



Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians)

REGIMENTAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

2020 EDITION

Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Regimental Society, PO Box 10500 Station Forces Edmonton, AB T5J 4J5

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LdSH(RC) Regimental Society

PO Box 10500 Station Forces
Edmonton, AB T5J 4J5



Colonel of the Regiment

BGen (Ret'd) Craig Hilton

Like many of you, I recall the golden rule of armoured tactics that was drilled into us repeatedly, right from the get go – no plan withstands first contact with the enemy! And looking back at my Newsletter forecast one year ago, it is clear the golden rule is as applicable now as ever. Wherever we found ourselves in the past eight months, the COVID pandemic ushered in a wave of changes and restrictions that has made 2020 a year to remember...or perhaps forget.

As individuals well accustomed to adapting and improvising, we hold an advantage over most members of the general public when faced with such widespread uncertainty. Likewise, this advantage has revealed itself collectively in the way the Regimental Family responded quickly to adjust our 2020 plans across the board. For example, Association Branch/Chapter activities, Reunion 2020 arrangements, Liberation of Harderwijk (Netherlands) Anniversary visit itineraries, Mounted Troop and Society Troops (Regimental Museum & Archives, Historical Vehicle Troop, Pipes & Drums) performance and public schedules, and even the announced Change of Command of the Regiment, were all subject to rapid revision and change.

In operational matters, however, our overseas military deployments proceeded apace and, notwithstanding a multitude of new complexities, all were completed successfully and to the highest standard as the CO and RSM will relate in their remarks. Throughout these missions, the professionalism

of our soldiers, both at home and deployed, and the resilience displayed by our families who have supported them through this challenging time, stands as a source of pride for us all. Some things never change.

Behind the scenes, the Regimental Society and Ceremonial Mounted Troop Foundation Boards of Directors and their supporting Committees continue to work hard to ensure that both our charitable organizations remain well postured to support the Regiment and Regimental Family in the execution of their mandates. The Society/CP Rail Academic Scholarships were awarded as usual this summer, the latest volume of our history (1946 – 2011) has formally launched with Project completion timed to coincide with Celebration 2025 – the 125th Anniversary of the Raising of Strathcona's Horse, an Association assessment of a potential Reunion in 2021 is underway, study of the SME Report and Recommendations concerning the Regimental Museum & Archives is in hand, and the daily care and exercise of our Troop mounts continues as you would expect at the Regimental Stables, just to mention a few of the activities and projects in progress, thanks to the efforts of many Strathcona's, serving and retired. When life returns to normal, hopefully soon, we intend to restart the trace with momentum.

On a closing note, I remain both impressed and gratified by the efforts of our Regimental Association Branches and Chapters to keep communications up within their memberships during these difficult times. I have no doubt that serving Strathcona's at regimental

duty and on ERE will remain active doing all they are called upon to do. But for many within the wider Family, facing the coming winter in a restricted environment may prove long and challenging. I therefore encourage us all to maintain periodic net-checks, pass along e-news bulletins and other sitreps, and generally look out for each other until ENDEX is called on COVID and normal operations resume. My sincere best wishes to you and yours for the Holiday Season and the coming New Year.

Perseverance



CO and RSM Annual Regimental Update

LCol Eric Angell & CWO Kevin King

We most definitely live in interesting times! Nevertheless, your Regiment soldiers on to complete its mandated levels of training to maintain a constant state of readiness. If you are not yet tracking, the Canadian Army introduced the Adapted Managed Readiness Plan, which essentially means that 1 Brigade will be doing Exercise MAPLE RESOLVE (Canada's premiere land-based exercise) again in the spring of 2021. Your soldiers are more than up for the challenge and were training in the field throughout most of September and early October on Exercise STEELE SABRE. Even though we completed driver and gunner courses, troop and squadron training, etc., it was by no means business as usual. All soldiers wore masks unless they were able to physically distance

themselves. Trying to keep your ballistic eyewear from fogging up while wearing a mask is a challenge, if anyone has figured it out, let me know! Flying kitchens were impossible to operate, so we utilized support from Base Wainwright kitchen to supply haybox meals. I have never seen so many mess tents, as we had to ensure soldiers could achieve physical distancing while eating.

The Regimental Gunnery Warrant Officer (RGWO) and his team “knocked it out of the park” during this fall’s gun camp. Gunnery skills were excellent and better than I have seen in the past few years. This is a direct result of having a passionate and capable RGWO (**WO Dave Brister**) and by taking the time to do things right. This results in a little more time on the range but ultimately improves Regimental Gunnery as a whole. It is always exciting for me to see soldiers complete their training, especially young crew commanders that I first met when they were “no-hook” Troopers. I guess this just means I am getting old...the RSM knows all about that!

In the end, we fully trained up Recce and A Squadrons in order to qualify new soldiers and to prepare the sub-unit leadership for validation next spring. Speaking of the next few months, your Regiment is currently finishing up its mandated individual training, including old favourites like the Combat Fitness Test, gas hut and personal weapons tests. This will all be completed and documented before we depart for Christmas block leave.

We still face challenges with the vehicle fleet, but we have seen a definite improvement in the state of the tank fleet particularly. This is due to the impressive and unflagging

efforts of our Maintenance Troop. A testament to their importance, when the bulk of your soldiers were sent home to guard their readiness this spring, the maintainers continued to report for duty at the Harvey Building as tank maintenance is rightly considered a strategic priority. Their efforts coupled with the cancellation of Exercise MAPLE RESOLVE 2020 gave the tanks some much needed time for maintenance.

As always, I am incredibly proud of our soldiers and their ability to persevere in trying circumstances. I know you are proud of them too. Please stay safe and stay healthy!

Perseverance



Regimental Association Update

MCpl (Ret'd) Brad Norman

We started out 2020 with our annual AGM where the current executive was voted in. Plans were rolling out for the reunion that was to occur in September 2020 and there was a huge response with members that were to attend from all of our great Country. I want to say a huge thanks to Thomas Falls and his group for the work that they completed on the reunion.

Our vice president **Jason Moran** was in the midst of planning the family golf tournament where a date was booked and he was working on prizes so that every person in attendance would leave with something.

Well we all know what happened next and COVID 19 hit bringing everything to a grinding halt, with the epidemic putting our seniors at risk I liaised with all of the executive and the reunion and golf tournament were cancelled. Here is hoping that we, as a Country, can get a grip on this and head in a direction that will be somewhat normal.

I along with other members travel and I am sure I am not the only one that has that itch to go somewhere warm. Here's hoping.

