

2011 ~ 2012
VETERANS DAY MAGAZINE
and Souvenir Program

10th Anniversary

Special Report on
The Italian Campaign 1942-1945

10th Annual Veterans Appreciation Day
November 11, 2011

CHRISTMAS TRUCE *Returns ...*



lest we forget

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who have served, and continue to serve our country,
during times of war, conflict and peace.

November 11th, 2011

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COMMEMORATIVE EDITION

Christmas Truce memorable

The Windsor Historical Society, Veterans Memories Project was honoured and pleased to assist in bringing Christmas Truce live drama to the stage recently in the fitting, military setting of the Major F.A. Tilston Armoury.

More than 1,000 students were fortunate enough to attend the matinee productions with chaperones and teachers.

Eight hundred adults who attended the evening performances were treated to a spectacular performance and were emotionally moved to tears and sobbing as were the veterans.

The Walkerville Centre for the Creative Arts Drama production led by John Nabben, 15 assistants and 41 talented and devoted students accomplished something much greater than any of us had expected.

It was something the students both performing and those attending will likely remember for the rest of their lives as well, parents, teachers and veterans.

Some compliments we heard



Cast members from the Walkerville Centre for the Creative Arts Drama perform in a scene from A Christmas Truce, based on a true story about a wartime ceasefire among 100,000 German, Scottish and French soldiers during Christmas 1914.

as guests were leaving were professional, sad, historical, wonderful, entertaining, phenomenal, emotional, memorable, uplifting, enjoyable and proud of Canada.

It is the society's hope to be able to share this performance through our website with photographs, film, DVD or

better yet, a possible repeat performance.

A sincere thank you to every participant in the play.

You have made an enormous impression on everyone.

Dann Bouzide, And Barry Horrobin, Windsor Historical Society.

Vets celebrated and honoured

On Nov. 11, veterans from all branches of services and from all wars and peacekeeping missions, from across Canada, U.S. England, Poland and Holland were again celebrated and honoured at the Serbian Centre.

The City of Windsor and the Windsor Historical Society treated Veterans to a free dinner, souvenir bottles of wine, hundreds of prizes and most of all, camaraderie.

Mayor Eddie Francis addressed the veterans and their families with acknowledgment, praise and gratitude. MC Percy Hatfield added a nice touch with just the right amounts of decorum and humour.

Some highlights include entertainment provided by Take Two including songs of the era that had many veterans singing war songs along with them.

Bob Papak, dressed in Second World War Canadian Infantry battle dress, stood on stage, reverently at attention during the beautiful singing of the three National Anthems.

A veteran's grand prize of a TV was won by Harry Major, CD who donated the TV back to the Windsor Historical Society to be raffled off to raise funds for our Veterans Speak To Students Projects. **Cont'd A2**

Windsor Historical Society - Veterans Memories Project

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SCENES - (THIS PAGE DONATED BY ONE GRATEFUL MEMBER)





THE CITY OF WINDSOR

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

EDDIE FRANCIS
MAYOR

November, 2011

THE CITY OF WINDSOR IS PROUD TO JOIN IN AGAIN SALUTING OUR HONOURED VETERANS ON THIS 10TH ANNUAL VETERANS APPRECIATION DAY

We are, and always have been, a community in which appreciation of country and cherishing of freedom have found particular expression in the way we show our esteem and gratitude to those men and women who contributed so outstandingly, making Canada the blessed nation it is.

We include the servicemen and women who we are privileged to have with us at this Veterans Appreciation gathering, and we will forever honour those fellow citizens of ours who, across the generations, have journeyed from our land to defend decency but who now rest in eternal memory in far away corners of the world.

It was 93 years ago that a victorious end came to the First World War; 66 years ago that World War II was concluded; 58 years ago that an armistice was achieved in the Korean War; and since then, Canadians have been involved in various conflicts and vital peacekeeping missions, including the worldwide struggle against terrorism, especially and most recently in Afghanistan, where more than 150 of our fellow countrymen and women laid down their lives.

The City of Windsor treasures the contributions of all who have answered the call to defend right thinking values everywhere, and we heartily endorse Remembrance season, Remembrance Day, and this special gathering now, at which we are able to share so many memories and enjoy one another in such warm fellowship.

We are thankful to the Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project, which itself celebrates a special anniversary this year: its tenth among us.

It is fitting that this edition of the Veterans Day Magazine and Souvenir Program highlights the enormous contributions to our society made by our spirited Italian-Canadian community, pointing out the achievements of its members and reminding us of the hardships so unjustly suffered in the internment raids more than 70 years ago which saw so many patriotic Canadians of Italian origin unjustly deprived of their freedoms simply because of their heritage.

In all, today is as it should be: special to us, for what it causes us to remember and what it represents for the future of a free Canada.

Look around you.

There are so many people to thank for our blessings, and we are grateful to the Veterans Memories Project for acceding us this happy and annual occasion for doing so.

Sincerely,

Eddie Francis
Mayor

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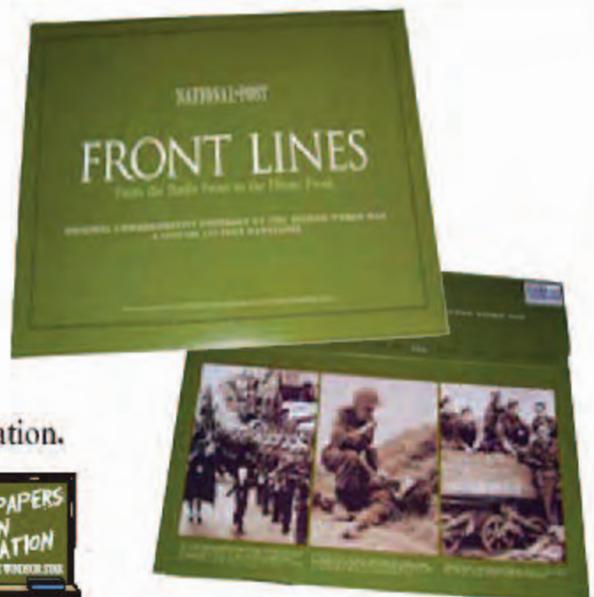
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Dann Bouzide, Eva Bouzide
Dr. Robert Carom

Coordinators
Larry Costello, CD, Dann Bouzide, Wayne Hillman

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Sam Meddaka

Events Volunteers
(too many to mention by name but you know who you are)

Mission Statement
Our goal is to educate our youth and help them understand the sacrifices made by our Veterans so that they, our next generation, may continue to have the freedoms they enjoy today.

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VETERANS DAY MAGAZINE AND SOUVENIR PROGRAM 2011 - 2012

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Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project: A History

The Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project celebrates its 10th Anniversary in the 2011-2012 year. It was created to honour, thank, and remember Veterans. Ten years later, the Society has become famous in Windsor for its Annual Veterans Appreciation Day every November 11th.

It began in 2002 when Mayor Michael Hurst was busy working on renovating the City of Windsor; specifically the area of the Norwich Block. The Windsor Press Club was one of the buildings that needed to be re-located and they were bought out for \$200,000 to do so. The new location turned out to be a bad financial decision for the Club and the Vice-President, Walter Manzig, soon found himself in a bit of a pickle by the middle of 2002. Manzig, realizing his troubles, called in a favour from a friend of his, Dann Bouzide.

Bouzide had successfully run and operated many restaurant establishments in the Windsor Area. He was also working in partnership with Manzig on the Windsor Automotive Historical Centre, which was to preserve the automotive history of the local community. Bouzide agreed to help out and quickly discovered that it might be better for Manzig to simply close up shop.

“Lock the door and run like hell,” Bouzide suggested. But then a rather ingenious idea formed.

Since November 11th, 1924, Veterans and their families would gather around the Cenotaph at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month for two minutes of silence. This pittance of time is to honour the memory of the thousands of men and women who sacrificed their lives in military service for our country. Every year since the opening, a Remembrance Day ceremony had been celebrated at the Cenotaph. Bouzide, being a Windsorite his whole life as well as the son of a Veteran was well aware of this celebration and his ingenious idea was to invite the Veterans back to the Windsor Press Club for lunch after the ceremony.

On October 15th, 2002, Bouzide and Manzig joined forces with a family friend of Bouzide, Larry Costello. Costello was a World War Two Royal Canadian Navy Veteran and a local celebrity in Windsor for all of the good work he did within the community. The three banded together to officially be incorporated as the



Windsor Historical Society. Soon afterwards, the Windsor Historical Society gained charitable status (No. 85558 3845 RR0001). This would allow Bouzide and Manzig to bring about the very first Veterans Appreciation Day.

Working together with Bouzide's wife Eva and Julie Lawrence, a local do-gooder, they put up flyers around the city inviting Veterans and their families to the Windsor Press Club where Veterans would be treated to a free lunch donated by local restaurants and catering establishments. The event turned up 125 people, including local Vietnam Veteran Wayne Hillman (a Canadian who served in the U.S. Army and who in 2004-2005 joined Costello and Bouzide as an official coordinator of the Society) who showed up for lunch and the first Veterans Appreciation Day was born.

Eva Bouzide will never forget that first Veterans Appreciation Day. “Julie and I still laugh about it,” she said. “We ran out of salad of all things. Julie and I ran to the back and were chopping lettuce and vegetables like mad on this tiny old freezer as we tried to get it out quickly to the Veterans. That still makes us laugh today.”

Another surprise of the day was Stanley Scislowski. Scislowski was in the Perth Regiment of Canada and had fought in the Italian Campaign of WWII. He was another family friend of Bouzide but they hadn't seen each other in years, not since their children had grown up. Scislowski was honoured that Bouzide, Manzig, and Costello had put on this wonderful tribute to the Veterans. He told Bouzide that it was the first time he had seen so many Veterans together enjoying themselves in one place in a long time. He was incredibly honoured to have been invited to such a momentous occasion.

In 2003, the Windsor Historical Society prepared for the Second Annual Veterans Appreciation Day, this time at the

Radisson-Hilton Riverfront Hotel and 225 people showed up for what turned out to be another successful day. In 2004, the celebration was at the Air Force Club and 425 people attended. Three successful Veterans Appreciation Days caused the Society to add Veterans Memories Project at the end of their name and a tradition was born.

In 2004, the Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project took on the huge task of deciding to publish an annual Veterans Day Magazine that would allow more stories and more memories to be shared. A few of the articles that opened the first magazine was "A Fighting Perth Remembers," a story written by local Italian Campaign of WWII hero Stan Scislawski, who was not only editor of the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 594 newsletter but an accomplished author; "Flying 424 Squadron," the story of local R.C.A.F. hero Harry Major who tells of his own experiences; "Operation Manna," the story of local R.A.F. hero Stan Jones and Robert Upcott on their flight experience with the "Bad Penny" Lancaster delivering food to Holland; as well as a short bio on Windsor's local Larry Costello and his seven sibilings who were all involved in World War Two. By 2005, the organization had shifted from the history of Windsor to preserving the memories of our local Windsor heroes. Many Veterans were now involved as volunteers and were more

than willing to share their stories and experiences so that future generations would be able to hear Veterans' voices.

To name a few of our early heroes who quickly became involved with the Society: Larry Costello (R.C.N., WWII), Stan Jones (R.A.F., WWII, d. May 2009), Harry Major (R.C.A.F., WWII, d. January 2011), Jesse Caba (R.A.F., WWII, d. 2005), Wayne Hillman (U.S. Army, Vietnam), and Eric

Cross (R.C.A.F., WWII) who started the Society off with Veterans' videos. Soon after inception, newsletters were published to tell the public the stories of local Veterans, followed by the Annual Veterans Day Magazine.

The Society has been involved in many projects since its inception including the Lancaster Restoration Project; Memorial Park; Veterans Speak to Students Projects; and the Christmas Truce.



Jeff Watson, MP Essex
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I Wish I Was A Pilot

I wished to be a pilot,
Of you along with me.
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the aircraft be?
The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane.
We do all the fighting,
But we never get the fame.

It takes guts to be a gunner,
And sit out in the tail.
When the Messerschmitts are
screaming,
And the shells begin to hail.
So, if we all are gunners,
We'll make this be our bet.
We'll be the best damn gunners,
That left this station yet.



Poem Courtesy of Bill Hazael

~ Royal E. Hazael
(died 28th April, 1944)



The Christmas Truce is a project that the Society embarked on in the summer of 2010. With the help of volunteers, the story of the Truce was researched and recorded in detail. Volunteers Oluwatobi Adeyinka and Brianne Tousignant wrote the story of the truce in 1914. Barry Horrobin, the Director of Planning and Physical Resources at the Windsor Police Department, was an extremely huge help in organizing the research and in getting the story of the truce to John Nabbin, the drama teacher at Walkerville Centre for the Arts. Nabbin worked with the information on the truce with his students and proceeded to put on an incredible dramatic portrayal of that momentous occasion in history.

The Christmas Truce is a famous tale in history about the peace in December of 1914 during the First World War. The soldiers all believed that the war would be over by Christmas and that they would be home but sadly this was not the case. The new technology was taking a huge toll on everyone and the command started to worry that Christmas would be the time when men would disobey orders because of the festive time of year. Allied troops were then warned that there might be a German attack either on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day in hopes of preventing any fraternization with the enemy. But on December

The Christmas Truce Drama Presentation

19th, 1914, Germans left their trenches in surrender to gather their dead from No Man's Land and soon then men were shaking hands, helping each other bury their dead and exchanging smokes in a silent truce.

Near Armentières about a week before Christmas a Daily Express correspondent wrote about how the Germans had sent a chocolate cake to the British along with a written message saying it was their captain's birthday and they wanted to celebrate with a concert; inviting the British to join them if they promised to agree to a cease fire during the set time. On Christmas Eve, many German soldiers put up small Christmas trees called Tannenbaum on the parapets of their trenches, decorating them with candles and this drew the British out. The Royal Flying Corps soon dropped padded, brandy-steeped plum pudding for the Germans at Lille and the Germans accepted by carefully dropping rum in return.

