



THE FALCON

ISSUE NO. 6

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA REGIMENTAL FAMILY

SUMMER 2005

60th Anniversary of the Liberation of The Netherlands



Our 48th Highlander veterans leading the parade in Apeldoorn

by Honorary LCol Geordie Beal

Veterans from across Canada returned to The Netherlands for eight days of celebrations from the 1st to the 8th of May marking the 60th anniversary of the liberation of The Netherlands and the end of the war in Europe. Front and centre were our veterans, members of the 48th Highlanders 1st Battalion, who swept across the IJssel River on 12 May 1945. Their target then was the town of Apeldoorn, which they entered on 17 April after a brief but spectacular series of battles. Now, sixty years later, Apeldoorn was the centre of the celebrations and once again the 48th were in the hearts of every Dutch citizen.

Travel arrangements were varied. Several Highlanders went with one of two organized tours. Others travelled on their own to local hotels and still others to the homes of Dutch families that they knew from celebrations of prior years. Many were joined by spouses

and some by several family members so that the recollections of sixty years ago could be shared and passed along to new generations. To all, regardless of how they arrived, the Dutch people gave a warm and heartfelt “welcome home”. Signs reading “Thank you boys” or “Thank you liberators” or just “Thank you Canada” were everywhere, in windows, hanging from balconies and strung from trees as were Canadian and Dutch flags.

Tuesday May 3 marked the first day of the official events. That morning, under skies that alternately threatened rain and delivered sunshine, crowds arrived for a Ceremony of Remembrance at Groesbeek Canadian War Cemetery. Queen Beatrix of The Netherlands was among the many dignitaries and our Governor General Adrian Clarkson spoke to an attentive audience. Her remarks were personal and emotional. This was clearly no speech prepared by someone in Ottawa, full of platitudes, but one that the Governor General had

continued on page 6

EX. STALWART GUARDIAN RESERVISTS LOVE THEIR DOUBLE LIVES

taken from THE TORONTO STAR, 29 Aug 05,
by Bruce Campion-Smith, OTTAWA BUREAU

CFB PETAWAWA—Most work days, you can find John Hill on the 36th floor of BCE Place, overlooking Toronto’s harbour, where he toils as a recruiter for Barrick Gold.

Jason Morische is at home in Toronto’s courts, where he defends people accused of everything from fraud to impaired driving.

Adam Harmes is a self-described “left-wing economist” who lectures on international political economies.

Waheed Obaidi, Jammie To and Thanuja Rukman are all getting ready to hit the books.

But last week they smeared on the camouflage paint, picked up a rifle and went to war — in the wilds of central Ontario.

They all lead double lives, pursuing full-time careers or studies while also doing duty in Canada’s army reserves. “This is so much different from what I do during the day,” Morische said. Sipping coffee from a tin cup, dressed in green combat clothing with a C7 rifle slung over his shoulder, this 32-year-old army captain couldn’t be farther from the downtown courts where he makes his living.

He joined the reserves in 1997, drawn by the physical and mental demands of army life. “I wanted to see if I could hack it,” he said.

He was among 3,200 reservists from Ontario, including more than 400 from Greater Toronto, who gathered at this military base northwest of Ottawa for the biggest exercise of the year, dubbed Stalwart Guardian. The exercise, which wrapped up yesterday, comes at a time when Canadian defence policy is putting

continued on page 4

INSIDE:

From the Regimental Sergeant Major.....	2
The 48th Cadets.....	2
VE Day Parade at the CNE.....	3
The Pipes and Drums.....	3

EXERCISE STALWART GUARDIAN continued.....	4
From the 48th Museum.....	5
60th Anniversary continued.....	6
From Under the Kilt - Part 2.....	8

Confined to Barracks.....	10
Hurricane Katrina & a former 48th Padre....	10
German Surrender & a 48th Officer.....	11
Events Schedule, Last Post.....	12

From the RSM

Greetings, fellow Highlanders! I hope that you have all had a good summer, and are getting ready for a new training year.

As usual, with busy summer activities, vacations, courses, and the like, we loose a bit of touch with each other. So let me use this opportunity to bring you up to speed on things from my end.

1. MPA Renovations:

The renovations are as complete as they are going to get. What you see, is what we will be living with for the next number of years. The work was completed just in time for the Change of Command Parade and Church Parade.

2. Training

The Regiment is currently getting ready to deploy on Exercise Stalwart Guardian 05. This is the annual summer exercise that takes place in CFB Petawawa. When we get back, there is a week or so before we "stand to". This year, 32CBG has dictated that all training will take place in Task Force concept; us and the QOR will be holding joint FTX's with other supporting arms units. The focus for the first part of the training year will be on individual skills. From January to March will be winter warfare and section level training. The spring will concentrate on platoon level training in preparation for EX Valiant Guardian 06.

The Regimental Remembrance Weekend should be a major event – the Regimental Family is putting together a weekend that commemorates the service of the WWII veterans. Activities will include a meet and greet at MPA on Fri night, the usual activities on Sat – service at Mt Pleasant, and OCA Dinner, and will culminate with the Remembrance Day Parade on the Sunday.

The Regiment currently has 5 soldiers deployed on OP Athena Roto 4 (Afghanistan). These soldiers are: MCpl Chin, Cpl's Marga, Ivens, Frank and Greene. We will be putting together a "care package" for them in Oct. Please contact me if you would like to contribute to this.

3. Ceremonial

The Regiment held a Change of Command Parade on Fri 29 April 05. We said goodbye to LCol Sargeant, and welcomed LCol Paterson as the new CO.

Two days later, the Regiment was again in its finest, when we held our Annual Church

Parade. The St Andrew's College Cadet Corps attended this parade with us to the Regimental Church to celebrate their 100th Anniversary. This made for a marvelous turn out, about 700 personnel on parade – so much so, that we had to form up and dismiss in the park next to MPA.

The next event that we are involved with is the LFCA Change of Command Parade. BGen Young (one of our own) will be handing over command of LFCA to his replacement on Thurs 08 Sep 05. In recognition of him being a 48th Highlander, Maj McEwen has been appointed as Guard Commander for this parade.

A couple of other points:

The Annual WO & Sgt's Mess Dinner is scheduled for Sat 22 Oct 05. I hope to see all current and former members of the Mess in attendance.

WO Tolton accepted a component transfer to the PPCLI and left us in Jun of this year – we wish him and his family all the best

MWO McVety has returned to the Regiment from the Lorne Scots, and we welcome him back.

That's about it for now, please feel free to contact me if you have any questions regarding the active Regiment.

DILEAS GU BRATH

9C, OUT.

R.A. ALKEMA

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR

48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA



LCol Paterson presents Sgt Kwok the Eaton Award for top Sgt/WO.

The 48th Cadets

by Capt Norman R. Pope

The 48th Cadets again had a successful Annual Inspection, in large part because of the support from the Regimental Family.

