

Veteran Lieutenant James David Moses  
57<sup>th</sup> Squadron – Royal Canadian Air Force  
Arras Flying Services Memorial  
Pas De Calais

James David Moses

By: Marc Auger

He dreamt of a better Canada,  
So he enlisted in the military.  
A 20<sup>th</sup> century Canadian hero.  
Along with his brothers of squadron 57,  
United they stood,  
In the Canadian Air Force.

James David Moses.  
Like every Canadian  
Who risked their lives  
In exchange for ours,  
Was a hero in our eyes.  
Yet, an enemy in others.

But, like many brave soldiers,  
Lieutenant Moses' number came up.  
April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1918.  
His plane was shot down,  
He died of his wounds.

Many soldiers have a grave,  
A cross or tombstone to mark their sacrifice.  
Many fallen soldiers were never found.  
This was the case with James David Moses.  
They found no body; he hath no grave,  
Just his Canadian name  
Engraved in a Commonwealth monument.  
His service number, to this day is not known.

His service number is not known,  
But James David Moses is known  
For his bravery.  
He is known as a Canadian Soldier.  
A soldier who put his life on the line for us.

George Buck  
1893 - 1917

### George Enlisted One Day

George enlisted one day,  
To fight in a war far away.  
A strapping young Buck,  
Full of life, love and luck,  
He signed up with no delay.

Farming was his vocation.  
He was nearly as young as his nation;  
Serving with such pride,  
For the winning side.  
War was a quick revelation.

So common was death,  
As if the loss of breath,  
Were as natural as day or night,  
Oh what a gruesome sight;  
Their hearts were strong in their chests.

George enlisted one date,  
Still unsure of his fate.  
He paid the ultimate price,  
Lest we forget his sacrifice,  
For freedom he did not hesitate.

George Junior Buck was born in Caledonia, Ontario December 1st 1893. He was a farmer by trade and enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force on May 20th 1916. After serving in the 37th Haldimond Rifles for two years, Buck was a Private. He was an Aboriginal soldier raised near the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario. George was 23 years old when he enlisted and just a year older when his life was lost in the name of freedom at Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917.

By: Stephen P. Babyn

## A Man From Saskatchewan

A regular man with a regular job,  
A peaceful heart with a growing family.  
He joined the army, unaware of lives robbed,  
An undesired life arrived unknowingly.

He was placed in the 107<sup>th</sup> Battalion  
And like thousands before, he went overseas,  
Who fought for the country, not a medallion  
And cast aside the difference of him being Cree.

How different would a sight as simple as the sun  
Capture you, just asking for nothing less.  
Second nature changed to just holding a gun,  
What happened next is a guess.

The end of one left him a veteran  
And entered the efforts in number two.  
Living all of that dread again,  
I wouldn't be able to do it, would you?

Your brain must have throbbed with memories.  
The thoughts, unbearable but true.  
Forcing my mind into the mind of a soldier,  
Made me realize I could never live up to you.

You took those acts of cruelty and of killing upon yourself  
To provide us a life of peace.  
I value your contribution to our world,  
Because for now, our wars have ceased.

Thank you Mr. Joseph Dreaver,  
For peace, you have made me a believer.

By: Stacie Bengts

## Here Lies William Semia

Written by Michael (Kimil) Blanchette

Regimental Number: 821025

Rank: Private

Unit: The 52nd Canadian Light Infantry  
Battalion

Location of Cemetery: Unknown Location

Here you lie  
Dreaming of adventure  
Leaving home soon, against the will  
Of those who love you  
And that bastard Sam Hughes

Who cares for him, it's 1916  
Time for adventures to places you've never been  
Sam was taken from power days ago  
No more insults of a bow and arrow

Your path is clear  
Imagine your target  
As you hold them near  
Time for your shot  
Aim well, come home to Port Arthur  
A Hero

Here you lie  
Dreaming of land  
The swaying ship as nauseating  
As the language you don't understand  
Flooding your ears, you look confused and blank  
As your comrade insults your race  
You nod and smile to give him oblivious thanks

You are the only copper dot in this sea of ivory  
Look around: remember this struggle  
One day this will be a great story  
When you're home at Port Arthur  
A Hero

Here you lie  
Dreaming of a drop of water  
Does this game have family?  
He looks up at a bird admiringly  
Who will mourn that his dead?  
Steady now, aim for his head  
War is war and this is no new thing  
The bird circles and the beauty sings  
His fault, he was a fool to linger  
Semia pulls his finger.

But now something is wrong

Here you lie  
Dreaming of home  
Drowning in your own blood  
Whose finger was it  
That pulled the trigger?  
An ally or foe?

You were on the ship ride home

Here you lie  
On the ship coming home  
To Port Arthur  
So close  
But here you die

This is where imagination must fill  
The gaps of history  
Where now do you lie?  
What are you dreaming of in your eternal rest?  
Why is it people only knew you were Native  
and couldn't speak English?  
Did you become A Hero?

What was your full story? I wish I knew  
So I could truly thank you.  
Your death made Canadians hardships few.

**Captain Cameron D. Brant;**

I thank you, Cameron D. Brant, for the bravery and devotion you showed,  
For the honour, the patriotism, and the love.

For you gave up the greatest gift of all, your life,  
Protecting those whom you love.

You were a gallant soldier.  
Night reconnaissance, trench raids ... nothing instilled fear in you.  
You led your men that fateful day  
At the Second Battle of Ypres.  
You were at the forefront of the charge.  
And even as soldiers fell beside you,  
You carried on.

You carried on for your wife, Flossie,  
For your parents, Robert and Lydia.  
For your great-great-grandfather, Chief Joseph Brant.

He founded your town, was leader of the Six-Nations Iroquois,  
And was a hero in the War of Independence.

He was a Man amongst men,  
As you now are.  
You kept your family honour.

There must have been fear in your heart,  
As you led the charge towards those blazing guns.  
But you knew you had to carry on.  
Even when you were struck down,  
You knew it was worth it.

Twenty-five is a young age to die.  
Your wife wept for you, your parents wept,  
You were the first man from Brantford, Ontario, to be killed in action,  
And your town wept, too.

I thank you, Cameron D. Brant, for the bravery and devotion you showed,  
For the honour, the patriotism, and the love.

For you gave up the greatest gift of all, your life,  
For Canada, for freedom, and for me.

And I shall never forget it.

- Peter Boggis

# Henry Louis Norwest

By Emily Chambers

Many great men fought and sacrificed their lives during World War I and I have the privilege to write about one of the most famous Canadian snipers of all.

Henry Louis Norwest, a Métis of French-Cree background, was born on May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1884 and was killed on August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1918 at the young age of 34, just three months before World War I ended. He was born and raised in Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta and worked as a farm hand, rodeo performer, and for the Northwest Mounted Police. In January 1915 he enlisted in the war but was sent home after the first three months because of his misbehavior. He must have had a real desire to fight for his country because eight months later he enlisted again under a different name and then served for nearly three years in the 50<sup>th</sup> Canadian Infantry Battalion as one of the best and most highly respected snipers.

It has been said that he was one of the best because of his remarkable skills of being able to stay still for hours at a time and outstanding camouflage techniques. Snipers usually worked in pairs, one person as the observer and the other as the shooter. Henry spent most of his time in “No Man’s Land” and he and his partner were known to even cross onto enemy territory. I think that for such a hard job Henry performed outstandingly to have survived for as long as he did. Overall he had a record of 115 fatal shots.

Henry was one of 830 members of the CEF to be awarded the Military Medal and bar. He was awarded the MM for his bravery at Vimy Ridge in 1917 at a peak which was called the “Pimple”, and later in August 1918 he was given the bar. His award citation quotes, “Great bravery, skill, and initiative in sniping the enemy after the capture of the Pimple. By his activity he saved a great number of our men’s lives.” This is a great accomplishment and something to be very proud of.

In August 1918, after the Battle of Amiens in France, Henry’s life ended while the 50<sup>th</sup> Battalion was moving into position for their next assignment. He was killed instantly by a bullet from an enemy sniper.

