Dear Family Members:

With the celebration of Dad's 90th birthday as my deadline, I am finally fulfilling a long-standing promise to Dad (and to myself) to get this manuscript ready to be circulated to you. Many many years overdue!!

I have tried to include some photographs and copies of other documents. Since I am not scanner-literate (and at the moment, have neither the time nor inclination to begin the learning process), the finished product is not as polished as I would have liked. My apologies. I know to some of you, this would have been a no-brainer. But not for me!

PART ONE:	**Memoirs of William J. Maloney** These memoirs were written between January and June 1985. His first version was longhand; he then edited the transcription.	1
PART TWO:	**Mom's Unfinished Memoirs** Although Mom's illness had prevented her from completing her own memoirs, she had drawn up an outline, and we asked Dad to expand on her notes. He did this in March 1993.	19
PART THREE:	**Reminiscences of World War II** In August 1994, Darryl and I sat down with Dad to listen to his recollections of the War. We taped about six hours of sometimes rambling conversation, and after transcribing the tapes I have attempted to present the material in a logical and sequential form.	35
PART FOUR:	**Miscellaneous Writings** These include Dad's views on a few general topics, and were written between 1985 and 1989.	60

I'm sure Dad's writings will be appreciated by all of you, and I deeply regret that this project remained forgotten in my filing cabinet for far too long!

Love,

Eileen Maloney Condon

June 2004

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM J. MALONEY

These memoirs were written between January and June 1985

June 14, 1914 – I first saw the light of day—or night—I do not know which. I was born on my parents' homestead: Section 35, Township 11, Range 20, West of the Third Meridian. I cannot remember whether I was attended by a doctor or not, as we lived seventeen miles from the nearest town—Gull Lake, Saskatchewan—by horse and buggy. Not likely though. Probably a midwife; a Mrs. Eastman was a midwife and did not live far from us.

I do not remember much after that until about 1918 when my Uncles Dave and John (Barry) came back from the war in uniform and I remember them showing my mother their wounds. Guess they were demobilized by then as they left their uniforms, etc. for us to play with.



Bill & his Dad c1915

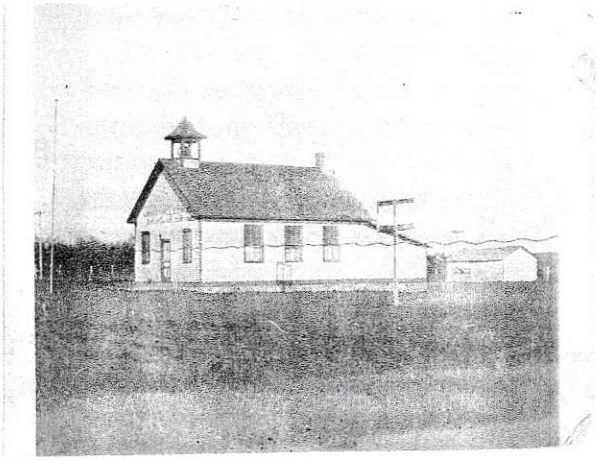
In the early 1920's my Uncle Bill Barry (hence my name) was a telephone lineman. A wire snapped and he lost the sight of an eye. He was a bachelor and very self-conscious of this eye. He received a cash settlement and later disappeared. To this day we have not heard of him nor have the RCMP. We suspect foul play over the money that he received, but who knows?

The next thing that I remember was the flu epidemic in 1918. Evidently my father did not get the bug as I remember him going out each day to do chores, etc. for neighbors that were stricken and could not do any work. I remember my Dad coming home each evening; he had a big chew of tobacco in his mouth that was supposed to prevent getting the bug and he would go down the line telling my mother news of who had died, who had been taken down with the flu and the progress of those already down with it.

I think we were like most of our neighbours—not well off by any means, but always with plenty of good food on the table. We had a half-section of land, level and all of it cultivated except one pasture for pigs and calves. We also had a lease on a section of rangeland—the beginning of the Cypress Hills. There were many springs in the coulees and lots of wood for our stoves and lots of berries—chokecherries, Saskatoons, pin cherries, wild gooseberries and wild strawberries. So there was lots of preserving done. And gallons of chokecherry syrup for our pancakes—a food that we had quite often. We were almost self-sufficient, had our own meat, milked about twelve cows, shipped cream and sold butter and eggs to buy sugar, syrup, etc. We did not have to buy flour as each fall we took enough wheat to Tompkins to a mill and came back with a year's supply of flour that was stored upstairs, a dry spot in the house. Also we had

turkeys, geese and guinea hens among the chickens; these would create a stir if coyotes or weasels were on the prowl. That was our warning that they were being bothered!

Until I was about seven years old, it was a pretty normal life. I started to school in 1921, (in those days seven years was the starting age), walked a mile-and-a-half to school, and carried lunch in a three- or five-pound lard pail. I guess it depended on how big you were and an appetite to match. There were forty pupils in the one-room school—from Grades One to Ten, so we were pretty well up on the next grade by the time we passed. I thought it was a pretty large school until I go back now and see the size of it. I wonder how the teacher could operate at all.



Grassy Hill School c1930

We would come home from school, have a lunch and then head for the pasture to get the cattle home. We had two cows with bells on so that we could hear them if they were amongst the trees. It was usually a two- or three-mile hike to get them home. We had a dog, as did everyone then, and he could pretty well bring the cattle home by himself. Then we had to do our normal chores: feed the chickens, get wood into the wood box behind the stove, etc. We did not have to get water, as our well—145 feet deep with a windmill—was full of iron. Our stock would drink it but visitors' horses would not. We hauled water from a neighbour two miles away for cooking and drinking. Three barrels on the wagon would last a few days.

After supper we had to milk the cows. We younger ones got the easy cows to milk and my older brothers got the hard ones. The ones who would object to being milked would kick and send the milker and his stool flying. Sometimes they would swish their tails and get you across the face and it really stung! In the winter we played cards for a while with a rather dull lamp. Someone would be designated to go into the cellar for a bowl of apples. We got them in the fall by the barrel from a freight car. In the morning everything would be frozen in the house—water pail, teakettle, etc. We would stay in bed until the place warmed up a bit.

A pleasant memory of course was the annual Christmas concert. The most vivid memory of this concert was my debut on stage. I had a recitation, the words I can still remember:

Old St. Nick was short and thick,
So I've been told by Ma,
But I saw him. He is tall and thin
And looks just like my Pa!

I may have got the first line out, put my head down and mumbled the rest and ran off the stage. That was my total stage work in my lifetime! I can also remember my Dad and a Mr. Ed Cook singing duets. In particular the song: *"the clock struck ten, never to go again, when the old man died"*. A stage was made from planks loaned by the lumberyard in Carmichael—the nearest

town and our post office. It was a great night! All went by sleigh and there would be sleigh bells ringing from every direction. I think everyone added all the bells available for that night. We all got treats: a "Japanese" orange, an apple and a few candies and nuts. All the lamps were lit for that occasion; they were attached to the walls. All the lamp chimneys were cleaned in the afternoon and filled with coal oil.

So much for the Christmas concert, but it took a lot of preparation at home before we could go. All had a bath in the washtub. We used the same water, just added a little more hot water after each one, and another shot of Lysol. The water always looked like milk, from the Lysol I think. And we would don our very best clothes!

I also remember seeing my first airplane. I think maybe in 1925. It flew over our farm. I thought I had seen everything with that!

One thing that is very clear in my mind is breaking in young horses. This was always done in the winter with deep snow in the fields. We had one old horse that was always paired with the bronc and she seemed to be able to communicate with the young horse, who was well roped to the old horse and did not have much room to act up. Once they were hooked up to the sleigh, they would go into the fields and the young horse (which was not in good shape from not being used) would soon tire and would settle down after a few trips. Then my Dad would let some of my older brothers ride in the sleigh. That was another of my great ambitions that I did not achieve. It does not seem very important now, but at the time it did.

We always went to Carmichael to a sports day each year, usually on the 24th of May. We seemed to always plant potatoes on the morning of that day. As I look back now we must have been very willing workers on that day and fast ones also. We ran behind the plow dropping cut potatoes into the furrows, keeping one eye on the sky, as our greatest fear that day was rain. We were each given 25¢ for spending money. Of course you could buy soft drinks for 5¢ a bottle, or a huge banana for 5¢. They would cut it right off the stock; we had no idea how bananas grew or where they came from.

Even then we had good and bad news! The good news was that my sister Gert and I each won $1.75 that day in all sorts of races. The bad news for me was that Gert kept her money, and I with some friends went on a spending spree! We went to the butcher shop and bought wieners and bologna and gorged ourselves. Anyway when word got to my parents that I had spent all that money, I got quite a scolding. I don't remember whether or not I got the razor strap or not; it was always hanging pretty handy in the kitchen!

There would be prairie chickens (sage hens) that came into our yard. My Dad would open the window and get the shotgun that was always above the door and get enough for a meal. My mother stewed them somehow in steel frying pans—a real delicacy!

I used to envy the older people as I sat in school and watched farmers hauling wheat to town, dozens and dozens of wagons with real nice horses and each farmer would try to outdo the other with outfits, putting tassels on the harness, and brass buttons all over the harness, even the

harness was polished. I used to drool for the day when I would be able to do that. Never did attain that ambition.

Neighbours were great in those early days, as they needed each other. They had what they called "beef rings". One farmer would butcher and all involved would take a share, and when that was used up, another would take his turn. That way everyone had fresh meat. There were no deep freezes or fridges in those days. However, milk, cream and butter were always kept down the well (where it was cold) with a rope and did serve the purpose to keep them from spoiling.

We also had to go out on the range and pick up what we called "buffalo chips". I imagine they were just plain cow dung! But it did make a good fire in the kitchen range. There was a boiler fastened onto this kitchen range so there was always hot water available. In those days there were no garbage bags—or need for them—as everything went into the stove – bones from chickens or beef, and anything else went into the stove. There was always a jar of goose grease in the storage above the range. That was a medium for almost everything. Eggshells were always saved and put in the heating oven to dry, then they were crushed and given to the chickens. So no need to buy oyster shell.



-- Summer 1923 **Back L to R**: Tim 14, Jack 18, Marg 15, Deb 19, Pat 17;
Front L to R: Gert 10, Lawrence 12, Frank 6, Julie 5, Bill 9, Harvey 13

There were other co-op ventures by the neighbours. One was in the fall when one farmer was ready to prepare his winter meat supply; they would all come and butcher whatever—beef or pork. The ladies would work in the kitchen, rendering the lard and grinding meat for hamburger and sausage. The hamburger would be cooked and then put in a jar and covered with lard. Everyone would stay that night and play cards and when another was ready, they would do the same for him. I can still hear the ladies laughing while at their work and making work a fun project. They would also gather to cut and stack the wood. We were the only ones with a lot of wood on our leased rangeland; so all the farmers got their wood from us free.

Our great sport on Saturdays was catching gophers. We would each have a pail, get water from a slough and pour it into gopher holes. When they would come out, our dog would grab them and break their neck in seconds. My brother Tim won an engraved medal for catching the most gophers in our R.M. We had to save the tails as evidence. I think there was a very small bounty paid also.

Another highlight of our life was the visit of the "Raleigh" man. He would come with his horse and yellow buggy—closed in with a seat on the front and a canopy over the driver. I thought he was a pretty old man; he had a white beard. He always brought us candy and gum, and was a welcome guest, as he and my father would talk well into the night. I suppose he was well informed on world affairs going from place to place. We always had his products on hand for the livestock, etc. The red liniment was for man or beast!

I spent my summer holidays at the Benalleck ranch four miles south of our farm. There were four boys in the family and really treated me well. I would ride the range with them to count the cattle, as it seems there were still cattle rustlers around. They always had a round up each year when other cowboys would come and help them with the dehorning, branding and castrating. After they were finished their work, they would have a miniature stampede with some of the steers that were rounded up. A real highlight of my younger days! I used to still go there after we moved to town.

My Dad died in 1924—when I was ten years old. He complained about his leg and blamed it from being on the binder and tripping the lift that held the sheaves, which were later to be put up in stooks. However, it got worse and he had to go to the hospital in Gull Lake where he died of a stroke on November 24th. I remember the long procession from church to the graveyard. A very large funeral as he had been very prominent in the district. He had been involved in so many community efforts, such as organizing a school, telephone company, municipal government, and what is now known as the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool (a charter member and still a delegate to the time of his death) and politics, so he was widely known. It was considered to be the largest funeral held in Gull Lake at that time, it was stated that there were 110 cars in the procession to the cemetery, it was a cold day in November but no snow. The only heat in the cars were foot warmers, the side curtains kept out some of the wind but not the cold.

The biggest shock I got in my life, I guess, was when my Dad died. I was only ten years old and not very wise in the ways of the world. We were not well prepared for death in the family. I don't think I can remember it being ever mentioned. I just could not believe that he was gone forever. I just thought there must be something that could be done to bring him back.

I did not cry. It did not seem to be the thing to do; boys or men just did not cry. I can still remember the lump in my throat. I think shedding a few tears would have helped relieve some of the sorrow.

That changed our lives quite a bit. My older brothers were working out here and there and with a lot of work on the farm, I missed a lot of school, had to herd cattle and work in the fields with four horses with a disc. My mother was having a tough time and a lot of responsibilities thrust her way. The older children started to leave home and take any job they could get, not earning enough to contribute, but more importantly there was one less mouth to feed.

The Gull Lake Years

In 1926 we moved into Gull Lake. We had an auction sale and it was disastrous. It was on a cold day and I think the total receipts were only about $1000. One good team went for $25. We bought a house for $750 out of the sale. Crops were poor it seems from then on and we were living much below the poverty line—an expression that is used today. We had a one-acre lot in Gull Lake so had a huge garden. We could not afford to have it plowed, so we had to spade it all by hand in the spring, preparing it for seeding.

My brother Frank and I got to selling papers and made a few dollars. We had to get up at 5 A.M., go to the station a mile away to get the papers off the train, lug them up to a drugstore, and be on the street by 6 A.M. The restaurants (four of them) were all open twenty-four hours a day and would be full by that time. We also watched the hotel as in those days there were many commercial travelers and they would often give us a dime for a paper that sold for 5¢. We would stay on the street until about 8 A.M., head home to have breakfast and then go off to school. After school we were back on the street selling again. It was a cold miserable job in the wintertime as we were not very warmly dressed. No parkas in those days! The reason that cafés were full early in the morning was that farmers had a long haul to come in with a load of wheat, load up with coal and groceries and go back next day. There were three large livery barns in town and they were always full.

On Saturdays, we sometimes attached to a sleigh on its way home, hanging on for two or three miles, then catching on to one just coming back into town.

Some thing you never hear of mentioned now, when I was a young lad in Gull Lake, the curfew rang. That was a bell located in the town hall. It was a combination town hall, fire hall, council chambers, town clerk, and even had a prisoner cell in it. This bell was also the fire alarm signal to the residents. However, our town policeman (before the days of the RCMP taking over) he was quite short, wearing leather leggings, breeches and a scout hat turned up on one side like an Australian soldier wears. It was one of his duties to ring the curfew at nine o'clock. We in the summer time would be playing ball on a vacant lot, we called it "double scrub". It did not matter how many players arrived, you took your place in order out in the field. Sometimes we had as many as ten fielders, but you moved up eventually to third base, shortstop, second to first and then to catcher, and a batter, with the two batters, you had to almost hit a home or triple to stay at bat for very long and when out, back to your place in the field. The game would go on for

hours, not the same players all the time, some would go and others would come, but once that bell went the ball game was over and we would head for home. I do not know what Joe our policeman would have done to us if we hadn't taken off. We never gave him a chance. I am somewhat surprised now that we did not test him, I think he would be tested in this era, as they don't always respect the authority, but I still think the kids of today in the majority show just as much respect for authority as we did, but today the curfew is like the Dodo. But we did learn to play every position on the ball diamond!

I also had my first airplane ride in 1927 or 1928. Charles Skinner used to barnstorm in those days. It cost a penny per pound to go up. It cost two dollars for another boy and I to go up together; he put us both in the cockpit. We were not up for long. If I knew then what I know now, I would never have gone up. It was a flimsy aircraft!

In 1929, I got a job delivering groceries on my bike for Briggs Cash Store after school and on Saturdays. In 1930 I quit school and delivered groceries full time with a horse and buckboard. Found the hundred-pound bags of flour and potatoes pretty heavy but managed somehow. For the next four years that was our total income as the farm did not produce anything. I got $4.50 per week. By the time I paid for the groceries (around $4.00), bought a gallon of coal oil for our lamps (25¢), I usually had 25¢ to take home.

About 1931 or 1932 I saved up enough to get an old set of drums for twenty dollars. Some of us formed an orchestra: "Bella's Harmony Boys". Bella Daniel was the pianist, hence the name. We would get $3.00 (six of us) for a full dance (9 P.M. to 2 A.M.) and would get $1.50 and lunch for playing a lodge dance (after their meeting) from 11:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. So that helped us out at home quite a bit as we were quite successful and would get two or three dances a week.

I was rather fortunate as my best friend, Bus Hutchinson, was well off. There was just him and an older brother. His mother was quite eccentric, never went out except at night. They say she would go out and look in windows at the nursing residence. Whether it was true I do not know. She was an English lady; her husband had the power plant in Gull Lake before Saskatchewan Power took over. Anyway they had a beautiful home and garden, carved elephant tusk on the piano, etc. Anyway there was nothing she wouldn't do for the orchestra. We practiced there and she would prepare great lunches. Anytime we went to field days, etc., she always prepared a lunch for me also and they were really loaded.

