

1939-45

SOMME 1916
ARRAS 1917-1918
VIMY 1917
HILL 70 1917
YPRES
PASSCHENDAELE
GROCOURT QUEANT
CAHAL-DU-NORD
AMIENS
VALENCIENNES



22nd ANNIVERSARY
 Regimental Association
 ANNUAL MELFA DINNER
 1944-1966

M E N U

SHRIMP COCKTAIL

SALAD

FILET MIGNON

MUSHROOM GARNI

BAKED POTATO CHIVES CREME

BROCOLLI HOLLANDAISE

CRUSTY ROLLS FRASER VALLEY BUTTER

CHEESECAKE

TEA COFFEE



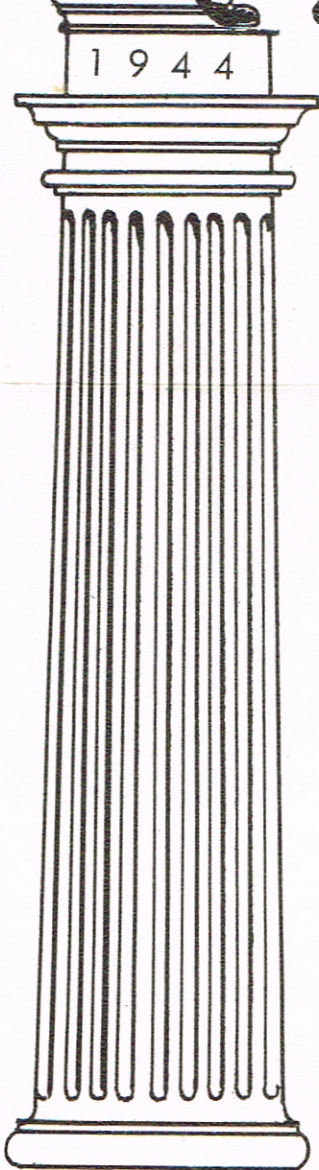
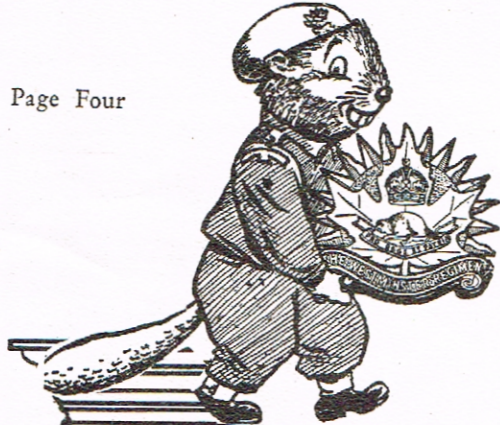
MELFA CROSSING
GOTHIC LINE
CORIANO
LAMOHE CROSSING
MISANO RIDGE
NAVIGLIO RIDGE
ITALY 1944-1945
IJSSEL MEER.
DELFIJL POCKET.
NORTHWEST EUROPE 45

PLACE: Royal Canadian Legion Banquet Room.
 New Westminster, B. C.

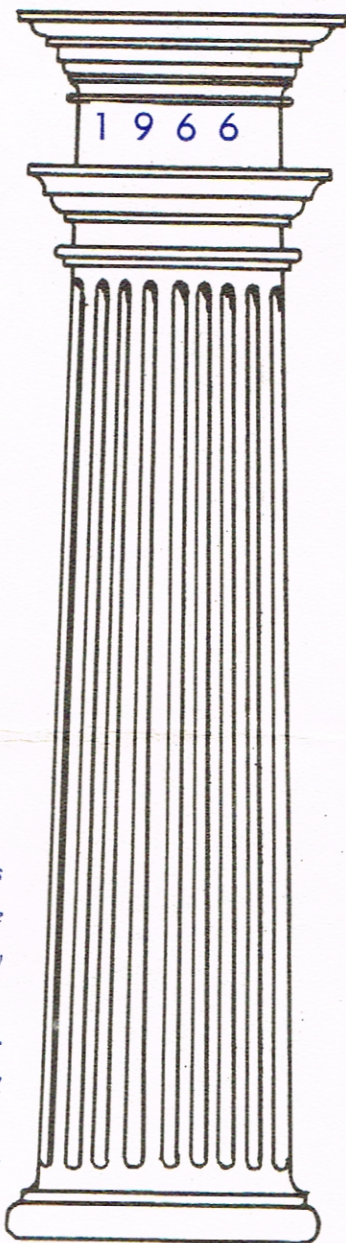
DATE: Saturday, May 21st, 1966

TIME: 7:00 p.m.

