



THE FALCON

NEWSLETTER
JULY 2022

*Last post is sounded by the
bugle section, 11 Nov 1939.*



In honour of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth the Second, Queen of Canada, Colonel-in-Chief to the 48th Highlanders of Canada, we celebrate her majesty's Platinum Jubilee!

[Click here to see the video on Facebook.](#)



The Falcon, the Journal of the 48th Highlanders of Canada's Regimental Family, is published by the 48th Highlanders Trusts.

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If you would like to contribute to future issues, please e-mail your stories and pictures to:
falcon_newsletter@hotmail.com

Thank you to all those who made submissions to this issue.



EXERCISE URBAN FALCON 2022, Soldiers of the 48th Highlanders, had their urban ops skills put to the test...
[Click here to see the video on Facebook.](#)

SUMMER 2022 - FEATURING:

- *Msgs from the CO & RSM*
 - *Promotions and Awards*
 - *Church Parade 2022*
 - *Active Unit Exercises and Photos*
 - *Saint Andrews Cadets*
 - *7 days in France, 1940*
 - *The Tsunami of 2004*
 - *Norm Gogo 101st Birthday*
 - *IODE - 48th Chapter*
 - *Confined to Barracks: Mark McVety, Tom White*
 - *Posted to Upper Camp: Tommy Thompson, Ken McBey, Pat Scallan*
- And - much more about the Regiment - past and present.**

This issue of the FALCON produced by:



Capt (Ret) Steve Gilbert, CD
Editor



Sgt (Ret) Adam Bernard, CD
Design & Digital Manager

From the Editorial Desk:

Welcome to our latest Virtual Falcon. Special thanks to all, the CO, HCOL, RSM and many other serving members of the Active Battalion, also to Maj Brian McCue, SAC Cadet Corp and to the many members of the Regimental Association who also have contributed to this issue.

BRAVO ZULU to each and every one of you!

Dileas,
 Editorial Staff



PHOTOS IN THIS ISSUE – PROVIDED BY: Danielle Reesor, BGen G. Young, Geordie Beal, Maj J. Lau, Capt Van Der Toorn, Paul Mosey, Major Brian McCue, Regimental Command Cell, IODE, Cpl Chung, LCol B. Jackson, Ian L. Macdonald

ACTIVE BATTALION

A Message from the Commanding Officer

Highlanders and members of the Regimental Family,

It has been quite some time since my last update; rest assured the Regiment has been extremely busy. During the winter months we emerged from strict COVID-19 restrictions and were permitted to return to more frequent in-person training. The Regiment was one of the only units able to successfully execute the Cold Weather Operator course for our members. The time and effort put in by the operations and course staff demonstrated an incredible amount of dedication in the face of constantly changing circumstances while never losing sight of the end state that was required. This qualification and capability will be critical for members going forward as Canada looks north at issues of arctic security and potential domestic operations.

I hope that many of you have been following the activities of the Regiment on social media...if you haven't been, give it a try. In March, highlanders participated in EXERCISE URBAN FALCON which focused on close quarter battle drills and urban operations. The photos and videos prepared by the public affairs teams will give you some idea of the level of professionalism demonstrated by all members, and their ability to adapt to the unique environment of the TTC subway system. Soldiers from around the brigade have been asking to either join us on the next iteration or beg for our contacts to do this themselves. Everyone involved should be proud of their efforts in planning, supervising and executing this task.

In addition to a return to field exercises, April brought with it our first in-person Act of Remembrance parade at St. Andrew's Church. I cannot overstate the importance of events like this. Not only it is critical for us all to honour our fallen, wounded, or past members, it is equally necessary to connect with our community and Regimental family. While I have never been overly fond of formal occasions, even I was anxious to take part in this parade and march through the streets of Toronto again. As an aside, thanks to some senior members pushing the agenda higher, we were able to invite friends and family back into our messes which was a pleasure in and of itself. It is my hope that our ability to hold such events will continue, so that I can fulfill my promise to all highlanders and hold an in-person Remembrance Day parade on Sunday 06 November 2022.

The training year is now completed. Stand-down took place on Saturday 04 June 2022 with a range shoot at CFB BORDEN and a smoker back at MPA. We must all now look to the summer, both to rest and recharge, or towards the next challenge. For many highlanders this will mean going on course either as staff or as a candidate. Both hold their challenges. To those highlanders I wish you good luck and expect to hear good things upon your successful return. For others, we will be going to CFB PETAWAWA in August to support and supervise the Infantry Dismounted Company Commanders Course. While this was previously a task for the Regular Force great pressure is being applied for Army Reserve units to directly support their higher-level training. We were asked, and members of the Regiment stepped-up, to ensure mission



LCol Morische

success. I want to thank all of those who accepted this challenge.

For those of you in the Regimental family, I also want to thank all of you for remaining connected during these last few strange years. Breaking our routine of parades, mess functions and opportunities to get together has made keeping contact more difficult. With our new, more 'normal' environment I hope that we will see and hear more from you. To that end, I encourage all of you to reach out to other members (past and present) and ask them to register with the Regimental website and/or social media accounts.

Enjoy the summer months with your friends and family, stay fit and be ready for the next challenge.

DILEAS GU BRATH!

J. A. MORISCHE
LIEUTENANT COLONEL
COMMANDING OFFICER
48TH HIGHLANDERS
OF CANADA



ACTIVE BATTALION



A Message from the Regimental Sergeant Major

Hello fellow Highlanders,

As I write this update, I am cognizant that I am at the midway point of my appointment as RSM. For certain this has not been quite what I expected when I accepted the nomination. But it has been exciting and I hope that what we are accomplishing is setting the Regiment up for success going forward.

Since my last message to the Regiment, a lot has been going on. I hope to capture some of the high points here.

Training has been very engaging for the highlanders who have been able to attend the field training exercises. We have done actual field operations and live fire range work; Our Urban Ops weekend saw highlanders learning skillsets that will help them fight in an Urban environment including in a Subway system and in subterranean situations. And our Jr Officers got valuable lessons on Urban Ops planning from a guest lecturer from the Reg Force. He is the subject matter expert on Urban Operations and I know they all came away with a new way to look at their planning.

We have had several promotions and course completions come to be. We have added a total of 4 new MCpls, 5 New Sgts, one Sgt almost fully qualified to WO, one WO qualified for their leadership portion of their next promotion and one WO who did both their Leadership and Trade qualification for promotion to MWO. This summer we are looking to get a few more Cpls trained for promotion to MCpl and a couple more MCpls trained for promotion to Sgt. Our Leadership Development program is healthy and those members are taking on new responsibilities.

A new Pipe Major has also been appointed with the pending departure of MWO Lang. Sgt Brown has been appointed the PMaj following in a long line of Pipe Majors. To say he has big shoes to fill

is an understatement but I know there is a core group of pipers and drummers who will support him and help them grow as we emerge from the Pandemic and opportunities open up for them again. I would like to wish both MWO Lang and his wife, Linda, all the best in this new chapter of their lives down in Nova Scotia. You always have a home here.

We have also celebrated several milestones this year and a half. We have celebrated our 130th Birthday of the Regiment last October complete with the WOs and Sgts mess dinner and the change of CO. While that weekend wasn't quite what was envisioned prior to the pandemic lockdowns, we adjusted to fit the guidelines we had to follow and still celebrated. And we have just celebrated the Queen's Platinum Jubilee and acknowledged her pending 75th year as our Colonel-in-Chief. Again, not quite what we might have done pre-pandemic, but it fit into the guidelines we were

instructed to follow. And now we are into our summer routine as we gear up for Stalwart Guardian in August and the fall training session. The Regiment has also been tasked to run the Infantry Dismounted Company Commanders Course in Early August. This is an excellent opportunity to showcase the ability of the Regiment.

For those not taking courses this summer, enjoy the rest and be ready to hit the ground running in September. If you have not qualified PWT since last year, there will be two chances this summer. Come on out and get qualified so we can move on to more exciting training come the fall. It will be well worth your effort in the future as we transition to the new Soldier Readiness Policy – Reserves.

For those who are taking courses, best of luck as you attend those courses and we look forward to you bringing your new skills back to the Regiment.

I look forward to seeing everyone in the fall.

DILEAS GU BRATH!

CHRIS REESOR, CD
CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER
REGIMENTAL SGT MAJOR
48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA

MEMBER
ASSISTANCE
PROGRAM
1-888-268-7708



HONOURS, PROMOTIONS AND AWARDS

PROMOTIONS AND AWARDS 2022



MCPL TO SGT

Cui Gundert
Sosa Thompson
Van Lingen



PTE TO CPL

Birch Katz
Lam Mahmud
Switzer Vremea
Walker



CAPTAIN TO MAJOR

Blake Lau



CANADIAN FORCES DECORATION

Major Lau

EATON AWARDS

2Lt Outram-Kuzma – Jr Officer
Sgt Kowalenko – Sr NCO
MCpl van Overdijk – Jr NCO

CARPENTER AWARD

Sgt Brown

DYER AWARD

Cpl Spratt

SOUTH AFRICA TROPHY

4 Platoon, B Coy (Leadership
Development)
(Honourable mention to the P&D)

APPOINTMENTS

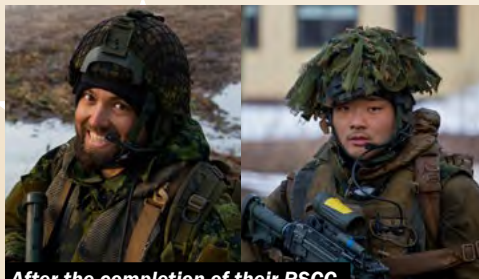
Pipe Major (Sgt) Brown



After the completion of their RSCC, congratulations to our newly appointed sergeants: Sgt. Sosa, Sgt. Gundert, and Sgt. Van Lingen!



These members will be joining the regiment as qualified Infantry soldiers. Congratulations to Pte Clarke, Chen, Inacio and Banatao on completing their DP1.



After the completion of their RSCC, congratulations to our newly appointed sergeants: Sergeant Thompson and Sergeant Cui

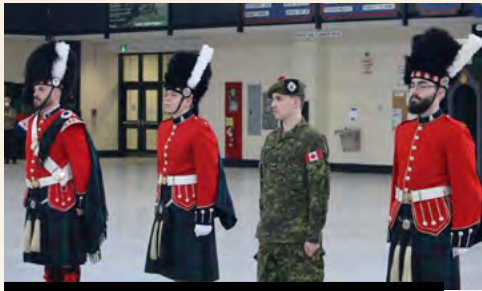


Congratulations to these newly promoted Highlanders: Hashim, Jones, Chowdhury, Bryant and Worthington-Wilmer!

