

# Connections

Journal of the Quebec Family History Society

LA

**JAPANESE SURRENDER;  
WORLD WAR II ENDS**

*Pearl Harbor Is Avenged!*

**AMERICAN POWER  
OVER**



**THE EVENING TELEGRAM**

**HOME AND SPORTS**

VOL. LXX, NO. 17 38 PAGES TORONTO, MONDAY, MAY 7, 1945 PRICE THREE CENTS

**IT'S ALL OVER!  
NAZIS GIVE UP**

**Word Flashed At 9.36 a.m.  
That All Nazis Surrendered**

**Gala Fete Sweeps Toronto  
As Joyous News Is Broken  
But There Is Sorrow, Too**

## The 75th Anniversary of the End of WWII

# Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec: Your Story, Our Story

A brief overview of Quebec's cultural  
and regional diversity



### The Eastern Townships

**Sir John Johnson** (1754-1825) of New York was a leading figure in the settlement of the Eastern Townships. He was a British officer and a member of the House of Commons. He was instrumental in the settlement of the Eastern Townships and the development of the region.

**A royal proclamation** in 1774 gave the British government the right to settle in the Eastern Townships. This led to the settlement of the region by British soldiers and their families.

**School academies** were established in the Eastern Townships. These academies provided education for the children of the settlers and helped to establish a strong educational tradition in the region.

### The Italian Community

**Guido Minchin** (1874-1954) was a leading figure in the Italian community in Quebec. He was a businessman and a member of the Quebec Parliament. He was instrumental in the development of the Italian community and the establishment of the Italian Cultural Centre.

**Madonna della Difesa** is a church in Quebec City. It was built by Italian immigrants and is a testament to their faith and their contribution to the city's cultural heritage.

**Urban Gardens** in Quebec City are a testament to the Italian community's love for gardening. These gardens provide a space for the community to share their knowledge and skills and to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

# Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec Your Story, Our Story

Quebec's history is an intertwined collection of communities across regions. The stories in this book represent Quebec's identity – its heritage and accomplishments, its history and aspirations. Cultural groups have added their experiences to the fabric of Quebec society and have enhanced Quebec culture through their achievements, skills, and ideas. Through research and education, an understanding of Quebec's diverse communities can be understood and honoured.

Available while supplies last: \$10 per copy

Contact QAHN: [home@qahn.org](mailto:home@qahn.org)

819 564-9595 / 1-877-964-0409 (toll free)

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE  
HERITAGE NETWORK  
QAHN



RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE  
ANGLOPHONE DU QUÉBEC  
RPAQ

# Connections

The End Of WWII Issue 2020



- 3 **Sussex Memories, WWII**  
*Bruce McKenzie*
- 6 **"What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?"**  
*David Leonardo*
- 8 **Scrapbook Selections**  
*Lynda Lamour*
- 11 **The War On A Daily Basis in Montreal**  
*Robert Ascah*
- 14 **My Family at War**  
*Derrick Pounds*
- 16 **AC1 Joseph Henri Bruno Lincourt**  
*Douglas Fitz-Gerald*
- 19 **Canadian Wives Glad To Help**  
*Jane Edwards*
- 20 **Honorary Colonel Robert G. "Bob" Middlemiss, D.F.C., C.D.**  
*Fred Garrett*
- 23 **Book of Remembrance**  
*Douglas Fitz-Gerald*
- 25 **My Family In WWII: Montreal, England, Italy**  
*Lois Hardy*
- 28 **The Boys Of William Lunn**  
*Glenna Morrison*
- 30 **JV Waddell: Reservist in the 6th Hussars**  
*Deborah Waddell*
- 33 **A World War Two Story**  
*Gary Schroder*



# QFHS News

---

The **COVID virus** continues to influence our lives. The QFHS Heritage Centre has closed down again, hopefully not for too long. We will keep you informed. Although our Fraser House HQ is closed to members and the public for the moment, all phone calls and emails will be answered - so if you want to reach us for whatever reason - we are here!



*The Moderator - Kelley, our principal researcher, kept everyone on track and directed traffic when necessary.*

**Our first virtual Roots Conference** was a lot of work, as the organizers followed a steep learning curve...but, according to the feedback, it was a success! Our thanks go out to Kelley O'Rourke and her team for making it work.

**We are still busy, despite COVID;** check out our website - there you find news and information that will keep you connected and busy on your genealogy research - including upcoming virtual sessions.

## Quebec Family History Society

153, rue Ste-Anne, Ste-Anne-de-Bellevue,  
Quebec, Canada H9X 1M5

Telephone: (514) 695-1502

Email: [qfhs@bellnet.ca](mailto:qfhs@bellnet.ca)

Website: [www.qfhs.ca](http://www.qfhs.ca)

QFHS is a federally registered non-profit charitable organization, founded in 1978.

Mailing Address: As above

Heritage Library hours:

Tuesday to Friday 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

Wednesday evening 6:30 pm - 9:30 pm

Sunday 1:00 pm - 4 pm

Saturday Closed

## Connections

Volume 43 Issue 1 November 2020

ISSN 0707.7130

Connections is published twice a year.

Editor: Nicholas Barker

Proof Reader: Judy Steiner

Canadian Publications Mail contract Number:  
40050396

Permission to reprint is granted, unless otherwise stated, provided the original source is credited.

Printing:

Kellmaire Printing Co.

7643 rue Cordner, LaSalle, Quebec

Canada H8N 2N2

Advertising:

For advertising rates and other information,  
email [qfhseditor@gmail.com](mailto:qfhseditor@gmail.com)

Note that advertisements or the mention of products or websites does not imply their endorsement by QFHS.

Articles and Comments:

Please submit all articles, comments and suggestions to [qfhseditor@gmail.com](mailto:qfhseditor@gmail.com)

# Sussex Memories, World War II

*Bruce McKenzie*

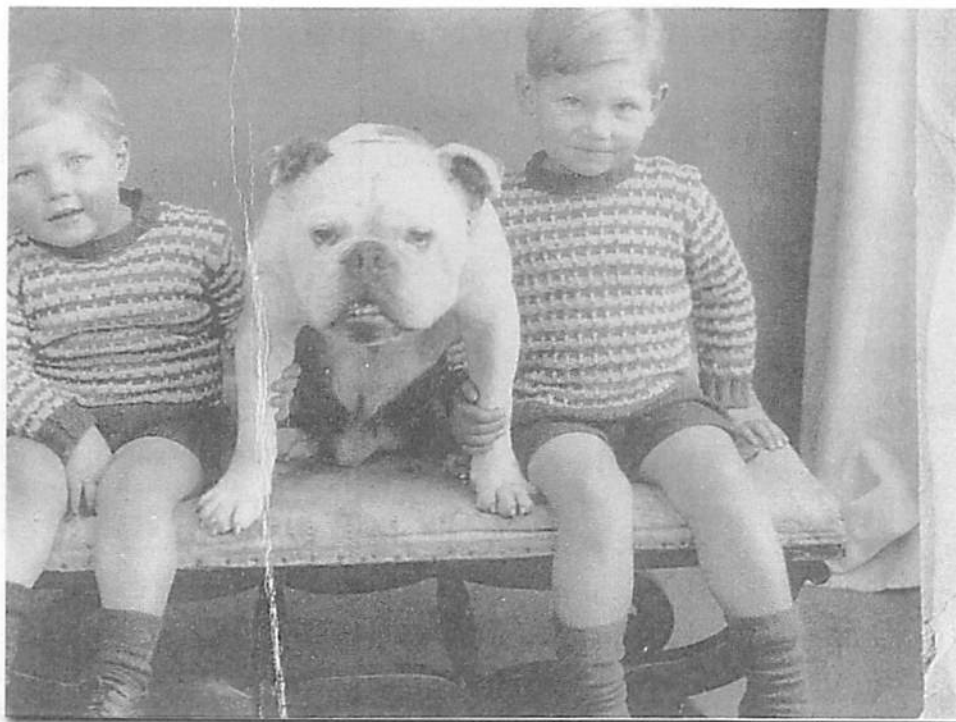
I was born in Rustington, Sussex, England in January 1941. Rustington is a quaint coastal village which is about 20 miles west along the coast from the famous seaside resort of Brighton. My father, Hector "Jock" McKenzie, spent most of his career in the British Merchant Navy. For a time, he also worked as the head cook at Ford Naval Aerodrome, a small airfield from which British planes patrolled the English Channel against attacks on shipping convoys by German planes and submarines. My dad befriended an American pilot at the base who had a pet English bulldog named "Stan". While working, my dad would often feed food scraps to the dog. One

day, the pilot said to my dad: "Hey Jock, if anything happens to me, the dog is yours." To this day, I don't know for sure what happened to the pilot, though I assume he was killed in action, because we ended up with Stan.

Stan was a large, well-fed bulldog. His coat was white with a few dark spots. He had a large mouth and the characteristic bulldog underbite--his bottom teeth protruding in rest, as in play. He was a very friendly dog --he did not bark or growl--but he scared the living daylights out of my playmates on the street. If I left the garden gate open and Stan happened to wander out, the street kids would immediately stop what they doing and

rush to their houses and close their garden gates. I guess it's the bulldog's pug-ugly face that puts people off.

Anyway, towards the end of the war (or perhaps just after), I saw my mother and grandmother carrying this large and noticeably heavy brown cloth sack down the stairs together. As it turns out, poor old Stan had kicked the bucket, but they didn't have the heart to tell my brother and me. They took him to the back of the garden to bury him. Naturally, my brother and I were curious to know what was in the sack. My mother said to us:



*The McKenzie brothers with Stan the British bulldog*

"It's nothing you need worry about...it's just a dead German!"

Many years later after emigrating to Canada, I was teaching in a school and there was a friendly German teacher called Manfred on staff. I debated for a while as to whether or not I should tell him the story of Stan in the sack. Finally I said to myself, "what the heck!" and I told him. Manfred burst out laughing and said "I guess the market value on Germans was not very high in England in those days."

