

The background of the poster features a silhouette of a soldier in a trench, holding a rifle, set against a warm, orange-hued sunset sky. In the foreground, there is a dense field of red poppies.

Remembrance Day 2024

WHITEHORSE LEGION
BRANCH 254
ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

LEST WE
FORGET

A Soldier's Perspective

By Maria Cruise C.C.P.A., PO1 ret'd CD1

I have 28 years of service, 26 as a Medical Technician and the last two years as a military Physician Assistant. Remembrance Day is significant to me not only as a soldier but also in my role as a caregiver. For me, it consists of ceremony, respect, and reflection.

The ceremony consists of attending a parade on that day and wearing the poppy. I respect the sacrifices past military members made in order for those enjoying the civilian freedoms that I feel are being taken for granted. I also reflect on my own military career, the military members I have cared for, and the challenges that I faced as a female medic supporting the combat arms.

I deployed three times during my career. The Remembrance Day ceremonies I attended while deployed, while not having the pageantry, the significance of what the meaning of the special day was deeply heartfelt. In Cyprus, the names of those killed were read out, along with the ages. In Afghanistan, it was much smaller and more sombre. I honour the fallen, friends that I've lost in more recent conflicts as well as past historical conflicts.

As a female military soldier, I noticed, especially in my early years in the military, that women veterans were the forgotten ones. We served but received little to no recognition for our contributions. I remember that, at an airport, when I was flying home on leave, my male counterparts received upgrades to business class. When I asked and said I was serving with them, I was told "so" and took my seat in economy. It was difficult to not receive the same accolades that my male counterparts were given when I faced the same risks and dangers, at times from the same soldiers, from soldiers who were wearing the exact same uniform that I was wearing.

It is so heartwarming to see how much things have progressed and attitudes have changed since I enlisted in 1988. Not only in how the number of women serving has increased but also in the way barriers are being taken down. This also crosses over to how women veterans are being honoured, and their sacrifices are being recognized. Those extremely brave women supported the troops by working as nurses, truckers, and administration staff. In World War I, over 40 Nursing Sisters lost their lives caring for wounded on the front lines. As well as the women who remained back home in Canada who had to care for their children, tend crops and livestock, and take up manufacturing jobs as the men headed to Europe.

World War II saw women's roles expand even further. Women became test pilots and ferried planes to Europe. In addition, they took on the incredibly dangerous task of assisting in training the male cadets by flying planes that towed targets so the cadets could get target practice using live ammunition.

I think of the women who stepped up and completed and excelled in tasks that, I'm sure for most, were beyond what they ever imagined that could or ever be given the opportunity to do. These women played an invaluable role in the success of winning the war, only to receive very little recognition for their sacrifices and accomplishments. After the war, when the men came back, and the celebrations and parades ended, these women were expected to go back to their at that period of time what was deemed their traditional roles without question or complaint. I can only imagine how those women felt and the day-to-day struggle to blend what the war allowed them to accomplish with what the accepted social attitude expected.

Seeing how women are being honoured and recognized for past service and sacrifice, as well as how many "firsts" are being completed by women soldiers in today's military, is heartwarming and leaves me with a sense of optimism for today's young women.

Women at War

Nursing Sisters First World War 1914 - 1918

Nursing became increasingly organized and recognized. More than 2,800 women served with the Canadian Army Medical Corps. and roughly 2,500 went overseas where they served close to the front lines in hospitals, on board hospital ships, and in combat zones with field ambulance units. Nurses who served in the First World War were called Nursing Sisters, but because of their blue dresses and white veils, they were nicknamed the "bluebirds".

Life for Canada's Nursing Sisters was dangerous. Over 40 lost their lives while in service, and of this number between 20 and 30 were killed by enemy action in the First World War.



Canadian Women Second World War 1939 - 1945

Many Canadian women wanted to play an active role in the war and lobbied the government to form military organizations for women. In 1941-42, the military was forever changed as it created its own women's forces. Women were now able, for the first time in our history, to serve Canada in uniform. More than 50,000 women served in the armed forces during the Second World War.

- The Canadian Women's Army Corps (CWACS) had 21,600 members.
- The Women's Division, Royal Canadian Air Force (WDs) had 17,400 members.
- The Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service (Wrens) had 7,100 members.
- Women in the services filled many positions, including mechanics, parachute riggers, wireless operators, clerks, and photographers.
- 4,480 Nursing Sisters (as Canadian military nurses were known) served in the war – 3,656 with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, 481 with the Royal Canadian Air Force Medical Branch and 343 with the Royal Canadian Naval Medical Service. Many of these women found themselves within range of enemy guns and some lost their lives.
- Nursing Sister Margaret Brooke was awarded the Order of the British Empire for her heroic efforts to save her fellow Nursing Sister Agnes Wilkie after the S.S. Caribou, the ferry they were taking to Newfoundland, was torpedoed in the Cabot Strait in 1942.

Source - www.veterans.gc.ca/en/remembrance/classroom/fact-sheets/women

"In whatever conflict Canadians have been called on to bear arms, in the last hundred years, the medical services of Canada have earned a high reputation for the skill and devotion with which they played their special part. It is a reputation that has not suffered as they carried out their continuous function in time of peace. Canadian Nursing Sisters are justifiably proud to have borne their share alike with officers and men in the great contribution made by the medical services. Of these dedicated women it may be said "They served equally."
G. W. Nicholson's book, *Canada's Nursing Sisters*

Lest We Forget

Every Day is Remembrance Day

By Joseph R. Mewett CD, Sergeant (Retired)



Serving 30 years in the Canadian Army with three overseas deployments, United Nations Mission in the Western Sahara (MINURSO), a NATO Mission in Bosnia (OP PALLADIUM Roto 7) and Afghanistan (TF 1-06 1PPCLI BG), I do a lot of remembering about my service, time overseas, domestic deployments and exercises.

There are many memories and things to remember and many things that you wish you could forget. Whether comrades in arms

or the local population from deployment areas, the people are engrained in your memories. The same goes for events or other things you see; you just store them away, and then, without notice, they can come back. Sometimes, watching the news, watching a TV show, or just an unexpected situation that pops up during the day will cause me to pause, think, and remember.

Sometimes it's good, and sometimes it's not so good.

Traditionally, Remembrance Day is on November 11th. It is a day that Veterans, families, friends and communities come together to pay tribute to those who have passed in service to their country. Following the Great War, this day was set aside following a tradition inaugurated by King George V in 1919. It is still observed every year to remember armed forces members who have died in the line of duty. This day allows us to come together with our military brothers and sisters, family, friends, and others to remember the sacrifices made by those who served and died to ensure our freedoms.

Do we only need one day to remember? Why do we only have one day set aside to remember? "Been there, done that" is a term used in the military that most people won't understand as they "have not been there or done that." It is hard to understand military life when you have not experienced it.

Having one day set aside to remember the history, the relatives and others is sufficient for most. For those who have served or families of those who served, remembrance can be any day for a number of reasons. An IED (improved explosive device) explosion, a firefight, a gruesome discovery, or witnessing an event are memories embedded in your brain. Opening your door and finding the Padre there to inform you that your spouse, son, or daughter was killed or injured in the line of duty are memories embedded in your brain. These are days the calendar won't let you forget - **Remembrance**.

For those who have served: when driving, you see something on the side of the road that was not there 2 hours ago and is definitely out of place, causing you to change direction and take a different route. This is sometimes done without even thinking about it. It has become a natural instinct, and then you start to wonder why you're on a different road. You see people where there should not be people and wonder what they're up to or the exact opposite, why are there no people there when there should be? These memories are triggered by events; some call them safety warnings - **Remembrance**.

Every army, navy, or air force member has been affected by their service in one way or another, and so have their families. The RCMP, First Responders and their families are also exposed to many events that cause triggered memories - **Remembrance**.

During my career, on every overseas deployment, some domestic deployments and exercises, people were killed or injured. Some were Canadians, while others were Americans, Swiss, French, British, or other countries that were working with us or deployed to the mission/exercise area. These events affected not only Canadians but other nationalities as well.

Events can and do have global implications. These events can cause Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), and it is a type of remembrance that has negative effects on people. PTSD and events that cause it are felt personally and worldwide. They affect many nation's people and their armed forces. Each country and its people deal with it in their own ways - **Remembrance**.

Not only do we remember the soldiers, sailors, and air personnel, but we should also remember those who helped them. During all conflicts and operations, there were many local civilians who risked their own lives and those of their families to help us. Many of those civilians and military personnel died or got wounded on days other than November 11th. Those of us who were there or know their stories remember them on those other days. November 11th is the day that we gather to mutually support each other and the community, remember the past, and show support for those currently serving.

Remembrance takes many forms and is observed in many different ways, at many different places, and at many different times.

**Remembrance Day can be any day.
It is just important that you Remember.**



We Remember The Korean War

The Korean War started on 25 June 1950, when North Korean troops invaded South Korea. United Nations forces soon joined the fighting, which would rage until an armistice was signed on 27 July 1953. More than 26,000 Canadians served on land, at sea and in the air during this bitter conflict. Sadly, 516 Canadians died. Long seen as a forgotten war, the Korean War is an important chapter in Canada's military history.