HONOURS, PROMOTIONS AND AWARDS

COMMANDING OFFICER'S COMMENDATION

On 24 April 2022 the Commanding Officer & the RSM presented the Sgt Al Kowalenko with a Commanding Officer's Commendation:



On 24 April 2022, these members have been promoted to the rank of Corporal after serving for at least 2 years.



Congratulations to MCpl Bender and other members on completing their RTO (Rappel Tower Operator) course!



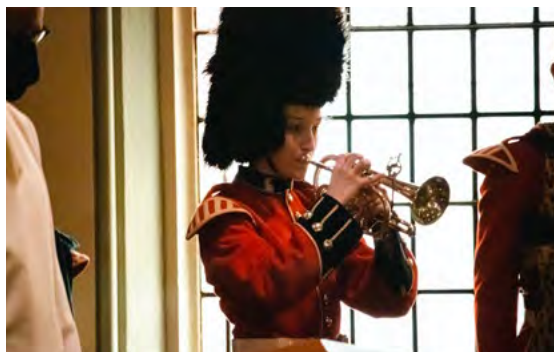
Congratulations to 2Lt Khan on his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant!



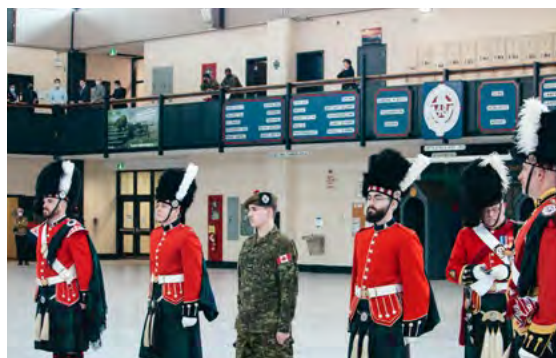
48highlanders Congratulations to Ocdt Syron and Silva Araujo on their promotion to the rank of 2Lt.

More photos of promotions & awards can be found online at 48thhighlanders.ca, [Facebook](#) and [Instagram](#)

ACT OF REMEMBRANCE PARADE, 24 APRIL 2022



ACT OF REMEMBRANCE PARADE, 24 APRIL 2022



ACTIVE BATTALION

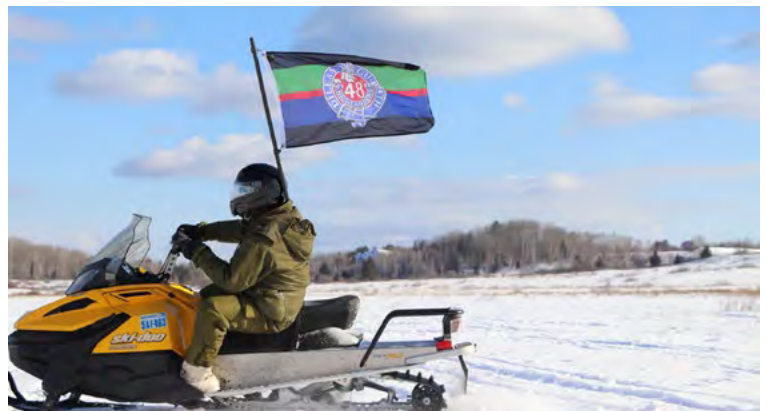
12 FEB 2022 - RANGE FTX IN MEAFORD



26-27 FEB 2022 - LOSV TRAINING

On 26-27 February, members of the regiment completed their LOSV (Light Over Snow Vehicle) Course, qualifying those individuals to drive snowmobiles.

Snowmobile is an essential vehicle when in field during winter exercise as it allows for individuals to transport personnel, equipment, supplies and etc. through the path that regular vehicles cannot go through.



ACTIVE BATTALION

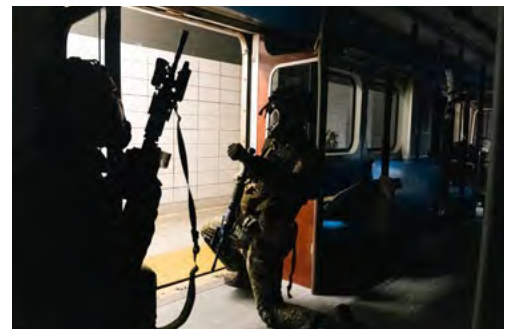
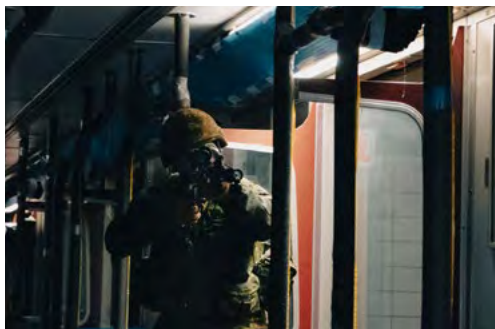
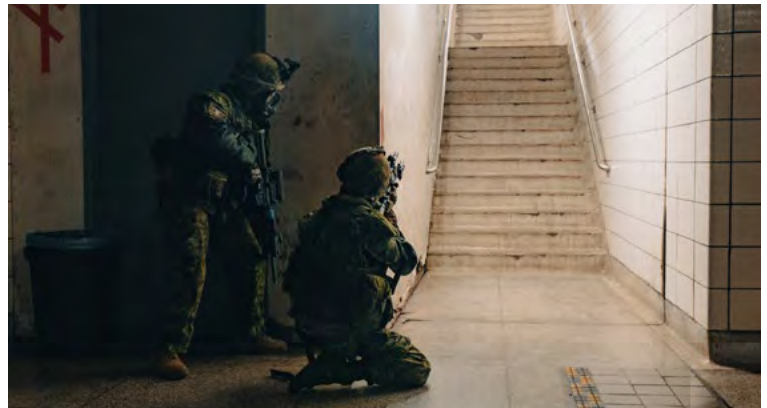
5-6 MARCH, 2022 • EX URBAN FALCON • LOWER BAY SUBWAY STATION

ON EXERCISE URBAN FALCON 2022, Soldiers of the 48th Highlanders, had their urban ops skills put to the test as they practiced fighting through and clearing subway cars through a subway station with simmunition rounds. In their exercise scenario, their mission was to rescue and secure a hi-jacked train from a well trained enemy. They fought against a simulated enemy force of other infantry Master Corporal's and Sergeants from the regiment, who set traps and obstacles in their path to test how they would react. Attached to the regiment in this exercise were a small amount of medics and Intelligence personnel from @25fdamb as well as @2intcoy_2cierens, which enabled soldiers to practice intel gathering/handling as well as dealing with casualties in a realistic manner.

During Exercise Urban Falcon, soldiers had an opportunity to use simmunition rounds on force-on-force training, allowing for them to have valuable training time on urban operation settings.

Similar to paintball, the projectile is filled with different colors which breaks upon impact. It is one of the best training tools that a soldier can use as you can tell if you got shot by an enemy or where you have been shooting at.

With simmunition in use, the soldiers had to wear either a C4 Gas mask or facial protection to train safely. [Click here to see the video on FB.](#)



ACTIVE BATTALION

11-20 MAR 2022 - RIFLE SECTION COMMANDER COURSE



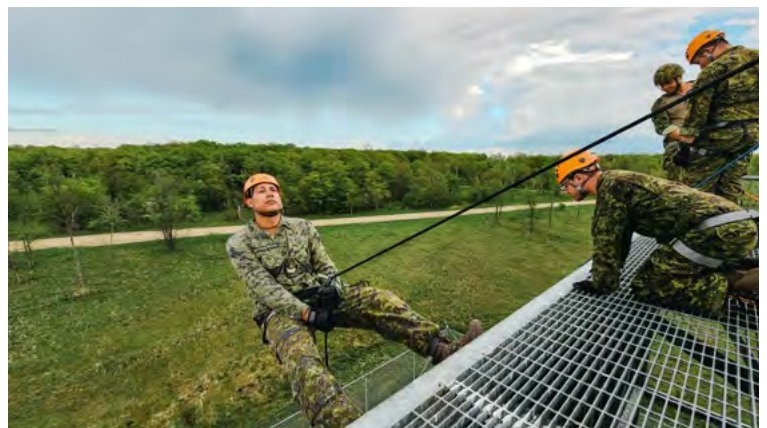
ACTIVE BATTALION

30 APR 2022 - EX HIGHLAND RAIDER - ADVANCE TO CONTACT FTX



ACTIVE BATTALION

14 MAY 2022 - EX BALLISTIC WARRIOR I - RANGE AND RAPPELLING FTX



ACTIVE BATTALION

25 MAY 2022 - SMUDGING CEREMONY AT DENISON ARMOURY WITH BDE COMD, COL MCEWEN PRESENT

On 25 May 2022, 32 Canadian Brigade Group conducted a smudging ceremony chaired by Col JMC McEwen (Commander 32 Brigade) and facilitated by Warrant Officer JL Miller (31 Canadian Brigade Group) at Denison Armoury. The Defence Team at Denison was able to participate in the intimate ceremony which is used for healing. Some fun facts of the smudging ceremony include:

Feather - in this ceremony, an eagle feather was used to help move the smoke to the participants.

Four Elements of a Smudge:

- First Element: Abalone Shell, where everything is placed.
- Second Element: The Four Sacred Medicines which includes tobacco, sage, sweet grass and cedar.
- Third Element: Fire which lights the Sacred Medicines.
- Fourth Element: The air and smoke which is created from the burning of the Sacred Medicines.

Flag - The flag that WO Miller is standing with represents the six nations of the Haudenosaunee which include the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca and the Tuscarora people.



SAINT ANDREWS COLLEGE GRADUATION 2022



SAINT ANDREWS CADETS



7 DAYS IN FRANCE... JUNE 1940

A WHIRLWIND WEEK:

A TORONTO POLICEMAN WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY IN THE BATTLE OF FRANCE, JUNE 1940.

Researched and written by Matthew Scarlino. Toronto, June 2022.

With special thanks to Jean (Small) Sarjeant



Police Constable (709) James "Tiny" Small, Acting R.S.M. 48th Highlanders of Canada

Eighty two years ago, a small number of Canadian soldiers landed at Brest to participate in the Battle of France, in what is now an obscure and little-known operation.

Just days before, the nearly-destroyed British Expeditionary Force was miraculously evacuated from Dunkirk. The German army then pressed their attack against the remaining French Army south of the Seine and Marne rivers.

