



# Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Regimental Society Newsletter

SPRING 2012

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

**THIS  
TANK  
NEEDS A FULL  
CREW**



And it takes time to train a tank crew: each man must know his job thoroughly; he must be an alert, skilled member of a fighting team.

The Armoured Corps of the Canadian Army needs keen young men today . . . men ready to train for a man-sized place in one of its tank crews: tank drivers, gunner operators, vehicle mechanics. Now is the time to report for training . . . make Canada strong by acting now!

**TO ENLIST YOU MUST —**

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2. Be between 17 and 29 years of age.
3. Be single.
4. Meet Army test requirements.
5. Volunteer for service anywhere.
6. Be a member of Convoy

**REPORT RIGHT AWAY TO:**

Army Recruiting Office, Bellevue Bldg., Spring Garden Road, Halifax, N.S.  
No. 2 Personnel Depot, Woodstock Road, Fredericton, N.B.  
No. 3 Personnel Depot, Hut 41, Covefield, Quebec, P.Q.  
No. 4 Personnel Depot, 772 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, P.Q.  
Waller House, Rideau & Charlotte St., Ottawa, Ont.  
No. 5 Personnel Depot, Artillery Park, Bagot St., Kingston, Ont.  
No. 6 Personnel Depot, Charley Park, Douglas Drive, Toronto, Ont.

No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wobeley Barracks, Elizabeth Street, London, Ont.  
No. 8 Personnel Depot, Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.  
No. 9 Personnel Depot, National Defence Bldg., Winnipeg & Eighth Ave., Regina, Sask.  
No. 10 Personnel Depot, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.  
Headquarters, Western Command, Kingsway Ave., Edmonton, Alta.  
Recruiting Office, 475 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C.  
No. 12 Personnel Depot, Bockmaster's Field, St. John's, Newfoundland

**HELP MAKE CANADA STRONG**  
**Join the CANADIAN ARMY ACTIVE FORCE. Now!**  
pg 28 Convoy Magazine #20 vol 6-3 Autumn 2005

## Contents

2	Commanding Officer
2	Alberta Association President
3	Association - Changing of the Guard
4	Ajjic Mexico Gathering
4	Ironsides
5	Montréal Black Hatters
6	Black Hats of the Far West
7	United States and Republic of Korea seek Korean War Veterans for Recognition
7	Lost Trails
8	Presentation of Ambassador For Peace Medal
9	Naming of LdSH(RC)
10	A Great War Cavalry Trooper—Sergeant Tom Mackay, MM
11	A Squadron in Korea
18	Your Photos
19	Your Dispatches
20	Cypress 1988
23	Moments in History —
24	Last Trumpet Call

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## Commanding Officer

*By Lieutenant-Colonel T.J. Cadieu*

As she has had to do from time to time these past two years, **Kathy** has gently reminded me that the Newsletter will be ready for publication as soon as I submit my article. At least I am consistent!

The RSM and I are currently deployed to Wainwright with the entire Regiment. We are on week four of a six-week deployment – the team has been tasked to support the Combat Team Commander’s Course and to field a battle group for a Brigade Field Training Exercise. While we formed an ‘airmobile’ battle group last Spring, this is the first time in a number of years that we have been able to manoeuvre with a brigade reconnaissance squadron and multiple square combat teams comprising Leopard tank squadrons and infantry companies, supported by artillery, engineers, aviation and, of course, our great crew of technicians and supporters.

With only a month to go before handing over to **Paul Peyton**, it was easy to get nostalgic yesterday as we ‘reinforced’ a firebase and watched our new Leopard 2s lead the assault on an enemy objective. I don’t need to tell you how great our soldiers are. I can honestly say our troops have put together world class fighting teams that would be ready for just about anything thrown at them. The RSM and I are grateful for their professionalism, warrior spirit, and can-do attitude.

I will have an opportunity on the change of command parade to thank all members of the Regimental Family, but I would like to thank the Old Guard in particular in this publication. The older I get, the

more I find myself tracking down our veterans – those that have ‘been there and done it’ – for their advice on an array of issues. The Colonel of the Regiment in particular has devoted himself completely to looking after our troops and their families and I have valued his wisdom. I have also called upon leaders such as **Colonel John Roderick, John Stuckart, Howie Owen, Dave Biener, Brian Talty, Rob Ovens, Joe Coffin, Tom Anderson, Kevin Phinney**, former CO’s/RSM’s, and many others for insight, mentorship, and advice. To all, I am deeply indebted.

Our unique relationship between the soldiers, their families, the Old Guard and our Friends of the Regiment makes the Strathcona’s a potent force in Canada’s Army. So, as I sat in that firebase and saw a lean, mean reconnaissance squadron handing over contacts to an aggressive and slick tank squadron, I could take great comfort knowing that each and every one of those troops was backed on the homefront by the Strathcona Family.

I wish you all the very best in the years to come and look forward to connecting with you at various events.

Perseverance,



## Alberta Association President

*By Howie Owen*

Greetings everyone and I hope the fall and winter seasons were as good to you as they were to those of us who reside in Alberta. Spring is finally here and time to think of T-shirts, shorts, and, of course, golf clubs.

So far, 2012 has been a quiet time for the “Old Guard”. The last Black Hatter’s Luncheon was 8 December 2011 when a group from the Regiment attended led by Hogg (what a handle). He is better known as **Major Robert McKenzie** (Regt 2IC). In addition to the normal story lines, we were given a briefing and a video presentation on the newly arrived Leopard. It was very interesting and a lot of comparisons were discussed and, at one point, I had to convince **Spook Spence** that the sighting and fire controls were NOT the same as the Grizzly Tank (M4A1) that he was familiar with (just kidding Spook). You think that is bad, **Bob Lett** thought he could hear the operator in the Leopard saying “Hear Netting call – Net Now”, to which **Slider Welch** replied “No, Bob, they replaced the 19 set with the latest model sets”. Unfortunately, we are unable to schedule a luncheon in 2012 because the Regiment is very busy.

In March, some of the Association members were able to attend the 94th ceremonial parade honoring the Battle of Moreuil Wood. During that time, the Annual General Meeting of the Society and the Board of Directors Meeting were held on 21-22 March.

*Continued On Page 3*

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The only other news is that I am pleased to report that the proposed transfer of the Strathcona's Regimental Association (Alberta Branch), which you all know is the Main Branch located in Calgary, has been given the go-ahead to relocate to the Edmonton Branch. It has always made sense to most members that the controlling Branch should always be located with the Regiment, when possible.

By the time you all read this, two very important meetings to aid the transition will have concluded. One will be in Calgary with the Edmonton Branch executive members just prior to the Tuesday, 8 May scheduled General Meeting and the second will be in Edmonton. It will continue the process and will take place just the day prior to the Change of Command Parade on 14 June 12. The target date for the changeover is early 2013 and will take effect following the Association Annual General Meeting scheduled for 8 Jan 2013.

In closing, as this may be my last submission to the Newsletter and Strathconian, thank you everyone for your support since 2010. I want to give special thanks to **LCol Trevor Cadieu**, **RSM William Crabb** and all the members of the Strathconas presently serving for your support of the "Old Guard". Finally, I am proud to say "I am still a Strathcona".

Perseverance,



## Association - Changing of the Guard

By Colonel Ian Barnes

During the next few months, the leadership and corporate headquarters of the Strathcona's Association will undergo change. At the 10 January 2012 Annual General Meeting of the Strathcona's Regimental Association (Alberta Branch), a motion was passed: that the president **Howie Owen** inform the Regimental Society and the President of the Edmonton Branch of the intent to move the main branch from Calgary to Edmonton and that this should be complete by mid-2013. In order to prepare the way for this transfer, the Edmonton Chapter has undertaken to make itself semi- autonomous by preparing its own bylaws and opening up a bank account to allow it to conduct its own business separate from the Association. In addition, it passed a motion at its meeting on 26 April 2012 to commence discussions with the Calgary Branch for the purpose of undertaking the transfer of the main branch of the Association to Edmonton. Initial meetings have been planned for 8 May in Calgary and 13 June in Edmonton. **Jim Merritt**, President, **Ian Barnes**, Secretary/Treasurer and **Rick Dennis**, Membership will represent the Edmonton Chapter in the deliberations.

The current iteration of the Association has been located in Calgary since 1965. At that time, the Regiment was in the process of leaving Calgary for service in Germany with the 4 Canadian Infantry Brigade. A group of 18 retired Strathcona's, who had attended the Moreuil Wood Day

at Sarcee Barracks on the 2 April 1965, met following the parade and elected **Vic Binnie** and **Dick Cunniffe** to draw up bylaws and revive the Calgary Branch of the Regimental Association. There has been a long list of individuals since **Vic** and **Dick** including the current President, **Howie Owen**, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for keeping the Association going.

Input from Strathcona's would be welcomed and appreciated regarding their views on the transfer. I will be visiting the Kingston area on 28 July (armoured gathering at **Clive and Shirley Milner's**) and attending the Kelowna reunion 14-16 September. Hopefully, these occasions will provide an opportunity to discuss the transfer. For Strathcona's not attending those events who would like to offer their views, I can be contacted by e-mail at [bevian@telus.net](mailto:bevian@telus.net).