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1940, the beaches at Rustington and all of the other communities along the south coast of England were heavily fortified to protect against an invasion from Hitler. This meant that the local people could not go sea bathing for five years. The Luftwaffe bombed the Tangmere RAF station, which was 10 miles from Rustington, on a number of occasions over the course of the war. On the 18<sup>th</sup> of August 1940, the Germans bombed Ford Naval Aerodrome, killing 28 people and wounding 75. Fortunately, my dad escaped unharmed from the devastating bombardment at Ford that day. As a kid, I remember hearing the loud air raid sirens. Sometimes after targeted bombings of the major population centers or military installations, the Luftwaffe would drop their leftover bombs haphazardly on the coastal land to lose weight before flying back over the English Channel. Some of these bombs fell on Rustington and even more on the nearby town of Littlehampton. There

were six or seven bombed-out houses in Rustington that I remember as a kid. Despite our parents' warnings, us kids would often play in these buildings. Even after the war, an air raid siren would go off every Saturday morning for several years, though I do not know why this was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were a number of German prisoners of war working on farms in and around Rustington. They had to wear a shirt with a diamond-shaped patch on it. I am assuming they were carefully selected before being assigned to a farm. There was one German prisoner of war, who was a fantastic soccer player. His name was Bert Trautmann. For many years after the war (1949-64), he was the goalkeeper for Manchester City. He married an English woman and settled in Great Britain. At first, he was understandably quite unpopular with the fans, as they nicknamed him "Nazi-boy." However, he proved to be an outstanding goalkeeper and helped the club to the 1956 FA title, winning over the fans in the process. During the war,



*Burt Trautmann playing for Manchester City*

Trautmann won five medals fighting on Germany's eastern front against Russia, including the Iron Cross. In 2004, he received an honorary OBE (Order of the British Empire), becoming the only person to have ever won both an Iron Cross and OBE. Everything was in short supply in those days, including fertilizer. Once a week a horse-drawn wagon would come up our street selling groceries. If one of the horses 'dropped a load' on the street, someone with a spade was sure to rush out and pick up the droppings to fertilize their garden. A few years after the war had ended, a man paid me to take his wheelbarrow down to the beach and fill it with seaweed, again to use as garden fertilizer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some people dug up their front lawns and flower gardens to plant potatoes and other vegetables. I remember my history teacher explaining to us that in the First World War the German submarine offensive was so effective against British shipping that our food supply was threatened. For this reason, he said that at his school they plowed up the rugby pitches and planted them with potatoes. Even the world-famous lawns at Kew Gardens in London were converted to grow potatoes and vegetables in WWII. Dozens of women worked there, providing fresh food for the embattled Londoners.

\* \* \* \* \*

Canada sent clothes parcels to the needy people in Great Britain. I remember my mother giving me a long-sleeved vest. I had never seen one before.

Later on in the war my dad rejoined the Merchant Navy. My dad bought my brother and me each a pair of clogs, the wooden shoes worn at the time by the Dutch.

\* \* \* \* \*

On May the 8<sup>th</sup> 1945, VE Day, the 2nd World War came to an end in Europe. This is what I remember of that day: Every house on my street had a Union Jack flag hanging out of the window. All of the adults seemed to be standing in the middle of the street; they were laughing, singing, dancing, slapping each other on the back--they were so happy that the long 6-year war had finally come to an end. I was only 4 years old, but I remember it vividly.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the war, when the fortifications were removed from the beaches, sea mines would wash up on the sand from time-to-time after a storm. A number of children lost their lives when they played with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went to school with a friend, who called his grandmother, mother. His Father died when his submarine was sunk. His mother died in an air raid. He has no memory of his parents. His only relative was his grandmother.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half-a-million Canadian Service men were stationed in Great Britain between 1939 and 1946. They produced 30,000 'war babies'. The Americans produced 20,000. The most famous British war baby is jazz/rock guitarist Eric Clapton. Canada's most famous war baby is General Romeo Dallaire--his mother was a Dutch woman. Just this year, at the age 79, I discovered that I am one of these 30,000 Canadian war babies.

That story will have to wait for another day.

# "What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?"

*A son's memories of a father's war*

**David Leonardo**

How can you tell a six-year-old about the horror of war — the war you experienced. For Private Joseph Leonardo, my father, and the hundreds of thousands of other daddies who returned from the Second World War, the question was a mental land mine. For their sanity they wanted to forget what they saw, did, and heard. Moreover, they wanted to shelter the innocents from an unnecessary horror.

As difficult as it might have been from the prying curiosity of young boys, they did so. Cross-examined by young minds with piercing questions, the veterans evaded the questions, lied, or shuffled them away as a skillful politician might.

The daddies told themselves that in time, when their boy was older, they would tell all. It never happened for most, because those secrets remained horrific all their lives.

So when Private Leonardo's young son pumped him, he lied with humour.

His favourite stories centered on his run-ins with Sgt. Jones. Cobbled together from

movies, comic books, and songs, this sergeant was out-smarted by this daddy, and probably others. Pranks, hi jinx, and KP-duty provided the simple story plots engineered for uncontrolled laughter from a youngster.

The story session always included a favourite military song. Then as I grew older the stories changed, hopefully with an ounce of truth thrown in. The stories moved from the make-believe Three Stooges slapstick to anecdotes.

One favourite was when his unit of the Royal Canadian Mechanical Engineers in France was forced to take cover in a cemetery one night. Ordered to dig trenches and foxholes, the soldiers did so hoping to avoid the dead.

Private Leonardo cursed his luck when his foot went through a casket lid onto some clinking bones. Somehow those bones seemed phony and on closer examination he discovered a cache of wine in the casket.

He quietly hid the find in his truck, putting a bottle in every empty shell casing. For the next few weeks he augmented the army pay, and held a few parties. One night the wine and the Luftwaffe bombarded the party and he awoke from underneath an ammunition truck.

Sometime during the war, dad hooked up with a buddy. Their task was to retrieve the Sherman tanks after the battles. Nicknamed "Ronsons" after a cigarette lighter, the German Panzer tanks easily set the



*Private Joseph Leonardo*



Shermans ablaze. This was all that Private Leonardo could say about this.

Except that along with his buddy they drove a wrecker (army tow truck) and this came in handy for other adventures.

Such as the time he fell into a wine vat unable to climb out on the slimy wood walls. By the time the buddy returned with the wrecker to hoist him out, he was a little wrecked himself from the fumes.

It was this same wrecker that towed their limousine into war. Underneath a hay stack in France, they found a Bentley, a cousin to the Rolls Royce. They showed Canadian soldiers had style, driving it around liberated towns on leave. As the front line advanced, so did their limousine, until a Major saw it, swiping it for ostensibly military reasons.

Private Leonardo's non-military weapons verged on the hilarious. He carried two-guns Western-style, ready to draw.

As unruly as this might sound, it was typical of Canadian fighting men. To the consternation of British officers, even their own sometimes, the Canadians excelled at the unconventional. However, if historians are correct, their willingness to write their own orders also made them dangerous opponents in battle.

Then over the years driblets and drabs came out.

At the start of the war he was on a loading dock when an ammunition truck blew up. He remembered seeing the igniting spark, then nothing. My mother, his girlfriend then, remembered him in hospital without any hair, even eyebrows. To this he added, overseas, light shrapnel wounds, broken ankles and pneumonia — a very lucky war.

The broken ankles came in Scotland on a company parachute jump. Thinking he would make his landing the softest, he chose a haystack. Underneath was a wagon that broke his two ankles— deferring him from the paratroopers.

His toughest time was explaining how he and a buddy as privates could afford

Claridge's Hotel in London. Their neighbours, all generals and colonels, looked askance at the two privates. Responding to one officer he blurted out an untruth that his family was wealthy and connected. In fact, he promised the officer a share of a private apple shipment from Canada. The black-market made them poor trying to fulfill the apple promise.

The next boxing match, the source of their new wealth, went to apples and the hotel.

Perhaps Private Leonardo's closest call to death was the Normandy Beach landing. Sitting in the lead Bren Carrier (light tank) in a landing craft, the order drilled into him was to floor the pedal when the door swung down.

He did so 40 feet from the beach riding an iron coffin down to the ocean floor. Somehow escaping, he took cover from the bombardment under a truck on the beach. Turning, he saw another soldier under the truck with a frightened ashen grey face — a mirrored face that gave him a lifetime snapshot.

With his buddy they made it all the way to Berlin.

At a party, one of many to celebrate the war's end, he ran after a truck returning to camp with his buddy. Despite out-stretched hands on the tailgate, he missed the ride. On a following truck he caught up to his friend's overturned truck. The accident killed his buddy and his life was saved by missing the ride.

Civilian Leonardo was a proud member of the Royal Canadian Legion, and wore the Royal Mechanical Engineers insignia on his blazer. Beyond this his interest in the war was limited. (He said those who were verbose never saw any action).

His life ended on a second heart bypass operation. Before the operation, both of us knowing it was the end, he tried to talk about the war — the subject he never could, to the boy who was now an adult. He opened his mouth, but the words failed to follow.

# Scrapbook Selections

**Lynda Lamour**

Here are some photos and comments from Dad's WWII album. I had taken his album and turned it into a scrapbook album for him. His name was Orent Harvey Myatt. He grew up in Oxford, Nova Scotia and when he was 21 years old he joined up in January 1942. He enlisted at Halifax in the Royal Canadian Navy. He was put in as Petty Officer 4th Class Ordinance.

My Dad did finish the war as Chief Petty Officer, having taken the place of Chief Petty Officer George Jewitt who was washed overboard in a storm.



Orent Harvey Myatt (centre)



*These are pictures of survivors we picked up in the North Atlantic in May of 1943. They were in a lifeboat for 4 days. Some of the other ships had picked more up. About 60 in all were saved. They were all Chinese and Dutch.*

*It is a very lonely spot. You are there for two weeks. Always anchored out and only allowed ashore till ten. When you do get ashore there is nothing except a few houses and a pub. These pictures were taken while doing a bit of Commando training ashore. There was nothing at this spot but hills and more hills. We spent all one day at this and everyone got back wet, cold, hungry and tired out.*



His first trip was to Belfast, Ireland Dec 23, 1942. On March 1, 1943, he left Londonderry, Ireland for Algiers. Christmas of 1943 spent at Tobernary, Scotland. Some commando training while ashore.



