



Those Who Served

Heroes Still With Us



A Note from Geoff Lane

Three generations living today in Commonwealth and Allied countries have a past generation to thank for the very real fact that they are ‘free’—free to live, free to choose and free to pursue a measure of happiness.

Without the bravery and support of western world men and women who volunteered to serve in the Second World War, all of us alive today could well have been enslaved.

Almost 70 years ago the first page was written in the most horrifying chapter the history of warfare. Within the next six years more than 20 million people died and countless thousands were left starving and stateless.

What began with one man’s fanaticism ended in peace but with a world torn apart.

By dint of geography, Canada was fortunate. However, its armed forces bore a hefty share of casualties and suffering on three continents and once again this November we pay a sincere tribute to those who died and to those who served and survived.

Many veterans of WWII are still with us, thankfully, but each year their number decreases although the valor of those who are left remains undiminished.

In the ranks of the retired are soldiers, sailors and airmen who can still recall vividly the gore and glory of the battlefield. Each has a unique story to tell, although few care to dwell on what was, literally, hell on earth.

Again this year special mention should be made of those among us who fought for King and Country. And Lambton College has had more than its share of service heroes, some volunteers, some conscripted. All did their part in preserving our future.

The following colleagues had military service prior to joining faculty & staff at Lambton College.

Those Who Served

1940

David Cheney (40-45)

Served: Royal Canadian Army

At the outbreak of war David enlisted in the Canadian Army and served with the Essex Scottish. He was wounded in the Dieppe Raid and convalesced in England.

He was demobbed when the war ended and remained in England for six years before returning to the US and Canada.

Wolfgang Franke (40-45)

Served: German Navy

Military service in a different form from that which we associate with older retirees of Lambton College is that of Mr Wolfgang E. Franke, the first President of the College who died in 2007 at the age of 92.

This account is based upon recollections of things he told me back in 1966/7. He was from a naval family based in Kiel and was an officer in the German Navy. There is no truth in the rumour that he had been a U-boat commander (in fact very few of those survived the War) but he told me that he had been teaching while in the Navy and from that I concluded that he was an instructor at the German Naval College in Kiel. His officer training must have included some service at sea but there is no evidence that he ever had a sea-going command.

Mr. Franke was a very remarkable man whose naval training had obviously left him with very high organizational skills. It was he who successfully pulled a College together out of nothing, being at the same time still Principal of a High School in Essex County. He did all his work in Sarnia at weekends and the only way we could get to see him was by making an appointment to go to the office on a Saturday or Sunday. With only five of us on the faculty at that time we all reported directly to him and he would phone us at home and make an appointment. His system reflected a very methodical approach and a strict dedication to the task.

At the end of his war service he was captured by the American Forces who handed him over to the Russians, an act which permanently embittered him towards Americans. He told me that, as a result, he spent two years in a Yugoslavian prison camp where he said his worst torment was the nightly singing of one of the guards. Apparently this man, being of Slavic origin, had a repertoire of songs which were all in a minor key and therefore very doleful. As a musician himself, Mr Franke's suffering can be understood.

With the possible exception of some fanatics, it is necessary to make a distinction between the highly trained officers in the German forces and the mindless thugs in the S.S. or in the leadership of the Nazi party.

George Shaw

Served: British Army

George Shaw was born in Sheffield, England and trained as a chef in London.

During World War 11 he served with the Royal Navy as captain's chef on the H.M.C. Philante as well as serving on two other military ships. We are told that the special chef's knives George had made while at the Sheffield steel mills were lost when one of the ships he served on was bombed and destroyed while in the harbour.

He came to Canada during the 1950's and received the Canadian Chef's Federation "Chef de Cuisine" status award in May 1978.

Charles Harrison (40-45)

Served: British Army



Joe Sowinski (40-45)

Served: Royal Canadian Army

Joe Sowinski, served with the Midland Regiment in Prince Rupert, BC.

He was called up to the army in Toronto, ON in Sept. 1942. His basic training was in Brantford, ON. from Oct. 1942 to Nov. 1942. His advance training was at Camp Borden, ON in 1942.