Bus became a professional student. Went to university here and in the States for a year. I often inquired of him but never got an answer. Years later I asked another Gull Lake man about him. He would only say that it was a sad case and that my friend was in Leavenworth Prison. He would say no more.

We had no money to go to hockey games, so Frank and I got to be "rink rats"—cleaning ice, etc. around the rink. I managed to get an old pair of skates; they were not even a pair—one was called "Arctic" and the other "Yukon"—or even the same size. You had to screw them on to the soles of an old pair of shoes. The trouble was that by the time we were finished with our shoes, there was no sole left on them! However, I did buy an old pair of second-hand skates with

shoes. Frank and I skated every spare moment on the creek or somewhere and eventually got pretty good at it. Good enough that we made the town teams.

Frank and I never ceased to wonder at the silk train that would speed through town and if you didn't close your eyes you would get cinders in your eyes. This silk came from Japan and the speed of it getting to New York must have been important. The trains really sped!

Chautauqua was our big thrill of a lifetime! The tent was huge. A program every afternoon and evening for a week. Real good concerts. One day the tent blew down and they had the afternoon performance in the Gull Lake Theatre. That particular day, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a great Arctic explorer, was the lecturer and showed us slides.

Probably one of the big thrills I got was going to the station in the spring (about 1929) as the Chicago Black Hawks and Toronto Maple Leafs were on the train on their way to play exhibition games out west. They all got out and we saw—alive and in person—Conacher, Jackson, Primeau, Horner, Hainsworth, Ball, Clancy, Hap Day, Doc Rommer and others. They talked to us. What a thrill!

Another time, Lord Willingdon, the Governor General, came through Gull Lake; the Governor General was always a titled Englishman at that time. We were there as boy scouts as a guard of honor. He gave us the rest of the day off so we went on a hike to the dam three miles south of Gull Lake. I ran into some barbwire running down the hill, so have a four-inch scar on my left knee. My scoutmaster held it and poured iodine into it and bandaged it. No doctor, no stitches. Left to heal on its own.

I regret not getting an education but circumstances just would not allow that luxury; there were a lot of excellent students that did not go on after Grade 12. University was for the privileged. What a lot of talent that was never brought out, if there had been student loans, etc?

I had a job delivering groceries after school and on Saturday, but we were very poor. We had a farm but no revenue from it whatsoever. My mother trusted the renter, but as I look back now I wonder. Anyway I got this job delivering groceries full time for $4.50 per week. My mother, brother Frank and sister Julie were home and that was our only source of income so I quit school being the oldest at home. I worked at that for about five years without a raise. We had a large garden that helped a lot. Frank and I spaded the whole thing in the spring, as we could not afford to have it tilled.

After Gull Lake

In 1934 I came to Regina with the McLennans. We visited on the Saturday. My brother Jack was manager of the Safeway store on Thirteenth Avenue and Cameron. It was a busy day in the store so they gave me an apron to go to work. Dave Boyce, the supervisor at that time, was in the store and watched me work and offered me a job with them. We went out to Lebret on the Saturday, came back to Regina on Sunday, and on Monday morning I got orders to go to Estevan (to the Safeway store there). Went on the bus Monday evening, got in to Estevan around 10 P.M. not knowing anyone nor having much money. Anyway I got talking to someone

and after I told him my story, he suggested a boarding house and directed me to it. The lady running it was very kind and made me feel at home. The rate was twenty-five dollars for board and room—real good board. My pay with Safeway was ten dollars per week and that was for about eighty hours a week. We would have to take stock on some Sundays, but no overtime pay in those days. I was transferred back to Regina in the fall, and only worked part-time going from one store to the other to package goods, as in those days we had to weigh out and package every item that was sold—raisins, dates, sugar, coffee, cereals, just about everything.



I only had one main ambition in life and that was to join the RCMP. So on June 14, 1935 (my twenty-first birthday), I went to enlist. That was the required age at that time. I passed the exams but not with great marks compared to the majority of the chaps trying to get in. Most had degrees and were unemployed and sixty-five dollars a month plus room and board looked pretty good. So I had to wait a few years to follow up on my second choice of owning a store.

July 1, 1935—the Regina Riot!! Some of us were sitting on the verandah of the Spelliscy home when Mr. Spelliscy told us there was a riot on Market Square. There was an "On-to-Ottawa" march of unemployed that started out in Vancouver. It was not a march since they rode freight trains. I guess the powers-that-be decided that Regina was a good place to stop them. Of course the RCMP had members posing as unemployed and even held positions on the executive, so they knew everything that was planned. Anyway, we (Fred Acaster, Charlie O'Connor, Larry Dunne, Glenn Spelliscy) hurried downtown. We got more that we bargained for! We got caught up in the stone-throwing and shooting, so we took refuge in the old King's Hotel. We did not find a way to get home until about 11 p.m.

One July day I was out at Boggy Creek to a Safeway picnic when I had an appendix attack and had to have surgery. So I lost my job. No work, no pay, no job. But I was free to take in the inquiry for the Riot. I could not believe the number of witnesses that were supposedly unemployed who gave their occupations as RCMP, as they looked anything but!

Regina to Lebret

In the spring of 1936 I got a job for the summer at Katepwa Beach running the store. Sixty dollars per month and room and board, but I worked seven days a week. We were open every night also, but it seemed like good pay to me.

After Katepwa I went back to live at home in Regina. In the winter I signed up to go and work on the farm of Alton Stephens, near Balcarres. The government paid me five dollars a

month and also paid the farmer five dollars per month, but it was the custom that the farmer would turn his five dollars over to the hired man.



I landed in Lebret, went into the store and Mr. McLennan told me that one of the supervisors at the Indian School was sick and would be off for a month so I went and applied for the job. One dollar per day plus room and board. Not bad. Seven days a week. All day Saturdays and Sundays, but on weekdays we had school hours off unless there was a holiday. Then we worked all day. After my month was up, I got on the ice gang. Hard cold work for Western Ice who sent out a trainload each day. We got paid 25¢ per hour for a ten-hour day. Boarded at the hotel for $1.25 per day. After the ice harvest, I again went back home to Regina. I later got a call from the Indian School that the chap was sick again so went back and worked there until May 17,1940—the day I joined the army for $1.10 per day (plus Clara got an allowance of fifty-five dollars per month).

Going back to 1936, I was at a house party at Doll's with the usual gang. We were all at the table after a big meal and quite a few drinks. We got a little crazy. Frank Blanch, Secretary at the Indian School, and I started on a take-off of King Edward's abdication. He as the Prime Minister and I as Edward on his abdication. My memory was much better at that time than at present and I had memorized his whole abdication speech. Blanch and I used English accents as they said it.

Anyway, I think that maybe that helped me get my first date with Clara. I knew she was engaged, but anyway she agreed to go to a show with me at Fort Qu'Appelle and the romance kept on. I gave her a ring at Christmas 1937 and we were married on May 2, 1938. We had planned a fall wedding, but Clara's mother not being well, she suggested that we marry on their wedding anniversary – May 2nd. Her health continued to fail and she died that fall.



c1937

Newlyweds

We got married on love and nerve as we had no money. Salamons gave us a bed and I had a few pots and pans, etc. in my shack. Orange crates for cupboards, but after a bit it took on



a woman's touch, curtains, etc, and it was quite cozy. The shack was not large enough for a bed, so we kept the Winnipeg couch that I had and made it up each night. After a bit we rented half of a duplex for nine dollars per month and then later moved into the Salamon house and Clara's Dad stayed with us there. The house belonged to the Oblates (Indian School) and we paid the rent to them. I continued to work at the School and Clara taught music at the school so we bought something for the house each month and felt we were really accumulating something.

The Principal, Father DeBretagne, was a French nobleman and very very hard to work for. He gave all the staff a hard time, but, if we wanted to eat, we had to take it. So when the war came along, most of the staff tried to enlist—the lesser of two evils. He was very irritated at us all leaving. I signed on the dotted line on May 17th, 1940. It was one of my great pleasures to come back that night and throw him my keys and resign. We had Eileen by that time, so you can draw your own conclusion why a person would quit and join the army. We figured that conditions could not be worse and they were not!

I had made several previous attempts to enlist, but they were not prepared for war and so were slow in mobilizing. On May 17th, I was also turned away again, but as I was leaving the armouries, I met Bruno Lajeunesse (a teacher at the Indian School) who was a corporal in the Depot office. He asked me where I was going and I told him that I was not accepted, so he took me up to DS& TO (District Supply & Transport Office) to the officer in charge. So I went back to the office and joined up.

The War Years

I joined the army as a private as most everyone did except the wealthy and well-educated. They were sent to officers' training schools as First Lieutenants. Some, of course, were not officer material but that did not matter too much. After we were in action, the cream came to the top. Many of the officers were very good, but as casualties mounted, the courage of some of the ordinary soldiers was evident and they were promoted rapidly, bypassing many of the less-competent officers.

I was issued an old-style uniform, etc., and told how to assemble packs, etc. The day after I enlisted I took the train to Dundurn and went to work in the Supply Depot, unloading carloads of sugar, milk and other supplies to feed fourteen thousand troops that were starting to arrive. In the fall I was posted to the Regina Supply Depot and was in charge of all dairy and meat products. We rented an attic suite in Regina and lived there until I was posted to Saskatoon

No. 4SFTS (Service Flying Training School). The army looked after all supply depots, dental and postal services.

We had a suite at 152 Saskatchewan Crescent in Saskatoon. While at Dundurn I was made sergeant and was in charge of the depot. Next move was to Yorkton No. 11SFTS. There I lived in barracks and Clara went back to Lebret. I was there until 1943 when I was posted overseas. Before going overseas, I spent a month in Maple Creek doing serious conditioning training.

I was made a Lance Corporal in January 1941, a Corporal in May 1941 and a Sergeant in November 1941. I was promoted to a CQMS (Company Quarter Master Sergeant) in February 1945 while in action. This rank was confirmed in May 1945. My regimental number was L22106. The "L" was Saskatchewan command; each province had a different letter before the numbers.

I was posted to Dundurn Camp for the summer of 1940. Then to Regina where I worked in the supply Depot as a butcher. Clara moved into Regina with Eileen; we had an attic suite on Osler Street. The next spring (1941), I was posted to Saskatoon and attached to the Air Force training plan. Clara moved to Saskatoon where we had a nice suite on Saskatchewan Crescent for twenty-six dollars a month. I was a butcher there for a while and then went into the office doing accounting. In 1942 I was posted to Yorkton Air Base as NCO(Sgt.) in charge of the supply depot. Remained there until September 1943 when I got on an overseas draft. Clara moved back to Lebret on my posting to Yorkton as I got home quite often and Lorna Mae arrived during that time. I went to Maple Creek Army Camp for more intense training and went overseas from there.

I went overseas in October 1943 on the *Queen Elizabeth* along with another twenty-three thousand troops, and we picked up a couple of thousand Americans who were rescued as they had trouble. It was a fast trip (four days), unescorted as no escort ship could keep up, they zigzagged every five minutes to make it difficult for the subs to get a good shot at us, but we did have air patrol each day (Catalinas). Landed in Greenock, Scotland. We were delayed embarking as Churchill was on his way home from a Big Three meeting in Canada. We went by train from Greenock to Farnborough, near Aldershot, about 20 miles from London. Not much doing for the next year but routine training, etc. and the odd special job like typing for a medical board that took us to various places. We went to France shortly after D-Day. I was lucky to go through the eleven months of the campaign without being a casualty, but there were a lot of prayers being said for us and some nights I done quite a bit of it myself. There is no better time to be a Christian than in a slit trench; as the saying goes "there were no atheists in the trenches".

You often hear people say that the vets don't talk of their experiences, and one of the reasons is there is no way the horror of war can be explained. There is nothing in the dictionary that can describe it. Only <u>we</u> can see the faces of our comrades; the living in horror day to day; and how can you describe seeing the wounded and the dead?. It was common to shiver from fear all night while being pounded by shellings. It is not nice to say, but we envied the wounded that were taken back to hospitals and out of action.

My unit was in Aurich (Germany) when we got word of a cease-fire. We were sitting around in the evening and you would expect the men to be jumping up and down and hollering, but it was just the opposite. We just looked at each other and not a word was spoken. It was hard to believe as we still heard gunfire into the night. I always thought after that I might survive but just could not imagine walking up the gangplank to a ship to come home.

Our boat (*Empress of Scotland*) landed in Quebec City in September 1945 where troop trains were waiting for us and on to Regina. Our train stopped at the Elphinstone crossing and we marched into the Grain Show Building (in the Exhibition Grounds). My brother Jack was there with Clara, both in tears, but a happy landing. I went on leave and back for discharge later on in September.

Five and a half years out of my life! I was thirty years of age, and had to think about earning a living. It was time to start a new career and go from CQMS (Company Quarter Master Sergeant) Maloney back to Bill, the grocery clerk.

A Grocer in Lebret, Victoria and Regina

When I got home, McLennan offered me a job in his store in Lebret, wages $125 per month. I couldn't believe it, so accepted it fast. It was not until later when I got to know how things had changed and that I discovered it was not a great wage at the time at all. So started to look around, still having great notions of having my own store since that was my second ambition.

I bought an old stone building (on two lots) for $350. It had been stripped of anything of any value, and was known as the "Four Walls". Everyone thought I was out of my mind. I even wondered myself at times.

The "Four Walls"—what a funny name to start with! These four walls started out to be a drug store and hospital being built by a Dr. Plourde. It was almost completed; the drug store was finished and in operation. I understand from the older people that it was during prohibition time and the only way you could get alcohol was by prescription. From what I understand, there were many of the locals not "well" and needed alcohol. Dr. Plourde was shot by his own gun while going through a fence, and all the years after people questioned whether it was an accident. But that will never be resolved. The building went back to the Village for taxes. Parts of it were sold—the roof, etc. and the doors. Mike Salamon then bought it and he too sold doors etc, so when I bought it in 1947 it was just a shell.

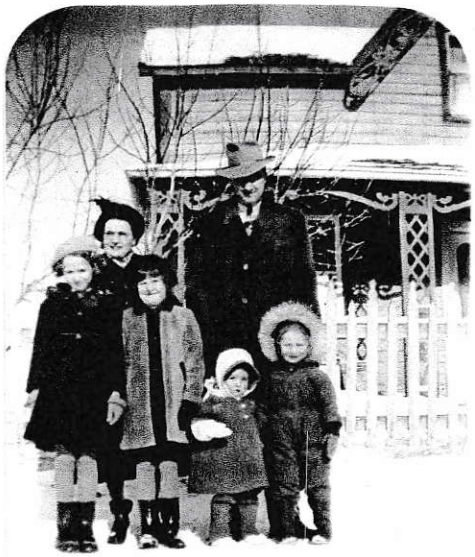
However, I had it remodeled and started up a store in 1947 on a shoestring. The remaining portion of the "Four Walls" was a great playground for our children and other village kids. Everything was still on ration—jam, peanut butter, canned tomatoes, lard, tea, coffee and many other items. Had no quotas so had to use other methods. Some of the travelers did not like the way I was treated by my competitors—one especially. They passed the word around to other travelers. Some people did not require all their quotas, and it was redirected in my direction. I ended up with good supplies and just this hard-to-get stuff on the shelf, but rationed it so everyone got a share. Evidently that had not been the practice elsewhere where it was all handed

out under the counter to certain people—especially the wealthier beach customers. I think that helped my business grow faster. In the meantime my brother Jack, who was in Victoria BC and owned a store, invited me to join him. And in 1950 did just that.



Brick House
The "Four Walls" (1st store)

(2nd store)



18 January 1950

Our move to Victoria was by train in January 1950. It was bitterly cold, around –50° F. I had booked a drawing room so we had our own bathroom and table, etc. It was great for the kids to play cards, etc. However, we hit snow slides during the night in the mountain and were stranded. There were quite a variety of people on the train (singer, artist, lawyer, etc.) and after we were stranded they loosened up and became very friendly. Woody Strode, a Calgary football player, was on the train with his guitar. They finally backed the train into Kamloops and we were eventually flown to Penticton and then on another flight into Vancouver. I had tipped the porter fairly well so when we got stranded he took good care of us. Would escort us to the dining room, etc. At this time there was no choice on the menu. We took what they had. Lorraine (two years old) could not get over the black porter, as she had never seen a black person before and would ask some embarrassing questions in his presence. While in Kamloops the citizens put on a concert and others like myself went to hockey game free.

We were in Victoria for one year when Lorna Mae had a reoccurrence of TB and I was advised by the head doctor in BC to bring her back to Saskatchewan for treatment, as Saskatchewan was much more advanced than they were. So we did come back in 1951. I had

no regrets leaving BC having been born and raised on the prairies. I still do not want to live anywhere else. Whether I would have stayed in Victoria in partnership with Jack if circumstances had been different, I cannot answer. I missed the prairies and when we had to bring Lorna Mae back to Fort San, deep down I was happy to come back. I may not have moved back to Lebret, but, although I had sold the business, I had not sold the buildings (house and store) but had rented them to the buyer, so I guess it was always in the back of my mind.

When we came back from Victoria, we arrived at 10 A.M. and I went into Safeway in Regina about a job. I went to work at 12 P.M. that day—tired but happy. I boarded with one of the meat cutters and commuted to Lebret where we had rented a house from Clara's sister Agnes. I continued that until I took over the store again.

