



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

SPRING 2013

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

Colonel of the Regiment

By Major-General (ret'd) Cam Ross

On the 28th of March at the Sidney Yacht Club, black hatters celebrated the battle of Moreuil Wood over a fine lunch organized by President of the Vancouver Island Branch, **David Letson**. I had the great pleasure of sitting beside and hearing 'war stories' of two Strathcona veterans. One was a former LCpl and driver of a Ferret Scout Car; the other was a Cpl who was his crew commander. The story of prominence had a setting in early 1958 in the Sinai Desert with 56 Canadian Reconnaissance Squadron, which was formed from the LdSH and The RCD. As related by then LCpl/driver **Rollie Keith**:



"Cpl **Bernie McNichol** and I, as his driver, were on the last single-car patrol of our Squadron at the end of January 1958, prior to the Squadron's departure for home, when we encountered four Bedouins in the process of placing two Italian made anti - tank mines in prepared holes on our patrol track. We had just cleared a crest and surprised them at a distance of about twenty-five meters. This led to their very hasty departure. **Bernie**, having

cleaned our Bren gun earlier, had left the cover on the gun much to my chagrin, as, by the time he was ready to engage them in accordance with our rules of engagement, they had disappeared, despite my attempt to drive them down. It is an incident that **Bernie** has defended ever since by stating that we at least dodged any subsequent inquiry by avoiding the engagement."

The point of this story is its telling in a setting of camaraderie and good nature over an excellent lunch with fine wine amongst friends. There are countless stories like this (read more of **Rollie's** adventures later in this edition of the Newsletter). They are timeless and although from a different era and different place, they are part of our rich Regimental history. I encourage readers to submit similar anecdotes to the *Newsletter* staff @ ldsh@strathconas.ca. They need to be shared.

And that is also what our Regimental Association is all about; gathering the clan to share great experiences of an incredible Regiment. Congratulations go to the new Atlantic Chapter for their inaugural meeting when some 25 serving and retired officers, NCOS, and soldiers attended, and that was on the long Easter weekend no less! Well done President **Rob Stoney** and VP **LCol Dwayne Parsons!**

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Commanding Officer

By Lieutenant-Colonel P.J. Peyton

It is hard to believe that ten months have passed since I assumed command from **Colonel Trev**. Just as he told me, the time is passing by more quickly than I would expect and the opportunities to be overwhelmed by the incredible performance of our troops are plenty. What facilitates the success of this Regiment is more than the soldiers garrisoned at the Harvey building in CFB Edmonton or elsewhere throughout the world. We are blessed with incredible families, an active Association, and very supportive friends of the Regiment. To all of you, on behalf of all Strathconas, I offer sincere thanks.

As a result of operational requirements, recently there was a change in our command team. Our RSM, **CWO Bill Crabb**, was personally selected to be the Sergeant-Major to the Deputy Commander NATO Training Mission Afghanistan. For the past three years, **CWO Crabb** has been a brilliant command team partner, providing exceptional advice to his commanding officers, managing the progression of our troops, and maintaining an exceptional example for all Canadian Forces members. During his year in Afghanistan, I have no doubt that he will provide the same high standard of leadership and example to Afghan Security Forces members. So he does not get too lonely, 16 other Strathconas, who will be deploying within the next few months, will join him. I am certain they will all excel.

It is my great privilege to announce that **MWO Tony Batty** will shortly be promoted and will assume the position of RSM this summer. **MWO Batty** is an incredible

leader with a wealth of operational experience. His commitment to our Regiment and the entire Regimental family is unquestionable and we are looking forward to having him back in unit lines. I have no doubt I will personally benefit from a barrage of uniform and drill critiques, which was his habit the last time we worked together.

The change in RSM's is, of course, not the only change in leadership within the Regimental family. During our Moreuil Wood Parade, leadership of the Regimental Association formally transitioned from the Calgary team to Edmonton. Led by **Howie Owen** for the past four years, the Association has provided sage advice to serving members of the Regiment and exceptional opportunities for our retirees to share stories or gather and reminisce about their days in the Regiment. This newsletter is but one example of the many things the Association does to keep our members current. **Howie**, thanks again from all of us. As the Regimental Association responsibilities transition to Edmonton, we are pleased to have the opportunity to work closely with its president **Colonel (Ret'd) Ian Barnes** and his team. Our thanks to the Edmonton Association for stepping up to the task.

The hangars have been empty and the hallways in unit lines quiet for the past several months. Since our last *Newsletter*, the Regiment has embarked on a very demanding field cycle, including Primary Combat Function (PCF) courses, gun camps, and field training exercises. Our post-Christmas activities were dominated by a frigid gun camp and exercise in February, which easily could have counted for winter survival training. While A Squadron was busy creating rooster



tails of snow from the backs of the Leopard 2 tanks, Recce Squadron was sleeping in snow shelters and launched into an exceptional exercise in the civilian area between Wainwright and the North Saskatchewan River. A Squadron and Recce Squadron are now in the high readiness training cycle as part of Task Force 1-13, led by 1PPCLI. At the time of this publication, they will be nearing completion of a four-week battle group live exercise in Wainwright, which is the most aggressive live-fire exercise that has been undertaken in the area for several years. Needless to say, this exercise has consumed the bulk of the Regiment's personnel, either as the primary training audience, safety staff, or exercise support. The exercise will be followed by a two-week break, after which the bulk of the Regiment will again deploy to Wainwright in support of Ex MAPLE RESOLVE, a four-week validation exercise for the Task Force.

As the weather finally starts to warm, your Regiment is looking forward to trotting into our summer routine: maintenance; Spruce Meadows; national tasks; and, some well earned summer leave. Already the calendar is starting to fill for the fall period with a Freedom of the

County Parade in Sherwood Park on 24 August followed by an aggressive PCF cycle and field deployment. As always we look forward to any opportunity to reconnect with our Association members.

On behalf of the A/RSM, **MWO Mark Riley**, and me, many thanks to **Kathy** and the *Newsletter* team for another outstanding edition.

Strathcona's Regimental Association Now Headquartered in Edmonton

By Colonel (Ret'd) Ian Barnes

March 21, 2013 marked the end of one era and the beginning of another with the transfer of the headquarters of the Strathcona's Regimental Association from Calgary to Edmonton. The new executive of the Association is currently composed of President **Ian Barnes**, Vice-President **Jim Merritt**, Secretary/Treasurer **Mike Hogan**, and Membership **Rick Dennis**.

The official name of the Association is: "Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Regimental Association". The shortened versions are "Strathcona's Regimental Association", Strathcona's Association" or "Association".

The official address for any correspondence is: Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Regimental Association, PO Box 10500 Station Forces, Edmonton, Alberta, T5J 4J5. Our web site can be reached through the Society web site at <www.strathconas.ca>. The president's phone number is 780

418 3161 and e-mail bevian@telus.net.

The Constitution and bylaws dated 12 June 1984 must now be amended to reflect these changes. Amendments will be presented at the annual general meeting (AGM) along with other changes required in updating the bylaws.

The new executive has met once and will meet monthly until further notice. In accordance with the bylaws, the official Association year will follow the calendar year and three general meetings and the AGM must be held within that time frame. To date, one general meeting has been held in Calgary. The two other meetings and the AGM will be held in Edmonton. Dates and timings will be announced on the Association web site.

The new executive is in the process of selecting other members of the executive, sorting out the various duties, and 'coming to grips' with the annual calendar of events and activities of the Association as well as updating the web site and keeping it current. The biggest event on the horizon during the next two years will be the planning, organizing, and conducting of the 2015 national reunion which is planned for June 11 – 14, 2015 in Edmonton. Other challenges facing the executive are

increasing membership, examining ways to expand the transparency of the Association, involving the many chapters of the Association that have formed across the country in the planning and operation of our business, and involving all members in the general (quarterly) meetings and the AGM. We are also examining other initiatives to expand the connection of the Association with its members. All of these ideas will require time and input from our members and, eventually, approval from the general membership at the AGM.

Our membership numbers are decreasing even though more members of the Regiment are leaving the forces all the time. There are thousands of retired Strathcona's across Canada yet only a few hundred belong to the Association. In order to be an organization that supports the Regiment, helps one another in time of need, and keeps alive the memories of days gone by, we must recruit new members as they leave the Regiment and those who have left over the years but have not yet joined our organization. Let's keep the memories alive and be there should one of our members need help and comfort, remember, "Once A Strathcona – Always A Strathcona".