In a desperate bid to keep up a foothold in France, Britain committed it's last two fully-equipped infantry divisions, the 1st Canadian and 52nd Lowland, as well as the 1st Armoured Division in a force now known as the "Second" British Expeditionary Force (BEF). The mission was to be kept secret to avoid detection by German forces. The 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade, would spearhead their division, and advance parties landed at the French port city of Brest, on 12 June 1940. The orders for the operation, somewhat unclear, were to drive toward and reinforce the new French defensive position dubbed the Weygand Line. Or, "failing that, to join in the defence of the Breton Redoubt as a last fortified foothold on the continent" [Copp].

As could be expected, owing to the Toronto Police Department's large and widespread contribution to the war, Toronto policemen were among the contingent. One such officer kept a brief diary during the campaign, which offers a rare first hand look. Police Constable (709) James "Tiny" Small, joined the Toronto Police Force in 1921, walking the beat out of the old No. 6 Police Station (Queen & Cowan Ave), he also was served as

motorcycle patrol and as the Drum Major of the historic Toronto Police Pipe Band. Small left the force for military service at the outbreak of war in Autumn 1939. Now, the 6'6" "Tiny" Small was the first Highlander promoted to the newly established rank of Platoon Sergeant Major (PSM) in the 1st Battalion, 48th Highlanders of Canada.

Small and his fellow Canadian soldiers stood by helplessly in Britain while Germany's Blitzkrieg rolled over the British and Western European allies in France and the Low Countries in May and June of 1940. The men were elated when they received orders to proceed to France. Small's 48th Highlanders of Canada were inspected by King George VI and then moved from Camp Aldershot to the embarkation point at Plymouth. On the way they found out that the 51st Highland Division (which contained their allied regiment, the Gordon Highlanders) had just been encircled and wiped out near St Valéry, France. With happy memories of last winter's snowball fights with Gordons still fresh in their minds, the gravity of their situation must have started to sink in.

Let us look to his diary.



11 June 1940 1p.m.: entrained for Plymouth. Stayed under canvas – sailed on Ville D'Alger – shores of Plymouth packed with people. Wonderful send off – 2 troopships & good escort. First Canadians to land in France.

Small's journey begins on a "scruffy French channel craft", the Ville d'Alger. He was CSM Headquarters Company which included the battalion's Transport Section, which along with the (Bren Gun) Carrier Section led the way to the continent ahead of their regiment's main body which embarked by train.

12 June 1940: Landed at Brest at 10a.m. - good trip. Looked the town over – got paid (French Francs).

Small's advance party landed in France, and it must have been an emotional feeling for him. Small had fought in France as a 17 year old rifleman in the 19th Battalion during Canada's Hundred Days Offensive of 1918. There would be little fanfare however. Upon arrival the men found a "dismaying atmosphere" at Brest. There was no official welcome. French soldiers indifferently lounged around while civilian refugees carrying all they could crammed the streets. Small went to

7 DAYS IN FRANCE... JUNE 1940

work unloading his section's trucks and motorcycles in the busy port. It would be exhausting non-stop work as thousands of men, vehicles and equipment would be disembarking behind them.

13 June 1940: Left Brest about 1p.m. after unloading transport – slept in bush at Mur-de-Bretagne – tired out

Small's party set off toward the planned Rennes-Laval-Le Mans assembly area (headquarters being established at the city of Le Mans). The 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade's Carrier and Transport Sections took the roads, while the main force traveled by rail. The route was clogged with refugees, whom local authorities gave the right-of-way, causing the convoys to move fitfully. At the end of the day Small would camp at Mûr-De-Bretagne, having moved 130km inland from Brest.

14 June 1940: Started on road again – rode all day – stopped in bush for the night at Bouessay. Haven't seen the Regt. yet,

After a long day's drive, Small would camp at the small town of Bouessay, outside of Sablé-sur-Sarthe, now about 360km inland from Brest, and 60km from Le Mans.

While on the road, the situation had changed drastically – that morning German troops reached Paris, and to save the historic city from destruction, the French soldiers marched down the Champs Elysées under a swastika-covered Arc de Triomphe. They would not stop for long. The French armies were now cut off from each other and unable to put up a coherent defence.

The British War Office, fearing total collapse in France, issued orders to recall the BEF. They would be needed for the next battleground – Britain.

15 June 1940 4:30a.m.: British Retiring – also us. Got back as far as Landesvovs(?). Walking in circles – what a life! Still haven't found the Regt.

In the confusion, the 48th's Transport and Carrier Sections were not able to rendezvous with their main force. They began their withdrawal to the port among fears of aerial attack and rumours of a sweeping German advance.

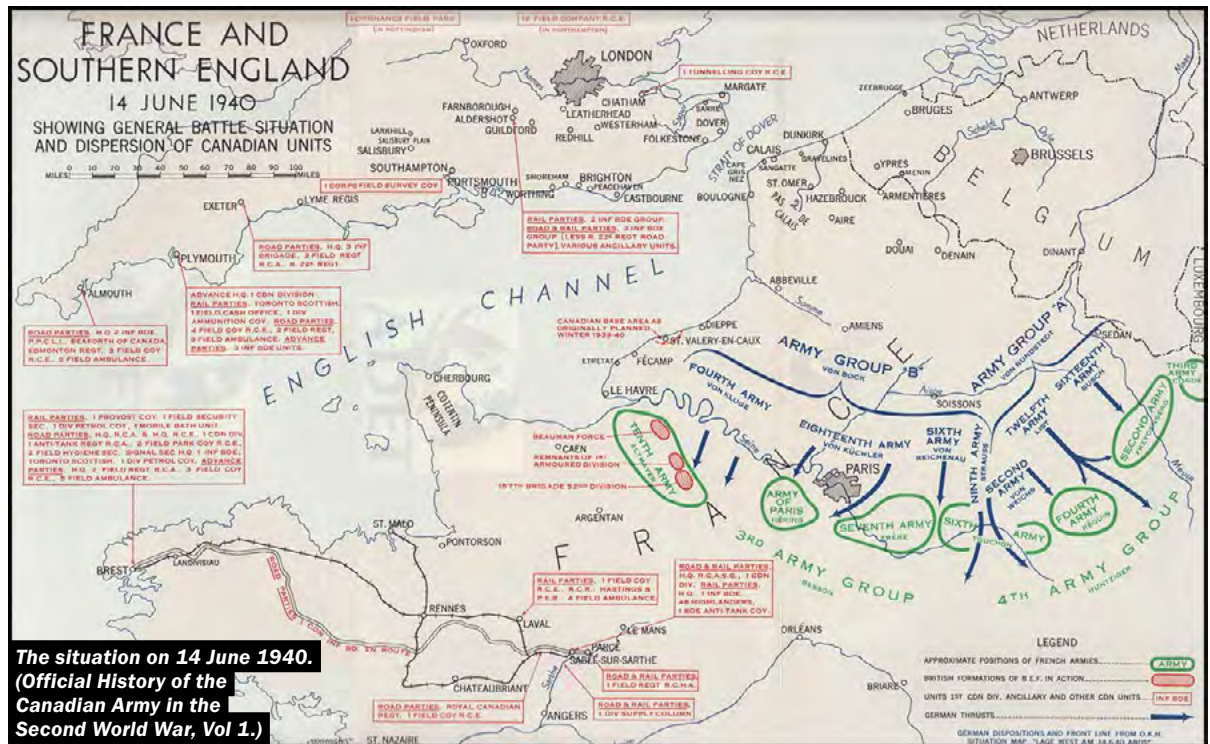
Small's party managed to drive 325km to the town of Landivisiau, about 40km outside of Brest.

"None of us will forget that drive. We passed thousands of refugees, in fact most of the roads were choked with them, poor devils. I don't know where they wanted to go; anywhere away from the Germans, I supposed. They were all ages, and all were carrying bundles... The only greetings we received now were black scowls..." - Basil Smith, Transport

Sergeant, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment. As part of the same brigade, the "Hasty P's" Carrier and Transport Sections also came to France on the Ville d'Alger, and would have traveled in conjunction with Small's party.

16 June 1940: Took up positions in bush outside Landesvovs(?). Extra ammunition. Hiley(?) shot through hand – Resneven(?)

Things are becoming chaotic. An edgy night was spent in defensive positions, on high alert for attacks from the air or by land. The man shot would have been from friendly fire or a negligent discharge, for the German army, unbeknownst to the men, were still hundreds of kilometres away.



The situation on 14 June 1940. (Official History of the Canadian Army in the Second World War, Vol 1.)

Small's section was now paused at the town Lesneven, outside of Brest.

That afternoon, a German reconnaissance plane appeared over the port at Brest - flying low and observing the withdrawing Allied forces. Canadians on board the Canterbury Belle let loose with their deck-mounted Bren Guns, joined almost instantly with "every rifle, pistol, anti-tank rifle, or other weapon upon which three thousand men could lay their hands on" [Mowat]. The plane retreated, smoke trailing from one engine.

Any secrecy the men thought they may have had was now gone.

17 June 1940: Ordered to wreck transport – took 4 trucks & Bren Guns, bombs & ammunition ***** (?). On Brigitte at Brest – 4:30p.m.

Basil Smith continued: "We arrived on the outskirts of Brest ... and there must have been a solid mile of British vehicles ahead of us, bumper to bumper. We joined them, and in a little while there was a mile of them behind us too. What the Luftwaffe was doing on that day I'll never know, but we sure expected the same treatment the boys got at Dunkirk."

Vehicle convoys were arranged in makeshift parking lots on the outskirts of the town, and it appears the Carrier and Transport Sections

7 DAYS IN FRANCE... JUNE 1940

were now split up as they awaited space on ships. Small and his party settled in and waited. According to Smith it was "some of the most nervous hours I can recall. The tension was worse than being under shell-fire later in the war. We were momentarily expecting a Panzer column to come sweeping down the road."

Their fears were valid. A week ago the 51st Highland Division had been wiped out at St Valery before they could evacuate, by Rommel's 7th Panzer Division. The 7th Panzer Division had now turned their attention to Cherbourg, where other components of the Second BEF were now evacuating (as it was not practical for all units to go back to Brest – others went to St Malo). The Germans penetrated to within 3 miles of Cherbourg's harbour as the last Allied troopship left there.

At Brest the enemy was not actually in the vicinity, but anxious British authorities at the port ordered the Canadians to destroy their vehicles and other equipment. They wanted to evacuate as many men as possible, as quickly as possible, and the hardware took up too much space. Lest it fall into enemy hands, they were ordered to destroy their equipment by fire.

Upon receiving the order, a disappointed Small went to work wrecking his lorries which he had shepherded through France. Once again Basil Smith's account shows how this was done: "we couldn't burn the trucks because it would have [...] drawn every German plane for a hundred miles, so we did the next best. We went to work on all those lovely new trucks with pickaxes; punctured the tires, gas tanks and radiators; jammed up the bodies, sheared off engine parts and cracked the blocks. Then we destroyed the equipment in them..."