On June 12, 2005, led by Pipes and Drums from the Regiment, our Cadets marched smartly into the Armoury. The Cadet Flags were ably carried by Old Comrades from the OCA Drill Team.

The Inspection was performed by LCol Andrew Paterson, CD, the Commanding Officer of the 48th Highlanders of Canada, and accompanied by the Honourary Lieutenant Colonel, LCol Geordie Beal.

Presentations of trophies were made by members of the Regimental Family, including Karen Barker, President of IODE. Bill Dance, Alistair Stark, representing the Army Cadet League, and Major Brian McCue from St Andrew's Cadet Corps.

As part of the Review the Cadets demonstrated their shooting skills and drill, and marched off to the tune of the Cadet March, The Black Bear.

The Cadets and Staff fully appreciate the continuing support from everyone within the Regimental Family.

NORMAN R. POPE, CD

CAPTAIN

COMMANDING OFFICER

48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA

ARMY CADET CORPS

VE DAY PARADE – Sunday, 8 May 2005

by Capt Matthew Aggus, 48 Highrs Adjutant

On 8 May 2005 the 48th Highlanders and close to 1000 more soldiers from 32 Canadian Brigade Group (32 CBG), marched through the streets of Toronto to commemorate the Victory in Europe and to thank the veterans who were there. Led by the commander of 32 CBG, Colonel Gary Stafford, the soldiers of the brigade marched from Moss Park west along Queen St to the Canadian National Exhibition. Following a brief wait, each unit paraded through the Ricoh Centre, in which the main celebrations were being held. The master of ceremonies narrated a brief history of each Regiment before the attendees were addressed by Premiere Dalton McGuinty. There was an impressive turnout by the soldiers of the unit and brigade, as well as by the citizens of Toronto, demonstrating a level of support for the Canadian Forces that has wavered little since the victory in Europe was won, over 60 years ago.



*Soldiers of 32 CBG marching through the CNE grounds
Photos by Cpl Philip Cheung, 32 CBG Public Affairs*

The Pipes and Drums

by MWO Iain Lang

The summer of 2005 has come and gone and the Pipes and Drums have had a busy summer performing at several tattoos, festivals, and parades. After a slower year in 2004, the members of the Pipes and Drums have enjoyed the increase in the number of performances over the past summer. In addition to the local performances the Pipe Band enjoyed traveling to Edmonton and Quebec City to participate in two larger events celebrating Canada using music.

Once again the Band of the Royal Regiment of Canada and the Pipes and Drums came together to produce a show that was presented at several events over the summer. The Pipes and Drums performed for crowds at the Stratford Music Festival, the Fergus Scottish Festival Tattoo and the CNE Warriors Day Parade and Tattoo.

From July 17th to July 25th the Pipe Band participated in the in the Alberta Centennial Tattoo, which was produced by one of our own, Drum Major MWO Larry Fullerton. From all accounts the show was a great success as was the hospitality of the Edmonton Police Pipes and Drums.

Several pipers experienced their first ride (as far as anyone knows) in a police paddy wagon; luckily provided as a gesture of thanks by the Edmonton Police Service. The transportation back to barracks after a long night of impromptu performances with members of the Edmonton Police Pipe Band and the Black Watch Pipe Band was not as comfortable as many are accustomed to but was appreciated by all accounts.

During August 24th to 28th the Pipe Band was invited, for a third time, to participate in the Quebec City International Festival of Military Bands. This four day festival features 15 military bands, from Canada and around the world, in concert at several historic sites in and around the heart of Old Quebec City. The Pipes and Drums were well received as we were in past years and the members enjoy Quebec City and its historic nightlife.

In addition to presenting three concerts with the Band of the Royal Regiment of Canada, the Pipe Band participated in two major shows with over 600 musicians, the Open Ceremony in the park in front of the Voltigeurs de Québec Armoury and the Quebec City Military Tattoo at the Colisée de Québec. The Festival culminates with the Grande-Allée Parade, which follows a parade route down Grande-Allée and Saint-Louis Streets, from Taché Street to the Château Frontenac.

Upcoming events include the return of NHL Hockey to Toronto with the opening Maple Leafs hockey game October 5th. Several rumors have also been going around about possible trips to Switzerland and South Korea, but as always, we will wait until we are on the way to confirm or deny these.

In addition to performing, the Pipe Band has a regular practice routine to prepare themselves for the numerous performances over the year. We are also now running an extra night on Friday evenings for anyone interested in learning the bagpipes or the drums. If you or anyone you know is interested contact Sgt Iain Dewar or myself for more information.

Dileas!

greater emphasis on the reserves, with military brass looking to these part-time troops to take on a bigger role in overseas missions.

For reservists, this nine-day drill, which is costing \$5 million, is a chance to put all those nights and weekends of training to the test.

“Some people join because they need a job. The outdoorsy types are here. Some people want to serve ... their country,” said Hill, who’s the major in charge of Foxtrot company, about 126 soldiers. The big appeal of the reserves, he said, is that the soldiers can maintain their involvement while pursuing a career. “When you’re younger, it’s money, a part-time job. When you’re older, you get more responsibility and it’s good leadership training,” Hill said.

Unlike reservists in the United States, Canada’s part-time soldiers are not obligated to serve on missions. Going to places like Bosnia or Afghanistan is completely voluntary. That has prompted some grumbling from troops in the regular forces, who can be dispatched at any time to a global hot spot. Still, there is fierce competition for the overseas duties open to reserves, even though it typically involves a nine-month commitment — three months of training plus the six-month tour.

The Toronto Star spent two days in the bush with Hill’s company, a unit comprising two Toronto-area regiments, the 48th Highlanders and Queen’s Own Rifles, both based at the Moss Park armoury.

This is no easygoing summer camp. It’s a gruelling slice of army life, with long days spent marching and drilling and short nights spent sleeping in the forest, sheltered by only a bivouac — along with tough discipline imposed by senior soldiers. The soldiers dine on military rations, and while the food has gotten better in recent years, it’s still a far cry from a home-cooked meal.

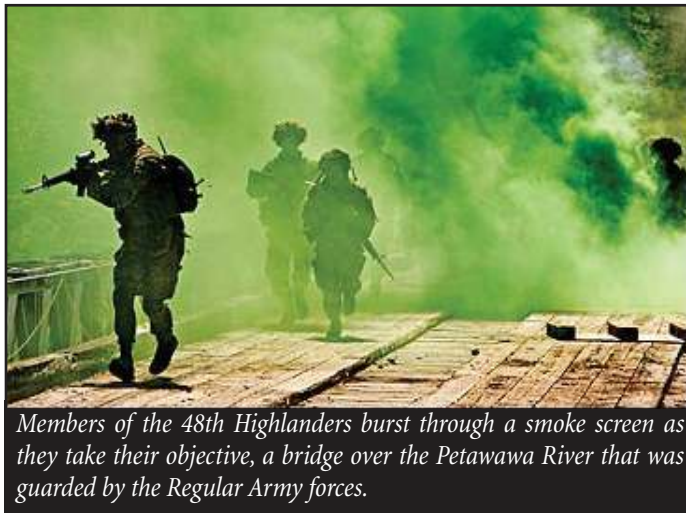
“When you’ve been in the army a while, you get a better appreciation for the little things in life — a hot meal, warm coffee, tea, a bed and sleep,” chuckled Lt. Ben Lee, 21, who is studying history and political science at the University of Toronto.