SAVE THE DATE

2015 Reunion

The 2015 Reunion hosted by the Strathcona's Association will be held
June 12 – 15, 2015 in Edmonton, Alberta.

Details will be published in the fall edition of the newsletter.

Bookings will be accepted starting in early 2014.

Ontario Branch News Flash

During the Colonel of the Regiment's (CoR) visit to Ottawa in February, he provided the Ottawa-based Strathconas, serving and retired, with an update on Regimental events and family news. The turnout was good with **Mark Egener, Bill Megill, Greg Hug, Pascal Demers, Trevor Cadieu, Leonard Dunn, Islam Elkorazati, Digger Macdougall, Bill Logan, Bruce McKinnon, Richard Stacey, Tom Burnie,** and **Roy Forestell** attending the briefing and the follow-on brunch in the Market. We were also fortunate to have **Darrell Dean**, the Colonel Commandant, with us for the morning. Well done to **Chris Adams** and **Rob Clarke** for "herding the cats".

During the informal discussions, the CoR proposed we consider re-energizing the Ottawa Branch of the Regimental Association. As many of you know, there was an Ottawa Branch for several decades, run primarily by the serving officers posted to NDHQ. The late 90's saw a shift, with much better electronic communications, to an Ontario Branch to make it more inclusive. Concurrently, there was a significant increase on the Army's presence in Kingston and we wanted to include those folks. In addition, the leadership transitioned from the serving to the retired gang. Recently, there has been an increase in the Regimental family population in Kingston and a corresponding decrease in Ottawa; this resulted in the shift of the Ontario Branch leadership to Kingston.

Discussions have occurred between the interested parties in Kingston and Ottawa and consensus has been

achieved in a number of areas:

- (1) there should be a Kingston and an Ottawa Chapter within the Ontario Branch;
- (2) events will be open to everyone in the family;
- (3) mixed executive of serving and retired folks in both locations with Kingston being the Ontario lead;
- (4) pro-active coordination between both groups - in part to keep schedules de-conflicted;
- (5) maximum use of e-news to keep everyone informed; and
- (6) no dues; generally, pay as you go for social events.

There is a strong team in Kingston; they have planned and held a number of excellent events. Since the transition of the leadership to Kingston, events in Ottawa have been quite low key - we hope to change this situation as appropriate. Currently, **Chris Adams** and **Rob Clarke** have volunteered to represent the serving members. What we need now are a couple of volunteers from the retired gang to help plan and coordinate the two or three events that normally occur each year in Ottawa.

The Ontario Branch has been effective for the past 25 years (at least) in planning and executing events that have allowed family members to participate in either Ottawa or Kingston or both. The suggestion to formalize a Chapter of the Ontario Branch in Ottawa to coordinate upcoming family events is achievable and is to the benefit of us all. Watch this space and the e-news for further developments.

KINGSTON UPDATE

As you can see from **Greg Hug's** article above, things are evolving on the Association front in Ontario. The Kingston Branch continues to focus its efforts on organizing and supporting four key events locally while keeping in mind the pace of activity for those still serving and those retired, still working or partially working (social calendar synchronization is always a treat).

Captain Russ Ells continues as President and loves to task as the need arises; **John Stuckart** fills the Vice-President's position and keeps the executive focussed on developing the "family" in the local area; **CWO Kevin Mulhern** continues as the Secretary and, with his pending retirement from active service in September, will have more time to handle the work assigned to him by **Russ**. **Tom Martineau** is our Treasurer but, with pay as you go events being our model to operate in, his work load has not been that bad; we all enjoy his stories at executive meetings though and his place in the country is not a bad location to hold Melfa River BBQs. **Captain Stewart MacLean** is posted this APS to Colorado Springs so, by democratic process (through the President), **Captain Islam Elkorazti** will step up to the plate as our new membership representative. **Bill Logan** is our retired Ottawa POC and is a great help.

What is next on our calendar? After a very successful Moreuil Wood dinner at the Fort Frontenac Officers Mess on 23 March, our next event will be the Melfa River BBQ at **Tom and Carole's** place outside of Kingston on 25 May. Dress is casual

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*Ontario Branch News flash cont'd
Continued From Page 4*

BBQ attire and the cost for food is \$10 per person. All are welcome to attend if they are in the area (it is a Saturday); overnight B&B's can be arranged for those wanting to stay over.

After that, it is the Stampede Breakfast on 6 of July at the ANAF Club located on the east side of Kingston. Again, the price is \$10 a person and all are welcome to attend. It seems more of the retired members have the Stampede gear these days and like to have an opportunity to wear them in public!

We are also supporters of Corps events in the Ontario area so mark your calendars for 26 July 2013 for the Annual Henry Sampson Golf Tournament in Smith Falls. This is a great event to attend for those in the area and you never know whom you might run into at the clubhouse or on the fairways.



Some of the Strathconas serving and retired currently in the Kingston region.

Lost Trails

Fall/Winter 2012 Newsletters which have been returned

Bell J - Campbellford, ON
Bird LE - Portage La Prairie, MB
Cartwright DW - Edmonton, AB
Coppelstone DV - Calgary, AB
Doran DM - Ayr, ON
Gislason RH - Camrose, AB

Jessome DF - Fort McMurray, AB
McCullough BR - Mississauga, ON
Pirie PG - Moose Jaw, SK
Smith GA - Namaimo, BC
Tilson RF - Deep River, ON

60th Anniversary of the Korea War Armistice

By Roy Jardine



27th July 2013 marks the 60th Anniversary of the Armistice Agreement that was implemented and silenced the guns on the Korean peninsula. Since then, many Koreans have immigrated to Canada and have contributed to the multicultural and economic fabric of our Country. The Koreans are grateful to the men and women who served in the Korean War and would like to honour them on the 60th Anniversary. As recent tensions continue to rise in Korea, this becomes an important opportunity to gather as a community and collectively hope for peace.

The day will begin with a military ceremony at the Military Museum, 4520 Crowchild Trail S.W., Calgary at 1100 hours. The ceremony will be followed by a private reception for the veterans, their families, and dignitaries. The day will end with a concert at 1900 hours at the Jack Singer Concert Hall which is located in the EPCOR Center, 205 – 8th Avenue S.E., Calgary. This concert will showcase the achievements of Korean-Canadian musicians.

Invitations will be sent at a later date.

Korea Veterans who are interested in attending either or both of these celebrations should contact **Roy Jardine** at 403-282-1151, e-mail jardinei@telus.net, or **Doug Cooper** at 403-255-8435, e-mail dbcooper@shaw.ca, who will pass your information on to the organizing committees.

As three Squadrons of the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) fought in Korea from 1951 to 1954, it is hoped that as many Strathcona Korea Veterans as possible will be available to attend the 60th Anniversary. A note of interest, "A" Squadron was in Korea when the Armistice was signed.



MOREUIL WOOD LUNCH - 2013

Back row - John Innes, Rollie Keith, Cam Ross, Paul Philcox, Michael Butler Second row - Robert Bradley, Gary del Villano, Georges Bordet, Peter Jarvis, Peter Furnell Middle row - Bob Black, Gene Lake, Bill Donaldson, Bernie McNicholl, Gary Miller

Front row - Pat Patterson, Kim Letson, Gwen Patterson, Paul Crober, Dave Letson, Richard Kitcher.

Taken at the annual lunch meeting of the West Coast Black Hatters, 28 March, 2013, at the Sidney North Saanich Yacht Club

1292 LdSH (RC) RCACC Calgary Mess Dinner and Museum Tour

More than 50 Officers, cadets and guests enjoyed the Mess Dinner held on Saturday, December 8th, 2012 at The Military Museums of Calgary. The event began with a guided museum tour led by Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Museum Curator, **WO Ted MacLeod**. The tour was an opportunity for the cadets to see some of the wartime history of Canadian troops and especially that of the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians).

At the dinner, guest speaker, **WO MacLeod** shared stories of two veterans who overcame great obstacles through hard work and perseverance. He stated these examples well-illustrated the Strathcona's' regimental motto "Perseverance". The cadets followed the tradition of the mess dinner with toasts and remembrance observations.



