepped up and the trailers when they're renovating a Tim Horton's in Canada, it's over there in Kandahar. So when we arrived the mess was closed, we went and found, got a coffee. So I'm sitting outside Canada house, which is the recreation area and we get rocketed. We're the new guys, ok so the old guys who are getting ready to leave are just like "ah, more rockets", completely cool as cucumbers. We hadn't been there 24 hours so the expression on my face and the other soldier that I was with were completely different then the guys who were leaving. And I can see

that where he was, if that helicopter pilot was at the end of his tour he was used to small arms fire, no big deal, but as a new guy when these rockets came and the sirens went off, man oh man, what am I doin' here? What have I got myself into?

continued on page 35

### Veterans Helping Veterans

By Lloyd Morgan

WWII RCAF Veteran (deceased)

When WWII ended, and those who had served their country began to come home, they found a country that was still suffering the effects of the brutal depression that had just ended. For many of them, the jobs they had left behind no longer existed. Those who could find work earned barely enough to survive, let alone buy the housing they needed. There was no Unemployment Insurance, health protection, or many of the other benefits we take for granted today.

Fortunately, these returning Veterans had friends in a position to do something about their situation. Many of the Members of Parliament, in that era, were Veterans themselves; Veterans of WWI. They recognized the needs of this new group and created special programs for them. The Re-establishment Credit Program and Veterans' Land Act for

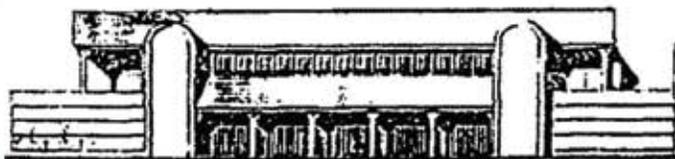
example, helped those who had served their country acquire a home and provided enough land so they could at least support themselves in the event of a crisis.

This was a national program, of course, and in Windsor, the land that now surrounds the Roseland Golf Course was one of the local VLA sites. It was divided into half-acre lots and Veterans, using these programs, were provided the funds they needed to build homes with very reasonable re-payment rates. The Oliver Farm Project, located just south of Highway 3 at Howard Avenue, was another area available to Veterans.

Today, there are only a few of the original owners, or their spouses, remaining. Many of the half-acre lots have been sub-divided to make room for new houses that make the Roseland area a most desirable place to live.

We should remember though, the origins of these subdivisions. The Depression Era, from 1929-1939 was a devastating period of our history. It was the era in which our WWII Veterans lived and most of the social benefits we enjoy today are a result of the human suffering that was experienced during that time.

**Note:** We lost Lloyd Morgan this year. Lloyd was very instrumental in the success of Veterans Memories Projects. We surely miss him.



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### THE BIG "O"

By Jean & Eric Cross

He was an East Windsor Bum, but what the heck!

He was learning his trade at Windsor Tech.  
 He chased a few girls, soon learned to neck,  
 Then decided the Air Force was worth a check.  
 He went downtown that decisive day  
 To look at the stores, but along the way  
 He met some buddies and they did say:  
 "In another two weeks we're going away."

Well, one of the boys he'd always been,  
 So, when he joined up he was super keen,  
 And, in spite of sergeants, big, bad and mean,

He went through his basic like Mr. Clean.  
 The flash in his hat was by this time RED.  
 He looked real smart and quite well fed,  
 And every night before he went to bed,  
 He studied hard so he could get ahead.

The flash in his hat now turned to white,  
 As he studied navigation long into the night.  
 It was pretty hard work, but he felt alright;  
 For he knew it would lead to his first flight.

They called it "Elementary," but who knows why?  
 You humped your butt just to get by,  
 For unless you gave it "one hell of a try,"  
 They washed you out, and you couldn't fly.

But fly he did until one fatal night  
 That German "88" screamed into sight,  
 Then "rat a tat tat," and a flash of light,  
 And his good friend was finished alright.

After the war he sent for a lass,  
 Who made quite a hit with her style and class,  
 And for years he worked to get food and gas,  
 Till into retirement he got his pass.

If he hadn't made it, we wouldn't be here,  
 Meeting his friends and drinking his beer.

So we would love to wish him on his  
 65th year -  
 Good friends, Long life, and  
 "be of good cheer."

### A RARE BREED

By Gord Henderson  
 Used with the permission of The Windsor Star

In an age which makes a mockery of courage by slapping the hero label on pretty much anyone who can strap on a pair of skates or warble a few notes in a TV talent contest, Paul Oleyunik was the genuine article.

A man of strong convictions and re-markable descriptive powers, Flying Officer Paul Oleyunik, Royal Canadian Air Force, departed the dwindling ranks of Canada's "greatest generation" two weeks ago to make his final sortie and join his beloved British war bride, Maidie.

The 84-year-old Oleyunik, one of 70 emotional members who gathered on the lawn of the Air Force Club of Windsor; Wing 412, on Sunday, July 29, for a flag-lowering ceremony to commemorate the club's passing into

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The Memory Project is a national program of the Department of Veterans Affairs to ensure the best in doing so share their stories with the next generation. Veterans and their families are invited to share their stories with young people in schools and communities. The Memory Project is a national program of the Department of Veterans Affairs to ensure the best in doing so share their stories with the next generation.

THE MEMORY PROJECT

Canada



history, suffered a massive stroke in the clubhouse minutes later and died that evening at Hotel-Dieu Grace Hospital.

Gary, one of Paul's three sons, noted the irony in this, given that his dad was born April 1, 1924, the very day his cherished RCAF was formally created, and died the same day as his Air Force Club expired.

True to his instructions, there was no funeral. Cremation was followed by a celebration of Paul's life last Sunday at the Serbian Club. I wish I had known about it. I wanted to be there to bid farewell to one of the most intriguing individuals I've met.

Do they make them like this anymore? I guess they still do, judging by the calibre of Canadians serving in Afghanistan, including one of Paul's grandsons currently on a second tour of duty with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

But Oleynik, who survived 23 bombing raids over Germany as a Halifax bomber pilot, had an uncanny ability to transport a listener back to 1944 and make him or her grasp what it must have been like to strap oneself into an aircraft loaded with high explosives and spend frozen, gutwrenching hours churning through hostile darkness toward a rendezvous with bursting shrapnel, searchlight beams and night fighters.

He never boasted. Never bragged. But listening to Oleynik in his Westcott Road "war room," a rec-room crammed with wartime mementos, you could almost smell the rubber of the oxygen mask and feel the panic that seeped into the cockpit when a trusted talisman, a lucky rabbit's foot, couldn't be found.

Oleynik, a Lowe high school product and son of a Drouillard Road bootmaker, grew up in a hurry. At 20, barely old enough to shave, he was in command of an RAF 76 Squadron bomber based in Yorkshire, responsible for the lives of six crewmen he had handpicked.

Miraculously, given the four-to-one odds against bomber aircrew surviving the war unscathed (more than 10,000 Canadians died on bomber operations) Oleynik brought all butane of his men home.

It was a remarkable achievement. And yet he was haunted for the

rest of his days by the loss of the youngest crew member; 19-year-old William Thomas "Junior" Maltby from Kamloops, B.C., who was killed by a tracer slug from a German nightfighter as the bomber returned to its airfield.

"Dad said he never slept well. I know at times he felt really badly about Junior getting it," explained Jeff Oleynik, a retired Windsor police officer and Paul's eldest son.

In a bizarre twist, Paul eventually met and befriended the German pilot who carried out the attack as part of Operation Gisella, in which 142 Luft- waffe nightfighters trailed allied bombers back to England and shot down 20. The former pilot, Konrad Beyer, was retired from Heinz and living just down the road in Leamington. Another strange twist: Maidie, Paul's girlfriend and future wife, witnessed the attack that morning from a nearby village and was praying it wasn't his Halifax being sprayed with blue and white tracer bullets.

Here's how Oleynik described the excruciating minutes spent holding the aircraft straight and level, with flak exploding all around, on a typical target approach: "You're like you are on a high. Alert. Tense. Focused. Your heart is racing. You're sweating. The adrenalin is rolling through like hell. And the closer you get to the target, the tighter the sphincter muscles get."

Jeff, Gary and Greg remember a dad who spent endless hours maintaining a backyard rink, a former southpaw pitcher, once offered a contract by the Philadelphia Phillies, who always had time to play catch with his kids, a guy with a great sense of humour who insisted his kids always be humble in victory and gracious in defeat.

One of a kind? No. But one hell of a man.

### WHY WE REMEMBER

By Brianne Tousignant  
November 2002 (age 15)

I wear my poppy,  
Proud and strong  
I wear it to remember,  
The veterans that saved us all.

Many lost their lives,  
Others, their friends  
They fought on foreign lands,  
To stop us from the end.  
We remember the battles,  
We remember the men  
By wearing the poppies,  
We are remembering them.

The veterans remember the fear,  
The explosives that lit up the sky  
They remember the eyes of young boys,  
And the grief of watching them die.

Young boys are still there on the battlefields,  
Buried beneath white crosses  
The poppies bloom over them,  
But the men lie in darkness.

They can still see the dying,  
The memories haunt their dreams  
They remember their fears,  
And they can still hear the screams.

The history of war is taught,  
The battles boldly discussed  
The veterans remember it clearly,  
Because they know that they must.

That's why the poppy is worn,  
By all who were involved  
That's why Canadians wear the poppy,  
So that we can remember them all.



### THE WAR TO END ALL WARS

By Brianne Tousignant  
In 1914, the Austro-Hungarian heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand and his wife Sophie were assassinated in



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Serbia. This caused a string of alliance systems all over Europe to slide into place and start the bloodiest war that the world had ever seen. Between 1914 and 1918 gruesome battles were fought around the world on both the Eastern and Western fronts, which very quickly fell into stalemate. Both fronts became centers of attrition because the battles were so intense that they quickly became stalemates with no give on either side. The Eastern Front was characterized by fierce mobility, while the soldiers in the West were forced to "dig-in", which caused the infamous string of trenches that stretched from the North Sea to the border of Switzerland.

These trenches were strategically dug in opposition to the enemy's string of trenches where soldiers were forced to confront harsh measures to get into each other's trenches and to gain more ground. These trenches served as vital supply lines across the Western Front. Akin to the veins that supply the body with nutrients needed to survive, a critical slice in one of these trenches had serious ramifications that were felt across the European theatre. Capturing an enemy trench required the fierce soldier to cross a muddy hell filled with shell craters and debris called "No Man's Land". On some level, it was this neutral ground that blocked the enemy from the barbed wire of their foe's trenches.

The Great War, as we commonly refer to it, is considered to be the bloodiest of all time, as new technologies such as machine guns, tanks, snipers, gas, and artillery fire made crossing No Man's Land next to

impossible. Warfare had changed drastically from traditional conceptions of a gentleman's game where two lines of men on either side of the battlefield would stand tall and fire head on at one another on command. These new weapons were not compatible with the traditional style of warfare, furthermore the military defense and tactics had not yet adapted to the new technologies, which caused the commanding officers to send men "over the top". It was the first time the other side had the same weapons as the Allies and neither side knew how to deal with it.

When soldiers were sent "over the top", it meant that they were forced to climb out of the trench and run across No Man's Land in an attempt to get across enemy lines. More often than not, efforts to cross No Man's Land resulted in heavy casualties and little gains. It would not be until 1918 when significant breakthroughs on the Western front would be seen.

In March of 1918, the Germans began a number of offensives that pushed the Allies further and further back until the German army found themselves 70km away from Paris. At this point, the Allies were barely standing and the withdrawal of Russia certainly did not help things. The Germans had turned all of their attention to the Western front. However, the Americans had finally joined the war in 1917 after the sinking of the S.S. Lusitania but they did not manage to send troops over until almost a year later. This increase in allied manpower and supplies arrived in the nick-of-time, as the Germans were running low on man power, supplies, and overall support for their war effort.