For the man who had bought the Lebret store from me, things hadn't worked out as well as he hoped. He was a little disappointed as he bought it more or less for his son, and it turned out the son was not very interested in the store business, so when he offered to sell it back to me, I did not hesitate. He was only renting the house and store so it was not such a big deal. I was happy to be back and it was a real challenge to get my customers back. Even with the long working hours, no regrets. I was happy to continue storekeeping that I enjoyed so much and done pretty well until I was spending more time in hospital with bronchitis than I was in the store.

Later on I bought out my competitor across the street. I moved the business to his store and sold the "Four Walls" to the public school who converted it into two classrooms until a new school was built. The old stone building was demolished. What a shame as it was nice stonework!

Wednesday afternoons usually meant a trip to Regina as at that time, all stores in Saskatchewan observed Wednesday afternoon closing. So that was my chance to go to the city and buy. As I had a general store, we handled many items. I could not get reliable help so a traveler told me of Tony Rink who was looking for a job. I contacted him. He came down and said that he didn't want to work for me but would like to buy a business. We talked it over and he said to give him a week, but the next morning he phoned to say he would take it. Tony was a nice person to deal with. We remain good friends to this day.

Before I sold I had applied for the Postmaster's job, not that I wanted it that bad, but I wanted it out of the other store. But I was selected and made room in my store. It just happened that I had built a new house and moved out of the store's living space, so had room for the post office. So for the next twenty years I was postmaster until my retirement in December 1977.

Hobbies and Activities

Going back to my younger days, I was always interested in all sports. I loved hockey and did fairly well at it considering I never had skates on until I was thirteen years old. Played a lot of softball, but not too much hard ball. I had a poor arm. I would throw in from the field a few times and my arm would be sore and would rest for a week or so and the same thing would happen. Frank was just the opposite. He was real good and was tutored by a good pitcher that played for Gull Lake and he became a very good ball player. The class of ball in those days was

very good as every town had a team and even the rural district had their own teams so competition was very keen at local sports days and ball tournaments.

I played some hockey in Lebret for a few years, but I was thirty years old when I came back from overseas so gave up playing. I took to coaching pony league baseball and hockey and enjoyed it. Was always a great sports fan and would take in any baseball or hockey game within driving distance. Still enjoy hockey on TV, take in football games, and have tickets now for this year (1985)—will be fifty-two years—so I have seen a lot of Roughrider players come and go and there were some great ones. Played some tennis in my younger days, but we were restricted as we had no money for equipment and the facilities were not great.



Curling in small towns during the depression years and long after, was everything. The games were replayed in the café, stores, post office, and were the topic of conversation at Bridge parties or wherever. I learned to curl in Lebret, when I was growing up in Gull Lake it was strictly for adults and if a young person showed up we got some pretty hard stares, all but telling us to scram. But in Lebret, all ages curled, we had a one-sheet curling rink quite dilapidated, made of old lumber with lots of holes in the walls. The sparrows would take short cuts through the openings and if it was snowing, it would blow in and we would have to stop and clear the ice.

Farmers would come in seven or eight miles in the severest of weather, we did not have matched rocks like now, quite a few of us owned our own rocks and had our initials on them, were of all different weights, but things like that did not matter. We would have a schedule that lasted most of the winter and then a bonspiel, there being so many rinks that they had draws all day and most of the night, but the rink would be crowded, and the ladies ran the canteen, good food (home-made pies), the rinks were not heated, and I think it was colder on the ice than outside, often had to wear parkas, but I am sure our village and all towns got more pleasure out of the curling rink than any other entertainment. We would visit other clubs, quite often. Fort San, Fort Qu'Appelle, Balcarres, Abernethy, etc, had to take our own rocks along, but those visits were very cordial, the host town would always supply sandwiches and coffee after the game.

I seem to be always involved with public service. You seem to feel obliged to help out and in a small community it was expected of you if you were capable.

I was a Boy Scout in my early years and had great times—camping, hikes, etc. In later years I helped at Fort Qu'Appelle Scout Troop when Pat belonged, but scouting has declined very much and has been going downhill for many years. Kids don't have to belong now as there are many other interests and they go camping, traveling, etc. with their parents. None of us ever went on a trip or holiday while growing up. So scouting gave us that opportunity to learn and do things.

I was councilor for the Village of Lebret for many years, worked hard to get natural gas, water and sewer into the town during my stint on Council. Was also Mayor of Lebret for a short period. There were a lot of headaches, always people complaining. Most of the time it was over things that we had no control over, as the Department of Municipal Affairs tells you what you can and can't do. In one instance a man going to work at 7 A.M. (-37° F) was not looking where he was going and ran into a fire hydrant, called me up. I had to get plumbers from the Fort and our maintenance man and of course shut off the water while repairs were made, so I got lots of phone calls complaining about the water being turned off. But I guess it was worth it all.

I was a charter member when we formed a Lebret branch of the Canadian Legion. Was President four times. Was also Zone Commander for two years. A lot of work going to Branch meetings in our Zone. I was in charge of the Zone curling, golf, essay contest, Zone rally, etc. That also had its headaches.

One winter I had our Zone curling all set up. It was in Lebret that year, had my draws all made up, meal laid on, etc. and at 5 P.M. Saturday, we had a mild spell and the frost all fell from the roof onto the ice. That meant I had to search around for ice, was lucky to get two sheets from Fort Qu'Appelle but not at the time we had our draws planned, so had to make up a new draw and phone each Branch and let them know the new time and place. Some were not too happy but being vets they took it well. I am just mentioning these things to show how things can happen on these jobs that you get no pay or reimbursement.

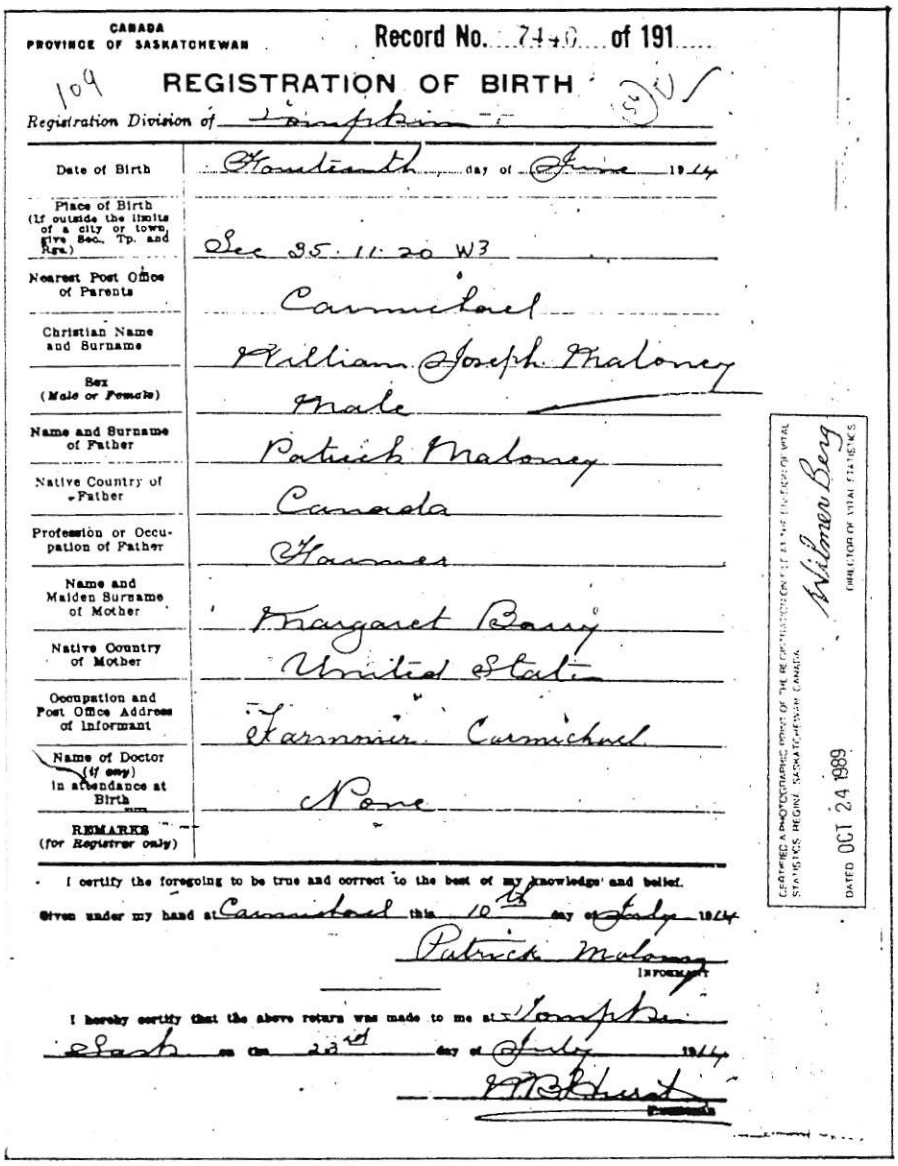
I was Vice-President of the Lebret and Fort Qu'Appelle Historical Society. That was interesting but I really did not have work out of that, except for attending meetings.

Have been a member of the Knights of Columbus since the 1950s. Was active in my younger days. We used to clean up at Camp Monahan, put on the annual barbecue there. Now I am a very inactive member, pay my dues and that is about all.

I served on the Balcarres Hospital Board for many years. I found that very interesting. No homework from it, there was a fine bunch of people on the board, a pleasure to work with. The Matron and Administrator were very cooperative at all times.

Also served on the Qu'Appelle Valley Special Planning Commission. Again it was very interesting. We met once a month, all building and construction had to be approved by us before they could proceed. Sometimes we were not very popular and were told so by some delegations, but we had expert advice at our disposal at all times on erosion, slides, etc. There again we had super guys on that board that made it worthwhile.

I was the first President of the Qu'Appelle Valley Hockey League 1957-58 when the Triangle League (Montmartre, Glenavon, etc.) amalgamated with the Qu'Appelle Valley League. We had twelve teams. I only kept that job for one year. I never had so many phone calls in my life, especially when the playoffs started, they would protest the eligibility of certain players, would not play a certain night because the ice was soft, etc. However, I survived but resigned at the annual meeting as soon as the season was over. That was really a thankless job!



CANADA
PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

Record No. 7446 of 191

109 REGISTRATION OF BIRTH 30 V

Registration Division of Lumsden

Date of Birth	Fourteenth day of June 1944
Place of Birth (If outside the limits of a city or town, give Sec. Tp. and Rge.)	Sec 35. 11. 20 W3
Nearest Post Office of Parents	Carmichael
Christian Name and Surname	William Joseph Maloney
Sex (Male or Female)	Male
Name and Surname of Father	Patrick Maloney
Native Country of Father	Canada
Profession or Occupation of Father	Farmer
Name and Maiden Surname of Mother	Margaret Barry
Native Country of Mother	United States
Occupation and Post Office Address of Informant	Farmer Carmichael
Name of Doctor (if any) in attendance at Birth	None
REMARKS (for Registrar only)	

I certify the foregoing to be true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Given under my hand at Carmichael this 10th day of July 1944

Patrick Maloney
INFORMANT

I hereby certify that the above return was made to me at Lumsden
Sask on the 22nd day of July 1944

M Blust
Registrar

CERTIFIED A PHOTOGRAPHIC COPY OF THE REGISTRATION ENTERED IN THE REGISTER OF VITAL STATISTICS, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

Wilmer Berg
DIRECTOR OF VITAL STATISTICS

DATED OCT 24 1989

JANUARY 1985

JUNE, 14, 1914 I first saw the light of day, or night I do not know which. I cannot remember whether I was attended by a doctor or not, as we lived 17 miles from the nearest town Gull Lake, SASK. Not likely though for a midwife. My Father was a midwife and I did not live far from my homestead SEC. 35, TSP. 11 RANGE 20 W 3rd. SASK.

I do not remember much after that until about 1918 when my uncle Sam & John came back from the war in uniform and then showing my Mother their wounds. I guess the ones they left their uniforms for me to play with.

The first thing that I remember was the fire evidently my father did not get the hay, as I remember him going out each day to do chores etc for Mother that were sick & could not do any work. I remember my dad coming home each evening he had a big chew of tobacco in his mouth that was supposed to prevent getting the flu, and he would go down the line telling my Mother who had died, who had been taken

PART TWO

MOM'S UNFINISHED MEMOIRS

When Mom died in 1983 she had not completed her memoirs, but had completed a chronological outline listing events for each year. She planned to expand on this outline, but was unable to complete the memoirs before her illness. We asked Dad to expand on this outline, and the following is what he wrote in March 1993.

As you know, the memoirs of my wife Clara were stalled by her illness and her passing. I am going to try to fill in the subsequent years as best I can, using her notes for 1938 through 1981. This will not be done with the skill of what she has done.

1938

Our wedding day (May 2nd) was a quiet affair with my brother Lawrence passing away a few days before (April 27th). He was twenty-seven years of age and while working in the oil fields at Turner Valley, he got chilled and developed pneumonia. Today's medicine would have prevented that occurrence. My mother was with him; he was fully conscious and asked that we go ahead.

Our wedding was at 7 A.M. The day before there had been a dust storm, but on May 2nd we got rain and that was pretty well the end of the "dirty thirties". We had a breakfast at the Salamon house. Our bus to Regina left at 10:00 A.M. so we did not have time to waste. However, J.Z. LaRocque drove us to Qu'Appelle and we took the bus from there. We checked into the King's Hotel and they gave us the honeymoon suite at four dollars a night. That being more than two-days' pay, I went down and got moved to a cheaper room—two dollars per night. The next night we went to the house on Osler Street where my brother Jack and my mother lived. We went to a movie the first day—*Maytime*—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. We only stayed away about three days.

My brother Jack and Mary (Mulligan) were married on July 14th.

In September, I went to Geraldton (a mining town in Ontario) where there was a real boom and the streets were "paved with gold". I went by train to Little Long Lac, Ontario, spent the afternoon at the station waiting for a train to Geraldton. Construction was everywhere and everyone thought they would make a fortune. McLennan had a store there; the Dolls (John and Ed) were running the store, so I helped out for my room and board. I went down one of the mines and it did not impress me. I just did not want to make my living in a mine nor live the life style that went with it, so I made up my mind to come home. I do not doubt for a minute that I could have got a job in the mines, but it was just not for me. After two months I returned to Lebret and got a job looking after the outdoor skating rink for thirty-five dollars per month. But I did not finish the year as I got a job at the Indian School as a Boys' Supervisor. Clara was teaching music at 35¢ a lesson, but she made a lot more money than I did.

After a lengthy illness, Clara's mother died on November 15th of uraemic poisoning and was buried in Lebret. Later that year we moved into the Salamon duplex and Mr. Salamon (Clara's Dad) stayed with us.

1939

Clara continued with her music lessons and I got a job at the Indian School as Boys' Supervisor—seven days a week. The only time we were off was when the kids were in the classroom. The salary was forty-five dollars per month less nine dollars for rent paid to the School, as they owned all the houses. In September war was declared. I'll never forget as I walked into the house after work and was greeted with "War is declared". Later that night a passenger ship was torpedoed and sunk. Then we realized that it was for real.

1940

Our first child was born—Eileen Patricia—at Grey Nun's Hospital, Regina, on March 18th. I enlisted in the army on May 17th and was sent to Dundurn, Saskatchewan. In October I was posted to Regina where we lived in an attic suite at 2143 Osler Street. The memory of reading *Gone with the Wind*—we took turns at reading it and thought it was great. In October, the world movie premiere of *Royal Northwest Mounted Police* was at the Capitol Theatre in Regina. There was a big parade and we saw Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster and others. Eileen was along in a stroller.

1941

I was posted to Saskatoon to No. 4 SFTS (Service Flying Training School) RCAF Base, as the army looked after all flying schools for food service, dental services and postal services. We got a small apartment (front room and kitchen) at 652 Saskatchewan Crescent East—twenty-six dollars per month. I was then posted to Yorkton No. 11 SFTS so Clara went back to Lebret, bought an old brick house from the Sisters (RNDM). Mr. Salamon again came to live with Clara and Eileen. My brother Frank and Madeline (Shannon) were married on Feb. 14th.

1942

Our second child was born—Lorna Mae—at Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina on March 3rd. Mr. Salamon continued to live with Clara and Eileen. He was the man of the house, a great strength for Clara as he was such a wise man. He also had a great garden at all times. Otherwise, 1942 was a quite normal year.

1943

I spent my last leave (before going overseas in September) in Regina. Clara stayed with our friends, the Baileys. When I left, Clara went to the movie *Blossoms in the Dust* and cried her heart out. We were both so grateful that Mr. Salamon was still with her and Eileen and Lorna Mae.

1944

I went to France in the Normandy landing [more about the war in my own memoirs]. Clara's words from her notes: "War going badly. No news from Bill for six weeks". The Battle of the Bulge was on at the time. Mr. Salamon still living with Clara and kids. What a great consolation for her. Clara's brother, Mike Salamon, was married to Denyse Mandin on Sept 18th.

1945

VE Day (Victory in Europe) was on May 8th, but the war continued in the east until VJ Day (Victory in Japan) in August. Finally the war was over. Happy day! I came home in September; met at the fairground in Regina as our troop train stopped there. My brother Jack was there with Clara. There were several others on the train, including Ray Fay who was met by his Dad, and we came home to Lebret with the Fays. Eileen and Lorna Mae were not too friendly. I was discharged in October after five years and five months in uniform.