This silent truce was in no way of-

ficially sanctioned or organized but occurred in many different places all down the front lines where Germans were offering a cease fire to the Tommies. Small groups of soldiers came out of the trenches from both sides and met in No Man's Land. There was an exchange of food, alcohol, tobacco, and tools from both sides.

One of the most well known moments of the truce was that someone somewhere produced a ball and in the middle of No Man's Land, a soccer game occurred between the Bedfordshire Regiment of Britain and the Germans. The friendly game caused laughter and good cheer until the ball hit a large entanglement of barbed wire and deflated, sharply bringing back the reality of their surroundings.

Another famous moment that has been repeated was how the silence was broken by a rich baritone singing, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht." This moment has been replayed and mythologized more than any other moment. The American country singer Garth

Brooks popularized this moment in the song he co-wrote with Joe Henry in 1997 called "Belleau Wood," even though Belleau Wood was not on the front lines in 1914 and the Americans had yet to enter the war, the tale he sings about is still heart-warming with the words: "The silence broke in two/ By a German soldier singing/ A song that we all knew/ Though I did not know the language/ The song was Silent Night/ Then I heard my buddy whisper, 'all is calm, all is bright'/ Then the fear and doubt surrounded me/ 'Cause I'd die if I was wrong/ But I stood up in my trench/ And I began to sing along." Even though neither side was willing to sing their carols in the other's language, the meaning behind them was the same.

For years the truce was viewed as more of a myth than a fact. Many could not believe that soldiers who were fighting for their lives could put aside their difference to celebrate Christmas together. The Christmas Truce was a rare time for each side to



see a glimpse of humanity through the fear they felt for the villainized "other". The attempt at peace by a few young men is quite remarkable considering the horrific circumstances that they were facing on a day to day basis and it is a shame that such a peace could not have spread and prevented the

loss of countless lives.

Walkerville's production explains this old story in a new light that personalizes the feelings of these men and women, showing their delight and fear at the situations before them. It is the tale of a true Christmas miracle for all ages.

Ten Year Legacy



The impact that the Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project has had on the local community is absolutely heart warming. Local R.C.A.F. Veteran of WWII Bill Vivian discovered this appreciation for Veterans from Windsorites in June of 2011. Vivian stepped out of the Canadian Tire on Tecumseh Road West and found a Tim Horton's gift card on his windshield along with a card. The card simply read: "Thank you for serving our country." There was no name. People want to thank Veterans and Windsor is fast becoming famous for its magnificent treatment of their Veterans.

For more information, visit the website: www.windsorhistoricalsociety.com and join our Facebook page <http://www.facebook.com/VeteransMemoriesProject?sk=wall> to keep up on current events and any upcoming projects.

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Tribute to WVMSC

The Final Farewell



One of the most important and amazing organizations here in Windsor is the Windsor Veterans Memorial Services Committee. For eighty-five years, this committee has been working to give the honour and respect deserved to each and every Veteran in our community. Now, with Vietnam Veteran Specialist 4th Class Wayne Hillman as President, Legion Member of Branch 143 Karl Lovett as First Vice and Legion Member of Branch 364 Doug Hedge as Second Vice, the committee has grown to become a truly inspiring organization.

It all began in 1926 with a group of concerned Veterans who realized that the Veterans who were dying were leaving their families with no means of providing a decent burial and that those who survived the Great War had no Veteran allowances. Major Joe Brown and Clarence Foster, two ex-servicemen themselves decided that something needed to be done and rounded up volunteers to assist them. The volunteers worked diligently, freely giving their time and money to buy caskets and burial plots for the less fortunate as well as volunteering to take care of the burial plot. Their success was limited because of a shortage in funds but by 1933 they were able to expand and became the Windsor Graves Committee. Volunteers then approached cemetery own-

ers who were soon donating hundreds of burial plots.

In 1963, the name became Windsor Veterans Memorial Services Committee. Their task expanded to erecting war memorials in all of the cemeteries in Zone A1 in Windsor. These memorials were erected and paid for by the Windsor Veterans Memorial Services Committee to honour all of those Veterans who served our country, even those not part of any Veteran Association.

Today the Committee has the responsibility of watching over the Veteran sections of the cemeteries, taking care of the headstones and the grounds surrounding them, and supplying the flags for Remembrance Day and Legion Week.

The best kept secret however is that the Committee puts on a beautiful ceremony to show the honour and respect deserved to our local Veterans who have passed.

The Committee provides this free service to the Veterans' families. Those that put on the service are all volunteers whether Veterans themselves or Legion members, they show up in blues and grays or army greens, showing

their respect to the Veteran at the front. All Veterans are invited to attend and participate in the service at any time, even if they are not part of the Committee. They provide a beautiful tribute to the Veteran with the March of Colours led by the Sergeant at Arms and with two men holding flags – a Canadian flag and the flag of their service. But the part of the ceremony that is absolutely breathtaking and heartbreaking at the same time is when each volunteer marches to the front in their uniform two by two, removes a poppy from their lapel and places it on the casket, saluting their fallen comrade while Amazing Grace, God Bless Canada, What a Wonderful World, Pittance of Time, and In Flanders Fields are played.

"Not a single person leaves the room without a tear in their eye, even if you went in dry-eyed," Doris Kelly said, wife of Veteran Bernie Kelly as

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well as a Legion member of Branch 261. Both Doris and Bernie Kelly are volunteers for the Committee and are rightfully proud of this amazing service that they provide for Veterans and their families.

Shirley Kelly explains that the service they provide is "indeed a heart throbbing and tear jerking experience. In the background, sounds the music as all Veterans present line up in a single file with poppy in hand to honour their deceased friend and fellow comrade. Each individual Veteran files past the casket, pauses to place their poppy on it, then steps back from the casket, and salutes the deceased. This salute, given as a tribute and honour to their war comrade who served with them in a war, maybe as long ago as 50 years, indicates that no matter when the battle was, it is a memorable honour to salute this soldier, friend, and comrade for the last time, before he or she is laid to rest."

The Committee also provides the family with a gift including a plaque that thanks the Veteran for their service to God and country; a Windsor Veterans Memorial Services Committee pin; a Canadian flag and a poppy.

The family is then escorted to the front to place a poppy on the lapel of the Veteran. It is an incredibly moving sight to see.

The Committee not only provides this wonderful tribute but also is available to help Afghanistan Veterans who are returning home. They offer support and assistance to them, to help them get back on their feet and adjust to regular society. The Committee continues to perpetuate the memory of their departed comrades, by their service to Veterans and to their loved ones. Working on a strictly volunteer basis, these amazing men and women "take two minutes, a pittance of time, for the boys and girls who went over. In peace may they rest; may we never forget why they died."

The Committee has been doing this for 85 years and this amazing group deserves to be recognized for all that they do. These men and women deserve a never-ending line of thanks and praise for this wonderful tribute that is provided. They show the pride of being Canadian "where at least we know we're free" and it is through the Committee that "we don't forget the men who died and gave that

right to me." Lest we forget.

Wayne Hillman, President of the Committee, provides the community with something incredible that to the best of our knowledge is only being done here in Windsor. His hard work and dedication does not go unnoticed and it is because of his excellent character and warm generosity that the Committee has blossomed to what it is today. He stands up there at every service and pays personal tribute to each Veteran who has passed away, with the help of Reverend Stan Fraser and all the volunteers and members. The ceremony could not go as beautifully as it does if Wayne Hillman wasn't up there day after day.

"He is the unheralded hero in our midst who seeks no recognition but deserves to be admired and praised," Dann Bouzide said. "The greatest thing he does is everything he does."

Hillman was in the U.S. Armed Forces in Vietnam as a Canadian soldier. He didn't have to be there and the fact that he went over, volunteered to help in that fight against Communism shows why he himself is an honoured hero. He is always the first one to declare how much he respects his heroes, the men and women who served in WWI, WWII, the Korean War, and peace-keeping missions, but he often forgets that he himself is a hero to be honoured, thanked and recognized; not only for being a Veteran but for the wonderful good deeds he does and continues to do for our Veterans. He is one of the most hard-working and generous people in Windsor. He deserves to be recognized for all that he has done and will continue to do. Wayne Hillman is our hero, a man who strives to do the best and succeeds every time. It is a true honour to work with him and to know him.

Thank you, Wayne, for doing all that you do.

~Brienne Tousignant



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Veterans Speak to Students - Students Speak to Veterans Projects

Veterans Speak to Students Project is an educational program that began by getting Veterans from all branches of service and from all theatres of war and peace-keeping missions speaking one after another to the students at their assemblies.

In 2005, grandchildren, friends and neighbours of Bouzide came to the Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project office to hear Larry Costello speak. This sparked an idea to give children the opportunity to hear Veterans speak; to learn their stories and to help preserve them.

In 2007, Stan Jones (R.A.F., WWII, d. May 2009), Wayne Hillman (U.S. Army, Vietnam), and Lloyd Morgan (R.C.A.F., WWII, d. March 2008) attended Vincent Massey Secondary School to speak to students. It was an informal gathering where students were given the opportunity to hear real-life testimonies of history and it was an experience that they would never forget.

In 2008, Larry Costello (R.C.N., WWII) was one of the Veterans to attend W.D. Low Secondary School and speak to the elementary students from both the separate and public school boards.

In May of 2009, the Society made two trips back to Vincent Massey Secondary School. The first was on a P.A. Day for history and social studies teachers from the public board who were at Massey for workshops with every heritage and historical association in Windsor and Essex County. The Society showed up with a few magazines and four Veterans in blues and grays: Larry Costello (R.C.N., WWII), Stan Scislowski (Perth Regiment of Canada, Italian Campaign, WWII), Harry Major (R.C.A.F., WWII, d. January 2011), and Stan Jones (R.A.F., WWII, d. May 2009) and they quite literally stole the show. Teachers were told to move consistently at the bell to each new workshop but a crowd had formed around the Veterans who were filling the room with laughter as they told tales of their memories and very few of the teachers actually moved onto the other workshops that day.

Two weeks later, the Society was to return to Massey with a panel of Veterans to



Ralph Earl Scofield speaking at Masse high school with Bob Kelly

speak in the library to grade ten Canadian history students. Unfortunately, the sudden loss of a dear friend, Stan Jones, made the panel one Veteran short that day. Despite the shock of losing a friend, there were many wonderful Veterans who attended and told the students of their experiences: Duane Adams (Canadian Regiment - Middle East, Sarajevo, Bosnia, Etruria, Haiti and Afghanistan); Ed Busby (Second Canadian Army Brigade, WWII); Priscilla Connolly (R.A.F. plotter, WWII); Wayne Hillman (U.S. Army, Vietnam); Joe Johnston (Canadian Infantry Brigade, Korea); Bob Kelly (Royal 22nd Regiment "Van Doos", 1954-1959 overseas & 1960-1965 in Canadian Reserves); Harry Major (R.C.A.F., WWII, d. January 2011); Idalia Rappé (Polish Resistance Fighter, WWII); Barry Horrobin (grandfather Alfred Horrobin - Boer War and WWI; father George Horrobin - WWII; spoke also about Veteran Stan Scislowski); Ralph Earl "Boots" Scofield (R.C.A.F., WWII); and John White (R.C.A., WWII).

In October of 2009, another panel of Veterans visited St. Joseph's Catholic Secondary School in Tecumseh. Every student had their full attention on the heroes on stage: Bruce Moncur (Afghanistan); Glenn Dibbley (R.C.A., Korea); Jeff Gravel (Afghanistan); John White (R.C.A., WWII); Larry Costello (R.C.N., WWII); Stan Scislowski (Perth Regiment of Canada, Italian Campaign, WWII); Bernie Kelly (peace-keeping,

Cuban Missile Crisis); John Neville (R.C.E.M.E., WWII), Bob Kelly (Royal 22nd Regiment "Van Doos", 1954-1959 overseas & 1960-1965 in Canadian Reserves); Priscilla Connolly (W.A.A.F. plotter, WWII); Harry Major (R.C.A.F., WWII, d. January 2011); and Wayne Hillman (U.S. Army, Vietnam). The day was so successful that Veterans were invited back to St. Joseph's in November of 2009 to be interviewed and to have their portraits painted by students. The work of the students was published in a book called *Voices of Our Veterans*.

In June of 2010, the Society decided to try a new approach. Invited to Catholic Central Secondary School for a luncheon, students were given the good fortune to move around the cafeteria and speak to Veterans in personal one-on-one conversations. This made it easier for Veterans to get their stories out and allowed for the students to be more hands-on. It was an experience of a life-time, especially as students were given the chance to hear real-life testimonies from not only Veterans but those who lived with Veterans like that of local Canadian U.S. Army Vietnam Veteran Wayne Hillman's wife, Trudy, and WWII soldier Bernard Reaume's daughter Denise. This gave students the opportunity to see what life was like for those Veterans who were coming back from the war and how they had to learn how to re-adjust to everyday life once again.

Two Kinds of Poppies In Flanders Fields

By: John White

The famous poem "In Flanders Fields" by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, a Canadian soldier and physician in the First World War, is one of the most well-known poems around the world. It was written in Flanders, Belgium in 1915 just after the Second Battle of Ypres (April-May 1915). McCrae was from Guelph, Ontario and he studied medicine at the University of Toronto before going overseas. The morning he buried his friend Lieutenant Alexis Helmer during the Second Battle of Ypres he was inspired to write this poem. This is the part of the story that is known by all but it is the untold story first told to us by John White local WWII Veteran that is so important to understand.

There were two kinds of poppies in Flanders Fields. One was the corn poppy, the beautiful four-petal red flower with the black center that has become a worldwide symbol for the fallen soldier. This poppy surrounded the white crosses row by row to mark their place. But there was an-



other poppy, the opium poppy that looks very similar to the corn poppy. The unripened seeds of the opium poppy were actually used by soldiers for medicinal purposes during the First World War.

"A painkiller derived from the poppy and these medications were used to try and relieve some of the suffering and the pain from the men in WWI," John White told a crowd in November of 2008 for the Windsor Historical Society – Veterans Memories Project. "WWI was in the trenches and the munitions used were mortar and artillery, high explosives, and when these men were hit, they were destroyed. Many, many, many of them were overdosed with this painkiller and put to sleep. You couldn't treat the wounds because they were wounded so badly; so torn up that they couldn't do anything for them. That's why John McCrae mentions the poppies, 'I shall not sleep, though poppies blow in Flanders Fields.' These are the things that we have been unaware of, how much these men suffered and what those poppies meant. Really, he was trying to tell us that without the poppies or even with the poppies they can't sleep because the one thing that is wrong is that war never ends."