71ST Anniversary of the Korean War Armistice

A Calling to Serve

By Major Cary Baker MSM, CD (Retired)

Remembrance Day means something different to each Canadian. For me, it is not just about remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice and never came home, but those who survived after enduring months and years away from home fighting to ensure countries like Canada and her Allies remained free.

My grandfather on my mom's side, BSM John Nicol from Peterhead, Scotland, was a member of the British Army during World War II and was wounded during the Dunkirk evacuations, after which he spent six months recovering, only to be sent off to Burma for four years fighting alongside the Chindits. The Chindits, officially known as Long Range Penetration Groups, were special operations units of the British and Indian armies that saw action from 1942 to 1945 during the Burma Campaign of World War II. He returned home to Scotland in 1946 a very different man, according to my mother. In 2023, my mom found his old war diary. Without going into any detail, his accounts of the war in Burma are jaw-dropping and could be the "draft" of a very good book or war movie.

My grandfather on my dad's side, Lieutenant (Navy) Herman Baker MBE, was the XO of a Mine Sweeping Corvette HMCS Georgian during the Battle of the Atlantic, the longest continuous military campaign in World War II, which ran from 1939 to defeat of Nazi Germany in 1945. He would spend countless months away from home ensuring the supply convoys made it to the United Kingdom.

He was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE) when he led several other Royal Canadian Navy members who volunteered to board a British merchant cargo ship full of ammunition in Bedford Basin, Halifax, that was on fire and threatened to explode with a force larger than the blast of 1917. As the cargo ship burned and under life-threatening conditions, they were able to sink the ship in the basin. From that day on, my Grampy Baker was referred to as "The Angel of Halifax." When the war finally ended, he returned home as a very different man, according to my father.

As a young boy, I couldn't understand why my grandfathers were the way they were. It was only after finishing my 25-year military career and spending years away from home in places like Bosnia and Afghanistan that I understood why they acted the way they did in the years after World War II. How I wish I could sit down with them now and share theirs and my stories. I will always remember the sacrifices they made.

My father, Captain Gary Baker CD, joined the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) as a pilot in 1962. Over the next 35 years, he flew countless hours (just over 15,000 hours) in the CP-107 Argus and the Royal Air Force's Nimrod Mk2 over the Atlantic Ocean, hunting for Soviet submarines during the Cold War. As a young boy, I was fully aware of the dangers he and his crew members faced when flying 18-to-20-hour missions in terrible weather conditions at wave-top heights.

Each mission included live torpedoes and depth charges, as the Cold War could have changed to World War 3 at any time. Despite the dangers I knew he faced each time he flew, I desperately wanted to follow in his footsteps and join the Canadian Armed Forces. Unfortunately, in 2005, my dad died at the very young age of 64 of cancer. To this day, I wish he was still here so I could have someone to talk to about my years in the military.

My mother, Flight Officer Helen Nicol (Baker), joined the RCAF in 1965 after finishing her Nursing Degree in Scotland. While she only served for two years, she was posted to CFB Summerside, where my dad was flying the CP-107 Argus with 415 Squadron. The rest is history, as they say, and two years later, in 1967, I was born.

My brother, Captain Stuart Baker CD, is a serving member of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He, too, served in Afghanistan.

My son, Corporal Noah Baker, is a serving member of the 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment. At the young age of 22, he has already completed one tour in Latvia. I am sure he will have many more tours in the future.

My daughter Ceilidh Baker is currently learning how to be a pilot at the Moncton Flight College and wants to follow in her grandfather Baker's footsteps and join the RCAF as a pilot. I have no doubts she will one day be flying Canada's future P-8 Poseidon anti-submarine hunters.

As for me, I joined the Canadian Army in 1984 and served four years with the Reserves in the Prince Edward Island Regiment as an Armoured Recce Crewman and Troop Leader. In 1988, I joined the regular force and spent the next 21 years as a Combat Engineer officer and a Special Operation officer. After far too many tours and far too much time spent away from my wife and young children I decided to retire in 2009 at the age of 41 (but feeling like I was 65). Soon after that, I was recruited by NATO to be Canada's first civilian instructor at the NATO Special Operations school in Belgium. For the next nine years, I had the great honour of working with some of the world's finest special operations members. For many of us, the school was a form of therapy as we were able to relate to each others' experiences in Afghanistan and a few other faraway places I can't talk or write about. We fondly remembered and talked about friends lost.

Each year, I make the effort to attend a Remembrance Day service wearing my medals and beret, and each year, someone will approach me and say thank you for your service. Smiling, I respond by saying there is no need to thank me as it was an honour and privilege to serve this great country. I am sure if my dad and grandfathers were still alive, they would say the same thing.

For our family, there has always been a calling to serve.

HMCS Georgian (J144) / Bangor-class Minesweeper

HMCS Georgian was commissioned in Toronto and arrived in Halifax on October 13, 1941. She was initially assigned to the Sydney Force. In January 1942, she joined the Newfoundland Force and remained with it until February 1944. She left Halifax on February 18, 1944, with Bayfield, Mulgrave, and Thunder for Plymouth, UK, via the Azores, arriving on March 7, 1944, assigned to a series of minesweeping flotillas and was present on D-Day. After decommissioning on October 10, 1945, she was eventually sold for scrap.

Battle honours:

Atlantic 1941-42, 1944 - Gulf of St. Lawrence 1942 - Normandy 1944

Builder: Dufferin Shipbuilding Co. Toronto, ON

Date laid down: October 10, 1940

Date launched: January 28, 1941

Date commissioned: September 23, 1941

Date paid off: October 23, 1945

Displacement: 682.8 tonnes

Dimensions: 54.9 m x 8.7 m x 2.5 m

Speed: 16 knots

Crew: 183

Armament: one 4-inch, one 3-inch
or one 12-pdr., two 20-mm



Long Range Penetration Groups (The Chindits)

The Chindits were British Empire troops who carried out guerrilla-style operations in Burma during the Second World War. The force mainly comprised the British Indian Army and the Gurkhas, including Burmese soldiers who had escaped Japanese occupation. Chindit was derived from the chinthe, a mythical Burmese creature and temple guardian. The Chindits were formed to raid deep behind Japan's forces and disrupt its supply lines.



A Veteran's Companion

By John Nystad C.D Retired



I have written about war, the Gaza Strip and Alert. The following article will be about something very little mentioned during wars or what we just take for granted. The thing I will write about is one of man's most devoted and faithful friends, the dog. The dog has been man's companion since the dawn of time. Early man trained dogs to catch game, to herd livestock, for protection and many other things.

The Inuit of the north trained huskies to pull heavy sleds. Assyrians, Egyptians and Babylonians used the mastiff dog as guard dogs and also participated in wars. Throughout history, the dog has developed

into many different breeds. Smaller dog breeds were trained for hunting small game, but then people saw theirs as cute and loving and became man's companion.

During wars, dogs were used as messengers to sniff out land mines. Because of this, many lives were saved. The dog wasn't the only animal used during wars. Pigeons, horses, and mules have also been used over the years. During World War I, over 4 million horses were killed or just died of malnutrition and abuse. During World War II, horses didn't fare much better. For example, the Polish army had regiments that still used horses in battle, and one does not need to think too hard to figure out who would succeed in winning when horse regiments attacked tanks.

Dogs have been trained to aid man, such as by guiding blind people. Police have trained dogs to sniff out drugs and bombs and to search for escaped prisoners. The military has used dogs during various Acts of War, such as sniffing out landmines, and many of these dogs have been awarded medals. One such dog was a Newfoundlander who was shipped out to Hong Kong along with his Quebec Rifle Regiment. Because the soldiers found the dog at Gander airport, they named it Gander.

When the Japanese military landed in Hong Kong, Gander did his deed by charging at the Japanese. However, the most significant incident was when Gander returned a grenade thrown by a Japanese Soldier, but this incident killed Gander. It won Gander the animal-only Dicken Medal for "acts of conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in wartime."

One thing about animals is that they don't ask for much, and all they want is food, shelter, love, and care. Dogs can be trained to do almost anything, but in turn, they don't need to be abused. People who abuse dogs should be punished because it is unethical to abuse animals. Not everyone likes dogs, and that's OK. They can't speak to defend themselves. A lot can be accomplished with patience and a soft voice when training an animal.

I lost my best friend and companion a short time ago. His name was Diego, and he was a loving creature, a little Chihuahua. Diego went to work with me every day. My boss had no problem having a dog at work with me. It is well known that a dog at work with his master is comforting for both of us and does not interfere in most cases with work production.

I dedicated this article to my 'son' Diego. I loved my Diego very much and miss him dearly.

Tot Ziens,
Diego.