One day last week, Hill’s troops were given the tough task of capturing a bridge from enemy forces. It wasn’t quite like A Bridge Too Far. But for these weekend warriors, it was real enough. With the attack in full flight, the forest’s serenity was shattered by staccato bursts of blanks fired from machine guns, the

barked orders of commanders and loud bangs of explosives simulating artillery fire. It was enough smoke and noise to do a Canada Day celebration proud.

Pte. Andrew Kyron, a 22-year-old studying business administration at Humber College, got a harsh lesson in the military meaning of “strategy” and “objectives.” An umpire — who decides which soldiers are “dead” and “injured” — took him out of action during the initial assault. “He said I was standing up too long,” Kyron said, clutching a red card that read: “Gun shot, left arm.”

Cpl. Tony Scotta wasn’t so lucky. The 14-year reserve veteran, who works as a civil engineer in Toronto designing commercial and industrial buildings, was nailed by an enemy sniper. But Scotta was still able to boast that he took out an armoured vehicle with his Carl Gustav, a heavy anti-tank weapon. And though his “life” had ended, Scotta was beaming as the machine guns fired all around him. “Love it,” he said, grinning. “The adventure, the



Members of the 48th Highlanders burst through a smoke screen as they take their objective, a bridge over the Petawawa River that was guarded by the Regular Army forces.

camaraderie, learning about warfare.”

Cpl. Thanuja Rukman, of Markham, made it across the bridge, blazing away with her C7 rifle, only to buy the farm on the other side. Like many students, she initially joined the reserves for the money. It helped pay her tuition. “Here I am, four years later,” said Rukman, a political science major at York University. And while there are other ways to make money, “none are as much fun,” she said, resting on the forest floor, propped up against a tree stump.

Pte. Jammie To, a health sciences student at the University of Waterloo, had the heavy task of slogging a bulky C6 machine gun. But To’s efforts paid off. The weapon, capable of spitting out 1,000 rounds a minute, kept enemy heads down during the attack. “It’s a completely different experience. Being a student, you sit around on your ass a lot,” she said. “My

dad was surprised when I joined. He’s proud that I’ve managed to stay in for so long.”

Many of the young recruits acknowledged that they joined for the money — a private’s pay starts at \$77.90 a day — and the adventure. But many said a sense of duty and patriotism contributed to their decision as well.

“When I first joined, I was just in it for the pay. But now it means so much more, when it comes to brotherhood, serving your country, making friends,” said Obaidi, 19. Born in Afghanistan and a speaker of Farsi, the young private says he was partly inspired to join this past spring by Canada’s military commitment to his war-torn homeland. It’s his dream to do a tour with Canadian troops now serving in Afghanistan. He admits to having been a “goofball” in the past, but says a summer in the army has changed all that. “You learn discipline; you become more mature,” said Obaidi, who will be studying criminology at the University of Guelph in September.

The reserves, explained Brig. Gen. Gary O’Brien, are the “people’s army.” “These soldiers are everything from lawyers to students to factory workers to white-collar workers ... You’ll find almost every occupation is represented,” said O’Brien, who is a reservist himself. Out of uniform, he’s a manager with General Dynamics Land Systems Canada. “These are great Canadians. These are people who are willing to contribute a significant amount of time learning something very unpleasant like war fighting in order to protect their fellow citizens,” O’Brien said. The reserves may once have been considered “amateur” soldiers and poor cousins of the regular forces, he said,

but they’re taken seriously now. “We’ve seen great improvements in our equipment; we’ve seen a new focus on our training and a new focus from senior leadership,” said O’Brien, the officer conducting this week’s drill. And he said the reservists take the role seriously too — and the potential risks that go with it. “They are not playing at this. The soldiers that are here are focused on developing a real capability,” O’Brien said. “They’re focused on making sure their training is relevant to protecting Canadians and to protect people around the world,” he said.

It’s perhaps a testament to their skills that 250 of the reservists taking part in this week’s exercise are expected to volunteer to join Canada’s dangerous duties in Afghanistan over the coming year.

From the Vaults of the 48th Museum

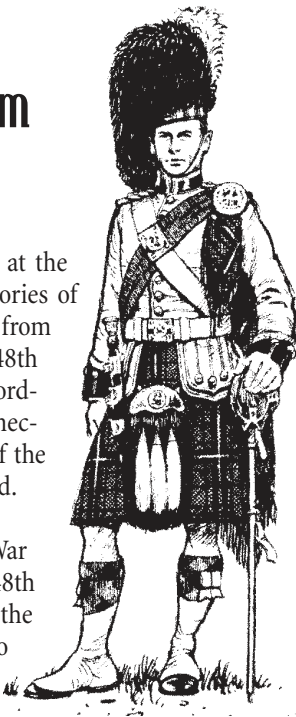
by WD Anthony Percival

Two themes reoccurred in looking at the history of the 48th Highlanders, stories of family service and sacrifice passing from one generation to the next. The 48th Museum is always interested in recording these stories and family connections. One such family tale is that of the Malone brothers Maurice and Gerald.

At the start of the First World War both brothers were serving in the 48th Highlanders. Maurice a student at the University of Toronto was the first to sign up with the 58th Bn C.E.F in Niagara in July 1915. In August he sailed overseas, and at the beginning of November had joined the 15th Bn C.E.F. (48th Highlanders) in France. His Older brother Gerald was practicing law and signed up a year later with the 134th Bn C.E.F. in February 1916.

June 2nd, 1916 The German army broke the line at Mont Sorrel. The next morning the 48th were ordered forward with two platoons in the lead to reestablish the line. The terrain was open for 600m to Mount Sorrel, it was daylight, the enemy had clear lines of observation and could bring down overwhelming fire from Artillery and Machine Gun. Into this Maelstrom Lt Maurice "Mike" Malone was ordered to push forward. The centre along the axis of advance was impossible the right flank blocked by a hedge of brambles. If an opening could be made small groups might be able to move forward. Lt. Malone rushed at the hedge and began tearing at the branches. Capt. Acland yelled at him "Get down Mike get down!" Lt. Malone shouted back "Anything's better than this!". The machine guns swept the hedge Mike was hit twice in the chest and cried "Stretcher-bearers" and then quietly "Never mind, it doesn't matter" and died. The Regiment remained pinned down. Eventually the line was reestablished and the 15th Bn moved back into a reserve position. Lt Maurice Malone was buried in Lijssenthoek Cemetery. The Government of Canada sent his mother the Memorial Cross.