Depth charge thrown  
and explosion of depth charge.

He was on the HMCS  
Restigouche from December  
2nd, 1942, till November  
29th, 1944.

Views of some of the ship's  
armament along with a  
depth charge thrown and the  
explosion.



# The War on a Daily Basis in Montreal

Robert Ascah

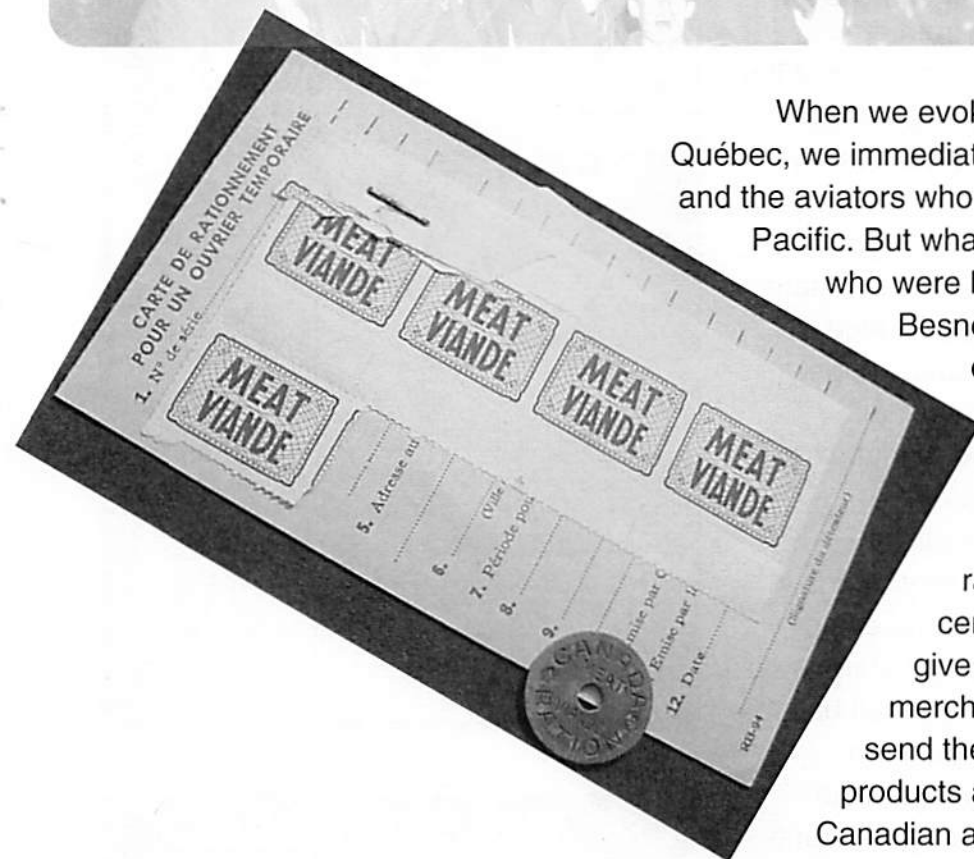
When we evoke the Second World War and Québec, we immediately think of the soldiers, the sailors and the aviators who went to fight in Europe or in the Pacific. But what did that war mean for the people who were living here? My mother, Jeanne Besner, who lived on St-Joseph street during that period, told me what the war effort was for her and millions of citizens.

## Rationing

The first big change was rationing. In order to be able to get certain goods, it was necessary to give rationing coupons to the merchants. The objective was two-fold: to send the biggest quantity possible of food products and other commodities to the Canadian and allied troops; and to reduce the import of non-essential goods in Canada.

The coupons were introduced in 1942 and were needed to obtain six different goods: sugar, meat, butter, tea, coffee and gas. Booklets were handed out to all Canadian citizens, children and adults. When one bought a product, besides paying for it, one handed in the corresponding coupon to the merchant.

My mother considered that rationing was justified for four of those products because they had to be imported, either in totality (tea and coffee) or partially (sugar and gas). Indeed, in that era, Canada



produced very little gasoline and, even if we could find some sugar obtained from sugar beet (beetroot), the major part of the sugar came from refineries that had to import unrefined sugar cane. As far as the other goods, it seems that it was very easy to obtain butter and meat by simply going to the country and buying them directly from the farmers without coupons. My mother wondered if the imposed restrictions on these two products did not have rather a symbolic value and that they really were not essential.

### Financing the War

Another aspect of the war was the constant search for financing by the federal government. As a matter of fact, the governmental expenses hugely surpassed the revenue. On top of the usual expenses, money was needed for the manufacturing of armaments, as well as the salaries of the hundreds of thousands serving in the military.

So the government issued Victory Bonds in order to refill the coffers. So that everyone could participate, they issued bonds worth 25¢ stamps up to \$500 (at the cost of \$400). When a person had 16 stamps of 25¢, she/he could exchange them against a \$5 certificate. So they could expect to make a gain of 25% if they keep the certificate until its expiry date (7 and 1/2 years). You could resell the certificates after one year, but the rate of interest was only 1%. The rate of interest increased if the certificate was kept for a longer time. In order to show even more their support for the war effort, citizens were invited to fill booklets with 25¢ stamps and send them to the Prime Minister. In reality, it was like a gift to the government as the amount of these stamps did not have to be reimbursed.

The advertising for the Victory Bonds and the War Saving Stamps was omnipresent. You could get them in banks and in post offices. Also, companies encouraged their employees to buy certificates through programs of deduction at source. Employees who were not inclined to see their salary docked could be badly considered by some



employers.

### Supporting the Troops

Finally, my mother's biggest worry was the safety of her husband, Frédérick Ascah, whom she married in the parish of Saint-Stanislas. Fred voluntarily enrolled out of a sense of duty and held the rank of Flight Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Initially, as he was in charge of a radar station, Fred was not in a combat zone. However, he soon came into danger from German bombing when he was in England, and later at Mont Ventoux in France where his radar station was transferred with the advancing allied forces in Europe. Like tens of thousands of Canadian women, Jeanne heaved a sigh of relief when VE day was declared on May 8th, 1945.

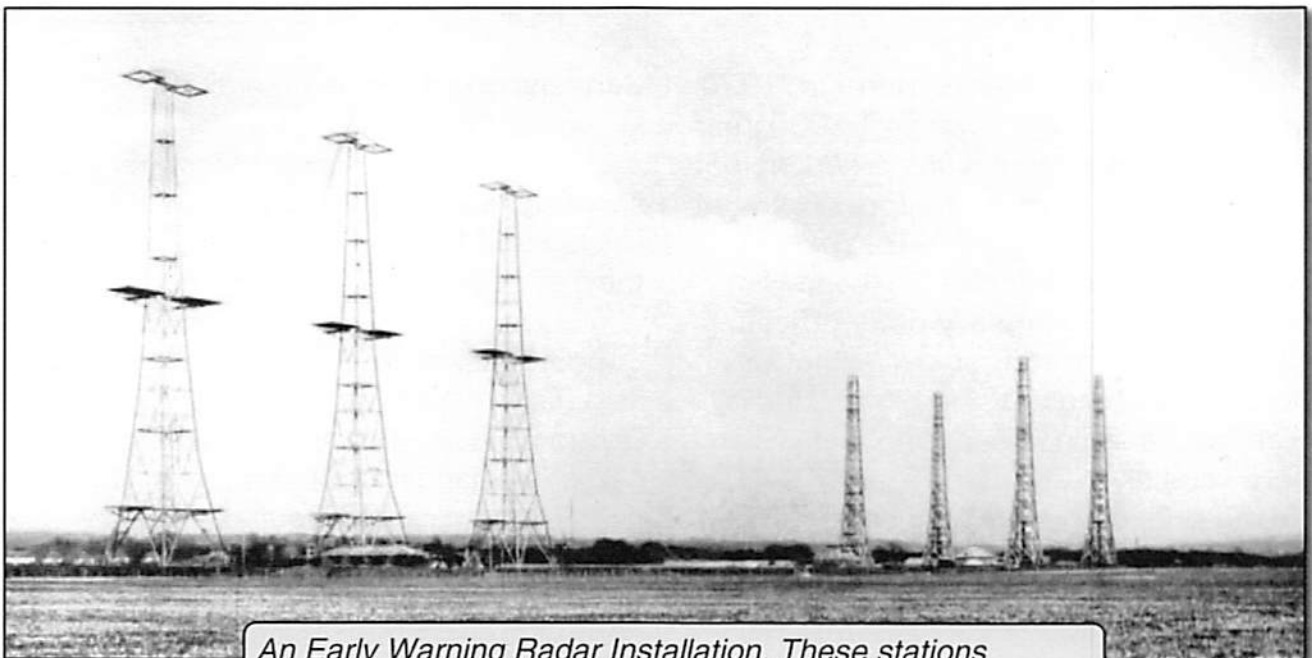
All throughout the war, Jeanne sent letters to her husband almost daily to cheer him up. I was surprised to realize that my father also sent a great number of letters and postcards back to his wife. This exchange of

correspondence must have allowed him to dream of going back to his better half and to a quieter way of life (with eventually three children, whom he did not know at the time).

Besides letters, Jeanne sent treats like long lasting cakes and jams, as well as socks, sweaters and scarves. But my father's favorite were the cigarettes. They were for his personal use and also as a unit of barter. My father told me once that he managed to get the 50 men under his command to take a shower in exchange for a pack of cigarettes each!

My mother lived through the war with much stoicism and courage and this surely contributed to making her the determined woman that she was. She was greatly appreciated by her family and friends.