Since the start of the pandemic our meetings here in Calgary have been cancelled because of the social distancing and the closure of the Horton Legion. The Legion has recently opened however they are still not allowing meetings and the last I checked there was no estimation on time frame of when I can book the venue.

I am looking into possibly setting up a Zoom meeting so that we can give an update on upcoming events and so keep an eye on your emails for the link to join.

I know that **Slider** and **Mary** are hard at work preparing the envelopes to be sent out with our 2021 membership applications. I want to say a huge thank you to them for the work that they do. I do have a challenge for each and every one our members. If you could get one person to join the association, we would increase our numbers as they have decreased in the last couple of years mainly due to the passing of some of our members.

Mr. Clair Lane has been sending updates on our funds and he is ensuring

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the books are kept up to date.

On the onset of the epidemic I sent out an email stating that if anyone needs anything please reach out to me and I will do what I can do to assist, I know there are members out there across the country that would have no problems lending a hand so please reach out if needed.

In closing I hope that all of you are keeping healthy and sane. For our members that have passed away may they rest in peace and I know all of our thoughts are with their families.



Regimental Society Troops Update

By: Maj Matt Johns

As the Regimental Society and Foundation Operations Advisor I would like to take a few moments to update everyone on the efforts of the Regimental Troops over the past year. As you are all aware 2020 has not been a normal year in most respects and this has held true for the Regiment's "special purpose troops": Historical Vehicle Troop, Pipes & Drums, the Museum, and the Strathcona Mounted Troop. Although most of their activities have been curtailed the soldiers of these organizations have been working behind the scenes to ensure that they are ready for the next bound whenever we are cleared to cross the LD and resume our public duties.

HVT continues to work diligently at maintaining the near squadron (-) of vehicles they have inherited. Priority of effort remains with our beloved Sherman, **Catherine**, and in ensuring she is fit to fight for the anniversary of Korea and Celebration 125. Thankfully for Capt Kai Keewatin, **Sgt Mark Bell**, and **Cpl Billy Clendennin** a whole troops worth of new recruits have signed up and so the work progresses apace!

Between deployments, postings, and COVID-19, Pipes & Drums has faced serious manning challenges this past year. However, **WO Matt Williams** continues to lead the team as Drum Major, while **Cpl Adam Davies** has represented the Regiment as Pipe Major at several key events. Although Provincial restrictions have prevented the band from performing at any large ceremonies, **Cpl Davies** was broadcast for the No Stone Left Alone Dance to Remember charity gala via the magic of the internet.

Capt Phil Webster and **Sgt Todd Giberson** continue to do tremendous work for the Regiment at the Museum. Beyond the myriad secondary duties associated with the running of the Museum itself and its place in the Military Museums, both **Phil** and **Todd** have also dedicated countless hours to modernizing the Museum and its archives. Working closely with the Society Board of Directors they are deep in the planning stages for a Museum revitalization which will hopefully include the ability to interact with the displays through the internet. Although many of the Museum's annual activities were cancelled or postponed, including the 75 anniversary of VE Day, **Capt Webster** and **Sgt Giberson** have still worked diligently to ensure that the Regiment's history remains properly on display for all to see.

Finally, the Mounted Troop has taken this "year off" to re-focus and to conduct some much needed R&R and training. New troopers are certifying as riders as **Capt Erik Giajnorio** and **Sgt Paul Kruhlak** put them through their paces. The Troop worked closely with organizations in the city to provide some Strathcona colour to critical events, including the mounting of vedettes for the transfer between the Alberta Lieutenant-Governors. Beyond that the Troop has also acquired a carriage to transport VIPs for high profile parades and activities and are in the process of conducting the driver's inspections on this new piece of kit. Overall it has been a good rebuilding year for the Troop as a whole and I know they are eager to get back into action.

Although it has been a strange and challenging year, I wanted to assure you that the soldiers of the Regiment's special troops continue to demonstrate the same level of perseverance and professionalism that you would expect. They continue to find new ways to innovate and challenge themselves, maintaining their skills and representing the Regiment with aplomb.

Your Dispatches

Our Section of Soldiers had just crossed a ridge and descended, single file, into the valley below. It was a dark frosty night in the Foothills west of Millarville in late Fall. Snow laid all about. As we reached the floor of the valley, the clouds parted and a bright Full Moon shone down from above the darkened ridge that lay ahead. This was Cattle Country and we had to maneuver over barbwire fences in our winter gear, weapons and large backpacks, crunching through a foot of snow.

The white lay all about except for the fence posts ahead and to our left that delineated this great pasture. Upon the ridge ahead, the skeleton features of great trees with limbs that rose skyward darkened black against the whiteness of the snow that lay upon the floor of our meadow and the ridge. As we neared the base of the ridge, a quarter turn to our left appeared a large two story ranch house from behind a stand of trees. Light shone warmly from several windows of this structure though all around was

winter cold. This vista appeared as different shades of black or dark grey against the snow and in behind the house a light shone from the doors of a stable where a ranch-hand was settling a pair of horses into their stalls. Then as by some instinct a large dog ran out to the corner of the yard and barked at whatever was disturbing him.

Of course, that was us, many furlongs away in the dark. Still, the wonderful moon shone down upon this vista of white and various shades of black. The Ridge, the trees, the warm Ranch house, the barking dog, the stable and that large glorious moon shining from above as our warm breath's misted in the cold air. A picture only a great artist could conjure up and yet, I still see it in my mind's eye, five decades later. It never dims!

Clair R. Lane

Many thanks, Clair. Yep, we all have happy memories of winter training – now that we are exempt!! **Ed.**

Re: Spring/Fall 2019 Newsletter

The photo on page 13 of 4 Troop, C Sqn, in Korea, brought back many memories. I remember several of the people and in particular the Tp Ldr, **Lt Macdonald**, I knew him as "Strathcona" or "Strath" Macdonald.

Dave Letson

Thanks, **Dave**, he was a well-remembered Strathcona indeed. There are probably not many who knew him by any other name. **Ed.**

Thank you for the latest Newsletter. Judging from the Last Trumpet Call, I must be one of the oldest Straths (ex FGH) still living. I am 94 in March 2020. Please amend your Lost Trails! I am here in Amberley, involved with Lions, help run Community Care, wheelchairs, walkers etc. I still drive and haven't lost all of my marbles. I still think back to army days with great pleasure and satisfaction, especially RCAC.

Perserverence John Stopford

Thanks for the note, **John**. We are glad but not surprised to hear that you are doing so well. **Ed.**

Your Photos



My grandfather
Howard Katzeley
was a proud
Strathcona, who,
I believe, went to
Korea as a Strat.