The Memorial Cross, was issued as a memento of the personal loss and sacrifice on the part of widows and mothers of Canadian sail-



Lt. Maurice E. Malone, 1915,



Lt Gerald M. Malone, 1916



Memorial Cross of M.E. Malone



Military Cross of G.M. Malone

ors and soldiers who laid down their lives for their country during the war. It is a patonce cross made of silver with the Imperial Crown at the top of the upright arm at a maple leaf at the foot and side and the Royal Cypher "G.R.I." in the centre; below the cross is a wreath of laurel, On the back engraved is "28 Jackes Ave. Lieut. M.E. Malone Toronto" His brother Lieutenant Gerald Malone sailed overseas in August and was posted to the 12th Reserve Battalion in England. Finally embarking for France in March 1918, he also joined the 15th Battalion as the Intelligence Officer. He was awarded the Military Cross for his actions during the attack and capture of the Drocourt-Queant Line in September 1918.

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During an attack this officer, who was acting as intelligence officer, went forward to establish a report centre with the attacking companies. He had to traverse a valley under heavy shell fire, but succeeded in establishing a visual signal post, and sent back messages as soon as the attacking waves got up. The following day he was indefatigable in procuring information about the flanks, though he was constantly exposed to machine-gun fire."

The Military Cross was awarded during the First World War to Officers Captain and below and Warrant Officers for distinguished and meritorious service in battle. It is an ornamental cross with straight arms terminat-

ing in broad finials decorated with Imperial Crowns and the Royal Cypher in the centre.

Gerald survived the War and continued to serve in the 48th Highlanders. From 1940 to 1943 he commanded the Home Battalion. His brother is remembered at the University of Toronto, Soldiers Tower; at St. Andrew's College, the Malone Field and a grave marker at St. James Cemetery. Both brothers continue to be remembered by their Regiment

...This is but a taste of what you will discover at the 48th Highlanders Museum open Wed & Thurs 10 to 3 or on the web at www.48highlanders.com/museum.htm

This issue of the FALCON published by:

Col Bill Jensen *Director*

Sgt Adam Bernard *Design & Layout*

Electronic versions of all of the FALCON newsletters can be downloaded from Adam Bernards' website at: www.gandalfcommunications.ca

If you would like to contribute to future issues please e-mail your stories and pictures to: falcon48@sympatico.ca or call Adam Bernard @ 416-652-6121

60th ANNIVERSARY ...continued from page 1

shaped herself, directed at the veterans with the gratitude and admiration of our nation. The ceremony closed with the singing of the national anthems of both countries. Dutch voices joined ours in O Canada and the sound drifted across the gravestones into the fields beyond. Our anthem is taught to all Dutch children in school and has been since the end of the war. You would have been proud to be a Canadian that day. I know that I was. After the ceremonies, all moved to a Reception



Bud Leigh with HCol Geordie Beal at the reception in Groesbeek

co-hosted by the Mayor of Groesbeek and the Minister of Veterans Affairs Canada. Veterans roamed through the vast tent finding friends and comrades from other regiments and services some of whom they had not seen in decades. Everywhere you could see small groups sharing recollections in quiet tones with gestures and hands on each other's shoulders.

Veterans Affairs Canada led an official delegation, with one representative from each of the units that had served in Holland in 1945. Bud Leigh was our 48th Highlanders' representative having served in northern Italy and then Holland in A Company (A for attack they would say when asked). Meeting Bud at the reception held special meaning for me personally. Bud, who I had never met before, had been my father's driver when my dad was company commander of A Company. Now, sixty years later, as we sat in a reception tent in Groesbeek, Bud told me stories of his time with my dad and the things they faced together. Thanks Bud, from Major Geordie Beal's son.

For May 4 and 5 groups went in different ways. There was the official Remembrance Ceremony



Jimmy Raffin shelters from the rain in the Silent March in Apeldoorn

at Holten Canadian War Cemetery and the Royal Apeldoorn Tattoo which the official party members attended. Some Highlanders were treated to flights over the countryside, seeing the battlefields of April 1945 from a new perspective. Still others were hosted on a cruise down the Ijssel River.

As one Highlander remarked later, "I took a lot of Euros with me from Canada. When I got home I still had most of them. The Dutch wouldn't let me spend on anything."

The highlight of the evening of May 4 was the Silent March in Apeldoorn. Following a church ceremony at dusk, participants streamed out of the church to join thousands on the street. As

we all marched, veterans and civilians together, the only sounds were the tolling of the church bell, the quiet tread of feet on the pavement and the light patter of rain. Then in the central park there was a moving ceremony with bands and a male choir. Young Dutch children read poems of remembrance and thanks. Major Tom White, as President of the Old Comrades Association laid a wreath at the monument, standing sharply to attention and saluting while the audience applauded.

May 6 was a special day for the 48th. We had hired our own bus for the day and invited all of our veterans to bring their friends and family for a battlefield tour. The first stop was the cemetery at Holten where 20 members of the 48th Highlanders are buried, including Lt. Colonel

Donald Mackenzie, DSO, DSC. There we were greeted by the 48th Highlanders of Holland Pipe Band who played as we marched in and during our wreath laying ceremonies. The Pipe Band, all volunteers, would turn up everywhere we went, a total of nine times during the week of visits. Their dedication to the regiment and pride in representing the 48th was wonderful to see. Under the command of S/Sgt Herb Pike, and with our families watching on, fourteen Highlanders in Glengarry, blues and greys with medals marched smartly to the row of 48th Highlander graves. John (Blackie) Allan laid a wreath to Colonel Mackenzie.

Following Holten, we moved to the site of the crossing of the Ijssel River and traced forward to the little town of Wilp, the jump off point on the assault toward Twello on April 12, 1945. In the fields approaching Wilp we stood near the spot where German 88s had shelled, killing our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Mackenzie. The CO had come forward to seek better communications and, seeing Sherman tanks there, had stopped to use their radios. Our regimental history speculates that the 88s had targeted the



Our 48th Highlanders at the marker of the crossing of the Ijssel River

Shermans. Our local guide pointed to a building, standing tall in the distance further along the Ijssel River, and told us that there had been a German spotter there with a full and open view of the fields behind Wilp. The local belief is that he spotted our CO moving up and that the shelling was intended for him directly.