1914-18



FIRST ANNUAL MELFA
GOLF TOURNAMENT
HAZELMERE GOLFCOURSE
Tee Off 9:00 a.m.
Saturday, May 21st



MELFA DINNER

Saturday, May 21st, 1966

RON HURLEY, CHAIRMAN

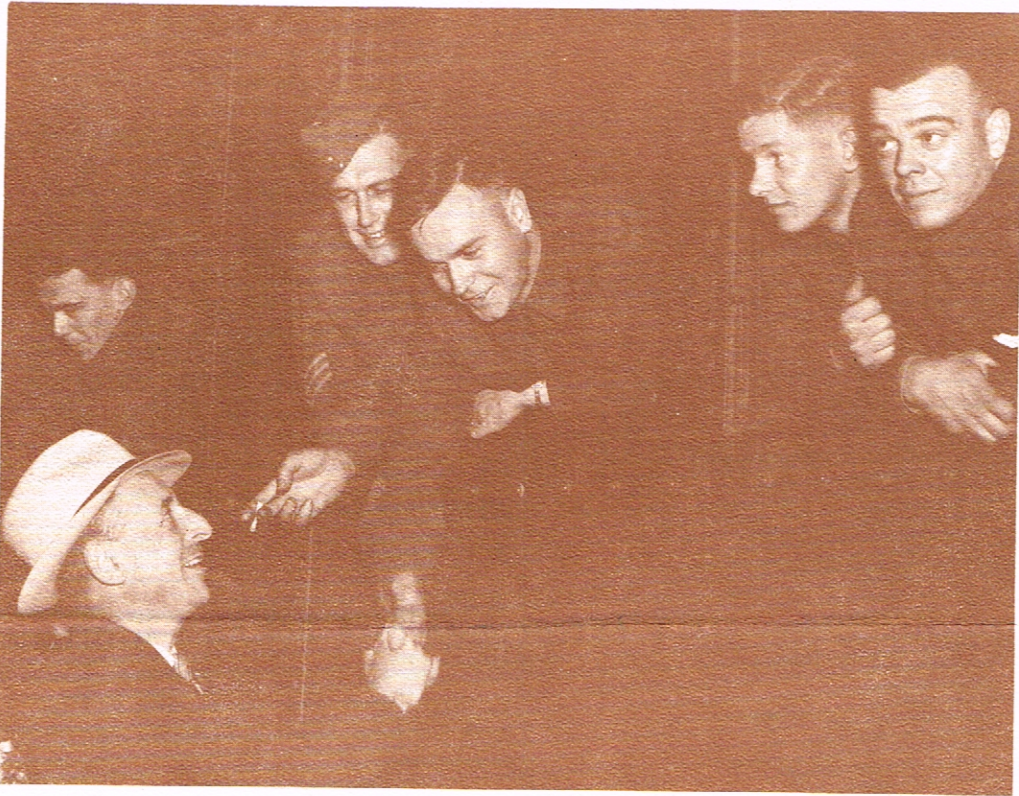
PROGRAMME

COCKTAILS 7:00 P.M. - 7:30 P.M.

DINNER 7:45 P.M.

- One Minute's Silence in Memory of Departed Comrades
Grace Regimental Padre*
- Toast to Queen Ron Hurley*
- Introduction of Head Table.*
- Toast to City of New Westminster by Andy Hunter*
- Toast — The Regiment Mayor S. Gifford*
- Toast — The 47 Bn., 131st and 104th
by Lt. Col. H. Hamm*
- Toast — The Straths.*
- Toast — The B.C.D.'s.*
- Introduction of Speaker.*
- Address to the Melfa by Mayor S. Gifford*
- Toast to Melfa by Regimental Sgt.*

BAR RE-OPENS — FELLOWSHIP



FLASHBACK:

Bidding Bon-Voyage is former New Westminster Mayor Fred J. Hume. The Mayor is shown shaking hands with our old friend Walt Hogg with Tommy Johnson (K.I.A. in Italy) and Art Watts and the late Orville Hayter looking on.