Fall/Winter 2013 Edition Deadline

The deadline for submissions for the Fall/Winter 2013
Strathcona Newsletter is

8 November 2013.

Submissions should be forwarded to 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

Strathcona's Association (Calgary Branch)

Reunion Invitation

Greetings fellow Strathconas! Please consider this brief note as our invitation to the Calgary Branch Reunion. It is our way of asking all retired and serving members of our great Regiment to be with us in Calgary for a weekend in September.

The last reunion in Calgary took place in 1995 when the Regiment was stationed at Harvey Barracks. The planning for this event is well under way and we hope that many of you will respond with a "We Will Be There". Finally, I have included the names of the Committee for you to contact if you have any questions.

Howie Owen	(403) 256-5054	howen04@telus.net
Peter Wonderham	(403) 251-2706	pswonderham@hotmail.com
Slider Welch	(403) 281-9017	kandm232@shaw.ca
Clair Lane	(403) 289- 2698	anlane@telus.net
Bob Evans	(403) 246-3577	jandbevans@shaw.ca
Ron White	(403) 238-1297	atwhite@shaw.ca

REUNION FEES: (3 Days)

Association members	Spouse/Partner	\$75.00 Per Person
Serving members	Spouse/Partner	\$75.00 Per Person
Non members (2013)	Spouse/Partner	\$95.00 Per Person

SPECIAL EVENT: (ONE DAY)

Friday 13 September 13	Meet & Greet only	\$35.00 Per Person
Saturday 14 September 13	Dinner only	\$45.00 Per Person
Sunday 15 September 13	Breakfast/Brunch	\$17.00 Per Person

NOTE: The prices quoted above are for the events held in the Auditorium at 285 RCL and **do not** include Golf or Museum Visit.

Golf Green Fees (9 Holes) are \$40.00, payable at the clubhouse on Saturday morning.

Museum Visit for those who require transport is \$5.00 per person.

If you intend to be with us, we ask you to please send in your registration form and the payment ASAP. To obtain a copy of the registration form, please contact one of the committee members listed above or visit the Regimental website <http://www.strathconas.ca/uploads/files/cgyreunionregistration2013.pdf>.

Strathcona's Association (Calgary Branch)

By *Howie Owen*

Greetings! Once again everyone, I hope the real spring weather has arrived in your area wherever that may be. Finally, we Calgarians are getting a taste of spring.

As most of you know, on Thursday, 12 March 2013, at the 95th anniversary celebration of the Battle of Moreuil Wood, I had the honour and privilege of signing the "Transfer of Authority" scroll and, by so doing, transferred the financial and administrative duties of the Strathcona's Regimental Association from the Alberta Branch in Calgary area to the Edmonton Branch.

This change was the final step in the planning and preparation (P and P) process, which, at times, was a controversial move among some members; however, in the end, logic and common sense prevailed. As the past-President of the Regimental Association (Alberta Branch), I want to say thank you to the executive and committee members who worked with me during that time. Together, they made my job easy.

Also, I want to recognize the gentlemen of the "Old Guard" who supported the committees by attending the meetings to lend their support, to offer ideas, and to volunteer when asked to do so. These gentlemen include guys like **Bob Evans, Ron White, Bill Schultz, Rick Williams, Henry Wyatt, Dean Noble, and John Sawatzky** to name a few. I would be remiss if I did not include another group, the serving members of the Regiment who, with the permission of the CO, the 2IC and the RSM, always managed to send a group of members to Calgary to be with us for a few hours at our lunches to just enjoy each other's stories, to have a beer, and to share a lot of laughs. So to **LCol Paul Peyton, Maj R. MacKenzie** (Hogg), and the RSM, **CWO Bill Crabb**, we say "Thanks".

To conclude this message I want to mention again the reunion in Calgary on 13 to 15 September 2013. P and P for this event are well under way and the Committee is working hard to make this an event to remember. For those who may not know the details please contact any of the three Organizing Committee members listed below:

Howie Owen: (403)256-5054 or howen04@telus.net

Peter Wonderham: (403)251-2706 or pswonderham@hotmail.com

Slider Welsh: (403)281-9017 or kandm232@shaw.ca

We hope to see many old friends there. Lastly, we wish all the Edmonton Branch Executive and Committee members "God's Speed and Good Luck" in the future.

Correction Notice

Recently, Mrs Hannelore van Noord, wrote to correct the enlistment age given in a previous article on Carl Ross. Despite enlistment age being 19 years old, Carl joined at 15 1/2 years of age on 9 October 1941 and served overseas during WW II (he was demobilized following the war but re-enrolled in 1949). Interestingly, Mrs van Noord notes Carl and his wife, Muriel, were married for 56 years while she and Casey van Noord, another Strathcona, were married for 46 years until his death in 2011.

We note the strength of our Regiment is not only in the service of our members but in the devotion and support of our families. We would also like to thank Mrs. van Noord for her very generous financial donation to the Newsletter.

Eds

56 Canadian Reconnaissance Squadron RCAC

By Rollie Keith

Rollie began his military and armoured service as a reserve trooper with the BCR in 1953 as a Sherman crewman. He joined A Sqn LdSH(RC), 1955-57, as a Centurion driver; 56 Recce Sqn, Tpr/ LCpl, Ferret commander and driver, 1957; B Sqn Ldsh(RC) 1958-61, Centurion crewman; 8CH (PL) 1962-67 2Lt/Lt, Tp Ldr/ Battle Capt, 67-71, Capt Instructor/Staff Armour School; Airborne Regt, 1971-73, Capt DCO/A/CO, 1 AB Svc Coy; LdSH(RC) 1974-76, Capt, Tech Adj/ Regt, OpsO; UNTSO 1976-77; Armd Instr CFSME 1978-82.

The Squadron was formed 56 years ago, in January 1957, for Operation Rapid Step 3. It was to provide an armoured reconnaissance patrol unit and a Canadian combat arms unit for the United Nations Emergency Force following the 1956 Suez War. Formed from The RCD, LdSH (RC), and supporting services, the Squadron was equipped with 23 Ferret scout cars. We deployed to the Suez Canal Zone in March, then quickly moved to Rafah and the Gaza Strip in support of the Force. By April, the squadron "F Echelon" was reconstituted into four patrol troops, each of five cars, three of which conducted three-week rotational mobile patrols on the Egyptian side, along the southern two-thirds of the International Frontier with Israel. Our task was to monitor the frontier and prevent any Egyptian military or armed police from entering into a 500-meter zone along the frontier. Much of the area was mined, but our long hot, sandy days of patrolling were, in general, routine.

The extensive miles on the Ferrets along with shortages of tires and spare parts, however, took their toll. This led to an exchange of frontage with the Yugoslav Recce Battalion in August, on the northern third of the frontier, where the successive Canadian squadrons were to spend the next eight years. Here, we worked from austere patrol bases, generally, in two-car patrols.

In September, when I, as a LCpl car commander, and my driver, **Tpr Roy Cooper**, in an unusual single-car patrol, manned a feature to observe the frontier and the 500-meter zone. An Egyptian army motorized platoon mounted in two Gaz jeeps and two BTR 152 APC's entered the restricted zone to move to our location of observation. Leaving **Tpr Cooper** to support me with the Bren Gun, I approached the intruders with my Sten Gun, and informed the two officers that they were within the restricted zone. Regardless, they deployed their platoon astride their vehicles a few meters from me and charged their weapons. I also cocked my Sten a few feet from the lead officer's head thinking this might be a very short day, one without a good end. I was totally focused and without blinking spent the longest fifteen or twenty minutes of my life, confident that Roy would engage if a shot were fired. Thankfully, the Egyptians saw my resolve, mounted up, and withdrew.

The next day, as commander of the second car of a routine patrol, extensive machine gun fire was received a few feet over the car as we crossed a wadi. I assure you that the armoured glass in the fighting compartment vision slits were utilized for observation as we proceeded out of the wadi. Once clear, I dismounted to observe a deployed platoon located at the source of the firing, some two hundred meters distant. The incident was reported but I heard no more about it.