1946

We bought an old stone building known as the Plourde property. He was a doctor who built this building as a drug store; he was killed in a hunting accident while crawling through a fence when his shotgun discharged. There were rumours around in later years whether or not it was an accident. However I used every cent I could get my hands on and opened a store. As there were rations on many items (all jams, candy, sugar, tea and coffee) and I had no quota, so had a hard time. The travellers realized the unfairness of me not getting a quota and helped me out by sending me goods from other merchants who maybe did not need their full share. We sold tomatoes, cabbage and potatoes out of the garden; Clara even canned pork and beans, etc. to build up our inventory.

Our third child was born—Dennis Brian—on August 14th in Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina. Eileen started to school. Mr. Salamon continued to live with us; he was a big help in the garden. We worked long hours to succeed. I bought beer bottles and anything to make a dollar.

1947

The year of the bad storm! The winter of 1946-47 saw the worst series of winter storms in the province's history. Starting on Boxing Day, January 12th–14th, and 31st. All trains and buses cancelled. February 1st, it was 46°F below. Worst blizzard of all on Feb 2nd: snow and high winds. School closed for two weeks. Dennis was sick at the height of the storm. There was a measles epidemic at the time. We were completely shut off from outside world. Coal running short. No trains (January 31st – February 16th). All roads blocked until end of February. Record snowfall of 100" (40" from January 31st to March 7th). No buses until March 15th.

The storm really hurt our store business as we ran out of all kinds of goods with nothing coming in. Eventually Bill Stewardson got through to Balcarres where the CPR train was still operating. I had a very good friend (Toby Gfroerer), a merchant who supplied me with yeast and

other vital items needed for baking bread, etc. That was a bad winter and experience. No doctor available for quite some time.

Mr. Salamon still living with us. Raymond Mlazgar and Jean Henley married on February 8th at Maillardville BC.

1948

Our fourth child was born—Lorraine Frances—January 7th at Balcarres. She was their first baby of 1948. Lorna Mae started school. Mr. Salamon still with us and in good health.

1949

Lorna Mae contracted glandular tuberculosis (bovine) and was admitted to Fort San in August. In those days it was legal to sell milk that was not pasteurized and everyone in the village used local milk from cattle that were not inspected for disease. We were fortunate that we lived only a few miles from Fort San and could visit her. The rules and restrictions were that we could not enter the building to visit, but she would be brought to the window and we could talk to her that way. Later on the rules were relaxed and we could visit her wearing a gown and mask. Mr. Salamon continued to live with us and was in good health. That year I sold my business to a man by the name of Gordon Wadsworth. He wanted to set his son up in business and we started to make plans to go to Victoria to join my brother Jack in the store business he already had.

1950

This started out to be a very busy and eventful year. There was a farewell party for us in the church basement; we were presented with silverware. We took the train for Victoria in early January, a very cold day near 50°F. We had a drawing room on the train—room for a table, our own bathroom, etc., but on January 15th we started to get hit by a snow slide. We got stranded in Ashcroft BC. Eventually backed up and got to Kelowna. After a couple of attempts they finally flew us to Penticton and from there to Vancouver. On to the ferry and got to Victoria in the morning. These extra days were all at the expense of CPR. We had a good porter who treated us well. On our departure Mr. Salamon moved to Clara's sister, Mrs. Mary LaRocque. Lorna Mae was allowed to go to school for half-days. I started working for Jack for a wage until we decided how we got along, etc.

Lorna Mae's First Communion and Confirmation was in May at St. Andrew's Cathedral in Victoria by Bishop Hill.

Our fifth child was born prematurely May 14th—Hugh Gordon—Down's syndrome, congenital bowel condition, imperforated anus. Surgery at forty-eight hours old at St. Joseph Hospital. When I signed the permission to operate, the doctor told me that there was well under 50% chance that he would not survive. He was baptized (provisionally) by Msgr. Charbonneau. Lorna Mae's TB reoccurred in July. Under advice from the doctors at Fort San not to let anyone use surgery to treat her, we made arrangements to fly her back to Saskatchewan in August. She was re-admitted to Fort San. It was hard to walk away from the San and leave her there.

I didn't buy in with Jack. I was going to, we were just trying it out when Lorna Mae got sick. We had bought a house in Victoria. We then decided that the best thing for us was to move back to Saskatchewan, so sold our house in Victoria and in October had all our belongings shipped to Regina. Our train ride back was uneventful and we were all anxious to see Lorna Mae.



2639 Prior Street

I was glad to come back. I hadn't sold my house or store. I was glad to come back. It wasn't a hard move for me. Clara's sister, Agnes Paquin, had a house in Lebret that we moved into, and I worked for Safeway in Regina. I worked on Fourteenth and Albert; it's not there anymore. Northeast corner. Right across from the Braemar apartments. Come home Saturday night and go back Sunday. And I didn't always get home either, if I wouldn't get out of the store before the bus. Gordon was not well, delicate and needed a lot of care.

1951

It turned out that Mr. Wadsworth's son was not really interested in the business, so I bought the stock and fixtures and we moved back into our own house. Deep down, that was a happy day for me. Gordon had more surgery to correct the abnormal bowel, but it did not help much and he continued to suffer.

1952

We made some improvements to the house. This year we had our first family picture taken. Jim LaRocque and Lucy Richert married April 14th at Macklin SK. Dennis started to school, a very shy boy. Our house again became a busy place at Christmas time and other occasions when all would gather for church services and big meals etc. Continued to build up my business as it had been neglected.

1953

In June the Maloneys had a family reunion in Calgary. Eileen, Elaine Pernitzky and Clara looked after the store while I was away. And while I was away Dennis was stricken with polio. He was in Balcarres Hospital twenty-three days; he had hot compresses about twenty-four hours a day, special nurses (Marion Rickard). He had completely recovered by November with many hours of therapy and trips to Regina. His last at the General Hospital in Regina in October. I do not know

who it hurt most, when he had to be given those rather severe exercises. Dennis made his first communion May 31st.

1954

Our sixth child was born—Patrick Michael—March 7th at Balcarres Union Hospital. Back in the real estate business! Bought the corner store across the street from my store building. Mr. Brule took my house [the brick house]on the deal. We moved in May to the store's living quarters. Albert Longpre and I opened a store in Qu'Appelle SK, managed by him. Lorraine started to school.

I had known Albert from Lebret as his father owned the store on Low Street and he married a McCashin girl. McCashins owned My Wardrobe Cleaners in Regina but also had a cottage in Lebret. Albert had worked at My Wardrobe until his father-in-law sold the business. Albert and I felt there was an opportunity in Qu'Appelle so we opened a store. After a year I got tired of going there so sold out to Albert. We are still good friends.

1955

More real estate business. I sold my old stone building to the Lebret Public School for their expansion. They made two classrooms out of it. I was busy running my own business that had grown substantially and making frequent trips to Qu'Appelle, so Albert agreed to buy my share. This summer we had a holiday to Calgary and stayed at Reid's. We decided that we were going to do something to acquire more modern living quarters. We renovated the store somewhat but as they say "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear".

1955 was Saskatchewan Jubilee year, and there was a big celebration. A cairn was built at the entrance gate to the chapel on the hill. Many VIP's in town: Tommy Douglas (Premier), J.G. Gardiner (Federal Minister of Agriculture) and his guest, Ezra Taft Benson (US Secretary of Agriculture in the Eisenhower government). Mr. Benson was in our yard and wanted to use the phone. He toted Pat around for some time. We bought our first television set (the third in town, Lecours and MacLennans were ahead of us), so we had a full front room every night watching TV. Not a good picture, lots of snow, but everyone enjoyed it. Lorraine made her First Communion on May 15th.

1956

We were getting serious about getting more modern living accommodation and decided to build a new house. We purchased the lot next to our store from Mr. Grimeau, had it cultivated and gardened this year. Once we decided, we spent many hours on plans and getting ideas for our new home. That was a real pleasure, as we never thought we would be in a position financially to have a dream come true.

1957

Mr. Salamon died on March 9th very peacefully. We were there with him. He was staying with J.Z. and Mary LaRocque (his daughter). He was buried in Lebret. Our seventh and last child—Peggy Margaret Ann—was born March 23rd at Balcarres Union Hospital. Eileen graduated from Grade Twelve winning the Governor General's medal. At that time there was no money involved, but since that time a five-hundred-dollar scholarship is given to the winners.

On July 19th, the basement for the new house was excavated; construction was by Cairns Construction of Regina. The plan was a "Broadway Royal" 42'x 26'. It was a pre-packaged deal so went very quickly.

Eileen enrolled at Reliance Business College in August. We moved into our new home on October 13th—Thanksgiving Day! Running water, flush toilets—what a treat! It saved me a lot of time from emptying pails, etc. Pat's comment after a few hours in our new home: "Come on, let's go home". Before we moved in, Eileen and Lorna Mae and their friends had a big party in the empty house. We supplied sandwiches and soft drinks, etc to about twenty teenagers. They thought that was great! And couldn't believe that someone's parents would allow a bunch of kids to party in a brand new house!!

We had another family portrait taken during the Christmas season.

1958

We had Grandma Maloney's last visit this spring (my mother). She later died on August 5th in Kelowna, British Columbia. She had her six living sons as pallbearers and was buried there. I was named Postmaster on July 17th and the post office located in the portion of the store that we had used as living quarters before we moved into our new house. Eileen completed her course and began working for the provincial government (Public Service Commission).

1959

This year we modernized the store, remodelling it into a self-serve. It was now known as the Red & White Store. It cost approximately seven thousand dollars—a lot of money at that time.

Lorna Mae won an oratory contest at Indian Head with the topic "Mental Health". Moved on to Zone One finals in Regina but lost out. Dennis and Lorraine's confirmation on June 3rd by Archbishop M.C. O'Neill. Lorna Mae went to Stratford, Ontario, to attend the festival there, an award for drama participation in High School. Mrs. Burgess the official escort.

1960

Sold our store business (except the buildings) to A.R. (Tony) Rink of Holdfast, Saskatchewan, who took over on May 1st. Lorna Mae graduated from Grade Twelve in May. Pat started school in September with Ricky Rink. Gordon admitted to Saskatchewan Training School in Moose Jaw August 15th, one of the most unpleasant duties in raising the family. Eileen's

engagement to James Patrick Condon of Lebret was announced, wedding to take place in February 1961. Lorna Mae entered Grey Nuns School of Nursing in Regina in September.

1961

Eileen's marriage to James (Condy) Condon at Sacred Heart Church in Lebret on February 4th. Reception at home, dinner at Valley Centre in Fort Qu'Appelle, and a party in our house late into the evening by family and friends. Pat's First Communion on May 21st by Father Jubinville.

Our first grandchild born on October 19th at Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina—Joanne Patricia Condon. Clara started teaching Grade Two in Lebret Public (old school). Pat was in her class. She was replacing Sister Mathilda who was ill with throat cancer.

1962

Dennis took Grade Eleven at Campion College in Regina, staying with Ken and Julie Reid. Clara started teaching in February, again replacing Sister Mathilda on a temporary basis. We took a trip to Kelowna in July with the family, and visited with Henry and Marg (my sister) Amundrud and their two boys.

1963

Lorna Mae graduated from Grey Nuns School of Nursing in May, won a scholarship to attend university which she declined. Dennis graduated from Campion College (Grade Twelve) in May, winning a five-hundred-dollar scholarship. Clara continued teaching Grade Two at Lebret Public School, getting back into the swing and liking it more. Dennis enrolled at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon in the College of Commerce, living with Bobby and Rita Mlazgar. Peggy started school with her pal Annette Segouin, Sister Melanie her teacher.

Our second grandchild born at Regina Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina on December 17th—Kelly Jane Condon.

1964

Lorna Mae married to Thomas J. Reidy of Ceylon, Saskatchewan, on June 6th in Lebret; celebrants were Fathers Reidy and Ripplinger. Dinner and dance at Valley Centre at Fort Qu'Appelle. Clara continued to teach Grades Two and Three. Peggy made her First Communion on June 7th. We took a summer trip to the Black Hills, South Dakota, with the family. Had Mr. Joe Bouffard along with us. Lorraine was ill with measles on the trip. It was very hot, no air conditioning in the car but we stayed at motels that had it! I went to Kelowna for Henry Amundrud's funeral.

1965

Lorraine won a trip to Nova Scotia—Young Voyageurs of Canada. I had surgery (prostate repair) at the Regina General Hospital. Our third grandchild was born at Radville, Saskatchewan,

on April 10th—Colleen Anne Reidy. Peggy was confirmed on May 8th. Pat had appendectomy surgery at Balcarres Hospital (Dr. Steele). Clara's sister Agnes Paquin died on September 28th, malignant brain tumour. Her death was five days after brain surgery. She was buried in Lebret.

1966

Lorraine graduated from Grade Twelve in the last graduating class from Lebret Public School. From now on, all high school students would attend Fort Qu'Appelle high school. The graduating exercises were in the fall. Lorraine enrolled in Reliance School of Commerce in Regina. Gordon, Pat, Peggy and I took a trip to Gull Lake and Fort Peck Dam in Montana. When our substitute postmistress took sick, Clara stayed home to run the post office instead of having the planned family trip cancelled.

James' father, Mr. Condon (Clara's godfather) died on January 2nd, and Mrs. Condon (James' mother) died on March 29th. Our fourth grandchild was born on August 14th (12:03 A.M.) at Regina Grey Nuns Hospital—Darryl James Condon. Our fifth grandchild born on the same day (evening) at Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary—Kathleen Faye Reidy. Since it was Dennis' twentieth birthday, we kept adding candles to the cake!

1967

Centennial Year! - This was a busy year for our family. Lorraine won a trip to Expo in Montreal as "Secretary Most Likely to Succeed" from the Reliance School of Commerce. Dennis graduated (Bachelor of Commerce) from the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. Convocation was in the Centennial Auditorium; we stayed with Louis and Corinne.

This year when I went to pick up Gordon at Moose Jaw for Easter, Dr. Zaleski wanted me to sign permission for him to perform surgery on Gordon's colostomy. Dr. Malone told us not to let anyone operate until he was fully-grown or perhaps never. I did not sign the permission; we contacted our family doctor (Dr. Steele at Balcarres) and she suggested that we take him to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. After a week of tests, the head doctor there advised against surgery ever. We were there eight days, had a nice motel with swimming pool etc, so enjoyed our stay. Then went on to Hamilton to visit my brother Pat and his wife Mary. Motored northern Ontario route home.

We had bought a new car that year and upon our return, Dennis and his friend Perry Mogus asked for the car to go to Expo in Montreal. Dennis was a surprised boy when I consented. They went and returned with great memories. Lorraine was working for the provincial government, Local Government Board. Dennis started to work for Canada Life Assurance Company in Toronto. Clara now teaching Grades Three and Four in the Public School.

1968

Clara was teaching Grade Four this year. I broke my ankle in January and was on crutches for six weeks. Bobby Mlazgar died on March 7th (complications from diabetes) and was buried in Lebret. Clara's sister, Mary LaRocque, passed away in Regina General Hospital (liver cancer) on

May 8th and was buried in Lebret. This summer we took a trip to Peace River, Alberta, to visit Lorna Mae and Tom. We had a family reunion (Maloney) at the Calgary Inn with about forty attending and registered at the Inn. One of the highlights was having a family breakfast atop the Husky Tower. Pat enrolled at Mathieu College in Gravelbourg for the Grade Nine bilingual course. Our sixth grandchild was born on December 8th at Peace River—Patricia (Patti) Mary Reidy.

1969

Clara was teaching Grade Two. In February I had gall bladder surgery at the Regina General Hospital. In this year Clara had surgery also—a benign tumour removed from the lining of the brain—at Regina Grey Nuns Hospital April 8th-23rd by Drs. James and Kumar. She was off work until September and Lorraine was hired to take her place to finish the term. With this surgery the family had some anxious moments, or should I say days.

Dennis' wedding to Donna Lee Boress on May 17th at St. Monica's Church in Toronto. We went to Toronto by train; it was only one month after Clara's surgery and she was quite weak.

In August we went to the Black Hills and Mount Rushmore with the family. The Black Hills was one of our favourite holiday points. Peggy was attending school in Fort Qu'Appelle and Pat still at College Mathieu in Gravelbourg.

1970

Pat still at College Mathieu and Peggy at Fort Qu'Appelle. Clara teaching Grade Two. My brother Jack died in July while attending Sheila Maloney's wedding at Swift Current. He complained of being tired and went for a nap in the afternoon and died in his sleep. In August, we made another trip to see the Reidys in Peace River. Came home via Saskatoon. We had our whole house carpeted by T. Eaton Company of Regina in October (some class!). Sold the store buildings to Tony Rink in May but questioned the move after we got nicked for capital gains tax. Would have been better off collecting rent!

1971

We finished our basement (rec room, bedroom), the work being done by Maurice Bedel and Clarence Grubb who did a fine job on it. It was well used the following years. Clara resigned teaching in June after nine years. We took a trip (did the "Saskatchewan Game") visiting Duck Lake, Prince Albert, Waskesiu, Batoche, etc. It was a tourist promotion by the government. There was a great Homecoming celebration on July 5th in Lebret—a real success. Peggy registered at Sacred Heart Academy in Yorkton for Grade Nine, and Pat was still at College Mathieu in Grade Eleven. We were alone at home, the wheel having made a complete turn from May 2, 1938 to September 1971. The whole family was home for Christmas. A terrific time was had by all. Met Nick Maduck—Lorraine's friend. We again had our family portrait taken (the third one) at Bennett's studio in Fort Qu'Appelle. The family announced a "trip to Europe for Mom and Dad for their Thirty-Fifth wedding anniversary in 1973".