It is such a shame that so many men died for us and they do not get the recognition they deserve. I find it sad that if some people were asked about Canada’s involvement in the war they would not know anything or would not have any interest in it at all. After learning so much, this biography is just a small token of my appreciation for Henry’s life and every other man that served in the war. I don’t know if anyone could ever prove how thankful they are for their bravery, but the least we can do is honor them. Thank you, Henry.

Relief for George Mclean  
By Laura Corey

My maiden sang,  
Of stories she did tell.  
A never-ending song  
To emphasize my hell.

As such rests  
My memories of home.  
Too blindly did I see her off  
Much sadness wherever it be shown.

Now amid a world different than this  
On blood stained ground, underneath a sky without bliss.  
Though the peopled labyrinth of sandbags and sweat,  
Death had been promised. Oh, Henriette!

Rekindle fading melodies with a breath so divine,  
A sonnet so mournful, all listeners would cry.  
All seen flowers mock this promise anew.  
They are fed with true love tears, not mountainous dew.

The trumpets did sound the battle to commence  
A crack! Or a bang was shot in my presence.  
Quick darkness and then gradual light,  
My sweet savior was a German sniper's might.

Splendorous timing this wound did thence have.  
The pain was enough to make a sane man mad.  
It cost four pints of blood and some tissue, too  
But milady, Henriette, was as thankful as true.

Ah, Yes! Back home to my family and life  
The British Colombian air, omit from the poisonous strife.  
Such horror and destruction I have just observed.  
I will not tell my dearest, not even a word.

## **Biography of Samuel Glode – By Amelia Debogorski**

Samuel Glode was a Micmac man who was born on April, 20th 1880. He was raised in Milton Queens County, Nova Scotia. Prior to the war he made a living as a hunting and fishing guide, and a lumberjack. He was married and had a son named Louie Glode. If you were to take an assessment of Samuel Glode's appearance, he would appear as the following : five feet and nine inches tall, dark complexion, grey eyes, and black hair.

On September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1915 at age thirty-five, Sam enlisted for the Canadian Over- Sea Expeditionary Force, in other words the army. The way the war was presented in the media, it seemed to be something that offered people adventure, travel, loyalty, and even romance. Sam felt he had to do his part to help contribute to the war, and without any further ado, signed the papers. Although war did give people the opportunity to do some of these things, the true effects of war you never saw in the propaganda, and soldiers, Sam being one of them, figured this out very quickly. Samuel Glode testifies to one of his memories of the war saying, "I'll never forget the first night. I stayed out most of the night, watching the flares go up over No Man's Land, like fireworks, and hearing the canons and bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire."

In the first bit of war Sam took the role as an infantry soldier, and soon after assumed a new occupation as a RCE (Royal Canadian Engineer) in France and Belgium. Sam was ranked as a Corporal and his new job with a tunneling company of the 6th Field Company and Battalion, required carving dugouts at Vimy Ridge, in Belgium, and patching up roads near Amiens. When a ceasefire was announced, Glode went back to Belgium.

Even though the War was officially over, the Allies were still active. The Canadian Corps advanced to Germany assuming occupied positions. During this time Sam and his company were lead to search for mines and demolition charges. On the 19th and 20th of November, Samuel Glode personally removed 450 charges! Because of this he was awarded a DCM, and the citation from it stated, "He showed great devotion to duty and an utter disregard of personal danger."

In the spring of 1919 Sam Glode returned home to Nova Scotia and went back to his hunting and guiding occupations. He passed away in 1957 at Camp Hill Hospital in Halifax.

In conclusion, it is obvious that Samuel Glode was a dedicated, efficient soldier, by looking at his accomplishments such as his DCM award, and his amazing success of removing 450 demolition charges. He represented the Aboriginal people of Canada well, and I am sure his family and friends were very proud of him. I am honored to represent him at the 90th anniversary of the Battle at Vimy Ridge in April 2007, and hope to do it in a manner that he would have approved of.

Run for Cogwagee! - By Billi-Rai Driscoll

Run, Thomas Charles Longboat, Run!

You are a Native Canadian with an Iroquois name;

Cogwagee, which means EVERYTHING!

You were born on the Six Nations Grand River Reserve, Ontario, Canada on June 8, 1887.

Run Cogwagee, Run!

Run with your brothers on your small farm as you worked to help out your family.

You learned that running was a gift you had and you could bring honor to your family.

You won your first competitive race.

What a wonderful feeling.

A poor Native boy, who could win awards,

And so this became your passion.

Run Longboat Run!

Now you are a long distance runner,

You traveled everywhere to race - to Boston, to run in the Boston Marathon.

To the Olympics to compete with the world, you are an Olympian.

You were called The Greatest Marathon Runner of All Time.

You are a member of the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame.

You are a member of the Indian Hall of Fame.

Tom Longboat awards are given out in your name to the top Aboriginal amateur athletes.

Run Private Longboat Run!

Duty calls you to serve your country at the age of 29.

Now what does a young Native Canadian do in a war?

He runs, of course!

The highlight of your military career came during the Battle of Vimy Ridge in France.

Communications broke down between units.

You were a dispatch carrier and run between units to get the orders and messages safely though.

What an asset you were to your troops...

Run Longboat Run!

Run for your family!

Run for the honor that it brings to your race!

Run for the pride you feel from competition!

Run for your country!

Run for Cogwagee!

## **Soldier Assignment**

**By: Sarah Elke**

### **Frank Donald Aish, #645266**

Frank Donald Aish was born in Usk, Wales, on May 27, 1898. His biological parents were Mary Jane Hughes and Frank Aish. He had three brothers: Fredric, Ernest and Gusting; and three sisters: Edith, Florence and Daisy. Frank was adopted by I.E. Johnson and moved to Hall's Prairie, BC. He enlisted in the army in Vancouver, January 12, 1916. On his enlistment form, Aish lied about his age because he was legally too young to enlist and claimed his date of birth was October 2, 1897. His height was five feet; three and three-quarter inches and he had dark hair and hazel eyes. He worked on a farm and was single when he enlisted. He was placed in the Central Ontario Regiment's 54<sup>th</sup> regiment and was issued with the service number 645266. Frank Aish died on the first day of battle at Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917. He was a Private at his time of death. Aish's body is buried at the Givenchy Road Canadian Cemetery at the Vimy Monument in Pas de Calais, France.

#### **Sources:**

RootsWeb genealogy site:

<http://worldconnect.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/igm.cgi?op=REG&db=jayglanv&id=I5034>

Frank Aish's enlistment form:

<http://data2.archives.ca/cef/well1/203097a.gif>

VAC Remembers:

<http://www.vacacc.gc.ca/remembers/sub.cfm?source=collections/virtualmem/Detail&casualty=618490>

Library and Archives Canada: Soldiers of the First World War:

[http://data4.collectionscanada.ca/netacgi/nphbrs?s1=Aish&s2=Frank+D&s3=&Sect4=AND&l=20&Sect1=IMAGE&Sect2=THESOFF&Sect5=CEF6PEN&Sect6=HITOFF&d=CEF6&p=1&u=http://www.collectionscanada.ca/archivianet/02010602\\_e.html&r=1&f=G](http://data4.collectionscanada.ca/netacgi/nphbrs?s1=Aish&s2=Frank+D&s3=&Sect4=AND&l=20&Sect1=IMAGE&Sect2=THESOFF&Sect5=CEF6PEN&Sect6=HITOFF&d=CEF6&p=1&u=http://www.collectionscanada.ca/archivianet/02010602_e.html&r=1&f=G)

Canadian Great War Project:

<http://www.canadiangreatwarproject.com/searches/soldierDetail.asp?ID=39771>

### **Giving Thanks to Reuben E. Ames By Craig Ferguson**

You died for our great country some 90 years ago.  
Our country cried and moaned for you to come back.  
You are a hero, who fought and died, becoming in the least bit a foe  
You served when you were just sixteen  
Where you would attack these enemies with great tact.  
So young in age you set off to the Great War.  
At first you thought that you just wanted more  
But as you lie in the Givenchy Road Canadian Cemetery  
We can all honor you, even though Calais is the only place  
That can always feel your heroic presence in detail.  
As you entered the Canadian Ontario Regiment,  
You became a part of something more and not just a figment  
On Earth's lonely soil that now lies in patriotic passion  
With you, in your Commonwealth war death fashion.  
You are a Private in all of our hearts and dreams.  
Our goals to this brave country will be dedicated  
To the great sense of courage that overwhelmed you  
As that fear became breakable and you no longer hesitated.  
To me, April 9th will be a pray day forever, dear hero  
Picton will never again be your home.  
You now live with the angels that surround us  
You will always be remembered and known  
For the memory of you is what kept Manley and Emma alive  
Through the years they lived without you  
We are forever in debt, thank you Reuben Ames

Soldier Project

Andrew Finnamore  
January 17, 2006  
Soldier: Charles Anderson  
Service #: 760872

It is quiet here.  
The grass green and the sky blue  
But under the French ground  
Lies a man who knew  
A different world.