**In Flanders Fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The lark, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.**

**We are the Dead.
Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.**

**Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with those who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.**



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So You Say You Want a Revolution?

We see a revolution unfolding in Egypt today. Many believe that this is a good thing and view it as a chance to overthrow a 30-year dictatorship and replace it with a free and democratic system of governance. Egypt has never known such a system in its 5,000-year history. In spite of this, U.S. President Barack Obama was pressuring President Hosni Mubarak to leave office sooner rather than later.

Right across Africa, there were endless revolts in the 20th century resulting in tens of millions of deaths and untold sufferings. Africa today remains steeped in poverty and riddled with corrupt and ineffective governments. Africa is one of the poorest regions on Earth.

The same may be said for many countries in South and Central America, including countries like Haiti and the Dominican Republic in the Caribbean.

Revolution became a way of life during the last 100 or so years in these countries with no real improvement in government corruption or betterment in the daily lives of the average person having occurred because of a revolt. Often their lives were made worse.

Various factors rebelled against long-time dictator Porfirio Diaz in Mexico from 1919 to 1920 with a mix of minor revolts occurring throughout the 1920s. A million people were killed across Mexico accompanied by endless destruction and suffering. In the end, nothing really changed for average Mexicans. They remained encased in poverty with stunted liberty and justice.

In 1917, the Russian people took to the streets to protest Russia's horrendous losses in the First World War



and to demand freedom and liberty. After the tsar was deposed, a provisional democratic government did come to power in March of 1917 but it was overthrown by the Bolsheviks led by Vladimir Lenin in October of 1917. What followed were several years of civil war and decades of famine, forced relocation, forfeiture of all property, gulags, mass executions and the Second World War, in which tens of millions of Russians, Ukrainians and many other people of the Soviet Union suffered hardships almost too gruesome to describe. Today, Russia does enjoy more freedom than it had in 1917, but would this change have evolved peacefully anyway if given the chance?

Benito Mussolini and his supporters marched on Rome in 1922 and seized power. Mussolini was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1921 and was the founder of the Fascist Party and the Fascist Movement. He favoured the state as the ultimate end, was opposed to democracy, supported the class system and ownership of private property, a strong military and national and social unity, etc.

It was billed as the "third way" between capitalism and communism. Mussolini did build up Italy and he made the trains run on time, as they say, but by 1945 the nation was destroyed by war, chaos, misery and ruination, far worse than what had preceded the 1922 revolution.

Adolf Hitler, as head of the Nazi Party, was made Chancellor of Germany in January of 1933 by an aging president Paul Von Hindenburg after the Nazi Party held close to 200 seats in the Reichstag via a series of general elections. In March 1933, Hindenburg signed the Enabling Act which gave Hitler's administration legislative powers and suspended civil liberties.

Hindenburg died in 1934 and Hitler declared the presidency to be vacant and decreed himself to be head of state. And the rest is history causing the deaths of between 50 and 60 million people in the Second World War and many tens of millions in post-Second World War conflicts spawned by this war.

There were endless riots and much turmoil in Germany between

1919 and 1933 brought on by the after effects of the First World War. In the end, the German people voted for radical change via a revolution at the ballot box and they and others paid a very high price.

There were other revolutions such as the French Indo-China War from 1946-1954, in which Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos successfully rebelled against French control. This led to 30 years of death for many millions of people, along with destruction, genocide and war on a massive scale. Vietnam was divided but forcibly re-joined under a strict communist rule existing to this day.

India, on the other hand, went through a peaceful revolution (civil disobedience), which brought about their freedom from British rule in 1947. This action created the nations of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh with mixed results. Many millions died in the forced realigning of India due to religious animosities.

There were several revolutions in China in the early 20th century resulting in two Chinese civil wars and the Communist Revolution of 1949. All claimed to want to improve the lot of the Chinese people. Many tens of millions of Chinese died in post-revolutionary China with no positive changes for the average citizen.

"It doesn't matter whether a cat is black or white as long as it catches mice." This famous quote was from Deng Xiaoping, who steered China after the death of Chairman Mao in

1976 to the capitalist revolution that over 30 years dramatically transformed China economically, but which still remains under communist rule.

The Cuban revolution began in July 1953 and ended on 1st January 1959. Fidel Castro and other leaders of the movement overthrew a dictatorial tyrant named Fulgencio Batista with popular support from many Cubans. The U.S. government embargoed Cuba in 1958 and this severely weakened the Batista government. Fidel and his brother Raul were not pro-communists, but fellow revolutionary Che Guevara became enamoured with communism and after confiscating over \$25 billion worth of farms, businesses and other assets in 1960, and executing many thousands of Cubans, the movement officially announced in mid-1961 that Cuba would be a socialist state and align itself with the Soviet Union.

My next door neighbour in Venezuela, where I lived and worked in the 1980s, was a Cuban named Junior Bacardi from the rum family formerly of Cuba. My boss Alberto Pajus, the chief engineer of Ford in Venezuela, served as the minister of petroleum under Castro and lived in the same compound with Fidel and Raul Castro and Guevara. He voluntarily left Cuba in mid-1961 after being dispossessed of all his family's assets and personal belongings.

To listen to these two men speak about the revolution and how it was taken over and corrupted by commu-

nists was heartbreaking. In the end, the people ended up far worse as a result of having revolted.

In January of 1979, the Shah of Iran and a friend to the West, left his country under pressure from rioting in the streets of Tehran and U.S. President Jimmy Carter. The hope was that democratic government would be freely elected and introduce more freedoms to the Iranian people. However, Ayatollah Khomeini returned to Iran from exile in France in February of 1979 and by April, after much street fighting, the democratic revolution devolved in the Islamic revolution and a theocracy was proclaimed.

What followed were eight years of bloody warfare with Iraq and millions of death. Today, Iranians have less freedom than they had in pre-revolutionary Iran and the nation is building a nuclear arsenal with which to threaten Israel and the West. Iran is also actively involved in destabilizing the Middle East.

Let's hope that the Egyptian revolution is not hijacked and that it ends with the people achieving their hoped-for objectives. History tells us, however, that the Egyptians are probably in for a nasty ride with surprising detours and power struggles along the way.

Well-organized dark forces, as so often happens, are no doubt lurking and waiting to exploit the chaos of yet another revolution.

~ Mickey Moulder



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Photo by Sam Meddaka - Media Now Group

Who is Senator Ralph Earl “Boots” Scofield?

known stories is how he earned the nickname “Boots.” It was in January of 1945 when his crew crashed hard on an attempted take-off.

“I wanted to jump out,” Scofield told students at Vincent Massey Secondary School in May of 2009. “But at 120 miles an hour, it was difficult. We hit some trees and the impact caused the tail to whiplash. When I was thrown out, I lost my boots. We all survived and the aircraft exploded but from then on, I was known as Boots.”

Senator Scofield served overseas until the end of the war. He returned home in 1945 and got married. He had four children: Eric, Marlene, Randy and Sandra. When he returned from the war, he got a job at the Paymaster and Big Dome gold mines in the Porcupine Plain, Saskatchewan.

In 1950, he moved to Windsor and started work at General Motors where he did production for five years. He went to electronic school in Detroit, Michigan and was soon hired to be an electrician for Chrysler where he worked for 28 years, retiring in 1982.

Scofield joined the Métis Nation of Ontario in 1997 when he was appointed Senator of the Windsor-Essex Métis Council by President Tony Belcourt. He has served on the Board of Directors for the National Métis Veterans Association, is a member of the Airforce Club of Wind-

sor, the Can-Am Indian Friendship Centre, and the NDP Aboriginal Commission. Scofield is proud to be a Métis member of the Elders of the National Aboriginal Health Organization (NAHO) where he has been given the opportunity to travel to the Western Provinces to represent the Métis Nation of Ontario with pride and honour.

Earl Scofield has been married four times and has four children, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. He now lives with his wife, Mary Rose.

Earl Scofield is only one of Canada's many Aboriginals who have fought for this country on the front lines in every major battle since 1812. It was in 1812 where the great warrior Tecumseh led the alliance between the Six Nations, Canadians, and British against the Americans in the War of 1812.

It was the Boer War (1899-1902) that the First Nations peoples began to enlist as private soldiers in the military forces of Canada for the first time. They fought as Canadian soldiers, shoulder to shoulder with Britain and its allies.

This tradition of military service continued into the 20th and 21st centuries. It is estimated that more than 7,000 First Nations people served in the First and Second World Wars as well as the Korean War.

~Brienne Tousignant

Senator Ralph Earl “Boots” Scofield was born in Margo, Saskatchewan on 26th February, 1925. He attended two schools in Manitoba in The Pas and in Winnipeg before he moved to Timmons, Ontario in 1935 during the Great Depression. When he was fourteen, he had a summer job working on the farm where he earned fifty cents a day plus room and board. At fifteen, he worked in a bakery shop for \$12 a week. At sixteen, Scofield joined the Algonquin Regiment Reserve Army until he later volunteered for the Royal Canadian Air Force at age 18.

Senator Scofield served in the R.C.A.F. from 1943-1945. He worked as an Air Gunner in a four-engine Halifax Bomber in the 415 Squadron East Moore Yorkshire in the 6th Group where he participated in over 17 missions in Germany.

One of his most memorable and well-

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How John Neville Became a Good Friend of Jan

My name is Jan F. Sievers, I was born in 1933 in a town not far away from the region where on September 17th and 18th, 1944, the 1st British Air Landing Division came down when a major airlift operation, named Market Gardens was launched. In total three air-landing divisions were dropped in Holland behind the German lines. The main objective was to end the war in Western Europe before the winter set in. Two U.S.A. airborne divisions who landed in the southern part of Holland completed their mission. The British parachutists who landed north of the River Rhine fought a hard battle with the (underestimated) German troops and lost. That battle was fought not very far away from the town where my parents lived.

The result of the operation was that the Netherlands were split in two. The frontline between the Allied and German troops was from that time the River Rhine and it was south of the river that the Germans were beaten. The greatest part of the north of the river and in the western part of the country remained in German hands. Especially in the western part there was hunger, people died by the thousands. The German occupier adopted more and more rigorous measures during the rest of the occupation.

In the borderline between the two regions mentioned I experienced, as a boy of 11 or 12 years old, the most bizarre period of my life living as I was near the frontline. Many military activities, schools closed, nearly empty shops, no electricity, no fuel to burn, a shortage of drinking water, diminished medical attention and little to eat. That and the many other experiences as a child in wartime made an enormous impression on me. All the rest of my life WWII caught and held my attention; convinced me of how much the people in Western Europe owe the Allied Forces who gave us freedom back at the cost of so many lives.

Eventually, I have to add that my home town since 1968, Dalfsen, was liberated on April 13th, 1945 by a battalion of the Highland Light Infantry of Canada. In 1994, I retired as a regional commander of the Civil Defence Force and shortly

after the mayor of Dalfsen announced in the local press that he had decided to host a group of Canadian Veterans for two weeks in this municipality, on occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the Liberation. This to prove with hospitality and friend-



ship that the people of Dalfsen are still thankful to the Canadian liberators. Supporting very much with this idea, I came forward and was appointed as president of the committee mentioned. One other man and four women were appointed as members, all enthusiastic to realize the mayor's aim.

Dalfsen is a town of about 25,000 inhabitants in the province of Overijssel. In this province we have in Holten one of the three Canadian military cemeteries in Holland, about 1,400 airmen and sailors K.I.A., were buried there after the end of the WWII. The mayor of Holten founded a committee in his municipality to take care of the growing number of Canadians who came to Holten to visit this magnificent cemetery on top of a hill. This Holten committee developed in the course of the years to the provincial committee Welcome Again Veterans co-operating with the local committees in the province.

The main jobs of the local W.A.V. Committee were to find families who are prepared to host a Veteran and his wife or companion for two weeks, to draw up a program for the guests, to gather the necessary finances and to divide the tasks between the different members of the committee. The most difficult task was to

find out how to offer the Canadian guests a program that should answer their expectations; quite a challenge because we had no idea about their expectations.

On April 28th, 1995, Dalfsen W.A.V. Committee welcomed a group of 44 people from Canada, mainly from Ontario. As president of the local W.A.V. Committee I had decided in 1994 to host myself a Veteran and his wife because this seems to be the only way to keep abreast of the feelings among the Veterans about their experiences. By pure accident, I selected from the list of guests the name of Sgt. John Neville, R.C.E.M.E. from Windsor.

Almost from the first time we met we had a very good understanding, not only John and myself, but the same with Shirley and my wife, Hermein. Typical for the man John Neville was to me, that the leader of the group, we called him the 'spokesman', Captain Ret. S.E. Atkinson, R.C.R. from Morpeth, Ontario, appointed John as his adjutant. Very soon after their arrival, the guests made acquaintance with their host family and from that time it was obvious Canadians were convinced they are very welcome in Dalfsen and satisfied about the program the W.A.V. Committee had issued at the same time.

Many guests became very good friends with their host family who often were invited to visit with their Veteran in Canada. My wife and I went several times to this magnificent country and enjoyed our trips extraordinarily.

Thanks to John, who kept in touch, as far as possible, with the Veterans from the Dalfsen group, many of them returned to Dalfsen in 2000. The local W.A.V. Committee was happy to organize their second stay and again it was a success for everybody involved. Even in 2005 the Veterans of the Dalfsen Group, when able to travel, came for the third time and again John Neville played his role to gather the group.

Again the local W.A.V. Committee was very rejoiced at organizing the stay and program for our friends from Canada. Because of the age of the Veterans, the Dalfsen W.A.V. Committee was disbanded in 2006 but the strong bonds with the Canadian Veterans will last for a lifetime. In the same year, the Dalfsen Veterans Association was founded and they prepared to be watchful of the interests of Allied Veterans and, if possible, their relatives.