Perseverance,



LdSH(RC) CO's Tank  
Holland June 1945 (from **Bill Vella's** collection)

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## Ajjic Mexico Gathering



In March there was a small gathering of 'old' armoured corp soldiers in Ajjic, Mexico. Folks attended from Canada, the US, and Mexico. It was wonderfully organized by **Joey and Lynn Bishop**, and **Derald and Mary Prosser**. The week long festivities included lots of shopping, touring, dining and dancing. Our days were filled from morning till night. All those in attendance appreciated and enjoyed the amazing hospitality that we received. A good time was had by all. *Thanks to Jim and Sandy Chamberlain for sending in this photo.*

**Derald and May Prosser**  
**David & Sara Iley**  
**Bernie Field**

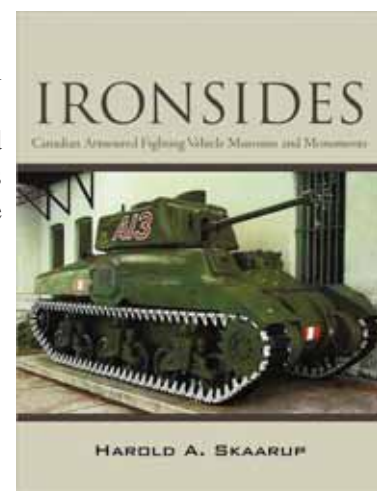
**Lynn and Joey Bishop**  
**Rick & Lynn Bell**  
**Joe Desmarais**

**Sandy and Jim Chamberlain**  
**Gerald (Duke) & Jean Hendry**

## Ironsides Canadian Armoured Fighting Vehicle Museums and Monuments

I would like to request information be included in the LdSH (RC) Regimental Society newsletter about a book I recently put together that is now available online. It is called "Ironsides", Canadian Armoured Fighting Vehicle Museums and Monuments. Its companion volume is "Shell Drake", Canadian Artillery Museums and Gun Monuments. The books are only available through the Internet. More details can be found on how to order them at: [www.SilverHawkAuthor.com](http://www.SilverHawkAuthor.com).

Major (Ret'd) Harold Skaarup  
Fredericton, New Brunswick  
506-455-1109



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## Montréal Black Hatters

*Tony Capozzi*

In August 2011, former-serving Strathcona **Rick Sanders** was visiting Montréal from BC. Through social media, he decided to contact former-serving Strathconas **Don Barry** (Yukon) and **Tony Capozzi** (Capp) to meet for lunch. A traffic jam turned lunch into a quick coffee at McDonalds and a pledge that, next time, it would be better.

In March of 2012, Yukon and Capp sent out a message via social media that Montréal Black Hatters past and present were invited to attend a reunion at the 127th Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. This particular branch, one of the smallest in Canada, has a decidedly armoured theme thanks to one of its most active members, former-serving Strathcona **Tony Makariak**.

On March 24, the first Montréal Black Hatter event was held. War stories dominated the evening as well as comparisons between yesterday's and today's Corps. A 19-year old hockey bet was also settled. The crisp \$20 bill was promptly deposited on the bar, and a toast to Moreuil Wood was made. Everyone was pleasantly surprised to see, in addition to retired Strathconas **Don Barry**, **Tony Capozzi**, **Kevin Mills** and **Tony Makariak**, active Strathconas **WO Steve Screen** and **WO Tod Hopkin**. As well as Sgt **Brangwyn Jones** from the 12eRBC, and former 8CH/RCD **Paul Popovich**.

It was decided another event would be scheduled for this summer. If you would like to be put on the email distribution list, please send a message to [info@montrealblackhatters.com](mailto:info@montrealblackhatters.com). If you do not have email, please send a postcard to:

Montreal Black Hatters  
c/o Legion Branch 127  
543 Sainte Madeleine  
Montréal, QC  
H3K 2L1



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## Black Hats of the Far West

*Dave Letson*

On 29 March, the Black Hats of the far west (Vancouver Island to 100 Mile House) held their annual lunch at the Sidney North Saanich Yacht Club to mark the 94th anniversary of the Battles of Moreuil and Rifle Woods.

The gathering was again marked by the presence of two of the Corps' regimental Colonels, **Cam Ross** (LdSH(RC)) and **Darrel Dean** (The RCD & Corps Commandant designate). Several wives also accepted the challenge of listening to continuous "war stories".

Our numbers were less than last year due to ill health and the recent deaths of among others **John Burton** and **Pat Mitchell**.



### Fall/Winter 2012 Edition Deadline

The deadline for submissions for the Fall/Winter 2012 Strathcona Newsletter is **9 November 2012**.

Submissions should be forwarded to [newsletter@strathconas.ca](mailto:newsletter@strathconas.ca)

or mailed to:

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

Attention: Kathy Batty

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## United States and Republic of Korea seek Korean War Veterans for Recognition

The United States Department of Defense and the Republic of Korea are trying to find Korean War Veterans, whether they served in the Canadian Forces or with an allied nation, all veterans of the Korean War are wanted for special recognition.

The United States Department of Defense 60th Anniversary of the Korean War Commemoration Committee was formed in 2011 to mark the Korean War anniversary. The committee's mandate is to honour the service and sacrifice of all Korean War Veterans. One significant endeavor of the committee is to award an official certificate of appreciation to veterans. The certificate bears the veterans name, comes in a blue card folder and is signed by the US Secretary of Defense, Leon Panetta.

In addition to the United State's official certificate, the Republic of Korea is also actively seeking all Korean War veterans for the award of the Ambassador for Peace Medal. The medal is very impressive, it is suspended from a ribbon around the recipient's neck, has a presentation medal case with miniature medal, and personalized certificate.

To be eligible for the Certificate, the veteran must have served in the Korean War during the period June 25, 1950 to July 27, 1953. The special medal is available to those that served during June 25, 1950 to March 1955.

If you meet the above criteria and like to apply for the certificate and/or Ambassador for Peace Medal, and you have not already received these official awards, please provide the following information,

Full Name, Wartime Rank, Service Number, Date of Birth, Unit or Ship's Name, Mailing Address, Phone Number, and confirm if you have been on a government revisit tour to Korea and if you are a member of the Korea Veterans Association of Canada.

Please send your information to KW60 Ambassador Guy Black, C/O 944 Dundonald Drive, Port Moody, BC, V3H1B7 or email [Korea19501953@yahoo.com](mailto:Korea19501953@yahoo.com)

Link to DOD website: <http://koreanwar.defense.gov/>

CBC Article: <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/british-columbia/story/2011/11/11/bc-korean-war-veterans.html>

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### Lost Trails

*Fall/Winter 2011 Newsletters which have been returned*

Found LW - Mississauga, ON

Beckett E - Rocky Mountain House, AB

Scott MA - Stonewall, MB

Fairbrother PA - Edmonton, AB

Sartor MA - Red Deer, AB

Lynch LW - Morrisburg, ON

Underhill F - Calgary, AB

Shwaron W - Nanoose Bay, BC

Monroe L - Oyama, BC

Ellis WT - Toronto, BC

Williams KH - Vernon, BC

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## Presentation of Ambassador For Peace Medal

*Roy Jardine*

During the afternoon of April 25, 2012 twenty-three Korea Veterans from Southern Alberta were recipients of the Ambassador for Peace Medal. The veterans were presented with the medal by His Excellency **Joo Hong Nam**, Republic of Korea's Ambassador to Canada. Ambassador Nam was



accompanied by **Mrs. Nam, Colonel Soo Wan Lee**, Military Attaché, Embassy of the Republic of Korea and **Mr. Ho Jin Kim**, Consul, Consulate General of the Republic of Korea. The venue was held at the Royal Canadian Legion, Branch #285, Calgary. This medal was presented to those veterans who previously did not receive the medal during a re-visit to South Korea. In addition to the medal each recipient was presented with the "AMBASSADOR FOR PEACE" Official Proclamation signed by **Mr. Sung Choon Park**, Minister, Patriots and Veterans Affairs, Republic of Korea and **Se Hwan Park**, General (Retired) ROK Army, Chairman, Korean Veterans Association.



The Proclamation reads:

"It is a great honour and pleasure to express the everlasting gratitude of the Republic of Korea and our people for the service you and your countrymen have performed in restoring and preserving our freedom and democracy.

We cherish in our hearts the memory of your boundless sacrifices in helping us reestablish our Free Nation.



In grateful recognition of your dedicated contributions, it is our privilege to proclaim you an "AMBASSADOR FOR PEACE" with every good wish of people of the Republic of Korea. Let each of us reaffirm our mutual respect and friendship that they may endure for generations to come."

Ambassador Nam opened the ceremony with a short speech reiterating how grateful South Korea is to the Canadian Veterans who unselfishly ventured into a strange country to fight for freedom and democracy. He praised all of Canada for their support during the Korean War and gave thanks to those who laid down their lives in helping South Korea reestablish their Free Nation.

Korea Veterans receiving the Peace Medal were from Korea Veterans Association Millennium Unit No. 72, Calgary (14 members); Foothills Unit





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No. 54 Calgary (5 members) and Innisfail Unit #72 Innisfail (5 members). Out of the fourteen medal recipients from Unit 72, five were Strathcona's. They were **Cliff Brown**, "C" Squadron, **Harold (Jamie) Jamieson**, **Roy Jardine**, and **Henry Wyatt** from "B" Squadron and **Bob Hall** from "A" Squadron.