Coincidentally, I
am the CO for one
of your cadet corps
(1292 RCACC) so
he loved to see the
cadets and watch
their parades.

Capt Zane Williams



Thank you to **Isabelle McBride** for sharing this photo and note she received from Korea.

*I visited **Mr. MCBRIDE** to say happy birthday to him. It has been raining in Busan, but it was green, peaceful and beautiful where he is resting.*

I have been trying to bring attention to the Korean War Veterans and I feel more and more people want to know about them and express their deep gratitude to them, which encourages me to work harder!!

I could have had a chance to go to Canada this year to meet the war veterans but it was canceled because of COVID19. BUT I hope it will happen next year!! I hope you are always happy and healthy!



Nunspeet was not a commemoration with a large audience. Corona made sure that this was not allowed.

So we are not celebrating liberation on May 5. What we can do is commemorate in a small circle.

We did this this morning. We have placed flowers at the monument in memory of our liberators.

With kind regards Gerrit Storteboom





Thinking about the newsletter when I came across the old photos. The left group in 1959 and the right one from 1960. We did quite well, winning a number of garrison , area and Western Command bouts. Regards Clive Milner



I am writing to inform the Lord Strathcona's regimental society , of the passing of my father Ernest E. Copper on the 20th of November 2019 at Deer Lodge Center Winnipeg. Dad was a proud "Strath" and at nearly 98 years of age, perhaps one of the oldest surviving members. His armored tank division fought at Melfa River,during the Italian campaign of WW11. His story of survival after being wounded in battle in this brutal conflict was an inspiring one, and one his family won't forget.

We miss him dearly.

William Copper

The Recondos Reunite

By: Col (Ret'd) Keith Eddy

On 31 August, **Colonel (Ret'd) Dave** and **Ann Rundle** organized a reunion with **Dave's** fellow troop leaders from his Recce Squadron years. The event marked the visit of **Sean McMaster** and his wife **Jane Virtue** to Ontario. Other Recce Squadron members that attended included the third Recondo, **Chris Waters**, escorted by his handler, **Sage**, the then OC, **Keith Eddy** along with his wife, **Marg**, and the legendary 2IC, **John Russell**, accompanied by his OC **Bernadine**. In addition, long-time friends and fellow Strathcona's **John** and **Wendy Stuckart**, **Spike Hazelton**, and **Jamie** and **Beth Cade** attended.

For those not familiar with the fabled threesome, **Dave**, **Sean**, and **Chris** were famous, perhaps more appropriately,



No masks but holding our breath for 90 seconds!

Left to right: Dave Rundle, John Russell, Keith Eddy, Chris Waters, and Sean McMaster

infamous troop leaders in Recce Squadron during the early 80's. Each had a unique personality that allowed him to connect with those around him, be it their fellow Recce Sqn members, outside peers, superiors, and Associates alike, while maintaining their individuality, and pursuing their own specific interests without compromising their efforts to outperform their peers in the Regiment. Indeed, their strength of character, individual insights, and force majeure when united in a single task made them too formidable to resist. So sayeth **Dave**, **Sean**, and **Chris**.

The Recondos' keepers, mainly the OC, the 2IC, and, held in reserve as needed, the CO **John Roderick** as

well as the Adjutant, **Greg Hug**, seem to recall events differently. Giving the Recondos orders was much like blowing up a balloon and releasing it in the hopes it would land exactly where it was to go. Sometimes, hoping it just land would suffice. To their credit, they never fell short and always delivered. All the forehead slapping, breath sucking, and eye-rolling of others was just theatrics, not really disbelief.

During their time, each Recondo was dispatched to meet an outside Squadron task at least once during their tour. **Sean**, along with a Regimental contingent, was seconded to Op Bilbo, a clearance operation to sanitize the Sarcee training area prior to its return to the Sarcee Band (now called the Tsuut'ina Nation). He also undertook leading and training the Strathcona biathlon team in a demanding, high profile 1 CMBG annual competition that was won the year previously by the Strathcona's. The task meant spending the winter months away at CFB Wainwright training endlessly among gifted as well as novice but dedicated athletes, a challenge he met. **Sean**, it turned out, was a closet biathlete. **Dave**, too, got wrapped up in the quest resulting in one trying to outdo the other.

Chris was sent to Cyprus along with his troop to provide a Lynx-mounted Recce Troop for the 3 RCHA UNFICYP Contingent. Given the extra demands beyond leading a troop within a home-based regimental environment, the UN tour demanded far more than it would have normally. On a visit to Cyprus, I had the occasion to meet **LCol Tim Guiler**, CO 3 RCHA, the British Contingent Commander, alongside of which the troop operated and often socialized, and other non-black hatters in Cyprus. To no surprise, all praised **Chris** and the other troop members for their professionalism, interoperability, and zeal.

Similarly, **Dave** was sent to The RCD as a tank troop leader for a 6-month tour on Leopards. Did he fit in? The request by the "other" Regiment to extend his tour rather than return him on time (denied) and the long-lasting professional and social connections he established in Germany speak volumes about his performance.

As for their Recce Sqn roles at home (read Wainwright), all three met the challenge. Much of this was attributable to their character as well as the influence of **John Russell**, their mentor, role-model, and the head keeper. **John**, despite some reservations expressed so it would appear he was not pleased with them, enjoyed the threesome immensely, in part, because he saw so much of his younger self in them. Yes, he has since mellowed but still considers all three Recondos as pieces of art he crafted.

I have never met a Squadron Commander who did not represent his troop leaders with great ferocity especially during the annual “meat market” known then as PER merit boards. Each OC knew the other troop leaders in the Regiment were deserving but not as strong or capable as his own. The Recondos were no exception except, of course, they did operate on a higher plain.

The afternoon at the Rundles was a rare but most enjoyable event. Numerous names and incidents popped up as is the case in all reunions. Just getting together was emotionally fulfilling for all, such as it should be. Sadly, the event was marred by a tragic reminder. Many of you know **Ann Rundle** was badly injured in a car accident a few years ago. In a sudden moment, she went from being one of the most admired persons I have ever met whether in her role as a wife, mother, healthcare worker, or accomplished entrepreneur to someone greatly limited by a devastating, disabling accident. Her condition worsened recently as a result of a bad fall that resulted in a broken hip. Regardless, her appearance at the event, as short as it was, was remarkable. She easily connected with everyone. Her courage, strength, and determination set standards few of us can ever meet.