By late afternoon Small's party had found space on a ship bound for England.

had all returned to the Canadian Camp at Aldershot by June 18th, save for the Transport Section. Worry grew among the regiment, and the outstanding men's names were being entered into a list titled "The following are SOS, missing believed prisoner's of war" to be published in Orders. When Small and his party returned arrived late on the 19th, they were "greeted like men escaped from a prisoners' cage".

The dead tired Small would have little time to rest. As Winston Churchill put it the day before in a rousing speech "The Battle of France is over. The Battle of Britain is about to begin."



C. Collins

D. Sutherland

Cpl. Frank Godley, four years ago Police Constable 49 of Toronto City Police.

A few of the Toronto Police constables serving with the 48th Highlanders (Toronto Daily Star & The Globe)



An exhausted Highlander catches up on sleep at sea after evacuation from France, June 1940. (© IWM F 4878)

18 June 1940: Landed at Plymouth at 7a.m. - off boat 6p.m. Slept on Swan Pool Beach all night.

The Brigitte carried the men "back to England in style" as the Transport Officer, Lieutenant Don MacKenzie put it. It was "a crowded little pleasure launch which would have looked home on Toronto Bay."

After stopping at Plymouth, where the main force was disembarking, the Brigitte continued on to Falmouth (about 90 minutes away by road) for reasons unknown.

An exhausted Small disembarked and then slept on Swanpool Beach. He still had not seen the rest of the Regiment.

19 June 1940: Left beach & left Falmouth for Aldershot. Arrived at 8:30p.m. - dead tired.

As it happened, the scattered sub-units of the 48th Highlanders

Postscript

Small would learn of the journey of the main force of the 48th Highlanders who had traveled by rail. They had been in the lead train with Brigade Headquarters. This group likely included other Toronto policemen who had joined the 48th in the early days of the war. Constable Frank Godley (49), was now serving as a Sergeant in the Battalion HQ. Also with the 48th were Constables A.E. Armstrong (9), Clarence Collins (332), William McMillan (237), and David Sutherland (507). The 48th train penetrated the furthest of any Canadians, reaching Sablé-sur-Sarthe. Once there they received the order to reverse from a British Railway Transport Officer (RTO). The seemingly nervous RTO insisted they flee but could not produce the order nor his credentials. The Canadians thought he was a German Agent and quizzed him on his name, "Oates". A man of the same name was famous at the time as a member of Scott's Antarctic Expedition of 1910-13. The RTO knew enough about this bit of trivia to pass as a true Brit and the Canadians were satisfied the order was genuine.

However they now had an issue with the train's French engineer. "Finie la guerre!" he cried and refused to move his train in the opposite direction. He happened to live in Sablé and wanted to go home. He became irate and would only comply at gunpoint. The train's crew had mostly managed to leave. Luckily, Platoon Sergeant-Major Jack Laurie had been a railwayman before the war and said he could run the train back, and pressed other soldiers into service as stokers. The men posted Bren gunners at the doors, smashed out windows to reduce potential shrapnel, and placed an AA gun on a flatbed car. "The entire battalion was aboard, crowded at the windows and staring at the early sky, nervously watching for Stukas". Before setting off the "recalcitrant engineer" again tried to get off the train, supposedly to have breakfast. "Someone tell the goddamn Frog he'll eat here or else!" Laurie shouted.

The train then took off for Brest with a "defiant little toot" of its horn. But at some point in the journey, the French engineer outwitted the

7 DAYS IN FRANCE... JUNE 1940

Canadians and switched course for St Malo, a port closer to his home. When the 48th arrived at the harbour, there was just one ship left with orders to evacuate British troops, the SS Biarritz. It was already loaded but stuck in low tide. Room was made aboard for the Canadians and they spent a long night waiting for the tide to come in. "Enemy air attack was expected all night long; several other French ports were being heavily bombed, and there was no reason why St. Malo should be immune, but the night passed undisturbed."

The Biarritz carried them off just as Royal Navy demolition parties blew the outer locks. France would surrender days later.

For their part in the Battle of France, the Canadians were awarded the 1939-1945 Star. It would be years before they would return to French soil. All in all, the men acquitted themselves well in the chaotic campaign. Though 216 vehicles and much equipment was lost, Canada's human losses for the operation were incredibly light, with only 1 killed, and 5 missing - taken prisoner. The fatality was due to a motorcycle collision on the frenzied roads, and of the 5 men captured only one would remain a prisoner at the end of the war - the other four escaping back to England (notably, one of the escapees would account for the war's first Military Medal awarded to a member of the Canadian Army).

The 1st Canadian Division's ability to make it back to Britain almost entirely intact (minus the scrapped equipment) was necessary for any planned defence of the British Isles. They would soon be under attack from the air, and Small's diary again provides a glimpse into that time.

To be continued...

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A note on quotations: Diary entries are duplicated from Sarjeant's "The Secrets in the Chest" with permission from the author. All uncredited quotations are taken from Beattie's "Dileas", except for Basil Smith's account, which appears from Mowat's "The Regiment".



June 15, 1940	4:30 a.m. - British retiring - also us. Got back as far as Landesvoust(?). Walking in circles - what a life! Still haven't found the Regt(ment)
June 16, 1940	Took up positions in bush outside Landesvoust(?). Extra ammunition. Hiley(?) shot through hand - Resnevent?(Rennes)
June 17, 1940	Ordered to wreck transport - took 4 trucks & Bren guns, bombs & ammunition ****(?). On (board) Brigette at Brest - 4:30 p.m.
June 18, 1940	Landed at Plymouth at 7 a.m. - off boat 6 p.m. - slept on Swan Pool Beach all night
June 19, 1940	Left beach & left Falmouth for Aldershot. Arrived at 8:30 p.m. - dead tired
June 20, 1940	Sent cable to Betty & letter. Slept all morning - wrote reports all afternoon on return effort from France
June 21, 1940	Received 2 boxes - 1 from Betty & Maurice(Fisher). Starting to get new equipment
June 22, 1940	Cleaning up. Wrote Mr. Butler(?) & Maurice(Fisher). Went and heard Welsh Choir at NAAFI(Navy Army Airforce Canteen). Slept all afternoon - can't seem to get enough.
June 23, 1940	Went to Church. Rain all day. Wrote to Betty, met Stevie(?). Had dinner at Imperial Hotel
June 24, 1940	Orderly Office. 2 air raid warnings 11:40 p.m. & 1:20 a.m. Wrote Mrs. Nelhams(George's mother) and C. Whitford(?)
June 25, 1940	2 letters from Betty & 1 from Pearl(Robinson). Dance at Mess. Air raid during same. Canned one(?) Anti air craft fire!
June 26, 1940	Took over new duties as S.S.M.(Squadron Sergeant Major) - 1 st . Cdn Recce Squadron(Canadian Reconnaissance Squadron). Transferred to Brigade. Some fun. Capt. Darling O.C.(Officer Commanding)
June 27, 1940	Had whole sqdn(squadron) on parade today for first time - some good looking men
June 28, 1940	Still carrying on with organization - trying to get equipment. Wrote Betty
June 29, 1940	Just usual. Went to show
June 30, 1940	Church Parade. Had nice bath & sleep
July 1, 1940	Had the troops at map reading
July 2, 1940	Troops learning to ride. Kit inspection. Letters from May & Syd(?) Wrote to Betty, Tom D(Donaldson) & May(?)
July 3, 1940	4 Air raid warnings. Sports afternoon. Letter from Betty
July 4, 1940	Still training to ride. Bought Betty's birthday present.(August 3 rd)
July 5, 1940	Just the usual
July 6, 1940	Drew Lewis guns. 4 p.m. air raid - RCOC(?) hit - 4 killed - some wounded - quite close to us. We hear they got the bomber. Men quite calm during raid.
July 7, 1940	Wrote Betty & Burton(?). showers
July 8, 1940	Had Brigade - transport inspection. Capt Darling back off leave

RECALLING THE TSUNAMI OF DECEMBER 2004

TSUNAMI

Lieutenant-Colonel (retired) Brian G Jackson MSM CD

On Sunday, 26 December 2004 (Boxing Day) my wife, Jackie, and I were on a day-long tour of the canals and floating markets in the rural areas of Bangkok. Having arrived in Bangkok at the beginning of August 2004 for a two-year posting as Defence Attaché at the Canadian Embassy (where I was also accredited to Vietnam, Cambodia and Singapore) we were enjoying a tropical Christmas.



Phuket Provincial Hall

On returning to our 11th-floor apartment on Soi 8 off Sukhumvit Rd, the phone rang. Calling, was the embassy Consular Officer asking if we were all right. When I asked why he replied there had been a tsunami which had affected parts of the south-west coast of Thailand and he was accounting the Canadians posted to the embassy. He went on to say that, on the initiative of the Thai government, two of our staff from the Consular Section would be flying, that evening to Phuket along with staff from other embassies. Once there, they would set up a temporary desk to deal with any Canadians who may need consular assistance as a result of being impacted by the tsunami. At the time, it didn't seem to be a big deal and this was just a normal way of offering assistance to Canadians abroad.

The next morning, the extent of the tsunami became increasingly apparent. The scale of the disaster, which was initiated off the western coast of Indonesia and then moved north towards and along the Thai coast, was unfolding on TV and other media, and it was immense. Immediately, the mission went into a 24/7 mode to ensure support to Canadians who may have been impacted. The Ambassador (Denis Comeau – a first-class Head of Mission/HOM) said he was flying to Phuket in the evening and he wanted me to go there as well. Having gone to office in the embassy, I had already checked with NDHQ and there were no initial thoughts of deploying CAF assistance to Thailand but I immediately said I would go and to help out as needed. After taking care of several more things at my office, I went home to our apartment to let Jackie know what was going on and to get ready for the flight. Over the coming days, Jackie worked as a volunteer at the embassy helping Canadians who reported in and needed assistance.

Taking off at 8:30 PM from Changai International Airport, the flight to Phuket was about one hour. On the flight were the HOM, three more Thai staff members from the embassy to help deal with consular issues and me. On arrival in Phuket, we were met by one of our drivers who had driven down the previous night and we were taken to the hotel in



Reporting Tents at Phuket Provincial

which the embassy staff were staying. The hotel's location on the water was such that there was only very limited damage to some outbuildings along the beach. At 11:00 that evening the ambassador returned from his meetings and we spent the next hour or so discussing the situation. I then phoned the National Defence Control Centre (NDCC) in Ottawa and gave them an update on the situation. Then got to bed around 12:30 PM.