~ Jan F. Sievers
Holland

My Take on the History of WWII

By: Harry Major

My very first words are, "War is hell" but we Canadians went to protect our freedom and Christian way of life. It is very unfortunate that millions of people have to die trying to maintain those values. For some Canadian citizens to have referred to we Canadians who fought in the war as murderers of innocent people was certainly off base. Had we not decimated Hitler's Regime by our continued bombings of their industrial might, finally to defeat that mad-man and his cohorts, the world would not know the freedom it has today. All we have to do is look at some of the Third World countries to see what it would be like to be without our freedom – no freedom of Religion, no freedom of Speech, no freedom of Democracy or the right to Vote, no freedom to go to school and enter the work fields of choice.

The Axis leaders had already destroyed most of Europe as well as part of Asia and put millions to death just because they were not one of the Aryan Race. Just think of the many more millions who would have likely perished at those peoples' hands. Would you be here today or would your ancestors have been destroyed in the camps of the Second World War? Canadians should not forget that the Nazis had U-Boats down the St. Lawrence River and had sunk many ships right here in our home waters. We Canadians do not realize just how close the fighting was to our shores. The Axis powers looked on Canada as an entrance way to the



Late Harry Major with students responding to their questions.

United States. They looked on Canada as easy pickings so they attacked us on both shores, the Germans on the Atlantic and the Japanese on the Pacific.

It is very hard after all these years for me to give you real facts about these bombing missions over Germany or other Nazi held areas. Sometimes on returning back to base our minds were a blank and all we wanted to do was have a drink or six and/or hit our pillows to get the awful sounds and sights out of our minds. We airmen put our lives on the line every time we made trips to any of those German cities facing those anti-aircraft guns and those German fighters and fighter bombers. Many times we returned to base so badly shot up it was a miracle for our crew that we managed to get our Halifax or Lancaster back to England; that we were not shot down over Germany like many of my fine friends who lost their lives or were taken prisoners of war. These men who survived the war camps were never the same again. Their lives were haunted with the horrors they lived through. By

the grace of God our crew got through 35 missions and beat death or worse. We managed to put some Industrial cities such as Duisburg, Mannheim, Berlin, Osnabruch, Cologne, and Hanover (just to give a few of those targets) out of commission for most of the war. Without the bombings these targets would have gone on to produce more ammunition, tanks, aircraft, and guns with which to attack our Allied troops. There was no fun on any of those trips and at any second we could have gone down in flames as we witnessed many of our friends go.

Don't ever wish to go to war for the sake of the fighting but if you must, fight for the freedoms your ancestors fought for. Fight for these freedoms for your descendants as we fought for ours. I am proud to have served my country and helped preserve our freedoms for our land and would certainly take up arms again to protect those freedoms again. I have no regrets! God Bless Canada!

~Harry W. Major, C.D.

(Deceased)

January 18th 2011

Larry's Story

As a WWII Veteran, my military career got off to a rocky start but I was determined to do my bit - to fight for freedom for the country I loved. I lived with my family of seven siblings in the Irish section of Montreal, Quebec and when WWII broke out in 1939. I was determined to make a go of it even though I had to "fudge" my birth certificate in order to enlist with the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.

I was transferred to Halifax and within two months, I was posted on a ship, the H.M.C.S. Annapolis and by 1943 I was running convoy escorts before being transferred to the H.M.C.S. Runnymede which had the barber

pole convoy escort from Newfoundland to London and Ireland. It took anywhere from 14 to 21 days to cross the Atlantic as we were picking up convoys of 100 or more ships as well as five naval escorts. During World War II, the Battle of St. Lawrence involved a number of submarine and anti-submarine actions throughout the lower St. Lawrence River and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Strait of Belle Isle and Cabot Strait from May to October 1942, September 1943, and again in October and November 1944. During this time, German U-boats sank a number of merchant marine ships and three

Canadian warships U-boats appeared in Canadian waters of the St. Lawrence in 1942 during the Battle of the Atlantic, with improved technology and a dual strategic plan attacked single ships in order to prevent the formation of convoys and to pin down armed forces that might otherwise be deployed in European waters.

~ Larry Costello CD

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Senior Moments

LOST IN THE DARNDDEST PLACES

An elderly Floridian called 911 on her cell phone to report that her car had been broken into. She is hysterical as she explains her situation to the dispatcher. "They've stolen the stereo, the steering wheel, the brake pedal and even the accelerator!" She cried. The dispatcher said, "Stay calm, an officer is on the way." A few minutes later, the officer radios in. "Disregard, she got into the back seat by mistake!"

FAMILY

Three sisters ages 92, 94, and 96 live in a house together. One night, the 96 year-old draws a bath. She puts her foot in and pauses. She yells to the other sisters, "Was I getting in or out of the bath?" The 94-year-old yells back, "I don't know. I'll come up and see." She starts up the stairs and pauses. "Was I going up the stairs or down?" The 92-year-old is sitting at the kitchen table having tea and listening to her sisters. She shakes her head and says, "I sure hope I never get that forgetful, knock on wood." She then yells out, "I'll come up and help both of you as soon as I see who's at the door!"

I CAN HEAR JUST FINE

Three retirees, each with a hearing loss, were playing golf one fine March day.

One remarked to the other, "Windy, isn't it?" "No", the second man replied, "it's Thursday." And the third man chimed in, "So am I. Let's have a beer!"

OLD FRIENDS

Two elderly ladies have been friends for many decades. Over the years, they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately their activities have been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards. One day, they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me. I know we've been friends for a long time but I just can't think of your name. I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it! Please, tell me what your name is!" Her friend glared at her for at least three minutes before she sighed and finally said, "How soon do you need to know?"

SENIOR DRIVING

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. Answering he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on Interstate 77. Please be careful!" "Heck," said Herman. "It's not just one car, it's hundreds of them!"

DRIVING

Two elderly women were out driving in a large car, both could barely see over the dashboard. As they were cruising along,

they came to an intersection. The stoplight was red, but they just went on through. The women in the passenger seat thought to herself, "I must be losing my mind. I could have sworn we just went through a red light." After a few more minutes they came to another intersection and the light was red again. Again, they went right through it. The woman in the passenger seat was almost sure the light had been red but was really concerned she was losing it. She was getting nervous. At the next intersection, sure enough, the light was red and they went on through. So she turned to the other woman and said, "Mildred, did you know that we just ran through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us both!" Mildred turned to her and said, "Oh crap, am I driving?"

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

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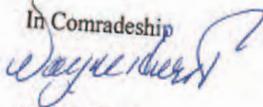
August 2011

On behalf of myself, Council and residents of the Town of Amherstburg it is with great pride and appreciation that we take the time to pause and pay tribute to our fallen, our war dead, and our veterans who served their Country in uniform. Their committed support is deeply admired, they are our true heroes. Their selflessness, their sacrifices and their services to our Country helped to preserve our way of life, our democracy and our freedoms.

These remarkable individuals who answered the call of duty, leaving their home and family to fight a war, never to return home the same. All just ordinary Canadians going above and beyond performing extraordinary duties. They never turned their backs on us and we must never turn our backs on them and their families. In the least, the most heartfelt tribute we can do in return.

We cherish the opportunity to join in the ceremonies to commemorate Remembrance Day.

We Shall Remember Them.

In Comradeship


Wayne Hurst
Mayor

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Here's to our loyal soldiers past and present – we will never forget your contribution to freedom in Canada and a more peaceful society.



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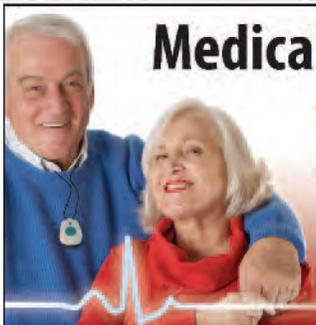
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On November 11, Canadians honour and remember all those who served Canada in times of war, military conflict and peace. East Windsor Cogeneration Centre is honoured to support all Canadian Veterans and remember the brave men and women who sacrificed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



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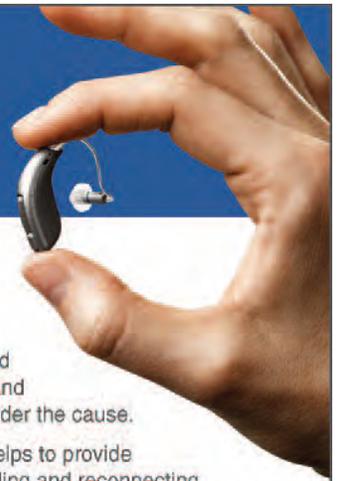
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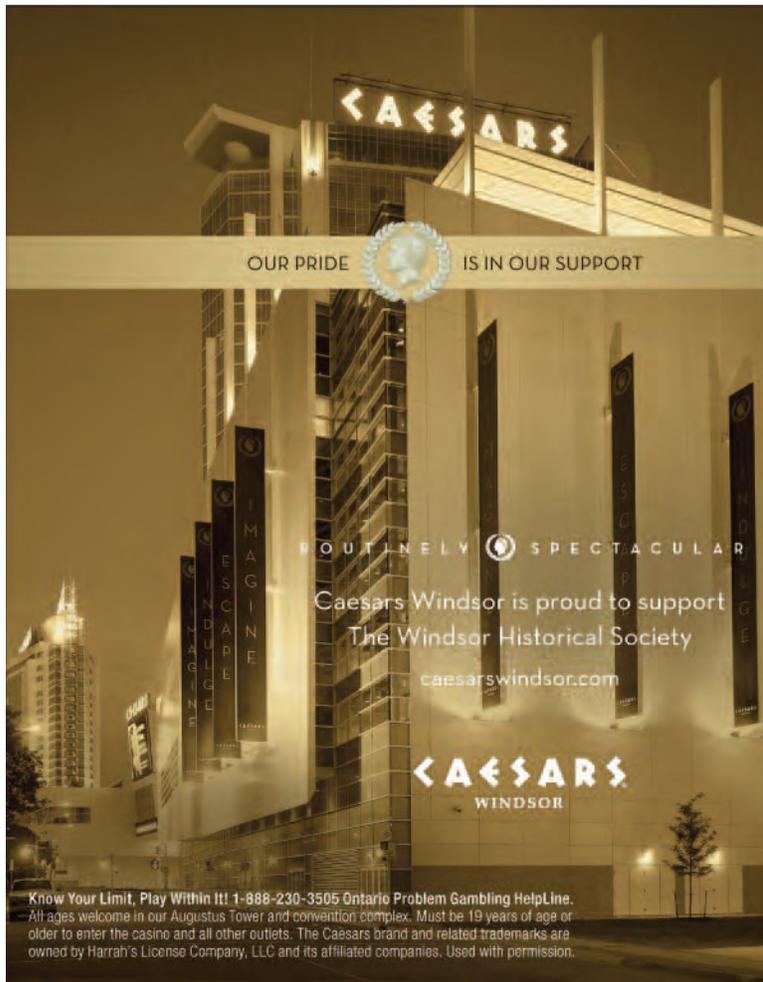
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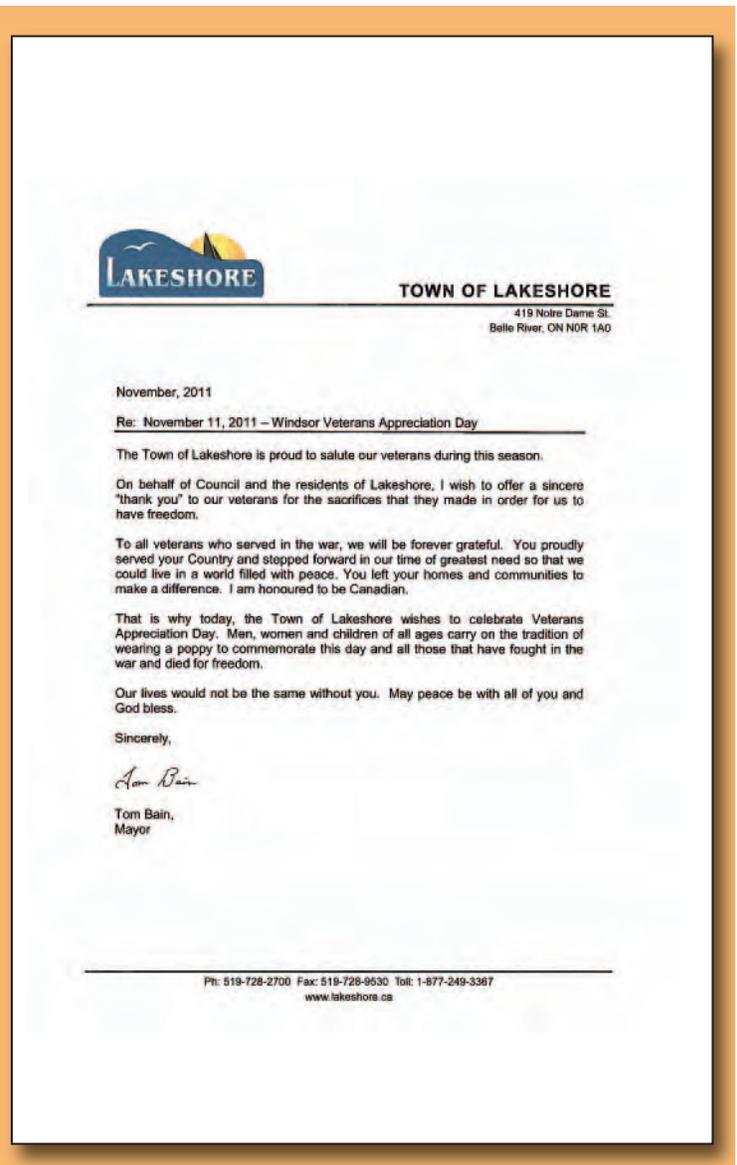
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TOWN OF LAKESHORE
419 Notre Dame St.
Belle River, ON N0R 1A0

November, 2011

Re: November 11, 2011 – Windsor Veterans Appreciation Day

The Town of Lakeshore is proud to salute our veterans during this season.