A man who left behind  
A simple life of normal work,  
And entered the mud and dirt.  
He found trenches and guns  
And learned the sound of death.

A man who lived for  
So many years in this world  
Underneath a smoky sky,  
Sleeping through explosions  
In the cold wet ground.

A man who fought on  
As shells rained from above,  
While the rot was all around him,  
Hoping he would last for  
Just one more night.

A man who ignored  
The fear he must have felt  
As he watched bullets  
Ripping through the lives  
Of fellow Canadians.

A man who was  
Named Charles Anderson.  
Who fought for you and me  
And gave his life  
On the ground of Vimy Ridge.

It is quiet here.  
But we remember the man  
Who lies beneath the grass,  
And all the others with him,  
For what they did for us.

## James George Adderley

James was born on April 14th, 1882, in Worsboro, England. During his late teen years, he served for two years in the 13th Royal Regiment. He soon moved to Canada, where he joined the active militia. When World War 1 developed, James joined the Canadian forces as a stretcher bearer in the 120th Battalion. He returned to Canada without any critical injuries. Years later he married his wife, Margaret, and adopted his only son, Jack. He died in 1943, at the tender age of 61.

E.R. Frost

A poem

Early in the day you're on your way  
Climbing the hill, like in the well practiced drill,  
Gaining the land like a superhero man.  
The bullets fly, you hope you don't die.  
Buzzing and booming is all too consuming  
As a darting pain begins the crimson rain.  
The walk to be free is never with glee,  
Building our nationhood like nothing else could.  
You gave a lot: we know how you fought.  
Let us remember, every November:  
The sacrifices, the gains,  
The victory, the pain.

My soldier

Name: Ernest Ralph Frost

Regimental Number: 715359

Rank: Private

Unit: Canadian Infantry - Nova Scotia Regiment 25/26 (I found two different sites with two different unit numbers)

Location of Cemetery: Thelus Military Cemetery II.C.8

Thank you Austin

I don't know what motivated you to enlist in the army in times of war. Maybe you thought it would be fun or perhaps you had something in you that you wanted to prove. All I know is on February 5th, 1917 you, Austin Bomberry, signed a piece of paper that gave your life to the army. You were 35 and had never served in the Canadian Military. You were a Native, born on the Six Nations Reservation in Brantford city. You had no wife; I don't know if you had any children, but you did have your father, Robert. I wonder if anyone was sad when they learned you joined the army? I don't know what you hoped would come from the war, I don't know what you experienced on your first time to the front line, I have no idea what went through your mind. Maybe you were one of the many soldiers who fought in some of Canada's great victories or devastating defeats. You put your life on the line for the well-being of the world, and for that I give my thanks. Even though you are a name without a face to me, I will remember you, Austin Bomberry.

By Athena Godard

LIVE, LOVE, LAUGH  
WHAT YOU BELIEVED  
LIVE, SHOOT, KILL  
WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT  
BUT YOU CAN'T BRING US DOWN

IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG  
WE'VE KNOWN THIS ALL ALONG,  
WALKING ALONE IN THE SHADOW OF THE VALLEY OF DEATH  
STANDING BESIDE EACH OTHER 'CAUSE IT'S NOT OVER YET.  
AND NO ONE IS BACKING DOWN

I'VE BEEN TOO HARD ON MYSELF  
TURNING MY BACK ON THIS ISN'T AN OPTION

HOW DO WE DISAPPEAR - WE'VE BEEN HYPNOTIZED.  
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

AWAY FROM THE THINGS THAT MADE US CRY.  
WE LIVE OUR LIVES ON THE FRONT LINE.

**In Memorial to  
Lancelot Edgar Ashcroft, January 17 1897-April 9 1917  
New Plepmouth, New Zealand**

**Project by: Elizabeth Karau**

*War is not the party it seems to be,  
It is surrounded by chaos,  
This is not the most routine nine to five, you see;  
There are some occupational hazards.*

*As I lay on the front line,  
Trying not to be seen,  
Playing the front line two-step;  
One, step up and fire,  
Two, duck and reload  
That is how we strive for freedom!*

*We show our dark sides,  
We hold nothing back  
We let out our frustrations.  
This is our time!  
We must show the world,  
What we'll stand for.*

Thank you, Lieutenant Thomas Banfield, for giving your life on April 9<sup>th</sup> 1917 for the freedom of Canada and the world! We will never forget the brave men and women that gave their lives under the Canadian army at Vimy Ridge. You will never be forgotten.

Mark Karau  
Yellowknife, NWT

## Cheers Louis Arcand

By: Sabrina- Ayesha Lakhani

Signed June 22, 1916  
He was only 19  
Louis Arcand  
Served in the 23<sup>rd</sup> Battalion  
They all deserved a medallion  
For great effort and heart

Serving over seas  
Crammed in planes like peas  
Canadian Over- Seas Expeditionary Force  
Our line of defence  
In Vimy we were intense  
This recognized our Nation

Mugskeg Lane your home town  
Madeline your sister carries no frown  
Proud of the Arcand family in Saskatchewan  
Louis's trade was farming  
Not married although charming  
No military training

Based in North BattleFord  
1917 set sail to England to serve the Lord  
23<sup>rd</sup> Battalion turned into 15<sup>th</sup> reserve battalion  
Understanding the nature of engagement  
Being a private at Vimy made a statement  
Vowed to protect thou country and loved

I found the remnants of your life  
Living here in Yellowknife  
Returning to Vimy to honour the stones  
A reef of tribute to your successful victory  
Your name today goes down in history  
Along with many others

A salute to those soldiers  
Who stood in defence like boulders  
Yet you've marked your place and in the sky  
To bravery, loyalty and greatness  
Who drew blood from stones in courageousness  
Cheers to you, a due, a due, a due

Private George Gordon Barton - By Ashley Leonardis

Freedom.

It's what we are here fighting for.  
All the men, women, and children back  
home.  
In Canada.

Pride.

In our land, our people, and ourselves.  
To die for these things  
Is a truly wonderful cause.

Adventure.

To feel the thrill of war,  
Fighting for your life.  
And fighting for your country.

Romance.

Women hosting tea parties and dances.  
Opportune chances  
To have someone waiting for me back  
home.

Vancouver.

The place I enlisted  
For my country, my home.  
I go to war.

Family.

Innocent brothers and sisters  
Of all the soldiers.  
No harm must come to them.

Clinton.

My hometown in BC.  
Where my father awaits  
For when I return.

Women.

Knitting socks and blankets  
For our warmth.  
From back home.

Britain.

We are our own country.  
Yet must go to war when they choose  
That, I dislike.

Weapons.

Instruments of destruction,  
Causing the fallen soldiers  
Beneath our feet.

Enemy.

The Triple Alliance.  
Though we are known as the Allies.  
There is no connection between us and  
them.

Sanity.

What keeps us from giving up.  
Most of them are losing theirs.  
So far, I am not one of them.

Vimy Ridge.

Turning point of the Great War.  
Ending of thousands of Canadian lives.  
Including my own.

Death.

The end of our time on earth.  
To die  
Would be an awfully great adventure.