*This contribution was translated from the original French.*



*An Early Warning Radar Installation. These stations formed a protective barrier around Britain during WWII*

# My Family at War

**Derrick Pounds**

*During the Second World War my father Walter Pounds, a WWI veteran, was a Special Police Sergeant. For unpaid voluntary police duties, he was provided with a complete police uniform with three white stripes on each sleeve to show his Sergeant rank, a whistle, ebony truncheon, headgear, and cape rainwear. On hearing the air raid Siren, he put on his uniform and cycled to the Checkpoint at the Newton Solney Village Green. Other Constables met there to receive instructions for a course of action to follow. My father had to put a bandage on his right thigh, following a WWI wound, when getting dressed. One night there were three separate air raid warnings, with all clears in between, which required the fitment and removal of his police uniform and the long bandage while getting dressed and undressed three times. He regularly rode his 3 speed Police bicycle from Newton Solney during nighttime excursions along the village lanes. These rides were to check that about 20 other constables living in nearby villages, who had volunteered for police duties, were at their assigned checkpoints at specific times.*



Walter Pounds

My sister Winnie, born in 1920, worked during WW II with 1,500 other young women, on munitions production at the Royal Ordnance factory No.5 at Swynnerton, Staffs.

My sister Winnie's husband Harry Bradley was a Royal Navy petty officer and engineer based first at Weymouth, Dorset practicing constantly with landing craft, preparing and servicing many that were used on D-Day. Earlier, as a 19-year-old, he skippered a 350 ton Landing Craft across the Atlantic that was in a flotilla from Bermuda to the Azores and onward to the south coast of England. After D-Day Harry's group went down the coast of France blowing up the harbours, so the

Germans could not use them

Several of my other relations survived action with British forces including Uncle Ernie Hammond, an army regular in the Tank Corps.

Cousin Sergeant Ken Ross served as a Paratrooper with the 6th Airborne Division, who on D-day dropped by parachute, landing just after midnight, near Troarn, France about 10 miles inland from the coast. The Divisional objective was to hold the ridge of high ground running from the coast to protect the Normandy beach landing zones. In mid-December 1944 Ken's brigade was



rushed to Belgium/Holland, to plug a gap between two American Units following a breakthrough by the German forces under General von Rundstedt during the Battle of the Bulge. On 24th March 1945, the day before his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, Ken was dropped on the German held side of the river Rhine. He eventually made his way with other attacking British Army units across Germany, over the river Elbe, continuing north-east of Hamburg to Wismar on the Baltic coast, where they linked up with the Russians.

C o u s i n Norman Pounds who, at 22 years of age, landed with the Royal Engineers (REME) at Normandy on D-day, 6th June 1944 going ashore at 10:17a.m. Recovery of damaged military vehicles from the battlefields was part of Norman's unit's tasks. This work included recovery of Allied and German tanks, many containing dead crews who were buried after their identification tags were removed and their locations marked.

Norman's REME breakdown recovery unit was responsible for maintaining military traffic flows by removing any stalled vehicles over the mile-long single lane bridge built by the Allies over the river Rhine. While in Luneburg, Germany, Norman witnessed the midnight arrest and detention of Nazi propaganda chief 'Lord Haw-Haw' (William Joyce). Norman was close to the action until being de-mobbed with a rank of Sergeant in November 1946.

My mother instructed me, at about

age 5, to be prepared should enemy soldiers arrive, by having me aim a .22 rifle at the white chimney pot on our brick shed.

We could identify enemy aircraft passing over at night by their engines drone hum-hum compared to the steady engine purr of allied aircraft. We saw the night sky glowing, like a rising sun, after major bombing attacks on Coventry and Birmingham located about 30 miles away.



*Harry Bradley and Winnie Pounds*


We had Air Raid Siren warnings most nights in the early 1940's and would immediately go downstairs and sit on stools in the area under the stairs, with our gas masks at the ready. Several incendiary bombs fell on and around Newton Solney without causing much damage. The incendiary bombs had magnesium bodies about 4 inches diameter and 30 inches long including 4 shrouded fins. We kept two duds, for years on the brick ledge behind a corn bin in our shed, on which I set mouse traps, that years later I threw into our top fish-pond.

# AC1 Joseph Henri Bruno Lincourt

(30 March 1919 – 10 June 1944)

**Douglas Fitz-Gerald**

Landing at Juno Beach on June 6<sup>th</sup> 1944 was a living hell for all those involved. As the protective armoured ramps of the landing craft opened all along the Normandy coast early that morning, Canadian soldiers became fully exposed to the fury of bullets and artillery being hurled at them from the German Army who were hunkered down in their fortified bunkers. Fighting for their lives as they scrambled across the beaches in search of safety, our soldiers had only just begun the fight to liberate France. Four days later, Joseph Henri Bruno LINCOURT (Bruno) died at the age of 24, adding yet another name to the Canadian Books of Remembrance that commemorate Canadians who have made the ultimate sacrifice while serving.



F/S	Lievense, Simon	RCAF	SL	Linnell, Lloyd Martin	RCAF
F/O	Liggett, Gerald Campbell	RCAF	F/O	Linning, William Edward	RCAF
Pte	Light, James Marshall	Essex Scot	F/O	Linscott, Harold Wills	RCAF
Pte	Lightfoot, George Joseph	SSask R	WO <sub>II</sub>	Linsey, Frederick John	SD & G Highrs
CPO	Lighthall, Augustus Eastman	RCNR	Tpr	Linstead, Kenneth Gordon	1H
Cpl	Lilge, Elmer Adolf	14 H	Sgt	Lintick, Robert George Borden	Alq R
Sgt	Lilley, Roy Graham, BEM	1H	Pte	Lintick, Stanley	Cameron's of C
F/O	Lillico, Allan Gainford	RCAF	P/O	Linton, Frank Malcolm	RCAF
P/O	Lillico, Gordon William	RCAF	P/O	Linton, Leonard Thomas	RCAF
P/O	Lillico, William Davidson	RCAF	P/O	Linton, Oswald Adam	RCAF
Pte	Limoges, René	Rde Mais	F/O	Lippert, John William	RCAF
Gnr	Lincoln, Percy Charles	RCA	Tpr	Lismore, Hugh Hjalmar Michael	1H
ACh	Lincourt, Joseph Henri Bruno	RCAF			

Page 366 from the Book of Remembrance of the Second World War

The Lincourt family would receive a letter from Air Marshal Robert Leckie two weeks later with the following words: "It is to be regretted that a career so full of promise was so abruptly interrupted. Rest assured that the death of your son is greatly regretted by all his comrades in arms". Items included among the

personal effects returned to his parents were a crucifix, an English penny, a song book, a jar of Noxzema, poker dice, playing cards, and a protractor. Perhaps this is a good time to mention that Bruno joined the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) in August of 1943 as an aircraft mechanic and never actually left

Canada before drowning in front of his fiancé at Masson Lake in Ste Marguerite, Quebec while on weekend furlough from RCAF Station Mont-Joli!

Bruno was still living with his parents on 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue in Rosemount at the outbreak of the war in 1939. He was working in the roofing industry as a metal worker when Canadian Vickers Ltd was awarded the contract to build the Canadian Vickers PBV-1A Canso Flying Boat in July 1941. He immediately saw an opportunity and left his roofing job for steady work at the Vickers plant and higher wages... a whopping sixty-five cents per day! Whether it was a sense of duty to his country or the lure of even better wages, Bruno joined the RCAF two years later on August 3<sup>rd</sup> 1943 and began to earn \$1.65 per day as a skilled aircraft metal worker.

Reporting for duty at No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto, Bruno spent the next four weeks learning the basics of military life which included: bathing, shaving, shining boots, polishing buttons, and maintaining uniforms in addition to physical education, rifle drill, foot drill and saluting. Having passed basic training, Bruno was sent to No. 4 Wireless School at RCAF Station Guelph, Ontario. There he was part of the groundcrew maintaining various RCAF training aircraft such as the De Havilland Tiger Moth, Noorduyn Norseman, North American Yale and the North American Harvard.

RCAF Station Mont-Joli, a coastal patrol base that participated in the Battle of the St. Lawrence, was Bruno's next posting following a short five-month tour in Guelph. Attached to No. 9 Bombing and Gunnery School in early February 1944, it was clear that RCAF Aircraftsman Class 1

Bruno LINCOURT was never destined to fight overseas. His contribution to the war would remain in Canada supporting the massive Allied aircrew training effort as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Regardless of the chosen occupation in the military, ordinary citizens like Bruno must unconditionally accept unlimited liability, a core military ethos concept that continues to this very day. In keeping with this, the Books of Remembrance will never discriminate between our dead regardless of how they supported the war effort. Bruno's death was both costly to Canada's war effort to train Commonwealth aircrew for battle, and a tragedy to his family.

Bruno is the great uncle of my wife Valérie Vien. When we first discovered his service file and learned more about his service to Canada, we noted that he was buried on



*Bruno Lincourt*



*Valérie spending time with her great uncle Bruno Lincourt, who is buried in the military section of the Côte-du-Neiges Cemetery.*

Mount Royal in the military section of the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Despite the rainy weather, we drove to the cemetery in search of his headstone and methodically walked up and down the rows until we found his final resting place.

While writing this story, I promised my wife I wouldn't mention the two rounds of gonorrhea (1937 and 1943) that are

*An extract from Bruno's service file: the names and addresses of his relatives - a sample of the family information found within the file, pure gold!*

documented in his file, so I'll reluctantly move on to the other equally exciting facts that can be found within the pages of his service file. From cover to cover, Bruno's file has a total of 31 pages. From his initial enlistment form through to the certificate of burial, we were able to follow Bruno throughout his short career in the military. The file also contained forms that were created seven years after his death as seen on the receipt for the War Service Gratuity of \$67.50 paid to the family in 1950.

The QFHS library has a fantastic resource for finding airmen and women who died while serving with the RCAF during World War II: the book *"They Shall Grow Not Old, A Book of Remembrance"*. Bruno appears on page 425 and was yet another great addition that helps to bring his story to life.

All the files for Canada's WWII War Dead are available free of charge on Ancestry's website, you don't need to have a paid subscription to view and download these files at home. If you have an ancestor who died while serving in the Navy, Army or Air Force during WW2, it's well worth your time to search for their file, you'll be rewarded with a story that's unique to them!