In December, as our time in theatre was about to end, I commanded the second car in a two-car patrol led by **Sgt Fred Jefferson** who had the Catholic padre as a passenger. We were proceeding along a sandy track, when I noticed that my car had disturbed an anti-tank mine pressure plate that, while broken from the mine, had been placed back over the detonators. Informing Fred along with the padre created some concern, but I dismounted and found the mine. My car's tire track was within a quarter of an inch of activating it as well as a second mine. I had no difficulty in disarming the mine and removing it from the track in accordance with procedure; however, the half dozen hours in awaiting an UNTSO observer to visit the scene allowed me to contemplate the seriousness of what we were employed to do!

A number of other incidents occurred during our ten-month deployment about which I have always believed we were very fortunate to only lose two fatally- and one seriously-wounded along with several less injured out of our squadron.

Strathcona Mounted Troop's 2013 Schedule

DATES	EVENT	LOCATION
23-24 May	RCMP's Sam Steele Exhibit Grand Opening	Regina, Saskatchewan
1 June	Crystal Kids	Edmonton, Alberta
5-9 June	Spruce Meadows "National" Tournament	Calgary, Alberta
13-16 June	Spruce Meadows "Continental" Tournament	Calgary, Alberta
27-30 June	Spruce Meadows "Canada One" Tournament	Calgary, Alberta
1 July	Calgary Heritage Park, Canada Day	Calgary, Alberta
3-7 July	Spruce Meadows "North American" Tournament	Calgary, Alberta
5 July	Calgary Stampede Parade	Calgary, Alberta
19 July	K Days Parade	Edmonton, Alberta
20 July	Gibbons Pioneer Days	Gibbons, Alberta
21 July	Wild Mountain Music Festival	Hinton, Alberta
9-11 August	Valleyview Annual fair and Rodeo	Valleyview, Alberta
15-16 August	Rocky Mountain Cadet Camp	Cochrane, Alberta
24 August	Sherwood Park Freedom of the City	Sherwood Park, AB
2 September	Calgary Heritage Park, Labour Day	Calgary, Alberta
4-8 September	Spruce Meadows "Masters" Tournament	Calgary, Alberta

Regimental Terminology

In editing articles for the Regimental Newsletter, we note writers often use a variety of terms for former and serving members. The most common and most widely accepted one is "Strath" or "Straths" in the plural form. Some use the moniker "Strat". There are others, some of which are quite inventive. Many are without expletives (a little editorial humour here, people).

Paragraph 2 to Article 2102 of the Regimental Manual states "A member of the Regiment is referred to as a "Strathcona" whereas several members are "Strathconas," that is without the use of an apostrophe." Unfortunately, the Manual does not provide a shortened term for its members. We have spoken to the original author of the Regimental Manual about this oversight and all he can say is, "My bad!"

The Manual is under review once again (**Vince Fagnan's** second edition was an amazing improvement over the original) and a recommendation is being submitted to include an accepted term, preferably "Strath" and "Straths". As a group (of two), we abhor the term "Strat". Now, we want your thoughts.

Eds

Regimental Registry

In the last edition of the Newsletter, it was proposed to establish a registry so Straths could contact one another more readily, especially those who have been out of contact for some time. Readers were asked to provide feedback to help determine if such a mechanism was required. The clear lack of response indicates there is no interest in establishing it as Facebook and other social media may provide the requisite contact means. Consequently, the proposal is no longer being pursued.

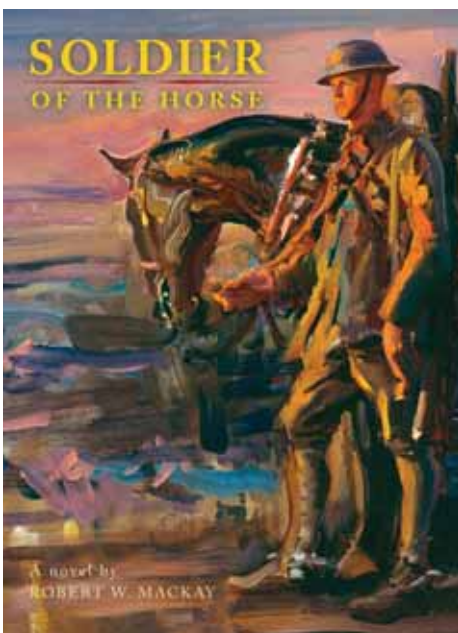
Eds



*Regimental Band
Date unknown, but thought to be late 1960s*

Soldier of the Horse

A book by **Robert Mackay**, *Soldier of the Horse*, published by TouchWood Editions has been read and recommended by a number of Strathconas, hence its mention here. The story revolves around a WW I Strathcona and his trials at home and abroad.



Soldier of the Horse is set in the last days of Canadian Cavalry Brigade and is rich in the history of that era. It reflects on the life of horse-mounted soldiers and raises the perennial issue of why men fight rather than flee and, perhaps more perplexing, how, after some relief, they can return to the terror of the front lines time and time again. Many of the themes in the book remain today including the conflicts soldiers face between their sworn duty to their country and those of their allegiances at home.

From the pull of family and loved ones to the worst horrors men can impose on each other in warfare, the story flows easily and proves to be entertaining.

The book was winner of the Gold Medal for Military/Wartime Fiction at the 2012 Independent Publisher (IPPY) Book Awards and is available in the Kit Shop.

Saying Goodbye to 2012 and Hello to 2013

By: Captain Corey Mclean

The 2012 season for the Strathcona Mounted Troop (SMT) was quite the experience for me. I was surprised when I got the nod from now **Colonel Trevor Cadieu**, which saw me leave my position as First Troop Leader for A Squadron to Headquarters Squadron and SMT, where I would tackle a whole new herd of soldiers (pun intended). Consequently, the very day we saw the Leopard 2's arrive at the Regiment from overseas was the first day of a unique job for me. Despite breaking my first, second, and third bone since joining the Canadian Forces, leading SMT last year was a rewarding job that I am sure I will tell stories about to anyone who will listen for years to come.

2012 saw the Troop perform as far west as Abbotsford, BC and as far east as Toronto, ON. Toronto was an honour for the Troop as we were tasked with escorting the Grey Cup, along with members from the Governor General's Horse Guards (GGHG) who were led by **Captain Andrew Zeitoun**. The GGHG members were gracious enough to host us during our stay and volunteered their personally-owned mounts for us to ride in the parade. This included an immense draft horse named "**Big Tom**" who definitely had me worried that a fall from his mammoth height would amount to my fourth broken rib of the season. Luckily for me, the parade went off without a hitch and we ended the 2012 season in style.

The offseason has seen the departure of several seasoned riders back to other troops and squadrons including the long standing Troop Ride Master, **Warrant Officer James Clark**; however, SMT had a full list of volunteers from the Regiment waiting in the wings to replace them and **Sergeant Paul Kruhlak** returned to the Troop after being away since 2004. He has the distinguished honour of taking up the flame as this year's new Ride Master.

Soldiers were not the only new additions to the SMT. The recently promoted **Master Corporal Adriano Bernardo**, along with the new Troop Warrant, **Sergeant Christopher Zubkowski**, have worked diligently to procure 4 four new horses for the Troop: **Saxon**; **Stryder**; **Supremacy**; and **Spartan**. These new mounts are being put through their paces during the Basic Equine Ride Course, which all new members in SMT must complete. Recently, the new additions to the herd, as well as our riders, have greatly benefitted from a week of personal riding instructions generously volunteered by Spruce Meadow's Ride Master, **Mr. Albert Klay**.

This season is shaping up to be another great year for the SMT. We are continuing our strong relationship with the RCMP and we will be starting our 2013 Ride Season by participating in the Grand Opening Ceremonies for the Sam Steele Exhibit at the RCMP Heritage Center in Regina, SK. This should be a perfect start to another great ride season for SMT, and I expect to have as successful a year in 2013 as we did in 2012, hopefully with a few less broken ribs on my end.



*"Snow Leopard" C/S 22A...I appreciate you,
from Geoffrey V. Bennetto*

Your Dispatches

"PERSEVERANCE" PAYS OFF AGAIN

Good afternoon, I posted a piece in one of the newsletters (maybe the fall) looking for other Straths that may have been in Korea with Dad as he was there with B Squadron in 1952-1953.

My Dad died only 3 short years after his return home from Korea; he died of coronary heart disease. My Mom applied for survivor pension; however, VAC denied her claim as they stated Dad's heart disease was not related to his service and she appealed but was rejected again.