At noon the Mayor of the district of Voorst, encompassing eleven villages including Wilp and Twello, conducted a remembrance ceremony at the church in Wilp in front of the plaque to Colonel Mackenzie placed there in 1995. Frank Currie and Gord Outhwaite laid wreaths and Harry Wignall presented the Mayor with a brass plaque from the Old Comrades Association to be placed in Twello. During a short break after lunch

continued on the next page >>



Harry Wignall presents the OCA plaque to the Mayor at Wilp

there was time to walk to the dike where the 48th graves had been placed in April '45. The town has not changed much in sixty years and the houses facing the dike don't look much different. In and around the town, the local community had laid out a walking tour that took an hour. In the time available we could see only a couple of the stops on the tour. At each of over forty locations a board had been erected. On it were pictures from 1945 taken at the location of the board and a narrative, mostly in Dutch, of the events that had occurred there in April '45. Back aboard the bus we moved toward Deventer, along the line that the battalion had taken on the breakout from Wilp. The bus drove on a secondary road on the top of the dike that Colonel Mike George, then company commander of Baker Company, daringly had placed a Sherman tank to draw fire and suppress the expected SPs and machine gun resistance. The road swung left at Deventer as we continued the trace of the battle towards Twello.

Outside Twello we stopped at a small Canadian cemetery. There we were greeted by the family members of Mrs. Greta Overmeen. Greta, who had cared for the graves of our 48th Highlander dead at Holten for over forty years, placing crosses and poppies on each stone and ensuring the plantings were well tended, had died earlier in 2005. Gord Outhwaite read a wonderful piece about "our angel of the 48th" and made a presentation to the family. Then, with the 48th Highlanders of Holland Pipe Band playing *The Lament*, Greta Overmeen's ashes were spread over the grounds of the cemetery, returning as she had wished to be with her charges. There was not a dry eye in the audience.

Saturday May 7 saw a return to the formal celebrations with liberation festivities in Nijverdal in the afternoon. The highlight occurred that evening at the Voorthuizen International Tattoo held in Oranje field. The stadium was packed. As the evening progressed the temperature plummeted to under 10 degrees C and intermittent

showers dampened those not under the covered parts of the stands. The bands and singers played on without an interruption. As the night got colder so did our veterans. From behind us a voice asked if we would pass something on. Sid Redgrave was the lucky target as a lady with her young daughter handed down their only blanket. Looking around the stadium I saw this kindness and care being repeated over and over as the Dutch protected and thanked their liberators.

The culmination of the week of celebrations was the parade of Canada's Second War veterans through the streets of Apeldoorn. At the very front in the place of honour marched the 48th Highlanders. The crowds applauded,



Sid Redgrave with Darlene Christianson of Liberty Tours

hours to pass. Part of the reason came from our Governor General coming out from the reviewing stand near the end of the route to greet and talk to each group of vets. No-one minded, especially not the Dutch who shouted greetings and "Thanks Canada". Reports the next day, of this the largest parade in Holland,



Our 48th Highlander contingent - All did the "right turn" as ordered by Herb Pike

threw flowers and cheered as every group passed by. For those who couldn't march the distance there were the 300-plus, carefully restored, World War II vehicles of "Keep Them Rolling". From the trucks, jeeps and carriers the veterans waved, tossed candies to the children and blew kisses to the ladies, perhaps as they had done sixty years before. The weather lived up to the Dutch saying "If you don't like the weather, wait fifteen minutes and it will change." Rain followed sun over and over again. For those marching without cover, the crowds had the answers. Rain coats and umbrellas were rushed out into the street and handed over. These became souvenirs as the donors didn't expect their return. The parade took two

stated that the crowds exceeded two hundred thousand. As the population of Apeldoorn is just one hundred and twenty five thousand it is easy to sense the true affection of the people of The Netherlands for "their" Canadians.

The next day, everyone went their own way, some home to Canada, some staying with friends a while longer. However, for the citizens of The Netherlands, no-one ever leaves their hearts. "Thank you boys" said many signs, and for a moment all our veterans were boys of '45 again.

MEMORIES

FROM UNDER THE KILT

(PART 2)

by Bill DeHarte

Life at Corunna Barracks was very routine, Especially that huge parade square at the bottom. Every morning “markers” reported to the R.S.M. On ‘on parade’ we marched down to “form close column of platoons, and then stood and waited for the B.H.Q. group to arrive. Fall in the officers and then we formally marched away to our morning training. Dig holes in Laffin’s Plain.. Play with inflatable boats on the canal... Throwing “dud” hand grenades to learn like in cricket rather than base-ball or an all-morning route march to get rid of us. So the O/C would announce that we would move to the right in column of route, each day in a different order of companies. Whatever company was to lead did the right-turn, waited for B.H.Q. to move to the front, and the lead Company Commander gave the “Quick march”.

The C.O. and the 2i/c were busy, and “Oh Promise Me” Maj. Bill Hendrie was OC parade. He announced the order of Coys., but then gave the precautionary “Highlanders!” So the next command was his. He looked at the Coy. Commanders, they looked at each other then back at him, he shrugged, they shrugged, He reached around and scratched his behind, still no action anywhere, Hendrie scratched the back of his head, and in doing so pushed his bonnet forward over his eyes, and finally in frustration gave the command, “Highlanders, MOVE,” Someone in his own Coy. “D”, burst out laughing and the whole battalion joined in. Hendrie marched to his place out in front, and waved to us as he did. The incident caused long and heated arguments that night. There were three groups. “The former Permanent Force” types who were sure they knew everything on army protocol, the “Ex Militiamen” who were steeped in Regimental ways, and the great unwashed who had just a few months in the army.

WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO THE PRECAUTIONARY “HIGHLANDERS”

Does any Officer Commanding a parade, all be it in battalion strength or, only the COMMANDING OFFICER? Tempers raged, there be a few references to illegitimacy, the type of mammal of ones mother, that brought a few blows, and nothing was settled.

The French Generals came to visit Aldershot Command H.Q. (which was just across from 1st

Brigade parade squares.) That day 4-1/2 to 5 inches of wet soggy snow fell. 1st Brigade was ordered out to the parade-square, squad drill for a couple of hours to show the Generals how hardy these Canadians were. We were not at all impressed.

Stanley was an engraver who worked for Eaton’s, and was by most of our standards a well-paid man. Eaton paid their employees who joined up the difference between their army pay and what their civilian pay would be, so he was a millionaire among us. He undertook to personally make Aldershot’s publicans happy. The barrack-rooms were “T” shaped with beds up each side of the shaft, and then around the cross-room that formed the “T”. Stanley slept at the left end of the T, with Robertson beside him, and they left their boots on the floor between the beds. One night Stanley came stumbling in well after “lights out” with only the very dim blue “black-out” bulb for illumination. He stopped between the beds and proceeded to pee in Robbie’s boots. Robbie, out of bed steered Stanley out to the urinal and to wash out his boots. A couple of days later, Stanley is on the town again. Robbie wisely moved his boots to the other side of the bed. In stumbled Stanley, stood between their beds, and then backed out, went around the other side and peed in Robbie’s boots again!!! Robbie went through the same routine. He was a rough-talking, harsh-looking man, but very softhearted.