INFORMANT'S STATEMENT		ADDRESS IN FULL
NAME IN FULL of any Relative, if any, in each Service specified	Age	of each surviving Relative, opposite his or her name, and date of death of each deceased relative
Robert Lincourt	10	5461 3rd Ave Montreal, Que. (36)
Mrs. Helene Vein	45	1111 Avenue Joliette Montreal, Que. (36)
Mrs. Genevieve Lincourt	41	5481 3rd Ave. - Mt. (36)
Mrs. Geo. Lafre (Grand)	40	5472 3rd Ave. - Mt. (36)
Paques Lincourt	38	9867 - Mount - Mt.
Andrie Lincourt	36	9th Avenue, St. Louis
Jean Robert Lincourt	35	5732 - Lincourt - Mt.
Mrs. Jeanette (Lafre)	29	5481 3rd Ave. - Mt. (36)
Mrs. Marie King (Lafre)	27	2143 - Lincourt - Mt.
Mrs. Paques Lincourt (Lafre)	26	2623 - Lincourt - Mt.
Mrs. Lincourt (Lafre)	24	18 - Lincourt - Mt.
Felix Lafre		63 - Lincourt - Mt.
Helene Lincourt Lafre		35 - Lincourt - Mt.

# "Canadian Wives Glad To Help"

**Jane Edwards**

In 1945, my uncle was a reporter with the *Montreal Star* and wrote an article quoting my mother, which appeared in a British newspaper, the *Evening News*. This is a clipping from the latter article.



## The Evening News



NO. 12,345

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1945

ONE PENNY

### Canadian Wives Glad to Help - Meat Cut Approved

*Evening News* Correspondent

Extract from *Montreal Star* article - Norman C. Ogilvie

Canadian housewives fully endorse the Ottawa Government's action in reintroducing meat rationing to make supplies more plentiful for Britain. One typical housewife, Mrs. Bruce Edwards, of Lorne Crescent, Montreal told me today: "We'll make any sacrifice to help the British people who have borne the brunt of the war. When I read of the British diet I wonder how people have been able to keep healthy. We've lacked scarcely anything and it will not hurt us to cut down on meat."

Letter from London Eng, Sept. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1945

To Mrs. Bruce Edwards

Seeing this in our *Evening News* here in England from your paper in Montreal I thought I would write you a few lines privately myself. The little piece in this paper I send with this letter reads to me so friendly – well you are a very generous people – you have done wonderful well all through this terrible war and are still helping us which I am sure all us housewives in England do appreciate. I for one know what kind of people you are as I have lived in Canada. I and my family were in Regina when the cyclone was there. We stayed at Montreal for 1 day. I had to wait for the train to travel on to Regina. I was 13 years in Canada from east to west so you see as I tell my friends here they will like Canada and the Canadian people. I made many friends there. I came back to England with my sons in 1922 only back few years when this war came – it has been a bitter struggle but we are lucky to be alive and there is no question about it – us English people bore the brunt and they don't complain they just get on with it but I assure you it takes great courage. I still write to my Canadian friends and remember them each year with Xmas greetings. I like the Canadians and Canada very much and we often recall to memory the happy days we spent in Canadian cities. I would like to take a trip back but I feel I am getting too elderly now. Thanking you housewives very much for your self-denial for us here in England which I am sure is greatly appreciated by us all here. I will close now.

From yours faithfully

Mrs. A. Bounds 49 Garratt Terrace, Tooting Broadway, SW 17

# Honorary Colonel Robert G. "Bob" Middlemiss, D.F.C., C.D.

*Fred Garrett*

The subject of this piece is my uncle Robert George Middlemiss (1920-2013). Born in Montréal on 13 July, 1920 to my grandparents Edwin James Middlemiss (1891-1966) and Mary Ann Eliza Price (1892-1992), he was an accomplished track athlete at the Commercial High School in Montréal and with the MAAA (Montreal Amateur Athletic Association) locally. In 1940 he was preparing to attend the University of California on a track scholarship when the war broke out and following in the tradition of my grandfather who had served in the First World War, he volunteered to join the RCAF. He was told when an opening was available he would be called. By then the difficulty of the "Mother Country" was relayed daily and "I could not but be aware of the desperate need for help, especially manpower".

In the interim my grandfather's Regiment, of which he was the RQSM, the 17<sup>th</sup> Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars was being mobilized as the 3<sup>rd</sup> Canadian Motorcycle Regiment and my uncle Bob decided to join as a trooper but was called by the Air Force a few months later. In order to join the Air Force, he required a discharge from the Army and when he finally

convinced his Army Com-manding Officer he joined the RCAF on September 14 1940.

He received initial flight training at St-Eugene, Ontario and Summerside, P.E.I. where he received his wings. He was then posted overseas at the 57 Operations Training Unit (O.T.U.), Hawarden, Cheshire, England, where he was trained on Spitfires. He was posted to 145 Squadron for a short period and later to 41 Squadron which played a key role in the Battle of Britain carrying out operations consisting of air defense patrols against high-level and low-level bomber attacks. The Spitfires also had to protect convoys in the English Channel, carry out fighter sweeps, and low-level rhu-barbs<sup>1</sup> and escort Allied bombers. On a sweep into



My grandfather Ted with his son Bob in London during the war.

France he got his first FW 190 fighter.

In June 1942 he was selected to serve with a team of Spitfire pilots posted to Malta, arriving at the island on the aircraft carrier HMS Eagle. The Spitfires left the carrier under heavy fire and before they could land they were engaged by Me 109s and in the heavy fighting lost four pilots and aircraft. On June 27 he destroyed his first aircraft and damaged another; on July 2 he destroyed an Me 109 and on July 4 an Italian bomber.

On July 7, 1942, while sitting in readiness, an order came through to scramble eight aircraft, leaving him and another pilot on the ground. At the time the saying was "It was safer in the air than on the

ground". They finally persuaded the controller to let them take off and join the others and the following is an account of what followed from his combat report (see below).

The injuries sustained during this combat necessitated his leaving Malta and returning to England where he instructed at the O.T.U. for a short while. Of his time with 249 Squadron he is quoted to have said "It was on this squadron that I became friends with some of the most incredible men that I shall ever hope to find. No wonder 249 Squadron became the highest scoring squadron in the Commonwealth."

His last wartime tour of operations was with 403 Squadron at Kenley, England under the famous Wing Leader 'Johnnie' Johnson where he was chosen as Johnnie's Number Two. 127 Wing was made up of experienced Canadian fighter pilots, all 'second tour' pilots. It was here that under Bob Buckham, CO of 403, that he was promoted to command B Flight.

Having completed his tours of operations he was transferred back home to Canada and on his wedding day May 20, 1944 received notification that he was awarded the DFC. In an interview with the Montréal Gazette he was quoted as saying "a perfect day for me, my wedding, my award, and the presence of a number

## Combat Report

Malta

Date – July 7, 1942

*... Daddo turned in and got one of the 88s, unaware that a 109 had him in his sights. Seeing this I attacked and saw strikes along the enemy aircraft. I knew of course his buddy could not be far away and I checked over my shoulder. Suddenly, my right hand left the stick with the impact of my having been shot in the right arm and back. I was in a spin unable to eject because of centrifugal force but managed to roll the Spitfire over and fall free out of the plane to land in the Mediterranean. Now to inflate the dinghy. The words went slowly through my mind ... 'slowly turn the tap of the CO2 bottle' – after frantically turning the tap this way and that I realized the CO2 bottle was EMPTY – no help there. With great difficulty, due to my injuries, I managed to pump some air into the dinghy and started to paddle towards the island. To make my problem worse, the squadron were looking for me on the other side of the Island and it was only when Paul Brennan and Roy Hesselyn flew out to protect minesweepers that they spotted me floating in the ocean. I was later picked up by Air Sea Rescue launch.*

of air force friends, Buzz Buerling and Red Omand among others helped me celebrate a great day.”

The Distinguished Flying Cross the citation read as follows:

*“This officer completed two tours of operational duty and has completed sorties from Malta and the United Kingdom. He has destroyed three enemy aircraft and damaged others. His standard of leadership as a section leader and flight commander has always been high and he has invariably shown outstanding courage”*

After the war he remained in the RCAF and was eventually given command of the first squadron of the new Starfighters (CF 104's) Squadron 427 at Zweibrucken, Germany. Unfortunately, his command was abruptly terminated when on Dec 30, 1963 on a flight aboard a Bristol Freighter returning with family from London, crashed killing all on board including my aunt Hazel 1921-1963 (nee Yates) except for an airman, my cousin

<sup>1</sup>**Rhubarb** – fighter or fighter-bomber sections, at times of low cloud and poor visibility, crossing the English Channel and then dropping below cloud level to search for opportunity targets such as railway locomotives and rolling stock, aircraft on the ground, enemy troops, and vehicles on roads.



*excerpt from Obituary:*

*LCOL (Ret'd) Robert George Middlemiss, DFC, CD, Honorary Colonel, 427 Special Operations Aviation Squadron - [passed away]At the Royal Victoria Regional Health Centre, Barrie, on Wednesday, July 31, 2013.*

(Dale), and my uncle. I remember my mother and grandmother huddled around the radio for every news broadcast hoping for information.

He completed his career at NORAD HQ, Colorado Springs and retired in June 1969 with the rank of Wing Commander. In 2003 he was appointed Honorary Colonel 427 Squadron a tactical helicopter Squadron, a role he held until his passing on 31 July, 2013.

Not to diminish his impressive and lengthy career, to me he was Uncle Bob, a brother, father, grandfather, and uncle whom I recall seeing in uniform only once. He was a man who enjoyed life, from the golf course to the party or to landscaping around home and the cottage. My grandmother was very proud of her son and her face would light up in his presence. He had a calming aura and was always in control, and one of the best story tellers I would listen to for hours.

#### Decorations, Campaign Stars and Medals

Distinguished Flying Cross  
1939-1945 Star  
Aircrew Europe Star  
Africa Star  
Defence Medal  
Canadian Volunteer Medal War medal  
1939 1945

Special Service medal with NATO Bar  
Canadian Centennial Medal (1967)  
Canadian Forces Decoration and Clasp  
Malta George Cross Fiftieth Anniversary Medal



# Books of Remembrance

*Doug Fitz-Gerald*



*Room of Remembrance (now in the Visitor Welcome Centre on Parliament Hill)*

For those of you who have a relative that made the ultimate sacrifice while serving Canada in uniform, you must visit the website of Veterans Affairs Canada to view the Books of Remembrance and request a FREE copy of the page that your relative was commemorated on, you'll be glad you did!