After much research on our father which has been so rewarding for his family, we re-applied to VAC based on new evidence that came out of the Australian Study and after 58 years, Mom was awarded a monthly disability pension and was paid back 3 years and she will now be able to apply for the VIP.

I was wondering if we could put something in the next newsletter?

Regards

Diana Haslehurst

Diana, Congratulations on your "PERSEVERANCE" in dealing with the bureaucracy. We are sure other readers will take heart in your victory. It is unfortunate that, sometimes, our veterans and their families have to virtually jump through hoops to receive their entitlements. We welcome any other encouraging success stories or hints on "battling bureaucracy" that other readers may wish to pass on.

*If any of our readers would like to follow up on the Australian Study Diana mentioned, the findings of this study were accepted by Veterans Affairs Canada and you can read up on this at <http://kvacanada.com/disabilitypension.htm>. **Ed***

I have often thought of writing you. It is always quite informative and well written. I may have written you a few years ago (and forgotten).

I noted you mention Padre Greene and Marion's 60th Anniversary. Bob was with the Straths from Barton Stacey (in U.K.) and into Italy. We were 2nd troop, B Squadron.

I got to page 15 and noted the guys Strathcona badge. What really caught my eye was "30 May 44". I find that Trooper Holtslander was killed. I didn't know him, but 1st troop was to our right on the approach to Torres Crossroads. Tpr J.H. Hall was in their tank and was the only survivor. His obituary was in the Free Press, Nov 20/12. Our tank was also hit – 2 were killed and Sgt Zeal was badly wounded and dies the next day. I took a mortar blast, and was taken to #8 Field Hospital in Ceprano, on my way back to Canada, I had a good visit with MGen Hoffmister.

*Yours Truly,
James Fargey*

*Thanks for the information James. Kathy has forwarded the information to Jason Holtslander. **Ed***

I played in the Strathcona drum and bugle band in the 70s. I am wondering if perhaps an article could be done reference the band. I remember when we were in Cyprus in 72 I believe, that the Brits asked us to open a polo match. We didn't know how to play God save the Queen so we had a week to learn, which we did. Also recall bus driver getting lost and driving us through the Troodos Mts. And barely making it around some of the switchbacks. Playing in the band was a second duty and we were part of the heavy weapons support section. We employed 50 cal and 106 recoilless rifles in our group. Just a thought.

Paul Bennett

*Thanks for the great suggestion Paul. We did manage to find a photo of the Regimental Band and would welcome memories from any of our readers who had any association with the Band, past or present. **Ed***

Hello, my Father was posted to CFB Borden after his return to Canada from Korea. He went to Korea with B Squadron of the LdSH in May 1952 to June 1953. My Father died in June 1956 at the very young age of 25 from a heart disease. Prior to Dad's death, he played hockey and baseball for Borden. He played on the Garrison Hockey League with the Borden Tankers.

After his death, Major Danny McLeod (also a LdSH) requested a trophy to be raised in Dad's honour and it is our understanding that the trophy was initiated and was to be presented annually to the most gentle-man like player; however, we have not yet been able to locate the trophy and were hoping that there is someone out there that remembers Dad or remembers the trophy.

Regards

Diana Haslehurst

diana_haslehurst@rogers.com

Diana, we have asked a few serving members to look around the base in Borden in the hopes of locating this trophy, but no luck. Now it's up to our readers, anyone? Ed

Dear Comrades

I read the Fall/Winter 2012 Regimental Society Newsletter with great interest. Especially impressive was Ken Vivian's description of his role in the pre-Christmas shooting near Ledra Palace. I remember Ken well. I hadn't remembered he'd later been awarded the Order of Military Merit. Well done, Ken!

Enclosed for the Society's use is a small donation. I only wish I could afford more, but in retirement our family funds are a bit tight.

Regarding the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal, please add my name to the Strathcona roster. I was awarded the Jubilee Medal in Lethbridge, in October 2012, primarily (I guess) for my volunteer work with folk in grief and with families affected by alcohol or addiction.

Yours very truly,

Padre George Ward

Chap (P) LdSH(RC) 1978-1981

Thanks for your donation George and congratulations on the receipt of the Diamond Jubilee Medal. Ed

Good day I was hoping you could help me. I'm a 52 yr old ex-military guy. I'm looking for Martin Barry. He would have joined your outfit in the late 70's early 80's and is probably now retired. If you could forward my email to him I would much appreciate it.

Thank you for your time.

Regards,

From the desk of

Stephen Maksymetz

redcommguy@gmail.com

Unfortunately Martin Barry isn't listed on the Strathcona Family Roll. Can anyone help? Ed

Dear Sirs,

My husband was with the Strathcona's in Korea. We both went over for the 30 year reunion in 1983. Unfortunately, like many of our vets he will not be among us by summer time.

I've been cleaning out some of his 'hiding spots'. I have come across all kinds of pictures. What do I do with them? Any suggestions? Look forward to your magazine.

Mrs. Kaye Lidster

Kaye, sorry to hear that Donald is not doing well. Our thoughts are with you both. I'm certain our Regimental Museum in Calgary would welcome pictures and any other memorabilia that you may find. Ed

D Day plus 25 Years

By Jack Downey

On the 6th of June 1969, the 25th Anniversary of D-Day was observed at Courselles sur Mer, Normandy France, the Canadian landing site. The Anniversary was a sad and a happy time. It was a time for the veterans to reflect and pay their respects to those who fell and a time to meet old comrades and French citizens not seen since the war. Two of those veterans of Normandy and I were stationed with NATO in Germany. Our CO, **LCol René Gutknecht**, asked me to take my civilian car and ferry these two old war-horses to the ceremonies in France and back. The two war-horses were **RSM Harry Graham** and **Sgt Maj Art Ledger**. Together, with me, a warrant officer, were known as the "Three Mossketeers."

Without a moment's hesitation we set out with **Art** reading a map of Sweden and **Harry** reading one of Spain, between sips of a fluid I was not allowed to imbibe in. The driver should at least try to find Normandy. They both fancied themselves as "the" co-driver/navigator". They did quite well; a 12-hour trip took the better part of two days. We breached the Dutch border, thrashed in and out of Belgium three times, and finally broke into France but heading in the wrong direction. Hello, a road sign pointing West to Rouen! After reaching the English Channel we drifted south to Courselles sur Mer. We had arrived!

Courselles was jam-packed with Canadian veterans, bands, dignitaries, and assorted locals from inland who were there to honour the Canadians who had liberated them. We, being somewhat tardy in our arrival, found no rooms closer than Caen, 30 kilometres inland. **Harry** espied a comrade he knew from the First Hussars days, **Leo Gariepy**, who had commanded the first floating (DD) Sherman Tank ashore on D-Day. **Leo** had bashed through garden walls, hosed down the German HQ's with machine gun fire, and generally made a nuisance of himself to the defenders all the way to Caen.

We grabbed **Leo** and went into a bistro. **Leo**, on demobilization, had gone to work for Shell Oil in Montreal, but was not happy. He returned to Courselles and became the Head of Sewer and Water, in his words "the Art Carney of the town." What we needed were rooms. **Leo** was sympathetic, but nothing was available except a dump called "Chez Charlotte." **Leo** warned us that the fair Charlotte lived with a captain of wrecks, read salvage operator for the Royal Navy, who, when not blotto, was heading for a bistro to get blotto. A more dire warning was that if Captain Squid, as we christened him, and fair Charlotte were thrashing around on the barroom floor, fighting or otherwise, we were not to disturb them. Eventually they would stop and look after their rare customers.

On arrival at Chez Charlottes, we noticed that it was what the tour guidebooks would describe as a "quaint little French bistro." Canadians would use words like "dump", "fly trap", or "dive." The cat slept in the basket of bread. A floor rag, dishcloth, sheets, and clothing on the line were the same shade of gray. The mattresses looked like Napoleon's horse had slept in them the night before. Amazingly enough, the food was quite good. We avoided the chicken, as **Leo** had told us "Lady Charlotte" often forgot to remove the guts. Wonder of wonders, Captain Squid bought us a drink and did not "interfere" with Charlotte while we were there. Charlotte may once have been a beauty, but time and wine had taken their toll. When we saw her, she could have fit right into a French film, as one of the cronies at the base of the Guillotine, screaming "off with their heads!"