Joseph Beck  
707122  
Private  
Canadian Infantry –Central Ontario Regiment  
V.B. 18  
Bois-Carre British Cemetery  
Pas de Calais , France

A tribute to Joseph Beck- By Chloe LeTourneau

Born in November of 1886,  
The world knew little of future conflicts,  
You grew up strong, you grew up fast,  
A man, indeed, you became at last.

Native of England and taking pride,  
A young man who dreamt of making strides,  
Soon your country needed your assistance,  
You offered your help no matter the distance.

Member of the Canadian Infantry,  
Coming home was no guarantee,  
Yet fighting hard, never calling it quits,  
Pushing yourself to all your limits.

And this I write in behalf of you,  
A hero's heart you had, it's true,  
To defend your homeland and your rights,  
You spent many long, even endless nights.

Joseph Beck, indeed I'm proud,  
To tell the world, to scream out loud,  
Canadian you were, with a heart of gold,  
Courageous, gallant, spirited and bold.

Vimy Ridge; your last battle, I'm afraid,  
Once hit & down, motionless you lay,  
No longer worried of the road ahead,  
Although many tears for you were shed.

Take me to your tomb in France,  
To remember your life and your romance,  
To see a man sitting there alone,  
A man who will never be unknown.

In our hearts this Private will remain,  
As will the others who died in vain,  
To you we are grateful for fighting this war,  
May your spirits lift and may they soar,  
Lift and soar,  
Forevermore.

## Timothy Kelly By Diane Lynn

Timothy Kelly was born in Deptford, England, on February 8, 1869. He and his family emigrated to Penbrook, Ontario, Canada, when he was an infant, and resided there until he was a young man. He later traveled west to the growing coal town of Lethbridge, Alberta. There Timothy brought his wife, Mary from Penbrook and settled permanently in 1903 after acquiring employment with the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company. He worked on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway High Level Bridge and, upon enlistment, with the Company, International Harvester to support his five children and his wife.

The local men were enticed to do their bit by joining the ranks of the 82nd Calgary Battalion for World War I and on September 30, 1915 at the age of 46, Private Timothy Kelly answered the call to arms. This call to arms was found in the local newspaper, *The Lethbridge Daily Herald* which stated: "The 82nd Battalion contingent from Lethbridge will include a fine lot of men. If you desire good associates, the chance comes this week in enlisting with the 82nd. Join it now and be in a position to do your part in driving the Huns out of Belgium and Fance." Private Kelly became qualified to enlist but only through lying about his age. His reason and motivation to volunteer in the war despite his age, five children and support for Mary, who was five months pregnant, is unknown, but in the days following September 30th, Kelly bid farewell to his wife and children. He traveled to Calgary to train as a soldier in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. A final family photograph was taken five and a half months later, in Timothy's last visit to Lethbridge.

The front page of *The Calgary Herald* reported "82nd Battalion Leaves The City 'Mid Cheers Of Crowds. Senior Calgary Battalion Entrains for Unknown Destination-- Departure Made In Two Trains." on May 13, 1916. The two trains carried 1,082 men eastward across Canada to the naval port city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, within a week. The HMCS 'Empress of Britain' awaited their arrival. On May 29, 1916, the battalion finished their journey across the Atlantic and arrived at Liverpool, England.

In England, the 82nd Battalion continued to train and for unknown reasons Private Kelly received Field Punishment #2 on July 1, 1916. It was suspected that an insubordination occurred for some remark about Kelly's nationality, which was Irish. By 1916, the 82nd suffered an unfortunate blow and was required to disband, and their membership transferred to existing front line units. On August 27th, 1916 Kelly was transferred into the 31st Alberta Battalion. During this period, the Canadian Army re-entered the offensive on the Somme Front in France, which was intended by the British military officials. To occupy the trenches around the French town of Courcellette became the 31st Battalion mission. Private Kelly was detailed to dig and re-enforce trenches behind the front lines, prior to the attack of September 15. On September 5, 1916, he found time to write to his wife and children:

"I am in good health and hope you are all well. I will be going up the line in about a week. Hope all will go well when I get there and I will give a good account of myself if I get half a chance. With love to one and all from me. Yours lovingly, Tim."

On September 15 Timothy arrived at the trenches to join in the attack and twelve days later, he received a mortal gunshot wound in the head. On September 30, Private Kelly died of his injuries at the age of 47, a year to the day of his enlistment. "Pte. Tim Kelly Has Made Supreme Sacrifice... His death in action is particularly sad as he leaves behind his wife and six children, the youngest being less than one year in age," covered the front page of *The Lethbridge Herald*. His remaining family 'managed' through whatever means, but were known as the "poor Kelly's".

# **A Service Greatly Appreciated**

by: Natalie MacFadyen

Harry John Bridgman you enlisted,  
Not knowing what to expect upon entry,  
A newlywed waiter seeking adventure,  
An Essex Englishman willing to serve his country,  
A steadfast soldier brave at heart.

One of the 158<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Own Battalion,  
You served like many under the command of Lieut-Col. C. Milne,  
Your comrades fought honorably to their deaths,  
Canada was proud of your significant contributions,  
And anxiously awaited your regiment's return.

Little did they know, Harry, that you were among the dead,  
That the shrapnel had entered your handsome head,  
Your beloved wife Florence grieved for her loss,  
A memorable gentleman were you whom in life was loved dearly,  
You remained patriotic till your sudden departure, which Canada admired.

Lest we forget your valiant efforts, Bridgman,  
Your sacrifices will indeed be remembered,  
An un-lived life for the sake of your nation,  
We will remember such a sense of obligation,  
You have made a historic impression in the eyes of those who were not there.

Harry John Bridgman may you rest peacefully,  
For this you deserve,  
A WW1 soldier and patriot,  
Thank you for your valiant efforts, which created our generation's life as we know it,  
Because of you I am proud to be a part of such a glorious Canadian nationhood.

A Tribute To Those Who Served  
Ryan Mahler

Lived a simple man in Winnipeg,  
That "small town" on the plains  
Taking in the people's mail  
From postal cars and trains.  
Eventually, the word had come  
That war had broken out,  
The men from all around would serve  
To settle Europe's bout.  
Roy McLaughin, one of these  
Signed up in Athens, Ont.  
Sent overseas with the 84th  
With heroism not a want.  
But little did he know that he,  
A man of simple stature  
Was going to fight that German threat  
To not break them, but to fracture  
Their continuing brutal advance across  
The French cities and countryside  
To stand ground against the enemy  
Where others had run and tried to hide.  
For, you see, Roy was not what we'd call  
A hero, knight, or idol  
But it was thanks to him and his fellow fighters  
That we stand here, our lives so idyll.  
Just an average soldier, Roy McLaughlin was  
But it was thanks to these nameless men  
That I can sit here and write this poem  
With my humble pen.  
This is a tribute to all those who served  
And whose names are not revered  
Not the comic book heroes we hear of today  
Who are bioengineered.  
No, these men are those that fought for us  
With no promise of worship or respect  
But kept our freedom from the foes  
And our futures, did protect.  
For this, I tip my hat to them  
As I walk through these unmarked graves;  
The emotions overtaking my senses  
In powerful, continuous waves.  
As I think back so many years  
To that joyous day in November,  
I suddenly realize the true meaning of  
The phrase, "We Will Remember".

# James Logan Brown

Born: Dec.8, 1880-Died: Apr.9, 1917

James Logan Brown, the pride you had for your country  
made you sign your name on that list,  
You had no idea what was coming but was just so proud to help,  
The bombing and gun fire just some  
of the many noises in your head,  
Seeing friends be taken and fellow soldiers too,  
You still stood strong not letting anything hurt you,  
Your mother, father and sister missed you dearly, only writing notes back  
and forth was all you guys had,  
But you knew they were so proud of you, which gave  
you the will to keep fighting,  
No one knows what you went through, no one ever will, except  
the other soldiers that were right there beside you,  
Thank you for making our lives the way they are today and we'll  
never forget you, you'll always be  
remembered for the great contribution you made for  
your country in the war.