Canadian soldiers emerged during the

Great War as fierce warriors whose wrong side you did not want to cross. Strategic victories on the ground at Vimy Ridge in France and Ypres and Passchendaele in Belgium had caused the Canadian Corps to secure a solid reputation for themselves. 'The ferocity of Canadian soldiers overseas forced the world to take a second look at Canada, still considered a dominion of Britain; perhaps it was time to start considering Canada a mature, nay, independent nation'. This is why the importance of the Canadian Corps in the overall development of the Canadian identity can never be forgotten.

When the Canadians were moved to the front of the lines, the Germans knew that an attack was coming because of the previous successes from the Canadians. So in August of 1918, the Canadian Corps were moved north to Ypres, Belgium which caused the Germans to suspect an attack from that end. It was a trick because in a bold and surprising move, the Canadians were secreted back to the Amiens sector where the real attack would be taking place.

On the 8th of August, Canada led the offensive by starting off without an artillery bombardment. This caught the Germans off guard and allowed the Canadian Corps to advance 20km within three days. The Canadians were then moved north to the Arras sector and were told that they would be helping to break the main defensive German line - Hindenburg Line. By the 2nd of September, the Canadians had made it to the Hindenburg Line but they had yet to pass through it. The Canal du Nord formed one of the main sections

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of the Hindenburg Line but the problem was that the canal made it hard for the line to be attacked. However, Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie, a Canadian Corps commander, had a plan. Working with the British troops and British General Julian Byng, they would unleash heavy artillery fire just in front of the advancing men in hopes of crossing the wide space of the canal. By the time the smoke would clear the Canadians would be in the German trenches, catching them by surprise. It was the heaviest day of bombardment in the entire war and by the 27th of September, the Canadians had broken the German line.

The Germans were now retreating heavily but were not yet ready to give up. By the 11th of October, the Canadians had captured the town of Cambrai. They continued to advance alongside the Allies until the armistice was finally signed on the 11th of November, 1918. The war was over!

The Canadians' great accomplishments during the "last hundred days (8th August - 11th November)", proved impressive to the rest of the world. Their success caused 32,000 prisoners and almost 3800 pieces of artillery and machine guns to be captured in their advance of 130km. More than 100,000 Canadians participated in this victory. However, the harsh reality of war is that gains come part-in-parcel with losses. In the last three months of fighting, 6,800 Canadians and Newfoundlanders were killed and 39,000 wounded. Overall, the war took more than 66,000 Canadians and Newfoundlanders and over 170,000 were wounded.

The toll was great but when the Treaty of Versailles was finally signed in 1919, Prime Minister Robert Borden made sure that Canada signed it separate from Britain as a symbol of their valor and their bravery in the war. Today, Canadians celebrate Remembrance Day on the 11th of November to remember those brave veterans we lost in the First World War and every war thereafter. It was those veterans that gave Canada respect and recognition around the world and told the world that Canada was not just a colony of Britain, but an independent country in her own right.

#### **How Memorial Park Helps Locals Remember:**

Memorial Park embodies the history of these great veterans. Memorial Park was dedicated in 1925 to honour the 837 men and women from Windsor and Essex-County whose efforts and sacrifices during the First World War helped forge the nation of Canada. Yet it has been diminishing slowly over the years since then. It took ninety years of broken plaques and no care before someone noticed that Windsor needs to take care of it, to celebrate those veterans and to remember why the plaque was made in the first place. Last year the city of Windsor leased the park out to be fixed with Mr. Robert M. Holland as the mastermind behind the plan, and with the help of Larry Costello from the Windsor Historical Society.

The City of Windsor has hence decided to undertake the restoration of the park. It was not only the plaques that have been defaced by age but the bricks needed to be secured; rust and erosion had to be dealt with on the gates;

and lighting fixtures needed to be replaced. The Windsor Historical Society decided that Memorial Park needed a few enhancements to preserve the history of Windsor and Windsor's heroes. Some of these enhancements included the plaques that needed to be fixed as well as the rededication plaque and a wrought iron headpiece that was mounted atop the existing pillars saying 'Memorial Park, 2005'. Furthermore, sixty trees were planted in the park as a symbol of the ongoing efforts of the Windsor Historical Society to remember the legacy of the veterans.

There are two plaques now: one a rededication, and the other a poem "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae. The new one came with the help of Holland and the Windsor Historical Society who made sure that the old plaque was refinished and the new one stated the following: Rededicated in 2008 to honour the thousands of men and women from Windsor and Essex-County who have fought and kept peace in WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Bosnia, Iraq, and Afghanistan. Their efforts and sacrifices helped to strengthen the nation of Canada. Ninety years later, with the help of the Windsor Historical Society, this second plaque was added to Memorial Park to remind other veterans that they too were to be remembered. Memorial Park now lies as a symbol of Canadian sacrifice, valor, and remembrance to all of Windsor-Essex County.

#### **Phone Interview with IZZY SIGAL**

By Brianne Tousignant

Mr. Izzy Sigal was in the Royal

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Canadian Air Force (RCAF) but he never managed to get sent overseas himself. He joined the air force in June of 1943, as soon as he turned nineteen years old. Sigal spent his first three weeks in Toronto where he would be broken into the air force. He was later posted to Hamilton.

It was a five-month course in Hamilton where he would learn how to be a wireless mechanic. He graduated from there and was then sent to the number one wireless school in Montreal. He was almost done his training when he went home for Christmas in 1943; unfortunately, he got the flu on the way home. He ended up at the Windsor Air Port, which had become the #3 School in the RCAF at the time. There was a medical officer who kept him there for two weeks until he was recovered. When Sigal returned to Montreal, the wing commander of his unit blasted him for coming back late. He had missed classes and the workload was immense so the wing commander told him that he could not "be allowed to continue" and he refused to allow Sigal to be put into the next class. A week later Sigal was sent to a little air force station in Clinton, just north of London. Clinton was where the men would stay while they were waiting for a new posting. Sigal was soon sent to Mount Pleasant.

Mount Pleasant was the third most rated Gunnery School in Canada and was located in Prince Edward Island. It was a grudge posting because it was 40 miles from the nearest town of Summerside and 80 miles from Charlottetown. Once a month, the men would get a four-day pass to go home and they would get a one-day pass that allowed them to explore the island. Sigal spent five months in P.E.I. before being sent to Ottawa where he would be stationed for two years. He was not discharged from the RCAF until almost a year after the Second World War ended.

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

### JEWISH BRANCH #362

By Izzy Sigal

The Royal Canadian Legion began after the First World War as a way to celebrate and to honour the veterans who had fought in the war. A legion was formed in each province and each province started off with Branch #1. This is why many legions in different provinces might have the same branch numbers today.

In October, 1945, at a meeting in the Windsor Arena to discuss hopes of establishing a Jewish state in the Middle East, 3 veterans of WWI took the names and addresses of all attending Jewish war veterans, most of whom knew each other from childhood. These veterans held a meeting the following December at the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, whose aim was to establish a Canadian legion branch of the British Empire Services League (B.E.S.L.), the predecessor of The Royal Canadian Legion. This resulted in an application for a charter, which was granted June 7th, 1946 in the name of Jewish Branch #362; in 1949 we approved changing our name to Belfour Branch 362, in honour of England's Lord Belfour, a non-Jew, who had been a perennial advocate for a Jewish homeland.

Our meetings and celebrations were held at the internationally famous Elmwood Casino Nightclub & Hotel until 1958, and since then have been held at the then new Windsor Jewish Community Center at 1641 Ouellette Ave.

Within a couple of years of the formation of our branch, our peak membership was 142, all veterans of WWI or WWII. Present membership has been gradually reduced to 47, which includes 30 WWII veterans and one Korean War veteran. Secretary Abe Polonsky has served in that post for ten consecutive years. Our three Life Members are Past President Jack Langer, Treasurer Harry Sigal (13 consecutive years) and President Izzy Sigal (8 consecutive years) - all WWII veterans who have earned their 50-years membership pins.

Through the years, we've been active on many Zone Committees and have had Zone Chairmen of various committees. One of these, Immediate Past President Jack Langer, is a past Zone Chairmen of the Windsor Veterans Memorial Services Committee and our branch's representative on that committee for fifty consecutive years - longer than any other member.

We've conducted a



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Remembrance Day Service at the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue every year since 1946, with distinguished guest speakers, including Zone A-1 Commanders, Windsor's mayors, members of provincial parliament, members of federal parliament and senators. In honouring Canada's heroic WWII dead, including 11 Windsor Jews, we emphasize a rededication to the basic freedom principles for which they gave their lives. Our service attracts a good attendance annually, not only by members of our branch and Windsor's Jewish community, but also by members of the other nine branches of our Zone and a good representation from Michigan Division of Jewish War Veterans of the United States of America - at 103 years, the oldest active veteran's organization in the U.S.A. We're honoured to reciprocate with the latter by annually attending their Memorial Day Cemetery Service in Detroit.

Belfour Branch 362 has proudly funded bursaries at several universities for many years. At our October 22nd meeting last year, our branch and Senator David A. Croll, Post of Jewish War Veterans of Canada, made a commitment for a very substantial endowment, whose income will fund several worthwhile causes in perpetuity. We immediately approved an annual Holocaust Education Program for Windsor area high school students and two annual \$500 University of Windsor bursaries, which will be administered by the university. We plan to approve additional beneficiaries this year conforming to the balance of our Endowment Fund.

### COMPLETING A MISSION

By Harry W. Major

When I first arrived at RCAF Topcliffe in Yorkshire, England I was a Driver Mechanic and found myself attached to the Fire Hall and Crash Crew Section. Four of us Canucks decided we wanted to be a more



direct part of the war and we re-mustered to Aircrew. The Senior N.C.O. I/C of the Fire/Crash crew managed to get accepted for Pilot Training and soon found himself being flown back to Canada for Pilots Training. Unfortunately he had a fatal car accident during this training before attaining his wings.

The rest of we airmen were sent for Aircrew Medics. Ralph and I ended up at North Allerton Military Medical hospital for our Air Crew medicine exams. (The last member of our "gang" was sent back to Canada after he was diagnosed with a serious ailment and never did manage to fight.) After we checked into our allotted overnight sleeping beds we set off to visit several of the area pubs, wandering through the blacked out streets of the town and sampling the wares at each stop.

As we wandered from pub to pub I was busy blowing away on my harmonica and only hearing my friend if he sings out or does any yakking to me. Suddenly I feel I am alone; no friend beside me. I then call out,

"Ralph, where are you?" All I get is silence. I retrace my steps calling out his name several times. Suddenly I hear a small voice coming to me from an area below me; a voice saying, "Harry, Harry! I am down here, Harry!" He had fallen over a low parapet over the railroad tracks and down the embankment. In making my way down I find my friend with an arm dangling loosely and blood gushing from several gashes. He looked like a real mess. I made a sling from our ties and strapped his arm tight to his body. Don't ask me how, but made our way back up that steep incline and back onto the road. That seemed to be one very high railway embankment and it took us quite a while to accomplish this feat. Ralph was in a lot of pain and had to be guided (actually pulled and prodded) most of the way.

Several blocks further down the road we met up with a police constable who called for a police car, which took us back to the hospital where the medics put Ralph back together

Q-D

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again. I had to leave my friend Ralph behind as I had to get back to Base by train. Because of his injuries his training was delayed and we ended up on different bases. Unfortunately I was not to see my friend again, as Ralph and his crew's last SOS was heard from their Bomber on their third mission. They had been set upon by enemy fighters and were trying to land on the North Sea. The plane and crew were never found.

This old bird was the only one of the four original guys to re-muster to come through to war's end. I even managed to complete a full Tour of Operation and I received the OP Wing for having completed this tour.