The next day we attended the ceremonies at the landing site and the Canadian War Cemetery. One saw the veterans, by then in their late forties, overcome with emotion. At the cemetery, one saw the names on the grave markers of 18- and 19-year-old boys. There were a few up around 25 years, but very few older. One's heart cried out for their souls. This and many other gravesites in France, Belgium, and The Netherlands are actually deeded to Canada. In every one, including the WW I sites, there is a Canadian maple leaf on each headstone. The name, rank, number, regiment, and religion, noted by a Christian cross, star of David, Muslim crescent, etc., are engraved on the marker. Some grave stones are inscribed with "Unknown Soldier" and simply say "Known Only To God."

Art and **Harry** were 18 years old when they came ashore in Normandy. They were troopers with the 1st Hussars from London, Ontario.

On completion of the Canadian graveside ceremonies, I ordered them into the car and would not tell them where we were going. I took them to the German War Grave Cemetery, where we walked amongst their graves. There we saw Hans 17 years, Fritz 20, Wolfgang 16, etc. From there we went to an American grave site, and, again, the vast majority were mere boys. What a terrible waste! The survivors of WW II are now dying at a rate of 84 a day. It would be a grand thing on Canada Day to take one of them out to your local celebration. After all, with out them there would be no Canada Day.

Strathcona Humour

ALL RANKS CO-OPERATION

The year was 1970 or '71, prior to the Fort Garry Horse being rebadged to the Strathcona's. This scribbler was the Regimental DCO/2IC. The Regiment was scheduled to move to Wainwright for gun camp to be followed by the summer brigade concentration. We were to be located in the area of Hart Lake for six to seven weeks and housed under canvas for the period. The shower point was at main base.

As always in a move of this nature, it was necessary to send an advance party several days ahead to prepare the area for the arrival of the regimental main body. The advance party would consist of personnel from each squadron as each one had their own area separate and apart from Headquarters Squadron and RHQ.

Preparation of the areas took the form of setting up canvas for the various messes and a common kitchen for all ranks and the provision of toilets, which had to be dug to a standard depth as set forth in a hygiene and sanitation manual. It also dictated the number required. In addition the CO, 2IC, and RSM had their own privies. Funnel-type urinals were set up at each mess/canteen. In addition, each kitchen required a sump pit.

Again, it had to meet a standard in accordance with the aforementioned manual.

In the fighting squadrons, setting up was somewhat simpler than it was in RHQ/HQ Squadron since there were fewer tents, toilets, etc. required and they had more personnel available to perform general duties.

Because we were always training for war and concentration time for training was of utmost importance, RHQ/HQ Squadron were stripped to the bone of all available crewman in order that the Regiment would make the most use of the limited training time available.

On the day the main body were to arrive, through hard work and long hours, all was about ready in the RHQ/HQ Squadron area save for the completion of the grease and waste water sump at the kitchen. What to do? The SSM, the Chief Cook and I had a meeting early on in the day to decide how to complete the pit. Following was the solution: ALL RANKS WOULD PAY FOR THEIR SUPPER THROUGH THEIR LABOUR. Each person, regardless of rank, would dig at least 10 shovels of earth to meet the needs of a 10- x 8- x 8-foot hole. It would be marked off and rock fill would be added later. The CO and RSM were excused for obvious reasons.

This plan was not made known to the personnel until they arrived for their meal. The plan worked. Yes, there was a degree of whining but armoured all ranks are a resilient lot. Everyone participated save for one captain who out and out refused (he shall remain nameless but I didn't forget). By and large, all went well. All, including the captain who refused the duty, enjoyed a great meal of steak. There may even been a beer or two available as well.

Your Photos



The Three Panhandlers
Capt (ret'd) Doug Gardner, CWO (ret'd) Peter Wonderham,
CWO (ret'd) Shad Shadbolt at the Wonderham bivy Nov 2012.



Surprise Encounter. **Ian Barnes** and **Garth Woodrow** were seated one row apart at the Ford Men's World Curling Championship in Victoria, BC during the first week of April 2013 but didn't recognize each other. **Garth** saw the Regimental badge on **Ian's** ball cap and asked the person seated behind **Ian** to ask if he had been a Strathcona. **Garth** served with the '56 Recce Squadron and with the Regiment in Calgary and Germany in the 60's. **Garth** and his wife **Audry** live in Burnaby BC. **Ian** was a member of the Regiment in the 60's and 70's in Calgary, Germany and Cyprus and is the current Association President.



Padre George Ward (left) receiving the Jubilee Medal from MP **Jim Hillyer**
 Please note the fancy First Canadian Brigade Group tie... does anyone remember these?



A bit of memorabilia from Calgary days.
 That plaque was given to **Col Roderick** during his last visit to the WO and Sgts' Mess in Sarcee just prior to his change of command in '83. It is understood that his best friend and cohort, **LCol Bob Baxter**, who was commanding 1 Svc Bn at the time, also received one on his departure.

They believe they were "recognized" for their frequent and lengthy visits to the Sgts' Mess, or as then RSM Earl Cady more than once or twice phrased it - "Don't you guys have a Mess of your own?"

The wording "in poor standing" was probably meant to be "poor at standing" the way their visits usually ended.

Good Times and Bad Times

Trooper RB Wareing SH61672, H919500 LDSH C and B Squadrons (reprinted with the permission of The Korean War Educator)

Introduction

I was born in a farm house in Rockwood, Manitoba, Canada, and had a dresser drawer for my bed. When I was very young, I spent much of my time with my grandparents, riding on the tractor with my grandfather. My grandmother used to tell me about the family history, such as those ones killed in World War I, the Indian Mutiny, the Sudan War, etc. In search of family history, I found the Wareing name was changed often, but I am related to the Vikings and the Normans who invaded England and then settled down in Lincolnshire, England and drifted all over the world in general. Some of my ancestors served in the Armed Forces in the USA.

I have a fond love for horses and how they have suffered for their masters at time of war. My favorite horse as a boy was named Bess. When I came back from seeing a girl late at night, I would fall asleep and when Bess came to the barn she would not enter until I woke up--or I would have had a bad head bump for sure. When I was about 12 years old, after seeing a film about **Gen. George Armstrong Custer**, something about that film changed the course of my life. The film, in fact, did not represent the battle as it was. The facts in the film were very different from how it was fought in reality. But I ended up joining a Cavalry Regiment as a trooper--the Armoured Regiment LDSH.

I spent at least ten months in Korea. I served with the Lord Strathcona's Horse (RC), both in C Squadron and later with B Squadron, in positions such as the Hook, Samichon area, Hill 159, Hill 355, Little Gibraltar. My rank was a trooper, service number SH61672. I was later in the Reserve Forces and attained the rank of Captain, service number H819500. I was 21 years old in combat and learned fast how to stay alive and still do my duty to my mates. I feel guilty about those that died.

When I returned from Korea, I made at least three trips to the Custer Battlefield and stood there in silence with my thoughts. Sounds weird, eh? On Hill 355 in Korea, we also were surrounded so to speak, with what at that time looked like the end. At that time, I reflected on the Little Big Horn and the 7th Cavalry Regiment. My dreams are now of Korea, but also my thoughts are of Custer's Last Stand. I have a picture of General Custer and also the Last Stand in my room to this day.

Arriving in Korea

My journey to Korea began by flying from Sea Island, Vancouver, British Columbia, with other Canadian replacements on a Canadian Pacific Aircraft (I believe a North Star). I was with a great friend, **Ron Francis**, who was with me on the trip to Tokyo, Japan. From Japan we went by ship (the E Sang) to Pusan, Korea. On board, we slept where we could find a place. We had two 'so so' meals. I went to the stern of the ship, looked down a set of stairs, and saw an Asian cooking something. I offered him some U. S. military script to buy a hard bread and meat sandwich, and went on deck to share it with two other guys. It did not matter that other soldiers were vomiting over the ship's rail--we ate with gusto.