# Richard Brown

- ✿ Richard Brown was a young man
  - ✿ Who did all he can
    - ✿ I am proud
  - ✿ That Mr. Brown vowed
    - ✿ To keep Canada free
  - ✿ But he paid the ultimate fee
    - ✿ What a horrible toll
    - ✿ For such a great soul
    - ✿ He fought a good fight
    - ✿ So pray for him tonight
    - ✿ He was only 19 years old
    - ✿ But he was very bold
  - ✿ After a fatal night on the run
    - ✿ He will never again see the sun
    - ✿ The battle was on land
    - ✿ And he did so very grand
  - ✿ Being not even old enough to vote
    - ✿ With me this hits a sour note
  - ✿ Spending his time in the trenches
- ✿ While most young men were playing sports on benches
  - ✿ Instead of being with his loved ones
  - ✿ He joined the war and fought with guns
    - ✿ From the big attacks
    - ✿ To hiding in shacks
  - ✿ In the 54<sup>th</sup> battalion
  - ✿ They were strong like a stallion
    - ✿ Please don't frown
    - ✿ For Mr. Brown
  - ✿ No more hiding in a base
- ✿ Richard Brown is in a better place

Service # 645808

By: Garrett McLean - Yellowknife

My Veteran  
William Henry Denford  
By: Alanna Menard

My World War 1 veteran hero is William Henry Denford, who is also my Great-Great Uncle. He was born in London, England on September 8, 1892.

He spent two years in the British Army of the 52nd Regiment Infantry. In 1915, he joined his parents and siblings, who had migrated here in 1909, in Canada. He enlisted in the Canadian Army on April 25, 1915 in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. He was a Private in the 28th Battalion, Canadian Infantry-Saskatchewan Regiment; his service number was 440697.

The 28th Battalion was at the Battle of Vimy Ridge or Z day, which was the code name to keep it a secret from the enemy. They were part of the 2nd Canadian Division, in the 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade.

The 2nd Canadian Division orders were to attack on the left. The 1st Canadian Division was to attack on the right. The 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade orders were to attack on their left flank (upper left). Each brigade was instructed and directed by their commanders to establish defensive flanks and block at once should the attack on their flanks be held up at all. The orders were all lines were to be held and no ground given up once it had been taken. My Great-Great Uncle survived this fierce battle, when many did not.

Further in the war diaries, I learned that an order dated August 14, 1917 was issued to the 28th Battalion to capture Hill 70 from the enemy. They were ordered to move to an old British front line system. Another order came on August 18, 1917 giving orders that the Battalion was to move into that area that evening. The Battle to capture Hill 70 to force the enemy to evacuate Lens, was to be carried out the evening of August 21, 1917. The early morning hours of August 21, 1917 at 4:35 a.m. the enemy caught them off guard when they were not expecting them. They were placed under heavy fire in and around the Battalion Headquarters, completely hindering their views and shutting communication down. William Henry - or, as his sister, my Great-Grandmother called him, Billy - was killed that day. Great-Great Uncle Billy was 24 years old. My mother told me that for as long as she remembered her Grandmother talked about him very fondly. He was known as a very nice, kind, and honorable person who had a great sense of humour.

I feel very honoured to be his Great-Great Niece. He is buried at the Vimy Memorial where I will find his name. I will be the first person in my family to visit the Memorial where his name has been placed. I think he made the ultimate sacrifice with his life for our freedom. I will never forget and I will always show my pride for him.

## **A Tribute to Private Frank Butts**

**By: Bryan Monks**

In 1914, the world had a black cloud cast over it covering most of Europe: war, which involved many countries and sent men, boys, and women to fight it. Many came home alive. While others stayed behind in the trenches on the battlefield, they did not get to see their children grow up, did not get to say I love you to their families again, and did not get the burial they were entitled to. Their stories went untold and were lost forever in time. They fought for their country to protect the children and people of tomorrow. One of these soldiers was Frank Butts.

Frank Butts was born in England in 1897 on April 21. Though they were native to England, Frank's parents, James Henry and Sarah Butts, moved to Victoria, British Columbia, before World War I. Frank went to war thinking it would show his honour and loyalty to his homeland. Frank's parents were proud; his family was honoured that he went. They all were thinking the war would be over quickly. By 1917, the war was still on.

On April 9, 1917, Frank Butts woke up from his turn sleeping in the trench. With his gun clenched in his hands, Frank went to his Commanding Officer for his orders. Frank was informed that his unit, the Canadian Infantry (Central Ontario Regiment), was to gear up and prepare to go over the top. One can only imagine that as he heard this he took a deep breath, clearing his throat. He heard the German guns starting to fire at the Allied trenches. He heard and saw the bullets flying overhead. Frank loaded his gun. Took a sip of water, which may have been the last glass he would ever drink. This was his last act before leaving the safety of his trench.

When he went over the top, he kept his head down because of the bullets flying by him. Frank jumped into a ditch made by the German artillery guns - the few that were left. Frank fired his Lee-Enfield, and got up and ran again. He kept running and suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his side and didn't know what to do. Frank kept running, and some seconds later he got the same sharp feeling again, but this time it was closer to his heart. He looked and there was blood. Frank fell to the ground with his gun.

I'm proud to represent this soldier, and write what went on some 90 years ago during that fatal day. I can only imagine what actually happened and the truth which inspired him to go to war and to fight for a battle that wasn't his.

I would just like to say thank you very much to Private Frank Butts and the hundreds of thousands of others like him for enlisting in the war effort and fighting honorably so that we can all live in peace.

Dear Harry Blair Campbell

You were born March 11th 1893  
Joined the war, only twenty-three  
Same age as my brother is now  
Unmarried, did you ever find love?

Hardened by a life of upside down war  
If returned alive, would you be truly alive?  
I drive through your hometown often  
Maybe stepped on the same spec of earth  
Edmonton, Alberta where your parents would recall  
The call of your death, after your fall  
Outlived by your parents  
You were so young, died April 16, 1918, at twenty-five  
Did you ever find love?

Buried in Wailly Orchard Cemetery, too far away  
For people to visit, with respects to pay  
Grave Reference II.B.20 what does that mean?  
Alberta Regiment Division A Coy. 31st Bn.  
Were you pressured by your peers, or eager to sign up?  
I bet you didn't know your fate in the war to end all wars  
Dragging on, it wasn't quick.  
You were a hero, your fate was sick.  
They promised you a nice and easy win  
Using propaganda to lure you in  
Yet through all that time of not getting out  
Did you ever find love, in a life so worn out?

Sincerely yours with respect,

Everyone who didn't have to go through what you did

By: Annessa Morrison

## James "Jimmy" McNeil – By Kathleen O'Brien

**Born October 20, 1897, Died 1986**

James "Jimmy" McNeil was born in the Rear of Irish Cove, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia to James and Catherine McNeil. He was the oldest of seven brothers and also had two sisters, Catherine and Maryanne. One of Jimmy's brothers was Angus McNeil, my great-grandfather on my mother's side. Another brother, Dan, also joined and was sent to France to fight in the First World War.

Jimmy's family operated a farm in rural Cape Breton but Jimmy became a miner in the coal mines of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. In November 1915 Jimmy joined the Canadian Army in Sydney, Nova Scotia. He signed up with the 106<sup>th</sup> Battalion Nova Scotia Rifles and was shipped to England. My great grandmother, Sarah McNeil, collected newspaper clippings over many years and she passed these onto my grandmother and she in turn to my mother. In these clippings I found articles about Jimmy and how he was sent to France as a private and was promoted on the battlefield to the rank of Corporal.

Jimmy survived the war and returned to Nova Scotia where he was married to Josie MacKinnon of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. Jimmy and Josie adopted a son, James William. They settled in Nova Scotia but later moved to Ontario. Jimmy's son, James, served with the Cape Breton Highlanders during World War II. Jimmy's brothers, Dan and William, fought with the same Regiment alongside James. Jimmy served with the Veteran Guards during the Second World War.

According to my grandmother, Jimmy very seldom spoke of the war and his part in it. The only story that my grandmother recalls hearing Jimmy tell about the fighting was of the time he climbed out of a trench during an attack with two of his closest friends on either side of him. Both of his friends were shot and killed yet he was, miraculously, left unscathed.