A Letter Home

By Donovan Dewis, Owner and Publisher - CATF

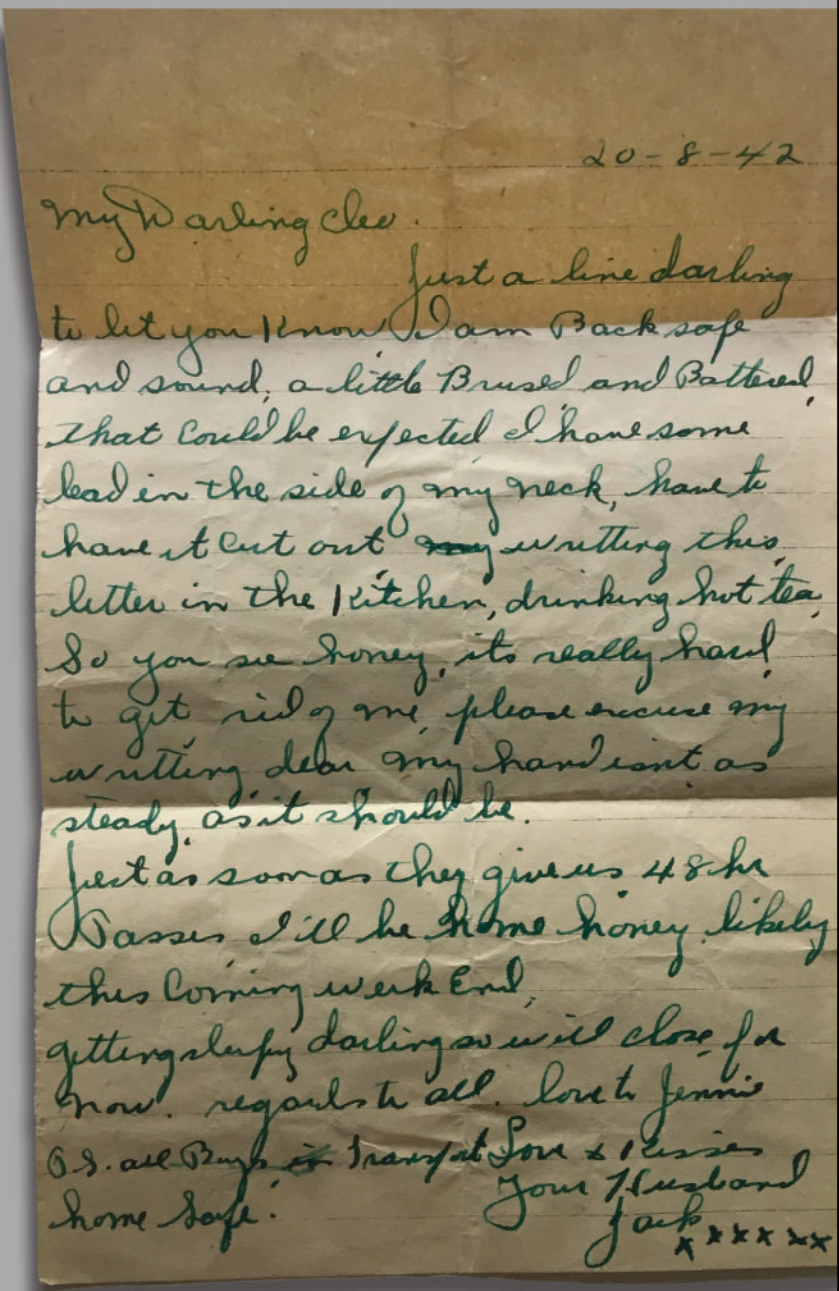
August 19, 2024, will mark the 82nd anniversary of the Dieppe Raid. Canadians made up the great majority of the attackers in the raid. Nearly 5,000 of the 6,100 troops were Canadians. Of the 4,963 Canadians who embarked on the operation, only 2,210 returned to England, and many of these were wounded. There were 3,367 casualties, including 1,946 prisoners of war; 916 Canadians lost their lives. My Grandfather was one of the lucky ones to return to England.

John (Jack) Dewis, my Grandfather, signed up as many young men did at the time in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1939. He enlisted with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada. My Grandfather, like many Canadian soldiers, went to England to start training on the Isle of Wright. While in England, he met my Grandmother, married, had kids, and at some point, I came along.

Here is what I was told about that day. When my Grandfather landed on the beach, an explosion went off behind him. This sent him headfirst into a sea wall, where he received shrapnel in his neck. Around Pourville is where he took his first Axis Soldier. This bothered him a few days later. I do not think he meant to tell me this, but it slipped out in a conversation one day.

He had to swim out to the boats on the retreat due to the low tide. On his swim, a bullet hit the chin strap of his helmet. The helmet fell into the water, and my Grandfather picked up the pace, according to him.

Please note the date of the letter
- one day after the Dieppe Raid took place.



Farewell to a Soldier and Friend

By Captain (Retired) Cal Knowles CD1



Over the years, I have been asked to make verbal presentations as well as write articles on what Remembrance Day means to me. I have produced articles, including pictorial accounts of my deployments and experiences. I have acknowledged those who have served and tread on grounds of conflict, ultimately giving their lives. I have written articles sharing the stories of my grandfather, who served during World War I, and my uncles, who served during World War II. This year strikes a different day of "Remembrance" for me as I will reflect on the fond memories I have of a true soldier. And a friend.

Just weeks ago, I had to bid farewell to this man whom I had come to know and respect, who passed suddenly and unexpectedly. A terrible, sad blow for all that knew him. He served for 30 years and retired shortly after I joined the CAF. He had a remarkable and distinguished career serving in several international theatres. Our paths never crossed during the overlap period of our respective military service, but the locations of our deployments did.

I only met this soldier two years ago when I moved to Whitehorse; he retired as a Major and me as a Captain. We first met in the Whitehorse Legion, where I was introduced to him as a fellow officer who had served in the Middle East. We struck an immediate bond as "Combat Arm brothers." I bought him a beer (his beloved Kokanee) and settled in to listen to his recount of his time in the Middle East. As he told me tales of different places, I was able to share my accounts as well, as I had been to many of the same locations, albeit, 20+ years later. Sad to say that in twenty years, the threats that he faced during his deployment were no different than mine.

Having said that - did his sacrifices during his career make a difference? Absolutely.

He set a sterling example of what it means to be a Canadian soldier. During his deployment on the UNIFIL mission in the 1980s, he was abducted by Hezbollah in Lebanon. He was held captive for several days, not knowing if they intended to kill him or let him live. All he was armed with was his courage, dedication and level head. He told me that during those long, arduous days, he kept his sanity by focusing on his family and his mission. A picture that hangs in his home says it best; it is a large, head-and-shoulders photograph of himself as a young Lieutenant in uniform with small photos of each of his three boys superimposed within his head while a small picture of his late wife superimposed over his heart. Through calm reasoning with his captors, he prevailed. His mettle served him well; it served us all well. Yes, he made a difference.

Over the past two years, I have been fortunate to spend some special time with this old soldier. We went on several "Morel picking" expeditions together, where we had time alone to share our military experiences. We shared accounts of many scary experiences as well as positive experiences. We laughed so many times, and how I treasure those times, but on more than one occasion we were near tears. I treasure those times as well. I have always said that when reflecting on one's military career, one should forget the bad times and only remember the good times. I can't always forget the bad times.

My friend continued to serve after his retirement from the CAF in so many ways. He was the President of Legion Branch 254 for several years and continued to serve on the Executive of the Branch long after he stepped down from the President position. He was involved with the Cadets, Rangers, Yukon Order of Pioneers and several other local organizations. He was the face of the Legion as he was MC for the local Remembrance Day ceremony, Canada Day ceremony, and so many other functions. He sat on boards that promoted the welfare of CAF veterans. He dispelled the saying that "old soldiers never die; they simply fade away," he definitely did not fade.

This year, Remembrance Day has a different meaning for me. Remembering those who sacrificed so much and continued to give after their active service. Soldiers that never stopped serving, and now my brother, even though you were a member of the Armoured Corps and I as a member of the Artillery.

Allow me to close with an artillery expression....

"End of Mission, Good Shooting, Stand Easy." Thank you Red for your service and your friendship.

I will remember you.



In Flanders Field

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

By John McCrae



Military Spouse Remembrance

By Louise Knowles – spouse of Capt (Ret'd) Cal Knowles

In September 1983, my husband Cal joined the Canadian Armed Forces. We were living in Saskatoon, in our mid-twenties, had been married for nearly three years, had a mortgage set at 17.5%, and faced job cuts at work. We were looking for change and for security. Well, as they say ... “There is no life like it!” That was over forty years ago.

Some of my fondest memories of our military life must include all the places we got to live. Our first move was to CFB Gagetown NB, then CFB Shilo MB, NDHQ Ottawa, LFWA HQ Edmonton, and finally, we went back to SK, where Cal worked for Sask Dom Ops in Regina. Through all of those postings, we got to know many fellow military members and their spouses, who became great friends. That was especially true about life on base in the PMQ community at CFB Gagetown, where seven of us wives all had babies within six months of each other and became a tight-knit group. Then we moved to CFB Shilo with our 3-month-old son Lucas and lived on Junior Officer's Street.

Many of us had little kids. We attended most of the same activities and went to the same parties at the Officers' Mess. During those early military years, we were also introduced to many special military events: Graduation parade, Armed Forces Day, Freedom of the City, Military Tattoo evening performances, Mess dinners, Dining-Ins, Royal visits to the Base, formal events, and many holiday parties.