On behalf of Council and the residents of Lakeshore, I wish to offer a sincere "thank you" to our veterans for the sacrifices that they made in order for us to have freedom.

To all veterans who served in the war, we will be forever grateful. You proudly served your Country and stepped forward in our time of greatest need so that we could live in a world filled with peace. You left your homes and communities to make a difference. I am honoured to be Canadian.

That is why today, the Town of Lakeshore wishes to celebrate Veterans Appreciation Day. Men, women and children of all ages carry on the tradition of wearing a poppy to commemorate this day and all those that have fought in the war and died for freedom.

Our lives would not be the same without you. May peace be with all of you and God bless.

Sincerely,

Tom Bain

Tom Bain,
Mayor

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Teacher of the Year !

In September of 2005, a social studies teacher from Arkansas did something not to be forgotten.

On the first day of school, with permission of the school superintendent, the principal, and the building supervisor, she took all of the desks out of the classroom. The kids came into first period, they walked in; there were no desks. They obviously looked around and said, "Where's our desks?"

The teacher said, "You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn them." They thought, "Well, maybe it's our grades."

"No," she said.

"Maybe it's our behaviour."

And she told them, "No, it's not even your behaviour."

And so they came and went in the first period, still no desks in the classroom. Second period, same thing. Third period,



same thing. By early afternoon television news crews had gathered in the class to find out about this crazy teacher who had taken all of the desks out of the classroom. The last period of the day, the instructor gathered her class.

They were at this time sitting on the floor around the sides of the room. She said, "Throughout the day no one has really understood how you earn the desks that sit in this classroom ordinarily. Now I'm going to tell you."

She went over to the door of her classroom and opened it, and as she did 27 U.S. Veterans, wearing their uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk.

And they placed those school desks in rows, and then they stood along the wall. By the time they had finished placing the desks, those kids for the first time I think perhaps in their lives understood how they earned those desks.

Their teacher said, "You don't have to earn those desks. These guys did it for you. They put them out there for you, but it's up to you to sit here responsibly to learn, to be good students and good citizens, because they paid a price for you to have that desk, and don't ever forget it."

The above text that now circulates in e-mail was drawn from former Governor of Arkansas Mike Huckabee's March 2nd 2007 address to the Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington, D.C. It recounts events from the first day of classes in Fall 2005 for students enrolled in Martha Cothren's military history class at Joe. T. Robinson High School in Little Rock, Arkansas.

The room was indeed devoid of desks, with the missing furniture brought in at the end of the day by a group of Veterans. Each Veteran carried a desk and set it down, as the teacher gave her lesson on the cost of things taken for granted and the debt owed to those in the forces. Cothren, daughter of a WWII Prisoner of War regularly has Veterans visit her classroom; it is one of the ways that she teaches her course on the history of WWII and the Vietnam War. Her class doesn't yet have a textbook so she uses less typical methods of imparting knowledge about those events to her students.

In May 2005, she and her class organized a Vietnam Veterans Recognition Week, including an official "Thank You Ceremony" held in Joe T. Robinson High School auditorium. Veterans from WWII and the Korean War also attended, as did people from all walks of life, to honour those who had served. During that week, students videotaped Veterans as they recounted their war memories, thus preserving their stories for later generations. Cothren and her students have sent numerous care packages to U.S. military personnel serving in Iraq and Afghanistan. They also write letters to soldiers in those theaters, sending off 1,200 missives in 2005-2006.

In 2006, the Veterans of Foreign Wars named Martha Cothren their "Teacher of the Year".

~ Anonymous

We shall not forget.

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Five Trips to Holland

John C. Neville, Veteran of WWII, was born on 29th February 1920. Early on in his life, he was active with the Boy Scouts and his enjoyment of it caused him to join the Essex-Scottish Regiment where he was in the B. Platoon from 1936-1938. When he left the regiment, his trade was welding but there were no jobs in Windsor at the time. He worked in Chatham until 1940 when he was finally able to get a job at Ford's Motor Company and return to Windsor.

It was in 1943 that Neville decided to enlist in the R.C.O.C. (Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps) in London, Ontario. He took his basic training in Chatham before he was posted to the #1 Field Workshop in London. Later that year, he was sent to Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Windsor was a very small town, unlike his own small town of Windsor, Ontario. It had wooden sidewalks, dirt roads, and had oxen pulling the farmers' wagons. Not to mention that the mayor of the town also ran a taxi company and a funeral parlour.

The company that he was in was situated in one of the many spots in Nova Scotia that is below sea level. There were dykes around to keep the sea out. This particular area had been sold to the defense department. Neville found himself often on dyke patrol. This meant that it was his job to plug any holes with sandbags so their camp wouldn't flood. He spent five months there.

It wasn't until March of 1944 that Neville was on his way overseas, arriving in England. All units were immediately put on alert for the upcoming June invasion of Normandy. Most of the non-combatative units didn't go to France for quite a few weeks after except for those personnel directly attached to the regiments. Neville himself arrived in France on 30th June 1944 and was assigned to the 16th



Brigade Workshop.

He spent his time there, seven men in total, in the reclamation section way behind the front lines. Their job was to visit fields where shot up vehicles were sitting. They would remove the parts and send them to the appropriate workshop. Neville spent a good deal of his time in France putting together English motorcycles and riding around the countryside to collect eggs and milk. They never carried rifles. "The only time I shot a rifle during the war was in basic training," Neville said after explaining how they always left their rifles in their tents because they never had any trouble.

Slowly, their workshops moved north and they found themselves in Brussels. They were billeted with families there but might only stay one or two nights a week because they were traveling between workshops and staying at nearby camps whenever possible.

Their reclamation section not only moved through Brussels but into Holland continuing to repair the shot up vehicles in the old battlefields and sending the parts to the workshops. This gave them the opportunity to travel around, remove parts and send them back to the main workshop and

travel some more.

Neville returned to Canada in 1945 and soon took a thirty-day leave before he was posted to the R.C.E.M.E. (Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) welding camp at Camp Borden, west of Barrie, Ontario. He was discharged in June of 1946 and returned to his welding job at Ford's Motor Company.

Soon afterwards, however, John and his brother Edward, also home from the war, decided they would like to go into business together. By July of 1947, John, Edward and their friend Cecil Torra opened the first SUNOCO gas station in Windsor that provided both air and water on the gasoline island. It was hard work, but they made it into a great success.

Canadians have been praised and honoured in Holland since World War Two and Neville's role in Holland makes him no different. Holland had been occupied by German forces since the Germans invaded in May of 1940 and when the Canadians started to come into the country, the Dutch people were so thankful and so grateful for their help. To this day, that feeling has never gone away. In 1995, Holland celebrated fifty years of liberation with the popular theme of "Dying

for freedom isn't the worst thing that could happen. Being forgotten is." Holland is proud to fight for this never to happen.

More than 7,600 Canadians are buried in Dutch soil. Their headstones claim the sacrifice they made for the Dutch people. They have never forgotten this. To celebrate the 50th Anniversary of their liberation, the Dutch Government invited Canadian Veterans to return to take part in this monumental event. Some 14,000 Canadians accepted the invite.

"Most of us were billeted in private homes throughout the country for two weeks in 1995," Neville explained. "Another Windsor Veteran, Captain Edward Larrett and our wives were assigned to the town of Dalfsen. We found out there would be twenty-one more Veterans billeted in Dalfsen, seventeen of us from Ontario and four from Manitoba. Many Allied aircraft were shot down, and crashed near Dalfsen. As a result, twenty-two commonwealth airmen were buried in the Dalfsen municipal cemetery, three of which were our own R.C.A.F. boys." Neville and his wife, Shirley who recently passed in November of 2010, were billeted with a man who was the one looking out after the group itself, Jan Sievers and his wife Hermein. "Within one day, we were just like brothers," Neville said as he spoke about his good friends.

While in Dalfsen, John and Shirley were able to see the memorial service, which was a church service, a silent parade by the congregation to the Dalfsen cemetery and the usual serv-

ice of placing wreaths and bouquets of flowers on each gravesite by school children. This happens while the last post is played as well as several other musical pieces that are presented by the attending band.

However, the most breathtaking moment is to see the candlelit cemeteries. One candle is placed at every grave to show their thanks and respect and to honour those Canadians who sacrificed their lives to help liberate them from German occupation. One can only imagine that it is a heart-breaking sight to see. The picture shown is the Holten Cemetery in

Overijssel on Christmas Eve.

Since this invite to Dalfsen, John and Shirley have made five trips to Holland to visit the Sievers Family; twice more in 1995, once in 2000, and again in 2005. The Sievers' have come to stay with them in Windsor four times since then as well. Neville has even been involved in helping to organize group trips to Dalfsen with Jan's assistance. One amazing celebration of Holland's liberation led to a beautiful friendship; one that Jan and John will never forget.

~ Brianne Tousignant



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The Italian Campaign of WWII

Taking an interest in my family's military history I began a journey starting back in 2003 that has taken me to France, Holland, Germany and Italy. I have learned an incredible amount, particularly about the fighting in Italy, but more importantly along the way, I have met some extraordinary people. It is said the Italian Campaign is the forgotten campaign and that the D-Day Dodgers were not given due recognition for their service and sacrifice. The Italian Campaign lasted from 1943-1945 and following months of heavy fighting, immense casualties and loss of life, these seasoned soldiers continued on to fighting in Northwestern Europe. In Italy a total of 92, 757 Canadians served their country; 5,764 died; 19, 486 were wounded and 1, 004 captured.

In France numerous memorials can be seen along the D-Day beaches and small towns. There appeared not to be the same reflection on military history in Italy as there was in France. I saw few memorials for their efforts but from what I learned about our soldiers who showed great tenacity, determination and achievements, I wondered why this was not so. What

I did find was a quiet remembrance and respect along the way. During my "tours" in Italy, I met Italian citizens near Cassino and in Villanova in Northern Italy who were very knowledgeable about the fighting in the area during WWII. Three years ago, I began helping with research for a research group in Villanova. Reviewing Canadian newspapers from 1943-1945 and in talking to Italian citizens, I have learned so much about our courageous, determined soldiers, the legacy they have left, and the impact they had on the Italian citizens of whom they liberated.

In Northern Italy in the Province of Ravenna, in the Commune of Bagnacavallo lies the Villanova Canadian War Cemetery. It was selected as a cemetery by the 5th Canadian Armoured Division which is heavily represented there. Most of the Canadian war dead belong to one of four regiments: the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment, the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the Perth Regiment, and the Irish Regiment of Canada. The majority of these four regiments were killed following the Lamone River crossing in December of 1944.

It was in the vicinity of Villanova that troops of this Division succeeded in establishing a bridgehead over the Lamone River on December 10th to

11th of 1944. West of the bridgehead was heavy fighting in the following days when attempts were made to cross the three canals that run from Faenza to the sea. From December 12th to 15th the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment and the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards suffered heavily in these attempts. Eighty-five of the burials in the cemetery come from these two regiments. Others include those killed in advance to the final line held by the Canadians on the River Senio before they left Italy in February of 1945. The Villanova Canadian War Cemetery contains 212 Commonwealth burials for WWII – 205 are Canadians and there is one Unknown Soldier, the other 6 members of the British Army.

In the Village of Villanova lives Rosalia Fantoni. As a small child she lived in fear and hunger as war waged on around her. Her father and uncle (partisans) were hung by the S.S. in front of their home just two weeks before the Canadians liberated Villanova. Villanova was liberated on December 11th, 1944 by the Cape Breton Highlanders. For many years, Rosalia has remembered their sacrifice and wanted to know all she could about Canadians. She read books, traveled to Canada in her dreams, remembering the kindness and peace brought to

her by these men. She wanted to know about them to "understand the generosity that drove their actions." She has written a book called *Casa lontano da casa* (Home Way from Home). It is a collection of stories, poems, some military history and all the Canadian War dead resting in Villanova are listed in the back of the book. She feels so very strongly these men be not forgotten.

An excerpt from Rosalia's book is as follows:

"For many soldiers, time stopped on the soil of Romagna, in the town of Villanova, on the river Senio. Their homes were far away in Canada, where the rays of the moon lay gently on the faces of children falling asleep in a young and healthy fatigue. Their "home away from home" was the war-torn country of Italy, the towns of Villanova and Bagnacavallo.

Here, a place where fear kept people indoors, holding their breath while the distant noise of bombs loomed everywhere. By night, only the voice of the fountains sounded through the streets of towns frightened into submission by the spectre of death, where only the innocent victims of unannounced aerial bombardments remained, their bodies strewn amid shards of glass and rubble.

The Liberators, caked in mud and dust, made their way through villages of destroyed houses, schools full of evacuees and refugees, unusable railways; and in the background, the constant rumble of bombs, the grenades that wrought havoc on so much human life, artillery fire that made the walls shake and the air tremble.

The memory of these days sur-

vives in its telling; and suffering, in its telling is like a great thaw – the thaw that turned the snow of Auschwitz to tears.

It is vitally important that we keep these memories alive!"

Every December 11th, a ceremony is held at the cemetery and each grave glows with a small candle.

The research group of Villanova/Bagnacavallo want to publish another book. They want to know more about the men buried in Villanova. They would like to place a face to the name of these men, know something about them. They consider these boys as their own sons, exact words spoken to me by an Italian gentleman who was there to greet us at the cemetery. As he spoke to me he cried as he told me about the two boys. Clearly these men have not been forgotten.

I was not sure how successful I would be in searching for the families of the 205 men buried in the cemetery, but have found 105 families to date. Approximately 70 photos have been obtained. The research group is working very hard and is very excited about this project. Other Canadians are also helping by digging up War Diaries of these regiments working

toward making this project a success. I am honoured to be involved and more than that want to let families know that a little prairie town in Northern Italy Remembers.

Villanova is so like the prairie towns that so many of these Canadian soldiers came from.

Rosalia's dream came true and she and her son Alessandro visited Canada in 2010.

Anyone with a family member who was KIA in Italy in December 1944 and January 1945 who would like to contribute to this project can contact me by e-mail: dmaxwell7@shaw.ca or call C 403-467-0001.