Also attending were three Strathcona's, from KVA Unit 72, namely **Jim Remington**, "A" Squadron, **Bob Pearson**, "B" Squadron, **Doug Cooper**, "B" Squadron and from KVA Unit 54 **Don Zabel** "B" Squadron.

Approximately one hundred veterans and their ladies attended this touching ceremony.

*Bob Hall receiving his Peace Medal (previous page top left)*

*Henry Wyatt receiving Peace Medal (previous page top right)*

*Roy Jardine receiving Peace Medal (previous page bottom left)*

*Jamie Jamieson after presentation of Peace Medal (previous page bottom right)*

*This page L-R  
Doug Cooper, Jamie Jamieson, Henry Wyatt, Roy Jardine, Bob Pearson*



## Naming of LdSH(RC)

*Courtesy of Mr. Josh Bilyk and the Steele Collection*

**Tuesday 9th March 1909.**

Weather fine but cold. Left at 8.30 Colonel saw me off. Good old man. Manseau came to town too. He lunched with me at the club, and walked as far as the drill hall with me. Then took a car back. I wired the minister in council (secry) re the new regiments name suggested Lord Strathconas Horse, Royal Canadians. It will not go though. Wrote a long explanation of the same.

**Ft. Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Friday, 20. Aug 09**

Up at 6.30 Wrote up diary. Office as usual. Wrote Gwynne, Belcher, and others got a sad telegram Poor dear Johns death. Such a good dear kind man and full of years, highly respected. He was the last of my dear fathers first family, was born 1817. and came out to Canada in 1832, with his father, and settled in the township of Medonte Co. Simcoe, three miles from Coldwater village where he died yesterday, aged 92 years and 11 months

Capt Mills came to me about the regiment of Fusiliers and was given all the necessary advice I wrote privately to Acheson. and explained all. Gave him the address of Capt A. Norquay. vz Humboldt. Saskatchewan.

Lots of Cricket going on, two games or matches one in barracks, one in the grounds of the Manitoba University.

Official letter came to-day to the effect that The Minister and council have received the Kings permission to change the name of the RCMR to Strathconas Horse (Royal Canadians) so that I have succeeded in my point. The first idea was that it was to be changed to Royal Canadian Horse (Strathconas) and I wrote officially asking that the title be as now settled quite a little victory.

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# A Great War Cavalry Trooper—Sergeant Tom Mackay, MM

1894 – 1969

## Part 1—The Bare Facts

By Robert W. Mackay

My dad's family were Red River settlers. There were eight boys and one girl, and their chief activity in the winter was playing hockey on the Red River. When Tom was in his mid-teens the family moved to Victoria, but after three years the boys drove their parents to distraction because they couldn't play hockey outdoors—to the extent that the family packed up and moved back to Winnipeg!

When war arrived in 1914, the first flood of men to enlist proceeded to England via Camp Valcartier in Quebec, along with the professional army, including the Strathcona's. Popular opinion had it that the war would be over by Christmas, but of course that did not happen. Dad ultimately signed up on January 7th, 1916, in Winnipeg, arriving in England on the 31st of that month. Then followed four months at Shorncliffe Barracks, with assignment to Lord Strathcona's Horse on May 22nd of that year. He earned his Military Medal "for bravery in field" on 1 December, 1917, the same day that the Commanding Officer, **Lieutenant Colonel M. Docherty**, was killed.

Promotion through the ranks followed, with sergeant's chevrons on Tom's arm by the time he rode into his final battle on March 30th, 1918, at Moreuil. Medical records refer to "GSWRtLeg (Severe)"; and "GSQL hip-R leg"; the Gun Shot Wounds being the result of machinegun fire received during Flowerdew's charge. By mid April 1918 Tom was in hospital in Basingstoke, England, for followup surgery. By now struck off the Strathcona's strength, he took ship aboard "Araguaya" and landed in Halifax on October 27th, 1918, just two weeks before Armistice Day. He was discharged from the Army on May 6th, 1919, unfit for further service.

This recitation of my father's time in the Canadian Cavalry Brigade has been gleaned from his service records. I have many memories of Dad that I look forward to sharing, as he lived to the ripe old age of seventy-five. In addition, he is mentioned several times in S. H. Williams' book, "*Stand to Your Horses*", which along with contemporary newspaper accounts allowed me to piece together much of the story that he didn't tell me.

"Soldier of the Horse", Bob Mackay's novel based on his father's time in Lord Strathcona's Horse, is available in the Kitshop.

Bob invites you to follow his blog: [www.robertwmackay.blogspot.com](http://www.robertwmackay.blogspot.com).

### Strathcona Humour

I served with Recce Sqn 1961 -1962 UNEF Egypt. Our OC was Jock Burton and the SSM was Doug Feveliegh. The main camp was at Rafah in the Gaza strip known as Fort Worthington. Also, there were two outposts called Fort Harvey and Fort Perkins.

Each of the outposts had a recce troop carrying out patrols along the International Frontier (IF) between Israel and Egypt. On occasion, we would patrol in from the IF where we would encounter local Bedouin tribesmen.

We would provide humanitarian aid when asked for help by the locals. Our level of aid was limited to minor first aid treatments. We would attempt to direct more serious illnesses to a doctor. On one of my patrols, there was a woman by the track complaining of a headache and a cough, or so we gathered from the hand signals and gestures. I gave her a shot of cough syrup and an aspirin. This became routine as every time we passed that way she would be there waiting for her treatment.

When our troop was rotated back to main camp, the members of the replacement troop were not as patient with this the woman. They gave her number 9 pills, an effective, fast acting laxative. They did not see her again.

WL (Bill) Prouse

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## A Squadron in Korea

*Mr. Stan Cote*

In February 1953, A Sqn went to Wainwright for final training before going to Korea. We trained flat out until 27 April when we shipped out. As part of our PT training, we ran as a squadron every day, ending running 10 miles by the last week with no one dropping out. We had a final inspection by a general that took over two hours. He inspected the contents of packs, and made one troop take off their boots to check their socks. We left Wainwright by troop train for Vancouver and then moved on to Seattle.

We left Wainwright carrying complete equipment including all personal clothing, small packs, large packs, large kit bags, steel helmets and weapons, in all about 150 lbs. We had to carry all this when we moved from one form of transportation to another. On arrival at Vancouver, we had a kit inspection on the train platform and if anything was missing, it was reissued at the soldier's expense. We re-boarded and proceeded to Seattle.

We spent 2 days confined to base at a US transit camp. We called several Seattle nursing residents and explained who we were, and that we were confined to camp, were on our way to Korea, and were organizing a shipping out party at the Sgt's Mess. We informed them we would pay cab fare if anyone was interested. About 20 nurse trainees arrived and we had a hell of a party. The next morning we had to rescue a couple of troopers who had "gone over the wire" and had been picked up in downtown Seattle by the MPs.

The second night we were confined to barracks with US military police around the building. Apparently, it was necessary with US troops. The next morning, 30 Apr 1953, we left camp and boarded the troopship 'USS General MM Patrick'.

The ship carried about 2000 US troops, 175 Canadians, and about 1000 women and, children, families of US servicemen stationed in Japan. The families had half the ship, and the troops occupied the other half. We were in one compartment, containing canvas bunks in rows five deep, each being about 2 feet apart. When we left Seattle, we hit the edge of a huge storm. Most of the troops and dependents got seasick. To keep our people busy, we volunteered for kitchen duty and security between troops and dependents. Less than 200 individuals were eating and some of those threw up before they finished, which didn't help their neighbours. We ended up helping the families, as kids, and mothers were sick, vomiting over everything. All troops had to be out of their compartments between 7 and 10 am while the compartments were cleaned. They were then inspected by the ships XO. The storm was so bad only one side of the ship's deck could be used. Troops crowded together, with everyone puking on each other. Often, the heads (toilets) were out of bounds until after inspection. Great fun!



These conditions lasted for about 5 days until we cleared the storm and settled down to shipboard routine. There was nothing to do and no place to do anything. There was one compartment that showed old movies, had no seats, and could only hold about 100 people. Routine became: get up at 5:30, wash and shave, non-duty people clear the compartment by 7:00 to stand in line for breakfast, cleaning crew eat before 7, finish eating and stand at rail until 10, go to heads, stand in line for lunch, spend a couple of hours loafing, stand in line for supper, back to the deck or compartment, hit the sack. After 16 days of this routine, all the PT and conditioning we had done in the two months at Wainwright went down the tubes.

All of the American troops on board were draftees. None of them were too keen on going to Korea. Some of them had been told they were going to Germany. None of them had been given much training. Early on the morning we left Seattle, about 150 men were herded aboard the ship by MPs carrying shotguns. They were

*Continued On Page 12*

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*Continued From Page 11*

locked in a compartment with an armed guard on the door until after we had sailed. We found out they were from all over the States and had been convicted of minor military offences, such as being AWOL, sassing an NCO, improper dress, fighting, etc. They were shipped to Seattle, held until there were enough to fill a compartment and sent to Korea.