1972

In March the announcement of Lorraine's engagement to Nick Maduck of Yorkton. Nick was a forensic chemist at the RCMP Crime Lab in Vancouver. In May Pat's graduation from College Mathieu; had a complimentary wine and cheese, dinner and dance. Stayed over at a motel; Tom and Lorna Mae also attended. On July 24th, Clara's brother John (aged 74) passed away at the Grey Nuns Hospital (heart). Buried in Lebret.

On August 5th, Lorraine and Nick's wedding at St. Mary's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Yorkton, Saskatchewan. Dinner and dance at Legion Hall. We all stayed at the Corona Motel and had a "ball". Lots of snaps and next day all at Nick's home for lots more food, etc. All were home for the wedding.

Took a motor trip (Sept 1st-17th) through the States to Toronto, Hamilton, and Renfrew, Ontario. Highlight was visiting the old homestead at Mount St. Patrick. Pat was with us and on September 15th he enrolled at Glendon College, York University in Toronto (Liberal Arts). Thanksgiving Day was spent at Frank Maloneys' in Swift Current. On December 4th, jet flight to Toronto to attend Mary Maloney's funeral in Hamilton. Julie Reid was with us. All, except Dennis and Donna, were home for four days at Christmas. We gave Clara a family ring; good time by all.

1973

Babysitting at the Condons (February 7th-28th) as Eileen and Jim were in Hawaii. Trip to Europe May 7th-28th, compliments of the four oldest children as a Thirty-Fifth Anniversary gift. Motor coach trip through six countries of Europe. On and off plane (Wardair) at Saskatoon. We have a detailed diary of this holiday. In August Nick and Lorraine were transferred back to Regina—great news! Peggy back to S.H.A. in September (Grade Eleven). Pat did not wish to continue on at Glendon University, was only interested in survey work. He started to work for Condon Surveys in Regina.

Our seventh grandchild was born on October 4th in Toronto to Dennis and Donna—Julie Mary Elizabeth. Babysitting in October at Reidys as they were visiting friends in Peace River area. Dennis moved to Halifax, Nova Scotia, (after Christmas), working with Statistics Canada.

The whole family was home for Christmas! Also had my brother Pat from Hamilton, my sister Deb from Kelowna, my sister Gert from Penticton, and my sister Julie and Ken from Regina. Twenty-six in all! A highlight of all our Christmases--just great! "Memories are made of these."

1974

Pat moved to Toronto working for a survey company there and studying electronics by correspondence. We spent Easter in Swift Current at Frank Maloneys'. Gordon with us. Our planned trip to Halifax in May was cancelled due to the death of Donna's dad (stroke) in Thunder Bay on April 29th. A big disappointment for Auntie Annie, as she was to go with us. It would have been her first flight.

Our eighth grandchild was born to Nick and Lorraine on June 4th at the Regina General Hospital—Dana Christine (6 lbs. 10 oz.). She was baptized and confirmed at St. Mary's Ukrainian Church in Yorkton on June 23rd.

We attended the Bolshoi Ballet, and Anne of Green Gables at the Regina Centre of the Arts. Highlights of our year's entertainment. Darryl Condon and Kathy Reidy made their First Communion on May 12th at St. Martin's Church in Regina. Peggy at S.H.A. in Grade Twelve. Pat had enough of the east and returned home in July and was rehired by Condon Surveys.

Our ninth grandchild was born to Dennis and Donna in Halifax on December 30th—Barbara Lynn (7 lbs. 14 oz.).

It was an exceptionally mild winter with only a skiff of snow until year's end.

1975

Pat taking a course in Surveying in Regina.

Tenth grandchild born at Moose Jaw on Sunday January 12th (9:30 P.M.)—Margaret Maureen Reidy (9 lbs. 10 oz.). Babysitting at Reidys' January 12th-22nd. Babysitting at the Condons January 27th-February 14th as Eileen and Condy were off to Barbados. You can see how the duties of being grandparents changes.

Clara in Balcarres hospital April 21st to May 2nd with lobar pneumonia.

May 17th-25th flight to Halifax to visit Dennis, Donna and their girls. Very enjoyable; had fresh lobster right out of the ocean and it was great. October 4th I won a ticket to the Roughrider $100-a-plate dinner at the Centre of the Arts in Regina. Gordon now living at Garrity House (140 Halifax North) in Regina—a very good arrangement with Sister Marian McGuigan in charge. He attended the Cosmopolitan Activity Centre during the day.

Donna and girls visiting from Nov 29th until after Christmas. All were home except Nick, Lorraine and Dana. Reids were out Christmas day.

1976

Babysitting Condon kids December 28th-January 20th first in Lebret then two weeks in Regina. Eileen and Condy were off to Hawaii. Clara broke her little toe (right foot) on December 18th. Cast put on December 27th and taken off January 21st by Dr. Steele.

Coach tour to California and Nevada February 8th-21st from Calgary. We flew to and from Calgary. Coach stopped at Coeur D'Alene, Idaho; Bend, Oregon; San Francisco; Anaheim; San Diego; Las Vegas; Salt Lake City; Helena, Montana; and Calgary. Highlights were Disneyland, Vegas and the Mormon Tabernacle. Jim and Lucy LaRocque on same tour. In March, Veronica (Clara's sister) had her golden jubilee as a nun.

Eleventh grandchild born in Ottawa on Saturday May 22nd at 5:00 P.M. to Dennis and Donna—Paul Joseph (7 lbs. 3 oz.).

June 2nd had the kitchen carpet installed—T. Eaton for $349.

Twelfth grandchild born in Regina on Sunday June 13th at 8:42 A.M. to Nick and Lorraine—Sean Nicholas Maduck (9 lbs. 1/4 oz.).

On November 12th, Clara had a blood clot surgically removed from below her left eye by Dr. Steele (three stitches). Biopsy returned benign.

In October Clara helped organize the CWL Golden Jubilee 1926-76. She prepared a history of events and a reconstructed membership list.

Christmas was the quietest on record, with only Nick, Lorraine, Dana and Sean Maduck, Pat and Gwen, Peggy, Gordon home. Reidys at Ceylon, Condons in Florida and Dennis' family in Ottawa.

1977

Pat's wedding on February 5th at St. Peter's Church in Regina to Gwen Cunningham. Dance and reception at Firefighters Hall. Reidys, Condons, Dennis and Donna and us booked in at the Regina Inn. Enjoyed the hospitality room before and after the service. Dennis and Donna and family spent the week after the wedding with us in Lebret.

February 12th-26th Lobstick Air Canada Charter to Tampa, Florida. While there visited Disney World twice, Kennedy Space Centre, Cypress Gardens, Busch Gardens, and Sunken Gardens. We spent a day with the Joe Redmonds of Lebret who went there every winter. They took us to Clearwater, St. Petersburg, etc. A very enjoyable trip. This was a very nice holiday; stayed at Causeway Inn North.

In January I won fifteen hundred dollars on a Kinsmen TV Bingo, which went into a RRSP.

December 28th I retired from the Post Office after nineteen and a half years of service, planning to remain in Lebret until the house is sold.

For Christmas, Condons were in Hawaii, Dennis' family in Toronto, all others were home for at least Christmas Eve.

1978

In March we sold our Plymouth Fury to Neil and Doreen Schill $450 on March 13th, and bought a 1977 Nova from Tom $4800. On April 10th we sold the house privately to Dan and Irene Johnson with a possession date of September 1st. They also bought most of the furniture.

We went to Bismarck, North Dakota, for Easter in Condons' motor home; Reidys were also there.

May 4th-9th went to Kelowna with Ken and Julie Reid for Greg Amundrud's marriage to Linda McGowan. All my family were in attendance except my brother Pat from Hamilton who was recuperating from an appendectomy. We visited Steve Tkacs and his family in Creston on the way back.

On May 12th our 40th wedding anniversary celebration was held at the Vagabond Inn in Regina. A wonderful evening, nothing spared, thanks to the family. Celebrated with a Mass at Holy Rosary Cathedral (Father Reidy celebrant). All our children were present as well as nine of the twelve grandchildren (Dennis' family were not able to attend). Other family members and close friends were in attendance: Ken and Julie Reid, Mary Maloney, Louis and Corinne Paquin, Peter Schills, Vic and Therese Lagace and Agnes Pernitzky. We had Gordon's birthday the next day, a barbecue at Pat and Gwen's backyard.

May 23rd - June 14th we took a trip to Ireland, a very nice holiday (we have an album and diary for this trip). A farewell tea was held on June 25th in the Lebret parish hall; received gifts of a painting by Irene Lecours, the book *Entre Amis*, and a crystal compote.

After many trips to Regina to look for an apartment, we found what we wanted at #5, 2755 31st Avenue, so rented it on July 1st. On August 19th our belongings that we had left were moved into #5 by Condy, Tom, and Pat in a Tilden truck, also moved Peggy's things to Moose Jaw where she worked for the Royal Bank. We had moved quite a few things in the trunk of the car on our trips back and forth. Back to Lebret on August 21st-24th for final packing and August 25th into Regina for keeps.

September traded in Nova for Plymouth Fury II from Lakeside Chrysler. On November 13th my sister Julia died suddenly in Las Vegas. We were in Carberry, Manitoba, at the time visiting Nick and Lorraine where he was posted with the RCMP. Quite stormy so Nick drove us home (good driver) then he returned next morning by bus. All were home for Christmas except Dennis' family

1979

We took an Arizona Canyon tour with Funfinders January 19th - February 5th which departed from Calgary. Jim, Lucy and Andy visited us there. Heard of Vic Lagace's death while in Flagstaff, Arizona.

June 3rd – 21st a trip to Perth, Ontario. Met Jean Brady (my cousin) and many relatives. Spent time on "the Mountain". Also took a side trip while there to Kitchener-Waterloo to visit Gabrielle (Lafleur) Lane and Jim and Rosa Tomecko.

August 5th off to Drumheller to visit Jim and Lucy LaRocque. Took Darryl with us. Showed him the Maloney homestead on the Bench, dropped in on Neil and Kay MacLennan in Elrose, Saskatchewan, on the way home.

Thirteenth grandchild born to Pat and Gwen in Regina General Hospital on August 21st—Ryan Patrick (9 lbs. 4 oz.).

Fourteenth grandchild born to Nick and Lorraine at Brandon, Manitoba, on August 22nd—Erin Jane (8 lbs. 2 oz.). Erin was baptized and confirmed at St. Mary's Ukrainian Church in Yorkton. We stayed at the Imperial Inn and there was a gathering at Tony and Ann's new home.

Sept 18th – October 5th tour of the Maritimes with Majestic Tours. We flew to St. John's, Newfoundland, joined our bus crew and ended up in Toronto and flew home from there. Visited Donna while in Halifax; Dennis was out west.

Completed the Family Tree Book (after thirteen years' work). Three hundred copies printed on November 29th.. Mailed out the complimentary copies for Christmas. Got many compliments on "The Book". Thanks to Dennis and Eileen for their help.

On Sunday December 23rd, pre-Christmas dinner at Condons. All there except Dennis and family. Christmas Eve at our apartment. No Reidys, no Dennis', so smaller crowd. Christmas day at Condons; just Maloneys and Condons.

On December 29th we left for Hawaii with Condons (Wardair), overnight in Edmonton. Harvey and Dorothy met us there.

1980

In Hawaii, the worst storm in a hundred years, a few nervous days, as all power and roads were flooded or washed away. Food was quite scarce, restaurants were closed, but we got the last flight until after the storm to the big island so we could get our plane home on January 15th.

Spent February 21st – 28th in Vancouver and Victoria visiting relatives, stayed at the Empress Hotel.

Spent a lot of time mailing "The Book" as the orders came in. Quite a mild winter.

In June we motored with Frank and Madeline to Penticton, British Columbia, to the Legion Dominion Convention. We visited Frankie at Claresholm, Alberta, and Tim and Emma in Black Diamond. Celebrate Saskatchewan June 22nd in Lebret; Condons and Maducks were there also. July 12th – 13th. . Celebrate Saskatchewan homecoming at Gull Lake. Gert was visiting from Penticton. July 24th – 27th Camp MACOREMA at Clear Lake, Manitoba. Gert with us, a great place, a great time and many good snaps.

A Salamon-Tomecko reunion at the Salamon farm. One Hundred and twenty-three registered including Messners, LaRocques and our gang. Well-planned, good food and lots of it.

On August 31st Clara had abdominal pain, culminating in a hysterectomy performed by Dr. Eistetter in September. A cancerous tumour was found on each ovary, one of which had ruptured.

Twenty-five day cobalt therapy session followed from October 1st – November 5th. October, kidney X-ray, December 19th ultrasound.

Christmas Eve here in the apartment. All home with two extras: Donna's mother (Mary Boress) and sister (Barbara Mason). Christmas Day at the Condons.

1981

January 23rd - February 7th motor coach tour (Funfinders) to Jackpot, Reno, Lake Tahoe, Vegas and Phoenix. Met and visited Doris and Harry Brennan.

Clara continued blood tests, chemo, etc. (melphalan) with no ill effects. February was busy with many medical tests (pelvic examination, ultrasound, intravenous paniogram, barium, etc). Dr. Eistetter suggested second-look surgery. Admitted to Pasqua Hospital on March 19th with surgery (exploratory pelvic laparotomy) the next day. Good news! No cancerous tissue!

March 29th Peggy and Paul's engagement announced.

April also busy with continued medical tests and chemotherapy: Melphalan five daily for four days; recall every six weeks.

EPILOGUE

This is where Clara's notes end. We often regretted not keeping a diary. What a mistake! My advice whatever age you are, it is never too late to start. You will be glad if someday you wish to write your own memoirs, then you will be glad you did.

One of you asked me how we adjusted to all the setbacks during our life. We accepted all those things together, and it all depends on honesty and trust. Be open about everything and TALK, TALK and TALK about all situations. It is much easier for two to share the spoils—good or bad—than one!

Bill Maloney (March 1993)

PART THREE

REMINISCENCES OF WORLD WAR II

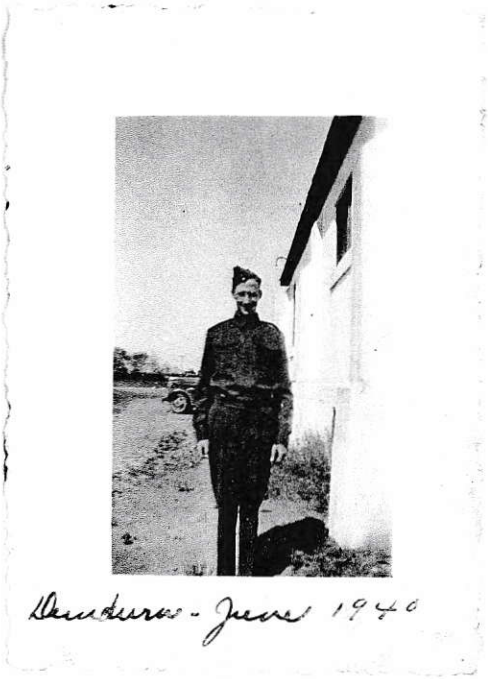
This is a summary of a dialogue held on August 11, 1994 between Dad, daughter Eileen and grandson Darryl. The conversation was taped and transcribed. The following transcript consists of Dad's replies to our questions. (The questions have been omitted unless needed for clarification).

I volunteered on May 23, 1940. I tried before that and I couldn't get in; they weren't recruiting. The war hadn't really started yet. There were a few sinkings. It started in '39 but in May there was nothing. I was in Lebret then and I come in to the Armouries in Regina two or three times. 12th District. That was the office here—Recruiting. Twelfth District Depot was headquarters for Saskatchewan. I was 25 years old and working at the Indian School—as slave labour, a dollar a day and worked twenty-four hours a day. And then I come in twice, and then I come in the next time, and I was just going to leave and Bruno Lajeunesse (he was a corporal in the orderly room and he was a teacher at the Indian School) said "Where are you going?" and I said, "I'm going home, I can't get in." And he said "Just a minute." So he took me upstairs to the DS&TO [District Supply and Transport Office] and he mentioned to this Captain Lawrence. And he said, "Well, what about the other guy you recommended?" And Bruno said, "Well, this one's better for the job." So I signed up, went down and had my medical and they threw me in a uniform, gave me a rifle, helmet, and a ticket to Dundurn.

If not for meeting Bruno, I may have not gotten into Supply. It would have been the regular army. Enlisting when I did seemed better than working. Clara didn't seem to mind, everybody was doing it. We were under terrible conditions at the Indian School. Oh! Terrible! I was supervisor—boys' supervisor. And at that time we had to keep the study periods, keep everything. The only time we were off was when school was in class. When they went to bed we had to look after the dormitory at times, take turns. Seven days a week. And get bawled out about every half hour by old Father DeBretagne. Oh, God! And when I came back from Regina that day, I threw my keys on Father DeBretagne's desk. And was he mad! He says, "I can stop you." And I said, "No, you can't". He was mad as blazes. I think there was twenty-three from the staff at the Indian School who signed up. He was an old-country nobleman, French nobleman. Maurice DeBretagne. I had taken a day off when you [Eileen] were born. He



wouldn't give me permission to come in [to Regina], so I come anyway. And he says, "Well, I'll give you that day. I won't dock you." Oh, he was terrible. You can't imagine. So it was heaven to get in the Army after working for him.