Having retired and lived in totally civilian environments for twenty plus years, it is easy to see the relationships among soldiers and spouses are different from those of our civilian counterparts. As successful and resourceful as many of my new acquaintances are, it is a rare individual that can relate to the professional and social opportunities serving in the military, never mind having lived much of our lives overseas. Nor do other professions and vocations offer the skills and personal development opportunities short or longer service periods do. The Recondos are fully aware of this as each served very successfully and, upon retirement, pursued new opportunities and challenges at which they were and continue to be equally challenged, rewarded, and fulfilled. As we all do, **Dave**, **Sean**, and **Chris** recognize the exposure to service life has been rewarding in so many ways civilians cannot appreciate but in transferable ways that served us well in radically different social and work environments.

As much as I tease the Recondos, it is only done out of jealousy, envy, and respect. It is always rewarding to see subordinates develop fully and, then, surpass you. Did I mention that **Harv**, **Cam**, and I trounced them in basketball one afternoon in Wainwright?

Strathcona Kitshop

The Regiment is eager to announce that we making strides in bringing our kitshop online.

Watch **strathconas.ca** in early 2021 for links to how you can get new PT and tactical gear through our partners.

KFOR Recce 20 Years On

By: Robert Hicks

The Strathconas' tour in Kosovo has been documented, discussed, and debated by many, including historians and senior officers, so I will not dare to presume hidden knowledge or insight. What I would like to do is share three experiences from my tour - now that twenty years have gone by, I think any statute of limitations has long expired by now.

I was 44C's radioman, in that I had the pack mule shoulders to lug the thing plus the encryption which weighed twice as much as the radio itself. My tour was spent in very close proximity first to then-**Sgt Tony Mayfield**, and then once the LTAs started breaking up the sections, anyone else leading patrols.

Going to the Dogs:

The Albanians had started attacking the Serbs then hiding behind us (NATO) to escape retribution, and so our focus switched to include patrolling Serbian villages. This one village, unbeknownst to us, had a pack of semi-feral dogs living in a park. The Serbs were laughing at us as we walked up this one street bordering the park, but once **Tony** spotted the dogs, he called our patrol together, and issued his orders. I was to keep looking straight ahead, and keep walking once he peeled off to screen us from the dogs, and about halfway to the street corner, stop, and adopt a defensive.

These were pretty scary dogs, and I very quietly chambered a round in my rifle as we walked by. I knew I was going to get a beating; the Rules of Engagement were very strict, and impressed upon us almost daily. I saw the dogs lunge at **Tony**, over and over again, and he met each lunge with his own lunge, and they were held at bay.

Once clear, we formed a defensive, and Tony eventually joined us, the dogs retreating back into the bushes. Walking up as if nothing had happened, he got our patrol moving again. As we got to the corner, I called a halt. "What's wrong?". I didn't meet his gaze nor respond to his question. I started performing my drills: taking off the mag, cocking the weapon, putting the round back in the magazine, making the weapon safe again. Not a word was spoken; the entire time I expected a full-on berating, I felt I could feel his eyes on me. I was worried.

"Why".

"Those dogs weren't going to kill you".

"Let's go".

One of the longest seconds of my life ticked by, but as we turned to resume our patrol, I thought I saw him smile. We never spoke of it.

Never-ending Breakfast:

Have you ever wondered what two Strathcona recce soldiers can do with enough food for four days and a six-hour watch to kill?

On one of the border crossings with Serbia, it was 4 am, and we were waiting to be relieved from guard duty; all the uneaten food had to be thrown out and replaced with the fresh food coming in. **Mark Denson** and I had so far avoided being picked for kitchen duty during the four-day stint on the border, and he - after we had cooked and delivered breakfast to everyone on shift while we listened to jazz music and talked about Mardi Gras in New Orleans - had this brilliant idea that we'd cook everything left. Everything!

Over the next few hours, we cooked eggs, bacon, pancakes, toast, and French toast, in every conceivable combination. There were peanut butter pancakes, pancakes with the syrup already inside, Canadian bacon, bacon strips, sausages with cheese, grilled cheese sandwiches. As we made it, we made sure everyone ate it! We were leaving plates of food next to beds while people slept, waking them up to make sure they ate because we'd be back in an hour with more. Even the interpreters were eating bacon - apparently it wasn't against their religion if it was really crispy. I

think we made four “breakfasts” over those six hours.

I still haven’t made it to Mardi Gras, but I feel like I lived it.

Adrienne Clarkson, and by extension John Ralston Saul...

Near the end of the tour, the GG came to visit us at our new digs (not Funk’s Crossing, the air force base where they eventually housed us all) and various elements of Recce were formed into a hollow square. One by one, this very tiny woman came to us, and said “Canada values its peacekeepers. On behalf of Canada, I thank you” after the OC introduced us. The Assault Troop was the last to arrive in camp, and last to arrive at the square – we had just rolled in from a patrol, and were quite dirty and muddy.

My baby face did not like the cold, or the water at our new camp. I was on another no-shaving chit and after a few days - and a dirty patrol - must have looked quite a sight. As we lined up, our gear at our feet (to hide our dirty boots?), I could see **Mr. Saul**, hands clasped behind his back, a big smile on his face taking in everything; I think he was really enjoying the moment, revelling in it – certainly more than she was.

She came to me, and as I was introduced, she began her lines. I looked down and caught her eye, and she jumped back, quite startled – almost dropped my medal. The OC laughed, said something to the effect of ‘Don’t worry; he’s on our side’ and she pinned the medal on my chest very quickly – she was not impressed, but **Mr. Saul** was laughing.

To sum up: I was privileged to serve in the Strathcona Assault Troop for that mission, and I have a lot of stories from that tour – including making the cover of **Macleans** magazine – a lifelong appreciation of the movies “**Night at the Roxbury**” and “**The Big Lebowski**” (almost the entire Squadron would fill the mess tent), the quality of troops and people on that tour, the variety of missions we executed - like checking a hospital for mines and traps, the pace (I don’t think I slept in camp for two consecutive nights). If the Strathconas restarted the Assault Troop, and if the military would take me back, I would be very tempted to return, even after all these years.

My God but did we ever live!

*No doubt **Ms. Clarkson** also has a lasting memory of this meeting but probably tells a different version :-)* **Ed**.



Photo credit: <https://archive.macleans.ca/issue/20000101###!&pid=58>

That’s me(Hicks), the doctor, Hopkins, and Horne. I was on the cover instead of the doctor!

I was teased more than a little bit once I was back at the regiment.

"Evidently a Strathcona"

By: LCol (ret'd) Christopher Waters

Early in the summer, and obviously at loose ends due to the COVID lockdown, **Major General (ret'd) Cam Ross** openly mused, as general officers are wont to do, on the various paths that former Strathcona's take on departure from the Regiment. He noted that an unusually high number of Strathcona's had left the Regiment and gone on to become lawyers, either in a second career as civilian legal counsel, or as military legal advisors in the CF Legal Branch.