A Tour of Operation consisted of a total of 120 Points. A short trip is usually 3 points and a longer trip 4. It was difficult for us to figure out just how many points were allotted because we never found out until we got back to base. Missions could go as short as 6 hours or as long as 10 hours and some 7 hour missions were 3 pointers and some 4. In the case of our crew we completed a total of 35 Missions to qualify for the completion of the Tour of Duty. It was very unusual for someone to actually complete a full Tour of Duty a second time because every flight was on a wing and a prayer.

Harry W. Major C.D .

424 Tiger Squadron RCAF  
Skipton on Swale, Yorkshire

## PARTNERSHIPS, LIBRARY & SCHOOLS

By Larry Costello

Recognition by the Ontario Government and by our local school board of our Veterans Memories Project has resulted in invitations to become involved with the Windsor Public Library and the Greater Essex County District School Board on two exciting projects.

The Windsor Historical Society (WHS) is now working jointly with the Windsor Public Library on collecting the stories of local Veterans. Since the library's Windsor Mosaic Project and the WHS's Veterans Memories Project both involve interviewing local Veterans, they will be linked through their respective websites. The information sharing opportunities presented by this partnership are pivotal to enrichment to both the Library's and the Society's projects.

Also, local schools will soon have access to our historical archives and receive educational materials derived from our Veteran's Memories Project. We shall be establishing links to elementary and high schools in Windsor and Essex County.

Students will have access to research materials for their school projects and teachers will have materials available to create lesson plans related to local history, Veterans, and warfare.

Both of these partnerships will ensure that present and future generations will achieve a greater understanding of the influences that have shaped Windsor as well as a greater appreciation for the sacrifices of local Veterans and the realities of war.

## RYERSON FITZPATRICK

The Windsor Historical Society's in house piper, Ryerson Fitzpatrick, was born in Windsor, Ontario, Dec. 27, 1989.

True to his character, he came three weeks early and was raring to go, and he's been going ever since. For being the youngest of his classmates by nearly a year, he was ahead of his time. "He came from the Ark", his Grandma Doris Davis would say.

His parents, Dennis and Terri, wondered how they could spend Ryerson's energy. Keeping with tradition, that's when the piping came in.

In 1998, at the age of seven, Ryerson joined the Scottish Society Pipe Band, where he learned the basics of piping on the practice chanter.

After a year and half, in 2000, he joined the Windsor Police Pipe Band, where, combined with private lessons, he graduated to the bagpipes. Soon Ryerson was competing at Highland Games throughout Ontario, Michigan and Ohio in solo and band competitions. While competing in solo



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competitions, he won thirty-eight first through third place medals, including the "Dame Flora MacLeod" Trophy for the most promising piper of the day, two years in a row in Alma, MI. In Oberlin, Ohio, Ryerson won "Amateur Piper of the Day" out of sixty players.

In 2004 Ryerson won second place as Champion Supreme Piper in Grade 3 solo competitions. The following year the Windsor Police Pipe Band Grade 2, in which Ryerson played, won The North American Champion Supreme Title.

Ryerson was fortunate enough to play with the W.P.P.B. at the World Pipe Band Championships in Glasgow, Scotland in 2002 with a respectable showing, and he again attended in 2005.

Over the years, Ryerson had four different piping instructors, including the renowned Willie Connell from London, ON, who recently passed away in September 2008. For two years, Ryerson's dad, Dennis, drove him for lessons to see Willie every Tuesday.

Ryerson joined The Essex & Kent Scottish Pipes & Drums in 2006, while still remaining with the Windsor Police Pipe Band. In February of this year, he auditioned for the Ceremonial Guard of the Canadian Armed Forces. Only sixteen pipers were selected from across Canada.

The Ceremonial Guard does all of the big events in Ottawa, including The Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Parliament Hill and The Governor General's House (Rideau Hall). After another audition, Ryerson was chosen for the solo portion of the three-day 2008 Fortissimo Celebration on Parliament Hill. You can view Ryerson on 'YouTube' by searching "lonepiper", CG Canada Day, Rideau Hall (title "Gate Posting").

Currently Ryerson is a Corporal in the Essex & Kent Scottish Pipes & Drums. He also tutors some of the other pipers. He has just joined Br.143 of the Royal Canadian Legion as an Ordinary member. At eighteen, he's not even old enough to drink yet.

Ryerson is in his second year at the University of Windsor in Computer Science.

Ryerson plays at funerals, weddings and special occasions. You can see his business card elsewhere in this issue.

On Nov 11th, 2004, we met Ryerson Fitzpatrick. He was the piper leading the march-on at our 3rd Veterans Appreciation Day at the Air Force Club, now the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 143. Soon after

we began learning about Ryerson's skills, talents, and happy demeanor. He came to work at the Windsor Historical Society, and bailed us out of every technical problem. If one were to replace Ryerson, they would have earned several times more than we had to pay Rye. We did not necessarily underpay Rye; he volunteered many, many hours and became our permanent piper at each Veterans Appreciation Day. Now in his second year of university, he has very little time for us apart from his studies. We know he will excel at any goals he pursues.

Rye is also very involved with all of the functions of Windsor Historical Society, including the current work in refurbishing the Memorial Park Gateway. He speaks with 90, 80, 70, 60 year-old Veterans as easily as he would speak with fellow students, and the Veterans relate to Ryerson as if he was one of their own; truly, a remarkable feat. Ryerson has vowed he would always be a part of the Windsor Historical Society -Veterans Memories Projects. We are truly grateful to this fine young gentleman.



Sandra Pupatello, MPP

## A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE



Every November 11<sup>th</sup>, Canadians pause in a silent moment of remembrance for the men and women who served their country during wartime and in the cause of peace. We honour their sacrifice and the sacrifices of our soldiers today, who serve so we may live in peace.

Sandra Pupatello, MPP  
Windsor West




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### FRAGILE

If blood will flow  
when flesh and steel are one  
Drying in the colour  
of the evening sun,  
Tomorrow's rain  
will wash the stains away  
But something in our minds  
will always stay.

Perhaps this final act was meant  
To clinch a lifetime's argument  
That nothing comes from violence  
And nothing ever could.

For all those born  
beneath an angry star,  
Lest we forget how fragile we are.

On and on the rain will fall  
Like tears from a star...  
On and on the rain will say,  
'How fragile we are!'

Fragile, Sting 1987

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## ART ANDERSON

RCAF Service

Enlisting in the RCAF July 4, 1941 in Winnipeg, I went 'active' September 1, and on my way to Manning Depot in Brandon, Manitoba. A year later, September 1942 I was through aircrew training, and graduated as an Observer at Rivers, Manitoba. I then went to Charlottetown for advanced navigation and on to Greenwood, Nova Scotia to join a crew. Then it was overseas from New York on the QEII leaving my wife of eight months and Canada behind. I believe that our trip was the first trip that the QEII was used as a troop carrier.

From the Air Crew Reception Centre in Bournemouth, England it was off to North Ireland, then Scotland and Wales for training and conversion, to Wellingtons of coastal command. Our crew now consisted of 5 Canucks and one English lad, our co-pilot. We went to Africa with a brand new "wimpie", which we ferried to Cairo, Egypt. There we were relieved of it and placed in a holding camp for two months. Then it was back to the U.K. by sea transport, sailing from Svez.

From there we were transferred to transport command and sent to DWN Ampney with a reduced crew of four. Preparations for D-Day were made. Our task was to tow gliders, drop paratroops, and re-supply them with panniers. We were also expected to fly as air ambulance from the beachhead.

On May 15, I received an eye injury which changed my future activity; on a long recuperation, I missed the D-Day operation.

By August 15 I was back on the squadron, but restricted to ground duties until my eye injury had completely healed. I talked the station medical officer into letting me fly local trips. On September 3 our crew started supply trips to Brussels. We made six trips, one a day, our cargo being gasoline in jerry cans - a 6,000 lbs.

payload.

On September the 18th, the crew was assigned to toe a glider to Ernam, "Operation Market Garden". That was the operation to move across 3 rivers and into Holland/Netherlands. My crew had a replacement navigator and he was on leave so I volunteered to go. On the 18th we towed a glider but the glider was fired upon and shot away 10 miles from the drop zone, however, we returned safely. The next day, the 19th of September, we were signed on a pannier resupply mission to the troops at Arnhem. Over the drop zone we were throwing out our panniers-wicker baskets with an automatic parachute that carried the supplies-when we were hit by ground fire. Both engines quit, and we crash landed.

We safely got away from the aircraft, and ran in the opposite direction to enemy troops that were firing at us. We evaded capture and headed up north. Two days later, we made a good contact that would befriend us - a Dutchmen. He hid us out for 4 weeks and we had arranged with the Dutch underground to get back across the Rhine River.

However, the effort was unsuccessful and two days later I was captured. We went to a holding camp in Germany. At the holding camp, they assigned us with winter clothes, and then I was sent to a permanent prisoner war camp: Stalat Luft 7 in Bankau. I arrived there December 19th and on January 19th, because of the Russian advance, the Germans decided to move us out and headed west. We were on the road walking for 2 weeks, sleeping in barns and warehouses each night. Then we got rail transport to Stalat Luft 3A, 35 miles SW of Berlin.

We were liberated by the Russians, near the end of April. We stayed there until we were picked up by a US transport and moved to Halle, just across from the Elb River. There we were transported by C47's to Brussels and then by Lancaster to Bourmemouth reception centre (the personnel reception cen-

tre for Canadian air crew in England). We stayed there 6 weeks. I returned to Canada and landed in Halifax in June and back to Winnipeg, to be reunited with my family.

---

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Major

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---



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*Kingsway Arms at Maisonville is proud to sponsor and support the Veterans Appreciation Day. It has been a great honor to be a part of this wonderful event for the past five years. We recognize not only our Veterans, but also all the brave men and women from Windsor and Essex County, that have served, whether on the front lines, helping in restoring peace or protecting us on our own soil. Each year our gratitude and respect for Veterans and their families grows deeper, as we listen to their life experiences, their dedication to our Country and their sacrifices for our freedom.*



Back Row: Ernest Leeper (Army), Carol Wright (Executive Assistant), John Wacheski (Air Force), John Huffman (Army), Connie McIntosh (Executive Director), Harry Strudwick (Army), Ken Renaud (Army), Shannon Miller (Marketing Director), Olga McCombs (Australian Air Force), Donald Janisse (Army), Gerald Jackson (Air Force).  
 Front Row: Frances Johnston (Air Force), Allan Diggins (Army), Sylvia Brett (Women's Land Army), Jack Haugh (Air Force)

***FOREVER REMEMBERED IN OUR HEARTS.....***



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## WHY WE FIGHT

By Andrew Grenon

I've often asked myself  
why we are here.

Why my government actually agreed  
to troops to this God-forsaken place.

There are no natural resources.  
No oil, gold, or silver. Just people.

People who have been at war for the  
last 40 plus years.

People who want nothing more than  
their children to be safe.

People who will do anything for  
money; even give their own life.

I look into the eyes of these people.  
I see hate, destruction, and depression.

I see love, warmth, kindness  
and appreciation.

Why do we fight?

For in this country, there are monsters.  
Monsters we could easily fight on a  
different battlefield, at a different  
time.

Monsters that could easily  
take the fight to us.

Surrounding these mud walls and  
huts is a country in turmoil.  
A country that is unable to rebuild itself.  
A country that cannot guarantee a  
bright future for its youth.

Why do we fight?

Because, if we don't fight today, on  
THIS battlefield, then our children  
will be forced to face these monsters  
on our own battlefield.

I fight because I am a soldier.

I fight because I am ordered.

I fight, so my children won't have to.

