



The GROUND SHEET

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

104th — 47th — 131st — The Royal Westminster Regt.

Dedicated to the Ideals and Comradeship We knew in Two World Wars

Vol. 27, No. 1

BOX 854, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. V3L 4Z8

JANUARY - FEBRUARY, 1978

REGIMENT CELEBRATES 114th BIRTHDAY



LtCol J. Gangur, C.O. of the Regiment, prepares to make the first cut in the huge cake commemorating the Regiment's birthday. Association President Stan Moorhouse, on the right and member Ron Grinsted on the left, wait with plates at the ready for their share.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S REPORT

November Twentieth was a fantastic day for a party, and what a party the Regiment did have!

Two hundred and eighty-three enthusiastic troops marched through the streets of New Westminster city to commemorate the 114th Anniversary of the founding of our Regiment. Leading the parade, immediately behind the Regimental Band, was a contingent of the Regimental Association. The present serving unit members, decked out in combats and carrying haversacks marched proudly behind them. Extremely well turned out and marching behind the Regiment as one unit was our sponsored and affiliated Army Cadet Corps. Following the Army Cadets and bringing up the rear was a colourful contingent from R.C.C.S. Fraser, led by LCdr Ron Theroux, the Commanding Officer.

Our celebrations began with a Church Parade at Holy Trinity Cathedral and was immediately followed by a march past on Royal Avenue. On the reviewing stand were a number of former Commanding Officers with the salute being taken by the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel, Col. W. E. McKinney.

The birthday party was held in the Armoury where words of congratulations were extended to the Regiment by Mayor Muni Evers, Mayor of the City of New Westminster, Mr. Stan Moorhouse, President of the Regimental Association and the Commanding Officer.

Anticipating that blowing out 114 candles would be quite an undertaking, the Commanding Officer requested the assistance of all former serving C.O.'s, all former Mayors of New Westminster and all former R.S.M.'s. While the candles were being blown out the band struck up a spirited rendition of "Happy Birthday." It was a grand party for a grand old Regiment!

Many people contributed to the success of the birthday celebrations and I would like to extend my special thanks to the former R.S.M.'s and Commanding Officers who were present for the events of the day. I would like also to thank the Honorary Colonel and the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel for their kindness in providing such a spectacular birthday cake.

A New year is now upon us and much has been planned by the Regiment for the coming months. Your Regiment is a busy Regiment and has many fine people serving in it. I would like to make the point that this is your home and this is where we can be found. Please do make an effort in 1978 to visit the unit and acquaint us with some of your experiences.

On behalf of the Officers, Warrant Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s and men of the Regiment may I wish one and all "Best Wishes for a Prosperous New Year."

J.N. GANGUR, Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding Officer

THE GROUNDSHEET

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings to all Members.

As we move into 1978, I would like to extend, on behalf of all of the Executive, our sincere best wishes to each and everyone of you for a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year. May the year of 1978 be bountiful for you!

I am pleased to report that our 1977 Draw and Smoker were reasonably successful, although not as financially rewarding as some other years. Despite the competition for ticket sales we were able to show a modest profit to assist us in the Association's work.

We are also gratified at the increase in dues payments, as you know we have no other source of income and with increasing costs we need the support of everyone in order to continue.

On Thursday, March 16th, we will hold our Annual General Meeting at 8:00 p.m. in the Armouries. I implore you to attend and help select the new slate of officers to run the Association in 1978. Remember the strength of any association is in direct relationship to the support given by its membership. Our single aim in 1978 should be to support our Association to the best of our individual ability.

It has been a pleasure to serve as President for the past two years and I hope to see most of you on Thursday, March 16th. Why not mark your calendar now, so you won't forget?

STAN MOORHOUSE, *President*

MAIL BAG

This month's Mail Bag is overflowing with letters, many thanks to all of you who wrote. It is unlikely that there will be room to acknowledge all but please be assured that all are read at the Executive Meetings and give that hard working group a big lift to hear of the activities of many of you who are well remembered from the war years.

Much of the correspondence was to do with the Draw and we are pleased to announce that although the receipts fell short of our expectations the efforts of those of you who sold tickets was much appreciated. The profit will enable us to continue the publication of *The Groundsheet* for four issues in 1978 and will assist us in our other endeavours. Thanks for your support.