At 3:00 AM I was woken by my cell phone. It was a call from a lieutenant-colonel whom I'd not previously met. He introduced himself by saying he was an artillery officer currently posted at CFB Gagetown. The reason for calling was that his in-laws were travelling in the area and their families were concerned for their wellbeing. I told him I would keep my eye out for them in the coming days. I had no idea how he got my cell phone number but, as I was about to find out, in times of crisis people become resourceful.

Then, after a few more hours of sleep, the full extent of the tsunami became even more apparent when I woke and began to watch CNN and other news channels. While driving, after a quick breakfast, to the Reporting Centre at the Phuket City Hall, I agreed to a request from the Ambassador to go to the affected areas to look for Canadians and assist as possible.

The Phuket City Hall is a large two-story building constructed in typical Thai architectural style. The building faces a lawn, on which two large but separate tented areas had been set up. The first tent (as one entered the main entrance) was a reporting area, where persons who had been affected by the Tsunami and needed assistance would register. Foreigners reported to a series of desks (each designated by their nation's flag). Here they would give their name and other basic personal information. Once registered, the second tent was set up to offer food and drinks, take care of medical needs, provide some basic clothing and just be a place to sit and gather one's self under shade from the tropical sun. The compound was crowded, indeed teeming with people. Some were entering from the street, others were seated at their respective nation's reporting desk at the first tent, others were sitting or milling about at the second tent just staring, chatting and poking through the pile of clothing and footwear for something that might fit. There was not, as one would expect from a large gathering of people, a lot of noise. This was serious/real life and those who were reporting-in were clearly in shock from what they had experienced and uncertain about what to do next.

At right angles to the City Hall building and bordering the grassed area was a two-story building. The ground floor contained a series of offices/rooms which had been allocated to such IO/NGOs as the ICRC and UN agencies. The second floor was a large open meeting hall, in which each country that had an embassy in Bangkok had been allocated

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a desk/working area. Given the number of countries, the room was full of these desk/small work areas, each designated by the nation's flag and manned by consular officials from the respective nation's embassy.

Outside this two-story building, more people were milling about. Many were looking at a large noticeboard that was located at the entrance to the building. On it were photographs, copies of passport photo pages and other desperate notices with names of missing persons and contact details of those who were searching. As the days progressed, photos of those whose bodies had been recovered were added (with the intent of saying 'we have found this person and information detailing where the remains had been deposited.' Things don't stay fresh for long in the tropical heat and in the coming days, newly-added photos of those remains that had just been recovered became increasingly ghoulish and (quite frankly) hideous.

Upstairs, the large, open room was teeming with people (mostly western) gathered around their respective desks and speaking with their respective consular officials. The desk for Canada was at the back of the room (away from the main stairway) and fortunately against a wall, which gave access to a small door that led to an outside narrow balcony and secondary stairwell. Here, at least was a slight sense of distance from the low-level noise and milling about in the centre of this hall. Manning our desk, were the Thai employees from Bangkok and two Canadian consular officers who had retired and had stayed to live in Thailand. They had just been called out to come here and help. There was a small Canadian flag on their desk, but I had brought a larger one and we hung this flag on a window behind the desk to more easily identify Canada through the maze of desks and the clusters of people.

While getting a quick explanation as to the process for verifying a person's claim of Canadian citizenship and how the consular staff produced a temporary passport/identify verification, I received two telephone calls on my cell phone from concerned people in Canada who were desperate for information about loved ones travelling in the region. In each case, I was able to provide some assistance.

While doing that, I noticed a rather disheveled young man standing by himself. Speaking to him, it turned out to be the person about whom the lieutenant colonel called at 3:00 AM this morning. He introduced himself as John (not his real name). He then briefly,



explained that he and his wife had been caught by the wave and separated. He was washed inland about 1500 meters but there was no sign of his wife. After searching, he made his way to this reporting centre in Phuket with the hope of meeting up with her. But she was not here. I asked where they had been staying and told him I would be going out that way shortly and would see what I could find out about her.

Then, with an embassy driver, I headed north to Khao Lak, one of the most affected areas. The distance was about 100 km. Along the way, at the village of Thai Mueang and before arriving at a hospital, I stopped at a shady area on the side of the road. Here, several groups of westerners were sitting in the shade. They were quiet and as I approached them, it was clear they were very much in shock - still stunned by their experience. I learned they were all from Scandinavian countries. To my question of knowing about anyone from Canada, I generally received a polite or distant non-reply. At one point a woman just broke down and started crying, asking me if I had seen her children. Her husband tried to comfort her here. Seeing this, my conversation with John notwithstanding, was a reality check. Clearly, something catastrophic had occurred here and, after two days these people (and others) were still in shock and living with unimaginable grief.

The Thai Mueang Hospital was a busy place with beds full of injured and others laying or milling about in the common areas. There was only one Canadian. He was on a gurney and had been injured by being scraped by debris while being swept around in the water by the wave. He was alert and pleased to see me. However, he was a dual Swiss-Canadian citizen and, while grateful for my offer of assistance, said he was being taken care of by the Swiss embassy.

Approximately 30 km further north along the coast, the road leaves the flat cultivated land and enters a heavily wooded high ground which is the Khao-Lak Lam Ru National Park. I stopped at a viewpoint which provides a vista of the sea, the shoreline and the flat in-shore area that stretches to the north. Standing there, the first thing that struck me was the smell; the smell of rotting corpses. From this point on it was constant and would cling to one's clothing and hang in one's nostrils. The next were the scale and the extent of destruction. Although several kilometers away, it appeared the land had been *scrubbed* (the only word that comes to mind). It was clear that the majority of structures that had once been there were

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now gone. In the distance, the stain of debris patterns on the ground was also evident.

Proceeding down from the wooded viewpoint then out onto the open coastal plain of Khao Lak the destruction was immediately visible and it was huge. The N4 Highway (The Coastal Road) is straight and separates the sea and coastal flats to the west from rising and heavily jungled highlands to the east. The N4 is about 1000 m inland from the beach and is (had been) flanked by a sprawl of single-story restaurants, other tourist-related shops and two-and-three-story row-house structures which served as commercial outlets, such as grocery shops, clothing shops, workshops and so on.

All structures were damaged in some manner or just plain demolished. The two and three-story row buildings lining the road were still standing but the ground floor was damaged or destroyed. It was the same for the restaurants and shops that also lined the road. The lower floor doors (including the roll-down garage-type doors) were gone, pushed or damaged. The windows were broken. Walls were damaged or collapsed. The now-open rooms were filled with debris (in some cases cars) that had been forced in by the water. Debris, of all manner, was strewn throughout the entire coastal plain to a distance of up to 1500 metres; which represented the high-water mark. The debris even included a Thai Navy patrol boat (sitting in jungle 1500 metres inland), bits and pieces of buildings, furniture, piles of dirt and sand, uprooted palm trees and other vegetation, street lights, wood and construction material, and still (three days after the event) human bodies. Some were lying in the open uncovered. Others, out of dignity, had been hastily but not entirely covered with whatever material was immediately at hand. Even more, remained buried in the abovementioned debris, and it would take time and much effort to find and then recover them. Some bodies were in the process of being recovered but, the reality was that there were just too many to get to in

any timely manner. And the tropical sun and heat were unabated. It was a scene of absolute devastation. I had seen much war damage and death in different theatres but until this day, I had never seen death and destruction on this scale and to this extent.

Strung along the entire length of the beach were the resorts. These were mostly one-story structures, with the odd two-story building. Many small beach bungalows (built on concrete pads) provided just enough space for a living/sleeping area, bathroom and kitchenette. At least that is what used to be there. These structures were all gone. The only indication of there having been something at any particular site was a (now empty) concrete pad. And piles



Khao Lak

of debris.

While stopped at a police station, looking for information or travel documents relating to Canadians (there were a couple of passports which I took), I was told there was a Buddhist wat (temple) not far along the road that was being used as a body collection point. Buddhist temples generally occupy a large parcel land and, in addition to the temple itself, there can be any number of other buildings for schooling or administrative purposes. The open areas are generally well-shaded with large and well-kept banyan trees offering quiet places to sit and reflect. The temple at Tehua Pa was this type of setting. But now the open and shady area was filled with hundreds of human bodies, now days later in horrendous and hideous states of decomposition. This made facial recognition essentially impossible and it was increasingly impossible to determine the colour of skin; Caucasian, black, Asian and so on. The scene was ghastly and the smell was overpowering. However, working in all this were Thai officials (including the Thai Chief Coroner - a woman who had previously gained a degree of notoriety by challenging the Federal Government on some sensitive cases), volunteers and others doing their very

best to gather personal information and link this to a particular cadaver. It was grim. Going through their lists I looked for any Canadians; there were none. After speaking with the Chief Coroner and wishing her my very best for her heroic efforts, I went on to the local hospital.

At the hospital, I made my way through the noise and confusion of the crowded wards and busy public areas asking for Canadians. Later, although having been told there no bodies in the hospital morgue, I decided to see for myself. After walking across the parking lot to the small morgue, I did find one body bag with the name of a person listed as being from a European country on the tag. I contacted the involved embassy to let them know.

Being now late in the afternoon, I began to make my way to back to Phuket. Along the way, I stopped at another hospital looking for Canadians. It was a long and, quite frankly, disturbing day. But at least I now understood the scope and scale of this disaster.

Back at the Phuket City Hall there continued to be large crowds of people reporting in, dealing with their respective embassies and just hanging around because they had nowhere else to go. Many were still desperately hoping to meet a missing loved-one. John was waiting for me. With difficulty, I gave him my thoughts



(based upon what I had seen), which were that his wife likely had not made it. This didn't surprise him and may have even helped him to begin to come to this conclusion on his own. I then said he should go to Bangkok on the free Thai Air flights that were being offered and take a taxi to our apartment. There, he could shower, use our phone and internet, get some rest, and just get out of this horrific place. I had earlier phoned Jackie to say that I was going to make this offer, and she readily agreed. I gave him some money for the taxi and other needs. I told him Jackie was waiting and very much hoping he would come and stay. He said

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he would accept our offer and the next morning he flew to Bangkok and, after a taxi ride, Jackie welcomed into our home.

I then returned to the hotel and showered to get rid of the smell of death. I had my clothes laundered. It had been a long day. But I had been able to offer some little help to a few Canadians and some others. As well, I now had a better feel for what my role during these next days would be.

My activities during the next several days were similar. I travelled around the affected areas looking for Canadians who may have been injured, others who just needed consular services and looked for evidence of those who may have perished. I recovered several Canadian passports that had been turned into various police stations. Almost surreally, there were still western tourists carrying on with their holiday on the beaches. The undamaged food stalls and bars were doing brisk business and traffic was returning to its usual chaos. It was such a contrast. But life goes on - especially if one has paid for it.