---

**17 Sep 2008**  
**The Windsor Star**

### A FITTING FAREWELL

Windsor buried a hero last Friday.  
His name was Andrew  
Grenon. I watched as our streets filled

with people - patriots lining the roads  
to salute a brave young man's ultimate  
sacrifice. We all owe him, for he  
paid the price for us all, for all our  
freedom. He and many brave men  
and women before.

Sometimes we forget that our  
freedoms are not gifts, they're rights  
fought for and won over many gener-  
ations. They're written in the blood of  
young Canadians such as Andrew  
Grenon.

In Canada we can say and  
believe as we wish. It's guaranteed in  
the Charter of Rights. These are lofty  
words upholding loftier principles.  
Beliefs held dear by all who live here,  
yet we sometimes forget these princi-  
ples need protection. They ring hollow  
unless we are prepared to act on  
them. Andrew Grenon was one of  
many who acted on his principles, our  
principles.

I have a vested interest in all  
of this. My son stands ready. He's a  
proud Canadian and like those before  
him, he's ready to serve the ideals we  
say we stand for. Freedom, equality  
and peace can't just be words, or  
dreams. They take action. That's why  
they serve, that's why they died.  
That's why Andrew Grenon is a hero.  
Remember him.

RAYMOND HOGAN

---

### WINDSORITES SHOWED HEART AS THEY LINED THE STREETS

I was among the many mourn-  
ers who made up the cortege that  
accompanied Cpl. Andrew Grenon to  
his final resting place. It was the most  
overwhelming experience I have ever  
had.

Once the procession began,  
there was barely an empty spot along  
this path of sorrow. People from all  
walks of life came to pay tribute to our  
hometown boy. Schoolchildren, busi-  
nesses with "Closed" signs in their  
windows and staff in attendance, fire  
departments in full uniform, people  
running errands stopped to pay their  
respects. Every vehicle stopped along  
Tecumseh Road and Ouellette

Avenue, their occupants standing with  
hats off and hands over their hearts. A  
smattering of war veterans were in  
the crowd, proud to wear their medals  
of honour, most saluting the whole  
time.

Windsor has always been known for  
its support of charitable causes, but I  
found this show of support more pro-  
found. I have never been more proud  
to be a citizen of the City of Windsor  
than I was that day.

JILL CERVI

---

### HEARTWARMING TO SEE MOURN- ERS LINE CITY STREETS

I am in complete amazement  
with our city and its inhabitants. I just  
came back from the funeral proces-  
sion for Cpl. Andrew Grenon. I work  
on Tecumseh Road and stood outside  
waiting to pay my respects to not only  
Andrew, but also his family. They  
gave their son to this country. I hope  
they know we all respect what they  
have sacrificed.

I would also like to commend  
the students for participating in this  
event. I could not believe how  
respectful the students were. Seeing  
everyone lined up along Tecumseh  
Road, warmed my heart. To know in  
a time of great need, we can all come  
together to honour a fallen soldier  
brought tears to my eyes.

KIMBERLY MORILLO

---

### WINDSOR CAME TOGETHER IN ITS TIME OF TRAGEDY

May I say how proud I am to be a  
Windsorite? The citizens of Windsor  
were a shining example of how peo-  
ple come together and support each  
other in times of tragedy.

Too many times Windsor is looked  
down upon. Its citizens came together  
to show support for one of its own -  
from the school children with their  
Canadian flags up along the funeral-  
procession route and the beautiful  
yellow ribbons placed on the posts.

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## **7<sup>th</sup> Annual Veterans Appreciation Day**

*UA Local 552 Members, Officers & Staff wish to express our appreciation and gratitude to our **veterans**. Your achievements and sacrifices for all mankind will live in our hearts and minds forever.*

*The freedom we enjoy in Canada today, is the result of your supreme sacrifices.*

## **We salute you!**

- For the past 97 years UA Local 552 has been a part of Windsor Economic Growth & Prosperities. We helped retool auto plants to provide steady employment to Windsorites, build safe & healthy schools, hospitals and a multitude of projects in Windsor, Essex and Kent Counties.*
- We are proud to be a partner with the Ministry of Training, Colleges and Universities, training the next generation of highly skilled Tradespersons.*

***“We do it right the first time and every time”***

**September 17th, 2008**

There couldn't have been a more fitting tribute.

I had the privilege of standing on the side of the road as the procession for Cpl. Andrew Grenon drove by. Cpl. Grenon's sacrifice hit close to home as my little brother is serving his second tour in Afghanistan.

On behalf of my brother and all the soldiers fighting with him, I want to thank Mayor Eddie Francis and all of Windsor for the incredible honour you bestowed upon Cpl. Grenon and his family. The ribbons and signs, but most of all the thousands who rose to the occasion to show their support, was overwhelming. I can't imagine a more fitting tribute for a local hero.

**DANA GOBBATO**

**October 18th, 2008**

Letter from Dana Gobbato

The war in Afghanistan came to Windsor's doorstep when one of our own made the ultimate sacrifice for his country. My family felt the pain of that loss as my brother Cpl. Michael Farrah had just left to serve his second tour in Afghanistan. I was so proud to be a Windsorite as I stood by the road to honour Cpl. Grenon and his family. The support and love that Windsor bestowed on that family was incredible to be a witness to.

On Sunday October 5, at 6:30 am I received a call from Afghanistan. The gentleman on the other line introduced himself and then informed me that my brother had been injured and was being prepped for surgery. As a family member with a soldier overseas, you know that a phone call is "good news" compared to a knock on the door... but just try convincing yourself of that when you're physically unable to get in your car and rush to his side. I waited with family all day to get an update and then went through the next week and a half waiting not so patiently, to get the

news of his return to Windsor. We had been prepared to receive Michael at Windsor airport with the understanding that he would be laying on a stretcher due to pain and headaches... but to our absolute delight we got to watch him walk off the plane with no assistance! It was a rainy night and although the local media had done an incredible job of getting the news out about Michael's return. I had low expectations whether many people would make the journey out to his homecoming. However, what an incredible surprise to be informed that the roads were lined with people carrying Canadian flags and umbrellas! Once again, Windsor showed up in it's finest and made me proud to be part of this city. Unfortunately, we did not get to see all the supporters as Michael's plane arrived about 40 minutes early. However, the media was there to record it and they called me to let me know first-hand. A CBC reporter called after she had completed interviewing some of the people lining Division Road outside the airport to inform me about a special family that she met there. She came across a group of people wearing red "Support Our Troops" t-shirts and began to interview them. She soon realized that she was talking to the mother, brother and other family members of Cpl. Andrew Grenon. I instantly had tears in my eyes... how many people in their position would have the strength needed to do something like that? I now know where Cpl. Grenon got his courage.

***People are right to call Cpl. Grenon and my brother heroes - but I hope they realize that they are not heroes because of how they came home from Afghanistan... they are heroes because they went in the first place.***

**DANA FARRAH GOBBATO**

**Who the heck was KILROY?**

**KILROY WAS HERE!**

In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, 'Speak to America,' sponsored a nationwide contest to find the REAL Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article.

Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax, Massachusetts, had evidence of his identity.

Kilroy was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war. He worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy. His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piece-work and got paid by the rivet.

Kilroy would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice. When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark.

Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.

One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then that he realized what had been going on.

The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his checkmark on each job he inspected, but added KILROY WAS HERE in king-sized letters next to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message. Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks.

Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks. Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With war on, however, ships were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them.

As a result, Kilroy's inspection 'trade-mark' was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced. His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific. Before the war's end, Kilroy had been here, there, and everywhere on the long haul to Berlin and Tokyo.

To the troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that some jerk named Kilroy had 'been there first.' As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing the graffiti wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when they arrived.

Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always 'already been' wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable (it is said to be atop Mt. Everest, the Statue of Liberty, the underside of the Arch De Triumphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.)

And as the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific to map the terrain for the coming invasions by U.S. troops (and thus,

presumably, were the first GIs there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo!

In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference. The first person inside was Stalin, who emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), 'Who is Kilroy?'

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy front yard in Halifax, Massachusetts.

So now you know!

Submitted by Mickey Moulder

### Letter from Sullivan Ballou to his wife, Sarah

July the 14th, 1861  
Washington DC

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure - and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American

Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows - when, afterhaving eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children - is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles have often advocated before the people and "the name of honor that I love more than I fear death" have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful



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moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar -- that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears

every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night -- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours - always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fanning your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and waiting for

thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie 'is too young to remember me long, and my blue eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters. Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God's blessing upon them. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan

*Sullivan Ballou, aged 32, was killed a week after posting this letter to his wife, Sarah, on July 21st, 1861 at the first battle of Bull Run in the American Civil War.*

## Thank you . . . Veterans of Canada

Your selfless courage and sacrifice has given us the freedom we enjoy in Canada today.

We honour you on this, your day, and pledge that we shall never forget!

BILL REEVES  
President



BILL HUNTER  
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## Remembrance Day

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Sept. 1943.

To my Sons, Jackie & Larry

Sept. 1943

To my sons Jackie and Larry

It seems funny, me writing a letter to my boys who are so young, but as you grow older you will be able to understand just what it means and how much you mean to me.

It's been great having you around and I do thank God for giving me you boys. I haven't been around with you very much. As I went to war, when you were small, you were just one year old Jackie & Larry wasn't even born till later. So as a daddy, you boy's don't know me very well.

I took a good look at you on Sunday before I left to catch my train, as it may be quite sometime before I see you again, but I know we'll meet again someday.

I'm on my way now boy's, but before I go I want to tell you how I feel about you. I didn't fully understand what this war was all about till I looked at you before I left, but now I know what I'm fighting for. All I ever want you to know about dictator's, race hatred and slave nations & all the rest of this mess we're trying to clean up today is what you will read in your history books when you are old enough to go to school.

I want you to grow up to be a free Canadian in a free world. I want you to enjoy more and better opportunities for getting ahead then I ever had. I want you to plan and live your own life in your own way, the Canadian way. I want you to be free to climb as high in life as your ability will take you, free to believe, think and talk as your conscience tells you to, free to live without fear or hatred and without war. That's what I want for you my sons or else, I'd sooner not come back.

So it's up to you my son's to carry on and if it's "Gods" will that I pay the supreme sacrifice and not come back, I want you boys to always take good care of your Mother, she is one of the best women in the world, and she will help, care for, and guide you, till you have grown up. And then it's up to you to take care of her, always remember you will never have a finer friend than your "Mother," never hesitate to take your problems in life to her, no matter how large or small, she will always be glad to help you and give you her advice to the fullest extent. I know from experience, and above all my boys always be honest and trustful. Those are the things I want for you and you will find out as the days go by that they will pay great dividends.

So in closing, may I say again that you don't know me very well and it is too bad I have to be away. It would be nice to be there with you and your mother, to help her guide you and love you, but I have another job to do, which I will do to the best of my ability. Always remember, you are a part of me and I do love you and think of you always. And if it is "Gods" wish I will return to you.

XXXXXXXXXX All my love to you my son's XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Your "Daddy"

A little note to your Mother:

Honey, it isn't as bad in the daytime, but the evenings are cruel. It's the silence that hurts, it really hits me as I enter my room, and it hangs over me as I eat, alone. And then I turn on the radio to drown it out. Suddenly I hear music, music we both loved and I'm filled with courage and hope. I am coming back, I must, I've got to. And dear "God" please make it soon, as I do love you oh so much my darling.

Forever Your's

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Freddie



Ervin Frederick Schroeder

## **FLOWER OF REMEMBRANCE: SYMBOL OF UNITY**

On November 11th Canadians all across the country will stop and pay tribute to the men and women killed in Canada's wars and military operations. Some will remember friends and relatives long dead. Others - like yourselves perhaps - will pause in tribute (but will really have nothing to remember).