We received an interesting letter from an Ex-131st Btn. who has made quite a name for himself in Washington State. Reg Le Brun who is 83 years young and lives at Anacortes, Washington, enclosed a clipping from the Skagit Valley Herald in which it announces that Mr. Le Brun has been awarded the Liberty Bell Award for his contribution to the community. Since his retirement in 1953 Reg has been active in a number of volunteer functions. The Liberty Bell Award was for his service as a goodwill ambassador to foreign ships that sail into Anacortes Harbour.

J. Watson Straiton of Toronto, an Ex-47th, dropped us a note to query the billing of W.W.I Vets for dues. Well, as I have explained elsewhere in *The Groundsheet*, it was accidental, you see, we do not have the information on our mailing list as to what your service record was, so if you have not filled in Operation Update we simply mail to all on our list. Please fill in the form today as this is the last chance to give us vital information.

The second part of Mr. Straiton's letter was so interesting that I am going to reproduce it as he wrote it:

"I read in the last *Groundsheet* that you had recently heard from L. W. Currell, who said he saw me occasionally. Well, the last time was LAST NIGHT, when he was guest speaker at a little Armistice do at Erindale United Church. Lloyd did not know that my former Signal Officer in the 161st Btn. and myself were invited by Lloyd's son Bob and that the whole thing was a surprise party so far as Lieut. George Smith and I were concerned. Lloyd had been invited to speak on "Vimy." He did a very excellent job. The three of us have been getting together at Armistice for a number of years now but to my mind last night was tops, the only trouble was that there were not enough hours."

Mr. Straiton asks for the addresses of Fred Bass, Frank Harding Smitty and Mr. Landy. He says: "I remember them all quite well but have lost touch over the years." His address is 98 Durie Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Another Torontonionian, Walter Kearsley, writes, who puts it all so well I'd like to quote from his letter:

"I would like you to know that I consider it a privilege to have served as a Westie, a grand group if there ever was one! By the way, the \$5.00 dues are really not enough to pay for all the pleasure that *The Groundsheet* brings. Please convey to Allan Coe and all those who have worked in the past on 'our' paper, my thanks for doing a wonderful job. Being so far away, it is more valuable than ever to receive *The Groundsheet*." Walter then goes on to offer, in the spirit of friendship, to pay the dues of a fellow Westie who may not be able to afford to keep up his dues. Now, isn't that a terrific gesture! Walter, I'm pleased to tell you that we have never taken a member off the rolls for lack of payment of dues. We all feel that if we limit membership only to those who can afford it then we are defeating one of the concepts of our reason for being. My only complaint as editor is the large number of those who can well afford the dues and who are just too lazy to take the time to send them in . . . they will be the first to bellyache if we are forced to quit printing *The Groundsheet*, our only link with our members across Canada.

Walter goes on to describe a wonderful trip, his son and daughter-in-law arranged for Walter and his wife.

They flew to London, then to Rome and drove for two weeks, visiting Casino, Naples, Pompei, Bari, Pescara, Ortona,

Venice, Ravenna (with its memories of a Christmas), then north to Switzerland, on to London and home, truly a wonderful trip, Walter, and we were so sorry to hear of your serious heart attack. I do hope you are well now and will take it easy so you can get out to see us one day.

Scotty Clifford advises us that he is now living in Calgary and is occupied as a security guard for the Royal Trust and hopes to make it to the Melfa next May.

A. J. Rollo writes from Armstrong with his dues as well as George Harkness, Trail. Ted Burnsby of Vernon, Slim Watson, Cambridge, Ontario, Frank Morris, White Rock, Mel DeAnna, Castlegar, R. W. Shaw of White Rock (Ex-47th). Jack Bretenbach advises that he is going to get his brother to join the Association this year, welcome and thanks Jack. Clarence Smith of Rosetown, Sask., who was wounded at the Melfa also sends in his dues and the form Operation Update. Doug Young of Chase, B.C., Eric Latta of New Westminster, Gordon Corbould, Bella Bella, Phillip Hayes of Prince Albert, Sask., Wayne Reynar, Leduc, Alberta, Gordon McCourt, Sechelt, Doug Allen, Surrey, all sent in notes with their dues. Thanks from all of us. Art Hebb of St. John, N.B., writes to tell us that he is planning to retire on July 1st and moving to Oshawa. He threatens to come out west now that he has more time. Art promises to send us some old pictures and says he always welcomes *The Groundsheet*.