Another highlight would be all the places that we were able to visit. We treated each posting as a perfect opportunity to act like tourists and experience as much as possible, especially in the Maritimes and Ottawa. Although we could not go to Russia while Cal was on course there, Lucas and I could visit him briefly while he was on tour in Jamaica and Bosnia. I also met him twice in Europe during his yearlong tour in the Middle East.

My toughest memories started with our initial move in 1983 from the prairies across the country to the Maritimes, where my Soldier was confined to Base for the first month of Phase training. Every move included the stressful need for many household changes: address & phone numbers, utility & insurance companies, doctors and dentists, etc. In 1990, we moved from the close-knit regimental family at CFB Shilo, heading to Orleans, near Ottawa, and Cal went to Kingston Staff College. I had been involved with half a dozen on-base community groups in Shilo, including the Officers' Wives Club, the Toddlers Playgroup, and the Anglican Church Women. Then I moved to a new city with a 3-year-old, where we knew no one, had no unit support, and everyone in our area worked outside the home – it was a tough six months!

With the Regiment, Cal had often gone to “the field” on exercises, including multi-brigade deployments for weeks, but his four tours outside of Canada were the longest times we were apart, for six or twelve months.

I had to handle all of the responsibilities of a home owner, a single parent and a spouse home alone by myself. But this farm girl was pretty handy inside and outside, and our Lucas was such a joy to raise, being “Mr. Helpful” every step of the way. I also enjoyed the constant exchange of loving and supportive emails and phone calls with Cal. As an added bonus, with each tour came the opportunity for me to reconnect with him in person in a neutral country for two weeks of R&R, where we could hash over his problems and mine, rejuvenating ourselves for the second half of his tour.

My early Remembrance Day memories go back to getting the large poppies from school and sticking them on the kitchen windows of our family farm home in SK. I had no immediate family close by who had served, as my maternal Grandfather, who had served, lived in Burnaby, BC. My Dad had moved from the U.S. as a child and had taken over the SK family farm as a young man, so he did not serve as a soldier. Once Cal joined the Forces, we attended the Remembrance Day ceremonies at the local town Cenotaphs, where soldiers were on parade, and the public attended the service in the cold and snow. The Remembrance Day Ceremony in downtown Ottawa was the most moving experience of all (1990-93), with all branches of the Canadian Armed Forces on parade, with Politicians and Dignitaries participating and with thousands of people crowding around the War Memorial in our Nation's capital.

Reality struck home when soldiers that Cal had served with did not return from their tours; they had lost their lives in various theatres, and my remembrance thoughts progressed from “remembering those from the past” to “realizing losses of the present!” Now, his fellow soldiers, men who had dined at our table and had played with our son, paid that ultimate sacrifice and their families were left devastated. As Cal's wife and his support, we shared their loss together, forever grateful that he had returned home from his tours whole, in mind, body and spirit! Fast forward to when our son Lucas served as a Reserve soldier with the N Sask Regt in Saskatoon through his university years; three of his comrades that had transferred to the Regular Force lost their lives in Afghanistan – those were hard times for his Unit and for him, and we shared in his loss.

As we have been attending the more modern Remembrance Day Ceremonies in recent years, usually inside an arena, along with hundreds of fellow Canadians, sharing with many Soldiers and Police and Rangers and Cadets on parade in Remembrance – it is to those comrades of my two Soldiers that my thoughts go to first – the fallen ones, the injured ones, the broken ones. I give thanks for their service and their sacrifice. I pray for them, their spouses, their families and their friends. I pray that all those across our country and around the world who are living with or suffering from the devastating effects of war, may also feel honour and find peace, by knowing that those who surround them on that day, are offering them respect and love and support, so they can keep on living and remembering, through their most difficult of times.

We Will Remember Them

Remembrance Day Talk at an Elementary School

By Rick Smith, RCMPVA-Yukon Division

Sitting there just like you when I was in school, I did not know what Remembrance Day meant. But I am glad my teachers helped me understand just how special it is. So, I'm going to tell you a story.

How many of you have a poppy or even a picture of one? It is a beautiful flower. Whenever you see a poppy, you can think about why you feel so warm and safe today. That is because a whole bunch of people left their homes and went to fight some very bad guys. These bad guys wanted to control other people's countries, including Canada, and make us do whatever they said, no matter how bad that was.

Now, I know that it is very scary to think about but look around you. Think about how warm and safe you feel in your school right now, surrounded by your friends and teachers. Well, that's what Remembrance Day is really about. You get to feel this way because someone was willing to fight the bad guys to protect everything you love.

How many of you have friends in school? You are so lucky to have them, and taking care of each other is very important.

How many of you know the poem 'In Flanders Fields'? For me, it's about friendship and helping others.

A guy named 'John McCrae' wrote this poem. He was a Canadian Army doctor on a battlefield far away from here.

Now, John had a friend just like you do. His name was Alex. Now Alex was killed in the fighting and buried under a simple wooden cross. So, John went to his funeral and saw all the wild poppies starting to bloom between the crosses, a sea of red flowers. He was very sad over the loss of his friend, as well as the other soldiers who'd been killed. So, he wrote 'In Flanders Fields,' where he and Alex were sent during the war. John wanted to thank his friend for giving his life so we all could feel warm and safe today.

That is what John's poem means to me. If a friend like Alex asked you never to forget why he died, would you remember him? I know the answer is yes because there's no greater love than that. Men and women like Alex, dying on the battlefield, give you the chance to live your life the best you can while feeling warm and safe. You know what? Soldiers like Alex only ask that you remember them. That's why we say the words '*lest we forget.*' Never forget.

I want to tell you one last thing: Everyone has a bright star inside us, but there's always room for others. John's star and Alex's star are in me today. You can put their stars beside your own star. That will make each of us feel warm and safe because we know they did everything they could to help us. They only ask that you never forget that is it. They don't even ask that we say 'thank you,' but we do.

So, when you get home today, give your family a big hug and remember what John and Alex did for all of us.

Lest We Forget.

Red

Major (Retired) Gilles (Red) Grossinger, CD



Red was born on 24 December 1940 in St-Jerome, Quebec, the oldest of 13 children to Aristide and Marie-Jeanne.

Red married Marie and had three children together: Darcy, Jeffrey, and Steven. After Marie's passing, Red was able to find a second chance at happiness when he married Shanon. He leaves behind his widow, three sons and three grandchildren, Melissa, Nicole and Torin.

At the age of 17, Red joined the Canadian Armed Forces Armoured Corps. He served with Fort Garry Horse, Lord Strathcona Horse (Royal Canadians), and 12e Regiment blindé du Canada. He was commissioned from the ranks in 1974 and retired as a Major in 1987.

He was awarded the following medals for his military service: the Canadian Forces Decoration with clasp, the United Nations Truce Supervision Medal, the United Nations Forces in Cyprus with the numeral 2, the Special Service Medal with NATO designation, the Canadian Peacekeeping Medal and the Queen's Jubilee Medal.

Since retirement from the CAF, Red was very active in the Whitehorse community. He was past president of the Royal Canadian Legion, a member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, a founding member of the Vimy Heritage Housing Society, and a Yukon Heritage Resources Board member. He took great pride in being involved with 2685 the Yukon Regiment Army Cadet Corps, Remembrance Day and Canada Day Celebrations in Whitehorse and addressing several schools during Remembrance Week Ceremonies. Red was presented with the Minister of Veterans Affairs Commendation and the Vice Regal Commendation for his service to the community and Veterans.

He had a passion for fishing, which he passed on to all his sons. He also had a passion for researching Sasquatch, about which he wrote and published two books.

*Red will be sadly missed
by all his family and friends.*

Eulogy by Master Warrant Officer Jeff Grossinger, CD1 (son)

***Say not in grief that Red is no more
but live in thankfulness that he was, and that
he chose us to be his friend.***

Looking around this room and at the huge turnout of people wishing to say goodbye to Red, it would appear that he included us from so many walks of life to be his friend.

The Craigen Family living at 2 Morley Road have been friends of the Grossinger Family at 1 Morley Road for almost half a century. During this time, we came to know Red and Marie as well as their three boys, Darcy, Jeffrey and Stephen. I had the privilege of teaching a couple of the lads at F. H. Collins. Marie was a very modest, caring and patient mother, and you can well imagine the great amount of patience that Marie needed in raising three boys, maybe four, including Red!

In his career with the Canadian Armed Forces, Red dedicated his chosen profession to pursuing peacekeeping postings in various parts of the world. Red, you left too soon as we need your skills in 'calming the waters' in the Middle East today.

Both Red and Marie welcomed friends of their boys into their home. In fact, our missing cat Chester moved into the Grossinger home for a few days! Perhaps the single most important quality Red instilled in his boys was a love of the Yukon outdoors. I remember the lads, along with friends Mark and Donovan, in their teenage years heading up into the hills in Riverdale. They were fully equipped for a couple of nights of bivouacking with appropriate survival gear. They often gave the appearance of going out on a military maneuver. Indeed, their love of the outdoors led both Jeffrey and Darcy to careers in the Canadian Armed Forces.