Alf. Dougherty, who slept at the other end of the room, went on leave. The next time Stanley took out, Robbie moved all his kit to Dougherty’s spot and settled down. We all lay there waiting for Stanley. In he came, turned left as usual, took a couple of steps, stopped, turned around and came to the other end and peed in Robbie’s boots again. That was too much, Robbie hit him, and the next told him that was a sample of what could happen. Surprisingly though he still kept the pubs solvent, he never repeated his act.

Then there was “Half-beat” Temple. If he were just marching he had no trouble with the step. If there was pipers, or drummers, or even the platoon singing in tempo, something set him off and he marched a half step off pace. We kept him in the last stop in the third rank.

“C” Coy. had a company dance. I don’t know where the girls were from, A.T.S, W.A.A.F. etc. But Lt. MacLaren brought his own Lady that he had met. Slim Wells was a good-looking, smooth talking highly likeable guy with quite a personality. He stole MacLaren’s girl friend and took her home. MacLaren came and sat in the dark of our barrack room waiting for Slim to come home and charged him with returning late off pass.

We almost went to France. We didn’t. Then we did. The unusual thing is that the senior ranks were very tense and worried. The ordinary soldiers seemed to treat that trip as an excursion. I remember being issued a can of diced pineapple as part of the food allotment for my section. I opened it with my trench-knife and we sat in a circle on the train, each man took his spoon and removed 4 cubes, we did this 3 times, then dropped to 2 cubes a couple of rounds, finally 1 cube each, and the juice was poured out spoonful by spoonful. This was our first experience of feeding without a company cookhouse. The only other memory of the trip is the fellow who got drunk, climbed up on top of the train-car, fell off and split his chin open. I think he is still around, look around at the next re-union.

Back to Aldershot and then to Newdigate, rain, and mud. As a result, half of “A” Coy. took off, and on returning they were put in the digger. But we had no digger. There was a duck/fish pond on the estate, and out from one side a circle of trees. The Pioneer platoon strung barbed wire around this area, three or four bell-tents set up, and we had a Regimental detention camp. The gate was four boards nailed together, wound round and round with barbed wire and hung with wire for hinges to a spot where two trees were about four feet apart. Once this gate was closed, the barbs on the fence readily “Locked” into barbs on the gate, and opening the gate became quite a chore. One carefully (those barbs were sharp) untangled a couple, and as you were starting on the next one, the first ones swung shut again, and you started over.

One day the duty signaller in the B.O.R. heard the 2 i/c say to the R.S.M. that after lunch they would go and inspect the detention camp. A hurried call to the “C” Coy. H.Q., (we were duty Coy guard) that day, and a mass search for the inmates began. A lot of them were down visiting pals in the Coy. lines, but two of them, along with two of the guard were in Newdigate having a pint. Everyone was back in place in time. The gate-guard was told to open the gate. He leaned his rifle against a tree (the R.S.M. shuddered) and tackled the barbs on the gate. He got it almost open a couple of times with the 2 i/c stewing, till finally one of the inmates said “What are you doing?” The R.S.M. said “We are coming to inspect.” The inmate said “Well come on over here” Walked about ten feet down, took a stick to hold the top stands high, stepped on three or four lower strands to lower them, and opened a path seven feet high and four feet wide. The inspection proceeded in dead silence.

At Newdigate we were still in the “invasion threat” thinking, and each Coy.

continued on the next page >>

mounted a Bren for Ack-Ack defense. Originally the Bren had a pipe-fitters dream attachment, which allowed it to be mounted for fixed-lines and other defensive actions. You could spread three feet as a tripod, with the fourth sticking up in the air, hang the Bren on it, and shoot down paratroopers and Stuka dive-bombers. On clear days every Coy. mounted a Bren ready to fire with two gunners on duty. One of these was near the tree-bush line, it was a warm day and the gunners were having a nap under a near-by tree. Out of the bush wandered two highly inebriated lads who walked out and pulled the trigger, sending off a full magazine. All hell broke loose. Every officer and senior N.C.O. in the unit showed up. The drunk went into the digger they had just got out the day before, and going in with them were the duty gunners.

It was decided that a round hole about 7 feet in diameter should be dug, the earth piled all around the perimeter, the Bren could be mounted for Ack Ack, and the gunners while pivoting around would have some protection from bomb fragments. Ratcliffe and Lapp were put to work. They were good buddies, and often fooled around taking fake punches at each other. Ratcliffe miscalculated, hit Lapp's jaw, and cracked it. So away he goes to the R.A.P. and then to hospital. It was discovered that they were both half-corned. This resulted in some investigation. Somebody "Finked".

Across from A Coy. was a swamp about 35 yards wide. On the other side was a cider mill specializing in "rough" cider. It was nearly as strong as straight whiskey. It only had a wholesale license, and a minimum sale of 6 bottles about 60-70 oz. each was required. One of the guys made friends with the local poachers, who taught him how to cross the swamp walking on certain clumps of grass or reeds. Otherwise you were in up to your waist.

"Syndicates" emerged in A and C Coys. Groups would gather Pennies, sixpences, shillings etc. to buy a bottle. When there were 6 syndicates ready our local bootlegger would cross and make a purchase. On return each group took their bottle and carefully allotted the contents depending on the monies put up. Our bootlegger always wore a balaclava when crossing. We thought it's for midges, but discovered it was for him to remain anonymous

One afternoon the syndicates were sitting on the bank watching our rum-runner then over the hill ran the 2i/c and down the hill yelling "I've got you, come here". Our hero just turned and headed back, followed by Major Southam, but he did not know where to tread and ended up to his waist. As he plodded sodden up the hill past us, there was not a sound, or a smile, but as soon as he was over the hill the howls broke

out. That was the last bootlegger trip. It was too risky.

We moved into the Kingswood area, and the Coys. were spread out. "C" Coy was at the end of a road that ran out into the country and then a right angle turn. From there on were a number of very large houses that became our billets. The Officers were in part of Lady Wellsley's home. The road ran along the edge of "Walton Heath" golf course, one of the very "posh" courses. At that right-angle turn was the ninth hole, and any good ninth hole would have a Pub. We had a Pub right in the Coy lines! Each Coy in turn was C.B. at night to be all there and sober for emergencies. We didn't care. For once the officers cooperated, and said nothing, B.H.Q. did not find the pub for 4 or 5 months.

The Pubs down a big hill were quite a draw after the drought of Newdigate. They were thoroughly patronized. Coming back up the main road after hours was a little iffy because of Regimental and provost police types. There was a path led up the hill across a huge heath-like slope that gave "C" Coy a back entrance. The whole chalk cliff was a huge rabbit warren. One night a polluted Alex Blais fell coming up, and as he fell one arm went into a rabbit-hole up to the armpit without him feeling anything. He lay there yelling, "My arm is broken off!" until we pulled him out and went on our way.