A nice letter from Mrs. Stewart Reid of Hamilton, Ontario, who gives us the news that Stewart has had a serious heart attack and suffered some paralysis, but that he is recovering and would love to hear from some of his old cronies, although Mrs. Reid gave us the hospital address, I think that by now he should be home and his address is 315 Weir St. N., Hamilton, Ontario R8H 5G4. Barney Jones, an old standby with our Annual Melfa Golf Tournament, writes from somewhere in the rhubarb where he has retired. Sorry, Barney, but you didn't put your new address on your letter. Anyway, he voices an opinion that I must agree with wholeheartedly. Barney says: "In reading the last few *Groundsheets* I notice quite a few of the old guard have stepped down from the executive, they are to be commended for a job well done over these past number of years, their shoes will be hard to fill. I hope that those who follow on will get support from the rest of the membership when it is needed . . . since leaving the lower mainland *The Groundsheet* becomes more and more important. I have been here nearly six months now and believe me being retired and living here is great. We lack many of the modern conveniences but the peace and solitude take their place. We have a 14 mile return trip to get the mail and try to pick it up a couple of times a week. In closing give my regards to all my friends."

K. Usher of Lancaster Park, Alberta, M. G. Leopard, Surrey, H. K. Jones, Regina, Wick Stewart of Kitimat, Ted Churchill from Sorrento, Phillip Hayes, Prince Albert, J. C. Russell, Trail, B.C. and Heber Smith of Barrie, Ontario all send their regards with their dues.

A sad letter from Robert Hardy who lives in Clearbrook. He was robbed of all his money and papers in late November. It must have been a slim Christmas, Bob, and we all hope you got replacements for all your documents. Jim Dumont kindly tells us of his appreciation of *The Groundsheet* and advises us that he has recently made R.S.M. of the Canadian Scottish in Victoria.

From Verdun, Quebec, old friend Jim Delaney sends in his dues and a kind note. Mel Glover writes from Yuma, Arizona and passes on his and his wife's best wishes to all for 1978.

A. L. McNaught tells us that at the time his wife was away in England and his cooking, bad as it is, was better than some of that we had in Italy. Sorry to hear that you haven't been well, W. Haines of Kalamalka Lake, but thanks for your dues.

Major A. M. Millar of the Seaforths writes to thank us for inviting them to our Melfa Dinner. He expressed interest in our Museum and compliments us on the fine job our Museum Committee has done.

Finally, a Thank You from the Poppy Fund Committee of the Royal Canadian Legion, thanking us for our Association donation to their fund. The letter says: "I am sure your associates know that this money is going to a very worthwhile cause. It is gratifying to know that there are organizations, such as yours who remember our disabled and needy veterans."

That winds up the Mail Bag for another issue and I hope you will continue to support us by writing letters, remember your old buddies like to hear where you are and what you are doing, so take a minute to drop us a line.

Allan Coe, *Editor*

THINKING BACK . . .

Now that the festive season has been put away for another year, along with the Christmas decorations, the mistletoe and the Alka Seltzer, I cannot help but remember some of the memories that came to me while enjoying the sound of the young people as they opened their presents . . . Do you remember when a momentous occasion was getting a parcel from home, how special a cake or a candy bar tasted. What a treat it was to get even a new pair of socks, I never could darn worth a darn. What did they call the kit? I believe it was a "soldier's housewife." Recall how we used to sharpen a razor blade for the umpteenth time by rubbing it around a glass jar, that was sure long before the miracle of Trac Two. The other day I found my old Army razor with the little piece of shiny metal we used for a mirror. I remember it was so small that you had to shave your face section by section. The soap smelled like cooking grease. Thank God we hadn't heard of deodorants, we would all have developed an inferiority complex. And the bath parades, few and far between; how luxurious it felt to get clean even if you had to put on your old clothes again. I can't remember for sure but I think it was bathing by numbers, one two . . . soap, three four, rinse, five six, dry. One Christmas we decorated an olive tree branch with strips of paper and 303 cases, not quite art nouveaux but we liked it. Once I recall coming out of the line with my platoon ragged and footsore. I don't think a single man had a pair of shoes that didn't leak and only a few had trousers with two good legs and our fury when we saw all of the Italian "helpers" around HQ in clean new uniforms and new boots. Next war I'm going for the Q stores. Maybe that's why we don't have wars too often. The old sweats would know too many angles. Christmas dinner brought to mind the experience of mess tin dining. I was always losing my tin mug so it became an art when you had soup, stew, dessert (rice pudding) and the ever available tea . . . with only two mess tins . . . decisions, decisions, what went with what? Usually it was the soup and stew in one tin with the dessert and tea in the other. Of course you could always reverse the order for a change of taste sensation. Think how we complain now if we get a fork with a spec on it. Do any of you remember the good ship Samaria? The first meal I recall, we were thrilled to see white bread on the table . . . not only white bread but it appeared that we were served raisin bread -