For millions of Canadians the poppy has long been the flower of Remembrance. It originally was a reminder of the blood-red flower which grew in the fields where many Canadians died in a place called Flanders. It remains the flower of Remembrance.

In school rooms across Canada for a number of years students have discussed Remembrance; recognizing the sacrifices which others made for Canada but unsure of how they themselves could respond. What could they do? How could they live up to the expectations of the men and women who gave their lives for Canada and future generations? Today, there is an answer. It was always there only now it can be seen much more clearly. It has to do with unity.

Canadian unity is not as strong today as it once was. When men from all parts of Canada came to a place called Vimy Ridge in 1917 everybody said that it was impossible to take the Ridge from the enemy. In a very important battle on a very cold day the Canadians did what nobody thought was possible. They took Vimy Ridge. When the guns stopped, the Canadians were very happy. Not

so much for the victory itself but for the difficult thing they had done together. They were proud to be Canadians. Some of them who were wounded and waiting to be shipped to hospital lay on stretchers in tunnels in the earth. They carved maple leaves on the wall. It was a good time to be a Canadian.

In another war when the guns stopped at a place called Dieppe, the Canadians suffered a terrible defeat. This time Canadians from East and West shared a defeat and as the wounded, ragged soldiers were marched away to prison camps, they marched proudly, knowing that they had shared something difficult. It was a sad time to be a Canadian. Thousands of young men from all parts of Canada faced death together at Dieppe. You can see their graves and read their names on the stones. The stones speak eloquently of ethnic and religious origins. They speak of men with a common cause: Canada.

In Canadian schoolrooms today there are students who's parents, or even themselves remember other wars. Some remember the terrible ordeal of escaping to freedom. To them the poppy can be a symbol of that freedom. But it is important for all of us to remember that unity of Canadians in wartime enables all of us to enjoy freedom.

Although Canada now has repatriated her constitution, the spirit of a common cause is lacking. We no longer share difficult things with a sense of unity. The poppy, then, is a reminder of the need: a challenge to each of us to seek out that spirit of unity which sustained our forefathers and our country.

## **Wayne Hillman & Michael Apata Interview:**

continued from page 9

**WH:** Exactly, yup.

**MA:** But like I said I have this picture in my head of you know you're looking out the window of the plane, the port hole of the ship, you talk to your buddy and you go "wow we're not in Kansas anymore are we," you know what, it's the same thing.

**WH:** We could hardly wait to get off that ship. It was nice going across the Pacific. We had some stormy weather and I'm not a good sailor, not by any means. I was more than happy to get off that ship. But when you put your feet on the ground and then start getting fired at, it's different.

**WHS:** So the weather, you were in a desert, you were in a tropical forest basically?

**WH:** Very, very tropical. Although I was one of the luckier ones because our division was, at the time, in the Central Highlands, so it was a little mountainous and not as hot as down in the Delta down around Saigon, down that way. But you still had the monsoon rains, the constant rain. Rod Stewart's song - I can't even remember the name of it about the - "Have you ever seen the rain?"

**MA:** Yup.

**WH:** Boy, I've seen the rain. It just rained for weeks on end. You were always wet and your feet turned green from the jungle rot. We always packed extra socks with us. Our feet for an infantry soldier, are the most important thing along with your weapon. You had to keep your feet dry; it was just impossible walking through rivers, creeks and whatever. Mike and I talked earlier about another event, about the snakes [laughs]. There were snakes over there, they were everywhere and me and no shoulders don't see eye to eye, let's put it that way [laugh].

**MA:** And for us to get off the ground, like I said, I arrived in February so it would be about, I'm a Celsius guy, so

it would be about 70 degrees Celsius in the day and then it would drop down cold enough in February there would be frost on the vehicle's windows. So you had to wear a coat, you had to wear long johns when we'd go out on a mission at night but during the day it was pleasant. And then one day in about May somebody turned the heat on and they didn't shut it off until I left. I kept a running notebook. I think we had 6 days of rain when I was in Afghanistan and some of the pictures I have... our biggest fight was dust storms because the dust would come up and our vehicles were diesel and turbo charged and they would suck the dust into the intakes and the machine guns were always dusty, you were just... your teeth were dusty, your eyes were dusty... it was just a grit and a dust that was always, always ever present, always there. You'd go in and have a shower, you'd come out and I remember one day watching this dust devil come on, and I'm goin' "I'm going to beat you back to my shack", so I'm running and it hit me so now I look like I've been rolling around in the mud cause I'm still damp from my shower and I'm

covered in dust, I went back and had another shower. But it was just ah... and when he talks about the snakes, we were told if it crawled in Afghanistan, it was poisonous so snakes, millipedes, centipedes, camel spiders, you name it. Some of the stuff, it's funny, it's not the guy who's shooting at you that really scares you, it's this big bug that won't back away from you that's closing distances with you. "What are you doing?" [laugh] you know.

**WHS:** When you joined up with the U.S. Army did you find that the troops treated you different because you were Canadian?

**WH:** I think that they treated us better than some of their own. I remember going back in those days. There were enlisted personnel who actually joined the service and those people that didn't enlist but were drafted and I think they treated us a lot better than the draftees did. Yeah, we were well taken care of. They treated us very good down there.

**WHS:** Roughly how many Canadians do you know that would have joined the U.S. Army at the time?

**WH:** I know my brother was in the American service. At the time I didn't know there were any other Canadians that were going into Vietnam. I knew there were 3 or 4 once I got over to Vietnam but I didn't know them. Come to find out that over 40,000 Canadians crossed the border and joined the U.S. Forces and on July 6th we're adding 3 more names to the Vietnam Memorial down on the river. That'll bring to

128 Canadians that were killed in Vietnam, that we know of.

**WHS:** Just recently they've recognized you as a veteran, correct?

**WH:** That's correct. The Ontario government has, with giving us the poppy plate. It was a big plus for us. Now we're being considered as veterans although our Federal government still does not recognize us.

**WHS:** Really, still?

**WH:** Well, when we joined the army it was against the law to join another force other than the Canadian forces. It was against the law, but nobody ever did anything about it anyway. So we've heard the names, they called us mercenaries, baby killers. But Canadians and Americans have been joining each other's armed forces since the Civil War. I don't know how many thousands of young men and women came from the states during WWI and WWII to join the Canadian Forces because the American Forces weren't in the war til later. I don't remember anybody calling them mercenaries. Why pin that on us because that's not what it was about at all.

**WHS:** To me, they should be recognizing us from day one as a veterans because we fought next to Americans. We're next to them today, we follow them wherever they go and they'll follow us, if it's the proper cause.

**WH:** Well theoretically, the Canadian forces were not in Vietnam other than with peacekeepers there with the International community -

**MA:** Control Commission.

**WH:** And there were eight of those peacekeepers that were killed in Vietnam, and they're names are on our Memorial down on the riverfront also. But no, our federal government does not recognize us as veterans at all.

**WHS:** I have a question for both of you. During training, did they give you a history of what the army or the military had actually been through, Canadians and Americans before-

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hand, because you'd probably have known more about the Canadians before you went over to the American army?

**WH:** My army career basically started when I went in to high school and at that time cadets were mandatory, so I went to the cadets, I went to camp Ipperwash for the summer months two years in a row. I joined the Essex & Kent [Scottish Regiment] for two years until I was out of school. Like I said before, there were no jobs here in the city. It was actually the travel and the military discipline that I enjoyed, so I went to the American sides to experience these.

**WHS:** Did they cover any history about their past wars?

**WH:** Oh for sure. They drilled that into us pretty good, but as the Canadians and Americans being different? No, we're all the same soldiers, you know.

**MA:** Same thing with us. When you join a regiment you get to know the regimental history because the battle honours are enshrined on the colours of the regiment. So to know the history of your regiment is to know what goes on and as Wayne said, the Essex & Kent Scottish, that's directly tied to the history of the city. If you look at multiple names in the city and parks, like I can tell you why Senator Croll Park downtown was named after him. He was the mayor of the

city of Windsor and he was 44 years old and he decided that he needed to leave and become a private in the Essex Scottish. People said "you can't", he said "I shall" and off he went. Or you look at Dieppe Park; why is it named Dieppe Park? Because the regiment, the regiment that we belong to, were slaughtered and there's no ifs, ands or buts about it. So to not know the history of this regiment is to not know the history of this city. When you join the regiment, you walk in and you see the battle honours. I can tell you what happened when Fred Tilston won his Victoria Cross because to join that regiment, it's important to know that. When I was on parade with Fred Tilston I was amazed that I was on parade with an actual Victoria Cross winner. You get to know the history of all these things. I also think these people who join the army are a different kind, a good bit different.. You know the history because you're interested in it, and you want to belong to something that's bigger than yourself. He could have become an autoworker; he could have gone to Montana and wrestled cattle. Well, he joined the army. There's also the decision when they said "do you want to be a paratrooper? Do you want to volunteer for a little bit tougher training?" Why not, so there are things that soldiers know or learn about. Like with me in Afghanistan. I watched the Russians invade. It was around 1980 when the boycott of the Olympic Games took place and I



remember reading over and over again what was going on in Afghanistan and how upset I was that the Russians had pushed in to this country. You've got to remember, there was no internet, there were only six or seven TV channels. There was no satellite, so we would sit and read a lot more and we would get our information and form our opinions that way. So while I'm not going to suggest to you that I know the entire history of the Afghan conflict from start to finish, I know what I experienced from '79 to now. As far as the history of regiments and things of that nature, they become second nature to a soldier. You belong, and they always tell you, that you belong to something and you are tasked with keeping a sacred trust with these guys who went before you and the only way that you know it's a sacred



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trust is to know what they did. So once you know what they did it's beholden on you to ensure that you do nothing to embarrass what these others have done before you. You have to know your history in order to preserve it and protect it.

**WH:** That's right.

**WHS:** Coming back from that kind of experience, a lot of people know that it's not easy, what did you have to deal with coming back from both of your tours?

**WH:** Having survived the horrors of war but then coming back home, you go through a whole new experience. The adrenaline rush is not there, so Post Traumatic Stress Disorder is a big thing, both with Vietnam vets coming back and the Afghan vets coming home today. I know I went through or I put my family through hell with it, I guess, my uncertainty, my guilt feelings that I had survived the horrors and some of my buddies didn't make it back. The anger, coming back with the restless nights, the chills and the sweats and perhaps being short with the kids for no apparent reason, that type thing. So PTSD is a big part of coming back then and now. There wasn't anything when I came back. We didn't have people to talk to or psychiatrists or counsellors to talk with. Where I may not have, I could've talked to him and I wouldn't take it out on my wife. Unfortunately she went through a lot of hell too. Currently, Mike's situation is a little bit different. Both in the American and the Canadian forces, when the guys get back here they're automatically starting to see people, counselors, psychiatrists, psychologists, whatever you want to call them and I think it's a good thing. People are talking about it a little bit more. When I came

back we held it all in, and sooner or later it was going to blow and a lot of times it did.

**MA:** I think the first couple of weeks, you always have your weapon as a section commander, so I had my rifle with a grenade launcher, an M203 underneath, a pistol, 8 rounds of M203, 14 magazines, some hand grenades and you look around and you felt naked for a little while without that weapon. Not because of anything else but because for 6 months that was the most important thing second only to your buddy across the way. So when you turn it in, we turned our weapons in before we came back and when you didn't have it you felt horribly naked. I think the other thing for me is sounds and smells. The helicopters that moved a lot of the stuff were Chinook helicopters, the twin rotor helicopters, and they're now flying out of Sulfridge and I find that at night or early in the morning, we, actually, a neighbour of mine is a Vietnam veteran and he and I were talking and while we were talking a Chinook went up river and I could hear it and I knew it was Chinook and I knew which way it was going, I knew where it had come from and I could hear the helicopter and you know we both stopped talking and we both started to go back to helicopters and that sort of stuff. For anybody else that would have been completely abnormal, for both of us, his experience was 60 whatever, mine was 2000 whatever, but that helicopter flew over and we were both back there. Now, when the red coast guard helicopter goes up, it's different.