~ Donna Maxwell
Calgary, AB



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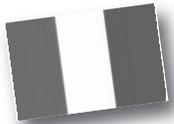
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Unbelievable 1944 Christmas

By: Stan Scislowski



The unforgettable Christmas was the one in 1944 when four days earlier, my chances of celebrating it was about as remote as any could be.

Our 1st Infantry Division had a real rough "go" of it the Christmas before when they slugged it out with the German 1st Parachute Division in the Battle of Ortona. So there was no reason for us to expect anything less violent this particular Christmas. And so, on the evening of the 19th of December my Company of the Perth Regiment was on its feet out in the farmyards along the Via Aguta, a secondary road running west from the Via Chiara out of Borgo di Villanova, getting ready for the advance to the next river-line, the Senio River. I'm sure that every man who hitched up his pack and shouldered his weapon in those farmyards on that fateful evening must have done some serious thinking, and, no doubt, some fervent praying too. I think we were all of one mind, hoping this next leg of the general push north would go easy on us, hoping that Jerry might have pulled back across the Po. We were soon to find out that the Jerries hadn't pulled back, that they lay in wait for us this side of the flat country between the Senio and a lesser water-course, the Fosso Munio. But I won't go into that awful night of death that transpired. That, I've covered in my book titled *Not All of Us Were Brave*.

Here I only want to describe the hours of Christmas Eve and the unbelievable truce that went into effect



Christmas Day, a truce when both the enemy and ourselves celebrated to the best of our abilities and the spirit that brought it on. It all seemed to get underway about 8:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve. I was standing at an upstairs window facing the vineyard to the rear of the large and sturdy two storey house on the Via Rossetta just sixty yards from the Senio dike. On the far dike the enemy had dug in strong gun positions, waiting for us to assault it as we had done so successfully at the Lamone River a week and a half earlier. What our leaders had planned for us on the following day and the days after we hadn't a clue. All we knew, those of us that survived the awful night of the 19th/20th, was that we were here, and the Jerry was over there on the far dike with weapons trained our way. The question in my mind was, "What will tomorrow bring?" The best I or anyone else could hope for was that this most celebrated day of the year would be quiet, that we might put to-

gether some humble attempt at enjoying Christmas as human being and not as murderers out to kill those who would bar our way to the North.

Anyway, I stood at the glassless window, the Bren resting on the windowsill, safety-catch off and ready to fire should a Jerry patrol appear out of the night. In the first hour and a half of my watch the front sounded to the usual intermittent crash of artillery and mortars, and the back and forth rattle of small-arms fire, a constant bickering between our Brens and Jerry's fast-firing MG42s. In that last half hour, however, I couldn't help but detect a slackening in the volume of bomb and shell blasts and the ripping bursts of machine-gun fire. At about ten to nine silence had fallen on our sector of the front. The only sound, and muffled at that, came from farther away to the west where some minor confrontation was in progress. When my relief came to take over the post, I said to him how quiet things had become.

He replied, "I sure hope it's not the quiet that comes before the storm." And with that, I headed downstairs to find a warm spot on the floor as close to the cherry fire in the fireplace as I could find. But then I saw some of our guys getting ready to go out, not on a patrol as I thought, but to kill a cow at the next farm down the road to our right in the area where one of our other companies was supposed to be in position. They said they we're going to have a Christmas dinner tomorrow come hell or high water. It could be a dangerous mission, I thought, and with this thought in my mind and an unspoken prayer that they would come out of their self-appointed Good Samaritan task unharmed, and with thoughts of the morning and a festive celebration of some sort dancing through my head I soon fell sound asleep.

While I slept the sleep of the dead, this gallant and somewhat foolish band of platoon mates set out along the Via Rossetta with more than a little vino in their gut to find themselves a cow and bring home the bacon, or rather, the beef. They didn't have to travel far, finding one in a stable nestled right up against the Senio dike. And there they slaughtered it with a couple of shots in the head from a Tommy gun and dragged the carcass all the way back, and that was a good three hundred yards at least to our place. I asked the guys the next morning why they didn't walk the cow back and slaughter it behind the house. It would have been so much easier on them. And then one of them piped up and said, "By jeezus! Never thought of that!" And that's the way some things went those days.

Anyway, when I got up next morning, everybody was busy doing something. Jimmy Heaton did the meat-cutting, three of the boys did the preparation of the food and the cooking. Two set the table with linen found in one of the dressers. The rest of us went through the drawers, cupboards, bureaus and every nook and cranny on the search for items we could use

in decorating the house. One thing I forgot to mention; there was a modern gas-stove in the kitchen, and would you believe it, the gas had not been turned off. Hard to believe, but it was so. And with this, on every burner there was either a pot or cast iron frying pan full of good things to eat. It was exhilarating to see and feel that Christmas might turn out to be a good day after all. Aside from the fact that the gas was still on, what was more surprising was that when I looked outside, our guys from the other platoons were walking around as bold as brass. I couldn't believe it! There they were, out there walking around unconcerned, as though they were downtown on a busy Saturday morning with not a care in the world. No one was shooting at them! Unbelievable!

slipped outside for a few minutes, though somewhat edgy at first, and as I looked across the open field across the road towards the high Senio dike, there on the opposite dike stood six Jerries, arms around each other's shoulders loudly singing Christmas songs, and in good voice too. The only I recognized was "Silent Night". After a pause in their singing, they waved across at us in a manner suggesting they wanted us to join them in the celebration. Some of the fellows were all set to go when the Sergeant from 17 Platoon kyboshed the idea. "You just never know, it might be a trick to take some of you guys back to Germany with them."

I doubted it. Otherwise they wouldn't have been up on the dike singing and drinking vino. They'd have been pouring the lead and steel our way. And then from off to the right a ways, one of their number astride a dapple-grey old swayback mare without a saddle galloped onto the scene along the top of the dike, his left hand holding onto the mane while his other hand held a bottle tipped to his lips taking a swig from the contents therein, wine, of course. I wouldn't have believed it had I not seen it for myself.

A little after noon, fourteen of us that made up a much-reduced 18 Platoon, sat down to a festive Christmas table that was quite unlike any such table we had ever sat down. Instead of Christmas goose or turkey, we each were served with nice, thick, juicy steaks, mashed potatoes, boiled beets, and few other items that memory fails to bring to mind. Where it all came home I'm at a loss to say. And, of course, there was plenty of wine. I didn't mind so much the sweeter wine. Then Jim Heaton dug up a couple of bottles of "apple-jack" and said me, "Here, try this Stan, you'll like it, it's nothing but apple cider." I took a mouthful and it went down smooth and easy, and I liked it. Well, before the hour was out I'd had drunk four or maybe even five glasses of the stuff with the result that it was the first time ever that I got high, not too high, but high enough to let myself go and I had one heck of a good time. And I was in a good voice singing Christmas carols with the happy crowd.

But then there were more good things to come. With the unwritten truce, it was safe for anyone to drive up in a jeep, and that's what Major Sammy Ridge did, bringing along a jeep-load of goodies, Canadian turkey, cranberry sauce, nuts, candy, and even a quart bottle of Molson's beer for each man. Now the celebration got going in a big way. What a day! No morbid thoughts crowded out mind that this was one unusual day when peace and goodwill reigned.

What we would have to face on the next day and the days that followed was farthest from our minds. We at least would live and enjoy this day.

Promptly at 6 p.m., a solitary 25 pounder somewhere beyond the Lamone barked, and the passing of its shell overhead signaled the end of the unwritten truce. The war had begun again.

~ Stan Scislowski
Perth Regiment of Canada



For an American Veteran to earn a Bronze Star, it is a top honour, as he or she had display extreme courage and strong sacrifice during the heat of battle. This award is the fourth highest combat medal a soldier can earn, which makes it a rarity among American World War Two Veterans. An even greater rarity during the War was when a Canadian Veteran was presented one. Yet Windsor, Ontario should be proud to know that of their own Veterans, Ralph Mayville earned a Bronze Star for his heroics while serving his country during the Italian Campaign.

Ralph was born in 1922, grew up in Amherstburg and joined the Canadian Military in 1940 as a member of the Essex-Kent Scottish Regiment. Prior to the war, his father passed away and the military was a way to help support his widowed mother and siblings. Ralph recalls that one of his father's last conversations with him was centered around the topic of his father requesting him not to join the army. Yet as the war carried over to 1940, Ralph could not sit at home and watch the world fall to the hands of the Germans. It took a few months for Ralph to find an open position in the Essex-Kent Scottish; he was finally able to with the help of an Officer friend to enlist into the Regiment. He noted that the day he enlisted, he was loaded onto a bus right away to London for training, without anytime to say goodbye to his family. Ralph also remembers the lack of uniforms that the Regiment found they were faced with and how he was forced to wear his same civilian clothes throughout train-

The Black Devils, Ralph Mayville's Role in the Italian Campaign

ing, until proper uniforms were supplied.

In 1943, Ralph was first assigned to the reserve unit in Italy. During this time he and his unit spent a lot of time waiting to be called to the front. So when army officers came around asking for volunteers to join the 1st Special Service Force, Ralph quickly volunteered. The 1st Special Service Force was a unit of commandos that was made of a combination of Canadian and American Troops. The force first saw action in Aleutian Islands Campaign (Alaska), Italy and Southern France. It

read in German, "the worst is to yet to come" which clearly incited fear in the Germans.

Ralph first saw action with the Black Devils during the Battle of Anzio. Anzio was a tough and hard fought Campaign which led to the eventual liberation of the City of Rome. The Black Devils fought for 99 days straight without any relief, which caused them to take a large number of casualties, yet they were still able to complete their objectives. The Black Devils fought alongside Italian Resistance Fight-



ers; Ralph noted that this provided the Allies with valuable intelligence. Ralph was one of the first to go through the Gates of Rome and liberate the city. He recalls how receptive the Italian farmers were as the Force made its way to the city

gates. The soldiers could not march more than a few minutes without an Italian civilian presenting them with hugs, bread and wine. And once the city was liberated, Ralph remembers the party's that went on in the streets and city squares. During his second night in Rome, Ralph recalls a party in a city square that was turned into a large dance with soldiers and civilians. The party was briefly broken up when a lone German sniper opened fire from a tall building. "You never saw a square clear out so fast", Ralph notes. The German shooter was subdued and the party continued on throughout the night. After the Allies took Rome, Ralph and the rest of the Special Forces were given a brief period of rest. During this time he attended a Mass that was delivered by Pope

was always the job of the Special Service Force to go in before the rest of the Divisions, as they took strategic points such as roads and bridges. Readers might know this unit better from its legendary nickname, "The Black Devils" (after the War often referred to as "The Devil's Brigade"). This nickname came from the battle of Anzio (1944), when a journal of dead German soldier described the Force: "The black devils (Die schwarzen Teufel) are all around us every time we come into the line." The reason why they were referred as the Black Devils, was because the soldiers used to cover their faces with black boot polish during night raids. To keep up with their reputation as one of Germany's most feared enemies, while on night patrol the Black Devils used to leave stickers on the bodies of dead German soldiers that

gates. The soldiers could not march more than a few minutes without an Italian civilian presenting them with hugs, bread and wine. And once the city was liberated, Ralph remembers the party's that went on in the streets and city squares. During his second night in Rome, Ralph recalls a party in a city square that was turned into a large dance with soldiers and civilians. The party was briefly broken up when a lone German sniper opened fire from a tall building.

"You never saw a square clear out so fast", Ralph notes. The German shooter was subdued and the party continued on throughout the night. After the Allies took Rome, Ralph and the rest of the Special Forces were given a brief period of rest. During this time he attended a Mass that was delivered by Pope

Pius XII, an honour that Ralph still holds dear to his heart today. After the rest period, the Black Devils were sent back to Southern Italy for training. This time they were trained on mountain climbing and on rafts. This training was crucial to the Unit's next major assignment – to break into Southern France, which meant fighting through the mountains.

Ralph and the Black Devils were assigned to lead Patton's Army into Marseilles. This meant that they had to go in the night before and clean up the islands so the invasion could take place the next morning. It was thought that the Islands surrounding Marseilles were heavily fortified with anti-aircraft guns. Yet Ralph noted when he located these "guns" they turned out to actually be telephone poles painted black. Nevertheless there was heavy fighting from the enemy, but the Black Devils were able to complete all of their objectives and Patton's Army was able to roll on through. The unit went to the bottom of the Alps on the Italy/France border to stop Germans from coming up through Italy. Ralph notes that during this time he would spend seven days on the

mountain and seven days in a hotel. Yet when he stayed in the hotel they would only sleep there as they would spend the day hauling rations up the mountain to other guys.

After fighting in France, the Black Devils were disbanded, as reserves had ran out. Ralph notes one of the saddest days in his life was when they broke up the unit. On that day all the soldiers were lined up in formation and went with high command. "Americans take two paces backwards, Canadians take two paces forwards and that was it," recalls Ralph. At this point Ralph didn't even know who was Canadian and was American, because, the unit was very close and fought as one. For almost two years Canadians and Americans fought side by side, providing that the slogan "United We Stand" is not just a phrase from recent history. These men became brothers, while at the same time earning respect from all the military forces, both ally and foe. Ralph went back to the Italian front for the rest of the war, until he eventually returned back to Canada in 1945.

~ Matthew Pritchard

Promise Me, Pappa

Tell me again Pappa
While I stand here small,
About the Vietnam war
And the names on the wall.

Tell me again Pappa
Though young I may be,
About the brave and the bold
And death so untimely.

Tell me again Pappa
While I'm safe at your side,
About your fears and dreams
And the tears you can't hide.

Promise me Pappa
We'll come here again,
And you'll tell me the stories
Of the North Wall Men.

~ Judy Tracey, 1995 dedicated to
Wayne Hillman, U.S. Army Vietnam

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Piggyback H e r o

Tomorrow morning they'll lay the remains of Glenn Rojohn to rest in the Peace Lutheran Cemetery in the little town of Greenock, Pennsylvania, just southeast of Pittsburgh. He was 81, and had been in the air conditioning and plumbing business in nearby McKeesport. If you had seen him on the street he would probably have looked to you like so many other graying, bespectacled old World War II Veterans whose names appear so often now on obituary pages.