On the second floor of our house the stretcher-bearers had a room at the end of the hall with floor to ceiling windows that open like doors. One warm night Blackie Macdonald came home loaded and then wandered off down the hall. Fox was lying in bed, with the window wide open, reading a book by flashlight. When asked if he has seen MacDonald he answered, "Yes, he just walked out the window" and went on reading his book. Luckily there was a big bush under the window. We picked Mac out of it with just a few scratches.

For Christmas 1940, the battalion were stationed at Brighton, manning sand-bag weapon pits right on the beach, which would have been wiped out with the first salvo of any invaders. But the Esplanade ran right behind then, and across the road all the pubs open for business. Four men manned each post. On a cold night in rotation the nearest Pub could warm you up. Blackie MacDonald smoked MacDonald Menthol cigarettes He offered one to the barmaid, who took one drag, turned and spoke to the Publican, who went out and returned with a Bobbie. Mac was hauled off to civvie jail for trying to drug the barmaid. B.H.Q. had to go and pry him loose. No one around there had ever heard of Menthols.

Our platoon loved to sing, we were not cho-

risters, we laid back our ears and let go. Five of us in a Brighton Pub where all the patrons were singing, and we sang along. Finally we ran out of songs. Someone, (Dougherty?) had taught us 'Gavin Barrie' So we started it. Once again, someone slipped out and this time brought in a squad of Bobbies who ushered us down to the cooler. It seems "Gavin Barrie" was an Irish Republican Army hero, who had been hanged by the English authorities for treason. He was an Irish martyr, and an English traitor. We were "treasonous" for singing of him-the song was outlawed. Once again B.H.Q. had to "spring" us.

A day or two after arriving in Kingswood, we were all on various fatigues. The Coy. 60 cwt. had been dumped into a big garage for Quarter stores. Metcalfe and Pattison were turned over to L/Cpl Garlick the store man, to help straighten things out. During a "break" they found a book of standards. "x" ounces of rifle oil per 100 per month, "y" pieces of 2x4 flannel per 100 per month, "z" ounces of cheese per 100 per meal, etc. They found that the issue of toilet paper per man per day was 6 sheets. Remember those dark brown, almost sandpaper things that littered the floor of latrines, and were seldom fit to use! A few days later there was a kit inspection, where we laid out everything of army issue on a blanket according to a plan. And in this way they found what had been lost, stolen, or sold. Our two sparks fanned out 6 sheets of the brown stuff at the bottom of the layout. Along comes Lt. F McLaren "What is this?" "Sir we discovered that 6 sheets is the issue per man per day, this is our issue." "Oh"---. Five weeks later, there was another inspection. They had forgotten the joke, McLaren hadn't. He put them on charge for losing issue items. They got 2 days pay, and 2 days after-hours fatigue-helping Garlick with the stores.

Some of the ardent and not too cautious Lotharios were finding themselves and their girl friends in trouble. The Stretcher Bearers were being constantly plagued to ask the M.O. for prescriptions to take to the local pharmacy that might help them in their predicaments. One bright spark stated that he sat his lady on the top step of a very long flight, grabbed her ankles, and dragged her bump after bump to the bottom. He claimed the next day their problems were over. We were very skeptical. We had been overseas about 17-18 months when one fellow went to mail call, and received two letters. One was from his wife in Toronto, the other from his girl in Brighton. They bore identical news!! I don't know how that ended up. And then there was our REGIMENTAL HE-MAN. He had 3 women pregnant all at the same time!!!!

To be continued in the next issue of the FALCON

CONFINED TO BARRACKS

We have eight Highlanders currently in Sunnybrook Hospital.

J. CC Jack Hughes
Sunnybrook - K2C
Rm. 16

Norm McMurrich
Sunnybrook - K3W
Rm. 33

Joe Potts
Sunnybrook - LGSE
Rm. 23, code 4589

Nelson Liston
Sunnybrook - K3E
Rm. 21

G. Ron Pallett
Sunnybrook - K2E
Rm. 10

Naury Rosenblath

George Mason
Sunnybrook - K2W
Rm. 33

Sgt. Ed Cane
Sunnybrook - K2W
Rm. 4

In hospital, Special Care, Nursing units or confined to home we also have the following:

R. E. Kenzie (in nursing home)
The Westmount, 200 Bergsy Dr.
Kitchener, Ontario
N2E 3X4

W. Carothers (at home)
269 Upper Highland Cres
Willowdale, Ontario
416-225-2852

Tom Keightley (at home)
27 Tiago Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
416-755-7468

Sgt. Lloyd Tucker (Drummer)
Baycrest Hospital, 7 West Hospital
Rm. 4, 3560 Bathurst St.
Please call Mrs Pat Tucker before 10 a.m.
before visit at 416-223-7513

We also have the following who have health problems but are still able to get out and around.

Don Graham (on oxygen)
672 Gordon Ave
London, Ontario
519-686-5214

Jack McKenna
14924 Yonge St, Suite 304
Aurora, Ontario
905-841-3906

Al Harris (on oxygen)
102 George St., Apt. 102
Cambridge, ON N1S 2N4
519-740-2110

Art Johnson (at home)
37 Winstanley Cres.
Scarborough, Ontario
416-282-8430
e-mail: dileas@aol.com

*There may be other Highlanders but we are not aware of them at this time.
When we are advised of any others we will advise you.*

- TOMMY THOMPSON

HURRICANE KATRINA & FORMER REGIMENTAL PADRE MAJOR HAROLD ROBERTS IN BILOXI MISSISSIPPI

We all are aware of the devastation caused by hurricane Katrina in the southern states in the US. To give a personal perspective to this situation I have received word that one of our own comrades has been impacted by this disaster.

A former Regimental padre, Major The Reverend Harold Roberts who has a parish in Biloxi Mississippi has lost everything to hurricane Katrina. His church and home has been completely destroyed. Nothing is left! He just managed to escape with the clothes on his back.

Many of you will remember Harold for his enthusiastic participation in Regimental activities. Harold practiced his calling in Toronto and on many occasions assisted in our annual church services. Many of our members availed themselves of his services in marriages, baptisms, etc so they have a close association with him. Later he was transferred to the USA by the Anglican (Episcopalian) church.

Details on Harold's church can be found on their web site. There is a contact E-mail block in the web site where you can send a message to the Church. I have my doubts if anyone in Biloxi would be reading it but it could be stored in cyber space until the situation has resolved itself (<http://www.dioms.org/>).

DOUGLASS CHAPPELL

Those wishing to make a donation to help Major The Reverend Harold Roberts and his family get back on their feet quickly so that he may turn his attention to supporting those in his parish who have been devastated can do so through the 48th Trusts. Cheques, made out to "48th Highlanders Trusts" can be sent to 39 Wanless Crescent, Toronto, Ontario, M4N 3B6. The Trusts will issue a tax receipt to each donor and forward the funds to Reverend Roberts through his brother.