We arrived in Yokohama, Japan on 16 May 1953 and boarded a troop train to Sasebo, about 1000 KM south on Kyushu Island, where the Canadian Reinforcement Depot was co-located with the British and Australians. The train was great, as it had cots instead of seats, about 12 per car. In Sasebo, we received more shots, had a couple of lectures, turned in our greatcoats, were issued a burial blanket, and had a short night on the town. We also had our introduction to Asian toilet facilities, a trough and several holes in the floor, no stalls. You would be doing your business and a little girl-san would come in and squat next to you. We left on the 19 May on a small British troop ship and landed at Pusan, Korea the following day.

After disembarking, we stood on a rail yard platform waiting for our train. On the next platform was a line of boxcars beside which a line of Korean mama-sans (women) was unloading a cargo ship. Each one was carrying 2 bags of cement on her head from the ship to the boxcars and each was trotting, not walking. This was our introduction to “the land of the morning calm”

We boarded a US troop train, old wooden cars with wooden benches, with all our gear making it very crowded. Unfortunately, the food was British C rations which were the pits, M & V (mutton & veal) and some kind of pudding. We were issued 10 rounds of ammo for our weapons in case the train was attacked. We chugged our way up Korea, often sidetracked for priority trains and, after about 30 hours, arrived at Uijongbu, north of Seoul.

We disembarked with all our gear, loaded on to trucks and proceeded to B Sqn’s rear area camp. On arrival, we were directed to a large tent and told to leave everything we had hauled over except, our small pack, towel, shaving gear, socks and weapon. Everything else was dumped and we never saw any of it again except later when we asked for rags to clean our guns. We received the brand new shirts etc, that we had carried all the way from Canada to rip up for rags. Remember, too, we had paid to replace items lost prior to the inspection in Vancouver.

An interesting event occurred the next day. We were on the tail end of a US fighter strike as the area where our trucks were parked was strafed. We found out later that our camp was tucked in a small valley below a large hill. Just on the other side was a bridge over the Imjim River. Four US fighters had been tasked to bomb a bridge on the Chinese side not far from our bridge. A new flight leader was leading the flight, while the old leader was tail-end-charlie. The new guy spotted a bridge, asked the old leader “is that it?” The old guy hadn’t been paying attention, took a quick look and said “yes”. So, in they went. They didn’t do much damage other than destroying a couple of US engineer trucks that were working near the bridge. The strafing we got was the tail end of a run.

That night, the tank commanders went forward and joined the tanks they would take over. The next day was spent familiarizing themselves with the ground, and the job they were to do. The remainder of the crews joined that night.



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B Sqn packed up and left for home. I was transferred to Fighting HQ Troop (1 June) and a week later went into the line with 2 FHQ tanks attached to 2nd Troop. (2D-ALPHA & 2E-AJAX 1) in order to support the RCR.

By this time, the front looked like a WWI trench line. It ran across Korea with both sides well dug in an almost continuous line of trenches. The troops lived in bunkers just below the crest of the hills. The North Koreans and the Chinese were dug in to a much greater depth than we were. Our job was to provide fire support to the infantry with our tanks' 76 MM main guns, .30 cal machine guns (MG's) and a .50 cal MG's mounted on the top of the tanks. Our tanks were sited along the infantry trench line in revetments with just the turrets showing.

At this stage of the war, the UN had complete air superiority during the day. Any action only took place at night and, if the Chinese did attack, the action had to be completed by first light before our aircraft got in the air. We rested and carried out our maintenance during the day but manned our tanks just before last light. If nothing developed by 1 or 2 AM, we stood down except for one crewman in each tank who was on radio and telephone watch. Our bunker was just below the tank with a field telephone linked to the tank to call the rest of the crew, if required.

Our usual night activity was to provide covering fire to infantry patrols out in no-mans-land. Of course, if a full scale attack came in, we would give full fire support. On moving into a position, we would register our guns on selected points and give them code names. There was a Tank Liaison Officer (TLO) in the infantry battalion HQ and, if a patrol required covering fire, it would call battalion HQ and request fire be brought down on the position by using an assigned codeword. The TLO would call the tank troop covering that position and request the fire. Along the front line, UN troops would give names to all the hills on the Chinese side. Across from my first position were "Faith", "Hope" and "Charity". The "Hook" was further down on our left.

The artillery had a spotter located on top of our hill and he spent the days observing the Chinese lines through a 50X power scope. If he spotted any activity, he would call down fire. It could be artillery guns, tank guns, MG's, air strikes or any combination. The Chinese were really well dug in. They would almost hollow out the hills. Sometimes, they would tunnel through from the back of a hill to the front, open a small hole, and use it as an observation post (OP). Tank guns have a high muzzle velocity with a flat trajectory and, if the spotter found one of these OP's, he would call the tanks to have a go at it as they could see directly across to the target.

I had command of 2 tanks about 100 yards apart. Each crew of 5 men had a bunker to live in, which was located just below the tank. Infantry trenches and bunkers were on either side of us. We got our meals from the infantry kitchen bunker located further down the hill. We would pick up the food in two mess tins and eat either in the area of the kitchen or back at our bunker depending on weather and shelling circumstances. We always had one man on duty in the tank. In our bunker, we made bunks by driving steel stakes in the side and used empty MG canvas belts to weave a mattress. I "found" a steel folding cot with a mattress. Once in awhile, we were bothered with rats in the bunker roof. One night, we were all asleep (except tank radio watch). We kept a candle burning in a can that gave off a little light. I felt or heard something and woke up to see a large rat looking at me from the foot of my cot. One of my crew (on the other side of the bunker) also woke up, saw the rat, grabbed his sten gun and, being half asleep, was about to open fire when I hollered "stop". The rat disappeared.

About every 2 weeks, a truck would pick up 2 crewmen and take them back to the MBLU (mobile bath & laundry unit). They would have a shower and pick up clean clothes and head back. We had a daily administrative (admin) run from the quartermaster. Every night we would send in our adrep (admin report) requesting the supplies we needed such as ammo, fuel, clothing, water, etc. and it would come up the next day. We got a PX Pack, (100 men - 1 day) from the Yanks. It contained 100 packs of cigarettes, 100 chocolate bars, some gum, chewing tobacco, razor blades, writing paper, toothpaste and toilet paper. I had 10 men so I got a pack every 10 days to issue as required.

One day, HQ got the bright idea to make life difficult for the Chinese by destroying the forward trenches on "Faith", "Hope", and "Charity" that they occupied each night. Early one morning, they sent our Squadron's reserve troop (4 four tanks) to a small hill forward of the line. They spent about 30 minutes pounding their target. My two tanks each fired about a 100 rounds. When the troop ran out of ammo, they pulled back to the rear. We cleaned up our

*Continued On Page 14*

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empty casings, cleaned our guns, re-stowed ammo, and settled down to our normal routine. At about 1400 hours, we were on the receiving end of Chinese artillery fire. We really got hit. The man on watch in my second tank was standing in the turret of the tank when the first rounds came in. One burst behind the tank and he got hit in the back with shrapnel. A couple of infantrymen were wounded and our forward trenches were caved in. My tank got hit on the top of the turret destroying the .50 MG and the ammo but with no other damage except the crewman on watch couldn't hear for a couple of days. The rest of us were in our bunkers. The wounded crewman got evacuated in a Bell helicopter like you see on TV's MASH.

We could see air strikes going in on the Chinese positions every day. The Chinese had a drill that, when a strike was going on, every soldier that could see the aircraft was to fire every weapon, including rifles, at the aircraft. HQ felt that this sky full of lead might have caused the downing of some aircraft. We could see the wreckage of a fighter, a Sabre, from our position. A scheme called "Plan Victor" was initiated. On hearing over the radio the call "Plan Victor, Plan Victor, Plan Victor, grid square 1317", every weapon that could reach that area would fire into it for 10 minutes hoping to keep the Chinese heads down. We never did hear if the tactic was successful or not.

The Canadian brigade was part of the Commonwealth Division under UN command but we had access to US rations and supplies. About a month after we arrived, our brigade changed positions with a British brigade. In our first position, we had inherited American "pre-fab" bunkers. In our new position, all the British soldiers had left us with was holes in the ground covered with tarps and bits of wood, a hell of a mess. (some of us thought the only reason they had switched was so the British could get our bunkers). Not long after we had moved over, it rained quite heavily for several days. During the night, one of the holes had collapsed on a sleeping crew. Fortunately, they had been sleeping with their heads outward and only their feet had been covered. We immediately requested a supply of pre-fabs.

I was given the job of Tank Liaison Officer with the RCR infantry battalion. I had two troops of tanks under my direct control. I sat in the command bunker with my radios and direct telephone lines to the tanks. Also in the bunker were the RCR battalion commander, an artillery officer (FOO), a mortar sergeant, an MG sergeant, a signals officer, and a medic. We would report in one hour before last light to get a briefing as to what patrols were going out and where they were going. I would check the patrol routes on my map and note where they passed close to any of my tanks' pre-registered targets. I would alert the troops as to any possible targets and sit back and wait. As the night passed, I would follow the patrols progress as they reported in, ready to call down fire if required. After first light, we stood down and got some sleep. The hills across from this position were named "Mathew", "Mark", "Luke" and "John". "Little Gibraltar" was on our right. In the afternoon I would visit the troops if nothing was scheduled.