But like so many of them, he seldom talked about it, he could have told you one hell of a story.

He won the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart all in one full swoop in the skies over Germany on December 31st, 1944. Full swoop indeed. Captain Glenn Rojohn, of the 8th Air Force's 100th Bomb Group, was flying his B-17G Flying Fortress bomber on a raid over Hamburg. His formation had braved heavy flak to drop their bombs, then turned 180 degrees to head out over the North Sea. They had finally turned northwest, headed back to England, when they were jumped by German fighters at 22,000 feet. The Messerschmitt ME-109s pressed their attack so closely that Captain Rojohn could see the faces of the German pilots. He and other pilots fought to remain in formation so they could use each other's guns to defend the group. Rojohn saw a B-17 ahead of him burst into flames and slide sickeningly toward the earth. He gunned his ship forward to fill in the gap. He felt a huge impact. The big bomber shuddered, felt suddenly very heavy and began losing altitude. Rojohn grasped almost immediately that he had collided with another plane. A B-17 below him, piloted by Lt. William G. McNab, had slammed the top of its fuselage into the bottom of Rojohn's. The top turret gun of McNab's plane was now locked in the belly of Rojohn's plane and the ball turret in the belly of Rojohn's



had smashed through the top of McNab's. The two bombers were almost perfectly aligned - the tail of the lower plane was slightly to the left of Rojohn's tailpiece. They were stuck together, as a crewman later recalled, "like mating dragon flies."

No one will ever know exactly how it happened. Perhaps both pilots had moved instinctively to fill the same gap in formation. Perhaps McNab's plane had hit an air pocket. Three of the engines on the bottom plane were still running, as were all four of Rojohn's. The fourth engine on the lower bomber was on fire and the flames were spreading to the rest of the aircraft. The two were losing altitude quickly. Rojohn tried several times to gun his engines and break free of the other plane. The two were inextricably locked together.

Fearing a fire, Rojohn cuts his engines and rang the bailout bell. If his crew had any chance of parachuting, he had to keep the plane under control somehow.

The ball turret, hanging below the belly of the B-17, was considered by many to be a death trap - the worst station on the bomber. In this case, both ball turrets figured in a swift and terrible drama of life and death.

Staff Sgt. Edward L. Woodall Jr., in the ball turret of the lower bomber, had felt the impact of the collision above him and saw shards of metal drop past him. Worse, he realized both electrical and hydraulic power was gone. Remembering escape drills, he grabbed the hand-crank, released the clutch and cranked the turret and its guns until they were straight down, then turned and climbed out the back of

the turret up into the fuselage. Once inside the plane's belly Woodall saw a chilling sight, the ball turret of the other bomber protruding through the top of the fuselage.

In that turret, hopelessly trapped, was Staff Sgt. Joseph Russo. Several crew members on Rojohn's plane tried frantically to crank Russo's turret around so that he could escape. But, jammed into the fuselage of the lower plane, the turret would not budge. Aware of his plight, but possibly unaware that his voice was going out over the intercom of his plane, Sgt. Russo began reciting his Hail Mary's. Up in the cockpit, Capt. Rojohn and his co-pilot, 2nd Lt. William G. Leek Jr., had propped their feet against the instrument panel so they could pull back on their controls with all their strength, trying to prevent their plane from going into a spinning dive that would prevent the crew from jumping out.

Capt. Rojohn motioned left and the two managed to wheel the grotesque, collision-born hybrid of a plane back toward the German coast. Leek felt like he was intruding on Sgt. Russo as his prayers crackled over the radio, so he pulled off his flying helmet with its earphones. Rojohn, immediately grasping that crew could not exit from the bottom of his plane, ordered his top turret gunner and his radio operator, Tech Sgts. Orville Elkin and Edward G. Neuhaus, to make their way to the back of the fuselage and out the waist door behind the left wing.

Then he got his navigator, 2nd Lt. Robert Washington, and his bombardier,

Sgt. James Shirley to follow them. As Rojohn and Leek somehow held the plane steady, these four men, as well as waist gunner Sgt. Roy Little and tail gunner Staff Sgt. Francis Chase were able to bail out.

Now the plane locked below them was aflame. Fire poured over Rojohn's left wing. He could feel the heat from the plane below and hear the sound of .50 caliber machinegun ammunition "cooking off" in the flames.

Capt. Rojohn ordered Lieutenant Leek to bail out. Leek knew that without him helping keep the controls back, the plane would drop in a flaming spiral and the centrifugal force would prevent Rojohn from bailing. He refused the order.

Meanwhile, German soldiers and civilians on the ground that afternoon looked up in wonder. Some of them thought they were seeing a new Allied secret weapon - a strange eight-engine double bomber. But anti-aircraft gunners on the North Sea coastal island of Wangerooge had seen the collision. A German battery captain wrote in his logbook at 2:47 p.m.: "Two fortresses collided in a formation in the NE. The planes flew hooked together and flew 20 miles south. The two planes were unable to fight anymore. The crash could be awaited so I stopped the firing at these two planes."

Suspended in his parachute in the cold December sky, Bob Washington watched with deadly fascination as the mated bombers, trailing black smoke fell to earth about three miles away, their downward trip ending in an ugly boiling blossom of fire.

In the cockpit Rojohn and Leek held grimly to the controls trying to ride a falling rock. Leek tersely recalled, "The ground came up faster and faster. Praying was allowed. We gave it one last effort and slammed into the ground."

The McNab plane on the bottom exploded, vaulting the other B-17 upward and forward. It hit the ground and slid along until its left wing slammed through a wooden building and the smoldering mass of aluminum came to a stop. Rojohn and Leek were still seated in their cockpit. The nose of the plane was relatively intact, but everything from the B-17's massive wings back was destroyed. They looked at each other incredulously.

Neither was badly injured. Movies have nothing on reality. Still perhaps in shock, Leek crawled out through a huge hole behind the cockpit, felt for the familiar

pack in his uniform pocket and pulled out a cigarette. He placed it in his mouth and was about to light it. Then he noticed a young German soldier pointing a rifle at him. The soldier looked scared and annoyed. He grabbed the cigarette out of Leek's mouth and pointed down to the gasoline pouring out over the wing from a ruptured fuel tank.

Two of the six men who parachuted from Rojohn's plane did not survive the jump. But the other four and, amazingly, four men from the other bomber, including ball turret gunner Woodall, survived. All were taken prisoner. Several of them were interrogated at length by the Germans until they were satisfied that what had crashed was not a new American secret weapon.

Rojohn, typically, didn't talk much about his Distinguished Flying Cross. Of Leek, he said, "In all fairness to my copilot, he's the reason I'm alive today." Like so many Veterans, Rojohn got back to life un sentimentally after the war, marrying and raising a son and daughter. For many years, though, he tried to link back up with Leek, going through government records to try to track him down. It took him 40 years, but in 1986, he found the number of Leek's mother, in Washington State. Yes, her son Bill was visiting from California. Would Rojohn like to speak with him? Two old men on a phone line, trying to pick up some familiar timbre of youth in each other's voice. One can imagine that first conversation between the two men who had shared that wild ride in the cockpit of a B-17. A year later, the two were reunited at a reunion of the 100th Bomb Group in Long Beach, California. Bill Leek died the following year.

Glenn Rojohn was the last survivor of the remarkable piggyback flight. He was like thousands upon thousands of men - soda jerks and lumberjacks, teachers and dentists, students and lawyers and service station attendants and store clerks and farm boys - who in the prime of their lives went to war in World War II. They sometimes did incredible things, endured awful things, and for the most part most of them pretty much kept it to themselves and just faded

back into the fabric of civilian life.

Capt. Glenn Rojohn, AAF, died last Saturday (21st July 2007) after a long siege of illness. But he apparently faced that final battle with the same grim aplomb he displayed that remarkable day over Germany so long ago. Let us be thankful for such men. A great story and it makes me wonder how many more stories like this one are lost each day as members of the Greatest Generation pass on.

~ Ralph Kinney Bennett

Signs of War

There are many signs of war
As we look across our land
Some are easily seen
Others we'll never understand.

Before the war starts,
There are no sounds of darts
But after the war is over
There are many broken hearts.

Soldiers fighting and country's crying
is a sign of war
Letters from our loved ones and
servicemen at our door
With news to deliver about our
sons and brothers
Causing pain and agony to all of
their fathers and mothers.

War is not a good thing
It destroys the land
And everyday someone is left
dying in the sand.

~Michaela Reid, 9 years old

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Ways to Remember

Attending Remembrance Day Ceremonies on November 11th is the best-known way that we can publicly honour the men and women who served in Canada in times of war, military conflict and peace. In addition, there are many other ways that we can show throughout the year that we care about the sacrifices and achievement of these one and a half million brave Canadians who served, and continue to serve, our country at home and abroad.

Remembering can take many forms: music, ceremonies, poetry, private reflection, discussion, art and shared memories from those who took part in protecting peace and freedom worldwide.

More than 110,000 men and women died so that we may live in peace and freedom today. Taking an active role to remember these people, along with the Veterans who experienced the hardships of war, military conflict and peace efforts, is one way of saying "thank you".

1. Wear a poppy to honour those in uniform who have served Canada and also those who have died in service to our country.

2. Attend Remembrance Day Ceremonies or if you can't go watch them on television.

3. Lay a wreath at the Cenotaph with classmates and friends.

4. Pause for one minute of silence at 11:00 a.m. on November 11th to honour those who served and died in times of war, military conflict and peace time.

5. Help plan and participate in a commemorative ceremony at school or with a community group.

6. Thank a Veteran or Canadian Forces member for supporting peace and freedom efforts around the world.

7. Organize, participate in, or attend a candlelight tribute ceremony at a cemetery to remember citizens in your community who died during military service to Canada.

8. Spread the word about Veterans' Week, Remembrance Day and other commemorative events using your school's newspaper, Website or daily announcements.

9. Organize an essay or poster contest on the topic of Canada's role in the First or Second World War, the Korean War or Peace Support missions.

10. Plan, organize or participate in a debate or discussion looking at how Canada's military history still influences our lives today.

11. Plan, organize or participate in a 1920s, 1940s, or 1950s dance or "Victory Ball". Research the clothing, hairstyles, music, food and decorations of the time and include those themes in the event.

12. Bring examples of wartime art (such as paintings or posters), books and stories, poetry and music to school to show and talk about with your peers. Discuss what their purpose was during the war, why they were important, and what makes them unique.

13. Organize a concert featuring music from the war-era. Take the concert to a nursing home and perform for the residents.

14. Hold a series of community read-

NEVER FORGET



ings where citizens share their favourite passages from military-related books, novels, poems, letters and diaries.

15. Read a selection of books on the topic of remembrance.

16. Show a video or film on Canada's role in the wars and peace missions of the 20th and 21st centuries.

17. Adopt a Veteran's grave in your community. With the permission of the person's family or the cemetery, visit and take care of the grave. You could dig out weeds, plant flowers or clean the headstone.

18. Research the story of a family member, friend or neighbour who served Canada in wartime or peacetime. Tell that person's story to your class. Describe how his or her life was affected by their service and talk about the challenges they faced after the war.

19. Invite a Veteran or a Canadian Forces member to speak to your class.

20. Listen to Veterans and Canadian Forces members talk about their wartime and peacetime experiences on the "Heroes Remember" feature of the Veterans

Affairs Canada Website – www.vac-acc.gc.ca or the Veterans Video Gallery on the Windsor Historical Society – Veterans' Memories Projects Website – www.windsorhistoricalsociety.com.

21. Invite a Dutch immigrant to your school to speak about the special connection between the people of the Netherlands and Canadian troops during the Second World War – a connection still felt today!

22. Contact your local or provincial War Brides Association and invite a war bride to visit your school. Ask her to describe what it was like to marry a Canadian soldier and move to a new country. Discuss what challenges war brides faced in Canada at the time.

23. Visit local nursing homes to spend time with those from the wartime generation. Prepare a question list as a class before going and report to other classes at your school following your visit.

24. Invite someone to speak to your class about their work with a community support or volunteer organization during the war years.

25. Research how Canadians at home supported the war effort overseas. Discuss what you have learned as a class.

26. Interview a Veteran, relative, family friend, neighbour, war bride, nursing sister, factory worker or another person who was impacted by the war. Ask about his or wartime experiences and how they contributed to the war effort. Prior to the interview, prepare a question list. Record the interview and share it with the class.

27. Find evidence that citizens in your community participated in the war – things such as memorials, Veterans' graves or honour rolls in churches. Visit the local Cenotaph or War Memorial to study its inscription. Make a map of the community and mark where war memorials/statues/monuments are located. Research what they commemorate, when they were erected, who erected them and why.

28. Using the Internet, research Canadian memorial sites located around the world. Show them on a map and describe their significance. Have your class design and construct its own monument.

29. Research memorials located around the world that commemorate animals in war. Show the memorials on a map and describe their significance.

30. Make a list of animals that helped in war and peace support efforts – either

overseas or in Canada. Explain what each animal did and why it was important.

31. Do a novel study, individually or as a group. Choose a fictional or historic book with a storyline based on Canada's war or peacekeeping involvement.

32. Write to a Canadian Forces member posted in Canada or overseas.

33. Participate in the Valentines for Vets or Christmas Cards for Troops projects. Send special greetings to Veterans in local nursing homes or Canadian Forces members posted overseas.

34. Plant tulips, a tree or an entire memorial garden in memory of local citizens who died during their military service and/or Veterans from your community who have passed on.

35. Write a letter to a Veteran (it could be a relative, family friend or someone from your community) thanking them for their sacrifice and celebrating their achievements.

36. Play the role of a war correspondent from the First or Second World War. Write headlines, news stories, local interest features, or advertisements as if you went back in time.

37. Compile a list of scientific and technological innovations developed in times of war. Write an essay on their impact on today's world.

38. Research the contribution of Aboriginal, African-Canadian or Asian-Canadian soldiers during the First or Second World War or the Korean War. Present your findings to your classmates.

39. Create a flag, crest or symbol commemorating the contribution of certain groups during the First or Second World War or the Korean War. These groups could include women, Aboriginal, African-Canadian, or Asian-Canadians.