until on closer inspection we found it was white bread with cockroaches baked in it. I don't think it will ever catch on. No small wonder I got to like bully beef and hardtack.

If my memory serves me correctly I believe it was Stan Moorhouse who introduced me to a hobo steak. It was in a little town in Italy where I first tasted one. For those of you who are interested, it was a slice of bread with the centre torn out and fried in grease with an egg in the middle, it was great then . . . I don't know about now, though.

I always felt that an award should be given to the company which made Lipton's Chicken Noodle Soup. It was one of the first dehydrated packets. I'll bet we consumed cases of it. Speaking of dehydrated foods I'll never forget the first we ran across. We were in the mountains near Monte Cairo, I believe, with each platoon holding about a mile of front with the Italian Marines. One night on the mule train came this mysterious block of dark brown. None of us knew what it was. Some conjecture was that it was mule food, but they wouldn't touch it. Someone else thought it was bulk Grape Nuts, but it didn't taste too good. Finally we came to the conclusion that in their infinite wisdom, HQ had sent us fuel for our fires, but since we couldn't have fires, for the enemy could see our position, we discounted that, besides it made an awful stink when we tried to burn it one dark night.

I guess it was several days later after complaining about the short rations that we found out that the mysterious blob was in fact dehydrated mutton and enough to provide each man with a week's supply of delicious mutton stew. Fortunately we had spread it around the farm yard hoping it would go away, so none of our platoon experienced the Allies' entry into the modern field of dried food.

I must admit a moment of nostalgia, however, when I paused to open a bottle of wine at Christmas. I thought of those huge barrels, perhaps a thousand gallons of lovely dry red wine which were to be found in every village and how the troops would liberate multi jerry cans of it for future use. It is odd that the Brass didn't set up a control board and sell it to us for \$5.00 a bottle. All I can think of is that it was too close to the front for them and by the time they got there it had all mysteriously evaporated. War is hell, ain't it?

Allan Coe, *Editor*

REPORT ON THE IRISH DINNER

On the evening of October 22nd I was privileged to attend the All Ranks Dinner of the Irish Fusiliers of Canada (VR Regt.) Association as a guest, representing the RNWR Association.

This event was held in the WOs and Sgts. Mess at the Jericho base in Vancouver, and I had a bit of time finding it. I was attached to the C.A.S.C. and drove staff-car out of Jericho in late '46, but the general lay-out seems to have changed considerably since I was last there. However, I found it, and entered, not by the main entrance, of course, but through the one marked "Members Only." Nothing like confidence when approaching an objective.

They have a roomy, well appointed Mess there, in one half of the building, with a bar very reminiscent of an English pub. The other half contains a specious banquet room. Being a bit early, I drifted about, meeting those people already there, and perusing some very interesting 1915 London News. Then Gerry Churley, who was M.C. for the evening, appeared, and he briefed me on the seating arrangements and procedure for the Dinner. I also found it very difficult to buy a drink there;

their hospitality was of the first order.

We sat down to a bounteous dinner at 20:00 hrs. where the atmosphere was relaxed and informal, the speeches brief and to the point, and Gerry made a most capable M.C. The highlight of the dinner, to me, was when their traditional salute, or toast, went the round of the assembled diners. This was a huge silver chalice or drinking cup, which contained a recipe said to be 150 years old, strictly classified by the Irish. Each imbiber arose to his feet as he received the cup, accompanied on each side by an erect guard and gave forth with the resounding "Fagh a ballagh" before he drank. The contents of the cup were sheer ambrosia, which made it easy to understand why the Irish cherish and guard the recipe.