Red was also an inveterate outdoors person. In his retirement, Red ventured into offering river trips on his pontoon boat. Later on, Red became enamoured with tracking down the elusive SASQUATCH. He would follow up on any tips of a sighting but was always only left with signs of footprints. Over the years, Red became an international authority on Sasquatch and would often be invited to speak at symposiums.

Sasquatch was not the only species that Red was enamoured with. In his later years, he met his loving and supportive partner, Shanon.

We all are aware of his years of dedicated service with the Whitehorse Branch of The Royal Canadian Legion. His indefatigable volunteer efforts made Branch 254 one of the most successful in the country. Red always cared for those in need. He spoke in positive terms of his many friends and associates. Caring for others less fortunate was always a prime concern for Red. He inspired all who were lucky enough to be his friend to lead better lives.

Red, you are such a huge part of The Yukon Fabric. You helped in so many ways to make Whitehorse and the Greater Yukon such a desirable place to live in and raise our families. You were a man of singular style. We will never be able to quite replace the pleasure of your company.

Now that you have crossed over THE GREAT DIVIDE, may you catch up to those pesky SASQUATCH and enjoy their company.

**Thank you, Red,
for choosing us to be your friends.**

Friends Mike and Gail Craigen



Red

Major (Retired) Gilles (Red) Grossinger, CD

I would like to say a few words about my friend Red Grossinger. Red had retired after an illustrious career with the Canadian Armed Forces and the UN Peace Keepers. He retired at the rank of Major. I believe it was 1985 when Red moved his family to Whitehorse. My wife and I knew Red and Marie for a few years before we started associating, as we had been to the Legion on Alexander Street many times, and my oldest and Red's youngest sons were high school buddies.

In Zihuatanejo, Mexico, we, in the tradition of all Yukoners, hung out together. Carenn and I went to this beach bar on Madera Beach called M.J. Ritchies. As was his tradition, the owner, Raphael, met us at the door to welcome us. He noticed the words, Whitehorse, YT on my T-shirt and said "Oh, you're from Whitehorse? You know Senior Rojo?" "Yes, I do." I answered and asked, "Is he here?" meaning in Mexico, to which he replied, "Not today, maybe tomorrow." That was the start, and we would meet regularly at that cozy little establishment. It was there that this incident happened.

Our daughter Leanne was with us, and we met Red, Marie, and their friends Jill and Lloyd at the beach bar in the afternoon. I have told this story before, but I will repeat it because it has to do with Red. I don't remember what Marie was drinking, but the bar had apparently run out. Marie was trying to think of what else she might like to drink when Leanne said, "I saw a bottle of Frangelico behind the bar; why don't you try that?" So, she did, and she liked it. That is what she continued to drink for the afternoon. At about 3 or 4, the ladies got up and went to their respective accommodations, leaving Red, Lloyd and myself at the bar. About an hour later, Red asked for their bill, and his lower jaw almost bounced off the table when he looked at it. Apparently, Frangelico is an imported liqueur and is priced accordingly!

The Legion was a concept Red embraced wholeheartedly. Over the years, he performed many functions for the Whitehorse Branch. He had been involved in every executive position except Treasurer. He had served two terms as Branch President, 1995-1996 and 2008-2011.

He became very involved with Remembrance Day functions, and I had the honour of working on some of them with him. Along with helping to organize Remembrance Day, he and I were responsible for ordering remembrance supplies such as wreaths, poppies, etc. He headed up the distribution of wreaths for display in businesses and the laying of wreaths at the annual ceremony. He was the MC for the Remembrance Day Ceremony for many years. During Remembrance Week, he spoke at many schools to educate students about the meaning of Remembrance Day. He was instrumental in organizing Canada Day events and was the MC for that event for many years.

Anyone who has been to our Branch has most likely noticed the museum display which Red had developed and became the curator of. He was also involved in the Vimy Heritage Housing Society and the Yukon Heritage Resource Board, as well as the restoration of the Pioneer Cemetery. Red never had just one thing on the go. He had two or three things on the go all the time. I don't know where he found the energy.

Other interests that Red was involved in include the "go-to" guy in the Yukon for Sasquatch investigations and research. He has two books published on the subject. I am careful to use the term "Sasquatch" and not "Bigfoot," as Red did not care for the term "Bigfoot."

Another of his joys in life was fishing, and it was not uncommon to run into Red while fishing in Haines, Alaska. A few years back, the Legion had organized a Wounded Warriors event in which military veterans, RCMP, 1st Responders, corrections staff, and Rangers would get together for a weekend of camping, fishing, etc. On one of these events, we were camped at the Takhini River Campground. Red, Darcy, Rose and myself jumped in Red's truck and went down to the Takhini River to fish. Red and Darcy had fly rods, and Rose and I had lure draggers. The grayling were not interested in the lures but were biting like hell on the flies. After about an hour of washing lures, Rose and I decided we were done wasting good drinking time, so we reeled in, laid down the rods, cracked a beer and sat on a log watching the Red and Darcy fishing show!

Few people realize that Red belonged to a very prestigious organization within the Legion, the Saturday Afternoon Nob Club. Our mandate was to travel down a lake, set up camp and fish for a few days. When we weren't fishing, we were solving world problems at the Legion every Saturday afternoon. John Nystad even made us a lovely centerpiece to display at our meetings. Red didn't say much at these meetings, but usually, when someone was solving a world problem, he would do the thing he did quite often: say, "Oh boy," and then laugh.

In closing, I would like to mention that I was honoured to be asked by Red to be the best man when he and Shanon were married. Thank you for that, Shanon.

***I am sure I can say,
"he will be missed by many."***

*Thank you
Daryl Kormos*

Lowering of The Flag

One of the few remaining World War II veterans, retired Lance Corporal Joe Novak passed just two weeks before his 101st birthday. The retired Lance Corporal served in France, Belgium and the Netherlands during the Second World War. For that service to Canada, Novak received numerous awards and decorations. In 2021, he was made a knight of the French National Order of the Legion of Honour. The order was established by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802 and is France's highest decoration.

"I'm always hoping that people will remember, you know, because the only time you hear anything about the Veterans is on November 11."
Lance Corporal Joe Novak - retired

In 2023, on his 100th birthday with families, friends and Armed Forces members, Joe had a flag pole installed in front of the care home where he resides. For the occasion, a very special flag was raised in front of Whistle Bend Place, a continuing care facility in Whitehorse. Novak was gifted the Canadian flag decades ago after he participated in Expo 67. This flag was flown at Expo 67. Novak's flag will now permanently fly outside Whistle Bend Place. The centenarian hopes that it serves as a reminder of those who fought in wars to protect their country.

Joseph Novak and Terry Grabowski

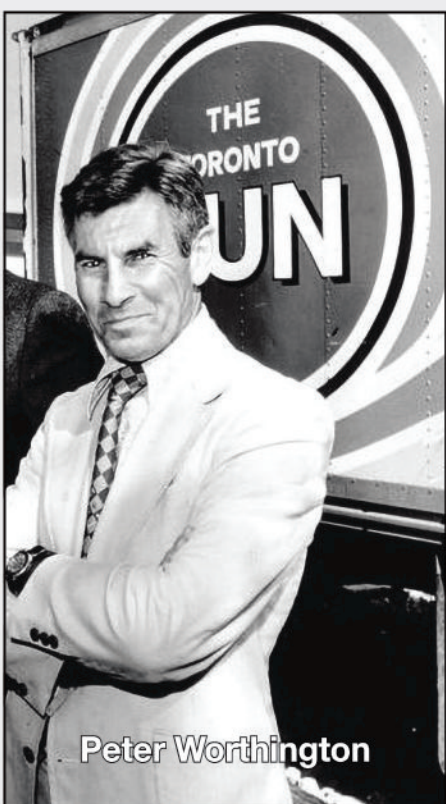


The Flask

Memories from Sgt David Laxton's deployment to Bosnia with the LdSH(RC) Battle Group, 1994
By David Laxton, CD



It was the summer of 1994 when I was deployed to Visoko, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the former Yugoslavia (33.6 km NW of Sarajevo). At the time, I was Sergeant David (Dave) Laxton, an engineer from the Mapping and Charting Establishment serving the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Battle Group as part of the United Nations Protection Force (UNPROFOR). I had started my military career with the Strathcona, serving with them from 1975 till 1984.



Peter Worthington

Our deployment had seen many visitors, military, political and civilian, mostly to observe and report back on our efforts. On this particular day, I was aware that Peter Worthington, a syndicated and renowned columnist, WWII and Korean veteran and son of Major General F.F. Worthington, the father of the Canadian Armoured Corp, was in our midst. I was very aware of who he and his father were and hoped to speak to him.

That evening, I attended the joint officer and senior NCO's (Non-Commissioned Officers) mess where we were permitted two beers (or wine) per day, perhaps (perhaps the warring factions would not be actively fighting within our Area of Responsibility (AOR)). There, seated at a table, was Mr. Worthington completely surrounded by a sea of officers.

After a beer, Mr Worthington excused himself. I took the opportunity and followed at a respectful distance, not wanting to be thought of as a stalker. When I caught up to him, I asked if I could tell him a story. He replied in the affirmative.