In Dec. 1942, Dad was home for Christmas and then in Jan. 1943 he was drafted to Prince Rupert, BC. The following March (1943) he was home again on furlough. In Aug. 1943, he was sent to Queen Charlotte Island, BC. During his stay on Queen Charlotte, he spent six (6) weeks in the hospital with pneumonia. In Feb. 1944, he returned to Prince Rupert, BC.

In March 1944, Dad was home on furlough. During this furlough, he met the love of his life, Jenny on March 4, 1944.

In April 1944, he was then sent to Victoria, Vancouver Island and spent six (6) weeks in Port Alberni, Vancouver Island.

On Oct. 7, 1944, he went home on furlough and married Jenny on Oct. 10, 1944. He then returned to Kelowna, BC.

In Dec. 1944, Dad was drafted overseas. Before leaving, he spent a week furlough at home for Christmas and New Year.

In Jan. 1945, Dad returned to Nova Scotia from where he went overseas on the ship *Mauretania*. The ship landed in England and Joe stayed in various places in England until March, 1945. From there, he crossed to France, then Belgium and Holland by the end of March 1945.

While in Holland, Dad joined the Regiment of the Highland Light Infantry 3rd Division where he spent his time fighting on the front lines. Dad traveled with this regiment through Northern Holland and into Germany until May 5, 1945 when the war ended.

Dad was stationed in Europe until Dec. 1945 when he was sent to the Southern part of England. From there, he boarded the ship *Queen Elizabeth*. Dad spent Christmas 1945 in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and arrived home for New Year's Eve 1945.

Dad became Corporal while serving with the Midland Regiment in Prince Rupert, BC. He declined this position when he joined the Regiment of the Highland Light Infantry 3rd Division (April 1945).

Dad did not talk about his war experiences for many years. Nearly 50 years after the war, he shared, with his niece Jean, that he made a conscious decision not to talk about his experiences because he did not want his family to know of the many horrors that he had experienced. He did share with Jean one such experience -- while he was in Holland and on the front lines his Regiment came upon a church that the Germans had torched. Prior to torching the church the Germans gathered men, women and children from the area and had women and children go into the church, which they then lit on fire. As the church burned, the men were lined up outside and then shot.



Bruno Sawicki (40-46)

Served: Polish Army Corps

I was born in South-Eastern Poland. On Sept 1, 1939, Germany invaded Poland from the West and on Sept 17, 1939 Germany's then ally, the Soviet Union, invaded Poland from the East. At that time I lived in the North-Eastern Poland, and thus found myself under the Soviet occupation.

After the end of the war this part of Poland was given to the Soviet Union by our Allies, G.B and U.S.A. and was added to Ukraine, Belarus and Lithuania.

On February 10, 1940 (at the age of 15) I was deported with my family to the Ural Mountains region (Sverdlovsk Province), where we worked in copper mines etc until June 1941, when USSR, after being attacked by their German friends, became our "ally". As a result, most of the Polish prisoners of war, (except 5000 Officers murdered in Katyn, and the 600,000 deportees who died in various regions of USSR) were given "amnesty!"

From these survivors the Polish army was created. I joined the army as a cadet and my father joined the regular army.

After political disagreements between the Polish government in England and the Soviet government regarding our missing officers taken to Siberia, our army was evacuated from the Soviet Union into Iraq.

My mother and my sister were transported first to India and later to Africa. When we arrived in Iraq, our army became a part of the British 8th Army and was known as the 2nd Polish Corps. We underwent a thorough and rigorous training in Iraq, Palestine, and Egypt.

In Dec 1943, as a 2nd Polish Corps we fought our way through Italy (Monte Cassino, Rimini, Bologna etc).

All this time I was a soldier in the 11th Signals Battalion attached to the Corps Artillery.

After WW II was over, Poland became a satellite of the Soviet Communist Empire and those of us remaining in the West were not even considered as Polish Citizens. Some Polish soldiers reluctantly returned to Communist Poland.

I myself, as many others, refused to return into the system we had left a few years before. We were sent to Great Britain and incorporated into a special branch of the British army.

As an ex-service man in His Majesty's Army I was awarded a scholarship and studied Electrical Engineering at the University of London (Battersea Polytechnic). In 1957 I came to Canada with my wife and two sons.

My first employment was at C.I.L. in Kingston, Ontario, then in Montreal and finally in Sarnia.