One night, it was quiet and the artillery major was cleaning his pistol. When he put it back together, he accidentally fired a round that just missed the colonel. We all hit the deck as we thought we were under attack. and HQ guards came running in ready to blast someone. The CO was not too pleased.

Peace talks had been going on for some time at Panmunjom. On 26 July, we received word that there would be a cease fire at 10:00 pm and the truce would be signed the next day. I visited the troops and they were not too happy, as we had come over for a war, not a truce. I have a picture of a troop listening to the announcement on a radio and they do not look happy.

That night around 8:00, a young lieutenant arrived from Brigade HQ with a sound recording outfit. He told the CO that Brigade HQ had arranged to fire an artillery barrage on our front at 9:45 so he could record the last shots of the war. The CO was livid and tried to get it stopped but no dice. At 10 pm all went silent. A couple of grunts in a forward position had some rum hidden away, got bombed, snuck out into no-mans-land, and started to hoot and holler. The Chinese gathered them in, took them to a command bunker, fed them some more booze, and the brought them back to our lines.

At first light, I was forward with the tanks looking out toward the Chinese lines. The hills were crowded with Chinese troops and they had large banners strung up proclaiming "peace", etc. The hills looked like a disturbed anthill as



the Chinese had stripped the camouflage from most of their Op's. There was a hell of a lot of them. We spent the next few days destroying our bunkers and forward positions and then moved out of the demilitarized zone to what would become our permanent camp.

We settled in under tents and proceeded to carry out maintenance and local training. To start, every few days we would practice an alert in case the Chinese attacked again. We would rush out to prepared battle positions, sit for a number of hours, sometimes practicing advances or withdrawals, and then go back to camp to wait the next one. The frequency of these "bug outs" decreased as time went on.

The Squadron settled in to a fairly easy routine and people started to go to Japan on five days R & R. We had a tank gun range not far away and all the tank troops had gunnery practice. Every

month there would be a major exercise involving most of the UN troops.

On 1 August, I was back as Admin and Transport Sgt so I had a lot of running around in order to deal with rations, parts for vehicles and tanks, ammo, weapons, and anything else required. I got to know the rear areas where all the deals could be made. We had an instant potato mix in our rations that the troops hated and were issued breakfast cereal for which we had no milk so the cereal was of no use. I found a US camp in the rear that had lots of potatoes but wanted more cereals, so we traded. We had a squadron-sized allotment of booze each month that I would pick up. It included scotch (not much call for) and Japanese beer (troops not too fond of). I found a Swedish Trading Co. in Seoul that had US canned beer. I would buy a 2 1/2 ton truck load of Japanese beer, pay \$5 per case, take it back to Seoul and sell it on the black market for \$25 per case. Then, I would buy a load of canned beer for \$5 per case. The surplus cash went in to the squadron slush fund. I would trade the scotch for other supplies we needed. I traded 3 bottles for 50 sheets of 1/2 in. plywood to use as walls for our tents and to build a small chapel for our padre. We had an old Korean papa-san who was a master craftsman with wood and all he had was a few old tools which must have been 100 years old. I went back to the Yanks and traded for a huge carpenter kit that had everything you could think of in it. I gave it to papa-san. He thanked me profusely and never used the damn thing.

We employed about 25 Koreans as houseboys, kitchen help, washer moma-sans, and general labor. The moma-sans had four charcoal irons so I had to go back to Seoul every so often to buy bags of charcoal. I had to use Korean money and it took a 2 foot stack of won to buy what I required. The UN issued what was called scrip for use by troops in their own installations. Of course, the Koreans would take it in a lot of places.

The Yanks decided to replace all their B vehicles (wheeled vehicles) with a new model. We had been issued US vehicles so they had to be exchanged. First, I took five drivers back to a US depot at Inchon for a week-long course on the new vehicles, a bit of a break as the rear area US camps had a lot more amenities than we had. The only sour note was every morning before class we had to clean up the trash in the area, a bit of a come down for a Canadian NCO. I took the first group of ten trucks to the depot in Seoul. A master sergeant informed me that they would only accept stripped vehicles, no spare tires, tools, tarps, etc. I loaded all the extra kit on one truck, took it back to my contact in the black market and sold the whole lot (more slush fund). I did the same with the kits from the remaining vehicles. I also had to dispose of two jeeps, one 1 1/2 ton truck, and two 2 1/2 ton trucks that we had acquired by dubious means. Over the months, they had mysteriously found their way to our camp. Our mechanics had a paint

*Continued On Page 16*

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sprayer so the “lost” vehicles would get a new paint job and Canadian tactical signs. As they were of the old type, I had to sell them too (slush fund growing).

One Sunday, I took off in my jeep to do some scrounging in the rear. Around 2 PM, I stopped at a unit of the Wolfhounds to have a beer at their NCOs mess. Shortly after I arrived, a couple of US marine NCOs came in. They had the day off and had caught a ride to the rear. We got talking and ended up spending the rest of the day gabbing and drinking. About 9 PM, I decided to head home and offered them a ride back to their camp. We took off in a pretty jolly mood. Somewhere on the way back, I came down the side of a hill and the road made a fairly sharp right turn. There was a checkpoint located at the turn and the MP’s had a small tent on a finger out from the road. I missed the turn, went through the tent and bounced down about 10 feet into an old rice paddy with the tent wrapped around the front of the jeep. I turned off the motor and as we got out we heard a moaning from somewhere in the tent. We got the tent off the jeep and found that one of the MPs had been sleeping in the tent. Luckily he wasn’t injured. Somehow we managed to talk our way out of getting reported and the MP’s stopped a truck that winched us back on the road. I delivered the marines to their camp and headed home. I went back to visit them a couple of weeks later and to drop off a bottle of scotch to the checkpoint. I got to know the rest of the NCO’s from the 11th Battalion US Marines. They invited all of our senior NCO’s to a beer bash and we invited them back to our camp. Every month, we exchanged visits until we left. Two memorable parties were the US Marines birthday and New Years Eve. The only marine that I remember is **Sgt Maj Mills**. He was a real old hard ass marine in over 20 years and on his 2nd Korean tour. He had been on the Yalu when the Chinese entered the war and had been on the retreat back to the coast. They were a great bunch.

It wasn’t all fun and games as we worked seven days a week, conducted training exercises, bug-outs, and maintenance. I spent two weeks as guard commander of the quarter guard that the Squadron had to provide at Bde HQ. Of course, I don’t remember too much of the normal routine, just the unusual.

During the fall, we had a visit from Prime Minister **Louis St. Laurent**. I got stuck preparing two tanks and crews for his inspection. I had to clean the tanks from top to bottom, build steps for him to get on the tank, and find new coveralls for the crews, a pain in the neck for a 15 minute visit. Due to my contacts with the Yanks, I got to see an American USO show with **Marilyn Monroe**.

After the front line stabilized, a “stay back line” was established 10 miles back from the front. No Korean civilian, other than a unit’s local labor, was allowed in the 10 mile zone. In the fall of 1953, the Commonwealth Division padres came up with a scheme to build a village for Korean refugee farmers. They got permission to open a small valley on the edge of the stay back line with a few acres of rice paddies. The unit padres put the bite on the troops to raise money for material and supplies. The Canadian engineer squadron built a village for about 100 people. The padres went back to the refugee camps and came up with the required number of farmers and their families. With great fanfare, a bunch of senior officers and a representative from each unit (I was detailed) the village was opened, new, clean and shining. About 4 months later I was in the area and drove by to check it out. At first I thought I was in the wrong place and had come across a 100-year old village. It was unrecognizable from 4 four months before.

On 1 December, my turn for R&R in Japan came up. I got a ride into Kimpo airport at Seoul and caught a US transport to Tokyo. I went through the Australian R&R Camp Ebisu and out on the town. I spent five days enjoying relative civilization. In 1953, things were cheap in Japan--350 yen to the \$1, beer and whisky about 200 yen, and food very cheap. The Japanese were very honest. I never heard of anyone getting rolled or cheated. I would drop in to the Bar Susan for a few drinks before going out at night. I would leave a tip for the barman when I left. The next night when I went in he would give it back to me saying “you forget last night” I would tell him I had left it for him and he would thank me but it would be the same the next night. I toured the Emperor’s palace, the Ginza market, and lots of bars. After five days, I returned to Ebisu and went back to Seoul and home.

As we rolled into 1954, our routine carried on but we started to think of going home. I was transferred to Second



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Troop as Troop Sgt (2A-ALBINO). D Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons were slated to replace us in May. With the change over of units, new accounting procedures were to come into effect. Our squadron had been on war accounting where just about everything could be written off. Officially, we had no kit as it had all been dumped on arrival. On rotation back to Canada, we were to be given a \$200 credit to replace our kit; however, our Quartermaster had acquired a fair amount of uniforms and kit that he had to get rid of before the new squadron and the peacetime supply procedures arrived. All personnel that were remaining in the army were issued two complete sets of new uniforms, (we still collected our \$200). These were packed in kits bags along with a few souvenirs and sent in March to our home address in Canada. We also had spent some of our slush fund on a green light jacket with Korea on the back with our name and a lighter with Strathcona's badge on it for each man.