**WH:** Yeah.

**MA:** During the Red Bull Air Races, that stunt helicopter was a Meshersmit helicopter and that's what the British used for their tactical reconnaissance so that helicopter has a different sound so as soon as I get down there I hear this and I'm back in Afghanistan again because sights, sounds and smells. So diesel fuel, our vehicles

were all diesel fuel. Kandahar does not have a water reclamation plant so they have these huge cesspools where all of the waste water goes so the smell of the base in and of itself was a very, very unique smell. The smell of our vehicles, imagine six people in a vehicle, 164 degrees, what that vehicle smells like. So there's smells that trigger remembering. There's sounds that trigger remembering. I didn't drive for the first three or four days because every time we drove we were getting ready to be blown up, right, so I just figured, you know what, rather than put myself in a circumstance or situation where I'm going down the road and all of sudden something happens, I'm just going to let my wife drive, no big deal. It's just you do things differently there then you do here and you have to unlearn everything you just learned to keep yourself alive. People sometimes have a difficult time understanding why you undo certain things or you don't do things a certain way, like for a long time I wouldn't throw batteries out. We didn't throw batteries out - they went to a battery collection point because the batteries were used to make the IED's, so even though I'm home I would take the batteries out of the remote control and stick them on the table and my wife would yell at me and I would just say "Ok", you know, no big deal. It's very minute things, sight, sound, smells and learned behaviours. It's very difficult for it to go away. Like I said, it's sweat and diesel, that's not a very common smell but when I've got it in my nose, that's exactly where I am; I'm back inside my carrier and that's what we're doing. For me it's not a bad thing, it ties me with those guys that I served with, that I can get on the computer with and say do you remember this smell, remember this day what did it smell like? Oh yeah, I remember it; burning tires or burning cars or burning automotive foam, very unique smells. You've got to learn that it's not there anymore and the survival skills that you have, they don't just shut off when you arrive at home. You don't just go "Ok, no one's shooting at me anymore, click, I can become on-red alert all the time". It takes awhile to slow down.

**WH:** [agreeing] Slow down.



## WAR TIME STORIES

**MA:** I still don't think I've slowed down, I still don't. I just... you know it's that constant sort of... because you had to be hyper vigilant and hyper alert all the time there was no "let's relax". Even in your relax mode you still had your weapon with you and there was still a threat that someone was going to fire rounds at you so you're still hyper vigilant and it takes awhile for your body to actually turn the clock back and you just relax, just be completely the way you were before. Not that it's a bad thing but it takes awhile.

**WHS:** You talked about when you came back home, you couldn't talk, you were a little more aggressive, you were lashing out sometimes for no reason, were you afraid of being like that when you went home?

**WH & MA:** Yup.

**WHS:** But did you guys both have that fear especially knowing the history behind everything? Were you afraid of not knowing what was going to happen when you got home?

**MA:** What the Canadian Army does when you leave Afghanistan is they don't fly you right home. You do what's call decompression in Cypress for three days, so they fly you from a war zone to another war zone because Cypress is still technically a divided island. What they do there is they put you up in a nice hotel, you go to decompression classes and sessions on how to deal with things and ironically you drink your face off and you get it done because at the end of those three days the last thing I wanted to do was have a beer. Most soldiers hated decompression in Cypress because you could see the end but the army still had you for three more days before it was done. But when I got home I was so tired and so hung over that the last thing I wanted to do was have buddies show up with a couple cases of beer and do war stories.

Wayne Hillman  
Michael Akpata  
Windsor Historical Society

In July of 1939, I left school at the age of 14. My mother, who was a widow at that time, took in a lodger who was a seafaring man. He told my mother he could get me on his ship as a deck boy. Well, I signed on the ship called the Thomas Holt. We were sailing down the English Channel when the war broke out, heading for Freetown on the West Coast of Africa. At that time, it was called the Mercantile Marine, the Silent Service; until later it was renamed the Merchant Navy. I sailed on such ships as the Queen Mary, Monarch of Bermuda, and in June of 1942 I sailed from Liverpool, England on a captured ship called the Empire Governor. We returned home at Belfast, 24 months and 24 days later. We were the only ship of the entire war to be away from home for over two years. I stayed in the Merchant Navy for eight years and packed it up after I got married at the age of 19 on 9th April, 1944. I just wanted to be home with my wife. I then got a job as a bus conductor until I was old enough to be a bus driver. We came over to Canada, my wife and three kids, to Windsor, where I found a job with McKinlay Transport for thirty years. I'm retired now and I was born on 9th June, 1925. I think I must have been the youngest boy in the war at that time. My wife of 55 years passed away in May of 2000. I guess this is the story of my life.

By Stanley Lawton

In the Netherlands, every May 4th is an occasion for all the people to attend memorial services, to pay their respects to those who died liberating their country in 1939-1945. They have never forgotten the sacrifices made on their behalf by the men and women in the Allied Forces, including all the children.

In 1995, the Dutch government invit-

ed Canadian veterans to return to take part in the 50th Anniversary of their liberation. Some 14,000 of us accepted their invitation, and were proud to attend the memorial services at the various cemeteries, and many other special events. Most of us were billeted in private homes, throughout the country, for two weeks in May 1995. Another Windsor Veteran, Captain Edward Larret, and our wives, were assigned to the town of Dalfsen. We found out there would be more Veterans billeted in Dalfsen; 17 of us from Ontario, four from Manitoba. Many Allied aircraft were shot down, and crashed near Dalfsen. As a result, 22 Commonwealth Airmen are buried in the Dalfsen Municipal Cemetery, three of which are our own R.C.A.F. boys.

We not only became acquainted with other Canadians, but all of us became friends with our host families, and many of them have already been to Canada to visit their guests from 1995. Many more are planning to visit this year. A wonderful relationship has developed amongst us.

The memorial service on May 4th consists of a church service, a silent parade by the congregation to the Dalfsen Cemetery, and the usual service consisting of placing wreaths, bouquets of flowers placed on each gravesite by school children, last post, and several musical pieces by the attending band.

By John C. Neville

I joined the R.C.A.F. on October 1st, 1941 at the age of twen-



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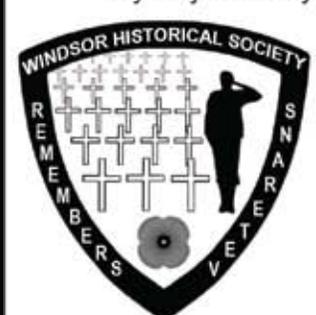
ty. After a lengthy period of training I received my pilot's wings in January 1943. As I was supposed to serve on Coastal Command, I also had to pass a navigator's course. I was shipped overseas in May of 1943. After several more courses including operational training on Wellington aircraft, we were sent to Egypt for torpedo bombing training. However, they are deemed to be obsolete because of staggering losses, so we were shipped back to England in January 1944. Because D-Day was being planned, our crew was assigned to 48th Squadron Royal Air Forces, part of 46 Group Transport Command, which comprised of approximately 150 to 175 Dakotas or DC3s. The Dakotas had twin engines, with about a 30m wingspan. Our crew of four was comprised of a Northern Irish pilot, Scottish navigator, a Newfoundland wireless operator, and myself. A total of over 150,000 army and 250,000 aircrew, naval personnel and aircrew backup took part in the Operation

Overload, including 13,000 aircraft. At midnight on June 5th, 1944, our aircraft dropped a "stick" of 20 paratroopers, about 10km inland behind the D-Day beaches in Normandy. At 6pm on June 6th, our plane towed a Horsa glider, carrying 15-20 troops which landed on one end of a Caen Canal bridge. They were to prevent the Germans from destroying the bridge. The most outstanding sight I ever seen in my life was while we were towing the glider at about 300m high on our return trip to England. There were three lanes of aircraft, three abreast, flying in Omaha, Gold, and Sword beaches. Also there were 4 or 5 levels of aircraft, fighter planes, low-level bombers, medium bombers, and heavy bombers. I could probably see a few thousand aircraft at one time. In addition, there were probably 4,000 vessels in the English Channel below. About a week after D-Day we started our trips to the continent. We flew supplies, mostly petrol, and returned the wounded to England. Therefore no aircraft partic-

ipated in "Market Garden" on Friday, September 22nd. On Saturday, September 23rd, our crew dropped their supplies, but we had our oil line to one engine damaged and we flew on one engine as far as Eindhoven Airport. We barely cleared the power lines near the airport and landed on a temporary landing strip being used by rocket-firing Typhoons. It was the first day we had control of Eindhoven Airport. The next day, we hitch-hiked into Brussels. Saturday was the last day of operations for Transport Command. The reason "Market Garden" failed was that the Germans had more tanks in the Arnhem area than the Allied Command were aware of, and so they could not capture the Arnhem Bridge. After days of desperate fighting and terrible casualties, the Allied troops had to surrender. From then on everything was routine until February 1945. I was sent on a long range transport training course to prepare to fly troops to the Far East to fight the Japanese. I completed the course on May 8th, VE Day.

Air Force Command estimated the Japanese war was nearly over, so I was sent back to 48 Squadron. I only flew a few supply missions and Polish generals over to Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Forces in Frankfurt, Germany. I was transferred back to Canada the end of August, 1945, and returned to my old job on October 1st, 1945. I was away from it four years to the day.

By Lloyd Bentley



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| <p>7 - 11<br/>                 Advantage Drug Mart<br/>                 AMPM Plumbing<br/>                 Anderson Funeral Home<br/>                 Arby's<br/>                 Armandos Pizza<br/>                 Arthur Drake<br/>                 Baker Denture Clinic<br/>                 Biz-X<br/>                 Brian Masse MP<br/>                 Brisebois Law Office<br/>                 Burger King<br/>                 Capri Pizzeria<br/>                 Care Transport<br/>                 CAW Local 1973<br/>                 CAW Local 200<br/>                 Caesars Windsor<br/>                 Central Park Lodge<br/>                 Champion Products<br/>                 Chartwell Retirement Residences<br/>                 City of Windsor<br/>                 CNIB<br/>                 D. Greenwood<br/>                 Dan Beaudoin<br/>                 Dorothy White<br/>                 Dr. David Mady<br/>                 Detroit River Tunnel Partnership<br/>                 Dwight Duncan MPP<br/>                 East Windsor Cogeneration Ctr<br/>                 Families First Funeral Home<br/>                 Festival Tent<br/>                 First Choice Heating &amp; Cooling<br/>                 Freed's<br/>                 Greenlawn - Victoria Memorial Garden<br/>                 Hallmark Memorial Co.<br/>                 Harry Major<br/>                 Hotel Dieu-Grace Hospital<br/>                 IBEW Local 773</p> | <p>Int. Union Painters &amp; Allied<br/>                 Trades 1494 &amp; 1590<br/>                 Jeff Watson MP<br/>                 Jerry Scislawski<br/>                 Joe Comartin MP<br/>                 Joel Osteen<br/>                 John Cunningham<br/>                 John Neville<br/>                 Kingsville Court<br/>                 Knights of Columbus Council 1453<br/>                 Knights of Columbus Council 4386<br/>                 Knights of Columbus Council 4924<br/>                 Knights of Columbus Council 9528<br/>                 Knights of Columbus Father Nolan<br/>                 Labourers International Local 625<br/>                 LaBute Motors Inc.<br/>                 Larry Costello<br/>                 Leamington Court<br/>                 Local 235<br/>                 Maisonville Court<br/>                 Maisonville Court Staff &amp; Residents<br/>                 Mayor Eddie Francis<br/>                 McDonalds<br/>                 Millwright Local Union 1244<br/>                 Motor City Community Credit Union<br/>                 Naples Pizza<br/>                 National Health Care Pharmacy<br/>                 Navy League Canada, Windsor Branch<br/>                 ORCA - Ontario Retirement<br/>                 Painters and Allied Trades Local 1590<br/>                 Paul Laforet<br/>                 Penny Saver Smart Shopper<br/>                 Plumbing and Pipefitters Local 552<br/>                 Q-D Mac Solutions<br/>                 Regency / Chateau Care Corp.<br/>                 RC Legion Balfour Branch 362<br/>                 R.C. Legion Branch 12<br/>                 RC Legion Branch 143</p> | <p>RC Legion Branch 94<br/>                 RC Legion Branch 126 Polish Veterans<br/>                 Rosati Group<br/>                 Rosina Baillargeon<br/>                 Royal Marquis Retirement Residence<br/>                 Sandra Pupatello MP<br/>                 Scotiabank<br/>                 Serbian Centre<br/>                 Sheet Metal &amp; Roofers Local 235<br/>                 Shoppers Drug Marts<br/>                 Shoppers Home Health<br/>                 Southgate Residece<br/>                 St. Clair College<br/>                 St. Elizabeth Health Care<br/>                 Stan Jones<br/>                 Staples Business Depots<br/>                 Teamsters Local 880<br/>                 The Memory Project<br/>                 The Rock 95.1 &amp; 100.7 FM<br/>                 The Royal Marquis Residence<br/>                 Tim Horton's<br/>                 Transit Windsor<br/>                 UA Local 552<br/>                 United Credit Unions<br/>                 Urban Heating and Cooling<br/>                 Veteran Cab Company<br/>                 Weir Bros. Heating and Cooling<br/>                 Windsor City Council<br/>                 Windsor Eye Care Centre<br/>                 Windsor-Detroit Tunnel Duty Free<br/>                 Windsor Family Credit Union<br/>                 Windsor Firefighters Assoc.<br/>                 Windsor Parks and Rec<br/>                 Windsor Public Libray<br/>                 Windsor Star<br/>                 Windsor Starter Powerhouse<br/>                 Windsor Veterans Memorial<br/>                 Services Committee</p> |
|--|--|---|