I joined Lambton College on August 15, 1968. I spent the next 24 years teaching in the Electronics Department. In spite of my retirement in 1992, I continued teaching part time for the next 5 years.



Erik Norman (40-45)

Served: Norwegian Navy

On April 9, 1940 I watched a German Battalion march down the main street of Oslo to post sentries around Stortingat (the Parliament Buildings). Chaos erupted as rumours of bombing by the British spread through the crowd. My friends Eilert and Peter and I discussed our options and we decided to join the Norwegian Forces. We were issued Kraugh Jorgensen rifles from the late 1800's. We joined in some skirmishes with the Germans and were chased up the west side of Lake Mjøsa. Eventually the army disbanded and went home as we were woefully undermanned and ill equipped.

Eilert, Peter and I escaped, skiing over the mountains to Sandane in Nordfjord strafed along the way by German planes. Later, Peter and I hired on the fishing vessel, Rundehorn, to fish herring off Iceland.

The British occupied Iceland during the summer of 1940 and our ship was requisitioned by the British Sea Transport Service. Since I was the only one on board who spoke English I was required to do all negotiating and translating between the British crew and my Captain. I was 22 years old.

There was a Norwegian Naval Liaison Office in Reykjavik where I signed up to join the Norwegian Navy. Early 1942 I received orders to report to Naval Headquarters in London. I was sent to Liverpool to where a new Hunt Class Destroyer named H.N.M.S. Glaisdale was being built. Before commissioning I was to familiarize myself with the store on board comprising of every spare part for the engine room and other areas of the ship, except ammunition. I was also in charge of the Rum Store.

During the next year and a half we saw a great deal of action in the Channel and off North Africa and Gibraltar.

Early 1944 I was sent to Scots Yard on the Clyde in Greenock, Scotland to familiarize myself with H.N.M.S. Svenner, a much larger ship than Glaisdale.. She was an "S" Class Destroyer. As Chief Petty Officer I was in charge of obtaining all supplies required to run the ship and also in charge of the Rum Store. When On Action Stations I was in charge of supplying ammunition to the 4.7" guns in the Bow. We had intensive training for a month before joining the Home Fleet in Glasgow.

On D-Day - June 6, 1944 we took up our position off Sword on the extreme left flank about 0430 (4:30 a.m.). Around 0530 (5:30 a.m.) I looked out the porthole to check the French Coast when I saw a track of a torpedo heading straight for me. I felt most uncomfortable as I was standing above the magazine for the 4.7" guns. The torpedo hit the boiler room midships and the secondary ammunition on deck exploded in all directions. About eighty survivors scrambled up nets on the side of H.M.S. Swift. I treaded in the icy water for about an hour and was picked up by a Special Forces ship and transferred to the British Troop transport, the Maid of Orleans. They took us to Portsmouth at 11 p.m. The Maid of Orleans was torpedoed and sunk the very next day in the same position Svenner had been torpedoed.

I was on a two week leave in London when the first V1's were falling all around us. On termination of leave I reported to the Commanding Officer of the Norwegian Naval Stores in Edinburgh in the McVittie and Price Biscuit Factory building. I was

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promoted to 2nd Lieutenant. When Norway was liberated I became Commanding Officer in charge of the Naval Stores. I was in charge of seeing our total inventory shipped to Norway.

I came home to stay in May 1946. I was assigned to the Norwegian Naval Stores in Oslo for four months. I was subsequently hired by Esso to work in their Bunker Department.

About two years later I was recalled as Paymaster on a Naval Base in the Arctic in Northern Norway in a place called Kirkenes. I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. Four months later the Navy decided to dismantle the station and move all files 400 miles south to Tromsø. During this period I was on loan to the Navy from Esso and when the job was done I returned to the Esso office in Oslo. So ended my Naval career.

Geoff Lane (40-48)

Served: British Army

After surviving the war and getting bombed out in 1940, I was conscripted, trained and posted to Egypt and Palestine with British Army Field Security.

This was at a time when the British were charged by the League of Nations with keeping the peace between the Arab insurgents and Jewish armed force, the Haganah. In addition there were the terrorists, the Irgun Zvi Leumi and Stern Gang, whose members strove to hasten the end to the British Mandate.

I served mostly in Haifa and helped monitor the constant arrival of Jewish emigrants from war-torn Europe, many of whom were sent back to British internment camps in Cyprus. Full-scale war erupted in early 1947. Haifa and Jerusalem were hard hit with bombings occurring almost daily.