In March, I was selected to be an umpire in a major exercise the Division was conducting. It was a two-week long exercise and I was attached to an Australian infantry battalion. It was quite an experience. The Aussie accent and slang are some-thing else. If you add army terms and army slang, it's like learning a new language. The first week I didn't have a clue what they were saying. I kept asking "what do you mean". Finally, I started to understand them. They were great soldiers and I enjoyed my time with them.

The day came when we said goodbye to "the land of the morning calm". D Squadron rolled in and early on 24 May 1954, we trucked to Inchon and boarded the troop ship "General W.H. Gordon". This time, instead of being loaded up like pack mules, we only carried our shaving kit, towel, a couple of pairs of socks, any last minute souvenirs, and the uniform we wore. Most of the troops only had their small packs. Some of us had bought small "valpaks" at the PX. We also had our squadron stores, files, records, etc. Included was a box of weapons. We had collected some Chinese and Russian weapons for the Regimental museum. Most of the senior NCO's had personal, non-issue weapons they had found, bought, or stole. They put their weapons in the same box as squadron stores would go to Calgary without going through a customs check. The day the stores had been sent to Inchon, I was away so I couldn't get my .45 cal Colt pistol or M1 carbine in the box. When we left, I put them in my valpak.

On the ship, I was Compartment Commander again for 200 Canadians. There were about 3000 troops on board as well as 200 Chinese Nationalist (from Taiwan) and sailors heading for the United States to pick up some small sub-chasers. The Gordon was the same type of ship as we had come over on --no room and crowded as hell. The Americans had a lot of discipline problems as all their troops were draftees on their way home to be discharged. They couldn't care less about regulations. The second day out, all troops were ordered to their compartments for a roll call. I finished my muster and went to report all present. American troops were wandering all over the ship paying no attention to the PA announcements. We were at sea 12 days and twice a day all Americans were ordered to their compartments. They never did get an accurate count. We also had a repeat of a compartment of troops with guards on the doors until we sailed. On checking with the troop office, I found that they were all gay. The American army held them until they had a compartment full then shipped them home for dishonorable discharge. Such were the times.

Before we left, we acquired a bingo game and had bought a lot of small prizes with the remaining slush fund. Every afternoon and early evening, we had bingo games in our compartment until the prizes were gone. We had good weather for the 12 days we were at sea. We also had the same routine for cleaning as on the "Patrick"; however, this time the draftees wouldn't stay out of the washrooms and toilets that we had to clean. I selected 6 six of my biggest men as guards to keep everyone out until after inspection.

On the morning of 6 June 1954, we arrived in Seattle and disembarked onto a bus to ride to Vancouver. When I went to claim our squadron stores from the cargo hold, the box of weapons was missing. There was nothing we could do but report the loss and depart. (never did find it). When we got to the border, a customs officer came on the bus and said "the two or three who bought cameras come in and declare them and that will be all". So, I was the only one to get his weapons home.

We arrived at the Vancouver military depot, had a short arm inspection, and boarded a troop train. We got to Calgary the next day, had a parade at city hall, and were released for two months leave.

# Your Photos



Best regards from the Left coast. I am enclosing some photos which were taken on my tour of Golan Heights in '85. The cemetery is in the Gaza Area and the small girl's father was the maintenance provider. She was 12 at the time and she was doing the work. She is standing in the Canadian section and Jim Wiley was an old friend. There are 21 stones in the garden.

Please pass on my wishes to all.  
Bill Anderson  
Sooke, BC

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 2011 ■ THE EXPOSITOR

## localnews

**MILITARY:** Corps receives Royal Strathcona Efficiency Award

# Cadets lauded for training

VINCENT BALL  
Expositor Staff

It has been a week of accolades for the 2659 Royal Canadian Army Cadets Brantford.

First, the men's orienteering team won first place in an area competition for the fourth time in a row. And then the cadets corps was presented with the Lord Strathcona Efficiency Award for the 2010-11 training year. It is the second time in three years that the corps has won this award.

"We won the big corps category, which means we've had more than 50 cadets regularly training with us," said Capt. Francis Ogilvie, the corps commanding officer. "We won it in 2009 as well and we won the trophy for the small corps in 1998."

"There has been a surge in interest over the past couple of years and a lot of that has to do with the program and all that it has to offer."

There are 37 army cadet corps in the western Ontario region and of those only nine were able to have more than 50 cadets on parade on a weekly basis. Winning the award qualifies the Brantford corps for a provincial award.

The men's orienteering team has also qualified for a higher level of competition to be held Oct. 29-30.

The orienteering team is led by Master Warrant Officer Chris McSavage and includes team members Warrant Officer Head Waterous and master bombardiers Brandon Levesque and Isaac Gilbert. Waterous finished third in the orienteering intermediate male singles competition.

The corps has one mandatory training session each week but most of the cadets train three or four times a week to take advantage of additional opportunities to participate in a variety of training activities. There are also some weekend competitions and training sessions, said Ogilvie.

The Lord Strathcona Award is given to the corps that has an effective training program, a high retention rate, regularly serves the community and has participated in a variety of competitions.

Ogilvie said the success of the corps is due, in part, to the hard

### Want to know more?

To learn more about the Royal Canadian Army Cadets, call 519-753-2526, e-mail 2659army@cadets.net or visit www.cadets.ca

work of her staff and of her sister, Debbie, who was the corps commanding officer until last June when her three-year term ended. Over the past few years, the corps has seen its membership grow to more than 65 from 27 and interest continues to grow, Ogilvie said.



CHRISTOPHER SMITH The Expositor  
Bombardier Brent Greydarius (left) accepts the Lord Strathcona Efficiency Award on behalf of 2659 Royal Canadian Army Cadets Brantford from Capt. Perry Bass.



This is an article from the Brantford Expositor, dated, September 29th, 2011.

The Army Cadets are alive and well in Brantford, Ontario.

I was glad to read in the paper that they have won the Lord Strathcona Efficiency Award for the second time in three years, the Corps is doing very well.

Perseverance

Jim Kelso

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## Your Dispatches

I served in the Strathcona's from 1964 - 1975 resigning as a Cpl. During that time, I served in the Drum and Bugle Band and also sang in **Captain Dave Skinners** dance band. I served in Germany from 1965-1970 and in Cyprus(1972) during the Russia-Canada Hockey series. (We listened on the radio). In Cyprus, I also was the singer in the Dance Band sponsored by the Regiment and lead by **Danny Pearson**. We sang and played for our Regiment plus for the other UN Continents. We were featured on the CBC (Cyprus Broadcasting) and I left the Strats to pursue a professional career in music. Since I am not famous the career did not work out, lol. I rejoined the Public Service and served a total of 38 years retiring in the year 2000. I still sing at the Legion.

I was proud to be a Strathcona. I still have many pictures and memories. I noticed that someone was looking for **Ron Marriott**. He was was my Troop Sgt in Germany.

I ended up as a Captain in the sub-component of the Primary Reserves serving in CFB Chatham in New Brunswick before it closed.

I live in Moncton, New Brunswick and would love to hear from the really "Old Guard" or anyone, as far as that is concerned.

If you want pictures from the 1964 Mounted Troop and Band in Full Serge uniform please let me know! I also have pictures of the Dance Band with Danny Pearson, Clyde Manser, Bruce Nutt and Wayne Gaudet. We were all Maritimers!

**Earl W. Weir, CD**  
earlweir@hotmail.com

PS Is there a retired Strathcona element in the Maritimes? I wish there was such an organization

here in the Maritimes. I think of **Ed Beals, Persey Harper** and all the Maritimers that have served in the Strathconas.

Earl, we currently don't have an official Association Branch in the Maritimes, but there are a number of members of the Old Guard around the Area. **Monty MacMillan** may be able to help you out in making contact with others....**Monty? Ed**

**James Kelso** gave me your email address. I served with the Regt in the early 60s. I was looking for a Regt Roll, if possible, anywhere around 1961-1964. I was in A Sqn 61 and 62 and with Recce in Egypt in 1963 so was just looking for any help to locate some of my old mates. It would be greatly appreciated.

Cheers

**Terry Kelsey**  
terry.kelsey@sympatico.ca  
613-446-1808

Terry, unfortunately we don't have a Regt'l Roll from the 60's however we do have a large Newsletter distribution so I'm confident some of your old mates will see your plea and make contact with you....good luck in your search....**Ed**

I knew **Carl Ross** fairly well during my Army days and thought you a might be interested in a little interesting story about him.

**Carl Ross** was a big strong man who lied about his age and joined the Ontario Regiment, in World War II, at the Age of 17. In July 1943, as a crewman in a Sherman Tank during the Invasion of Sicily, his tank left the landing craft, landed into 17 feet of water and sank to the bottom. The crew had to swim ashore. Fortunately all survived. A rather uninspiring landing in a foreign land for a 17 year old. Fortunately there was little resistance at that time.

Carl was, at one time, best known in the Regiment for Regimental Boxing

and in 1951 he defeated **Capt LaRose**, later **MGen LaRose**.

**Roy Jardine**

Roy, thanks for the note. We will remember him. **Ed**

My name is John Cooper CD. Ret'd, a former (Sr. NCO) member of the Regiment. I believe it was '88 or '89 when I remustered. I have long been retired from the Air Force and reside here in Edmonton. I had heard that **Derald Carroll** retired from the regiment, but I haven't been able to find a number or such to be able to reach him at. **Darrell** and I are buddies from way back and I would really like to get in touch with him.