With the recent addition of the War of 1812 Book of Remembrance in 2019, the following books are now available for you to search online:

- **War of 1812:** commemorates over 1,600

individuals who gave their lives during the War of 1812 (1812-1814),

- **Royal Canadian Mounted Police:** commemorates 230 men and women of the RCMP who gave their lives in service to their country (1876-Present),

- **South African War / Nile Expedition:** commemorates 297 Canadians who gave their lives during the South African War (1899-1902) and the Nile Expedition (1884-1885),

- **First World War:** commemorates 66,384 Canadians who gave their lives during the First World War (1914-1918),

- **Second World War:** commemorates over 44,920 Canadians who gave their lives during the Second World War (1939-1945),
- **Merchant Navy:** commemorates 2,212 men and women of the Merchant Marines who gave their lives during the First and Second World Wars,
- **Newfoundland:** commemorates over 2,389 men and women who gave their lives during the First and Second World Wars before Newfoundland became a province,
- **Korean War** commemorates 516 Canadians who gave their lives during the Korean War (1950-1953), and
- **In the Service of Canada:** commemorates over 1,900 members of the Canadian Armed Forces who have died while on active duty in times of conflict, while peacekeeping, on training exercises and deployments in Canada and abroad since 1 October 1947, with the exception of those who died during the Korean War.

Requesting a page from the book is extremely easy! Start by navigating to the *Search the Books of Remembrance* web page and enter what information you know. While more information will help narrow the search, you could enter as little information as you'd like. For example, if all you knew was that your Great Aunt Mary died while serving Canada in uniform, you'll be relieved to know that you'd only have 21 results to look at.

Looking through the 21 results from the search for Great Aunt Mary above, we notice one of them died in 1977... this must be our Mary. You will note on the search result page that there are two hyperlinks (underlined text) available for each person. The first link "209" will bring you to the exact page in the Book of

remembrance where Mary's name appears. The second link, *Barkley, Darlene Leona Mary – Private* will bring you to her Canadian Virtual War Memorial page. Here you'll find some additional information about Mary and if you're lucky, someone may have uploaded a picture or other documents.

To request a free full colour copy of the page, simply look under the "Additional Information" column under her name and you'll see: *Commemorated on Page 209 of the In the Service of Canada Book of Remembrance. Request a copy of this page.* Click on the "Request a copy" link and you'll be brought to a page where you'll need to enter all your contact information. Once your request is sent, you'll receive a nicely printed page in the mail a few (too many) months later.

I personally don't have any connections to Private Mary Barkley, I was just looking for an example for this story. When I looked at her memorial page, I was struck by the fact that she was only 17 years old when she died. A little more research revealed that she was a reservist with the Military Police Platoon of the 15<sup>th</sup> Service Battalion in Edmonton, Alberta. Having joined the reserves in January 1977 at the age of 16, she was sent to CFB Dundurn, Saskatchewan not long after her basic training. She was on duty late one night when she lost control of the jeep she was driving and it flipped into a ditch. Three passengers were thrown clear of the jeep, but Mary was crushed under the vehicle and later died of her injuries in the hospital. Mary had just celebrated her 17<sup>th</sup> birthday seven days prior to the accident.

Please don't think that your relative had to have died as a result of war, as the poem states: "We will remember them".

# My Family in WWII - Montreal, England, Italy

*Lois Hardy (with Don MacDougall)*



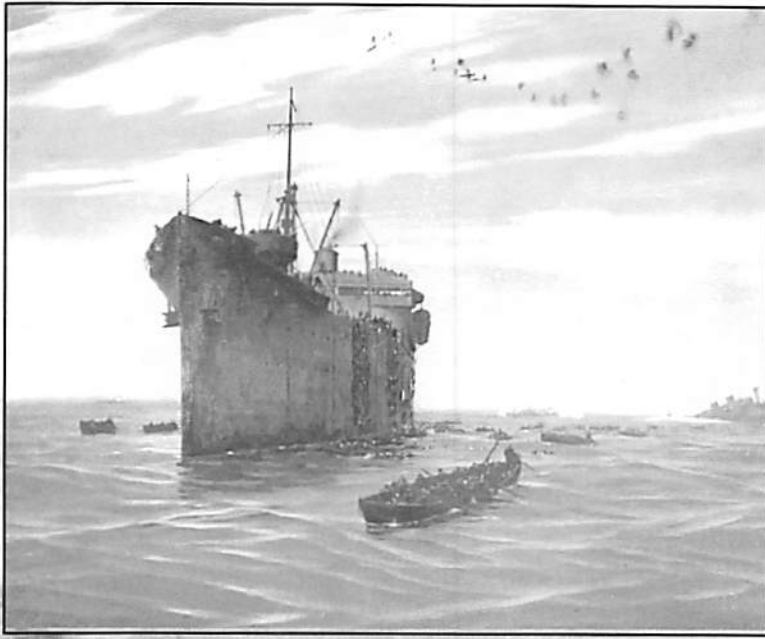
*Helena and Dick. Below, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, June 19, 1941*



When war was declared in September 1939, Richard Ernest (Dick) Hardy of Greenfield Park asked Helena Jones of Mackayville to marry him. He was 27 years old, a Quarter Master Sergeant (WOII) with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps in Montreal. Expecting that Dick would soon leave for Europe, they married the next month and had the first wedding in Greenfield Park United Church's new building.

Dick's story is not that of a fighting man; rather, he was part of the vast support team crucial to the success of those on the front lines. Early in the war, Dick's unit stayed to train others. In June 1940, he was posted to No. 14 General Hospital, a 1,200-bed unit activated at Westmount Barracks. It wasn't until June 1941, a month after his daughter Eleanor was born, that No. 14 left Montreal -- to Halifax by train and across the Atlantic on board the *Stirling Castle*.

Once in England, Dick was promoted to Regimental Sergeant Major, senior non-commissioned officer, with hospital administration duties. No. 14 occupied three hospitals near London: Pinewood (350 beds), Aldershot in Farnborough (600 beds) and finally Horley in Surrey (900 beds) where they received casualties evacuated



The hospital's history in Italy has been a succession of remarkable feats of improvisation and enterprise, owing in part to an earlier loss of equipment. The very building where the hospital is lodged was, for instance, entirely open to winter winds when the staff arrived, as the Italians had removed all doors and windows during the time between the Germans' departure and the Allies' arrival. It could only be supposed that they imagined they would hide them and earn rewards for returning them after the war. The hospital was obliged to organize a search through the surrounding countryside, and doors and windows were found in cellars, under haystacks and in all manner of extraordinary hiding places.

Artist's rendering of Monterey's rescue of Santa Elena passengers. Right: Excerpt, "Montreal Hospital Now Operates in Italy, Jan. 22, 1944 – delayed," Sholto Watt, Montreal Star.

men hanging onto it, so I made for that.... I heard someone speaking and thought I recognized the voice, and discovered that Dick Hardy was hanging on the other side... We couldn't do very much talking, because every time we opened our mouths we got a mouthful of salt water... the water was getting colder and colder the longer we were in it, and I was beginning to get very tired. ... after a few hours [the life jackets] began to get waterlogged, and it got more difficult to keep up. After a little over four hours I was beginning to feel that I couldn't hang on much longer."

from Dieppe.

Needed in Italy, No. 14 sailed from Liverpool in October 1943 on the Santa Elena, which carried 1800 Canadian soldiers and nurses. The convoy of 43 US and British ships was attacked by German aircraft in the Mediterranean near Algeria at dusk on November 6. The first planes carried jet-propelled radio-guided glide bombs (for the first time in the war), and one hit the Santa Elena. The second wave struck the Santa Elena with a torpedo bomb -- the order was given to abandon ship.

All from the Santa Elena were rescued and continued on to Naples, Dick and many others on the US troopship Monterey.

No. 14's Wally Plumpton wrote to his parents about the sinking:

"It was very dark, but I could see that the ship was gradually getting lower in the water at one end. Just as I got near the bottom of the net, a big wave washed up and lifted me off the net and against the ship. Golly, that water was cold! ... I saw a raft a little distance off with some

On December 5, No. 14 opened at Caserta. By January 1944, the hospital was over capacity at 1400 patients. Montreal Star War Correspondent, Sholto Watt, reported that "three hard-working men at the hospital are the chief surgeons and R.S.M. R.E. Hardy, of Montreal." Watt describes one challenge they overcame in the clipping shown.

When No. 14 moved on to Perugia,

Dick was not with the unit. Severely ill, he was evacuated to be treated in England. Various postings followed before he returned to Montreal, more than 4 years after leaving his family.

On the home front, Helena joined her father at Montreal's Liquid Carbonic to work in purchasing; the company changed from making soda fountains to tank parts. Helena's mother looked after little Eleanor, who learned that her father was the uniformed man in the mantle photo – upon sight of a soldier, she would call out "Daddy".

Canada had rationing and food coupons, and Helena was disconcerted to later discover that the care

packages the family sent for Dick to enjoy were used instead to help smooth out situations that arose with his men. Definitely appreciated, however, was money Helena and Dick's sister Maud regularly sent through the Red Cross to a friend and her children suffering great deprivation in Japanese-occupied Hong Kong, especially as the father was serving in the British Merchant Marine. One daughter was given the English name "Eleanor" after the little girl in Montreal.

Dick and Helena would go on to have another daughter, five grandchildren and six great grandchildren. One granddaughter and her family live in Montreal, but the rest of the family have dispersed to Ottawa, California and North Carolina.