By mid-May it was all over and the new State of Israel was proclaimed by Ben-Gurion and the defeated Arabs were sent to refugee camps mostly in Lebanon and Syria where they were to remain for decades.

By June I returned to Egypt, Suez and then to Mombasa, Kenya and to Nairobi. Even in East Africa there was trouble. The agitation was against the British by those who sought independence and gave rise to the Mau Mau uprising.

By mid-1947 I was moved to Mogadishu in what was formerly Italian Somaliland. Today the capital ranks as one of the most dangerous places on earth but then it was rather a pleasant place thanks to the Italian influence. We were fortunate as we were housed in a civilian bungalow close to the Indian Ocean's white sands.

Several times I was dispatched by convoy to Hargeisa in British Somaliland, a distance of 600 miles, over some of the worst roads (tracks) imaginable. The journey(s)—as I did it several times—took a week...and even longer to get to Berbera on the Gulf of Aden when the temperature was regularly over 110F.

Looking back, it was a great adventure in the tradition of the Boys' Own Paper, complete with mechanical breakdowns, bandits, utter desolation and occasional wildlife. However, it was also an education.

Many servicemen retained negative memories of national service. With me it was almost all positive and, what's more, they gave me a medal, the Palestine Star.

Those Who Served

1941



Bruce Allen (41-45)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

Bruce Allen's military career began in Oct 1941, soon after his eighteenth birthday, and ended in September 1945 when he was "demobbed".

During those years he was regularly promoted, rising through the ranks from Leading Aircraftman to his final rank of Flying Officer.

He spent the first year or so in Canada training in various means of communication ranging from flags and semaphore to Morse Code and Aircraft Wireless Radios. Bombing and Gunnery school and operational training with the R.A.F. in Sydney, Vancouver Island followed.

When he graduated in May 1943, he was posted overseas, and was assigned to Coastal Command.

Continuing training included Radio Schools, training on various aircraft, Commando Training, Radar training and Survival training.

During Survival training he and four fellow crew members spent three days in a small rubber dinghy with defective equipment in 35 foot waves on a very stormy Irish Sea. They were fortunately rescued.

In August 1944, Bruce was assigned to Squadron 172, the #1 Leigh Light Squadron located at R.A.F. Chivnor near Barnstable in Devon. The aircraft, a Vickers Wellington Mk XIV, carried a Carbon Arc Searchlight called a Leigh Light which was used to locate submarines at night.

In his autobiography Bruce describes a variety of experiences he had during his years of service. He recalls digging out survivors from the first Buzz Bomb raid while he was in London.

He also recalls a V2 rocket bomb landing on a department store while a children's Christmas Party was going on in the basement. He describes digging out the survivors as the "worst experience of the war" for him.

Leaves were spent visiting various cities including Edinburgh, Glasgow, Blackburn, Blackpool and London.

During air raids thousands of Londoners took shelter in the subway tunnels, and made makeshift privacy shelters with blankets. They would offer cups of tea to anyone in uniform.

Bruce recalls, "I was always touched by the generosity and warmth of these folks, many of them obviously poor and with so very little."

A not so pleasing experience would occur if someone returned late from his leave. This is how Bruce describes the "Glass House."

"You arose at dawn, had breakfast. Then equipped with a toothbrush, you had to clean the floor.

"Just as you were nearly finished a troop of men who had been marched through a mud puddle were marched through your gleaming floor. Now it had to be scrubbed clean again. This continued until dusk. There was a meal served and then to bed. Finally sleep, exhausted. This went on for the duration of your sentence.. No one had any desire to return for a repeat visit." Bruce also describes a visit to the Queen Victoria Hospital Burn Centre to visit some squadron members. He was very impressed with the compassionate care the patients received, and with the pioneering work of this hospital in developing skin transplants and burn treatment.

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1941

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It was when the squadron was posted to Northern Ireland that he met Elizabeth Teasdale a wireless operator. They were married in July 1945, and since accommodation was hard to find, spent their honeymoon at the YWCA courtesy a friend of Elizabeth's.