I sure would appreciate your help with this matter if you could see fit to help one ol' Strat find another ol' Strat!

Thanks for your help

**John Cooper**  
ringodog60@hotmail.com

Thanks for the note John. As I'm sure you can appreciate we cannot give out personal contact information without consent, but I happen to know that **Derald** will receive this edition of the Newsletter. **Ed**

Greetings from the Maritimes. I just found out from a former member of the Strathconas about the Newsletter and would be happy to be put on your mailing list. My history is from 1953 - 1956 in Calgary and Conn Europe.

Always a Strathcona at heart

**Ralph Miller**

Consider it done Ralph. Enjoy....**Ed**

**All stations call!** The number of former serving Strathconas attempting to track each other down seems to grow and grow. With this in mind, it appears there is a need for a "LOCREP" for them, privacy concerns noted. We have a volunteer stepping forward to investigate a solution to this. Hopefully, we will be able to report fully in our next editon. **Ed**

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## Cypress 1988

Colonel Spike Hazleton, OMM, MSM, CD

*Colonel Hazleton was requested to provide this article (his claims of being badgered and brow beaten to do so are greatly exaggerated). His view of events has been corroborated with several other participants. At the time of the incident, he did not know the Commander of the Wolf Regiment, the Turkish unit deployed along the northern portion of the Strathcona's' area of responsibility, directed his soldiers to physically prevent UN involvement and were deployed to do so. Despite this known threat, a number of other indicators led to the decision to carry on with the evacuation of the wounded soldier and maintain UN security of the area.*

*Sgt Vivian received the CDS's Commendation and the UNFICYP Force Commander's Commendation for his actions. Colonel, then Captain Hazleton, was recommended for similar awards but was denied them by Commander UNFICYP as "he was just doing his job".*

Sunday, 11 December 1988 started off pretty much like all the other Sundays during our tour. The main difference this time, however, was that we had 'guests' in house from Calgary as well as **Mike Duffey** from CTV news. In addition, the evening before we had all been entertained by the CANCON show and, as a result, there were a few sore heads that Sunday morning. As 2IC of City Squadron, my each Sunday routine had me going to our operations room to check in with the duty staff around 0700 hours **MCpl Joe McCall** was running the operations room that day and he reported that things were generally quiet.

Back at the Ledra Palace, the former but very tired luxury hotel that housed the Squadron, RHQ, and numerous support facilities, people dressed in their Cyprus tans were gathering to have their pictures taken as our Cyprus medal had just been presented. As well, on the back patio, many of our senior NCO's were having their morning brew and smoke. The overall mood was good as medals had been issued, the CANCON show had rocked the house, photos were being taken and Sunday routine was in effect-- all in all a pretty laid back day.

With this all going on, I returned to my room to study for my Field Operations Exams. The importance of these examines had been somewhat lost on me until I was on the receiving end of a one way conversation with my Commanding Officer who had explained in the kindest of words that a failure on either exam was not an option. Needless to say, my Sundays and free time were spent studying. My room was on the top floor of the Ledra Palace and overlooked the pool, a Greek Cypriot Platoon house, and the Turkish lines. As I settled into my study routine, several rapid gun shoots broke the silence of the day. Instantly, I knew they had come from the area of the Greek Cypriot Platoon House and Turkish lines. My Squadron Commander, **Major Bill Schultz**, whose room adjoined mine, also heard the shots. We quickly met and, as I was in uniform, I said to him that I would check it out, and he, in turn, said he would warn off the quick reaction troop just in case.

Running down the five flights of stairs I passed several personnel coming up and, as I passed them, asked them if they had heard the shots? To a person, they said no and looked at me in a strange way as if I had imagined the gunfire. Running into the main hall in the reception area, I looked in amazement as personnel continued to have their photos taken as if nothing had happened. I also spotted two troop leaders and asked them if they had heard the shots, and, again, was met with the same response--no. As I exited the back of the hotel and ran through the NCO's having their morning coffee, I asked them if they had heard the shots and again, was, once more, told no. Needless to say, I was beginning to doubt myself. It was then, while running over to the City Squadron operations room, that I saw activity on the Greek Cypriot side and in particular the small guard post that stood outside of the Commanding Officer's House. There was actually a Greek Cypriot running to man the post, something that I had never seen before. Also, at this time, I saw **Sgt Ken Vivian** running ahead of me as he too had heard the shots and was going to investigate. I yelled to him that I would warn off the operations room and I would be right there. I did not have to go far as **MCpl McCall** was already out of the command post. I quickly explained to him what was occurring and what had to be done. I then ran down the road to meet up with **Sgt Vivian**.

As I rounded the bend in the road separating the two sides, I saw **Sgt Vivian** hunched over what appeared to be a soldier lying on the road. My first reaction was that it was one of our guys as this was the buffer zone and we were

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the only ones permitted on in it. As I got closer, I saw that the prone soldier was Turkish. At the same time, sounds of chaos were coming from the Greek Cypriot Platoon house as the soldiers there were yelling at each other and it was readily apparent they were breaking out their main weapons and were manning their defensive positions. You could hear, feel, and sense the panic coming from them.

As I reached **Sgt Vivian**, he said to me, “this doesn’t look good sir, I’m pretty sure he’s been shot”. “Where”, I asked, as there was no blood or apparent signs that he’d been shot. “Don’t know, can’t find anything” was his reply. It was at this time the sound of weapons being cocked and the yelling of threats were coming from Greek Cypriot side. Needless to say, this caught our attention. Instinctively, **Sgt Vivian** and I crouched down low over the Turkish Cypriot soldier and starting yelling at the top of our lungs, “UN, UN, UN, Canadian, UN, UN”. Surprisingly, this seemed to stop the yelling of threats but did not cease the cocking of weapons and the moving of personnel into firing positions. Throughout all of this, both of us had been feeling the body of the soldier to try to find a wound, but we couldn’t find anything. It was at this time that the young soldier tried to speak to us but was unable to do so. He did, however, manage to raise his hand and point to his back. Very quickly, we rolled him on his side and sure enough we found a tiny hole in his lower back with just a tiny trace of blood. Pulling his shirt off and exposing the wound, we found the bullet entry point and then knew there had to be an exit wound. We then pulled up his t-shirt and found a small exit wound in his stomach. Both holes appeared to have cauterized as there was no blood. There was, however, a hissing sound coming from the exit wound. Seeing and hearing this, I took my beret off and place it over the exit wound and **Sgt Vivian** took off his shirt and placed it over the soldier.

As we were doing this, a second Turkish Cypriot soldier appeared from behind their lines. He appeared to be very confused, panicky, and unsure of what had happened or was going on. As he approached us, we pointed to his comrade, showed him that he had been shot, and tried to calm him. On seeing this, he quickly did an about turn and ran back to his lines only to reappear carrying two rifles. He moved towards us and immediately laid one rifle beside the wounded soldier and then ran off back to his lines. It was at that time, we both realized that one of us needed to go and guide the rapid reaction troop, the ambulance which we heard coming and others to where we were as we were clearly out of sight from our own lines. As I was holding my beret over the wound, **Sgt Vivian** immediately jumped up and said he was onto it and went off at a sprint. No sooner had he departed when the young Turkish Cypriot soldier returned. This time he had his bayonet fixed and approached me in a somewhat aggressive manner. To this day, I am convinced the bayonet was at least four feet long, but may have been NATO standard length. All to say, he stood behind me poking me in the shoulder with his bayonet all the while I was applying pressure to his comrades wound. Without really thinking, I swung my right arm around and slapped his rifle while yelling at him to back off. In doing so, I knocked him back causing him to stumble. He then stood there somewhat dazed and did not move as I turned to look at him while lifting my beret off of the wound to show him what I was doing. It seemed to have worked because a large portion of the wounded soldier intestine was pushed out of the bullet hole and blood began to flow. I then turned my back on him and this time using both hands applied pressure as I now knew the wound was much more serious than I originally thought.

Thankfully, it was at this time **Sgt Vivian** and the rapid reaction troop along with **Maj Schultz** came running up the road. When they arrived, **Sgt Vivian** helped me apply pressure while the rapid reaction troop deployed around us to secure the scene. On both sides of the line, activity increased. The Greek Cypriot platoon appeared to be somewhat more organized and the yelling and shouting had stopped. It was apparent that the occupants had manned their defensive positions and had broken out their crew-served weapons. Behind the Turkish Cypriot lines, trenches were also being occupied and the young soldier who had earlier been with his wounded comrade was with his officer nervously explaining the situation.