The next day I went to Dundurn. We opened a supply depot cause there was nobody in Dundurn. We were the first troops in Dundurn—a skeleton staff. We had no time for basic training, had to get that supply depot going. We had a carload of sugar come in, and a carload of … The troops hadn't mobilized yet—the Regina Rifles. So in a matter of weeks we had 14,000 troops there in Dundurn, and we had to be ready to feed them.

I was at Dundurn until December. And I came to Regina to the supply depot here. And I wasn't here very long and I went to Saskatoon—to the #4 SFTS—that air station—Service Flying Training School. We looked after the food at all those air stations—Mossbank, Moose Jaw, Dafoe, and Yorkton. The supplies, the food, and the dental corps, and postal corps were Army. So we were about eleven at that base. Then I was transferred to Yorkton, in charge of that supply depot—in 1940, or maybe '41.

In Regina, we had an attic suite on Osler Street, and when I was transferred to Saskatoon, we moved to Saskatoon. Then I was transferred to Yorkton, Clara came back to Lebret. I was hoping to get overseas. In fact, we had IQ tests for officer material. And mine was pretty high. And the Lieutenant there told me that, and I said, "I don't want to go to officers' training school, I want to go overseas." And I was afraid with no education to be an officer. That was a mistake. There was nothing I couldn't have done—maybe better. We did their work anyway—as senior NCO. That was a mistake to not take that training. I turned it down. And as it turned out, some of them that did go [to officers' training], they got stranded there. They never got their commission and they didn't get overseas either.

I had a chance to go overseas earlier. I could have gone with the 1622nd from Climax—that cavalry unit. 'Cause the colonel, I can't think of his name now, he used to come to the supply depot in Dundurn, and he wanted me to go with him when they mobilized. And I couldn't get a release. He promised me a CQMS right off the bat in Dundurn. That's what I was when I ended up. But they wouldn't release me from the Service Corps. [*Was there a lot of that—jockeying for different people?*] Yeah. There was a lot of that. They all wanted the best. But I had the experience. The 1622nd were strictly cavalry and they went armored. So, God knows, I may have been bumped off! But I wanted to go with them, in the worst way. [*To get to where the action was?*] Not necessarily. But I wanted to go with a unit. Get in early. I'd have probably got my commission there eventually.

About the ranks. [reading from his Service Book]. A Private at enlistment; Lance Corporal (with pay) January 9, 1941 in Saskatoon; Corporal (Acting with Pay) May 29, 1941; Corporal (Substantive) Aug 29, 1941; Sergeant (Acting without pay) October 22, 1941—those were in Saskatoon. Sergeant (active with pay) December 4, 1941; Sergeant (Substantive) April 24, 1942 in Yorkton; CQMS (Acting with pay) [Company Quarter Master Sergeant] February 14, 1945 in Holland; CQMS (Confirmed) May 14, 1945.

I was in Yorkton quite a while. A couple of years. We had the supply depot; we had 1400 troops there. We went to Dundurn for a month from Yorkton and done training. Took our basic training there. I would get leave regularly. I'd get to Lebret. I was in charge—Sergeant—I could give myself a pass. I left in '43 to go overseas.

[*Did everyone go from Yorkton or just certain people?]* Oh, no. Just me. I went to Maple Creek for training. We left from there. I was there for a month—training hard. Really tough training. [*Combat training?*] Yeah. Conditioning, assault course, obstacle courses, route march. We done a six-mile run in the morning before breakfast. We took the train from there, right through to Halifax. We'd get out [of the train]. Like in Port Arthur and exercise on the...and then in Ottawa we got out, marched up and down and done exercise. [*Was it just military on the train?*] Oh, nothing else. Troop trains. There were coaches. Slatted seats. [*Like colonists' cars? Took them out of mothballs?*] That's what they were. No beds or anything. I think it must have taken us about three days. Then at Fredericton Junction we stopped. And my sister Deb was there in Fredericton forty miles away, but we weren't allowed to phone or anything. [*Was it secret?*] Oh, absolutely. Gert knew. She was in Ottawa [working in a war-related capacity] that time. She knew everything. She knew exactly where and who went. She knew when Harvey and Tim went on the same boat. She knew they were on it. [*Did they know each other was on the same boat?*] I don't know. They may have met on the boat—a few thousand people. You might not meet. I think they went on the *Queen Mary;* it was big.

England

But the *Queen Elizabeth* when I went, we had 23,000 troops. Crew of 1400. Gun crews and everything. The first *Queen Elizabeth.* I don't know how many passengers it would normally have. There were seventy-two of us in a stateroom for two (in peace time). We had hammocks. We took turns. We'd have to come up for twenty-four hours and the others would go down, then we'd go. But that was crowded. You'd get in that hammock and you couldn't turn. We'd sleep on the deck or anywhere you could find a place. We had two meals a day. It was slick as anything. Non-stop cooking. We had good food. It took four days. Good weather. Harvey and Tim didn't; they had rough weather. [*How long were you in Halifax before you left?*] Not there at all. From the train to the boat. On, no! That's wrong! We went to Windsor, Nova Scotia, and we were in barracks there for a while. But I don't remember how long. Not very long. We just about starved there. We cleaned out the store. They weren't prepared for as many as were there. [*A delay in the sailing?*] Yeah, submarines or something.

That was September 1943. But we had no escort except aircraft. [*They'd fly part way?*] Yeah. They'd go half way across and come back. Frank did that—flying on a *Catalina.* [*Didn't the Corvettes escort ships?*] Oh, they couldn't keep up with the *Queen Elizabeth.* We zigzagged,

every five minutes we'd change course. Oh, they couldn't keep up. They [the Corvettes] escorted freighters and slower convoys and some troop ships that were slow. Mostly escorting convoys of materials and supplies. There was no more civilian passengers. That was out!

We picked up a few Americans in Halifax. I think we picked up 2300 Americans that were hit. Seabees, they call them. They're kind of engineers. So we picked them up out of Halifax and had them on board. The boat landed at Greenock, Scotland. And when we landed...Churchill was in Quebec; they had a conference—Roosevelt, Churchill and, was it Stalin? And they were in, and we had to move out. Churchill was coming back and they cleared the harbor for him. So we had to wait for him. [*Do you remember passing Ireland?*] I didn't know where we were. We'd see land, but I didn't know. You don't get any information. Like when we'd go to London on leave (we were in Farnborough), you'd count the stops or you'd be...[lost]. Everything was blacked out. When you'd leave London, you'd count the stops and get off [the train]. Nobody would tell you anything. There were no signs, no lights.

From Greenock, we took a train to Farnborough—just near Aldershot. It's not far from London. Oldest military barracks in the world, I guess. [*Were the Canadians kept separate from the British and American troops?*] Oh, yeah, we had our own barracks. [*You went there as a Sergeant, were you still connected to Supply?*] No, I wasn't anything. We were "Reinforcements" then. I was in the Depot waiting to be posted to somebody that needed me. In England, I worked typing reboard. They'd move around, reboard battalions. Everybody did something like that, or else they were training. We were actually just waiting. But there wasn't much turnover in England. But when we went to France as a reinforcement, it wasn't long getting a job then. I think I was two days. There were a lot of casualties. [*How does that work? Besides the soldiers that were strictly for fighting, were there some that were the supply people?*] Yeah. It took I think about eight people to keep one fighting man. The medical corps, artillery, anti-aircraft, supply, and so on.

I was in Farnborough about a year—until I went to France. Well, I wasn't with a unit in Farnborough. There were barracks with sixty-five people in them. I was in charge of one of them. We had people going to work in the kitchen, people going to work in the latrines and I looked after that. Just assign these people. Make sure they were doing something. [*Had that been an existing base before the war?*] Oh, yes. It was all military—from Farnborough to Aldershot. That's all military. I guess a million soldiers. They were all over. Haywards, Slough...

[*Did you know details of what was really going on in the war?*] Nothing. Not when I was in England. I did once I was with a unit in Europe, as a Sergeant. We'd have O-group meetings in the afternoon, or whenever, to know what was going on. Like when we went across the Rhine. At 4 o'clock we had an O-group meeting. At 4 o'clock they told us: "There's Kleve, Goch and Emmerich. These three cities [in Germany]. They won't be there when you get there." They told us who we were going to run into and everything, and even in France one time, they told us who we were going to meet. We took off all our patches, our identification. These were suicidal young Nazis, and they told us, "if you don't take prisoners, we won't ask any questions. They're dangerous." But the ordinary person didn't know, except the backmen, they knew everything.

[*When did the bombing in England start?*] Oh, it started in '39 and '40. All the time. London was bombed almost nightly. We had sirens go every night. [*Was your base bombed?*] No. [*They*

didn't know where you guys were?] Oh, there was nothing there to bomb. Just people. They were after factories. We used to listen to the German news. They'd say, "The British were over [Germany], the Canadians, they bombed schools, churches and hospitals". Every night, that's what they'd say: "The enemy bombed schools, churches and hospitals". But it was just propaganda.



We'd go every weekend to London. Saturday, we had morning parade—inspection—and then we broke off and then we were free then until Monday morning. [*Did you know where your brothers were?*] I knew Harvey was in Yorkshire, but Tim, I didn't know where he was. And we met him on the street. Harvey come down to see me, we had breakfast in our mess and we were walking to Aldershot. He was going to take a train back. We were walking down the street and Tim was coming. He was at Aldershot—a mile or two from us. [*After that, would you see him more often?*] Not really. You couldn't communicate. [*Did you get mail regularly?*] Oh, yeah. Except before we went to France. We went to a place near Hull. Beverley was the name of this little village. They moved hundreds of thousands of troops. We went up there. It was a deceit, you know. They had fake landing barges to fool the Germans that we were going to leave from there. And we were there about ten days and then we come back down south. [*Did you think it was the real thing?*] Oh, no. I knew we weren't going into action up there. A lot of that went on. And if you ever want to get a good picture of the whole thing, the security, read that *Surrounded by Lies* by Churchill. Gee, that's a good book [1] You wouldn't believe. And *Fish*, another book, it's by Drake, about the gold that was brought to Canada. Millions and millions of [British] Pounds stored in Ottawa and places. Nobody ever knew. But that's a wonderful book; libraries have it.

[*So when you went up to Hull, was that in the spring of '44?*] Oh, no, it was later than that. When we come back from that we went into barbwire. At Fleet, in the south, in barbwire, and then we were cut off from all mail and everything. Just before D-Day, at the end of May. We knew then. We knew what was going on 'cause aircraft by the hundreds of thousands—gliders—they went in the day before. And then they were already back the next day, and the wounded, where we were.

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[1] I think he meant *Bodyguard of Lies* by Anthony Cave Brown, which was about Churchill.

You couldn't write, phone, have company or nothing. No communications at all with anybody. For maybe a couple of weeks, I'm not sure. So you can imagine how the mail piled up.

[*It must have been a big job to handle the mail?*] Well, when we went to France, we were on the beach there, dug in. And they had a room in a building, and that was stuffed with these aerogrammes—bundles and bundles. So a bunch of us volunteered to go and sort, during the night, two, three or four o'clock in the morning, we sorted these things so we got some of them out. Hoping you'd find one for yourself. After that, I was working there one night when this come over the loudspeaker that they had every reason to believe that the Germans were using gas, and it wasn't a six-mile front yet—from the beach to the front. Oh! And my respirator was in my slit trench and my mask and gas cape. So we started for our slit trenches and we got stopped about every…for the password, you know. And there wasn't any gas. An awful scare.

France

So, I went over to France as a reinforcement. We left from Newhaven [near Brighton]. I wasn't with a unit yet. But, as soon as I got there, there were casualties. They would put the reinforcements wherever they needed them. You were on their strength. It was about two days, the turnover was fast. [*What were you doing for those two days?*] Nothing, really. Just keeping alive. Digging trenches. I first went to the Seventh Infantry Brigade. (I was with them until February 1945; when I got to be CQMS, I went to the Eighth.) There were Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Brigades. That was the Third Canadian Infantry Division. There were five Canadian Divisions—fifteen Brigades. There were thousands and thousands of other troops.

Oh, I feel bad. I bought a book after the war from Ottawa—750 pictures of the Third Division, and somebody stole it from me. And you can't replace it at the time. And I think I paid $19.00—a fortune at that time—through the Post Office. I had my rubber stamp in it, page after page, so whoever got it… I have a hunch it was stolen in Victoria when we were moving. I feel bad about it.

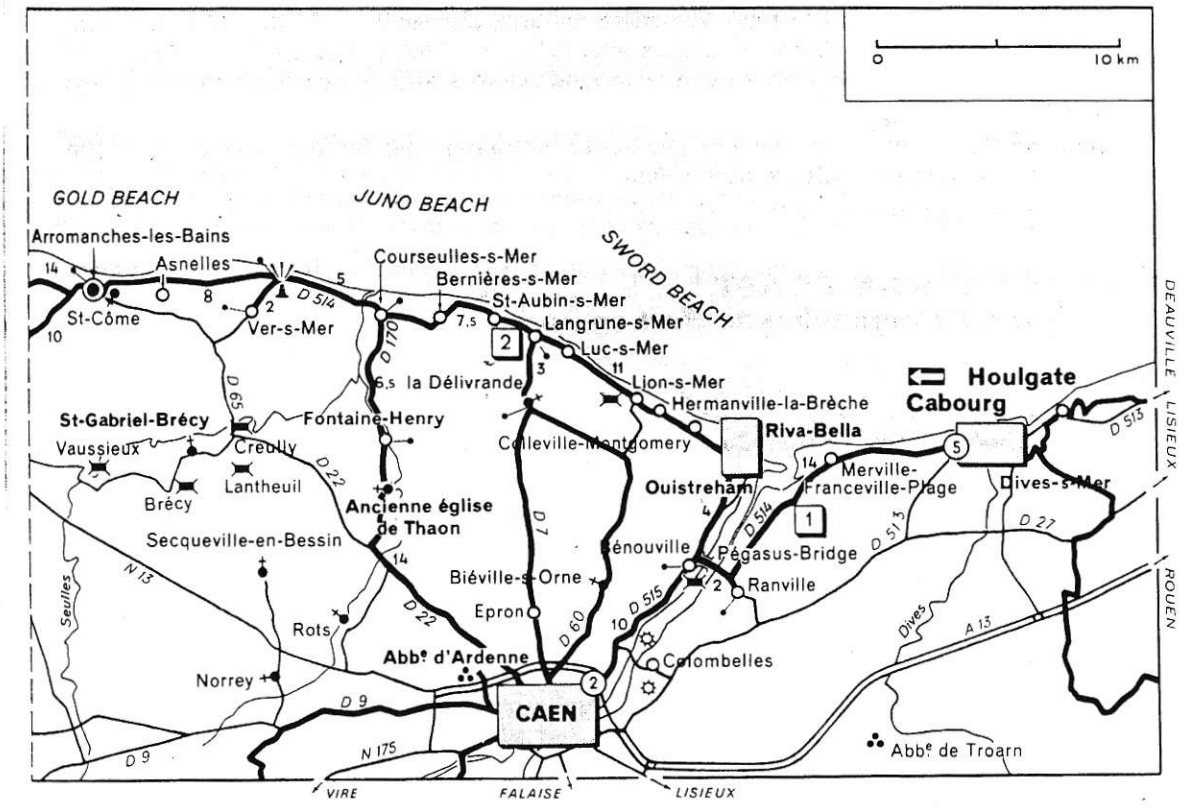
In a unit (battalion), the strength was 1200. And there were three battalions in each brigade. That's 3600—fighting soldiers—but there'd be 15,000 in a brigade, with your ancillary—artillery, hospital, service, ammunition.[2] [*A five-to one ratio?*] There'd be more than that.[3] [*So what you're saying is that, in a brigade, there'd be those three battalions that did the fighting, and all the other service people that went with them?*] Yeah, in where I was. And each brigade had their own Ammunition, Supply and Petrol (Operations). And then they amalgamated. So Seventh Brigade handled all armament, the Eighth did supplies; and the Ninth did all the gas and oil. So we (in Eighth) did supplies for all three of them. [*So instead of having three of each, there'd be one for the Division?*] Yeah. It made sense. [*How could they keep track of everyone? You were just one of thousand of soldiers?*] One of hundreds of thousands. It was well organized. A pyramid of people, all the

[2] The basic organization for the Canadian Army during World War II was that an Infantry Division had about 7,400 men and comprised three Brigades (each led by a Brigadier); a Brigade had three Battalions (each led by a Lieutenant-Colonel); a Battalion had four Rifle Companies (each led by a Major); a Company had three 37-man Platoons (each led by a Lieutenant with a Sergeant as second in command). Each Battalion also had a Support Company (one platoon each of mortars, carriers, anti-tank guns, and assault pioneers). [David L. Bercuson *Maple Leaf Against the Axis* p 279. Also, T. Robert Fowler *Valour in the Victory Campaign* p216-217]

[3] See page 59.

way down. You had different steps. [*Were there groups of personnel in Normandy doing the paperwork?*] Oh, yeah! They done everything. Just set up a tent, or else take over an old building. You had your dentists, your sick parade—everything.

I went in on D-Day plus 6—two days before my birthday. To Bernières-sur-Mer. And on my birthday, I walked to Douvres-la-Déliverande. We marched—with a rest—four miles an hour. Dusty!! O, God. Just like powder and then it rained. Recently, someone said to me, "there wouldn't have been much going on by then". Gee! I didn't even answer him! People think it was over on D-Day, but it got worse. They brought up armor. They pounded us from morning to night. We lost our general--Keller. He was in that graveyard in Normandy [Beny-sur-Mer]. He was brave. [*Where was the front?*] When I went in, maybe about three miles. We had about a six-mile depth for weeks and weeks. It was hard fighting day and night.