After a short voyage, we arrived at Pusan and were picked up by big trucks driven by colored American soldiers who drove like hell. We were taken to a holding camp. What glory to go to the NAFFI and buy a meal of egg! After a couple of days, we were taken from there to the train for departure. While waiting for the train to leave, I witnessed a sight that remains with me to this day. There were children in rags begging for food and trying to get water. We Canadian soldiers gave away the only little bit of food we had to these children along with (oops) some warm clothing. We slept where we could on the train, carrying an empty rifle. No ammo had been issued to us as yet. We were cold as hell. When the train stopped at some place unknown to me, we stepped off to eat some white snow. When we arrived at the final stop, we were ordered to line up for food while it was raining and under no shelter. We ate what soon turned into cold soup, but who cared when we were hungry. I saw Americans moving some prisoners who were great big, big, big Asians. I thought, "And we have to fight these guys. Wow--this is war." When we arrived at the Strath rear area, we turned in our rifles and gas masks for a sten gun and magazines with ammo. I never knew why we packed the other from Canada.

Front Line Duty

My first time on the front lines, I was with C Squadron Samichon Troop. Our Leader was **Lt. Hal Kreewin**. We

were supporting the PPCLI. I was a replacement being brought forward by an ammo and ration vehicle. At last light as I saw the position under shell fire, I knew this was, in fact, war. I stood that first night watch alone and got my first night of what it was all about. By learning on incoming and outgoing shell and mortar fire, I learned fast to kiss the ground. While on that position, I saw friendly prop aircraft drop napalm on the Pat's forward position. I believe that **Sergeant Buxton** of the PPCLI won the Military Medal for his action and leadership.



I received the nickname "Flash" while I was in Korea. I made two mugs of tea--one for me and one for my PPCLI buddy in the slit trench about 100 yards away from the tank. As we were standing by his trench enjoying our nice mugs of tea, incoming fire came in. He jumped in his trench slit and I made a dash, running on my knees to get under the tank. I still had a half of a mug of tea when I got there. Thus the nickname **Flash Wareing**. I also saw an artillery spotter aircraft that was shot down in front of our position. As he bailed out in front of our position, his parachute drifted over to the Chinese lines. We tried to cover him with .50 calibre machine gun fire, but he drifted out of sight. When we heard small arms fire from the enemy, we assumed he had been killed. Years later, we learned that he was a Cdn and had been taken as a captive of war. As these spotter aircraft brought down jets to bomb and machine gun the enemy positions, the spotter aircraft could not have been favorites of the bad guys in front.

I remember when the napalm strike came in on the PPCLI. One of our tank crew (I will not mention the name) went to the .50 calibre gun and was going to fire on the aircraft. But our crew commander, **Lt. Hal Kreewin**, stopped him. (As a side note, **Lieutenant Kreewin** was in the Fort Garry Horse in the Second World War. He was a great man and a great troop leader.) The next day, friendly prop jobs let go rockets. Some were on our left. After that, orange markers were tied on our tank. This did not last long, however. I suspect the bad guys were laughing over their rice at that. Then some authority had us install search lights on our tanks. Imagine sitting a tank in a hull-down position, using a light at night. This idea did not take, so off they came.

I was sent to Hill 159 as a replacement. Prior to my departure, in the early hours I put up my poncho as a shelter and slept on the wet rainy ground in a forward position before being transported at first light to get to that hill position before daylight. I had no breakfast, and was wet and cold when we arrived at the base of the hill. There we started to unload the ammo and water rations and carry them up the steep slope of the hill. I am certain that many others who have ever packed 5-gallon jerry cans of water up a hill know what that work is like, particularly on an empty stomach. Carrying two rounds of .76 mm tank ammo, one on each shoulder, seemed like a cake walk after jerry cans of water. Well, I could have had a chance to be a hero at that time. The five of us stopped halfway up to rest and have a smoke, taking a sitting down position. Someone yelled, "Grenade!" I had about two seconds to decide what to do--try and grab the grenade and throw it, or do what the others did--jump in a hole. I was the last one to jump on the pile. I lost my chance to be a hero, but in one sense could have protected the lot from flying crap.

The position was exposed to fire, so I sat in an empty bunker all day alone until darkness, when the tank NCO came to get me. With no food and only looking at an old magazine (with not one picture of a woman in that magazine). That was one long day. When the tank NCO found me, I could have kissed him. The NCO was a good guy, and I did the night watch with him. He brought me a mug of coffee and some food. It was at that hill position that I learned my best French from the Van Doos R22R. Let no one say the R22R don't fight. They are tough guys who learned that in Hiro, Japan.

Hill 355

I was sent to Hill 355 and was there when the Chinese attacked that position on October 23, 1952. They hit the RCR hard. I won't go into time talking details--it takes too long. But on that early evening, all those green flares from the bad guys went up and the incoming shell fire started to come in with a fast "woosh" and "Bang!" Our evening meal of great American cuisine (C-rations) was ruined. I never realized after my stay on the Samichom that my legs had not lost the ability to move and how fast one can transfer ammo, chocolate bars, grenades, etc. to that slit trench under shell fire. When the .30 calibre failed in the tank, the .30 calibre from the slit then had to be taken to the tank

gunner as he was best able to use it from the turret. Our task, then, was to pass ammo up to the turret. That sure as hell beat being in the slit trench when that heavy crap (I believe it was 122 mm) was coming in. At that time, while not being a hero, I knew of the possibility of being captured. I was not crazy about being captured after hearing the rumors of prisoners being killed when the bad guys could not get them out. In view of that, I decided it would be far better to save one hand grenade and take some of the bad guys with me without harming any of the tank crew. These were my thoughts at the time, as eight clips of twenty-five rounds of a 9 mm sten gun would not last long. Was this being a hero? Not at all. Only fear gave me that last choice. Death is far better than being a coward.

The purpose of the slit trench on the left in front of the tank was to provide covering fire and harass the bad guys in front. I found this to be great sport until they fired back. (Those guys had no sense of humor.) On one occasion, when incoming mail landed between our two tanks, it opened up an old ammo dump from previous days. What a joy to have that exposed. Then we worked like hell to cover it again. There was a near hit by a 122mm on the front of our Sherman. Whether it was because the bad guys thought we were hit and out or it was a fluke shot, they never came that close again. At a rest area position (some rest), I was selected to go on a patrol that was to be a combined effort to search for bad people. To my joy, I was told to pack the radio. There were about nine of us under the command of an officer in a search for guerillas in the mountain and hill areas. It was a terribly hot day and we had a shortage of water. We had to get drinking water from a ditch when we reached the top of a high hill exposed to the direct sun and heat. I was the unlucky one to draw the long straw to go and get water. Carrying the water canteens, I made my way to the adjoining road, hitched a ride to a rear area site to complete this task, and returned to the hill top. Doing a job like that was always done under considerable stress, thinking what would happen if we stepped on a mine or if we were so tired we lost the ability to perform as an effective soldier. And, it could have been worse. **Miss Marilyn Monroe** could have met me.

When some American soldiers were killed while sleeping in their sleeping bags by the bad guys, an order came in to take away our sleeping bags. We were issued U.S. Army woolen blankets, which only soaked up the dampness in wet bunkers. It was a bad decision on the part of someone. Conditions in the Korean War were being hungry, wet, and cold, sleeping in damp wet bunkers underground with only our boots off, wet clothes, and water dripping on us. When we blew the candle out, rats crawled on us looking for food.

Casualties

My good friend **G. H. Waldner** was killed in Korea. He was a good pal, and I shall remember him to my dying day. While I did not have that much time with him as his friend, I have thought of him and that great smile he always had. He was a good guy. At one time when in the rear area, we rigged up a little hooch to sleep in, as the bunkers were too wet and infested to live or sleep in. We dug a slit trench, covered it with our two ponchos, and made bunks with wood and telephone wire. This was our short-lived home and friendship. With sleeping bags, it was great. We used a wooden box as a table and thought this was Heaven. He was a good Strathcona and no doubt is now in Strathcona Heaven.

On another occasion while in a rear area, about five or six of us shared a bunker, sleeping on the ground. I recall **Trooper Gray** shared the same bunker. He had been feeling sick for several days and would not go on sick parade. I remember when he went to the bunker doorway and fell forward on his face. Another trooper and I were assigned to accompany him in the back of a two and a half ton truck to the MASH unit. We waited around with the driver, but poor **Gray** died of hemorrhagic fever. I will always remember his skin color--a very grey color. How sad that was. They then put an Australian type with us to watch and see if we contacted the same. Funny thing. We never thought about that possible fate until long after.

