

Lest We Forget

The Second World War conjures up many different images for different people. For those of us whose only knowledge of the details of this war has come from films and documentaries, these living accounts published in local newspapers are fresh and unique.

True, they don't have the kind of gore that one has come to associate with war, but their sheer vitality reflects the spirited and motivated attitudes of those men who went to fight for the allies. These men

believed in what they were fighting for, and the accounts show that good morale and a sense of loyalty take precedence over sensational reporting. The media was as involved in this war as anyone else. Things have changed significantly since then, but

a look at these stories does give us some idea of the importance of this period in our history to those who survived. Death was noble then, and we remember those who died during that great war and hope that lesson will be learnt from those days.

Campbellton Boy Injured in Action

June 14, 1944 Daily Gleaner

Another Campbellton boy, Lieutenant Merle Keith, is reported this week to have been injured in action, by Officer in Charge of Records at Ottawa, with no further details available at the present. Information was received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Keith. This is the second of their two sons who have been listed with the Canadian casualties. Warrant Officer Gerald "Jud" Keith, Royal Canadian Air Force, is a prisoner of war in Germany after having to bail out in a raid over that country. He has been heard from since. Lieutenant Keith's wife, the former Ruth Miller, resides in Campbellton. He was an employee of the Campbellton Electric Light Department before enlistment. Many friends in the town and district are awaiting further word of more favorable nature, regarding Lieutenant Keith's condition.

Fredericton Man is The Commander

June 12 1944 The Daily Gleaner

Wing Commander C.G.W. "Bill" Chapman Goes To Iceland

By Flying Officer J.H. (Ted) Mosher, R.C.A.F. Public Relations Officer

With the R.C.A.F. in Iceland, June 12. A Canso "A" flying boat squadron based in the Canadian Maritimes made R.C.A.F. history in January when it moved to Iceland as a completely self-contained all-Canadian unit. Aircrew of other R.C.A.F. squadrons previously had gone aboard, some taking their own aircraft, but this squadron went complete with ground crew and supplies. It even took its own cooks, shoe repairmen and depth charges.

Shortly after, the New Year Canadian crowd flew their aircraft across the north Atlantic to the "cold hunk of rock" lying just south of the Arctic Circle. Ground crew required for

immediate maintenance of aircraft were flown in transports. The balance of ground personnel and supplies were packed in two tiny 500-ton wooden ships of the R.C.A.F. marine section. The little vessels bucked the worst storm of the past five winters and one ship was almost blown through to Scotland.

Under command of Wing Commander C.G.W. Chapman of Woodstock Road, Fredericton, N.B., and with the experienced leadership of Squadron Leaders John K. Sully, of Winnipeg, Westmount, and Ottawa, and W.F. Poag, Listowel, Ont, the squadron is doing the same task that it did off the coast of Canada: submarine sweeps and convoy patrols. SL Sully is a son of Air Vice Marine Marshal J.A. Sully, C.B., A.F.C., Air Member for Personnel.

Quartered comfortably in "Camp Maple Leaf," the Canadians comprise one squadron of an R.A.F. station near Reykjavik, the capital, and already the crews have piled up a record of patient patrol hours in treacherous north Atlantic weather. Fighting air sickness and fatigue, they have discharged all assignments.

Maintenance crews, too, have worked outdoors in violent Icelandic sleet storms to keep the aircraft serviceable.

"She's tough ... but she's Roger (an airmen's term for O.K.)," is their verdict on life in Iceland.

N.B. Officers Meet the Queen

June 17, 1944

Chatham, Saint John Chat with Queen Elizabeth

(The Canadian Press)

At a Canadian General Hospital in southern England, June 17, Canadian wounded brought back from French battlefields to this hospital near a pretty English village, found the Queen a sympathetic, intelligent listener to the story of each one.

With her, as gay, witty, and mischievous as tradition makes her, was Lady Astor, who treats all men in hospital as lovable, slightly naughty small boys. She pauses beside a bed to rumple one boy's hair, plays about in imitation of someone, makes another smile in spite of his injuries.

"The Canadians are doing a wonderful job," said the Queen after she listened to the story of Lieut. Gerald Moran, Chatham, N.B. He told how a sniper's bullet hit him 10 minutes after the dash up the beach.

Capt. Donald Thompson, Saint John, N.B., gave Her Majesty a description of a battle between German tanks and Canadian anti-tank guns.

Northumberland Men Killed

The Daily Gleaner June 21, 1944

Chatham, June 21. Word has been received by Mrs. Pearie Savoy from the Department of National Defense advising her that her husband has been killed in action on June 6th.

Cpl. Savoy enlisted June 20, 1940, and went overseas in July 1941. After several months active service in England he returned to Canada in March, 1942, and was acting as an instructor with the Canadian Army at Fredericton until March 1943, when he rejoined his regiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod of South Nelson, have received word that their son, Pte. Bud McLeod had been officially reported killed in action.

It is believed he was killed in France as a letter was received from him several days before in which he stated he was well and in England. Pte. McLeod was 36 years of age. He enlisted at Fredericton on March 13, 1942, and went overseas in March, 1943.

PULL AIRMAN FROM FLAMING WRECKAGE

ATLANTIC ADVOCATE November 4, 1942

The following is a clipping from an English newspaper. It is an account of the daring rescue by LAC Lunn Carter of Millerton, of an airman from a flaming aircraft.

L/AC's Carter and Corbiell Show Disregard for Personal Danger to Perform Act of Heroism - Flames Licked at Ammunition Cases.

Carter, wiry and slightly built, by a feat of amazing agility and courage managed to enter the blazing aircraft through a small hole torn in the hatch by the crash-hole which he enlarged with his bare hands at the cost of severe lacerations.

straddled the flaming fuselage in horse-back fashion, and after further enlarging the aperture, dragged the inert weight of the insensible victim to safety. Both were on night duty when the aircraft crashed into a brick building nearby and burst into flames. Carter, with his bicycle, reached the scene first and peering through the hole in the hatch saw the unconscious form of the occupant.

"Wriggled Through Things sort of went blank for a few minutes," Carter related later. "The next thing I knew I had somehow managed to wriggle through the hole, because there I was struggling to release the poor chap from his harness. His inter-com line had got tangled around his

face, too, and it had to be torn loose. Then I sort of doubled him up and pushed him toward the hatch, where I could see Corbiell's arms sticking through the hole. "If it hadn't been for Corbiell, he wouldn't have been gotten out at all. Corbiell's as strong as a horse, and he just hoisted him through like a sack of oats. Then I struggled later I noticed my hands bleeding so went and got some adhesive tape on them. I guess I must have used them to rip away the wreck, but I don't remember."

Corbiell told of dashing up to the wreck and of looking inside and seeing little Carter struggling to release the victim. How Carter ever got through the little gash in the hatch-cover nobody will ever know," said Corbiell. "He must have squirmed through like a rabbit. I managed to make the hole a bit bigger with my

hands, and by this time Carter had shoved the injured chap within my reach and I lugged him through. "The worst moment was when I looked down underneath where I was straddling and saw the flames licking at a couple of ammunition cases containing quite a few hundred rounds of explosive cannon shells. Near them were oxygen bottles, which are also highly explosive. After one look, I kept my eyes away from that spot and used all my energy hurrying with the job."

"Carter took an awful risk in going inside, because if an explosion had occurred I would have been blown clear, but he would have been trapped." At the hospital the injured air-crew member was found to be very seriously injured, but was conceded a good chance of recovery.