It is true that a not inconsiderable number of worthy Strathcona's become lawyers; in fact, former Strathcona's are better represented in the Legal Branch than Dragoons, 12 RBC or galloping 8th Hussars. As Military Legal Training Plan candidates drawn from the Canadian Army, Strathcona's are only outnumbered in the Branch by former infantrymen. Of course, no such claim can be made about those who went on to become civilian lawyers; they are clearly outnumbered by their learned counterparts!

So, what's the secret sauce? Was there something in the water in Harvey Barracks? Is the same jurisprudential effluvium found in the water of Steele Barracks? And why, given all the second career options available, would one choose a new start in a law career? After all, law school is neither easy nor cheap. There are so many other good choices after military life; perhaps one could be an undertaker's mute or even a scrivener, like Melville's Bartleby, given all the acquired experience in keeping one's mouth shut, artful procrastination and mediocre staff writing.

I was enjoying a ramble down the primrose path of retirement when **MGen Ross** asked me to do some social science research to support his hypothesis. Thus instructed, and suitably fortified by maddening draughts of the blushful Hippocrene, I put pen to paper (actually finger to keyboard) and sought out the few colleagues that fled the cozy harbour that is the Regiment and entered the legal fray. I wanted to know why they took the path they did, and how service at the Regiment motivated their choice.

Being a lawyer myself, I feel obliged to preface my comments with a caveat. This project was researched using absolutely no scientific rigour, entirely anecdotal, and with a ridiculously small sample size. Nevertheless, valuable conclusions can be drawn from the results.

The precedent was established back in the 1950s. Older archival records on this topic are scarce, and there may be others who made the leap, but the first known Strathcona to become a military lawyer was **Lieutenant** (as he then was) **Frank Karwandy**. In an entry scheme that is unavailable to a Regular Force officer in the present, he was member of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps (COTC) while attending law school at the University of British Columbia and thus a law school graduate before joining the Regiment. He left after a short engagement to complete his Articles of Law and joined the Legal Branch in 1956. He worked his way up the greasy pole of advancement in the Legal Branch and was promoted to BGen and appointed Judge Advocate General in 1982.

The groundwork done here are the reasons that I uncovered to support **MGen Ross's** hypothesis. I first sought the common denominators. Some are striking, others mundane. Several of the successful lawyers had been awarded the Hessin Sword. A few more had served as the Strathcona Mounted Troop Leader. Most of the sampled group had served in Recce Squadron. It is beyond my technical skill to derive an algorithm to understand the inter-relationship between those factors and leaving the Regiment to enjoy success as a lawyer. And the math required to do a rigorous regression analysis will just give you a headache.

But is there an intuitive relationship between the factors? Certainly, winning the Hessin Sword would indicate a certain competence and positive personality traits. Time spent as a reconnaissance soldier requires skill and inventiveness and is not wasted, if we are to believe the old shibboleths. Serving in Recce Squadron leads to another reason: the long hours on radio watch or sitting in an OP with nothing to do but read Grisham novels. If you read enough Grisham, you start to think: "I can do this lawyer stuff. How hard can it be?"

The only outlier is service in the Ceremonial Mounted Troop. What is the possible linkage between learning to stay astride a barely controlled hairy quadruped and the practice of law? I don't know and it would take longer than the word limit of this article to figure it out.

Could it have been the increased visibility of lawyers in the garrisons post-Somalia? In the 1970s and 1980s, one seldom saw a military lawyer unless one was an arch-criminal (see below). The CF Legal Branch roughly tripled in the decade after the Somalia incident and what was once an empty hive became an infestation. Perhaps the visibility of individuals of another desirable (?) profession hovering about at coffee break motivated a few to flee.

Another less advertised but crucial reason to seek employment as a lawyer (and especially in the Legal Branch) is the high number of arch-criminals lurking on Regimental duty. While they shall go nameless, one could not help but notice a spike in legal issues when certain individuals were given control of someone else's money or expensive stuff. These arch-criminals frequently need protection from themselves and the powers that be, necessitating the close proximity of legal advice. And what better legal advisor than one who was formerly one of your own team?

The closure of Canadian Forces Europe and 4 CMBG was an albeit remote and a wee bit dated reason for leaving the Regiment and seeking another career. The departure from Germany signaled the loss of any chance to serve in a tank regiment in a fully mechanized brigade. Granted, the tanks did come home, but those who served in Europe know that there is a big difference between clattering through Bavarian villages and churning through the caterpillars in Wainwright. One should recall that in the clammy mists of the Cold War, many aspiring Strathconas's were eager to serve in Germany, and that "Velcro hat-badging" then was the norm and not the exception as it is now. Further, the desire to serve in 4 CMBG was motivated by the old soldiers' stories of escapades "up North" in Iserlohn or "down South" in Lahr. But the end of the Cold War and the withdrawal of Canadians from Germany meant no more fahn, fahn, fahn on the Autobahn.

For those with an historical or literary bent, **Barbara Tuchman** identified a valid reason for leaving the cavalry and seeking greener, or at least less violent pastures. In her book *The Guns of August*, she relates the comments of a British general dispatched as an observer to the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. The general, clearly not a cavalryman, noted that in the face of entrenched machine guns, the cavalry could be better employed cooking rice for the infantry. Personally, I would rather be a lawyer than a rice-cooker.

Several of the individuals canvassed about the reason for leaving stated that it had always been part of their career plan. They joined the Regiment for the experience, training, and self-improvement, and to gain some more maturity. And once they had done their bit to serve the Regiment, they gracefully left to join the profession of law. For some of us the "maturity" bit took a lot longer than expected. How many of us can claim that we were labelled "flippant" on a PER?

Last, and a bit of an uncomfortable topic, some of the cohort that moved into legal careers found themselves on the "B team" insofar as prospects for advancement, good postings and command positions were concerned. As soon as this was communicated to the individual, departure planning began. It is not by coincidence that applications for law school admission and MLTP are submitted immediately after PER season or a Career Mangler visit.

In any event, next time you find yourself in a Court Martial – either sitting at the defense counsel table (see arch-criminal, above) or as a spectator - look at the lawyers. Do you see one that is facing bad facts, poor law, and an unsympathetic judge? Despite these obstacles, do they persevere to get their client the best outcome? They may not be the smartest person in the courtroom, but if they have a twinkle in their eye, a spike-like coiffure, they were evidently a Strathcona.