Bruce was posted home in August 1945. He had flown 35 anti U-Boat patrols with 172 Squadron completing over 300 hours on Operations. Squadron 172 had sunk 11 U-Boats, but the most exciting experience was the capture of a U-Boat on the Green Line (the U-Boat surrender line).

For his years of service Bruce holds five War Medals. He and Betty had a daughter and two sons, and enjoyed a long married life together until Betty's death in 1990.

Bill Burgess (41-45)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

Dennis McLeavey (41-45)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

Ron Lawrence (42-45)

Served: British Army

When World War II broke out in 1939 it never crossed my mind that, before it was over, I would have served three and a half years in the British Army. However, in 1942 I became of military age and had to go for the required medical. They established that I was warm and breathing so I was graded A1 and was called up in that year, beginning a term of service which was anything but spectacular. In fact I usually tell people I went nowhere and did nothing.

Recruited into the Kings Royal Rifle Corps, I completed infantry training at Winchester and then spent several months at York driving an army truck all over the York moors. Having been sent home on embarkation leave before departing for India, I discovered on my return that the boffins in the War Office had made the startling discovery that this war would be much more technical than the last one and that I was to be transferred to the Royal Corps of Signals and sent to Catterick to be trained as a radio mechanic and electrician.

Several months later I emerged as tradesman (with extra pay) and, this time, rode a motorcycle all around Yorkshire and got embarkation leave before going to North Africa. By the time I got back from the leave, this had been cancelled and I was transferred to a Royal Engineers Unit in Kent where I was required to repair the Engineers' radios, maintain a large battery charging shop and ride a motorcycle every morning between Maidstone and Ashford. I never really found out why.

I think that's what got me hired at Lambton College because Mr Franke asked me when and where was my first experience of teaching, and I told him. He remarked approvingly that he had been doing the same thing in the German navy. (He added "I was on the other side, you see!")

Finally, the European war came to an end and I was transferred to a unit in South Wales which was to form the occupation army in Germany. Sent away now on my



1942

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1942

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third embarkation leave, I developed a bad case of influenza and wound up in a military hospital. Now, instead of building up the forces, they were busy trying to unload us and one day I was told I was to be discharged on medical grounds.

A few days later, at Hereford, a grateful country presented me with a suit of civilian clothes, shirts, a pair of shoes, fifteen pounds sterling and a train ticket to London.

In the end, it all added up to nothing and the only time I was in real danger was when I came home on leave and had to put up with the blitz on London, the doodle-bugs (V1's) and the V2 rockets. I was safer when I got back to my army unit.

Can you beat all that for excitement?

1943

Russell Hart (43-68)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

Russ Hart was hired by Lambton College Aug1,1968 to the position Electronics Technologist. Prior to that he had spent 25 years in the Canadian Armed Forces. In the Armed Forces he was classified as a Master Warrant Officer Technician. He had a number of positions in his military career, including superintendent of the Ground Radar and Communications Complex at CFB Trenton. He also had a tour as instructor at the R.C.A.F. Telecommunications School at Clinton and a tour as Technical Warrant Officer at the Canadian Experimental and Proving Establishment Range in Cold Lake, Alberta where he worked with telemetry and solid state devices. He had experience on a large number of different radar and communications equipment and electronics test equipment.

1946

Art Haggart (46-75)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

I was born in Ottawa in 1928 and married Marion in Toronto in 1951. We have two boys Wayne and Brian. We have four wonderful grandchildren.

Just after turning 18, I joined the RCAF in 1946 as a firefighter. In October '46 I was sent for a basic fire fighting course which lasted 8 weeks. The training priority was on aircraft crash rescue, but we were also trained in the basics of structure fires. This crash aspect of the trade makes the military firefighter somewhat different from the regular municipal one. This training taught us a lot about flammable liquids, chemicals, explosive materials, ammunition, etc..

After completing this training I was shipped off to Western Air Command in Vancouver. Thus started a career that would span 29 years. During that time I went up through 5 Jr. ranks until 1960 when I became a Commissioned Officer. I retired with the rank of Major in 1975.

Training really never stopped; there were many more courses and a lot of on-the-job training. Because we were the forces' insurance, fire prevention was very important to us and a lot of the job training was on this. During my career I was involved in every aspect of the trade. I was an ordinary firefighter, crew chief, deputy chief, fire chief, training instructor, C.O. of the Forces Fire School, Command Fire Marshals. I was also involved in fire investigations and was authorized to test and accept new Fire Suppression systems (e.g. Sprinklers). Over all it was a most interesting career.