In one hospital I went to the morgue in the basement. It was a small dank room with some drawers for bodies against one wall. There were also about a dozen body bags laid out on the floor. One of the body storage doors was open and a Thai medical official was using medical instruments to remove samples from the cadaver that was on the drawer. While I was comparing names and other information written on the tags of the body bags against my list, a British Embassy officer was doing the same. I didn't know him. But at one point he turned to me and asked for my thoughts about something. On his list was the name Heather Smith (not the real name). But he was looking at the tag on one bag where the name was (again not real) Hector Smatts - British. "What do you think?" he asked. To which I agreed it would be worthwhile to have a look. Upon opening the zipper and seeing that the body inside was a young, blond female it was reasonable to conclude this indeed (and sadly) was Ms Smith (again, not the real name). This incident was not unusual and serves only as an example of the ground realities of that time.

During this time, I called Jackie in Bangkok. She told me that John had arrived and was settling in. Understandably, he was still distraught but at least he had been able to shower, sleep in a comfortable bed and speak at length with his family back in Canada. Our dog, Kaalii, was clearly feeling his emotional state and was giving him some comfort. I asked Jackie to tell John that I had gone to the guest house at which they had stayed and collected their backpacks, and I would have them sent to Bangkok. The Thai family who operated the guest house (which - due to its distance from the beach was not damaged) had their bags packed and were waiting for someone to collect them. They were, of course, extremely kind and expressed much sincere sympathy for



Navy Patrol Boat - Khao Lak

John and his wife.

One morning, the HOM informed me that DFAIT Ottawa was concerned about a person (I will call him Ray) who had been trying to obtain information regarding the wellbeing of his sister and brother-in-law. This couple would traditionally spend a couple of months each winter in Thailand, at a resort in the Khao Lak area. After not getting the answers he had expected, Ray informed DFAIT that he and his son were getting on a plane and coming here to take matters into their own hands, seeing that the Government was unable to do such a simple thing. The Ambassador asked if I could see what information I might be able to find about these two Canadians; neither of whom had reported-in with the embassy.

I knew where to go. But I also knew that this area was the scene of almost complete devastation. Arriving in the area, I had the driver leave the main road. Then, passing through the jumble of downed palm trees, broken piles of masonry and bricks, broken

furniture and all other manners of debris we stopped to watch a Thai crew finish up a recovery. It was the body of a (what appeared to be) a middle-aged blond woman. But after six days, there was some disfigurement.

Carrying on along the dirt track leading through the debris towards where the resort had been located, I saw a young Thai woman and an older man. Stopping and getting out of the SUV then using the Thai language I had spent a year studying before being posted to Bangkok, I engaged the young woman. The older man, whom she introduced as her father, was still in the shock. I learned that her father was the owner of the, now destroyed resort where the couple in question had spent their winters. When I asked if any of their guests were Canadians, the first names she said were the couple in question. Over the years, these

two had been regular guests and were kind and decent people. She explained that on the morning of the tsunami she had met the couple who were just having their breakfast. After exchanging pleasantries, she went about her business. Then, within minutes the resort was inundated and somehow or other both her and father had survived. I wished them my very best and they continued on their way. After a look

around and confirming the state of destruction of the resort, I made my way back to the main road, past another body being recovered and then back to Phuket.

Later that evening, I met the Ambassador who told me that Ray and his son were now in Phuket and a meeting had been set for the morning. He asked, given my knowledge of the circumstances, if I would mind meeting with them first to explain what I had seen in Khao Lak and the state of things there. Of course, I agreed. We then both realized that today was New Year's Eve. Over a beer, we agreed it was not a great way to end a year nor, come morning, a good way to start a new one.

In the mid-morning, on 1 January 2005, Ray and his son arrived at the hotel. I was expecting them to be aggressive and demanding. But,



Recovering Remains

RECALLING THE TSUNAMI OF DECEMBER 2004

after introductions, Ray began by saying he had left Canada angry and arrived at the Phuket Airport even more so. But very quickly, upon seeing the realities of the human and natural tragedy that had occurred here, came to realize that he was just one small person in an immense sea of displaced, distraught and damaged people. He had just come from the City Hall and was thankful for how our staff there had dealt with them. So, any of the negatives which had boarded the plane with them were now gone. These were people who were desperately concerned about missing loved ones but were now also very much caught up in huge, unprecedented circumstances.

I told them of my visit to the resort and repeated Khun Fawn's account of her last and positive encounter just before all of them were overwhelmed by the water. I also described the degree of destruction that I had seen, but I did not mention seeing the recovery of the woman. He thanked me and said he and his son were planning on going to the Khao Lak area to search for themselves. To this I replied, having seen the grisly and ghoulish state of the remains at the body collection centres and those remains still scattered about that I would not recommend it. I thought it unlikely that they would find anything and that if they did the visual impact would be lasting. It was, in my opinion, better to remember his sister and her husband as they were in their memories rather than by what they might find. I don't know whether or not he took this advice.

Later that day I went to Phuket Airport to meet two members of an RCMP Forensic Team advance party that Canada was contributing to the multinational forensic identification effort that was being organized. After settling them away at our hotel, I made my way to the Reporting Centre at the City Hall. Here, the level of activity was decreasing as fewer persons who had been directly impacted by the tsunami were reporting in. The effort to receive and assist survivors had by now moved on to that of the recovery, identification and the repatriation of remains. While there, I spoke with the Ambassador and helped to draw up a list of tasks/to-dos on how things should move forward from here. We then returned to the hotel.

The next three days were busy and involved briefing the RCMP team, more travels to affected areas and helping the consular team with their work. However, after almost ten days since the Tsunami, those who needed help had received it and had left the country. So now the business of collecting forensic samples was that of the RCMP. As such there was little for me to do and I still had a job to do back in Bangkok and in the other three countries to which I was accredited. The Ambassador



Destroyed Resort

had also said that he was returning to Bangkok. But, just as all this was settling down, another tsunami was about to hit us; the visit of the Canadian Minister of Foreign Affairs (Pierre Pettigrew) who was just on his way now and then that of Prime Minister Paul Martin on 16 January. For both of these visits, the HOM wanted me back in Phuket to help prepare for the visits and to brief the PM on his arrival. But for tonight, however, he said to go home and take a break.

On Tuesday, 4 January 2005 after a busy morning in Phuket I managed to get on a Thai Air flight that was departing at 2:40 PM. On arrival at Bangkok, an embassy driver was waiting to take me to our home where our Pakistani field spaniel Kaalii was ecstatic at seeing me; Jackie was also happy to have me home. John was out at the time, so I was able to have a shower, change clothes and talk with Jackie before the more difficult task of helping John come to accept the reality of his situation.

When John came home, we talked in broad terms about the circumstances in Phuket. After a dinner of dum yom ngung, which was expertly prepared by our live-in mai bahn, Khun Sunar, I spoke more directly to John. Without trying to dwell on his wife (*per se*) I said that they were just unlucky; in the wrong place at the wrong time. I made it clear he could stay in our home for as long as he wanted/needed; he was most welcome here. But I said the fact his wife had died and that grieving by her family and his could not begin until he was back in Canada so he could grieve with them. I also explained the process of identification; collecting antemortem samples from a person's home/personal effects (such as a hairbrush) and matching that with post-mortem samples. It was

clear he understood these things but perhaps he just needed someone else (in this case me) to make it feel real.

Leaving John to his thoughts, I took our dog Kaalii out for a walk. The side streets (sois) of Bangkok are not great places for dog-walking but one makes do with what they have. Back in the apartment, I had a beer then off to bed. Not long afterwards, at 11:00 PM, the phone rang and it woke us up. The caller was a senior official with DFAIT in Ottawa. I had dealt with him while I was CDA to Pakistan (Bangladesh and Afghanistan) during 2000-2003 and on a couple of occasions since coming to Bangkok. He was a good guy and eventually went on to be the Canadian Ambassador to a large Asian country. He asked me if I knew Ray. I explained our meeting. Why? Because after Ray spoke with the HOM and me at the hotel, he had given an interview to the CBC. In the interview, Ray was exceedingly grateful for my efforts, as well as those of the Ambassador and the embassy staff, but he went on to trash the PM

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and his government; Ray, it turned out was neither a member of nor a fan of the Liberal Party. The conversation went on for a bit longer, then suddenly the caller said thanks and goodbye; he had to speak with DM. When I got back into bed Jackie asked me what that was. "That," I said, "was the sound of shit hitting the political fan." Then back to sleep our bed, for one night at least.

The next morning was spent at the embassy working on the coming visits of (first) the Foreigner Minister and then the Prime Minister. In the evening it was back to Phuket for two more weeks. It was to be a busy time, but the shock of the Tsunami had passed. Those who had perished had (to the greater extent) been collected, properly registered, placed in refrigerated containers and the forensic work to collect the post-mortem samples was well underway. John did return home shortly after I went back to Phuket. Before leaving, he thanked Jackie for the refuge we had allowed him during this difficult time. In the end, his wife was identified (as were others) which is central in allowing families to move on with their grieving. The visits by the Foreign Minister and the Prime Minister went off well. The HOM and I had about a half-hour with just the PM and his wife upon their arrival at the Phuket Airport to explain the ground realities before they, and their entourage, did their several hour tour and visit. This was certainly a horrific and tragic event for so many and I was grateful to have been in a position where I was able to play some small role in helping others during a time in need.