My grandfather on my mother's side, J. (Jack) C. Seymour, then a Sgt in 1941 while serving with the 12th RCE in Europe, found a silver pocket flask. On the front of the flask, it read "Capt. F.F. Worthington 1st C.M.M.G.BDE". On the back, he engraved Sgt J.C. Seymour, 12th RCE 1941. He then secured the flask and continued his work as a mechanic with the Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers (RCEME) throughout the war.



Maj. Gen F.F. Worthington

Following the war, my grandfather was posted to Canadian Forces Base Borden (normally referred to as Camp Borden), most likely to the Canadian Tank School. In 1947, my grandfather, now a WO2 (Warrant Officer 2), found himself and many others on parade for Maj. Gen. Worthington to inspect. The General progressed through the units, finally reaching RCEME, which always formed up behind the fighting troop. My grandfather asked "permission to speak to the General", which was immediately granted. He retrieved the flask from his tunic and, handed it to the General and said, "I found this during the war, sir." To which General Worthington replied, "I never thought I would see this again."

The very next day, the same units were on parade once again, something that never happens. When General Worthington approached to address them, he said, "Gentlemen, I am not here to inspect you. Sgt Major Seymour fall out". My grandfather marched forward, not sure what this was about, most likely as confused as the others on parade. Once in front, the general handed back the flask. Overnight, he had added the inscription "Presented to Sgt. Maj. J.C. Seymour, 30-10-47, By Maj. Gen. F.F. Worthington".



Flask Front

Flask Back

My mother had related to me that the Worthington Museum (in Camp Borden) had contacted her several times to request she give them the flask. She never did.

Mr. Peter Worthington listened intently to my story when asked, "What's your first name, Sgt Laxton?". I told him, and he proceeded to tell me how he liked the story and about how all his father's things are held by the museum, and even he didn't get to see many of them. He then said, "Keep the flask; it means more to your family than it ever would to the museum. Will you have a drink with me?".

We returned to the mess where the sea of officers waited and then parted for him to sit down and immediately closed around him..... shutting me out. Peter said, "Dave, I thought you were going to have a drink with me."

The sea of officers parted again and seemed somewhat confused as to why Mr Worthington was inviting me to join Him. I stepped forward, took a chair, and Peter and I continued to chat, never giving the puzzled audience a clue. My grandfather, WO2 Seymour, passed away in the military hospital at Camp Borden in 1958 from heart problems. My father called it death by rank, the Capt. The Doctor said he had a heart attack; the Col. Doctor said it was gallstones and ordered he be treated for gallstones.

Following his death, the flask and his hat badge went to my mother, Cleo Ardell Laxton (re Seymor). On her death, I received both.

The flask remains in my position and sits next to another flask of lesser historical nature and honour, although equally as important if only to me, and reads, "Presented to Speaker David Laxton, on his last year of his 50's. By Chief Superintendent Peter Clark. 17 Dec 2014".

History will be the only witness to where they go from here.



Sgt Laxton Bosnia 1995

At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them



My Dad

By Paul Scholz



My Dad, Gerd Scholz, was born in Kiel, Germany, in July 1940. At the time, Germany was at war with the Allies, and Kiel was one of the major naval bases and shipbuilding centres of the German Reich. As Kiel was an important target for Allied bombers, his house was destroyed by bombing twice before the end of the war in 1945.

In 1956, when my Dad finished grade nine and started apprenticing in the civil service, West Germany began conscription. With the post-World War II rearmament of West Germany's Federal Republic in the mid-1950s, all men from the

age of 18 were drafted into military service. Dad worked in the provincial unemployment office of Schleswig-Holstein and later at the Kiel Canal before being conscripted.

Kiel and Kiel Canal's proximity to the sea also fostered my Dad's interest in the Navy and the sea. Less of a factor, both my Dad's father and grandfather served in Germany's Navy. He also said joining the Navy would be a better choice than joining the Army as there would be less marching.

I will let my Dad continue in his own words,
as transcribed by my mom, Mary Scholz.

At the beginning of 1961 I had received a note from the military that I was to do compulsory service in the Army. Conscription was 18 months but if I volunteered I could pick the service but the minimum time for voluntary service was three years. Just one year later the volunteer time was extended to 4 years.

In January/February I wrote to the Navy to volunteer and was asked to come to Wilhelmshaven for an interview and testing over two days. I had asked for the logistics branch, but there were around 45 men at the interview, and they tested everyone for communications: wireless operations, Morse Code, Teleprinters, Semaphore, Radio, etc. At the end, I was told that I qualified to become a wireless operator. I was happy with that.

My brother, Ernst, had applied with his school buddy after leaving school to become a wireless operator, a **Funker**, but the Navy turned him down because of a hearing impediment. They accepted his friend, who I met later at Operator School, where he was an instructor.

April 1, 1961 was my start in the Navy. Navy boot camp was in the small town of Eckernförde, 30km from my hometown of Kiel. Here, we learned that we were selected because the Navy thought we were a little smarter and they were short of operators. In boot camp, we already started learning Morse Code, communications procedures and stuff normally taught in Operators School. For this reason, the operator course, which was normally a six-month course, was reduced for us to three months.

I think that is why they call the **Funkers** the intelligence of the fleet. After finishing the three-month operator's course, we could express a wish for a command and, if possible, the Navy would comply.

I had asked for a training Frigate, the bigger ones that made world tours, but was assigned to the **Schulgeschwader** (training squadron) of seven smaller ships, which trained crews of Officer Candidates for six months. The first three months were simply ship training, and the last three were a squadron trip and training around Europe. We cruised around southern Europe to Italy, Greece, Turkey and then North Africa to Morocco.

For about five months, I was in the **Funkraum** (operations room) then one day the **Commandant** (our Captain) called me and told me that he found out that I had training in government administration. The ship, when fully staffed, carried about 70 personnel, but there was officially no clerk or paymaster as part of that crew. This job was normally done by one of the Petty Officers, and everyone just hated it. If I took over the ship's office full time, I would not have to go on watch in the wireless operator's room and I could work just a normal day's work. I was happy to agree and became the ship's clerk, then added paymaster to my duties. Later, I also looked after the library and the sports equipment. I started this job as a **Obergefreiter** (Seaman) and later became a **Hauptgefreiter** (Able Seaman) but refused other courses for advancement.

I declined offers for further training as a wireless operator and stayed with the ship, the **Bremsefor**, for a total of two years. The squadron was retired at the end of September 1963 as a new **Schulfregatte** (Frigate School) had been built. I spent the last six months of my service in Kiel, at first in the **Funkraum** at the military communications center, Radio Kiel. I told the superiors I was out of this service for 19 months and no longer good at Morse code. They asked me if I would go to the transmitter station and become the transmitter operator. This station was on the Kiel Fjord about 15 km up the coast. It contained a number of transmitters for the Kiel Radio and senders for Navy aircraft coastal patrol. I spent a lazy six months at that station, right behind the dike, with a group of other misfits that operated a signal station. We also photographed every foreign ship that passed by, as this was also the way to the Kiel Canal. My Navy time ended quietly with no fuss at the end of March 1964. I was at that time 23 years old.

Three weeks later I was on my way to Canada.

One of the proudest moments of my service was when my Captain told me after retiring from the squadron that he had given me the best evaluation of any man, officer, or other under his command. That showed me that I had done my job well.

After arriving in Canada, Dad worked in mining and found his way to Elsa to work for United Keno Hill Mines in May 1967. In the late 1960s, Dad joined the Legion Branch in Mayo and was a member until moving to Whitehorse in 1989. Dad maintained his membership in Whitehorse and then in Crossfield, AB when they moved in 2004. In 2023 they moved to Calgary, where they remain today.

Despite being 20 years removed, Mom and Dad still consider Yukon their home.

The Kiel Canal

The Kiel Canal is a 98-kilometer-long (61 mi) freshwater canal in the German state of Schleswig-Holstein. The canal construction was started in 1887 and finished in 1895 but later widened and linked the North Sea at Brunsbüttel to the Baltic Sea at Kiel-Holtenau. An average of 460 km (290 mi) is saved using the Kiel Canal instead of going around the Jutland Peninsula. This not only saves time but also avoids storm-prone seas and having to pass through the Danish straits.

The Kiel Canal is one of the world's most frequented artificial waterways, with an annual average of 32,000 ships (90 daily) transporting approximately 100 million tonnes of goods.

On This Remembrance Day
I'm Feeling Grateful



Remember Them ... Notes From a Military Family.

By Tracey Wilson, Ottawa. Military daughter/sister/wife/mother



Honouring our fallen service members and those who still serve today should be a non-partisan, all-hands-on-deck endeavour. It should be effortless, sombre and respectful. Whether you attend a large, organized ceremony or stop on a hill somewhere while hunting to bend your head and acknowledge their service and sacrifice, just make sure that you do.

This Remembrance Day, I will pick up my 84-year-old mother, a Veteran's widow, and we'll make our way to Canada's National Military Cemetery in Ottawa, my father's final resting place, his last "posting," so to speak. I'll help



her out of my car, unfold her walker and guide her across the sprawling lawn of the beautiful place we visit often. There, in the cold, she'll stand at my father's grave with me by her side and a gaggle of kids and grandkids behind her. We'll bow our heads and give thanks for this incredible man who touched our lives and the lives of so many over his almost 30-year military career.