At the conclusion of the dinner we adjourned to the Mess, where I met some very nice people and had a most convivial evening. It was a most pleasant affair and I appreciate having been able to attend it.

Ed Shannon

THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER REGIMENT AND THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

Several changes have taken place in the nominal roll of the Museum Committee this fall. LtCol M. Steele, CD, was welcomed in September as the newly appointed Chairman and the Committee regretfully accepted the resignation of Curator Ian Douglas.

Ian is a founding member and has been a dedicated member of the Museum Committee since its inception, filling the position of Curator/Secretary very capably. He devoted many hours not only to the setting up of displays of artifacts, files, etc., but was an inexhaustible source of information. Working along with Ian in the early years was the late Andy Hunter, who was Historian of the World War 1 period. Ian deserves a well earned "furlough" from his time-consuming work in the Museum, but it is hoped that he will keep in touch and perhaps in the future again become part of the organization in which he was such an inspiring force.

The Museum hosted many visitors on November 11th, after the Remembrance Day service, also was open for the celebration of the Regiment's 114th birthday on November 20th.

The regular open hours of the Museum are:

Mondays — 9 a.m. to 12 Noon and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

Wednesdays — 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

Fridays — 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

Closed Holidays. Open other times by appointment — phone 526-5116.

The Committee is making a concerted effort to publicize the open hours. To this end, the Columbian newspaper has given excellent publicity prior to Remembrance Day and has run Museum notices in the Leisure Guide section on two occasions. Western Cablevision 10 was most cooperative in showing two notices regarding open hours and need for artifacts, which continued for a number of weeks on their community service programme. Other newspapers and magazines are being contacted on a continuing basis.

Mike stresses the ever present need for the acquisition of artifacts, particularly those of the early periods of the Regiment,

although all military artifacts will be gratefully accepted at this time. Historians have been appointed for the periods 1863-1914; 1914-1918; 1918-1939; 1939-1945; and from 1945 on. As a result of recent publicity, Walt and I received a phone call from an elderly couple in Langley. After an interesting visit, they gave us an original iron ration of the Boer War and Princess Mary's Christmas gift box 1914, along with other military items.

Mike has received correspondence from the National War Museum in Ottawa offering a World War I uniform (without webbing), together with a Ross rifle, in exchange for a uniform of the 48th Highlanders. A Vickers machine gun and Lewis gun will also be made available to us on loan on a year-to-year basis.

Very interesting verbal and written reports have been given by Walter Tyler and Dick Shannon, who attended the OMMC conference at Halifax, N.S. September 9-15, and on their long day trip to Fortress Louisberg on September 13th. The next annual meeting of the OMMC will be held at West Point, N.Y. in 1978.

It is hoped that as many Association members as possible — those at a distance when they visit British Columbia, and those living locally, will find time to browse through the Museum whenever possible. After all, the Museum is not only living evidence of a very significant part of your lives, but well-documented evidence of your contribution to our country's freedom.

In conclusion, once more — we would appreciate everyone being alert to our need for artifacts, especially World War I web equipment, or any other equipment you or your friends may have "forgotten about" in your basements.

Freda Hogg, *Publicity*



LtCol M. Steede, CD, newly appointed chairman of the Museum Committee and Association President Stan Moorhouse inspect one of the displays in the Museum.

All you ever wanted to know about Dues . . . but were afraid to ask!!!

We seem to have generated a tempest in a mess tin with our recent mailing of invoices to all who showed up as not having paid their dues for 1977. The secretary, Doug Glenn has asked me to extend his apologies to all who were offended . . . but . . . let me tell it like it is.

At the last Annual General Meeting it was agreed that because of rising costs and lack of income that the dues structure had to be changed to properly reflect present day conditions. The new dues structure is as follows from the Association By-Laws:

The Annual Dues of the Association for its various categories shall be as follows: General Membership and Officers of the Regiment, \$5.00; World War I Veterans free; Serving Members of the Regiment (ranks), \$3.00; New Life Members, \$5.00 per year."

The reason for the change in the Life Membership fee structure was that when that category was first set up we neglected to recognize that we would all get older some day and if we were all life members there would be very little in the way of finances coming in from dues.