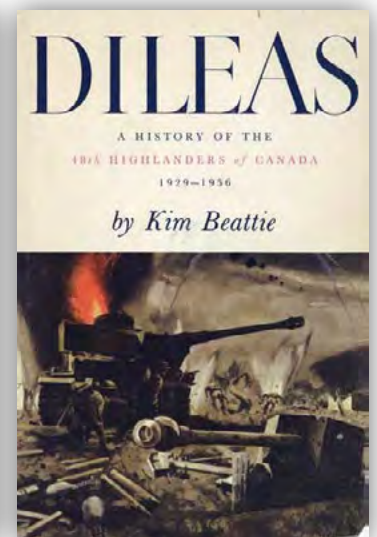
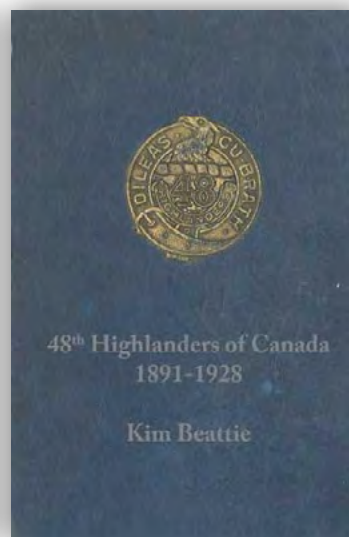
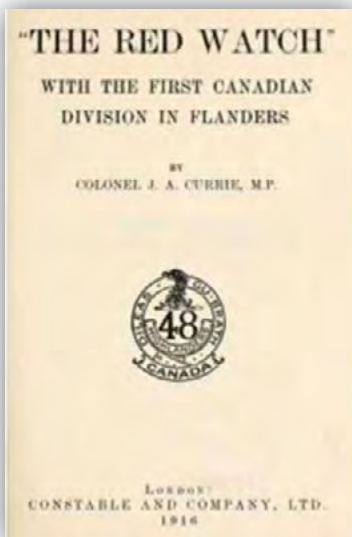
Embassy Staff Receiving DFAIT Award of Merit

Lieutenant-Colonel Brian G Jackson MSM CD joined the 48th Highlanders in May 1965 and achieved the rank of warrant officer. His last appointment before transferring to the Regular Army in February 1971 was CSM C Company. After serving two years as an infantry soldier with 1 PPCLI in Currie Barracks Calgary, he was selected for officer training in the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps; 8th Canadian Hussars (Princess Louise's). His career of 35 years in the Regular Army saw him undertake two postings of regimental at CFB Petawawa, three postings to the Armour School at CFB Gagetown plus two other postings to staff jobs at CTC, each for less than a year. Other Canada-based postings were three years in Kingston (where he commanded the Peace Support Training Centre) and a year in Ottawa at the CF Language School studying Thai language. Foreign postings included two years as an exchange officer at the Royal Australian Armoured Centre at Puckapunyal, two years in the Middle East with UNTSO (Lebanon and Syria), a year in Quetta Pakistan as the Canadian exchange student at the Pakistan Army Command and Staff College, 10 months in Sarajevo during 1992-93 as Senior Operations Officer for UNPROFOR Sector Sarajevo (for his service he was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal), three years in Heidelberg Germany as a war planner with NATO Headquarters Land Forces Central Region (which included six months in Sarajevo with SFOR), three years as the Canadian Defence Advisor in Islamabad Pakistan (also accredited to Afghanistan and Bangladesh) and two years in Bangkok as the Canadian Defence Attaché (with accreditation to Vietnam, Cambodia and Singapore). Following his retirement from the Canadian Army in September 2006, he returned to Pakistan for three years as a diplomat at the Canadian High Commission in Islamabad.



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OUR ASSOCIATED KILTED REGIMENTS



KILTED REGIMENTS CONFERENCE

For the past several years, Command Team and other members of the Kilted Regiments have gathered together to discuss common concerns related to our heritage, customs, traditions, dress etc. Due to the pandemic, it has not happened for the past two years. But this year it was hosted by the Nova Scotia Highlanders at CFB Halifax from 27-29 May. The 48th who were able to attend are in the attached photo and are listed below.

Topics of discussion included a brief from the Royal Canadian Infantry Corps (RCIC) Director and Corps Sgt Maj which covered topics like DP1 Infanteer course content, Force 2025 vision, Army Reserve integration, Soldier Readiness Policy - Reserves, MCpl Production and other RCIC items; Maj Blencowe from Directorate of Land Requirements discussed Uniform provision through Logistik Unicorp and additional items coming in the near future; Drill; Colours Protocol and replacement process. There were also breakout sessions for CO's, RSsM, Honouraries and Pipes and Drums. The Pipes and Drums breakout



session covered upcoming changes to their training system, best practices for training Pipers and Drummers in our Regiments, Dress, Drill, Recruiting and Retention.

There was a Mess Dinner as well that was a great way to socialize and develop connections

to our counterparts in other Kilted Regiments across Canada.

Above is a photo of the 5 48th members who attended. Also above is a photo of the Entire conference attendees prior to the Mess Dinner.

HONOURING A CENTENARIAN HIGHLANDER

CAPTAIN (RET'D)NORM GOGO'S 101ST BIRTHDAY

In honour of Captain (ret'd)Norm Gogo's 101st Birthday the Canadian Snowbirds dedicated their heart to him today!



The Snowbirds dedicated this manoeuvre to Norm.
All photos by Danielle Reesor



After the performance of the Snowbirds at the Borden Airshow, some of the support pilots met with Norm for his 101st Birthday. L-R: Capt Gabe Ferris, Public Affairs Officer; Capt Richard MacDougall; Cpl John Morrison and Capt Erik Temple.



RSM Reesor presenting a birthday gift of a mug from the WOs and Sgts mess

Did you know there is an **ONLINE 48TH MUSEUM?**

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about
6,000
ARTIFACTS
and over
7,500
SOLDIERS

48TH HIGHLANDERS IODE



IODE VOLUNTEERS TIME AND RESOURCES

IODE has been busy during the past year. Although the chapter has not been able to meet in person we have held meetings by Zoom allowing members from all parts of the province to attend.

Our 2021 Christmas Luncheon was held at the Duke of Cornwall on University Avenue with 13 members attending. This was the first occasion members were together since February 2020. The Regent presented the newly sanctioned IODE Canadian Forces Bar to seven members. This bar is awarded to members in good standing who have a member of their family serving in the Canadian Armed Forces during their membership in IODE.

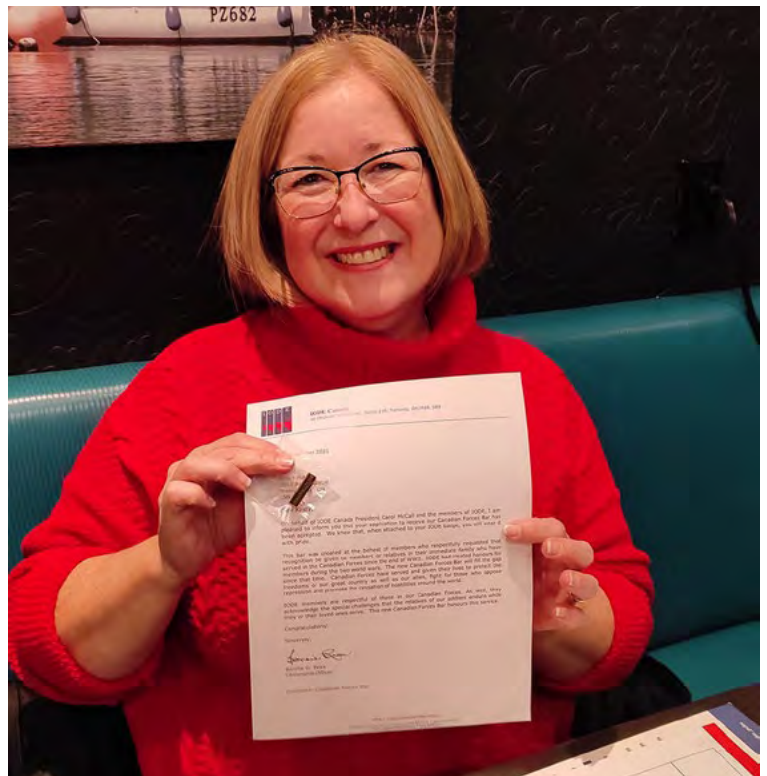
Our Birthday Luncheon was held on May 1st at St Mark's United Church, Scarborough. A further three IODE Canadian Forces Bar were presented by the Regent. Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel Sasha Darling joined members as we celebrated 115 years of IODE service and support to our Regiment and community.

Our Community Service continues...a small team collected items for art kits that were presented to a local health centre. The kits will be used by children waiting for appointments. The idea was the brainchild of Pat Scallan and further kits will be presented in the coming years in her memory.

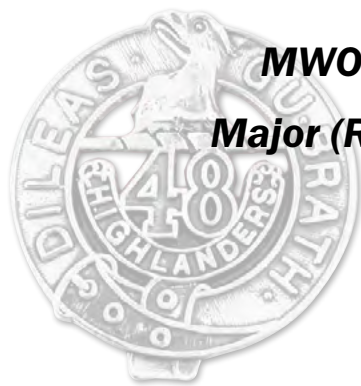
Karen Barker continues to make poppy centres over the summer months for sale in time for Remembrance Day. This project has proven to be popular year after year.

A new project is the IODE signet ring. We have had initial success and know the ring will prove popular in the coming years allowing IODE members across Canada to support our chapter while sporting their ring for all to admire. We look forward to our continued association with the Regiment, The Cadet Corps and the greater Regimental family.

In Memoriam...sadness came through the premature passing of Pat Scallan in December of 2021. As 2022 began, we said farewell to former chapter members Sheila Stark in January and Betty Osborne in April. We will remember their contribution to IODE.



HIGHLANDERS CONFINED TO BARRACKS



MWO (Retd) Mark McVety - recovering at home

Major (Retd) Tom White - Sunnybrook Veterans Wing



These Highlanders will be pleased to hear from you.

A special thanks to our Visiting Party and their special efforts to stay in touch with them.

POSTED TO UPPER CAMP

SGT PAT SCALLAN (GLEDHILL)

Sgt Pat Scallan joined the 48th Highlanders at 19 and attained the rank of sergeant and served as the unit's Chief Clerk before leaving the Regiment in 1979. Along with her parents, Bruce and Joyce Gledhill, and all three siblings (Steve, Shirley and Susan served in the Regiment at the same time. Pat worked at Consumers Gas and later the Art Gallery of Ontario, from which she retired in 2019.

A dedicated member of IODE 48th Highlanders Chapter and of IODE Ontario's Provincial Executive Council, Pat was honoured with a Provincial Life Membership. Pat passed away peacefully in her 71st year at Margaret's Place in Dundas following a short illness surrounded by her family.

REST IN PEACE, PAT.

DILEAS GU BRATH



POSTED TO UPPER CAMP

KENNETH JAMES MCBEY

Professor Dr Kenneth James
McBey. CSTJ, CD, BA, BEd, MBA, PhD

19 July 2029 to 08 January 2022

Passed away suddenly at his home on June 22nd at the age of 65.

Beloved husband of Betty-Anne for 32 years. Remembered by his siblings Donald and Roderick McBey. His parents, who predeceased him, were June Catherine (nee Turner) born in Teulon, Manitoba and Robert James McBey, born in Newmill, Nairnshire, Scotland. The family grew up in Winnipeg, Manitoba until Ken was 10 years old.

Ken was a tenured full professor at York University since 1989. He was cross-appointed to the School of Human Resource Management (HRM) and the School of Administration studies. He was a founding member of the Disaster and Emergency Management (DEM) program and continued to lobby vigorously for the promised, fully-funded doctoral program to be established (TBA, it would be a fine legacy).