*This plate, produced for members of R.C.A.M.C. No. 14 General Hospital, illustrates the unit's journey from Westmount to Perugia, Italy, and four of the major battles they supported (artist: Major Jules Gosselin).*

# The Boys of William Lunn

*Glenna Morrison*



The reason for this party goes back to April 1944 when an RAF Liberator Bomber crashed in the streets of Griffintown. The boys pictured above were sitting in a classroom at the William Lunn Technical Institute when the crash occurred. They thought a train had rolled off the elevated railroad entering Central Station. They were first on the scene to help survivors,

without finding many. My dad, Brad

Morrison, recalled "Our Captain instructed us to get to the wounded and give them cigarettes to calm them, despite the fact that most were on fire." A family of Doyle and another of Mains lived nearby. Mrs. Main was the owner of a "snack store" in the area that the boys frequented. She decided to host a dinner for the boys at Christmas to thank them for their help that day.

*Meet the Boys of William Lunn Technical Institute, in December 1944*

*Back row L-R: Dave Gold, Ray Brock, Norman Lord, unknown Navy CPO, Brad Morrison, Laird Smith, Harry Silverstein, Bill Stokes and two young members of the Doyle family of Griffintown. Middle row: Mrs. Main, the host of the dinner party, unknown CWAC's and Mrs. Doyle in whose home the party was held. Front row: Dave Mitten, Vic Sargeant, Harry Porter and Jack Deakin.*

# The Griffintown Crash.....



189 Colburne Street (now Peel Street), Montreal, April 25, 1944

On April 25, 1944, a Royal Air Force Liberator B Mark VI en route to Britain via Gander, Newfoundland crashed into the Griffintown neighborhood in downtown Montreal, Quebec minutes after taking off from Dorval Airport. The five-member crew and ten civilians on the ground were killed, and a large fire destroyed at least 10 homes.

Between 1941 and 1945, Montreal's Dorval airport was where 9,000 aircraft were gathered from manufacturers all over North America prior to being transferred by RAF Ferry Command overseas. This Liberator B Mark VI, designated EW-148, had come from its factory in Michigan. Just after takeoff at 10:24 AM, the crew reported problems. The plane cleared Mount Royal but started to lose altitude over downtown Montreal. It passed in front of the Sun Life Building and narrowly missed the tower of Windsor Station and the chimney of the Dow Brewery. At 10:30, it struck residential buildings near the corner of Shannon Street and Ottawa Street. There was an explosion, and fire immediately broke out, spread by the

9,000 litres of fuel.

Firefighters took hours to contain the blaze. In all, 10 to 15 homes were destroyed in the crash and subsequent fire.

The flight crew all perished in the crash:

- Pilot Flight Lieutenant Kazimierz Burzynski, 41, was a Polish Air Force veteran of both World Wars, and was a flying instructor.
- Navigator Flight Lieutenant Adolf-Jan Nowicki, 31, had been the PAF for five years and was

a veteran of 40 bombing missions over Germany.

- Officer-Pilot Andrej Kuzniacki, 31, had been flying in the Polish Air Force since 1936, but had recently joined Ferry Command.
- Flight Engineer Sergeant Islwyn Jones, 23, born in Swansea, Wales, had served in the Royal Air Force since 1942, and was a veteran of Ferry Command.
- Radio Operator Officer-Pilot James Smith-Wilson, 21, born in Glasgow, Scotland, living in Trenton, N.J., had served in the Royal Canadian Air Force since 1942. This was his first trans-Atlantic flight.

Ten civilians on the ground were killed. The Ministry of Defense report cited structural failure of the tail section as the cause of the crash. Witnesses in the Sun Life Building described seeing part of the tail detached as it flew at low altitude apparently trying to reach the river to ditch.

*Source: wikipedia.org*

# JV Waddell: Reservist in the 6th Hussars

*Deborah Waddell*



*James Verner Waddell; 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars*

My grandfather, James Verner Waddell, born January 9th, 1899 in Govanhill, Glasgow, arrived in Canada in 1921 after serving in the Imperial Forces in World War I. He died in 1965, so I have few personal memories of him and almost everything I know about his experience in World War II comes from my father, Keith. All references to his WWII activities mentioned that he was with the 6<sup>th</sup> Hussars.

In 1939 when the Second World War began, he was once again prepared to "do his bit". Having a medical problem from WWI that disqualified him for active duty, Jim joined the Reserve Army: the 6<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars (Armored Car), often simply known as the 6<sup>th</sup> Hussars. The Armory was located just off Dorchester St. West (now René Lévesque Blvd.) at 1103 St. Matthew Street, near the top of the embankment. What is unknown is the date that he joined. It is possible that he was initially rejected because of his medical problem until the No. 47 (Cav.) Reserve Company Veterans Guard, a unit of the 6<sup>th</sup> Hussars, was created October 16th, 1940.

Frank Pickerel of the 6<sup>th</sup> Hussars in a Montreal Gazette article from November 1944 is quoted as saying that the Veterans' companies were the backbone of the reserve units. "The youngsters under 18 trained under the 'eagle eyes' of the rejuvenated youngsters of 1914-1918".

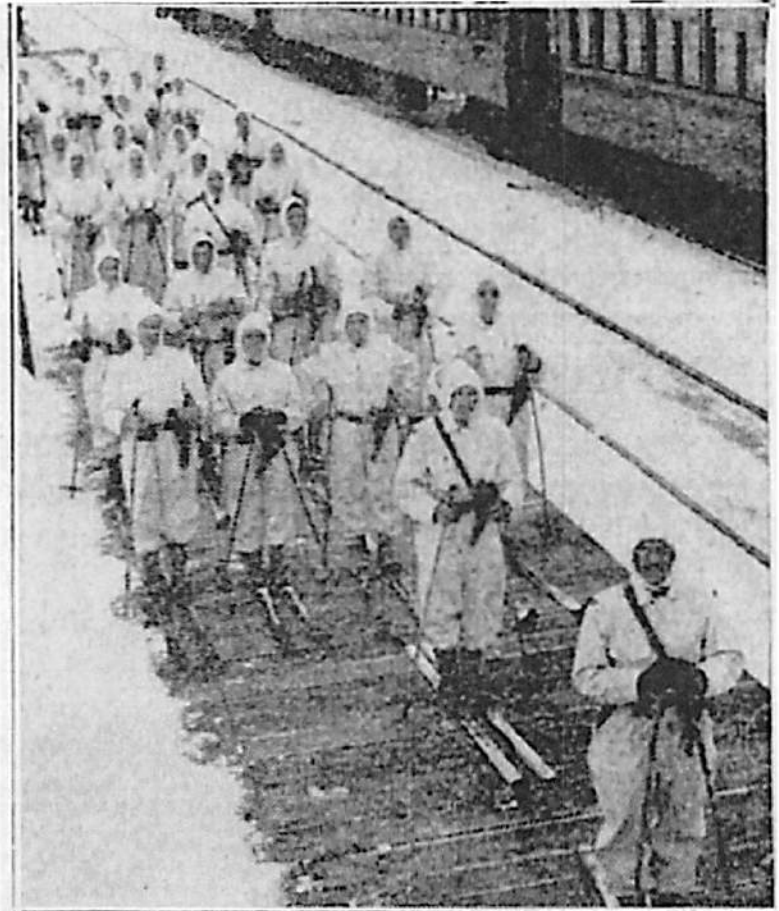
## **Reserve Army Training**

Likely, Jim took part in the annual



training plan for the Canadian Reserve Army which covered 30 days of regular parades, 10 weekends and two weeks in summer camp. As a reconnaissance battalion, the regimental training program for the 6th Hussars included training in rifle, Reising (sub-machine) gun, Bren (light machine) gun, mortar, fieldcraft tactics and the principals of operation and the driving and maintenance of military trucks and motorcycles. Fieldcraft consisted of map-reading, reconnaissance and signaling.

After 1940, the 6th Hussars spent the yearly 2 weeks of summer military camp at Farnham. Military training at summer camp focused on drill, bayonet practice, gas protection, machine gun operation, physical training and fieldcraft which was especially appropriate for an armoured car regiment.



*Manoeuvres on Skis at Morin Heights*



*Taken some time between 1939 and 1943. Jim Waddell is in the middle of the group of three. Probably Gilbert George to his right.*

Returning from summer training camp, Reserve Army units would parade back to their Armoury from where they got off the train or bus, stopping at Dominion Square to salute the officer commanding M.D. 4.

#### **Manoeuvres on Skis**

I was intrigued by this snippet from my father's memoirs: "Reserve army training sometimes included manoeuvres on the ski slopes in Shawbridge in the Laurentians. Gray and I were included occasionally – loaned white coveralls, given a ride in the back of a military "lorry" from Ste-Rose, given a free lift ticket and a quick lunch from the chow truck."

Searching Newspapers.com turned up two articles with photographs confirming part

of his story. March 10th and 22nd, 1941 The Montreal Gazette carried reports of one of these events: "6th HUSSARS HOLD MANOEUVRES ON SKIS: Unit 'Blows Up' Railway Bridge At Prévost in the Laurentians". More than 40 volunteers from the Hussars participated in the exercise over a weekend. The men were completely equipped with anti-aircraft weapons, light machine guns, rifles and pistols. On Day 1 they skied in patrol formation from Montfort to Morin Heights using map references and compass to find their way. On Day 2, they left Morin Heights, skied to Prévost and "demolished" the railway bridge. Then they continued skiing to Shawbridge to get on the train back to Montreal.



*The 6th Hussars' cap badge. Source: [canadiansoldiers.com](http://canadiansoldiers.com)*

This was the only article discovered talking about ski manoeuvres, but from Keith's comment, it seems it might have happened more than once – and that Jim was actively involved.

### **2nd Lieutenant J.V. Waddell**

James Verner Waddell started officers' training in March of 1943 at the Armory on St. Matthew St. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant on August 16th, 1943 in the 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars Regiment attached to the No. 47 (Cav.) Reserve Company Veterans Guard of the Canadian Army. His original commission is in my possession.

This Reserve unit celebrated its anniversary each year and held its last parade October 18 of 1945. As the unit disbanded, they created the 47th Cavalry Reserve Association which would meet regularly and cease to exist on the death of the last member.