Elsewhere in the same city, my own child – my youngest daughter, Master Corporal Sparling will take great care as she dons her dress uniform, ties back her long hair, fixes and straightens her recently earned deployment medal and takes her place alongside the other troops. She'll march the same route that her grandfather did before her, and my husband, brother, nephews and every generation of my family as far back as the records go. We are a proud military family.



It's a sombre day for most but especially poignant for those who've felt the sharp sting of losing loved ones to war, service-related illnesses or injuries. It's a proud day for many as well. There's something about the reams of sharply dressed, straight-faced soldiers marching in tandem while the lonely bugle plays in the distance and the roar of the jets is heard above. The sea of onlookers, mourners and citizens with tear-streaked cheeks rosey red with the snap of cold November winds, the lowering of the flags, the booms of the cannons, the old war Veterans clad in their best suits, dripping with medals, burdened by loss, sorrow and memories.

A lump grows in my throat every year. My eyes well with salty tears, and at the same time, my heart swells with pride. Our military has suffered over the years, decades, from underfunding, political games and strange efforts at "modernization," but on this day, we put it all aside and stand shoulder to shoulder in perfect silence and feel the hairs on our neck stand at attention as the bagpipes roar into action, cutting the silence like a sword. There is a lot of value in attending a ceremony and taking your kids with you.



At the same time, I've also spent a Remembrance Day or two perched high on a mountain or dug into a hunting spot, hoping to fill my freezer. One year in particular, I remember being leaned up against a log on the east-facing slope of a mountain in Western Quebec. At precisely 11 am, I laid down my rifle and lifted my head to the east. I closed my eyes and let the sun flood my frozen face. I thought of those young soldiers of the World Wars, in the frozen mud, dug into foxholes or careening up into the abyss in Air Force planes. How incredibly scared they must have been, but how truly brave they were.

No matter where you are or who you're with, on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, stop. Close your eyes, open your heart, and give gratitude for the service and sacrifice of our military members and Veterans. Freedom wasn't free.



The Soldier

By Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

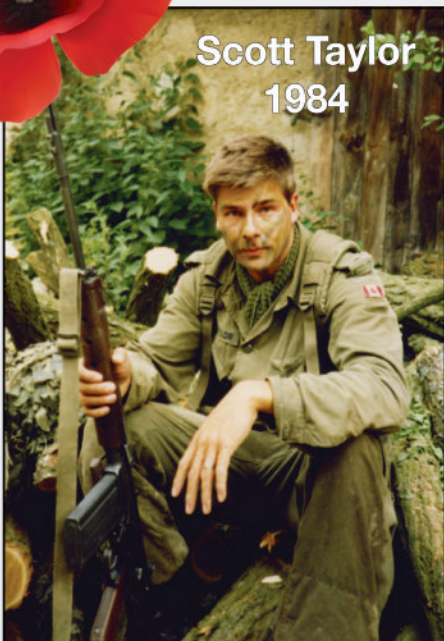


*At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
we will remember them*

The "New" Remembrance Day in Canada

By Scott Taylor Owner and Publisher Esprit de Corp

Scott Taylor
1984



As November 11 fast approaches, Canadians buy their poppies and, with any luck, give momentary pause to reflect upon the meaning of Remembrance Day. It is a time for Canadians to pay their respects to those fellow citizens who served our nation and paid the ultimate price on the battlefield with their lives. It is a time for sombre mourning, not the glorification of war.

For my generation -the Baby Boomers - Remembrance Day ceremonies were deeply poignant for the simple reason that they were attended by literally hundreds of thousands of veterans. Those who had fought in the Great War were still in their 60s and 70s, while the World War II and Korea veterans carried

their war-time memories fresh in their minds. As such, the horrors and sorrow of war dominated the sentiment of the ceremonies. The Great War vets returned to Canada believing they had fought 'The war to end all wars', while the motto of our World War II veterans was that of simply **"Never Again!"**.

Between 1914 and 1918, Canada enlisted over 700,000 personnel into the ranks of the expeditionary force to fight in Flanders. This was from a population of just over 7 million. In addition to manpower, Canadian factories and farms helped to fuel the war effort of the British Empire. During World War II, the three branches of the Canadian military grew to over 1 million, which again constituted nearly 10% of Canada's entire population. Again, Canadian industry and farmers rose to the occasion to ensure victory over the Axis forces. Between 1950 and 1953, close to 40,000 Canadians served as part of the United Nations intervention in Korea.

When these veterans returned home and demobilized, they were changed individuals. Changed by the horrors of war. However, society had also gone through a total transformation.

For instance, women had entered the workforce. In addition, the sheer number of Canadians who had served meant that they were surrounded by hundreds of thousands of fellow veterans who fully understood the horrors of war. They could frequent the local Royal Canadian Legion and not have to explain or reminisce with a fellow veteran. They simply understood and empathized.

Fast forward to the present, and there is literally a dwindling handful of living veterans from World War II and Korea. All of them are around 100 years of age or more. The modern veterans are those who served on UN Peacekeeping operations, the first Gulf War, Afghanistan, Libya and Iraq. Unlike the previous generation of veterans, these soldiers were all regular force or reservists who volunteered to serve in a conflict zone. They were not temporary 'Citizen soldiers' as before. They were career warriors who volunteered. Due to the comparatively small numbers involved in these modern conflicts, the modern veteran has very few fellow Canadians who fully understand the horrors they have seen. There is nowhere near the same level of peer support available to these modern veterans. It is also true that Canada's involvement in the more recent conflicts is not as clear-cut as our participation in those previous wars. In both World Wars, Canada was on the winning side, and in Korea, our soldiers successfully held back the communist forces of North Korea.

The sacrifice made by our soldiers could be justified by ultimate success.

However, in more recent deployments, that clarity is far more blurred. Our peacekeepers in the former Yugoslavia failed to prevent the bloody dissolution of that nation, and in some cases, like the 1993 battle of the Medal Pocket, failed to protect Serbian civilians from ethnic cleansing at the hands of Croatian militiamen. Those who served in Afghanistan now realize that they fought and died in a war in which the Americans knew from the outset was unwinnable.

What this means is that on this Remembrance Day Canadians need to do more than simply wear a poppy and take a minute of silence. Use this time to truly reflect on the sacrifice of all our veterans. They fought for Canada regardless of the outcome and it needs to be remembered that not all sacrificed the ultimate, but ultimately they have all sacrificed if they have served in uniform.

We shall remember them.

Remembrance Day

This year's Remembrance Day will be very different for me. With the passing of Red Grossinger, my friend's dad and someone I consider a friend, I am not sure how I will feel not seeing him at the podium. For many years that Red was there, he was the M/C, the voice of Remembrance Day in the Yukon. Red contributed many articles to this tribute as well as to the paper Connection 254. This is a paper I do for my Legion Branch 254. He was a history book, where we only read the first few pages.

I have come up with a saying: "Before the age of 50, it is 'if it happens', and past the age of 50, it is 'when it happens'." At the age of 53, this appears true. I have had several people which I knew very well pass on in this last year.

So this brings us to Remembrance Day; now, any day can be a day of remembrance, but November 11 is a very significant day. It is a day when we think of the people who made our freedom a reality and who paid the ultimate sacrifice, but we also must remember the ones who came home or passed due to age.

"When I was young, I did not ask the right question; as I got older, I did not take the time to ask the question; now that I am old, I do not have anyone to ask." Take the time to visit with your local Veterans. Listen to their stories and pay attention to what they say, no matter how small or how big it is. You may learn something, or you may just have a good time.

By Donovan Dewis Owner and Pulisher CATF

I do as little as possible in editing the written articles. I want you, the reader, to understand what these tremendous individuals are saying. Some of the articles may be graphic, and some may be humorous, but all these individuals have earned the right to say what they want to say.

Thank you to all who have served or are still serving to make freedom possible. I was talking to a veteran who is a subscriber. He stated, "The soldier is someone who puts up their hand to protect their country, friends and family no matter what the cost is."



Darcy, Donovan, and Jeff
when we were young

What does Remembrance Day mean to me?

I remember all who made my freedom possible - serving or not. I remember my grandparents, who I grew up with. I remember long lost friends, and I remember those young years with my buddies.

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THROUGH FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

A special thanks to Byron Sheardown and the crew at Web Express for supporting Royal Canadian Legion Branch 254.