My mother's fondest memory of Jimmy was of a conversation she had with him before leaving for France in 1985. He told her of the White Cliffs of Dover which he saw while he sailed from England for the battlefields of France. This was her last conversation with him before he passed away in 1986 in Big Pond, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia at the age of 88.

One thing I learned while doing this project was that much of my family history has been lost over the years because it was not recorded. Some of the history was lost because, like Jimmy, many soldiers chose not to talk about the war. Their memories of the war were too traumatic for them to speak to others about. I've committed myself to doing more research into my family history, specifically, Jimmy's role in the war.

One of Jimmy's friends, Roderick Campbell, was killed while fighting at Vimy Ridge and another, James Johnstone, was killed on August 26<sup>th</sup>, 1918. James Johnstone's name is inscribed on the Vimy Memorial and Roderick is buried at the Villers Station Cemetery, Villers-au-Bois, France. In Jimmy's parish, out of 30 enlisted men, four were killed. In such a small community where everyone knew each other, I can't begin to imagine how hard this must have been to cope with.

## Arthur Cole

### *Verse 1*

One day long ago,  
On a battlefield far, far away...  
There was a man named Cole,  
And he launched himself into the fray!

### *Chorus*

Oh Arthur Cole, you gave away your soul...  
Oh Arthur Cole, now you lie in a hole...  
You fought for what was right...  
You now lie in constant night,  
So just keep waiting while we sing of your role!

### *Verse 2*

You saw for yourself,  
What the Germans tried to do...  
You gave up your health,  
And made your rifle strike true.

Those Germans held strong,  
You helped repel the attack...  
But now your sleep is long...  
And you cannot have your life back!

### *Chorus*

Oh Arthur Cole, you gave away your soul...  
Oh Arthur Cole, now you lie in a hole...  
You fought for what was right...  
You now lie in constant night,  
So just keep waiting while we sing of your role!

### *Verse 3*

Your weapon was loud,  
When you fired for your cause...  
Now we should be proud,  
You helped to uphold our laws.

The freedoms protected,  
Were more important than you...  
Now your life has been collected,  
And I will sing for you too!

### *Chorus*

Oh Arthur Cole, you gave away your soul...  
Oh Arthur Cole, now you lie in a hole...  
You fought for what was right...  
You now lie in constant night,  
So just keep waiting while we sing of your role!

## **George Albert Raine**

Written by Johnathan Raine

George Albert Raine, my great grandfather, was born in the small eastern mining town of Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia. The early years of his life are still kept hidden from my family; however I do know that when Canada first joined the war, the colony of Newfoundland offered to help Great Britain a couple days after. After hearing this, George decided that he should join the army and go overseas. There were no registration booths in Nova Scotia, so he took the ferry over to Newfoundland to enroll himself in the army.

The Newfoundland army had to start out from scratch. They had to make all of their own uniforms. Although the normal uniform that they had was made out of khaki, they ran out of the stuff when they were going to make the puttees. These were almost like modern soccer socks, except they were a lot thicker, as they kept the mud and water out of the boot. The Newfoundlanders managed to find some blue material, and used it to make the puttees for the first five hundred men who went to fight in Europe. As a result, they were known as the Blue Puttees, and today it is considered an honour to be a descendent of one of them. George was part of the Blue Puttees when he went over to Europe. Although he didn't know it at the time, he, along with the rest of the Blue Puttees, were about to take part in some of the bloodiest battles of World War One.

The first was at Sulva Bay, in Gallipoli. He was taking on the Turkish army in the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign. The Blue Puttees were sent there on September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1915, to relieve the Royal Fusiliers. After the Blue Puttees did so, they advanced farther into the Dardanelles than any other battalion at Gallipoli by the time they were evacuated from the area. It was at Sulva Bay where George became a Marconi Operator, which is essentially the same thing as a modern day scout, except that he carried a British Lee Enfield instead of a sniper rifle.

The next battle that my great grandfather fought in was the battle of Beaumont Hamel, on July 1st, 1915. On that fateful morning, George, along with 800 other Newfoundlanders were ordered over the top. They were massacred. Only 68 of them reported for roll call the following day; George did not, as he was wounded some time during the battle, according to his medical records, but he did survive to fight another day. After he recovered, he was sent to Gueudecourt, at Monchy, Flanders, and even assisted in the capture of the annihilated village of Passchendaele.

After the war, George worked for the Marconi radio company. Later on in his life he worked for a short period of time in the coal mines in his home town of Sydney Mines. He died in 1980 from lung cancer. Although he smoked during the war, he quit shortly after. This leaves us with the possibility that he died from the mustard gas used during the Third Battle of Ypres and at Passchendaele. George was a very quiet, tolerant man who didn't get caught up in the religious strife that was typical in the town of Sydney Mines. We have always thought that he was like this thanks to the war, as he had seen too much. He had a great sense of humour, and loved to play and win at cards. He was also an absolutely die-hard Montreal Canadians fan. My father remembers asking him several times about telling him stories about the war. He would always say the same thing: "It is a nightmare that I cannot relive."

You were among the 3,598,  
And you fought for your country with everything you had.  
Although they saw you as a number,  
You will always be Private John Collia.

I am honored to be given the chance to commemorate you,  
You have brought tears to many eyes,  
You have brought tears to many souls,  
And I can only wish to be given the chance to meet you.  
You are buried in the Canadian Cemetery,  
But your spirit will live with every Canadian you fought for.

I can only imagine what you have been through;  
Listening to the cry of men,  
The shadow of death lurking behind everywhere you go,  
The doubt you were faced with,  
And the final hour when you took your final breath.  
You were released from despair, hate, and pain.

I don't know how to show my appreciation to you,  
Saying thank-you isn't enough.  
Your faith and courage has inspired me,  
Your faith and courage has blessed me with a peaceful life.  
Your faith in your country,  
And your courage to fight for it.

You have given hope to everyone,  
That maybe one day this world may be a better place.

Written by: Tanya Roach

Memorial Capsule Project  
Deciding Day  
Submitted by: Nora Russell

January 11, 2007

The rain falls down  
Guns make the biggest sound  
Screaming makes you pray  
That you wouldn't be here today

Our chances are slim  
The pointed guns make survival dim  
As soon as I started to roam  
I knew I wouldn't be going home

I'm already finding ghosts  
Of people lost, away from their hosts  
It's only a matter of time  
It's only a matter of bullets to find me

And I'm running, I'm keeping to shelter  
I'm hiding; I want to go back to her  
This isn't how I thought it would be  
Meant for an adventure, more to see

I want to close my eyes  
I want to fall, and I don't want to die  
Make it go away  
This just isn't my day

We've won, thank God  
The battle we fought  
But our brothers are dying  
We need to help they're fighting

Snipers are taking them one by one  
This can't be over; we just won  
This can't be the end -- the screaming  
The other battalions fleeing

A bullet to my chest  
I guess its time to rest  
I should have stayed at home  
But now I won't be shown  
To my own

# Tribute to Robert C. Conklin

By Alex Schmalz

*A man, another human  
Another life lost  
Another soul determining our future-  
Lost*

*Another beginning,  
Another story ending,  
Ending in the damp fields of Vimy Ridge*

*A man's life a mystery  
His thoughts, feelings,  
His ending  
A mystery*

*A sergeant,  
A soldier,  
A hero, one who served  
One who will rest forevermore  
In God's kingdom*

*This is a man, whose life will always be marked  
On a polished stone grave,  
Robert Craig Conklin  
Died April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1917  
In Bois Carre British Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France  
I thank you*

**Lawrence Wark, a young man with big dreams.**

**By: Harji Sidhu**

Living in the prairies life was not tough.  
Between swimming and laughing and  
hunting.  
There was no lack of love.

But one day you felt as if you wanted  
more.  
You walked out that door.  
You were not too sure of that certain  
war.

From training on land to traveling on  
boats.  
Maybe at first you thought of adventure.  
But you learned that this was no joke.

Being the eldest made you feel like you  
had to do something more.  
To protect your family.  
To go on to the shores.

The people you meet were very nice.  
They told stories and shared jokes.  
You all probably shared lice.