The Newsletter staff will not comment on this article in fear of being named in a lawsuit. Ed.



Post Retirement

By: Deanna Anderson-Hay, CP Rail/Regimental Society Scholarship Recipient)

I realize some of you cannot picture **Andy** cooking for anyone but himself, but for me, his daughter, he has always been the head chef in our home. He is the one who taught me how to cook before I could talk. He is the one I ask for cooking advice when I do not know how long to cook something for, and the one I ask for secret family recipes.

After 50 years in the military, of which 19 years were spent in the LdSH Regiment, four years as a UN Peacekeeper, and three years in Germany, and then retiring at age 55 and spending seven summers at Camp Vernon, **MWO Andy (Bill) Anderson** decided to look for a local community organization to volunteer his time with and thus he began at Sooke Meals on Wheels.

For the last 23 years **Andy** has spent time cooking meals for the local seniors and shut-ins. Other positions within MOW that **Andy** has volunteered include: team leader meaning he does the cooking while others assist with portioning meals and clean up; main shopper, getting all ingredients as requested by each team leader in order to make the planned menus; and stand-in delivery driver, delivering the meals to each client. Sometimes, due to lack of volunteers **Andy** does all this in one day! Andy has also used his military trade as finance clerk to set up the accounting system for the organization and has also been an auditor, when an outside auditor was unavailable. Wait, I thought someone said **Andy** had retired??

Sooke MOW is an organization that runs solely on volunteerism and is the last one of its kind on Vancouver Island. They prepare fresh meals three times a week for anywhere from 20 to 35 clients. Plus they make a few extra meals to freeze, as clients can get extra meals for the days fresh ones are not available. Each meal consists of soup, a bun, a main entrée, and a dessert. All parts of the meals, except the buns (however, they used to be), are homemade in the community kitchen by the volunteers. Main entrées consist of meat, vegetables, potato or rice, or a casserole, vegetables, and sometimes include a salad. Desserts are mainly sugar-free, as there are many clients with diabetes, but clients get cakes, cookies, fresh fruit, pie or some other delectable goodies. And once a month, a local pizza place, Andy's 2 for 1 (no relation), donates enough pizza for each client to receive two pieces of pizza for their main meal. **Andy's** wife organizes the volunteers, is the president, and treasurer, of the organization. They have both been trying to lessen their roles as they are both within the age range of, or older, than the clients they are serving!

Andy enjoys meeting all the clients and volunteers, and when he is out and about in the community he sometimes sees clients who give him big hugs, and offer thanks for his hard work.

Thanks, Deanna. What you are telling us us that Andy is now running a civilian A1 Echelon - the perfect transfer of military skills to civvy street. Ed.



Andy in the Community Hall kitchen carving the pork loin.

Andy carving the turkey for Thanksgiving Dinner at home.

From Andy's Personal Recipes

BBQ Pork Loin

1 whole pork loin

Salt

Pepper

Garlic powder

Make a rub with the spices and coat the loin well. Cook at 400° for 20 minutes and then at 300° for 2 hours.

Sauce

Chili sauce

Cranberry jelly

Mix enough together to coat the loin. Bake at 300° for 1.5 hours.

***NOTE:** Andy does not use measurements for this recipe as he is cooking for 30-35 people, or 2-20 people at home, so he adjusts the recipe and cook times depending on the size of the pork loin. The cook time above is for the larger loin. Use your judgement and adjust your cook times based on the size of the loin you are cooking. Andy will sometimes also use the BBQ rotisserie.

Pear and Parsnip Soup

Peel, and chop 1.5 pounds of parsnips and pears (keep 2 pears aside)

roast parsnips at 350° about 30 minutes

add pears and continue to roast until parsnips are soft.

Put roasted parsnips and pears into soup pot add 3 litres of almond or cashew milk, (make sure it covers the pear and parsnips)

Add spices to taste: ground cardamom, nutmeg, and coriander.

Purée soup and allow to simmer, stirring occasionally, until heated through

Peel, pare and dice the 2 remaining pears and add them to the pot before serving for a bit of crunch

***NOTE:** Again, this is for about 30 people, so adjust amounts accordingly. Andy does not use exact measurements, everything is added to taste.

Usually when I follow his recipes I start with about a half teaspoon of each of the spices and increase to my liking. I hope you enjoy these recipes, they are client favourites!



A Canada Cup Remembrance

By: Capt (Ret'd) Dave Skinner

Preface

The following story is a now 53 year old memory from the days when the Regiment was stationed in the Westphalian town of Iserlohn, West Germany in the late 1960s. I was privileged to un-wet my freshly minted RMC subaltern ears with the Regiment during this time.

The Regiment was then under the command of LtCol Phil Neatby, and I was a Lt troop leader in B squadron, (OC Maj Basil Collette). Our squadron was selected to send a team to the Canada Cup tank gunnery competition which was held periodically in the B.A.O.R (British Army of the Rhine) and included teams from the Brits, Dutch, and Belgian armoured units then part of the B.A.O.R deployment.

The Regiment's battle wagon was the up-gunned (105 mm) Centurion tank (Mark VI?), of which there are now a couple of relics in the Canadian War Museum. Hopefully this short tale will refresh memories of those sturdy fellow Straths of all ranks who endured (and enjoyed) the gritty hard work, grease, dirt, noise and discomforts with which that infernal machine challenged us.

My Tale

I remember it as a vaguely sunny day. At least it was for the Lunenburg Heide in August. The "Heide" (or heath) was then a desolate, muddy, treeless flatland in Northern Germany used as a tank and artillery gunnery range since the times of the Kaiser. The most memorable feature of the Hohne ranges being that the nearest railroad depot (where we loaded and unloaded the tank trains) was Bergen-Belson, notable for other unpleasant reasons! On this day, the Hohne ranges were the scene of the 1967 edition of the coveted multi-nation Canada Cup Tank Gunnery competition.

Dick Green's crew shot first that day. And what a shoot it was. There were holes in all the right places at all the right ranges and I remember him crawling out of the turret afterwards with that characteristic trademark "Green-Grin". His crew had really nailed it. To be frank I was glad as Hell that it was him and not me.

Let's back up a bit. I had known **Dick** since High School days in Kingston. In the late fifties I first encountered Dick when I was a very young Army Cadet attending Camp Ipperwash. **Dick** was then a Corporal Instructor...in that context, a Militia NCO (Princess of Wales Own Regiment, cherry beret and all). In those days, Militia NCO's bore the brunt of the training, care and feeding of the 1200 odd Cadets who willingly spent summers toting 303s and trying not to kill ourselves while doing "ladder as a hinge" civil defence drills. I was one of his charges, and if you look closely at the Ipperwash D company photo circa 1959 you will see Dick, very soldierly in bush clothing. Unmistakable. Me too (in pith helmet and shorts). Unremarkable.