The level of activity going on around **Sgt Vivian** and myself looked liked organized chaos as all three sides were trying to come to grips as to what was happening. It appeared everyone wanted to be at the shooting site. It was about this time that the Turkish Operations Officer appeared and spoke to our Operations Officer **Capt McEachern**, who was now also on the scene. They broke away from the group to discuss options for defusing the situation. While all of this was going on, **Sgt Vivian** and I just kept our heads down and watched over the soldier, I remember my arms starting to shake as I held my beret over the wound. I don’t know to this day if it was a result of nerves

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or fatigue but in so doing it caused me to look up and now notice my Commanding Officer, **LCol Keith Eddy**, standing close by and getting an update from **Maj Schultz**. The CO then walked over to where **Sgt Vivian** and I were just as the CO of the Turkish Battalion was with his translator also appeared. Normally, **Maj Schultz** dealt with the Turkish Battalion CO; however, in this case, he was not available as he was with the rapid reaction troop and as I knew who he was, I took the liberty of introducing him to my CO via the translator. This, I believe, had a huge impact as immediately things seemed calm down as the Turkish Battalion Commander now realized that with **LCol Eddy** being on the ground, this was not the time to do something stupid or aggressive.

It was also around this time that the ambulance had arrived and I remember thinking to myself that my arms were killing me and I just wanted to get up to let the medics take the casualty to the hospital. To my surprise, however, the ambulance did not have a medic, only a driver! This was discovered when we rolled the casualty onto the stretcher. As we were lifting the stretcher and placing him in the back, **LCol Eddy** directed me to go with the driver to the hospital. I jumped in the front of the ambulance and we drove off to heading to the Turkish Cypriot side and the hospital. As we passed our front gate, I remember looking out the window and seeing **Mike Duffy** with his film crew. We looked at each other as if to say, "what the hell is going on?"

As we cleared the Turkish check point, I asked the driver the quickest way to the hospital and he turned to me and said he had no idea. Fortunately, I recalled driving by it during a previous visit to the Turkish Cypriot Army HQ. Luck was on my side as we managed to find it. With sirens screaming and lights flashing, everyone got out of our way as we came to a sliding halt outside of the hospital. As the driver and I exited the ambulance, I was shocked to see no one running out to assist us, or, for that matter, really paying any attention to us. As we opened up the back door to the ambulance, an orderly finally came out of the hospital with a gurney. We placed the casualty on it and wheeled him into the hospital into what appeared to be an emergency room. It was at this time, everyone seemed to realize that we had a wounded soldier with us and the room filled up with what looked to be doctors and nurses. Boy, was I wrong, as they were actually hospital workers with no medical expertise at all who just wanted to see what was going on. Fortunately, a medical orderly came in who spoke English and told me we needed to get the casualty down to the x-ray department. I responded by pushing the gurney towards him and saying that I would be on my way as he seemed to have the situation in hand. He responded by saying he could not take the casualty for the x-ray as he needed to get the room ready for the doctor who was on the way. He pointed down the hall and said the x-ray room was in that direction and to follow the signs. Looking at him and realizing he was serious, I wheeled the gurney around and headed down the hallway in search of the x-ray room. Unfortunately for me, I couldn't read the direction signs as they were in Turk! By chance I came across what I believed to be the x-ray room and, as luck would have it, there was someone there who spoke English. I explained that the soldier had been shot and that the person in the emergency room had ordered me to bring him here for x-rays. The x-ray technician smiled at me, thanked me, and told me to prepare the casualty for the x-rays. I said I was not a medic and had no idea what to do. His response to me was that he only took x-rays and did not prepare patients for x-ray, but he was more than willing to explain what needed to be done. By this time nothing surprised me anymore, so I did not argue with him. During the next ten minutes, I moved the young soldier carefully about on the table placing boards and other supports around him as the x-ray technician yelled to me what to do from behind the glass divider in the room. While it may sound simple, I did all of this with my hand and beret still on his wound. Finally we were done and I wheeled him back to the room where there now seemed to be even more people milling about. Within the group, there was a very distinguished looking gentleman whom looked to be a doctor and who was motioning to me to bring the gurney towards him. As it turned out, he wasn't a doctor at all but rather he wanted the gurney back as he was responsible for it and had thought I would steel steal it from the hospital. As I tried to stop him from taking the gurney back, a young woman came into the room and, in perfect English, asked me who I was and what was happening. By this time, I was completely numb to the situation. I explained the whole series of events to her including the taking of the x-rays which I held under my arm pit. She starting yelling to those present and, to my amazement, everyone in the room went silent. Most disappeared as quickly as they had appeared. She was the doctor and she immediately went about her business of trying to save this young mans life. Other medical staff appeared and including one man who took the x-rays from me. After looking at them under a light, he asked me who had taken them? When I responded that I had helped, He replied that they were excellent and there was no need for anymore. With the situation now appearing to under control I asked the doctor if I could go. She said yes as there was nothing else I could do.

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Arriving back at the Ledra Palace, I reported to **Maj Schultz** who, along with everyone else, was trying to calm the very tense situation that now existed along the entire length of the Regiment's buffer zone. He informed me that all was in hand and that the Australian police would be taking all of our statements during the evening so I was to stay close by. He also asked me if there were any issues at the hospital and I responded that all had gone smoothly. I returned to my room where I took the opportunity to drink several bottles of water and wash my beret, which was soaked in blood.

That evening **Sgt Vivian** and I gave our statements along with others to the Australian police and, for the most part, we just tried to piece together what had happened. The following day, I was called by the adjutant, **Capt Forestell**, to report to the CO's office as **LCol Eddy** wanted to talk to me. My first reaction was that I was in kaka as I had not been up there before. On entering into his office, my first reaction was thinking, wow nice digs, must be nice being the CO. **LCol Eddy** spoke to me and to this day I can't remember what he said, as I was more interested in his office and all the cool stuff it contained. I do remember, however, that at the end of the conversation him shaking my hand and asking me how **Sgt Vivian** was.

Unfortunately, the young Turkish Cypriot soldier died while being operated on. The medical report that followed indicated that there was nothing that could have been done to save his life as the bullet had ruptured key organs and arteries. He was all but dead the moment he was shot.

The days that followed the shooting were very tense and there was very little time to reflect on what had happened or talk about it. I do remember, however, standing by myself in the Officers' Mess feeling sorry for myself, when my best friend, **Capt Rick Brown**, came in, told me to stop being such a pussy, and to have a beer which he put in front of me. Besides him being the best man at my wedding, it was the best thing he could have done.

This event happened over 20 years ago and, to be honest, what I have written probably does not mirror the other people who were there recollections, and for this I regret. Since Cyprus, I have participated in several other missions and have faced other adverse conditions and situations; however, one thing that I am sure of is that because of the incident of 11 December 1988, I was better prepared to face them.

## **Moments in History – the Re-Enactment of the Charge at Moreuil Wood**

*Colonel Ian Barnes*

Three weeks following the action at Moreuil Wood (March 30th) and Rifle Wood (April 1st) where the regiment had suffered considerable casualties it was brought up to strength. On April 15th 1918 it received a draft of 102 men from the Canadian Corps Reinforcement Camp and another draft of 101 men from the Canadian Cavalry Depot at Shorncliffe. On April 24th the Regiment moved into a rest area near Predefin (north of Amiens) and stayed for ten days which allowed time to train the new recruits in riding, the use of the sword and the Hotchkiss machine gun. It was during this period that **Sir Alfred Munnings**, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade war artist, visited the regiment and



had "C" Squadron re-enact the charge at Moreuil Wood. **Lt. S H Williams**, who was a member of "C" Squadron but was acting as the regimental intelligence officer during the battle and later, wrote the book "Stand to Your Horses" represented **Lt Flowerdew** in the re-enactment. According to **Lt Williams** the space where the re-enactment was performed was; "rather too short and was closed off by a barbed wire fence....I found that my mare took some stopping after going all out, as we did in the charge....However we all quite enjoyed the gallop at full speed.... We made the charge three or four times while Mr. Munnings made his sketches." To read more about the action at Moreuil Wood, I highly recommend **S H William's** book "Stand to Your Horses" which is available at the regimental kit shop.

# Last Trumpet Call

**BILLINGS, Robert (Bob)** Age 75, 24 February 2012, Kingston, ON

**BROOKS, William (Al)** Age 77, 2 April 2012, Lethbridge, AB

**BURTON, John** Age 91, 27 February 2012, Victoria, BC

**CHILDS, Vic** Age 87, 15 January 2010, Ladysmith, BC

**CLAGGETT, Bill** Age 76, 3 February 2012, Springhill, FL USA

**CLUETT, Jeremiah** Age 75, 2 February 2012, Nanton, AB

**COSTEN, Ryan** 15 March 2012, Alberta

**FURZER, Jack** Fredericton, NB

**KEAYS, George W** Age 80, 9 November 2011, Ottawa, ON

**MAIN, Wally**, Vancouver, BC

**MARRIOTT, Ronald (Ron)** Age 74, 24 February 2012, Oromocto, NB

**MCGREGOR, Angus** Age 91, 25 November 2011, Victoria, BC

**MCNABB, Ian** 21 January, 2012, Collingwood, ON

**MITCHELL, Pat** Age 81, 4 March 2012, Victoria, BC

**OVENS, Bill** Age 79, 3 March 2012, Edson, AB

**RANSOM, Ron** Age 82, 6 February 2012, Williams Lake, BC

**ROSS, Carl R** Age 87, 27 April 2012, Calgary, AB

**STODDART, Ross** Age 79, December 2011, Calgary, AB

**In Loving Memory of Wives**

**STEVENSON, Isabella (Mallet)**, 21 November 2011, Maple Ridge, BC

*Our apologizes for lack of details in some cases*