Vimy Ridge came along, and you were  
not scared.  
You thought of family and love.  
Your heart in layers.

Within a few days the battle was won.  
Canadians showed the people.  
How it was done.

Although you were hurt you still felt  
strong.  
The strong heart beat.  
From the family along.

You protected them and helped the war.  
The Germans were done.  
Forever more.

Then on May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1917 you paid the  
ultimate price.  
You and death met.  
And this for this, we will never forget.

**Private Lawrence Loudon Wark**

**Student Name:** Harjot Sidhu

**Veteran Name:** Lawrence Loudon Wark

**Regimental Number:** 292262

**Rank:** Private

**Unit:** Canadian Infantry (New  
Brunswick Regiment)

**Division:** 44<sup>th</sup> Battalion

**Location of Cemetery:** Villers Station  
Cemetery (Pas de Calais, France)

Lawrence Wark was the oldest of seven children. He enjoyed hunting for rabbits and other animals. He felt that he was needed in the war to protect all of this family and went to war at a young age. He lost his life on May 7th, 1917. He lost his life for the people of Canada and the people of Europe. He was a hero, and should always be remembered as one.

Battalion: Princess Patricia's Battalion (Forestry Corps)  
Rank: Major  
Soldier #: Unknown

George Stuart Grimmer is my great grandfather from my mother's side. He was known by his middle name or by the pen name G.S. Grimmer, and was born on August 23, 1886, in St. Andrews, New Brunswick to John Davidson Grimmer and Mary Agnes Kaey, fourth of seven children. He married Jean Flewelling on May 11, 1915, and moved to Hampton. When World War I (the Great War) broke out, Stuart was one of many (including his youngest brother, Harley) who enlisted to join the war effort. Stuart, however, did not join the battalions that were destined to serve in northern France, fighting at renowned battles like Ypres, Vimy and Passchendaele, rather serving in southern France near Bourdeaux as part of the Forestry Corps of New Brunswick. Though he was not part of Vimy Ridge, his brother, Harley, lost his life in northern France in battle at the age of seventeen. Some family members speculate that the destined death stroke was at Vimy, though it is not entirely known. Harley's death was very painful for the family, mostly due to the fact that he had enlisted against the will of the family. Stuart, who served on the opposite pole of France, was always saddened at his brother's death to a war he shouldn't and legally couldn't have enlisted in, since his was underage.

While Stuart was off in France, his twin daughters Elizabeth (Betty) and Katherine (Kitty) were born and despite still serving, he returned home to Hampton and was able to see his daughters while still in infancy, due to having developed jaundice, an infection of the liver. After he recovered, he was shipped back to his post at Bourdeaux, not returning home until spring of 1919; Stuart had remained behind longer to aid in the reconstruction of France. When Major Grimmer returned home, he crossed the bridge at Perry's Point, and it was there that Betty saw him for the first time in recollection.

The family moved to Dalhousie so Stuart could take the job of superintendent of the PQ Lumber Company. He worked there until the early 1930s at which point he acquired a job as a customs officer. During this period, Jean gave birth to three more girls: Josephine in 1921, Martha in 1923 and finally Alleyne in 1925.

Stuart Grimmer and his family were well received in Dalhousie, as Stuart was well known for his generosity at the cost of personal wealth. Fortunately for Stuart, he was not a materialistic man, rather he had what his daughters describe as a deep spiritual wealth. During the early depression, people would ask the Grimmer family for money to buy food and medicine. He even sacrificed a roast for dinner once, taking the entire pot out the oven as it was cooking and giving it without a second thought to a lady whose husband drank their finances away, so that her children could eat. As if that wasn't enough, since Stuart was also a talented builder, he built houses in the community for families despite the inevitable fact that he would see no financial compensation for his efforts. If the families truly couldn't afford the house, Stuart would hand them the key nonetheless and be on his way. He was also a town councilor for Dalhousie, a position that he retained for many years.

In spite of being a busy man, Stuart was also a well-known poet, whose fame briefly touched all of eastern Canada when he wrote a poem called Canada in 1967 that had music put to it. Various children's choirs sang the song that year. That same year, he was given a Citizen award and a Confederation Medal from the Secretary of State (Governor General) in Ottawa. Many other of his poems included, birthdays, in Honor to the Canadian National Railway, An Easter Hymn and even a poem sent specifically to Prince Charles in honour of his 20th Birthday. In fact, he even got a reply from the royal palace less than the month after it was sent, thanking him on behalf of the prince, who was sincerely touched by the poem.

Stuart continued to live a content yet busy lifestyle. Though he lost his wife Jean in 1957, he remarried a lady named Mary, who ardently cared for him when he succumbed to senility, what is now known as Alzheimer's. He died March 13, 1976, at the age of 89.

By: David Silke

War Diary – By Sarah Spreen

Entry: Unknown

Date: Unknown

I no longer know what the date is. The commanders tell us what it is but I do not care enough to listen. I long for the end of this war so I can escape from all this death. I see people all around me, and instantly I know they are one of three things: alive, dead, or dying.

The first time I saw all this bloodshed it made me sick to my stomach but now I have grown accustomed to it. However, there is one thing that still gets to me. How when people lay dying on the ground or where ever they may be at the moment. If you drown out the sound of the constant noise of the battle, you can hear them. But you have to focus your entire entity on them to be able to hear their quite whispers. They thank God for releasing them from this hell. These are the people that have come to terms with their death, knew there was no way they were going to live and were thankful about it. Mind you, it is not every person that does this; the majority just scream and cry out for help even though no amount of help will save them and even if by some miracle they were saved, once they were well enough to fight again they would be back in this hell.

I have seen many of my friends fall to the enemy's bullets. At first it hurt, but slowly the pain changed. I am still sad when I see a friend fall or hear of their death but I am also glad that they are free. However, I would much rather have had them get sent home for smelling bad or for their bad sense of humor.

As I walk to my bed in the sleeping quarters every night, I hear men praying to God to forgive their sins. I find my self-wondering thoughts I know I should not be wondering. Like how can God let a thing such as this so-called war take place? To let such a thing take place, is it a sign that God does not care about us? Or is it just a sign showing He is not as almighty as He is made out to be? And, finally, maybe the devil created all this, this horror in an attempt to lure men into this place where they would have to sin to survive and drag us to the real hell. As for God, He is trying to save our souls, any way He can. I should not be thinking such thoughts. I must have faith.

Alas, I must end short for the hour grows late and yet again, we must head out into battle in the early morning just like all the other days. Unlike all the other nights, I have this strange feeling in the gut of my stomach. In addition, to accompany the strange feeling a new thought: What if I die tomorrow? I find it odd that this thought is just occurring to me now. What makes this night different from all the countless nights before it? Maybe this is a sign from above. Maybe what makes this night different from all the others is that it is my final night on this planet. Maybe I will finally be released from this hell. Only time shall tell.

William Cook

It started with snow and rainstorms  
That Easter Monday morn.  
Four waves of troops  
Prepared for the storm.

With the objectives of the trenches  
Of Hill 145.  
The soldiers climbed  
Not knowing what awaited inside.

Frank Cownie, a young man of 26  
A farmer he was.  
But for our country  
He served with love.

Private Cownie joined the Army  
The 54th Battalion.  
Enlisting in the expeditionary force  
With excitement and anticipation.

He traveled to France  
A country so far away.  
No one could predict  
What would happen that day.

The Germans had fortified Hill 145  
With wired trenches and dug-outs beneath its rear slope.  
The brigades of the 4th Division  
Could barely cope.

They were hammered by gunfire  
They fell one by one.  
Private Frank S. Cownie  
Had nowhere to run.

His grey eyes closed  
For one last time.  
The life of a young farmer  
Ended on April 9.

He is buried at Vimy Memorial  
Pas de Calais, France.  
His life he gave  
So that we might all have a chance.