40. Prepare a graph showing various statistics on Canada's involvement in the First or Second World War or the Korean War. Compare the numbers of those who died, were injured or taken prisoner of war to the population of your school, town, city, or province. How do these statistics compare to other countries involved in the war?

41. Research and prepare a report on the various war service medals awarded to Canadians. Look at the reasons why specific medals are

awarded, their "order of precedence", and at the stories of people who had earned certain ones. Present your findings to your class.

42. Research and write an essay on a Canadian who earned the Victoria Cross and present your findings to your classmates.

43. Create a war memorabilia exhibit or a "Wall of Honour" in your school. Display photographs, newspaper articles, artifacts and pictures of community members who served in the military. Invite family members and the public to visit.

44. Prepare a menu, a cook-book or a meal plan based on war-time rations. What was substituted for rationed items such as sugar? Sell the cookbook to raise funds for another school project.

45. Plan and organize a play that tells the stories of Veterans from your community who have served in wars and peace support missions.

46. Make Izzy dolls and send them to Canada's service men and women to give to children who live in troubled areas of the world. Visit www.isfeldbc.com to learn how.

47. Encourage your local public library or local businesses to create a display of wartime memorabilia. Ask them to include photographs, uniforms, badges, military medals and decorations or diaries in the displays.

48. Volunteer at an elementary school library to read wartime stories to young children. You could also share the personal stories of local Veterans and members of the Canadian Forces.

49. Visit the Veterans Affairs Canada website regularly for news.

50. Never forget the contributions and sacrifices of the men and women who have served Canada in times of war, military conflict and peace – especially those who did not return.

~ Veterans Affairs Canada

unlock some help!
Gwen Baker
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Veterans' Memories Projects



Adams, Duane (Afghanistan, 2007-Present) - Being a soldier is a job. If we are going to do our job to the best of our ability then we need to know that our families are well taken care of. People often ask me, why I do what I do, why I am fighting when I don't have to be over there. I am working to make a safe and secure environment like the freedoms that we enjoy in Canada. I want to give the same freedoms that we have here that is taken for granted many times over. That's why I go.

Akpata, Mike (Afghanistan, Jan-Aug 2007) - I guess I viewed the word Veteran as different than what I know I am now. I looked at WWII Vets and Korean Vets and they were all older, and they were grandfathers, or that's the relationship I had to them. And they had a great story to tell and that's how I looked at it. They had done a great thing ... it's difficult to wrap my mind around the fact that I'm in the same fraternity and sorority ... it's a heavy word for me.

Busby, Edward (Transport Driver, 2nd Canadian Army Brigade, WWII) - Our trip through Holland was difficult, that's a mild word, but I remember one particular time in the town of Oss, Holland. It was the worst winter they had experienced in twenty-five years. The people were starving. People were dropping dead on the street, and because of the cold winter, the Germans had stopped bombing for a few days. Volunteers were asked to drive eighty hours to deliver food to the hospi-

tals. I accepted the job. We could only travel at night because we couldn't be seen by the German Luftwaffe. I drove out to the hospital and this woman greeted me, I think she was like the Mother Superior. The Mother Superior upon reading the label, looked up at me with tears in her eyes and asked me to confirm that they were indeed dried peas. People in Holland speak English very well but she wanted to make sure. I assured her they were and tears streamed down her cheeks and she claimed, 'thank you, now we can feed the babies!'

Connolly, Priscilla (W.A.A.F., Plotter, WWII) - When speaking to children in schools on Remembrance Day, I tried to make them realize that peace was something that started with each individual child; that if they practice keeping peace at home with their brothers and sisters, and then in the school yard with their friends, that peace would gradually permeate throughout their lives. To illustrate this, I explained about throwing a pebble into a pool of water or a pond and how when the pebble hits, ripples come out from it and go on and on until they reach the end of the pond. This is what peace and keeping peace does, it ripples from you to your friends to your relatives to people in the school yard. This is how peace would gradually permeate throughout your neighbourhood, your town, and maybe even eventually throughout the world.

Hillman, Wayne (101st Airborne Division,

Vietnam) - I put my family through hell. I understand now that I was suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder but then I didn't know what it was. Soldiers don't make war, governments make war. Maybe if the people who started the wars were the ones who had to go out and fight them then maybe they wouldn't happen but until then it is up to you students to keep our Afghanistan Veterans as heroes and respect them.

Horrobin, Barry (son and grandson of Boer War/WWI and WWII Veterans) - My father, George Horrobin, once told me that during the war he was eighty percent wireless operator, ten percent gunner, and ten percent pilot. When I asked what this meant he explained it like this, 'if you were on a mission and your gunner got shot, you have to know how to defend yourself. If your pilot got shot that was even worse as you probably weren't going to make it back or even to the mission. That ten percent was just the basic knowledge you needed to get back alive.'

Johnston, Joe (Korea) - After WWII, everyone said, 'thank God, the war's over!' So they got rid of everything and I mean everything! At one point the Canadian Army didn't even have a compass! We had to go to the army surplus store and buy up all the compasses! When we got to Korea, we had three shells per gun per day! We didn't have anything else because we had used up all of the ammunition in training. We had to go to Hong

Kong where 150,000 rounds of ammunition had been dropped in the Hong Kong Harbour after WWII and actually had to airlift them out so we could have ammunition. People say the Korean War was just a little war, not that big, but 2.5 million people died in an area not much bigger than Southern Ontario.

Jones, Stan (R.A.F., WWII) - It was such a surprise, you know, the mere fact that the Canadians were all there. So he said, 'come along with me and I'll introduce you to the rest of the crew'. And that's how it went, and I went through all the crew, and I'm standing there, absolutely staggered. I've got all of these Canadian accents coming at me, and I'm going back with my little cockney accent. And it was a real buzz, if I could put it that way. Anyway, we got on fine!

Kelly, Bernie (R.C.A., Peace Keeper) - Cuban Missile Crisis, you're probably thinking what is that? It's a little conflict that came so close to being WWII and people don't realize it. It took place and started in 1962 between Nikita Khrushchev and John F. Kennedy, President of the U.S. Mr. Khrushchev decided he was going to put nuclear missiles in Cuba. Mr. President Kennedy says, 'uh-huh, not on my watch.' This went on until we went into the fall of 1962 when Mr. Khrushchev loaded up a ship with nuclear missiles and started heading it towards Cuba. President Kennedy informed him in no uncertain terms, 'you turn that ship around; you will never reach Cuba. If I have to myself, I will go out there on my boat and I will fire the first shot across your bow and if you will not turn around, I will sink your ship where it sits.'

Kelly, Bob "Snowbird" (Royal 22nd Regiment "Van Doos", 1954-1959 overseas & 1960-1965 in Canadian Reserves) - My native name is Snowbird and I enlisted when I was sixteen years old. I landed in Holland on my seventeenth birthday. I was highly trained as a reconnaissance soldier to gain information on Germany during the day and inform my commanding officer of the intelligence in the morning. I come from two hundred years of military service in my family and I know that if my country needed me again I would go tomorrow.

Labonte, David (Korean War) - Well, once

I had a water shell land about five feet from me and I was lucky that it landed that close because I would have been almost buried alive in the dirt that it threw up but a friend of mine that I was talking to at the time, about thirty feet away, was not so lucky. He received a piece of scrap metal right through his arm into his heart and it killed him and then I ran over to him, after I dug myself out and found him like that and had to get the medic.

Lee, Ed (R.C.A.F., WWII) - Then they had all them big tanks there, on the base in England running around there. And then when they turned around, I remember they would grind up the asphalt. And I remember this particular elderly lady with her umbrella just there, shaking it and scolding the tank driver, 'Look what you're doing to our streets!'

Major, Harry (R.C.A.F., WWII) - I don't think that any one of us Veterans feel we did wrong in bombing Germany to destroy her Industrial Power, and yes some of those cities were badly bombed by the Allied Air Forces, but was that any worse than the bombings of resort cities and towns of England by the Luftwaffe? I just want to go on record that I was helpful in destroying an evil power that was better defeated there in Europe and not here on our shores. I thought I was serving my country to preserve our Canadian way of life which included a government preserving our belief in God. I decided that we needed to go fight that war on their ground and not here in Canada and come hell or high water I would get into the R.C.A.F. and get them back for bombing our hospitals!

Olenick, Paul (R.C.A.F., WWII) - Going into retrospect, when I was still working the sales office at United Airlines, there was a German girl working there and her name was Gisela. Now, she says she was not a Nazi but in conversations with her, her father flew in the First World War with Gehring, they were good friends. She has pictures of her sitting on Hitler's knee. Now, I do believe she was a Nazi. However, she married a U.S. Army captain and came to the U.S. as his wife, and was working at United Airlines. And with a name like Gisela, I said that

reminds me of Operation Gisela, when we got shot down by a German night fighter and crashed. We went head on into another Halifax, and destroyed two Halifaxes at the same time. And she says, 'you destroyed two heavy bombers at the same time?' And I said, 'yes, I did.' And she said, 'did you get the Iron Cross?' I said, 'No, I was on the other side.'

O'Neill, Bill (R.C.A., WWII) - They had put me down from Air Crew instead of Ground Crew so we went to confirm. He took me into the commander of the Air Force and he questioned us as to why we didn't want to join the Air Crew. So I told him that I didn't think my stomach could stand it. So he said, 'Tell you what, you go home and think it over for a day or two and then come back and tell me what you decide.' So we went home and were talking amongst ourselves and said, 'what the hell, we might as well sign up for the Air Crew.' We figured we'd probably fail the Air Crew anyway and they'd just put us in the Ground Crew. So that's what we did. We went back to see the officer and he took us in his office and asked, 'so what did you decide? You be truthful with me and I'll be truthful with you.' So we told him we would take the Air Crew. So he asked us, 'did you take the Air Crew because you figured you'd fail in there and be put on the Ground Crew?' We said that was right and he told us to go straight down Ouellette Avenue until we came to Hunter to see what they will do for us down there. I said, 'to hell with it! I know damn well I'm not a sailor so I don't want to get tied up with that. I'm gonna go to the Armoury!' So I went down to the Armoury and bang, no problem at all and they signed me up right away. That was the beginning of my Army life.

Pudeleck, Chester (U.S. Marine Corps, WWII) - There were quite a few episodes

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in Saipan. One time, I recall we were in the 27th Army, they called us up to fill the hole. There was myself, a fella by the name of Carl Hudson and another guy who was a little slow, we called him Killer Kanan and we were digging fox holes right in the city there, where homes used to be. We dig a fox hole and there's some bottles. 'What the hell is this?' 'It's got to be booze.' Except we don't know what the hell it is. So we take it on. It was a killer, 'here is some booze, here, have some.' So we let them try it. Come back fifteen minutes later, 'how do you feel?' 'O.K., give it back!' But that's some of the humour that goes on. You have to make your own.

Scislowski, Stan (Perth Regiment, Italian Campaign, WWII) – Too many Veterans punish their families. Not intentionally, but they punish them and punish themselves, because they pretend that the war didn't happen. They pretend the war didn't happen but it did. I know one guy at our legion, he says, 'I don't wanna talk about it, Stan!' And I said, 'Steve, that's the whole problem. You put those memories in the dark closet of your mind, pre-

tend it didn't happen. But those memories are hammering on the door. They've been hammering since the day you put them there.' And he looked at me, and put his hand out. And he's felt so much better since. Like I said, God made me talkative, I guess. Maybe I'm able to write but I let it all hang out. I've never had a nightmare. If I dream about the war, I wake up exhilarated, 'boy, I fought a good fight!' I release any ghosts that might be in me through my writing. I tell it like it is.

Scofield, Ralph Earl (R.C.A.F, WWII) - One of the scariest moments of my life happened in January of 1945 when our crew crashed hard on an attempted take off. I wanted to jump out but at 120 miles an hour, it was difficult. We hit some trees and the impact caused the tail to whiplash. When I was thrown out I lost my boots. We all survived and the aircraft exploded but from then on I was known as "Boots."

White, John (Essex-Scottish Regiment, Windsor, WWII) - I was working on the St. Lawrence River working to keep the German U-boats out. During this time in

Quebec, the Germans had sunk sixteen merchant ships. I was in the Gaspé region of Quebec and it was my job to help guard further attacks by building a coastal defence system. I also helped build Fort Preval which defended the opening of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It was after the building of the fort that there was a ceremony where I was supposed to fire off the largest battery. They moved me up next to it, rather than from the pit and when I fired the power of it knocked me unconscious.



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10th Anniversary Veterans' Appreciation Day

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throughout Canada for their courage, valour and for making the supreme sacrifice on behalf of all Canadians in the name of freedom and peace.

RICK LAPORTE
President, CAW Local 444

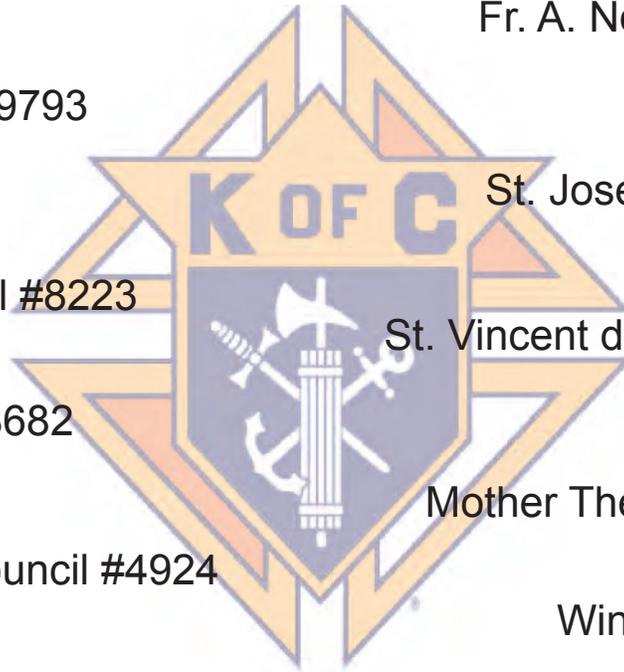


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