### **Proud to have Served**

Frank Pickerel's article in the Gazette summarizes the pride which the Reservists could claim: "When the war is over they will hold their heads high for, despite the fact they were not called to actual fighting, they trained those who could go out to fight, and they can proudly say, 'I was prepared. I served with Canada's Reserve Army' They know...that if Hitler had hit when we were weak, they were prepared to do their duty, as once before, with their 17-year-old buddies."

# A World War Two Story

*Gary Schroder*

*When I began my genealogical research career in 1987 I knew nothing about my own family history. Three out of my four grand-parents were dead before I was born and I had a fleeting image of meeting my grandfather William Owen James Flynn when I was three. I never saw him again. I did what everyone told me to do: interview your oldest relative.*

I interviewed for hours a relative on my mother's side a woman named May Coady who had a fantastic memory for family details. She told me that I had a relative Thomas Leo Connolly who was killed in World War Two in the Royal Canadian Air Force. His service file was and still is held in Library and Archives Canada in Ottawa.

Before they will release the complete file one has to prove that the person has been dead for twenty years. Since he was killed in the war that was not a problem. In 1987 I ordered his file, sent them a cheque for copies of the documents and within 30 days I received a package containing his full file of over 175 pages. In 2020 you would fill in a form on the Library and Archives Canada website easily found under Military Heritage. They would send you an email indicating the cost for copies in the file. You may have to wait up to

six months for your order to be filled and sent to you on a CD or perhaps an electronic copy.

Thomas Leo Connolly 1914-1944 was born in Montreal the son of James Francis Connolly 1890-1947 and his wife Margaret Boyle 1886-1918. His mother died during the Spanish Flu Epidemic when he was only four years old. His Connolly ancestors came from

County Tipperary just after the Potato Famine. On his mother's side his ancestors included two different Boyle families from Counties Donegal and Monaghan, McMahons from County Monaghan, Davys/Davis from County Sligo and Donohues from the city of Sligo in County Sligo. All these families came just after the Potato Famine.

He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in April 1942. His large file included his Attestation Paper which tells that before joining the Air Force he had completed two years of High School at St. Ann's Boys School, worked Canada Sugar Company, Canadian National Railways, and Canadian Work Camps

during the Depression. He was 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 126 pounds. He had a fair complexion, hazel eyes, and brown hair. In his file there are two pictures of him in uniform, all his pay records, a copy of his will, a family



*Photos (above and next page) from Thomas Connolly's service file.*

sheet indicating that he had two brothers Anthony and James serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force and a brother Harold serving in the Canadian Army Service Corp. He embarked for England from Halifax on June 16, 1943 and arrived in England on June 24, 1943. After training he was transferred to the 166th Squadron of the Royal Air Force. Using the Operational War Diaries of the 166th Squadron held at the National Archives in Kew, I was able to follow all his missions including the destinations of the bombing raids, the serial number of each flight and the names of all crew members on each flight.

On February 24, 1944 on a bombing raid of which the target was Schweinfurt in Germany, his plane collided with a Royal Australian Air Force plane. The crew of that plane were able to parachute to safety but only two of his crew were able to parachute to safety. He was a Mid-Turret Gunner and his head was stuck in the turret and he was on the plane when it crashed. He died of injuries the next day at the Louth County Hospital. In his file are his hospital records including his temperature readings. The other members of his crew died before the crash. In the records are the sad notifications to his father about his injuries, his death and burial information. One of the most poignant documents were the list of his Personnel Effects which included clothing and his books. One of which was Teach Yourself About the Greeks.

I have started doing research on the other crew members and I am very interested in finding photos of them and making contact with their families.

**Crew:**

- 1: George Albert Andrews age 21 son of Albert E.F.Andrews and Ethel M.Andrews of Toronto, Ontario buried Harrogate ( Stonefall ) Cemetery, Yorkshire R.C.A.F Warrant Officer
- 2: Alfred Henry Hullah age 20 son of Herbert Hullah and Alice Maud Hullah of Leeds buried Leeds ( Lawnswood Cemetery) R.A.F.V.R. Pilot Officer
- 3: Thomas Leo Connolly age 30 son of James Francis Connolly and Margaret Connolly of Montreal, Quebec buried Harrogate ( Stonefall )

- Cemetery, Yorkshire R.C.A.F Sergeant
- 4: William Percy Martin age 21 son of Percy and Hettie Martin of Rescoria buried Terberbyn Cemetery R.A.F.V.R. Sergeant
- 5: Albert John Wolfe age 20 son of Albert Wolfe and Ethel Mary Wolfe of Finchley, Middlesex buried Leytonstone ( St.Patrick's ) Roman Catholic Cemetery, R.A.F.V.R, Sergeant

**Survived the Accident:**

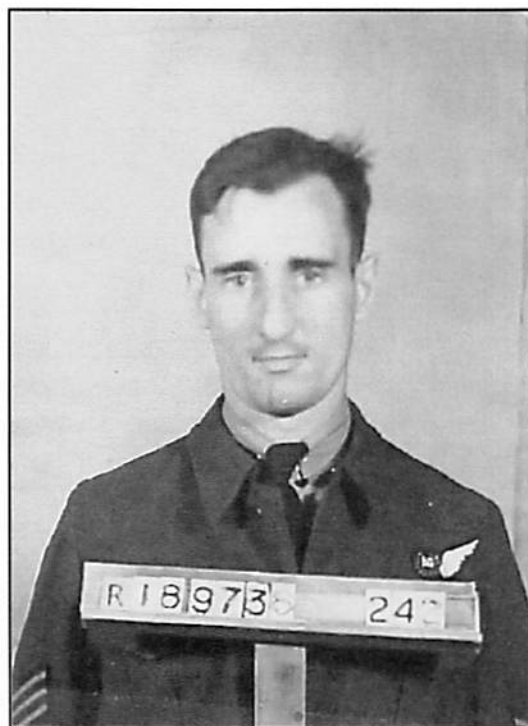
- 1: James Oldfield age 23 son of Harold and Laura Oldfield of Beeston, Leeds. He was later killed on May 4, 1944 while serving with the 12 Sqdn, Royal Air Force Buried Poivres Churchyard, R.A.F.V.R. Sergeant

**Survived the Accident and the War:**

- 1: R.J.Barton, R.C.A.F., Flying Officer This person might be the Richard James Barton born July 11, 1917 died January 30,1991.

He lived in or near Vankleek Hill, Ontario. If someone can confirm that this is the right man it would be greatly appreciated.

REST IN PEACE



# QFHS Research Request Form

Our volunteer researchers are prepared to assist you in your genealogical research - using the resources of the library.

PLEASE PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS TO AVOID CONFUSION.

RESEARCH FEES: \$25 per hour for members, \$40 per hour for non members  
State the maximum number of hours you wish to pay for \_\_\_\_\_

NAME(S) TO BE RESEARCHED \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE COMPLETE AS MUCH OF THE FOLLOWING AS POSSIBLE:

Circa date of birth \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Religion \_\_\_\_\_

Circa date of marriage \_\_\_\_\_ Place of marriage \_\_\_\_\_

Religion \_\_\_\_\_

Circa date of death \_\_\_\_\_ Place of death \_\_\_\_\_

Place or region of Quebec where person/family lived \_\_\_\_\_

What specific or general information are you seeking?

---

---

---

---

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Membership # \_\_\_\_\_

Tel: \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

## PAYMENT

Visa # or MC # \_\_\_\_\_

Cheque # \_\_\_\_\_

Expiry Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Money Order \_\_\_\_\_

Send completed form and payment to:

153 rue Ste-Anne

Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue

Quebec H9X 1M5



## **Help make history come alive!**

The Château Ramezay Historic Site and Museum of Montreal is now recruiting volunteer history guides. Find out more about participating in living history programs for children, weekend guiding and/or group tours for students and tourists.

Come to the Open House at the museum, (280 Notre-Dame East, Old Montreal - across from City Hall). In September each year a training program is provided.

For more information:

Website: <http://www.chateauramezay.qc.ca/en/>

Contact: Louise Brazeau, Education and Promotion Coordinator,  
Chateau Ramezay (514) 861-3708 Ext. 229, [rh@chateauramezay.qc.ca](mailto:rh@chateauramezay.qc.ca)  
or Joan Barrett, Museum Volunteer, [joan.barrett@mcgill.ca](mailto:joan.barrett@mcgill.ca)

Be at the CENTRE of it all

Culture •  
Creativity  
• Community

- Enjoy English-language library services
- Attend cultural events for children and adults
- Discover this heritage site through our guided tours
- Celebrate your special occasions in our spaces

Become a member for only \$20

morrin

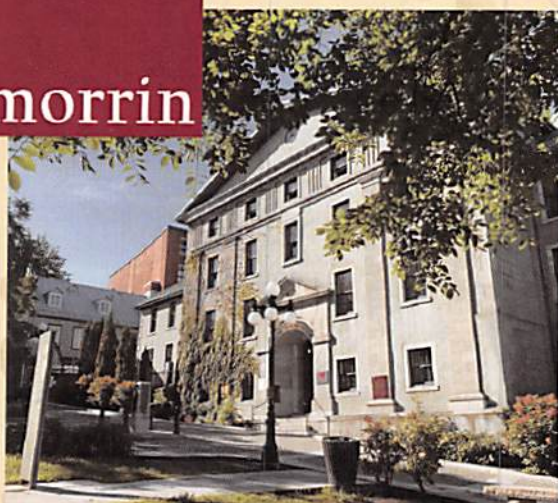


PHOTO: JULIE VOYER

**Morrin Centre**

44 Chaussée des Écossais  
Quebec City, QC G1R 4H3  
418-694-9147

morrin.org

**Free E-Paper  
Subscription**

Subscribe to one weekly  
E-paper or all of them to get  
the local news fast. Type  
in your email address  
and city at:

journalpublicationsmontreal.com

Your newspaper will  
be delivered at the next  
distribution early Tuesday  
morning.

Beaconsfield  
**Journal**

Pointe-Claire  
**Journal**

Ville Mont-Royal / Town of Mount Royal  
**Journal**

Saint-Lambert  
**Journal**

Île-des-Sœurs / Nuns' Island  
**Journal**



**Lighthouse Publications Inc.**

publications.lephare@videotron.ca

**1-833-671-0014**