THANKS

GEORDIE BEAL
HLCOL



Surrender of German Forces in European Theatre - 7 May 1945

by Honorary LCol Geordie Beal

On Monday May 7 1945 at 0845 hours, a message arrived at the Orderly Room of the 48th Highlanders 1st Battalion at their location in The Netherlands not far from Apeldoorn that they, and the 1st Brigade, had liberated just twenty days prior. When decoded, the message read:

“Unconditional surrender of German forces signed at 070141 (.). To be effective 090001. All offensive action will cease (.).”

In one of his letters home, Major George Beal, MC wrote on that day of the event:

“At last the war in Europe is over. The news came to us here at about ten minutes to nine when I was having a company parade. There was no cheering or celebrating. Everyone took the news quietly and if they all felt as I did they said a little prayer of thankfulness. We can all go home now.”

For the members of the 48th Highlanders, and of the allied armies in Europe, the news of the official signing in the small hours of the night by General Eisenhower was merely confirmation of what they already knew and had been told late in the night of May 4. It was on that day that the first unconditional surrender was signed, in front of Field Marshall Montgomery and a 48th Highlander, Lt.Col. Trumbull Warren.

Although not often recorded in the history books that event of May 4 has its own drama and interest for us all.

Lieutenant Colonel Trumbull Warren joined the 48th Highlanders in 1934 and volunteered for overseas duty when the war began and embarked for England in December 1939 as a Captain. He was the consummate diplomat. As the writer and journalist Gregory Clark noted, “He speaks English, Canadian and American”. Trum, as he was called, became an Aide-de-Camp to General (later Field Marshall Sir) Bernard Montgomery of the British Army in 1941, and served two terms with him in England, North Africa and Sicily, at which point he was then appointed Liaison Officer between the British 8th Army and the 1st Canadian Division for the Italian campaign. At Montgomery’s request he returned to act as his Personal Assistant from the time of planning for the



Lt. Col. Warren, directly in front of his jeep, approaches first of German party to arrive.

D-Day landings until the end of the war in Europe. “Montgomery formed a genuine affection” for Warren, at one point writing to him, “I often wish you were my son”, and it proved to be a highly effective relationship at the highest level of war-time leadership.



Balance of German officers arrive. Lt. Col. Warren to right on edge of road.

On May 3, 1945, Warren, unarmed and with only his driver, drove behind the German lines and personally escorted four senior German officers, including the Commander-in-Chief of the German fleet General Admiral von Friedeburg and the Chief of Staff of the army General Kinsel, back through the British lines to meet Montgomery. After later convincing Field Marshall Kietel that Germany was defeated, they returned the following day to Luneburg Heath, south of Hamburg, Germany, once again with Warren as their escort.

As described in Monty, the three-volume biography of Montgomery by British Author Nigel Hamilton... ‘Immaculately attired in dress uniforms with medals, they were

made to wait twenty minutes before Monty appeared, a little man of 5’8”, wearing old corduroy trousers washed so many times that they were almost white, a turtleneck sweater, black beret, and no rank insignia or medals.’ They were escorted inside the mess tent of

21 Army Group Headquarters. “I had the surrender document all ready.” described Warren. “The arrangements in the tent were simple – a trestle table covered with an army blanket, an inkpot, an ordinary army pen that you could buy in a shop for two pence. There were two BBC microphones on the table.” The historic document, the unconditional surrender of German forces in that theatre of the war, was then signed at 1830 hours on May 4 1945 in this incongruous setting, witnessed by only Warren and one other aide.

Both Friedeburg and Kinsel committed suicide with a week of the signing taking place, the first by poison and the second by a bullet.

Among other awards, Warren would be made a Member of the Order of the British Empire and receive the U.S. Bronze Star. He would go on to be President of Rheem of Canada, a director of Argus and other corporations, President of the Royal Winter Fair, and Honorary Colonel of the 48th Highlanders.

SCHEDULE OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA REGIMENTAL FAMILY

Fri 09 Sep	Stand To / Muster Parade
Tue 13 Sep	O.C.A. Life Members Meeting & O.C.A. Drill Team Meeting
Thr 22 Sep	Officers' Association Golf Tournament, see details at the bottom of this page.
Fri 23 Sep	Sgts Mess Meeting after training
Tue 04 Oct	O.C.A. Life Members Meeting & O.C.A. Drill Team Meeting
Sat 22 Oct	Sergeant's Annual Mess Dinner - cannot be held on 15 Oct due to conflict with 32 CBG training exercise.
Tue 01 Nov	O.C.A. Life Members Meeting & O.C.A. Drill Team Meeting

YEAR OF THE VETERAN - CELEBRATION WEEKEND

Fri 04 Nov	Meet and Greet at MPA/WW II Veterans Reception
Sat 05 Nov	Senior NCO's & Officers parade at Mount Pleasant Cemetery with the OCA <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lunch in the Mess • Annual Mess Meeting • OCA Dinner
Sat 05 Nov	48th Museum Open
Sat 05 Nov	O.C.A. Drill Team parade & service at 48th Monument, Queens Park
Sun 06 Nov	Regimental Remembrance Day Parade - CSA responsible for food

Tue 06 Dec	O.C.A. Life Members Meeting & O.C.A. Drill Team Meeting
Fri 09 Dec	Regimental Christmas Dinner
Sun 11 Dec	Regimental Kid's Christmas Party

1945  2005

48th Highlanders of Canada O.C.A.
71 Underhill Drive, Box 174, Don Mills, Ontario, M3A 2J8

48th Veterans of the WW 2 European Campaign

Join us in Toronto on November 4th, 5th & 6th, 2005 to celebrate the

"60th Anniversary of End of War in Europe"

For information, hotel accommodation and possible assistance, write above address or E-mail: hwignall@rogers.com

All 48th Highlanders welcome.

LAST POST

The following Highlanders passed away recently:

William 'Bill' McCutcheon	January 20, 2005	Richmond Hill
George Simpson	February 18, 2005	
A. E. Bud Hartwell	March 5, 2005	Orillia
Robert Arthur Ivory	March 24, 2005	Toronto
Robert O'Neill	April 4	91 years
John Maxwell McGarey	April 19, 2005	Lindsay
George Frederick Morley	June 19, 2005	Newmarket
Charles Alexander Lumsden	April 19, 2005	Toronto
Leonard Mills	August 2005	Toronto
Gord Hornsby	August 6, 2005	Toronto
"Chuck" N. McIlmoye	July 2005	Toronto

OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION GOLF TOURNAMENT: **Date:** Thursday 22 Sep 2005 **Place:** The Toronto Golf Club, Dixie Road south of the QEW, Mississauga
Time: Lunch any time after 1200 hrs. Golf around 1300 - 1330 hrs. Dinner approx 1830 hrs
Cost: Green fees for non-members - \$145.00. Dinner (includes wine and port) - approx \$85.00
Games Captain: HCol Bob Darling **RSVP:** HLCol Geordie Beal: geordie48@sympatico.ca or (416) 485-7483