- by Chris Sullivan

In Memory of  
Private OWEN HAROLD DAVIES  
MM

443864, 54th Bn., Canadian Infantry (Central Ontario Regiment)  
who died age 25 on 09 April 1917  
Son of Edward and Mary E. Davies, of Bryneglwys, Denbighshire.  
Remembered with honour  
CANADIAN CEMETERY No.2, NEUVILLE-ST. VAAST  
Commemorated in perpetuity by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission

Owen H Davies  
Canadian Cemetery  
No.2  
St. Vaast.  
1. A 26

Here you lie  
Your broken bones cannot be fixed.

You were 25  
The day you died  
09/04/17

Could you have known?  
Two years before you would die  
When you signed the Attestment paper  
29/04/15

Though April 4th 1917  
Was the day that fateful battle was begun  
Before the day was over  
Your life was already done

I can only imagine you lying there  
Bravely facing your death  
Fair skin, brown hair,  
Bright blue eyes grown dim with your last breath

As your eyes close, shut out the sound of gunshot fire  
Dream of home, your father Edward, Mother Mary  
Sweet home in Bryneglwys Denbighshire

Thank you Private Owen  
For fighting so that we may be free  
I hope you somehow know  
What your bravery means to me.  
Written by Miranda Tschirhart

## **Joseph Roussin**

*In the chaplain's hut, another casualty has just been given first aid. One of the scouts from the Van Doos has been wounded in the wrist. Roussin, an Indian, is the most wounded man in the Regiment, perhaps in the entire British Army. This one will earn him a ninth wound stripe. It's starting to become old hat to him; he's patched up and heads back to his post.*

Private Joseph Roussin(Mohawk), a Scout from Kanesatake, Oka, Quebec , served with le 22e Bataillon Canadien-Français, and earned the Military Medal (MM).Roussin was wounded numerous times in battle, and survived the war and returned to Canada in late 1918.

On August 15, 1917, the opening day of the Battle of Hill 70 in France, Private Joseph Roussin, a Mohawk from Quebec's Kanesatake Band, merited his medal for carrying out a successful solo attack against eight enemy soldiers. The former lumberjack came back with three prisoners and a gash in his arm from an enemy bayonet. Fortunately, the wound healed, and he returned to action one month later.

In the history of the battalion, Roussin is remembered as one of the battalion's "two famous military scouts" (Cleary is the other)

A Mohawk from Quebec's Kanesatake Band, who served with the Van Doos during the First World War, Private Roussin was awarded the Military Medal for bravery for carrying out a solo attack against eight enemy soldiers in 1917. His was a solitary achievement, but he was not alone in achieving great honour for his fellow First Nations Veterans. He cast their people in a new light, whose legend is cast in honour, and whose memory is forever inscribed in our memory.

John Malloy was born in Montreal, Quebec on December 27, 1887. He joined the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force in September of 1914, completing his attestation papers at the Valcartier training camp on September 22. He was part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Canadian Battalion, also known as the Eastern Ontario Regiment. The Battalion left Canada on the S.S. Cassandra and, once arrived in England, trained on the Salisbury plains. John and the battalion first experienced trench warfare near Armentières, in Northern France and were soon after witness to the Second Battle of Ypres. Two years after his enlistment, almost to the day, on September 24, 1916, John Malloy was killed in action in the trenches of Northern France.

Posthumously, He was awarded the *1914-915 Star*, the *British War Medal*, and the *Victory Medal*. If John had survived to serve at Vimy Ridge, he would have joined his battalion at Camblain l'Abbe, 7.5 kilometers to the west. Two hours into the attack, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion moved to the south of the ridge. Late into the night, they relieved the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion at Farbus Woods, on the eastern side of Vimy Ridge.

A Dear John Letter a poem by Megan Welsh

France, September 1916

Dear John

*It has been so long since we had some time to ourselves, don't you find? I know that I have been so very busy as of late. The War is making extraordinary demands on my time and my patience. I carry a responsibility for so many others. I am sure you understand.*

*In other places, I carry on much the same as I ever have, but here in France I find myself in a terrible state. I worked terribly hard to find you – had a horrible time getting through Rouen – and once I had, to keep my eye on you. I do wish that you would be more careful, and treat me with a little more respect. I cannot stay with you forever, you know.*

*Here is what I believe: this terrible war cannot last forever, but so long as it does, I have to be careful, in my decisions, especially. I believe that the time has come, John for us to part ways. I know it must seem unfair and that you must be awfully angry with me. "Why," you may ask, "was I chosen?" Surely, my commitments could have been cut elsewhere, to preserve the promises I had made to you? But if there is anything you have learned from your time in France, John, it must have been that war is a time of sacrifice, of great sacrifice, and we all must play our part.*

*Ever since you left Valcartier, I have worried about you, following your fearsome adventures through the first winter and Christmas, and the second, through the Somme – such a tragedy! I weep at what of mine has been wasted for the sake of those fields.*

*But it has been so long, John, that I cannot stay in this anymore. For the sake of the others who depend on me, I am sure that you will understand, because you have such a generous heart. In exchange for my promise – which I suppose rings hollow in this unseasonably cold September – I offer the prospect of memory. I will ensure the ones I have left you for will take your name back to Canada. You will not be forgotten, nor the valiant way that you have handled yourself through these horrifying months.*

Be strong, John, and Semper Paratus.

With much love,  
Leben

## CWH Soldier Commemoration

Submitted by: Lorraine Westman, Gr.12, at St. Patrick High School

Private Ernest Davis (472708)

Born December 28<sup>th</sup>, 1888

Canadian Infantry (Central Ontario Regiment)

Enlisted: November 26<sup>th</sup>, 1915 in Unity, Saskatchewan

Ernest Davis (472708)

The Last Journal Entry 04/09/1917

It's 4:30 in the morning on April 9<sup>th</sup>, and only one hour left until we storm Vimy Ridge. I know a lot of detail has been put into this attack, but I am still scared. I just couldn't sleep at all last night. I would do anything to be back on the farm in Saskatchewan. What scares me the most is I just can't picture the farm anymore. All I see when I close my eyes are the terrors of war, everything is bloody and shells pound close to where I sleep. Why does this attack have to be so important? It's way too dangerous, I don't know what I will do if we fail at taking Vimy.

4:50

Can the Germans really be as bad as we are taught? I have been in this war for nearly two years now, and have never seen any good come out of it. Personally, I think we should just let the nation's leaders fight out their own problems, and spare our countries all the grief. Just a big boxing match, wouldn't that be a sight to see?

5:00

Time to get ready, everyone is up and heading for the formation, but I am hesitant, I have a bad feeling about today. Hopefully I can go home after this battle, none of my other battles have come close to the significance of this one, and I hope we can pull it off, for freedom.

Sincerely

Ernest Davis

This would be Ernest's last day as a walking man on this earth.

## Soldier Assignment

Mark L. Delong – By Colton Wouters

At the height of the night when he knew all was lost,  
He crept himself forward and snuck through the frost.  
Hoisted his rifle,  
Aimed at the man,  
Fired his bullet and foiled their plan.

Destruction would follow wherever he wandered,  
He always marched and he never did saunter.  
Trusted his instincts,  
Ducked down his head,  
Felt a ping on his helmet and looked at the lead.

Mark L. Delong was the name of this hero,  
He laid waste to soldiers until his health dropped to zero.  
Instincts too slow,  
Bullet struck brain,  
This poor soldier didn't have time to go insane.

At the end of his days with two feet in the grave,  
Mark L. Delong has shown how he was brave.  
Lower the coffin,  
Flags at half mast,  
His headstone shall read: He fought on 'til the last.

Private Thomas Dobby, 18 years old, deceased April 17th, 1917-

Death, decay, and the deepening dark  
Surrounds all life in its path  
Live to be killed, or kill to live

Rain falls down, while the mud rots our limbs, and the rats make home  
on the ones that have passed  
Their souls may leave, but their bodies linger, haunting us all  
Reminding us, that death may too, may be our fate

The deep trenches are our only safety, but could also lead to the end  
Some sink down into the underground, where the others are too eager to seek  
revenge to help  
Gun shots and voices of the wounded drown our minds, while the memory seeps  
into our veins, driving us into a state of madness.

So much darkness, but so little light  
The men are still strong, still eager to fight  
And hope still remains

-Jenelle Young