I always requested front line duty. That is were I wanted to be. I worked hard to be a good Strath trooper. It was not easy to be a replacement. I had to win the trust of those there before me and not ask dumb questions of who



I replaced. I was just glad to have the opportunity to be accepted. On one occasion on Hill 355, we had a one hundred percent stand to. It was a cold night, so I made hot coffee and threw together whatever C-rations I could. I swear by God that because there was not enough for five, I passed it to the four crew members, one being a future commanding officer of the regiment. If I remember correctly, I was the only one not sick. But, damn, they were great guys, and well worth the trip to Korea. During the short time the Aussies were with us on 355, I got along great with them. (My father was from Australia.) I often made tea for them and sat in their bunkers chewing the rag. They gave me an Aussie hat and camouflage jacket, which I brought back to my father. My bad memories are there, but so are the good ones, and I wouldn't trade the good ones for anything. I wish that I could have been a better Strath, and I feel guilty about the fact that other troopers died and I lived.

On one occasion in the rear area, I was late for the morning parade. The poor trooper who tried to help me pull out the stuck pull-through from the barrel of the sten gun suffered the same fate as I did by having to dig a deep garbage pit. I sure felt bad about that poor guy, but going on roll call with a pull-through hanging out the end of the barrel was a fate worse than death. When someone yelled out, "Wareing, pack up. You're going back to the front lines," I remember yelling out, "Holy f... I am going back up." To my bad luck, there was a Padre close who called me over and said I should not say that word. He said, "What would happen should you be killed?" I said, "Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir." Under my breath I said I was glad about going back to the front, for the rear areas were too risky.

Bunker life was not very pleasant with water dripping from the roof, dropping on our candles. We only took our boots off, crawled into our sleeping bag with our wet clothes on, and covered ourselves with our ponchos. With our boots by our side, we woke in the morning, put our wet boots on, and stepped onto a wet dirt floor that had about two inches of water on it. Then we stepped outside into more rain. Yes Sir. No blood and guts or hand-to-hand fighting in the armoured as the foot soldier had to do. Just a grunt's misery.

Tank Recovery

On one occasion, I was selected to go as a tank driver. An M4A1 Sherman had to be recovered. I believe the corporal who was to be the crew commander was named **Conroy**. The tank to be recovered had thrown a track on the side of a steep slope. RCEME had to repair the track. This meant we would have to sleep by the tank because the process took about three to four days. The only place to sleep close to the tank on level ground was a grave, so we leveled the ground and slept on top of it. But it was pure hell for me to bring that tank down that slope, missing big boulders and holding back on the tiller bars to stop any runaway of the tank. Thank God I could look at all the faces of the RCEME guys and the crew commander knowing that I had brought it down without throwing another track, for I believe if I had, they would have killed me. If you ever had to change a tank track, you would then know--who could blame them? I remember bringing that Sherman back at dusk and darkness, going through a Korean village and almost ramming a .76 mm gun barrel up the rear end of a buffalo-type cow until the poor thing jumped into a rice paddy.

Prior to it getting dark, some Americans going the other way threw us some beer. Now I am not a drinking person, but being hot, dusty, and dirty, we really loved those guys for that. I think we were driving through Gloster Pass when the Corporal yelled into my headset, "Wareing, for God's [modified word] sake, pull over and let a convoy of vehicles with VIP markers pass." I had a strong feeling they were not pleased about the dust. With the dim lights that a tank has, I next heard, "Driver, halt!" For in front was the RCEME wrecker, parked. The rest of the trip was fine. We got to the area in darkness. The only white part of me was my eyes when I took my goggles off. Anyway, a great Corporal was the top of the line crew commander on that trip.

I remember on Hill 355 when we had a near hit on our tank--I believe by a 122 mm. I have a good picture of that one. Anyway, our good mates in the next tank yelled out, "Are you guys okay?" I expect our great crew commander **Lt. P.A. Neatby** answered, as I sure as hell don't remember because with the smell of the shell explosion and ringing ears, who needed to change shorts when we were glad to be alive and hear our great tank gunner **Pap Ryan** check us out. Ahhhh, the life to be in the troop leader's tank.

I had the great luck to be in the C Squadron Troop leader's tank (**Lt. Hal Kreewin**) on the Samichon, as well with **Lieutenant Ward** on Hill 355. He was a great officer as well. When **Lieutenant Neatby** replaced him, he was a good young officer, but also a good man. I remember **Sergeant Buxton's** position on the Samichon and the napalm

drop on his position. It was a friendly fire mistake, but things happen in the heat of action. Those PPCLI guys were great, but on the other hand, so were the R22R on Hill 159, as well as the RCRS on 355. Many bad memories. I turned down my RR leave to go back up to the front. I was no hero--not ever. I only did it to save my pride to prove I could do it. Years later, my good buddy **Bill** told me only a liar would not admit fear. He is a great U.S. soldier who also lost a friend in Korea. We also both hate rats.

Do I regret going to Korea? No, not ever. That's because of all those great people I met, lived, and served with. After watching the movie "*Band of Brothers*," I realized that I was with a big band of brothers like the Straths, RCR, PPCLI, R22R.191, RCEME, WKSPS, the U.S grunts, the Aussies, and all the support people. Without them, we would not have not made it. To those artillery guys, we owe a lot. And those lovely 25 pounders manned by the RCHA saved our bacon on Hill 355 during the enemy assault on the RCR positions in October. During the conflict, the RCHA fired 247182 shells.

And let us not forget all those others who served there and had the luxury of having big rats as guard dogs. I must also remember those medical people who scared the hell out of me for two hours before rushing out to that Great Bar in Hiro that was situated by the canal and seemed to be controlled by the R22R. Being Straths, they were very kind. They looked the other way. I almost forgot some of those MP's, who were very gracious in telling us to leave out-of-bounds areas. When we did not mouth off to them, they were not so bad guys. I never forget who I knew, met, and served with, Hiro Japan,159 WKSPS, and those Military Police who picked another trooper and me up when we were hitchhiking a ride to 191 WKSPS. They knew damn well that we were lying when we said we were going to recover a tank, yet they dropped us off at the village--by 191 wksp. I shall always remember my terror when I saw who they were, but they were nice guys--and I would never do that again! God, war was hell. When we had to get back to the Strath lines, we got a ride with two medical types from India who didn't speak English and who were driving an ambulance.

So there you go--one hell of a police action, but I would not have traded it for a moment. I am still having bad dreams with flashbacks and fear, but I love my warm bed now more than at any time of my life. I am now retired from the Correctional Services of Canada and living in Bogotá, Colombia where peace reigns (I think) and I have a dry bed with sheets and no rats or snakes or big spiders--at least not where I sleep. But I miss all those guys and all those in support of each other. As a footnote, I only hope that **Sergeant Robinson** who was the crew commander of the tank next to us on Hill 355, will forgive me. We both made a run for the same hole, and I got there first. But damn, those incoming shells made a big whoosh and bang! God Bless all those in the fight and to those who are now fighting to keep us warm and well. They also will feel the pain, as did Vietnam vets.



On 11 November 2012, veterans of the Korean War from seven nations attended a memorial service to honour their peers and fallen comrades at the United Nations Cemetery in Pusan, Republic of Korea. Among those attending were Gary "Dusty" Miller, fourth from the left in the photograph, who was wounded on Hill 355 serving with Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians). In the front row on the left is Philip Daniel, who was also wounded on Hill 355, serving as a tank commander with the Strathcona's. At 88 years of age, he was the oldest veteran in the delegations from all seven nations attending the ceremonies.

Last Trumpet Call

BELLFOUNTAIN, Ken Age 78, 27 December 2012, Calgary, AB

BURVILL, Bob Age 94, 11 March 2013, Surrey BC

COTTERHILL, Joseph Age 79, 20 December 2012, Calgary, AB

LEY, Gordon Age 73, 27 March, 2013, Ottawa, ON

MILBURN, Gerald Age 55, 24 April 2013, Edmonton, AB

PROSSER, Derrald Age 68, 27 February 2013, Mexico

THODY, Richard Age 81, 20 March 2013, Chilliwack, BC

In Loving Memory of Wives

BLANCHARD, Joni (Dave), 21 April 2013, Oromocto, NB

KITCHEN, Joan (Gordon), 12 December 2011, Kingston, ON

SOGANIC, Anne Marie (Wayne), 30 January 2013, Calgary, AB

Our apologies for lack of details in some cases