Association Membership Renewal Time

Paper renewal forms for 2021 have been mailed to current Association members.

Didn't get yours or want to become a member?

Visit strathconas.ca/association-membership-information

Later, as I too progressed to Militia “Corporal Instructor” status, he and I bumped again at various Kingston Militia things. Even in those days the legend of **Dick Green** had already begun. It was once alleged that **Dick**, caught in Grand Bend Ontario at a very late hour without a ride, roller-skated some 15 miles back to Ipperwash in time for morning parade. It might be fiction but for those of us who knew the true legend, it may also be believable.

Imagine then my delight as I arrived at the Regiment in Germany in 1966 fresh out of RMC, and found that **Dick** was there and that during our personal hiatus the legend had grown to regimental, perhaps even corps proportions. Incidentally, much of the legend had to do with automotive misadventure...a point to keep in mind.

The connection was completed when I found myself as wet-eared troop leader in Basil Collett’s four troop B squadron. Other cohorts in subaltern crime (besides **Dick**) included **Lt. Peter Jackson** and **Lt. Jack Senko** (around whom one could never be quite sure that you weren’t about to be blown up with some new and innovative Senko-incendiary.) **Lt. Terry Anderson** was Liaison Officer, **Capt. Jack Dangerfield** was Battle Captain and **Capt. Gerry Koeller** the 2IC. **Jack Downey**, who was soon to play a leading role in the Canada Cup preparations, was Radio Sergeant in Squadron HQ.

Somewhere along the line in that first formative year, my troop and **Dick’s** made the cut to compete as the Canadian Troop Leader crews for the Canada Cup, the coveted International Tank Gunnery competition which Canada had never before won. And man, did we train hard. Downey was in charge and was bloody relentless. A day’s work was dawn to dusk in the miniature range for months on end. No shortcuts. Everything by the book. The competitive spirit between **Dick’s** crew and mine was intense and culminated in a shoot-off at Hohne at the last live gun camp we had before the big event.

Dick’s crew beat mine, fair and square, although to this day I’m sure that my gunner (**Cpl Langille**), believes that **Dick’s** gunner (**Cpl Brown**) had done an unauthorized late night “wheels-knobs-wheels” correction on our gun-sight setup. And, as I said before, I was actually glad, since I knew deep down, as did everyone, that when the chips were down **Dick** had a special touch. And frankly I was too young and stupid to be there anyway.

So **Dick’s** crew rumbled on to the Canada Cup concrete pad in front of the VIP grandstand and blew the crap out of anything that moved that day.

That might be the end of a good shoot and a boring story but for one slight misadventure. Flushed with victory, the return journey on the flat, slick concrete roadways around the Hohne ranges provided **Dick** and his crew with an even greater thrill than the victorious shoot.

Around some unknown range road corner occurred a sudden and definitely unscheduled rendezvous between **Dick’s** BRAND NEW ROYAL BLUE MGB overloaded with 4 1Canucks... and 64 tons of moving homogeneous armour plate.

The British Centurion tank that ran over **Dick’s** BRAND NEW ROYAL BLUE MGB was on its way to the firing point for the next day’s shoot. Centurion tanks didn’t go very fast, but they had the momentum of a freight train.

The wonder was that nobody was hurt.

Returning to camp from the ranges where the rest of us had been watching the other nations try to match **Dick’s** record score, we spilled from the transport to a memorable sight. The MGB, parked (if it could be called that) in front of the Officer’s Mess marquee tent, was demolished. Even the wheels were flat on the downside. It was recognizable as an ex-sports car only because the hood ornament remained intact. Surely everyone in it had died! Fortunately NO! . **Dick** was already at the bar. We sat in the Officer’s Mess that evening telling stories and laughing our butts off.

The nearest MGB dealer was in the lovely provincial town of Celle, a few clicks southwest of the Hohne ranges. With engineering support and a variety of other helpful (if unauthorized) Regimental resources, we managed to

Continued on page 17

cajole the poor, broken and utterly irreparable hulk into the shop. What was the term we used in those days? BLR... beyond logistical repair, I think. A seasoned, grizzled and obviously stunned German automotive craftsman studied, pondered, and surveyed the damage and with a wizened eye and a detached auto-medical air, he indicated that it might be fixable, but it would take a few months to know for sure!

It was obvious to us that the repair of this wreck was being taken as a monumental challenge to long forgotten old world craftsmanship. This guy was an automotive artisan of the first order and damned if he wasn't going to fix this if it killed him and. I presume, **Dick's** insurance company was willing. So, August ended with us returning to Iserlohn, Canada Cup in hand but minus one blue MGB on a respirator in the Celle MGB intensive care unit.

Now at this point, the story and the legend ended for most. But for me a special coda was in store.

Run the clock ahead 6 months to early spring 1968. I am now sufficiently dry behind the ears to be given a relatively harmless assignment as admin officer for the next annual regimental gun camp, again at Hohne. I have gone ahead and am doing my gun camp admin stuff with the advance party.

Meanwhile back at Iserlohn, **Dick** has finally just retrieved the MGB following its six month rehab. And what a sight. Lovingly reconstructed, faithful in every detail, not a chip or mark. Frame straight as an arrow. Round wheels. New upholstery. Ready to roll again. Even smells like a new car. And back in Celle you should also picture the immense pride and satisfaction of the unknown craftsman who clearly has dedicated himself to labour and love over this poor terminally ill automotive patient for almost 6 months.

It's about 6:30 AM on that frosty February morning at Hohne. The main party is due later today. One of my last chores is to check out the Officer's Quarters. They have been occupied by a Brit regiment until last night, so I want to make sure they are shipshape. Don't want **LCol Phil Neathy** bedding down in a sticky palliasse.

I get a quick breakfast at the mess and walk over to the Officer's Quarters. As I do, I pass a Brit officer. We chat. "Couple of your lads arrived last night" he says, to my puzzlement. "We let them kip downstairs". I move on. Nobody is supposed to be here until around 15:00 hrs today. I wonder.

Parked (or abandoned) out front of building H-34A I spy what appears to have been an automobile. It was at one time blue, but now most of the paint has been scarped off like a giant road rash. It looks like it might have been sports car, but its gender is quite unrecognizable. It is totally wrecked. It has clearly been in a serious accident. Probably the occupants were killed or maimed. Maybe the MPs are going to use it as one of those horrid front gate demos on the horrors of DUI. A little voice in the back of my mind says "If I didn't know better I think that was **Dick's** car...(pause)...NAAAH".