And of all the things in the war, I dreaded that landing on the beach. Of all things. Climbing down from the ship to the landing craft. We had practices, but the sea was rough, and you're loaded. Those LCIs they called them (Landing Craft Infantry) and LCTs (Landing Craft Tank). We were packed on that ship from New Haven to Normandy. It went back and forth from England. We left in the evening—it's quite a stretch there across the Channel. And we got there—it was almost daybreak, I think. I thought the end of the world! Shells!! And they had all those balloons along the beach—tethered—to stop strafing. And, planes, and we had these four battleships out behind us firing two-ton shells over our heads. God, what a racket! I thought, Holy God! Then I landed, and the first guy I run into was Sergeant Holyoke, he went the day

before I did. And he was just as white as a sheet. *[So you actually ran into someone you knew?]* Yeah, right away, the first guy I run into. Oh, it wasn't a very big space [the beach]. "You learn to duck," he says. First thing there was shell, he hit the ground and I stood there. But the next one, I was ready. You learn all these things. We could tell a German plane, just like that, or a shell—a "Moaning Minnie". They all had different sounds. Your life depended on knowing the difference. You learn pretty quick.

We landed on the beach and there was a little patch of fruit trees, and we dug trenches in there. We were there a couple of days. And you know, one night, they bombed. There were about 500 of us dug in there—in this orchard. And then they bombed, I don't know how many bombs. Us and the next lot to us—didn't kill a person, didn't scratch a person. Just missed us!

You were so scared, you couldn't sleep. Your teeth would be chattering all night. You couldn't even talk to anybody; everybody was in the same boat. And if anybody says they weren't scared, they weren't really there. I don't care who you are!

[*Were the other Divisions involved in Normandy, or just the Third?*] The Second Division come in July 12th and the First Division were in Italy. And the Fourth come in later than that, and the Fifth was in Italy. Fifth was an armored division; we were an assault division. We were first in. We were all under the First Canadian Army. [*Were you independent from the British?*] They worked together. The heads-of-staff, chiefs-of-staff, they worked together always. But we were a separate army.

[*How did supplies get there?*] That was our job—to look after that. I looked after all the ammunition. That's all I did. Made sure these people had whatever they needed. Bangalores, anti-aircraft shells, stripless belts—everything. So when we'd go on the attack, I would go with the brigade on the assault and have a forward point [for supplies] where they didn't have to go back to the main dump. And I kept whatever they needed up in front. [*How many would be with you?*] Oh, not very many. I was always in charge, the sergeants were. [*Was it away from the fighting?*] Oh, no! We were right with them. On the front line with the brigade, all the time. Tough working conditions. On the Leopold Canal—in Belgium—I issued 85 lorries of ammunition in a short time. It was hand-to-hand fighting, and grenades and illuminating flares and that. That's the worst fighting there was. I didn't go to bed for a week. And I had my dump in this little village of Lembeke and I had it staggered, and we stayed in a barn. We had a kitchen.

[*So when you moved inland, where did you actually go?*] We come into Caen. Wayne and Shuster had a concert there. I just about died laughing. There were in the Army—entertainment division. And we got shelled that night. We were there a long time [Caen] and then Carpiquet, we fought there. If we could have trapped them there, it would have been all over then. They [Allies] were getting ready to have a victory parade in July. We had everything trapped in there. But they [the Germans] got out of that. There was some bad... There were a lot of mistakes. Inexperience.

We used to go up on a high spot and watch these tank fights—in wheat fields—and pretty soon it would be plowed up. The noise! And when they bombed Caen, we had mass bombing

there, we were up on a hill. Boy, oh, boy! Must have been a thousand planes. They killed a lot of people. Civilians.

Our particular bunch, we stayed behind. We took Boulogne [22 September 1944], and Cape Griz-Nez, and Calais [30 September 1944]. We didn't touch Dieppe. We bypassed that. The British were to our left and the Americans were to our right. It stayed pretty well the same. We took the coast. I don't know where the British got. There were some British in Nijmegen. They were everywhere. They had a lot of people—the British. So when we got finished there, [the rest of] our division was in Ghent in Belgium. [*Did they leave troops behind to hold these places?*] There was not much behind. The local governments took over. [*Were you in Paris at all?*] Never was in Paris. We went the other way. Years later, Clara and I were in Paris when we went on our tour.

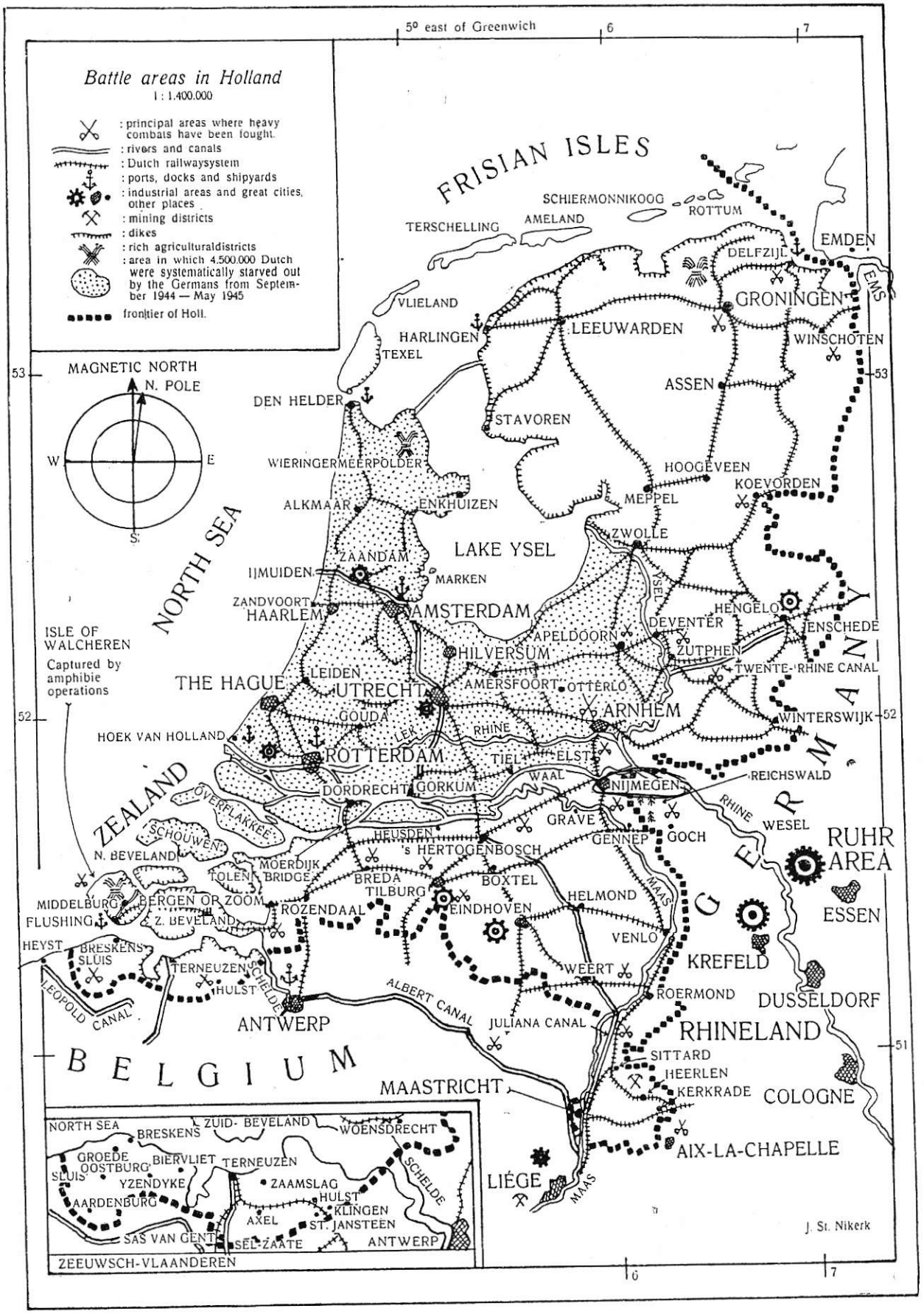
Belgium

We got to Ghent in the fall of '44. The rest of the Division had already taken Ghent. So we got there about midnight. We slept under our vehicles and left there in the morning. We weren't that far [from the front]; we weren't that close either. We had no worries. We went from Ghent, then Leopold [Canal], Isle of Walcheren. That's where the terrible conditions were. That was hand-hand fighting for days and days. I had the Scots one night [The Canadian Scottish Regiment]; and the next day I drew 117 less rations than the day before. We lost... Norman Grubb was killed there and Noel Desnomie. They weren't trained. They come over. We didn't have any reinforcements coming in. [*That's a pretty watery area?*] Oh, it's all reclaimed—and flooded. [*I suppose the Germans flooded it too?*] Oh, yeah.

Holland

So after Walcheren fell [8 November 1944], we carried on to Nijmegen—after Leopold was cleared. We had a lot of casualties. [*How long did it take to get from Ghent to Nijmegen?*] Gee, I can't remember. We were in Nijmegen long before Christmas, because we were there all winter. And we had a canal between us and the Germans. And we'd keep blowing [up] this ice—it froze. And we were on one side and they were on the other. [*Was the front stalled at that point?*] Well, I would say, yes, in the winter. When we went into Nijmegen, we took over from the 101st and 82nd Airborne American. They had parachuted in. And they were freezing to death, they didn't have... So they were all wearing Canadian trench coats and battle dress. And they went from there, from the frying pan into the fire, to that place outside Brussels—that Battle of the Bulge. They thought they were going home when they left [Nijmegen], they were happy.




Battle areas in Holland
1 : 1.400.000
: principal areas where heavy combats have been fought.
: rivers and canals
: Dutch railwaysystem
: ports, docks and shipyards
: industrial areas and great cities, other places
: mining districts
: dikes
: rich agriculturaldistricts
: area in which 4.500.000 Dutch were systematically starved out by the Germans from September 1944 — May 1945
frontier of Holl.
5° east of Greenwich
6
7
53
52
51
MAGNETIC NORTH
N. POLE
W
E
S.
FRISIAN ISLES
SCHIERMONNIKOOG
ROTTUM
TERSCHELLING
AMELAND
DELFZIJL
EMDEN
EMS
VLIELAND
GRONINGEN
HARLINGEN
LEEUWARDEN
WINSCHOTEN
TEXEL
ASSEN
DEN HELDER
STAVOREN
WIERINGERMEERPOLDER
HOOGEVEEN
KOEVORDEN
ALKMAAR
ENKHUIZEN
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ZWOLLE
NORTH SEA
LAKE YSEL
ZAANDAM
IJMUIDEN
MARKEN
IJSEL
ZANDVOORT
HAARLEM
AMSTERDAM
HENGELO
DEVENTER
ENSCHEDE
ISLE OF WALCHEREN
Captured by amphibie operations
APELDOORN
HILVERSUM
ZUTPHEN
TWENTE-RHINE CANAL
THE HAGUE
LEIDEN
UTRECHT
AMERSFOORT
OTTERLO
ARNHEM
WINTERSWIJK
GOUDA
LEK
RHINE
HOEK VAN HOLLAND
ROTTERDAM
TIEL
ELST
WAAL
REICHSWALD
DORDRECHT
GORKUM
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ZEALAND
OVERFLAKKEE
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MIDDELBURG
BERGEN OP ZOOM
ROZENDAAL
EINDHOVEN
FLUSHING
Z. BEVELAND
VENLO
HEYST
BRESKENS SLUIS
TERNEUZEN
SCHELDE
WEERT
KREFELD
HULST
ROERMOND
DUSSELDORF
LEOPOLD CANAL
ALBERT CANAL
ANTWERP
JULIANA CANAL
RHINELAND
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LIÉGE
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NORTH SEA
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SCHELDE
OOSTBURG
SLUIS
YZENDYKE
ZAAMSLAG
AARDENBURG
HULST
KLINGEN
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ST. JANSTEEN
SAS VAN GENT
SEL-ZAATE
ANTWERP
ZEEUWSCH-VLAANDEREN

[*Would you be scared all time?*] Well, you were under enemy observation. There was a mile of open… and no lights. You drove without lights. Oh, yeah. They knew we were there. [*If they could see you, so you were a target?*] Oh, yeah. One time we were given the wrong map reference, and as we were going, I said "there's something wrong." Our 'reccing' cars [reconnaissance] were sitting there with their machine guns. And I said, "we shouldn't be in their area; that's the most forward point". And we got to this spot and we had all our ammunition, supplies, everything. Then they decided we were in the wrong place. And we could see the Germans in the bush, moving around. And I guess they were afraid of us as much as we were of them. So we stayed there for the night; they told us to dig in and take a machine gun. I had a Bren machine gun; and I stayed with that all night. But, we were there for the taking—a whole six hundred vehicles of supplies and ammunition in the wrong place. [*If they would have captured you guys, that would have been a prize?*] Would it ever. That was in Holland. And it was wet; you couldn't dig a slit trench. The water come in as fast as…. It was raining. So the next morning we got out of there!

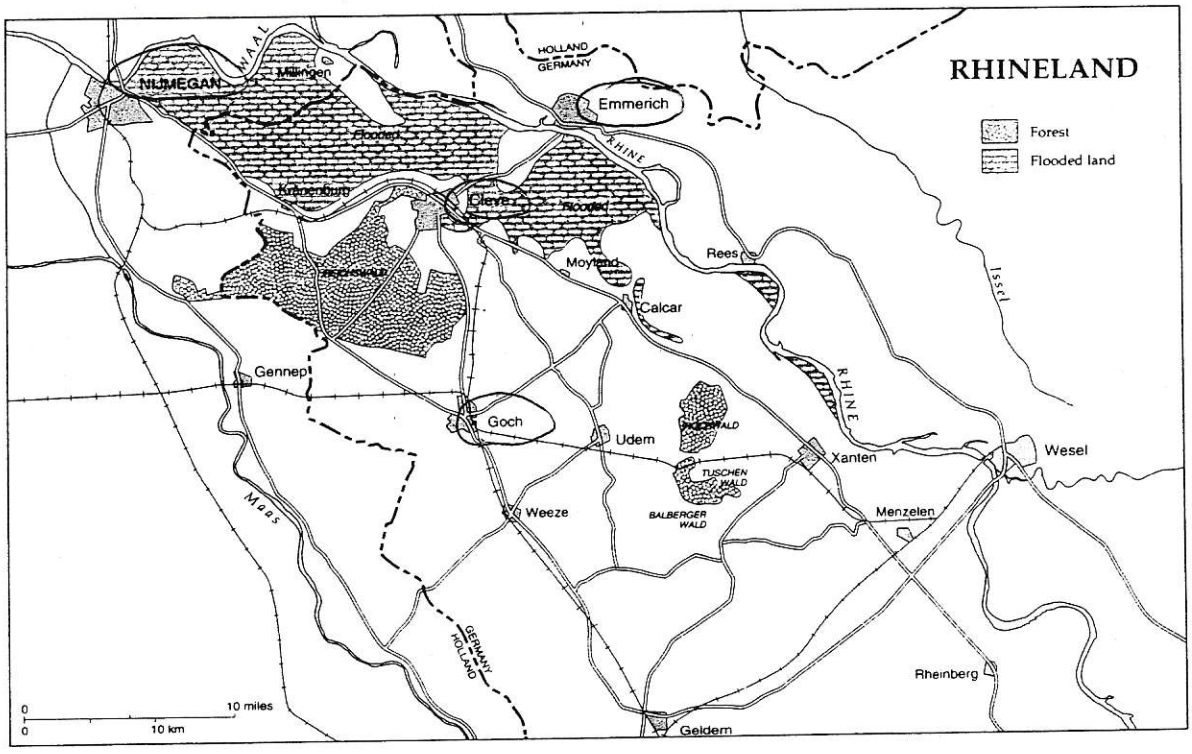
[*So all the time you were in Belgium and Holland, were you still with ammunition? Or general supplies as well?*] No, I was with ammunition. I'd go in with an infantry brigade. The Regina Rifles sometimes. For everybody. The artillery, 40-millimeter, and then the anti-aircraft, and small arms, stripless belt, everything you can name. [*How long would that take? Take a load of stuff more than once a day?*] Sometimes. Some days you moved and then dug a trench right away. You'd dig two trenches some days. [*How long did it take to dig a trench?*] It depended. One time we were in that shale, almost like cement. But normally it doesn't take that long. Either for one person, or sometimes for two. I always had a young kid with me and we'd dig it big enough for two of us. Four or five feet deep. Four feet. A lot of digging. But you had to. As long as you were underground, you were just about as safe as you could be. All the explosives went up. [*In Holland, was the ground always wet?*] Some places, yeah. We didn't worry about that!

I became a Quarter Master Sergeant in February 1945. My job was to keep the unit supplied with blankets, or boots, or whatever. Like, one night. I used to think map reading was stupid when we were training in England, we'd go out at night. But if you goofed, you'd be all night walking out in the rain. Anyway, one night I got orders to take 900 blankets. Our infantry got stalled and I had to take them up to them. And they give me a map reference. And instead of miles they handed me…. But if you didn't have that training. Everything was for a purpose. [*How would those blankets get to you?*] I had them in stock. When you ran out of stuff, you'd go back to the main supply depot. Like that night, I had to go there and get them. I didn't have 900 blankets. So I went back and got them and then took them up at night. [*How far away was the main supply depot?*] It varied. We had one at—where that famous bridge is—Grave. We had a big supply there. I'd take a truck and drive there. [*Sometimes would that be eventful?*] It was uneventful. It happened that I just knew my map reading.