Here is the way it is then . . . if you can afford to pay your dues, please do so . . . if you can not, please don't worry, you will not be cut off the membership roster. Most of our members can well afford the \$5.00 per year but some older Vets were hurt that they were billed when they thought they were exempt.

Unfortunately, we have no way of knowing from our mailing list who is a W.W. I or W.W. II Veteran, consequently everyone got a bill. If you shouldn't have, please accept our apology, on the other hand if you can afford the dues please send them in.

We calculate that *The Groundsheet* now costs us approximately \$4.00 a year to print and mail to each member, so you can see we need every cent we can get from dues to support *The Groundsheet*, hospital visiting and the financial support we provide for such affairs as the Melfa Dinner and our Annual Smoker not to mention the assistance we give to other activities.

Invoices will be sent out in the near future for 1978 dues, so please give us your support and understanding. If you are a W.W.I Vet please let the Secretary know and we will try not to send you another bill. However, and this goes for all of you, if you feel you can assist by sending in a few dollars, please remember what it is that your Executive is trying to do. Read it on the back of your Membership Card!

AWARDS 1977

The Signals Platoon of World War II made a clean sweep of this year's Scholarship Awards with Bill (Judge) Robson's son, Lindsay and Ramon Rolandi's daughter, Debbie, each being recipients of \$250.00 awards.

Debbie is just beginning her post-secondary education, enrolling this year at UBC, with the teaching profession as her aim.

Lindsay, on the other hand, is in his fourth and final year of chiropractic studies in Toronto.

The selection meeting was attended by: Vernon Ardagh, D'Arcy Baldwin, Allan Coe, Les Deane, John Hou, Stan Moorhouse, Basil Morgan and myself as chairman. Unavoidably absent were John Ford, Bert Hoskin and Walter Tyler.

As chairman, on behalf of the Committee and of the Association at large, I congratulate these winners and pass on to them and to the other contestants our best wishes for the future. Any one of this year's contestants might easily have been a winner and I hope that my saying that will encourage those who did not win to try again.

WALTER LYLE, *Chairman, Awards Committee*

Old friend Fred Bass, our 47th representative on the Executive, passes along this original Robert Service piece written during the First World War.

Fred tells me that he was a good friend of Service and has many items of his writings in his library. We all recognize Service as the author of that classic, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*.

TIPPERARY DAYS

By ROBERT SERVICE

*Oh, weren't they the fine boys! You never saw the beat of them,
Singing altogether with their throats bronze-bare,
Fighting-fit and mirth-mad, music in the feet of them,
Swinging on to glory and the wrath out there.
Laughing by and chaffing by, frolic in the smiles of them,
On the road, the white road, all the afternoon;
Strangers in a strange land, miles and miles and miles of them,
Battle-bound and heart-high, and singing this tune:*

*It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
And the sweetest girl I know,
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.*

*Come Yvonne and Juliette! Come Mimi and cheer for them!
Throw them flowers and kisses as they pass you by.
Aren't they the lovely lads! Haven't you a tear for them!
Going out so gallantly to dare and die.
What is it they're singing so? Some high hymn of Motherland?
Some immortal chanson of their Faith and King.
Marseillaise of Brabancon, anthem of that other land,
Dears, let us remember it, that song they sing:*

*C'est un chemin long, to Tepararee',
C'est un chemin long, c'est vrai,
C'est un chemin long, to Tepararee',
Et la belle fille qu'je connais,
Bonjour, Peekadeey!
Au revoir, Lestaire Squarre!
C'est un chemin long, to Tepararee',
Mais mon couer ees zaire'.*

*The gallant 'Old Contemptibles!' There isn't much remains of them,
So full of fun and fitness, and a-singing in their pride,
For some are cold as clabber and the corby picks the brains of them,*

*And some are back in Blighty, and a-wishing they had died.
Ah me! It seems but yesterday, that great, glad sight of them,
Swinging on to battles as the sky grew black and black;
Yet oh, their glee and glory, and the great, grim fight of them,
Just whistle Tipperary and it all comes back:*

*It's a long way to Tipperary,
Which means 'ome anywhere,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
(And the things wot make you care),
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
('Ow I 'opes my folks is well),
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
('R! Ain't war just 'ell?)*

OPERATION UPDATE — LAST CHANCE

For the last few issues we have been running this form for you to submit with your correct address and Regimental background. We need this information to improve our mailing list and to keep track of our Members, especially those who served with the 104th, 131st and the 47th.