The room by room inspection goes without a hitch...but wait. The last room, dark, quiet but for uneasy snoring. I kick open the door and there huddled under his MLS raincoat is **Dick**. He is shivering, covered in dirt, but grinning. **John Easson** is the other shivering hulk on the other bunk. He is tangled under the filthy striped mattress cover. Equally dirty...and definitely not grinning.

Apparently, so the tale goes, the return of his beloved MGB that very day, had motivated **Dick** to embark on a late night drive. The ambitious destination was a lady friend in Hamburg some 300 km. to the north no less. **John Easson** went along for the ride.

With remarkable precision, timing and "good sense" whoever was driving (a point still under debate) unwittingly chose to fall asleep and roll the re-habbed MGB at 160 kph in the vicinity of the Hohne off-ramp on the Hamburg autobahn. Apparently, the stunned occupants were ejected on the first impact and claim (from their vantage point in a ditch) to remember watching the empty car tumble end-over-end to a final halt. Always resourceful, **Dick** knew a warm bed (and a good dealership) was nearby.

I wish I had been there to see the master craftsman's face when Dick took the re-ravaged MGB back to the dealer in Celle. According to Dick, it was a profoundly memorable moment. The legend lives!!

The Newsletter - Looking Ahead

Col (Ret'd) John Roderick and Col (Ret'd) Mike Snell

Dear Readers,

Over recent years, content submissions for our LdSH(RC) Regimental Society Newsletter have drastically decreased. The number of paper copies being mailed through Canada Post has also decreased, with most Family members reading the Newsletter electronically. Due to these changes the Society, in consultation with the Association and the Regiment, is discussing the way forward for your Newsletter.

On behalf of the Colonel of the Regiment and Society Chair, **BGen (Ret'd) Hilton**, and in an effort to persevere in producing a Society Newsletter, we would like to put a call out to all Strathcona Family members, including Association Branch/Chapter Chairs, Society Troop Leaders, Committee Chairs, Serving Members, Retired Members, and All Readers, to consider submitting a story, photo, memory, Last Trumpet Call, or Lost Trails to newsletter@strathconas.ca.

Ultimately, the survival of a newsletter, electronically or in print, in 2021 and beyond, depends upon you.

To all our readers we send wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and COVID-free 2021!

Spring 2021 Edition Deadline

The deadline for submissions for the Spring 2020
Strathcona Regimental Society Newsletter is

April 16 2021

Lost Trails

Spring/Fall 2019 Newsletters which have been returned by Canada Post as undeliverable and Strathcona Enews recipients whose emails have bounced since our last edition. If you have updated contact information on these individuals, please let us know.

Spring/Fall 2019 Newsletter

GENOWER HG - Calgary, AB
NESBITT H - Schrieber, ON
ONOFREY R - Mill Bay, BC
PRICE T - Nanaimo, BC
RICE B - De Winton, AB
RICHMOND M - Perth, ON
SAWIN BM - Calgary, AB
SEEFRIED BS - Nanaimo, BC
SINE DK - Victoria, BC
THOMPSON DG - Belleville, ON
WELSH RD - Calgary, AB
WHITE CG - Lorette, MB

Strathcona Enews

ADAMS, Donna - August 2019
AULD, Tony - August 2019
BEAUPARLANT, Luc - May 2019
BERNARDO, Adriano - February 2020

BESSETTE, Alfred - August 2019
BILLINGS, Sheila - June 2020
BOUCHER, Jean-Marc - Nov 2020
BURVILL, Robert - January 2020
CUTHILL, Terry - May 2020
EVANS, Douglas - October 2019
FLEMMING, Tom - May 2019
GISLASON, Ragnar - June 2019
HOGAN, Tyler - May 2020
KEHOE, Michael - January 2020
MAKARIAK, Tony - April 2019
MAYNE, Terry - October 2020
MCKECHNIE, Peter - March 2020
MCLEOD, Rod - January 2020
POITRAS, Serge - May 2019
POOLE, John - August 2019
VALLIERE, Rod - March 2020
VINCENT, Warren - Oct 2020
WAGNER, Jackson - March 2020

LAST TRUMPET CALL

BARRY, Don, 10 July, 2020, Montreal, QC
CATHCART, Dave, 3 December, 2020, Age 91, Calgary, AB
CAUGHILL, Lorne, 11 November, 2018, Age 92, Waterloo, ON
CAYLEY, Murray, 29 January, 2020, Age 86, Orillia, ON
CHRISTENSEN, Ross, 12 May, 2020, Age 80, Ottawa, ON
COPPER, Ernest, 20 November, 2019, Age 97, Winnipeg, MB
CORBIN, Bob, 30 August, 2020, Age 78, Aneroid, SK
HADEL, Eddie, 30 September 2019, Age 88, Victoria, BC
HAWKINS, BERNIE, 4 August 2020, Maple Ridge, BC
JOHNSON, Barrie, 26 January, 2020, Age 82, Langley BC
JORDAN, Darryl, Age 55, 29 July, 2020, Edmonton, AB
KATZELEY, Howard, 12 November, 2019
LAPIER, Pipi, 17 May 2020, Calgary, AB
MACFARLANE, Ronald, 19 January, 2020, Age 79, Brighton, ON
MACKAY Innis (ID), 24 November, 2019, Age 95, Regina, SK
MARTIN, George, 15 January 2020, Age 83, Ottawa, ON
MOONEY, Phil, 12 June, 2020, Edmonton, AB
NASTIUK, William, Calgary, AB
NOVATI, Massimo, 17 June, 2020, Age 61, Calgary, AB
PFEILLER, Alex, 17 April, 2020
ROBERTSON, John, 6 October, 2020, White Rock, BC
SEETON, Douglas, 8 November 2019, Age 84, Strathmore, AB
SHEASBY, Gordon, 29 July, 2020, Age 63, Sussex, NB
SWITZER, Fred, 17 December, 2019, Age 91, Sooke, BC
WALTON, KEN, August 2020, Vulcan, AB
WANGENSTEEN, Robert, November 2019, Age 67, BC
WILKINSON, Jerry, 22 August 2020, Age 79, Wainwright, BC

In Loving Memory of Spouses

MOONEY, Courtney (Phil) - 12 June, 2020, Edmonton, AB
NASTIUK, Frances (William) - Calgary, AB
WARD, Roselis (George) - 25 April 2020, Unity SK

OUR APOLOGIZES FOR LACK OF DETAILS IN SOME CASES