He earned an honours BA in Political Economy and a BEd from the University of Toronto. His MBA and PhD were earned from the Shulich School of Business at York University. He was the author of numerous scholarly journal articles and a text used for HRM accreditation in Canada. He taught graduate and under-graduate courses in human resource management, organizational behaviour, teaching and emergency management.

Ken was a commissioned officer in the Canadian Army reserve. He began in the Governor's General Horse Guards, an armoured regiment, until it was realized that he was too tall to command a tank with the hatch closed. He transferred to the 48th Highlanders of Canada in Toronto and became an infantry officer. He held a wide variety of command and staff appointments and rose through the ranks



to command the Regiment (from 1992 to 1995). Two of his most memorable military events were his honoured duty as Guard Commander for the G7 Economic Summit, Toronto (1988) and as Royal Guard Commander for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in Toronto (1984). He has been a member of the Royal Canadian Legion since 1987.

He served on a number of community and voluntary associations including: the Ennotville

Historical Library; the Fergus Scottish Festival and Highland Games; St John Ambulance (both the Fergus-Elora branch and the Ontario council) and the Canadian Infantry Association.

Ken's many awards include the J Reginald Adams Gold Medal in Political Science and Economics from the University of Toronto; the Queen's Golden Jubilee medal; the Canada

125th Anniversary Medal; the Queen's Diamond Jubilee medal; appointment to the Order of St John; and the Canadian Forces Decoration (CD).

He has touched the lives of many in the university, the community, the military, and of course, his family and friends. He will be deeply and sorrowfully missed.

REST IN PEACE, KEN.

DILEAS GU BRATH



POSTED TO UPPER CAMP

TOMMY THOMPSON 19 July 2029 to 8 Jan 2022

Tommy (Thomas) Richard Thompson sadly passed away this January and was known to many of us in the Regimental family. He had continued a family tradition of service to the 48th Highlanders, following on from his father and uncle who enlisted in the active Regiment in 1942. In the post-war years, attending Warriors Parade at the CNE to cheer on the Regiment and the veterans was an annual family outing.

Tommy was married to Gladys and father to four children, daughters Debbie and Sue and sons Kirk and Owen. He was father-in-law to Raf Wulff, a 48th Highlander and OCA Drill Team member.

Tommy joined the Toronto Rotary Highlanders during WW2, a battalion-size military cadet corps affiliated with the 48th Highlanders Regiment along with Jim Cassie, his life long friend. The corps, which trained some 5,000 young boys for eventual active service, was entirely officered by Rotarians.

In the post war years, with the return of Canadian veterans, there was no room in the active Regiment to accommodate those of the cadet corps. Tommy reconnected with the Regiment following its 100th anniversary parade at Varsity Stadium in 1991, joining the OCA Drill Team. It gave him a second life, after having left a busy, distinguished and successful career in sales and management in forestry including working for Abitibi Paper.

Tommy was a great organizer, driven to achieve his goals, able to network and influence the decision making process. He would observe and conclude what needed to be done and work tirelessly to achieve those ends. Early on, he felt it was important to include our Regimental veterans in anniversary celebrations and at parades. He would volunteer to drive people like Al Harris, Rusty Smale and others to the armouries, to the Lifers meetings, parades and other events, and over the years, Tommy wore out four family vehicles in the process. In the 2004 trip to Italy's battlefields, Tommy worked with Jim Cassie to see those vets without the funds to make the trip were looked after, with Jim contributing the dollars and Tommy rallying others to the cause.

Tommy was a regular at the Regimental museum, and many would argue that he and HCol (Ret'd) Gordie Beal were key drivers in the expansion and development of the museum to what it is today, promoting it to the public, expanding the exhibit displays and recruiting staff.

John Stephens maintains that Tommy was the best recruiter for the OCA Drill Team. John met Tommy when working at a TTC station, and saw the Regiment's crest on his blazer. In questioning Tommy about his affiliation, John ended up being talked into coming to the armouries to see what was in the offering. To his surprise, Tommy



presented John with a glengarry and had John parading that same night. Tommy had the personal touch. He would walk you down to get kitted out, do the introductions, and devote attention to the new OCA members to ensure they became an integral part of the team.

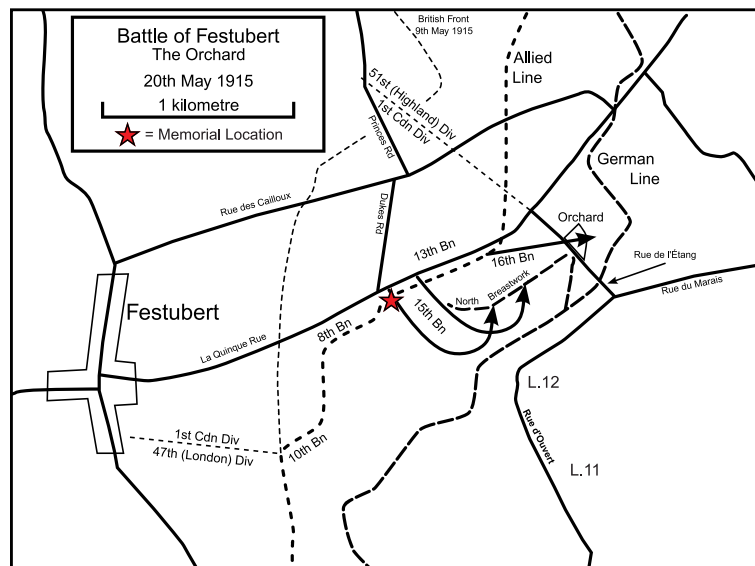
We will miss this valued and special Highlander, past vice president, then president of the OCA, president of the beloved Ontario Model Soldiers Society, member of the museum staff and of the OCA drill team, and much more throughout his accomplished life.

REST IN PEACE, TOMMY.

DILEAS GU BRATH.

REMEMBERING THE FALLEN OF THE 15TH BATTALION

107TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FESTUBERT



Following the chlorine gas attack and heavy defensive fighting in the Ypres salient in April 1915, the depleted Battalions of the 1st Canadian Division – including the 15th Battalion – were pulled out of the line, reinforced and on May 3rd moved to France south of Armentieres.

On May 9th, as part of the plan to support the French offensive north of Arras, the British First Army launched a series of costly attacks against German positions on Aubers ridge to prevent German reinforcements from moving south against the French.

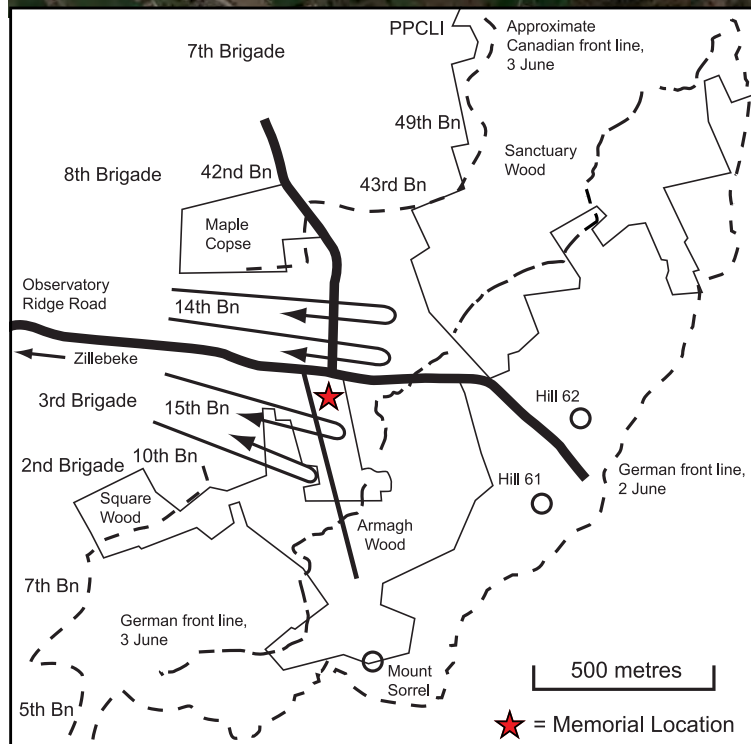
The battle of Festubert opened on May 15th with British and Indian troops making advances east of the town. On May 18th the Canadian 3rd Brigade moved up from reserve into the line and joined a series of assaults against a German strongpoint known as The Orchard. The 14th Battalion moved the line forward in the north and although the 16th Battalion failed to capture the Orchard, it did secure part of a strongpoint known as the North Breastworks.

On May 20th, the 15th Battalion had moved up into the line and advanced with orders to assault the German line and take two German strongpoints known as L.11 and L.12 while the 16th Battalion renewed its assault on the Orchard. Supported by an artillery barrage the 16th Battalion successfully seized the Orchard but with inadequate artillery support the assault by No 2 and 4 Company of the 15th Battalion ran into heavy German artillery and machine gun fire. The supporting Battalion machine guns were also put out of action and although the advance continued, it proved impossible to maintain direction. The artillery had not destroyed the barbed wire entanglements in front of the German line and it could not be penetrated. Despite another determined attempt to push forward, the objectives were beyond reach and the two assaulting companies fell back and swung to the left to capture the remaining section of the North Breastworks which they held against several determined German counterattacks. Linking up with the 16th Battalion they had pushed the line forward and this line remained the British front line until 1918.

In its first offensive action of the war, the 1st Division suffered 2468 casualties of which 150 were from the 15th Battalion including 35 All Ranks KIA, MIA or DOW.

[CLICK HERE TO SEE THE RELATED TRIBUTE VIDEO](#)

106TH ANNIVERSARY OF OBSERVATORY RIDGE-MOUNT SORREL



In the early morning of June 3rd 1916 the 14th and 15th Battalions of the 1st Division's 3rd Infantry Brigade were preparing to conduct the Canadian Corp's first counterattack of the war in an attempt to recapture ground taken by the Germans the day before when they attacked the eastern part of the Ypres salient and tore a 1200 metre gap in the Canadian line capturing all the ground from Sanctuary Wood to Mount Sorrel, including Observatory Ridge. Observatory Ridge had been the main objective of the German attack and as it overlooked the entire Canadian line from Hooze to Hill 60, it had to be retaken. Here would take place the fiercest fighting during the Battle of Mount Sorrel. The battalion would close the gap and later also support the retaking of Mount Sorrel but Like 2nd Ypres and Festubert the year before, the cost was high as 13 Officers and 240 Other Ranks would become casualties – a high percentage of those killed would be Missing in Action.

[CLICK HERE TO SEE THE RELATED TRIBUTE VIDEO](#)