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1946

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The most interesting, enjoyable, and most demanding position I had was Fire Chief of 4wing in Germany for 3 years during the cold war where I was responsible for a crew of 60. We had lots of airfield activities and many pressure-filled times. As in Canada, we had a mutual aid system with local fire departments and that gave us the opportunity to meet many of the local German firefighters. We enjoyed their company and fellowship and we had occasions when we did assist them.

It was not all work as there were many good times too. There were social affairs and many sporting events to attend or get involved with. We golfed, curled, and taught curling. I was involved with ball umpiring and was manager of the hockey team in Europe for a year. There were many opportunities to visit different countries and to see a lot of Canada. I have been in all Provinces and the two territories (at that time) with one exception—I never made it to PEI. No matter where we lived we always enjoyed the people and places.

I guess you can say we are a military family. My Dad and three brothers were in WW2. All came back. Our oldest son Wayne graduated from Royal Military College in 1978. I was very proud when I swore him into the forces. He just recently retired as a Lt. Colonel and is now working as a civil servant for the DND. He swore his daughter Melissa into the forces and she also graduated from RMC and is now a Lieutenant in the Canadian Navy.

I'll never regret the military service; it was a lot of work but also a lot of fun. I'll also never regret retiring and taking the job at Lambton College. My military training and experience was a huge benefit to me in this second career. I enjoyed my time at the Industrial Fire School.

1950

Camilla (Rigby) Tod (50-52)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

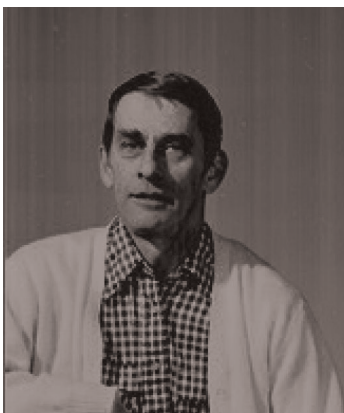
I joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in London Ontario in July 1950; I was 21 years old at the time. I was transferred along with about forty other new recruits from across Canada to St John, Quebec for eight weeks of basic training. The base at St John was not ready for us so we had just basic bunk beds in a Quansit Hut. Going into the mess hall for the first time was traumatic since there were about a thousand men and only forty women!

We spent many hours on the parade square and because of the “wedge” cap we had to wear, I had a permanent white “V” on my forehead. My nose burned, blistered and peeled the whole time I was there.

Upon completion of basic training I was posted to Clinton, Ontario where I received training in Communications as a Teletype Operator. After graduation, I declined the opportunity to remain at the base and teach the Teletype Course, and went on to the base at Trenton.

In 1951 I celebrated my first year with my first flight, a special experience. It seems they needed NCO's, so I was lucky to earn my Corporal's “hooks” quicker than most. After applying for discharge in October 1952, I was told that my orders had come in and that I had a chance to delay and go to France and Germany—I really had to think about that one—but in the end I took my discharge.

I have been a member of the RCAF Association for 25 years.



Gerry Grevstad (50-52)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

I was born in Winnipeg, Man., along with six brothers and two sisters. All my brothers served in the military except the oldest, Oscar, who was born in the U.S. Oscar left Canada for Seattle, Wash. to be with my mother's brothers. Dale, next oldest, served in the ground crew at MacDonald's Aircraft in WWII.

Next in line, Arthur, was in the PPCLI and then bought his way out and boarded a tramp steamer for England where he joined the RAF, became a fighter pilot in 1939. While engaged in combat with the better experienced German pilots he was shot down over France, rescued by French troops and transported back to England and hospitalized. From there he was shipped back to Canada. He survived his injuries and was later discharged.

My next brother, Melvin, trained as an RCAF navigator and became a Pathfinder crew member. He too, was shot down over France in 1943 and died of injuries. Next in line was Harold. He was a radar specialist and served at a station in Resolute Bay where he helped intercept Russian communications. Next was Bill, my younger brother who also trained as a radar technician.

