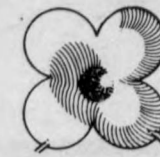




Lest We Forget



REMEMBRANCE
DAY
NOVEMBER 11

By Carmen Misener
Brunswickan Staff

On November 11, Remembrance Day, Canada salutes those who gave their lives in World War One and Two. On this day veterans from across the country gather at war memorials to lay wreaths of poppies and to remember their comrades who died on the battlefields of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

One such veteran is Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Grant, who fought in the Second World War for three years between 1942 and 1945 when he was in his early twenties.

Prior to going overseas, Grant was in the COTC-Canadian Officer Training Program. He received his BSc, and then went on to become a Sargent Major. Incidentally, he had also been in the Militia, a not too uncommon experience for many Canadian veterans, holding the rank of Sargent. He remarked "I was one of the few people in Canada with two different ranks."

Like many Canadian soldiers at that time, Grant made the perilous journey across a sub-infested Atlantic, a journey which in itself was a test of courage. Upon arrival "somewhere in England" he was sent immediately to Italy, where the Canadians were either "fighting the Germans from across a river, or from the bottom of a hill". Some of the more spectacular battles in which the Canadians fought in Italy were the battle for Mount Cassino, the Hitler and the Gothic lines. Emerging from Italy victorious, the Canadians were then sent up to Northern Europe where they continued the long and bloody struggle against a determined German army.

Grant was part of the first and seventh Canadian anti-tank squadrons, and from Italy he went as part of the liberating forces to France, Belgium, Germany, and finally to Holland. Wounded twice he spent some time in the hospital recovering.

In Holland, Grant was part of the Canadian Liberation of the Dutch people. When he arrived "the Dutch were starving in the streets under German rule". The Scheldt, Zuider Zee, Groningen, Zutphen, Nimejan, and Amsterdam are some of the names which will forever be recalled by "The Canadians".

Grant was in command of a troop of 35 men and several four pound and seventeen pound guns. At the point, he had 150 prisoners, almost five times the number of his troops, and his biggest problem, he said, was protecting his prisoners from the Dutch Underground, who would have liked to extract a terrible vengeance on the Germans.

In retrospect, Grant says that "the Germans had a lot of respect for the Canadian army." In Italy, the Canadian troops were paired off against the German First Paratroopers, the elite of the German's troops who would have gladly given up their lives for their regime. "They were tough fighters," he recalled.

The worst part of war was the ever present spectre of death. He recalled seeing a dead girl of about sixteen, lying beside her senile grandmother—a scene which he remembers vividly over forty years since it happened.

Of his high school graduating class, thirty one graduates gave their lives in World War II. He had personally known twenty five of these men, and he feels a great loss whenever he looks at those aged photographs for they remind him of all the young people who died in the war. Saying that "war is bad business" Grant hopes that it will not happen again.

"Lest we forget" is the Legion's motto, a motto which can apply to all Canadians as we remember on Remembrance Day those who gave their lives for Canada in two World Wars

MELYNDA JARRATT
NEWS EDITOR

The Royal Canadian Legion War Museum in Bathurst, New Brunswick has been in existence for over twenty years, and it serves as a memorial to those men of the North Shore Regiment who gave their lives in the First and Second World Wars

One of the more interesting artifacts found there is a diary dating back to World War One (1914-18). The property of a Bathurst man, Alvin Veniot, the diary contains page upon page of humorous anecdotes, jokes, and the occasional passing fancy which Veniot must have written down as he heard them in the trenches.

In the original notes, he misspells many words and certain key phrases, indicating that he was rushing to put the words down as fast as they were spoken. Veniot has thus left us with a written legacy of those fleeting moments when humour bubbled to the surface in the midst of a horrific war.

A section of Alvin Veniot's diary
courtesy of the War Museum, Bathurst.

Russian Battalion
In a Russian American
Battalion an officer
was calling the roll
and by chance he
sneezed and three of
them said "Here sir"
My own Experience
As I were standing
on London Tower
bridge and I were the
only one around at
the time when two
ladies or female sex
passed me when I
heard one say "look at
that face." and the
other said "Oh Christ"

The New Recruit
A fellow who just
came into the army
was put on guard.
and about one o'clock
in the morning the
officer came around.
The fellow said "halt
who goes there" the
other said "the officer
of the day" the fellow
said what in hell
are you walking
around at night?
= # =

Read these and laugh.

Exemption
I remember the time when four of us boys went up before the recruiting officer for exemption, and he asked to one of us, "on what grounds are you claiming exemption?"

The fellow said, "My father is dead and I am the only support at home."

Then the officer said to another "on what are you claiming exemption?", and the fellow said, "I got bad feet sir."

And then the officer asked the third fellow, and he had a great big excuse, and then he asked me, "On what grounds do you claim exemption?"

I said, "I don't want an exemption, I want to go to France as soon as I can!"

Then the officer said, "There, boys! Why don't you follow this man's example? You should be ashamed of yourselves!" Then he called to the Sgt. Major and said, "Take this man down, put him into a uniform, and put him on the first ship that sails from Halifax tomorrow morning."

Then I said, "Doctor, don't you think there is something wrong with my head?"

WHY DID YOU ENLIST

Bill said "Why did you enlist?"
Harry answered, "Because I knew the war would soon be over."
"and how did you know that, Harry?" Bill asked.
"Well Bill, it was like this. I never stuck to a job more than six months in my life!"

YMCA WORK

An Irishman named Pat, got a twelve day leave from the battery, but he had no money and he did not know what to do. Then all at once he

remembered what his mother had told him; whenever in doubt, or in need of anything, pray to the Lord and he would get it. So Pat sat down, and he wrote the following letter;

Dear Lord,

I have just been given a twelve day leave from the O.C. and I have no money. Will you please send me one hundred dollars?"

So he sealed the letter up, and mailed it. By chance the YMCA got a hold of it, and opened it up. Well, they knew Pat, and knew he was a good fellow, so they collected fifty dollars and sent it to him.

Well Pat opened the letter and found there were only fifty dollars inside. He looked to see if there was more, but was all. So he sat down and wrote the following letter.

Dear Lord,

I must thank you for the money you sent me, but next time do not send it through the YMCA, for they took half of it."

THE NEW RECRUIT

A fellow who just came into the army was put on guard and about one o'clock in the morning the orderly officer came around. The fellow said, "Halt, who goes there?", and the orderly answered, "the officer of the day".

So the fellow said, "What in hell are you walking around at night for?"

THE HAM BONE

Bill and I were going down the street when Bill pinched a cooked ham bone.

I said, "Bill, where did you get that ham bone?"

He said, "My hand just went out and came back, and when I looked at it, I had a ham bone."

Continued on page 5



"My Room"
Social

Friday 2-8 p.m.

Wild Happy Hour

Shuffle Board, Cribbage,
Cards, Video, Backgammon