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*A special thank you to Theresa Charbonneau and all of Andrew Grenon's family and friends.*

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## **MEMORIES OF A LONG AGO WAR A116651 - Pte. Stanley Scislowski**

### **So Long to CIVVY STREET**

It was the summer of 1942, a summer as hot as any summer I'd ever sweated through. Along with the stifling heat, the high humidity made things even more unbearable. Summers in Essex County, known as the sun-parlour of Canada, can get to be pretty damned hot at times. The summers of the dirty thirties, stretching even into the early forties were especially hot. The summer of '42 was one of the hotter ones. A scorcher let me tell you.

In the years between 1932 and 1942 we'd gone through some of the hottest summers on record for this part of the country. But we weren't alone in feeling the heat. The whole continent suffered through the long, drawn-out heat-waves that brought on drought so severe in the southern Midwest states that they were turned into vast acres of dust-bowls. The Oklahoma dust-bowl was an extreme example of what it was like in those days. Even our own prairies were hard hit by the long spell of blistering heat and almost no rain. Farmers in the prairie wheat-belt in Saskatchewan saw their precious top-soil dry up into dust and blown away by the winds swirling over the once verdant fields.

Many of the farmers went belly-up as their wheat and oat crops drooped stunted and parched in the desiccated fields. They were hard and hot times indeed. The depression added to the misery everyone was suffering through.

What made it tough for all of us trying to put up with the heat-wave was the fact that we didn't have the luxury of air-conditioning, as we take for granted nowadays. This necessity was a good ten and more years yet in the future.

Electric fans were about the only way anyone could ease their discomfort somewhat, and anyone who could afford one, laid down the money. Most, however, couldn't even afford the five dollars or thereabouts needed to buy an electric fan. Just to prove how hot it was in the summer of '42, the Star had a picture on the front page of one of its editions showing a man frying eggs on the sidewalk in front of the Prince Edward Hotel. No one had to remind each other just how hot it really was; the sweat pouring down our faces after even the slightest physical effort told us so. But as unbearably uncomfortable as it was at home in that summer of '42 even with all the windows wide open,

it was a lot tougher on the people at work in factories, especially the foundries at Walker Metal and Auto Specialties and those sweating it out at Dominion Forge.

I don't know how these people ever got through the day without collapsing. I know I couldn't have lasted an hour in that kind of hellfire heat and atmosphere. In fact there were times on the Chrysler loading dock where I'd recently gotten a job that I thought for sure I was going to keel over and die. S.S.

### **The Dirty Thirties**

Before the big Wall Street crash in 1929, that economic upheaval that ushered in the depression, my father was working in the Ford foundry in what was then known as Ford City and then changed to East Windsor. It was as tough, dirty, hot, and stinking a job as any could be. Foundries in those days were a far, far cry from what they are today, what with no government environmental regulations and safety guide-lines to protect the health and welfare of the workers. In those days they were nothing less than hellholes of health-ruining smoke, soot, sand, and evil-smelling, toxic gases. It was a miracle that workers lasted on the job as long as they did.

Inside those incredibly grimy walls and polluted air, the labourers literally worked their asses off. Most foundry workers in those days were either Polacks, Hunkies, or Ukrainians, along with a smattering of other breeds.

But you never heard any of them complain about working conditions like they do nowadays. Today, even when the people work under the best of conditions they complain like hell, beg off sick, stay home with a mere cold for an excuse. In those days, if you didn't like your job and made too much noise about it and the boss got wind of it, you'd get your ass booted out of the place so fast it'd make your head swim.

Management in the thirties took no guff from the workman, that's for sure. It's no wonder the unions came along. No one could afford to lose their job, so no one made any noise that might get to the front office. Anybody who did, spent one hell of a long time looking for another, and it was more than likely he'd never find one anyway. And there was no Unemployment Insurance to carry people through till they did get a job-which was unlikely, anyway. In other words you damn near starved. SS.

## A Fighting Perth Remembers

The night was black as pitch, no moon, no stars, no flash of artillery fire to light the way for the Canadian infantry moving forward to the start-line of their next attack. The night was unusually quiet, as though both armies facing each other in the flatlands of the North Italian plains had gone to bed early. The only sound came from the scuffle of the infantrymen's boots on gravel as they worked their way forward. To a man, as always, they fervently hoped that the advance would be a 'walkover', but it was not to be. The enemy had not gone away, and they had not gone to bed early. Except for those momentarily relieved of weapons post duty, the enemy was very much awake and alert. They were in positions all through the area with their weapons trained at the single point where they were sure the Canadian attack would come in on them, and that was the roadway crossing the Fosso Munio stream.

In the lead section of the lead platoon of the Perth Regiment from Stratford, Ontario spearheading the attack was a 17 year old Windsor lad. Actually, too young to have been inducted into the army, Lance Corporal Freddie Lytwyn had to have lied about his age to get in the army. But he was a veteran now, a veteran of several hard-fought battles as he marched on towards yet another battle, this one only five days before Christmas, hoping, as all men do when going into battle that it would be an easy affair and that he would come out of it okay.

Undetected thus far as they approached the start-line at the roadway crossing of the insignificant narrow watercourse, they entered a roadside drainage ditch, and with stealth. made good time on the way to their first objective. They strained their eyes peering into the black fields around them to catch signs of enemy presence to evade them if

they could, or to throw fire at them if that had to be.

The immediate danger, however, was not in the open fields to their left, nor was it in the impenetrable darkness on their right. It was straight ahead along the line of the ditch. An enemy machine-gun crew

hidden behind a stone culvert waited for them, their weapon pointing down the line of that ditch. Their weapon, an MG 42 rated at 1200 rounds per minute, almost twice as fast as the Bren, could, in the narrow confine of the ditch do considerable slaughter. There was no way the man behind the gun could miss the unsuspecting approaching platoon.

At 25 yards range the enemy Fusilier squeezed the trigger, the gun ripping off a long burst. 400 steel jacketed slugs slammed into the bodies of the lead two sections. Twelve men died instantly, their bodies literally torn apart in the slash of bullets. Back along the column, others a little slower to react to the 'ripping canvas' sound of the gun, threw themselves onto the slick sides of the ditch, but they delayed only by seconds their own deaths. Somewhere in that pile of torn bodies was that of the 17 year old Windsor lad. He was too young to have to die in battle . . . he was too young to die at any time. He, like so many countless others of our generation, had been denied by the cruel fates of war to reach manhood, to love, to marry, to raise a family, to enjoy all those things that we as survivors have taken for granted. And so, in eternal thankfulness to God that somehow we were spared a similar fate and allowed to live out our lives as He had intended, it is only fit and proper that on Remembrance Day we should pause and pay tribute to their supreme sacrifice.

I've taken the liberty of describing the last moments in the life of one inordinately young Canadian who represents the hundred thousand and more other Canadians who laid down their lives in War. I have done this for a reason, that reason being that it is much easier to focus one's thoughts onto one individual than onto a faceless multitude. In remembering one . . . we remember all. S.S.

## Oak Park LaSalle

The distinction of having the Oak Park LaSalle Retirement Community Library named after him has been bestowed upon Windsor author Stan Scislowski. Stan, an honored veteran, was injured during WW11, and on his return, began researching and writing chronicles on what we now recognize as historic moments in time. He personally acknowledged his namesake library in a ceremony at Oak Park LaSalle on April 30th. Manager James Flynn said, " We are honored to have Stan as a resident at Oak Park. His is an inspiration to us all. "



Sent: Friday, November 12, 2004 7:27 AM re: Veterans Appreciation Day November 11, 2004  
What a production! What a grand production! It couldn't have gone better. The only glitch as I saw (or heard) was the high-pitched squeal of the sound system for a few moments.. In every way, however, it was one of the most delightful, afternoons I had spent in quite some time. I loved it.

I was fortunate in having picked out a table to sit at, with two Canadian Forces Sergeants and one lady Air Force Corporal and the wife of the Naval person, to chat with.. Great table companions!

And I have to say this: entertainment as provided by the lesser lights of music and song is often more entertaining, more delightful to listen to than what the stars supply; mainly, I suppose because they are right there in front of you. And the final bit of music and song by the Korean Choir was a bellringer. I was literally swept off my feet in emotion, especially when they sang Amazing Grace both in Korean and in English. I got so carried away I went up to their spokesman and expressed my thanks and let him know that Canada had gained a treasure in their coming to Canada.

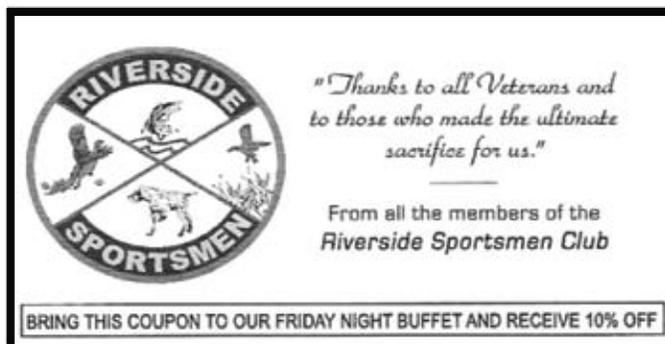
More of the same next year! I hope. All of your group are to be commended for what you have done for the Veterans, their spouses, and all else who came to enjoy a wonderful afternoon. S.S.

#### Value of the Veteran

Much of the public envisions a veteran as a man or a woman marching in uniformity to the familiar drum-beat of a time long past. Hundreds of commemorative ceremonies held in Canadian towns and cities bring public attention to the veterans, if only for a few hours or a few days.