We hope to print an up-to-date list of Members within the next few months, so if you haven't already sent in your form, won't you please do it now?

Put the form in an envelope and mail to:

THE SECRETARY
ROYAL WESTMINSTER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION
BOX 854
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. V3L 4Z8

Name

Address

Unit

Company

W.W.I. W.W.II Other Period

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE WAR

The following consists of excerpts from a personal diary written by one of our members during his war service 1939-1945.

We won't identify him at this point, but as the series continues you may be able to identify the author.

(Continued)

I suppose I must record the following, but I'd a million times rather than I'd never had to write it down. On the morning of the 1st, a patrol composed of 11 men and Sgt. Winding, from our Scout platoon, completed their allotted task and were returning to their own lines. Clark, last man to leave, unfortunately trod upon a booby-trapped Tellermine (designed to blow up tanks!) and was very seriously injured. The rest, who had practically reached safety, returned to bring him out. Exposed to M.G. fire, two of them dragged him to the shelter of a house, while the rest manufactured a stretcher. Placing him on it, they started again, six carrying him. Bourke, in front, found another mine, and warned them around it. They moved to the right, progressed a few feet and Wardman stepped on another one. Some were tossed ten or fifteen feet in the air. Three men were uninjured and the rest — Clark was finished, Hayes dying, Koller, Nelson, Jamieson, Prout, Woods, all wounded, and Wardman and McRae — good old McRae, one of the best — seriously wounded. The rest of the Coy swarmed out, under a covering party and brought them in. Wardman was considered mortally hurt, but McRae, though he'd lose one, if not both legs, they thought had a good chance. But that damned gangrene set in and he died that night, which caused a lot of sad hearts among us, for Alec was as well liked by everyone, especially those of us who have been his comrades since Dundurn as any man could ever hope to be. He rests now in Lanciano, far from Lumby, but his dry, mischievous humor and that big heart of his will be forever in our memories.

PRIZE LIST -- ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DRAW

FIRST PRIZE Ticket #35883 Seller:	Ken S. York 1550 E. 8th Ave. American Legion	\$250.00 \$20.00
SECOND PRIZE Ticket #11948 Seller:	Bob Breaks 1857 Atlin Ave. Prince Rupert Bob Breaks	Case of Cognac \$20.00
THIRD PRIZE Ticket #12520 Seller:	Mike Bond Mike Bond	Case of Scotch \$20.00
FOURTH PRIZE Ticket #778 Seller:	Mike McBride Mike McBride	Case of Rye \$20.00
FIFTH PRIZE Ticket #2145 Seller:	Wayne Davies 2074 Sandlewood Cres. Abbotsford Chris Ewart	Case of Tequila \$20.00
SIXTH PRIZE Ticket #10737 Seller:	S. Yates P.O. Box 475 New Westminster Roy Thwaites	Case of Rum \$20.00
SEVENTH PRIZE Ticket #3787 Seller:	D. Jeffs 950 Homer St. Vancouver D. Jeffs	Case of Vodka \$20.00
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NINTH PRIZE Ticket #17233 Seller:	Jack Hogarth 3738 Sunset New Westminster Jack Hogarth	Case of Champagne \$20.00
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23842 Gary Martin
5847 Bob Byers
1213 David Pallin
29470 F. Sullivan

15566 Ann Edwards
10149 Warren Smith
27506 Ross McCutcheon
24277 D. Padamski
24623 M. S. Notheisz



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ANDREW RODDIE, Greencourt, Alta.
47th Btn., W.W.1
MILTON SMALLEY, Victoria, B.C.
47th Btn. and Westminster Regt., W.W.1 and W.W.2
W. WOODS, Kelowna, B.C.
47th Btn., W.W.1

WHAT BECAME OF KELLY?

ANTHONY WALSH, 514 Baldwin St., Montreal 5 P.Q.

COMING EVENTS

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of The Royal Westminster Regiment Association

Thursday, March 16th, 1978 at 8:00 p.m.

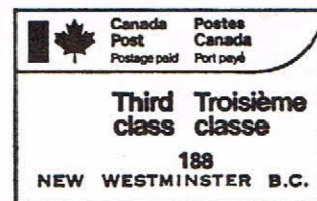
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