Wreath For Veterans

Veteran Al Foster
Veteran Alex Van Bibber
Veteran Bill Griffis
Veteran Bruce Bingham
Veteran Charles Johnson
Veteran Clifford Kent
Veteran Darcy Holmes
Veteran Doc Forbes
Veteran Don McNicholl
Veteran Doug Bell
Veteran Edward Grebinski
Veteran Ernest Leschert
Veteran Frank Graves
Veteran Fred Peacock
Veteran George White
Veteran Harold McGuire
Veteran John Adamson
Veteran John Storey
Veteran Joseph Novak
Veteran Ken Burke
Veteran Ken Jones
Veteran Kenneth Jukes
Veteran Lorne Whittaker

Veteran Oppenschmidt
Veteran Patrick O'Brien Murphy
Veteran Phyllis MacDonald
Veteran Ralph Manuge
Veteran Ray Anderson
Veteran Ray Gallagher
Veteran Red Grossinger
Veterans Red
and Velma Hull
Veteran Serge Harvey-Gauthier
Veteran Stan O'Brien
Veteran Ted Hogan
Veteran Vaughn Ingram
Veteran Walter Beer
Veteran Wayne Wanamaker
Veteran Wilf Taylor
Veteran Wyn Stuckey
Veterans Hector
and Margaret Lang
Veterans of the Adams
and Howie family
Veterans of the Ford family
Veterans of the Laxton family
Veterans of the Martin Family



*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

Special Thanks to the donations, sponsors, and volunteers for this year's Remembrance Day 2024. We hope that you take the time to read this Remembrance Day Tribute. We put this tribute together to raise awareness of Remembrance Day. Any recommendations or comments would be great.

We apologize in advance if your name was missed from the Wreath Laid at Cenotaph or Wreath Sponsors list. It was not intentional.

Wreath Sponsors

We are always looking for Veterans, Military personnel, Police, First Responders or family members willing to share their experiences. Don't hesitate to contact Canadian Access To Firearms (867)-668-5609 for information on the Remembrance Day Tribute or The Whitehorse Legion (867)667-2800 for all other inquiries.

Local Business

Alkan Air
Alpine Health Supplies
Alpine Veterinary Medicine
ATCO Yukon Electric
Austring, Fairman, Fekete
(3M Management)
Barb Nimco & Associates
Builders Supply Land
Bumper to Bumper/Checkered Flag
CATF
Cadence Cycle
Canadian Tire (Patricia Varley)
Castle Rock
Cardinal Contracting Ltd.
Centennial Motors
Certified Auto Service
CIBC Wood Gundy
Coldwell Banker Redwood Realty
Colin Young CPA
Crowe Mackay
Dairy Queen
Dana Naye Ventures
Dave's Trophy
EDI Environmental
Energy North Construction
Fireweed/Hvactech
First Nations Bank

Goody's Gas
G-P Distributing
Heritage North Funeral Home
Taku Sports Group
Hurlburt Enterprises
Inland Kenworth
Integra Tire/Yukon Tire
Integraphics Ltd
Jacobs Industries
Java Connection
Kilrich Industries
MacDonald & Co
Mac's Fireweed
Marlin Travel
MacPherson Rentals
Medicine Chest Pharmacy
Metro Chrysler
Midnight Sun Gallery & Gifts
Money Mart
Murdoch's Gem Shop
North End Gallery
Northerm Windows
Northern Beauty
Northern Lights Optometry
Northern Safety Network
Northland Beverages
Northwestel
Office Supply Centre/Whitehorse
Business Machines
Pacific Northwest

Paradise Alley
Pelly Construction
Physio Plus
Porter Creek Super A Foods
Quality Bearing Supply
Real Canadian Superstore
Riverside Grocery
Sanchez Mexican Deli
Scotiabank
Stratford Motel
T.A. Firth & Sons
Territorial Auto
Tetra Tech
Triple J's Music,
Tatoos and Piercing
True North Respiratory
Therapy Services
Whitehorse Motors
Whitehorse Subaru
Whitehorse Toyota
Winterlong Brewing
Yukon Brewing
Yukon Energy Corp
Yukon Honda
Yukon Nissan
Yukon Pump
Yukon Chamber of Mines
Yukon Council on Aging

Lest We Forget

We are always looking for new members or volunteers, so come and be a part of the Whitehorse Royal Canadian Legion.

Groups

551 RCAC Squadron
2685 RCAC Corps
Association of Yukon Communities
Assoc of Yukon Occupational
Therapists
Big Brothers, Big Sisters
Boys and Girls Club
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
Canadian-Dutch Yukon Assoc,
Carol Vanderbyl
Catholic Churches of Whitehorse -
Sacred Heart Cathedral, Our Lady of
Victory RC Parish, Catholic Women's
League, Knight of Columbus
Cathlic Schools of Whitehorse
Christ Church Cathedral
CIBC
Continuing Care Whitehorse
Department of Fisheries & Oceans
Elks Lodge 306
Emergency Medical Services
Engineers Yukon
Fire Services Yukon (YG)
Fireweed Lions Club

Girl Guides of Canada
Gold Wing Rd Riders Association
Golden Age Society
Green Party of Canada
Grey Mountain Lions Club
IBEW Local 993
Kwanlin Dun First Nation,
Chief Doris Bill
Lake Laberge Lions Club
L'Association franco-yukonnaise
Law Society of Yukon
Liberal Party of Canada - Yukon
Midnight Sun Pipe Band
Mountainview Church
Northern Native Broadcasting
Northern Safety Network
Northwestel
Order of the Eastern Star
Parks Canada - Union Local Y0104
Whitehorse, Haines Junction
and Dawson City
Physiotherapy Association of Yukon
PSAC Yukon Area
PSAC Yukon Aboriginal Committee
Right to Life Society
Rotary Club of Whitehorse

Salvation Army
Scouts Canada
Shirley Adamson
Skookum Jim Centre
St. John Ambulance
Taàn Kwachàn Council,
Chief Kristina Kane
The Rush CKRW 96.1 FM
True Patriot Love Foundation
War Amps Canada
Whitehorse Aboriginal
Women's Circle
Whitehorse Chamber of Commerce
Whitehorse Christian Ministerial
Whitehorse Correctional Centre
Whitehorse Fire Department
Whse Firefighters
Assoc Local #2217
Whitehorse Lions Club
Whitehorse Masonic Family,
Includes: Whitehorse Lodge #46,
Atlinto Lodge No. 42, Yukon Chapter
No. 38 - Royal Arch Masons,
Whitehorse Chapter No. 95 - Order
of the Eastern Star, and Yukon
Shrine Club No. 30
Whitehorse United Church

YEU Local Y010
Yukon Chamber of Commerce
Yukon Chamber of Mines
Yukon Conservation
Officers Association
Yukon Conservative Party Canada
Yukon Council on Aging
Yukon Employees Union
Yukon Energy Corp
Yukon First Nation
Chamber of Commerce
Yukon Fish and Game Association
Yukon Hospital Corp
Yukon Liberal Party
Yukon Medical Association
Yukon Order of Pioneers
Yukon Order of Pioneers
- Ladies Auxiliary
Yukon Outfitters Association
Yukon Registered Nurses Assoc
Yukon Search and Rescue
Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous
Yukon Teachers Association
Yukon Transportation Museum
Yukon University
Yukon Workers Compensation Brd

2024 REMEMBRANCE CEREMONY PROGRAM

PRESIDENT OF THE WHITEHORSE LEGION
Comrade Joe Mewett, CD, Sergeant (ret'd)

PARADE MARSHALL
Comrade Joe Mewett, CD, Sergeant (ret'd)

MASTER OF CEREMONY
Comrades Kerri Scholz and
Cal Knowles, CD, Captain (ret'd)

BUGLER
Sarah Dominie

COLOUR PARTY COMMANDER
Ranger MCpl M. Mainville

GUEST SPEAKER
Comrade Gerry Piper, Captain (ret'd)

10:25 AM
March on the Cenotaph Guard
March on the Units
March on the Colours
Welcoming Notes from the MC
O CANADA
Opening Prayer by Gwich'in Elder Fred Koe
Laying of Wreaths

11:00 AM
Last Post - Silence - Lament
Reveille - Act of Remembrance
Amazing Grace

Address by the Guest Speaker
Comrade Gerry Piper, Captain (ret'd)

“When November Comes” Nick Turnbull
by the Whitehorse Community Choir

Address by the President of the Whitehorse Legion
Comrade Joe Mewett, CD, Sergeant (ret'd)

Closing Prayer by Bishop Lesley Wheeler-Dame

God Save The King
Maple Leaf Forever
March off the Colours
March off the Units
March off the Cenotaph Guard

**Spectators should be
seated by 10:15 AM**

THANK YOU TO

Our Veterans and Legionnaires
Members of Joint Task Force (North)
Members of ‘M’ Division RCMP
and RCMP Veterans
Patron of HMCS Whitehorse
Members of the Canadian Rangers,
Whitehorse Patrol
Members of the Royal Canadian Army Cadets
Corps 2685 “The Yukon Regiment”
And the Royal Canadian Air Cadets
Squadron 551 “Whitehorse Loins”
The Midnight Sun Pipe Band
The Whitehorse Community Choir
Yukon Emergency Medical Services
Whitehorse Correctional Centre
Staff of the Canada Games Centre,
the City of Whitehorse Bylaw Services,
the Whitehorse Transit Department
and the Whitehorse Fire Services

St John Ambulance
Program design, Mr Donovan Dewis of
Canadian Access to Firearms
Members of the public and organizations
who purchased wreaths

Remember that freedom is not free,
has never been free and will never be free!
It is our Veterans who brought us
our freedom, often at the cost of their
lives or their health.

It is our serving members of the
Canadian Armed Forces
who are now assuring
our freedom.

LEST WE FORGET