However, the veteran is more than a living reminder of the wars, now experienced only through words and images. The veteran is a source of pride for the individual and the community alike. It is not uncommon to hear an individual boast of a parent, a grandparent or a sibling serving, or who served, in the Armed Forces. These veterans are more than symbols of pride for a family. These veterans are a living link to a time when the concept of nation was far removed from that of contemporary thinking. Commemorations organized by the current generation hint of a need to compare the accomplishments of the veteran to their own lives.

Every generation strives to leave its mark. The now generation of Canadians is increasingly mobile, dispersed throughout the world in pursuit of education and career, challenged by the ever-changing family structures and burdened by greater difficulties in maintaining relationships. In the midst of this chaos, still as steadfast and stalwart as in the midst of a world turned upside down by the horrors of war, stands the veteran... a symbol of hope for the future.  
Stan Scislowski



#### MESSAGES

##### **A message from Mike Beale- President**

##### **The Canadian Historical Aircraft Association**

Our mandate is clear; our work must honour all veterans both past and present. Furthermore, we have committed ourselves to educating generations to follow by sharing our military history.

With perseverance and the ongoing assistance of the citizens of south-western Ontario we intend to build a museum.

I want to thank so many of you from Windsor, Essex and Kent Counties for your kindnesses and to tell you how important you are to a group so focussed on the work of honouring others.

Thank you all, thank you very much. And the best of luck to the Windsor Historical Society!

Mike Beale [www.ch2a.ca](http://www.ch2a.ca)

##### **Message from Mickey Moulder, Vice Chair of the Canadian Transportation Museum & Heritage Village in Essex**

Our museum has created a display honouring the Canadian landing at Juno Beach on D Day, June 6, 1944. I invite everyone to visit the museum and view the story and artifacts presented. For more info see [www.ctmhv.com](http://www.ctmhv.com) ...

Also for more stories and write ups from me personally please visit [www.mickeymoulder.com](http://www.mickeymoulder.com)

## War Statistics

Compiled by Mickey Moulder

War is a terrible blight upon humankind but unfortunately, it's been with us forever. And I'm not sure that Mother Nature even recognizes it as anything more than just another component or by-product of her all important survival at any cost dictum. To the victors go the gene pool and the future. Natural selection in general, is just not very kind it seems. Nature can be overwhelmingly beautiful and so mysterious and complex and often quite giving but never forget that life needs defending and taking if it is to endure. We see it under the oceans, in the skies and on land, everywhere, everyday with endless types of life forms competing for survival. As part of this mosaic of aggressive life and death competition here on planet earth we find ourselves; the humans. In our DNA, we carry the imprint of a million years of struggle to eat, shelter, procreate and dominate just like every other creature within nature. Unfortunately, these very traits that honed our intelligence and skills as a species and allowed us to survive and indeed prosper have also drawn us into conflict with and among ourselves. At times, we humans have become our own worst enemy and as a result, history teaches that those who lose their ability or desire to be ever vigilant in

protecting what they hold near and dear, risk losing everything. Many past wars have been caused by weakness and many potential wars have been prevented through strength; that's why our national anthem proclaims, Canada "we stand on guard for thee". We would all agree that warfare should never be glorified but it most certainly requires remembering. The 20th century was one of the bloodiest centuries in history and it's so very important for us to never forget the costs as well as the causes and effects of these not-so-long-ago conflagrations. If we are to ever rid ourselves of this scourge, we must be constantly reminded of the hell it represents. Additionally, as a nation, we must never forget the sacrifice and dedication of the men and women who were called upon to defend us and our way of life against those who waged war upon us. Thank God that such people dwell amongst us otherwise where would we be today? For our part, we remember below, the hellish cost in deaths that came from World War I and II, and Korea. May the 21st century bring with it, less of this kind of hell.

**World War I** was fought mainly in Europe and Russia and the North Atlantic with some fighting taking place in other parts of the globe. Approximately 10.7 million military deaths and over 10 million civilian deaths occurred with an additional 21 million people being wounded in this war. The Entente (Allies) lost about 5 million troops months killed anywhere from 20 to 100 million people. No one really knows for sure how many died. Joseph Stalin, who came to power as a result of the effects of WW I, killed approximately 20 million of his own people during his purges and a self-induced famine in the 1930's and Mao Zedong of China caused the death of over 40 million of his own people via famine caused from his Great Leap Forward campaign in the late 1950's and early 1960's. Again this man and what he represented came to power as a result of WW II. In addition, the Korean conflict was spawned as well, by the direct effects of WW II. and the Central Powers lost about 4 million military personnel). In addition the Spanish Influenza pandemic began in the trenches on the Western Front in March 1918 and lasted until June 1920. It spread to all areas of the world and in 27 months killed anywhere from 20 to 100 million people. No one really knows for sure how many died. Joseph Stalin, who came to power as a result of the effects of WW I, killed approximately 20 million of his own people during his purges and a self-induced famine in the 1930's and Mao Zedong of China caused the death of over 40 million of his own people via famine caused from his Great Leap Forward campaign in the late 1950's and early 1960's. Again this man and what he represented came to power as a result of WW II. In addition, the Korean conflict was spawned as well, by the direct effects of WW II.

**World War II** was a global conflict involving most of the world's nations organized into two opposing military alliances: the Allies and the Axis powers. The war led to the mobilization of over 100 million military personnel world wide, making it the most widespread war ever. In addition over 70 million people, most of them civilians, were killed making it the deadliest conflict in human history.

WORLD WAR I STATISTICS				
From August 3, 1914 to November 11, 1918				
Location: Europe, Russia primarily and North Atlantic				
	ALLIES		Central Powers	
Military Dead:	5 Million+		4 Million+	% of Pop.
	Population In Millions	Military Deaths	Civilian Deaths	
Canada:	7.2 M	65,000	2,000	0.9
Newfoundland	0.2 M	1,200		0.6
U.S.A.	92.0 M	116,700	800	0.2
Russia	158.9 M	1,811,000	1,500,000	2.2
Germany	64.9 M	2,036,000	426,000	3.8
United Kingdom	45.4 M	885,100	109,000	2
France	39.6 M	1,398,000	300,000	4.3
Austria/Hungary	51.4 M	1,100,000	467,000	3
Bulgaria	5.5 M	87,500	100,000	3.4
Ottoman Empire	21.3 M	800,000	4,200,000	23.5
Serbia	4.5 M	275,000	450,000	16.1
WORLD WAR II STATISTICS				
From September 1, 1939 to September 2, 1945				
Location: Europe, Pacific, South East Asia, Africa, China, Middle Mediterranean, North America, South America, Japan, India				
	ALLIES		AXIS	
Military Dead:	14 Million		8 Million	
Civilian Dead:	36 Million		4 Million	
Total Dead:	50 Million		12 Million	
	Population In Millions	Military Deaths	Civilian Deaths	% of Pop.
Canada:	11.3 M	45,300	-	0.4
Newfoundland	0.3 M	1,000	100	0.37
U.S.A.	131.0 M	417	1700	0.32
Soviet Union	168.5 M	10,700,000	12,400,000	13.71
Japan	71.4 M	2,120,000	580,000	3.78
Germany	69.6 M	5,533,000	1,760,000	10.47
United Kingdom	47.8 M	382,600	67,800	0.94
France	47.1 M	217,600	350,000	1.35
China	517.6 M	3,800,000	16,200,000	3.86
Poland	34.9	240,000	5,360,000	16.07

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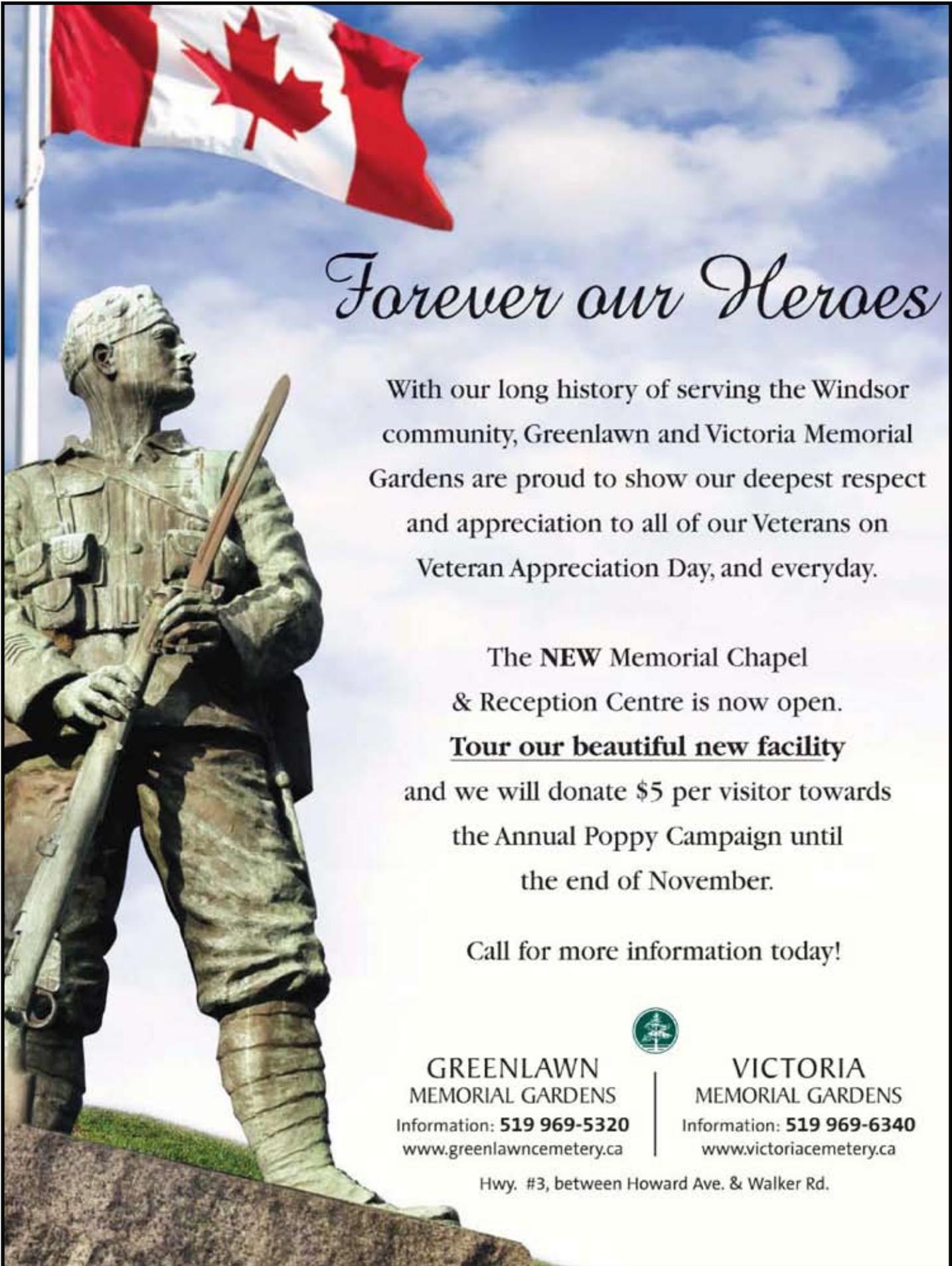
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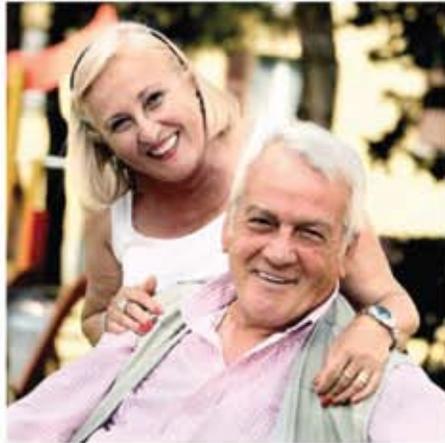
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