FROM THE POST:

Correspondence this month is rather limited but many thanks to the few who did write and a sincere request to all others to drop us a line. How about you people back in Ontario. We would like to hear more about you and your branch progress.

A note from old friend Jow Strawson who offers some old "Dial Sights" and newspaper clippings. Yes, Joe, we can use them and many thanks. This is the type

of material, along with photographs, that we have been asking you all for. We will take all you can send. A word and change of address from Dr. G. Howell Harris whose mailing address as of May 1st will be 1227 Maple Bay Rd., R.R. 1, Duncan, B.C.

From Kindersley, Sask., a few words of appreciation re Groundsheet from the Rev. R. S. Casewell.

A letter and good wishes from Dan Teal who hopes to see all his old buddies at this year's Melfa.

From Mrs. Carlson in Bienfait, Sask., a word that her husband is heading west on business and may be here for the dinner. We hope he can make it.

From the woods up in Kokish, B.C., a letter from Herb Buckoll. Nice to hear from you, Buck, and hope to see you on May 21st.

ON RETURNING TO THE MELFA

by Russ Miller

The Liri valley lays,
 In Peaceful summer's grace.
 The Melfa river winds,
 Its lazy way below.
 And in the field beyond,
 The plodding oxen brace
 Rolls up the fertile earth,
 Made sacred long ago.

The farmer's house still stands
 Where once it did.
 Among the sounds of life,
 The cattle bells and children play.
 So different from another time,
 When then it hid
 The sounds and scenes of death,
 Of comrades locked in fray.

Standing here, this placid scene,
 This time, begins to fade,
 My mind sweeps back
 Through lusty years of May.
 When young and lusty men,
 Were ageless heroes made.
 Where each sought peace,
 And death the price he paid.

Down the dusty Benedictine road,
 They swiftly made
 "The Griffen Force," with gallant "Straths,"
 Who rode upon the flanks,
 Like "Those at Balaclava,"
 And the daring "Light Brigade,"
 They fought, and on they raced,
 The infantry and tanks.

The river was in view,
 The final dash begun.
 The Schmeisser and the Spandau
 Spit their seeds of hate.
 Still, on they go! Extended line!
 Up the bank they run,
 To lie in Nebelwerfer blast,
 And screaming Eighty-eight.

"The Bridgehead," for endless hours,
 Through hell they hold.
 These dwindling few,
 Who fought and died and fought.
 Until the surge of battle,
 Left them in its smoking fold,
 To stumble, wounded, dying,
 From this rocky field they sought.

And here at my feet, he fell,
 And bled and died.
 I touch the earth,
 So warm from new Italian suns.
 Thankful, I remembered,
 And turned away and cried.
 I have not forgotten Comrades,
 Who sleep from battles won.

WHAT BECAME OF KELLY?

C. P. SWAN, West Summerland, B. C.

SICK AND VISITING
COMMITTEE REPORT

As it has been some time since I have completed a visiting report, this report will embrace a few visits made to both Military Hospitals by Tommy Thomson and myself.

Some time ago I called to see one of our old timers and a very good friend of our Association, Clarence Armour. His son, Bill, got word to me that he was once again hospitalized in Shaughnessy. I went down that evening and had a very nice visit and I received a telephone call recently to inform me that Comrade Armour was once again safely at home.

Had a telephone call from big Gordie Smith saying he was in Shaughnessy. We drove down right away to find out that Gordie had a broken leg and aside from the discomfort of his cast he was as cheerful as ever. I was sure glad to see him again and reminisce over old times — Gordie and I served in the same Company overseas and when I was wounded on patrol it was Gordie who bandaged me up that night and helped get me to the M.O. Gordie is back home again and I hope not suffering any after-effects.

S. R. White, "Whitey", who underwent quite a serious operation around Christmas time is back home again and how about dropping a line to the "Groundsheet", Whitey, to let us know how you are coming