I myself joined the RCAF in 1970 and was shipped to Aylmer, Ontario for basic training, then to Clinton where I fumbled along studying, but failing radar. I was transferred to the accounting department as I had good grades in high school Accounting. My flight commander liked me and asked me to do some investigating work. I agreed and was given my first assignment in the airmen's mess. People wondered why the wife of the person in charge had big cars and fur coats.

I observed the Corporal closely and soon noticed that every morning he came in he brought with him a big grocery bag. He was using his own food to make burgers and the like. He was accused, convicted and discharged.

My next assignment was at the airmen's clothing unit. An audit had revealed that the number of new Eisenhower jackets did not tally with the inventory lists. I was put on fire watch checking all areas. As I crossed behind the stores unit I saw personnel selling these jackets out the back window. I ordered them to stop and subsequently the offenders were charged and convicted.

After this I was assigned to the officers' bar where the revenues did not match the liquor supply. The procedure soon became apparent. Two sergeants sold liquor tickets to the officers who would present them to the bartenders for their drinks, the bartenders were supposed to tear the tickets in half. But instead they didn't and the tickets were returned to the sellers who would again sell the same tickets. I reported the practice and the staff were replaced. The culprits were penalized.

Soon after my CO asked me what I wanted to do next. I replied I'd like to get in aircrew training but I needed a couple of courses in math and a science. He arranged for me to go upgrading to take them. I signed up with a tutorial service and passed. As a result I was admitted to aircrew training in Winnipeg in navigation and soon was progressing well. After several months in the program with NATO country trainees and flying trips I developed breathing problems and was given a medical discharge. I was given the option of returning to ground crew or accept the discharge. I decided to leave the air force.

1951



Bruce Hepburn (51-75)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

Des Pigott (51-53)

Served: British Army

Des is very shy about his years of service, but he did share this photograph with us. March 16, 1952. Funeral of King George VI. Des Pigott is in the front row, on the right.

1953

Mel Pratt (53-76)

Served: Royal Canadian Air Force

1956

Bill Lovsin (56-58)

Served: Dept of National Defence

My "Grade A" training and "Grade A Advanced" training were completed at the Farnham Army Base near Saint-Jean d'Iberville, a bell tent army base, in Quebec. I was given a 2/Lt commission on Sept. 1, 1956, at 22 years of age.

My commission was Instructor of Basic Military Training to Cadets, a branch of the Canadian Army called the Cadet Services of Canada. I eventually became a full Lieutenant and when the Captain of our region (Abitibi Region) was transferred, I briefly held the rank of Acting Captain.

As a teenager I was involved in electronics and communications through my interest in Amateur Radio and acquired a Certificate of Proficiency in Amateur Radio – Advanced license, call letters VE2AVN, with 12 words per minute efficiency transmission of Morse Code.

My interest in electronics and communications was noticed by my army commander and sometime in about 1958, I was chosen among 11 others across Canada, one from each province, except Quebec which had 2 (I represented the Northern Quebec Region), for training at Vimy Barracks in Kingston to train at the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals Sigs (RC Sigs). I have an Ontario license now, VE3FSB.

A small aside is that an agent of the NRC (National Research Council of Canada) from Ottawa visited me while I was in Northern Quebec, for the purpose of me helping them establish a communications satellite station for that region. I was told my location was ideal for their needs but subsequently nothing came of it.

In my early years the Army capitalized on my lifelong interest in communication, electronics and technology.

1960

Heinz Schmidt (60-68)

Served: Royal Canadian Navy

1964

Josh Lipszyc (64-68)

Served: Portugese Navy



Joshua Lipszyc, B.Sc. (Eng.), M.Sc., started his professional career in Portugal in the Dairy industry. After a few short years, he decided that beer was much better than milk and moved to Mozambique to work (which he pretended to do, when he wasn't drinking) for a Brewing company.

From Africa he moved to Sarnia where (not really knowing how to do anything) he decided his best bet was to teach. Thus he ended up at St. Pat's High School, where everyone addressed him as Brother Josh (if they only knew...).

During his 30 plus years teaching at the College, Josh held several Coordinator positions in almost every Academic Department (he was afraid that if he stayed in the same place too long somebody would figure out that he didn't really know what he was doing).

Just as a final note, he was also a Lieutenant with the Portuguese Navy (where he almost single-handed started the Third World War) doing Oceanography research for NATO.