We were in Nijmegen all winter. Then in February we went out on assault. There wasn't a lot of fighting at that point; it was pretty quiet. There was the odd artillery fly over. There were skirmishes, you know. [*How much was liberated by then?*] We had Nijmegen, and then we lost ground—the Battle of the Bulge—at Rejmagen. In the Battle of the Bulge, we were losing bad. [*It was mainly Americans in the Battle of the Bulge?*] Strictly Americans. They [the enemy] were way

in and they were going to cut us off. But we had our vehicles ready [to go]; we had them all facing out, we just had a corridor. But I was assigned to stay back and fight rear-guard action delay at Nijmegen. But it happened that the Battle of the Bulge was relieved. There had been no flying—fog and snow. But when the weather cleared, our bombers got in there and changed things. Fighters. They won. So we didn't have to go; but we were ready.

When we left Nijmegen, I was supposed to go across to a little town, set up supplies and take out the wounded and prisoners, and that. But they flooded that whole thing. And I had, on my jeep, I had a one-way; we were on a canal. I couldn't go any further, so I started to walk to this town that I was supposed to go in. But the water was up to here and I couldn't. So then, there was an officer with a "weasel"—the little wee water vehicle. So I explained to him. So I had one-way on my jeep. So he said to go back to my jeep and wait instructions. So then they told us to go back to Wainwright Park—they called it—where these water buffaloes were. And we got out with water buffaloes.



Grave—that's where they should have stopped. There's a bridge there. We had a big supply dump there. That's where I used to go back for supplies. Every night, we had trucks go. Antwerp was a major base it wasn't cleared for a long time. Before we got Antwerp we had to go right back to Calais for our supplies. And our vehicles needed to be looked after. We were supposed to have our vehicles in the workshop once a month, and we couldn't. We were busy. I had one officer come to me and bawl me out for not having these vehicles in the workshop—thirty thousand miles on them, twenty-seven thousand miles. And he said "Why weren't they?" And I said, "In case you didn't know, there's a war on!" We were going back to Calais, miles

and miles every night, hauling, and we needed them, we couldn't take them out of service. He didn't say anything, I thought he might...

[*Was Nijmegen attacked like Caen was?*] Bombed, yeah. Lot of shell fire. [*So when was it that you went into Cleve and Emmerich?*] That was February of '45. We crossed the Rhine. We were always in enemy territory. There, we were in the Reichswald Forest for quite awhile. [*At that point, would Brussels have been liberated, and Paris?*] Oh yes. They were all being self-operated by their own people. I would say all of France. And the Germans had lost all their steam. They had no air force left. Our planes flew at will. [*Did you get news from other areas of the war?*] Oh, we knew everything. It was a matter of time; we knew that. We were feeling good. We were winning.

[*In Nijmegen over the winter, did you ever get leave?*] Yeah. I went to England. It didn't take very long; we'd go by lorry, and take a boat. We'd leave from The Hague.

Here are the dates [looking at his service record]. Embarked U.K. 12 June 1944; disembarked France 13 June 1944; granted 7 days P.L. (U.K.) 25 March 1945; Granted 10 days P.L. (U.K.) 15 June 1945. Privileged Leave. In June, I went up to meet Mike in Blackpool. [*Did you have to carry that around all the time?*] Yeah. [On those leaves, did you have to check in all the time?] Oh, no. We were on leave. Sometimes some were called back, especially ships, but I wasn't called. Go to London, go to shows one after another. Eat Chinese food. Picadilly. They had three floors to that Hong Kong Café. It was the only place you could get good food. And you were only allowed one meal. So we'd go to one floor and then we'd go down and order another one.

[*What about when you crossed into Germany?*] We crossed at Emmerich; we were pretty much surrounded there. But when they said Goch, Cleve and Emmerich. "They won't be there when you get there". And Emmerich, it's on the other side of the river Rhine with trees and everything. I don't think you could have found a stick of wood in there. Just pulverized. They had trenches all the way through there. And our bulldozers just went straight through the middle of the city and bulldozed a road through. Everything was gone. It was February. We were lucky we didn't go in the water. We had a Bailey Bridge across the Rhine, and we were supposed to keep a ninety-foot gap between vehicles. And you know a bunch of young guys, bumper to bumper. The whole bridge was just going like... I thought it would go anytime, pontoons. Our lorries, a lot of weight. And when we went back there [Dad, Condy & Eileen in 1985], you'd never know there was a war there.

[*Did you have any anticipation of V-E Day?*] We couldn't believe it. A group of us, maybe six or seven, was sitting around listening to the radio in the evening about 8:00 P.M. We were in Aurich, Germany and it come over the radio—the ceasefire. And there wasn't one word said—not a word. We just sat. And there was still gunfire going until one or two in the morning, so we were a little skeptical that it was for real. Then it stopped. That was it. We regrouped our whole Division and we went back to Holland—to Utrecht. And we went there and on June 6th we had a victory parade—the Third Division Victory Parade—the complete Division, that's a lot of people. The vehicles were all shined up. V-E Day was May 8th. [*In that month,, were there still a lot of Germans all over the place?*] Not really.

When we were coming out of Germany back to Utrecht, the whole Division, and we'd been moving, convoy after convoy, and the mobile workshops were staggered throughout the convoy. And we got a new officer, and he changed it and put them [workshops] in the back. And we'd gone about a hundred miles, I guess, and part of the convoy was gone. So our Major come back, we had a meeting, he wanted to know where they were and we just shook our heads and said that so-and so—this Captain—told us to do it this way, and did he bawl them out! Bawled the daylights out of them! He said "From now on you leave the NCOs to run this". And he told this Captain to go back and find the rest of the convoy. They [the officers] depended on the NCOs. I had one young officer come to me, he wanted to know what to do. I said, "Do nothing. Go out with the boys on convoy and sit with them but don't say anything." And he turned out to be one of the best little officers we had. But when they come in and started to [throw their weight around]...

The Hague—that's where that guy painted that picture. Dennis has that [the portrait]. Celestin—he was from The Hague. We were in the forest there after the war, and he done that. We were waiting to come home. Just killing time. Famous painter. He used to do royalty and everything. And they were out vacationing in this forest, in a cabin, and we were stationed there. And we got friendly, we played cards. He couldn't talk English and we couldn't talk Dutch. Played cards so he painted our pictures. Quite a few sittings. But he said at the time he had four years' work left in Holland. He done portraits of the royalty and everything. Boy, he could paint!

There was a girl at Dennis' place from Orillia. She saw that painting and recognized the name of the painter. They [Celestins] came to Canada, to Orillia, and he opened up a studio. And they had a boy... We kept in touch with them after the war.

We went back to England. We were assigned drafts back to Canada before. And I was in Appeldoorn, so our draft mobilized there. Draft 29. That was the number of our draft to go home. 159 people. It was all on seniority; you earned points for everything. How many years, etc.

[*Did you have to stay longer to get the supply corps shut down?*] Oh, no. But, Third Division were picked to go to Germany for occupation. And I was stuck because there was no CQMS that volunteered. Then at the last minute, there was a guy, a CQMS, who volunteered. He wanted to get married over there or something. I was never so happy! I would have had to stay a year or more. But I wouldn't have stayed that long because I had high points to come home, but if there was nobody else, I was still stuck. You done what you were told.

In England, we were at Hayward's Heath, south of London, and we had a four-day leave and we were supposed to take the boat and go home. The four-day leave came and we went back and we got a two-day leave, then a four-day leave. And we'd spent every nickel we had. The last time we were in London, another guy and I, we flipped a coin whether we'd go home, eat, or get a beer. So we went and got a beer and went back. We didn't have a nickel. We'd used up all our money in our pay books—which wasn't very much—in the meantime thinking we were leaving. Dennis must have my Pay Book. Every time I got paid, I drew money out. We were getting $2.75 a day. My top pay was $2.95. We paid $4.71 for a British Pound. It was robbery.



Sept 1945

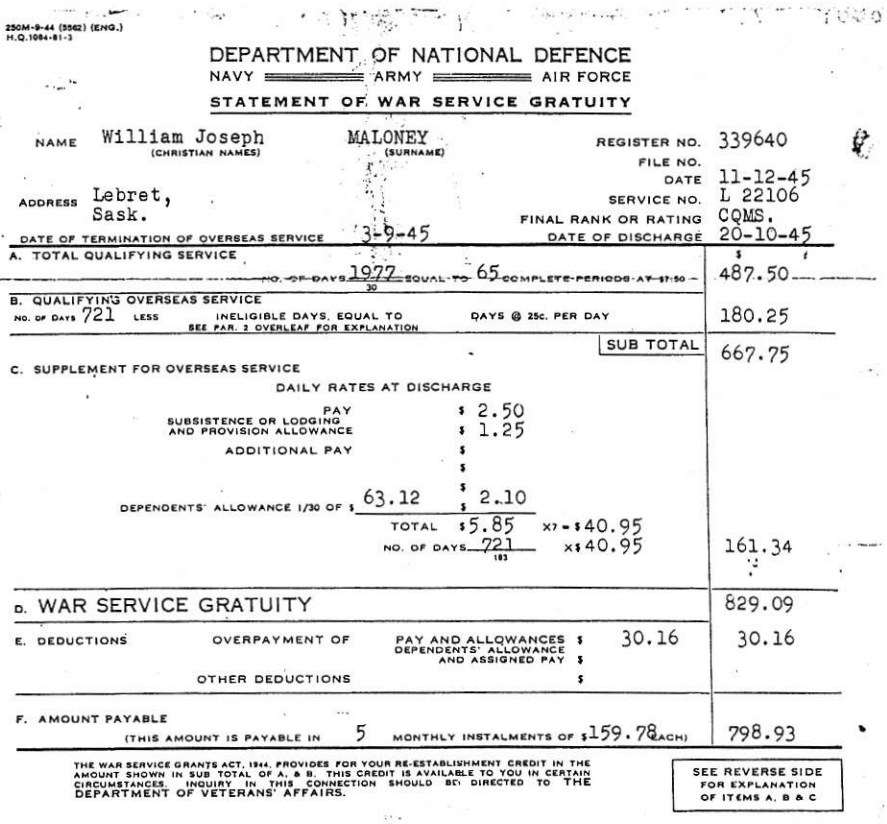
Canada

We were one of the first to come back—September 3, 1945. It's quite a job to demobilize. Picking up your occupation arm. Came home on the *Empress of Scotland*, it used to be the *Empress of Japan*, but they changed the name during the war. It was a good ship. [*Was it crowded?*] Oh, no. We had meals, we had a bed every night. We couldn't believe it, and then we landed in Quebec. We were days coming up the St. Lawrence, it seemed. When we landed, there were a lot of people waving flags, but we didn't see anybody. We just went off the boat and the trains were waiting. Straight on to the train. Everybody headed for Regina. Met by Clara, and my brother Jack. [*What about your mother?*] Oh, she wasn't there; she came to Lebret after. But the troop train stopped on the Elphinstone crossing, and then we marched into the Grain Show Building. I was unfortunate; I was the senior NCO on that Draft and I was responsible for the whole thing. There was a Jack Pott (he used to be a friend of Jack's at the Elks Club) and he told Jack that he was going to meet that train—the Legion had sent a rep. So he took a bottle of whiskey down there and he got on the train in Ontario somewhere, and he gave me this bottle of whiskey. [*It must have been non-stop talking on the train? Reminiscing?*] No, it's surprising how quiet they were. I always thought I was coming back, but I couldn't imagine ever getting on that boat—to come back. I just couldn't see it.

It was September. We were granted a month's leave when we got home. You or Lorna Mae wouldn't have much to do with me. Joe Fay was there (Ray was on that Draft), and Frank Amyotte, Pat McCashin. We were all from different units but we got on this Regina Draft. Then go back and be officially discharged at the Twelfth District Depot—back where I started. October 20, 1945. My Discharge Certificate was signed by Jim Peters, he was my chartered accountant later.

And I had that sinus; oh, I had sinus terrible in England and in France. "Wait until we get there, wait until we get back". And then when I come back, the doctor put down "surgery". And so I went, we had a whole bunch of doctors. With our documents, we went there, a line-up, and I was watching these young kids—22 or 23; "Oh, you don't need that", they'd say. And he done the same with mine. So I just took my documents and everything—I was older—I took them back to that first doctor, and I said "he went and tore that up". He said, "I'll fix that; I'll send you to a specialist down town". And that ended up with that surgery and a pension. But they talked a lot of kids out of treatment. Everybody had to go through that. And one guy, a doctor,

asked me why they didn't lower my category in England. I said, "I don't know, I'm not a doctor". He was kind of impatient. I'd have had it lowered, if I had had anything to do with it!. Five and half years out of my life—those years. [*Then they gave you $800?*] Gratuity. And they only gave it to you so much a month, and it was being spent. And I had in mind of opening a store, so I put mine in the bank. I didn't touch that. It was quite a bit of money. But most of them spent it.



250M-9-44 (5562) (ENG.)
H.Q.1084-81-3

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
NAVY ═══ ARMY ═══ AIR FORCE
STATEMENT OF WAR SERVICE GRATUITY

NAME William Joseph (CHRISTIAN NAMES) MALONEY (SURNAME) REGISTER NO. 339640
FILE NO.
DATE 11-12-45
ADDRESS Lebret, Sask. SERVICE NO. L 22106
FINAL RANK OR RATING CQMS.
DATE OF TERMINATION OF OVERSEAS SERVICE 3-9-45 DATE OF DISCHARGE 20-10-45

A. TOTAL QUALIFYING SERVICE — NO. OF DAYS 1977 / 30 EQUAL TO 65 COMPLETE PERIODS AT $7.50		$ 487.50
B. QUALIFYING OVERSEAS SERVICE — NO. OF DAYS 721 LESS INELIGIBLE DAYS, EQUAL TO (SEE PAR. 2 OVERLEAF FOR EXPLANATION) DAYS @ 25c. PER DAY		180.25
	SUB TOTAL	667.75
C. SUPPLEMENT FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE — DAILY RATES AT DISCHARGE		
PAY	$ 2.50	
SUBSISTENCE OR LODGING AND PROVISION ALLOWANCE	$ 1.25	
ADDITIONAL PAY	$	
	$	
DEPENDENTS' ALLOWANCE 1/30 OF $ 63.12	$ 2.10	
TOTAL $5.85 X7 = $40.95		
NO. OF DAYS 721 / 183 X $40.95		161.34
D. WAR SERVICE GRATUITY		829.09
E. DEDUCTIONS — OVERPAYMENT OF PAY AND ALLOWANCES $ 30.16; DEPENDENTS' ALLOWANCE AND ASSIGNED PAY $		30.16
OTHER DEDUCTIONS	$	
F. AMOUNT PAYABLE (THIS AMOUNT IS PAYABLE IN 5 MONTHLY INSTALMENTS OF $159.78 EACH)		798.93

THE WAR SERVICE GRANTS ACT, 1944, PROVIDES FOR YOUR RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT IN THE AMOUNT SHOWN IN SUB TOTAL OF A. & B. THIS CREDIT IS AVAILABLE TO YOU IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES. INQUIRY IN THIS CONNECTION SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS' AFFAIRS.

SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR EXPLANATION OF ITEMS A, B & C

[*So, where was actually the worst place, the scariest place?*] It was all scary. But the worst, I would think, after we took Caen, we were in Carpiquet. But, you know, the thing that I worried about more than anything was getting off that ship, Liberty ship, into the water—going down that rope ladder. And we had about eighty or ninety pounds with our full pack—everything we owned—shovel, rifle. And the sea was rough. That sea was going up and down. And the first thing we'd be looking at the other side, then we'd go down. And that landing craft below was just bobbing up and down like a cork. I never liked that. When we landed, we just got our feet wet. That's all. The tide must have been out. [*You see pictures of them in the water. They'd have to dry everything out?*] You didn't worry about that! Wet or dry, that didn't make any difference. And we had two 24-hour packs of food with us, we had no kitchens or anything. We had to carry everything. Where were you going to leave it? You carried it. We had one uniform. It would be replaced, most of the time, once a week.

We had a mobile bath at creeks and that and then we'd get a change of clothing. Full uniform. Shirt, underwear. Two sizes—too big or too small! They'd just throw it to you. [*How*

flowers and everything, his trench, so they wouldn't see it from the air. We'd ask him what he was going to do if the Germans would start shelling. He'd say, "Mistah Mole, get out, Ah's a comin'." And he'd end up on meal parades out on the field, with stove-pipe hats, German helmets, sometimes.

[*What did you guys do to relax?*] There was no relaxing. You were on the job all the time. You didn't know what day it was. We'd argue. What day it is. Someone would be writing a letter, and there'd be about six different dates. We played a lot of bridge, we had a lot of fun there. This Sergeant McKinley from Calgary, and Finkelstein, our Education Sergeant—a real Jew—never done a day's work in his life. But he had a good job. And he'd play with McKinley and I'd play with this Reid from Calgary. We called him "Wimpy"; he'd cry when he had a few drinks. Anyway, we'd play. And McKinley would get so mad. He was so slow, this Finkelstein.

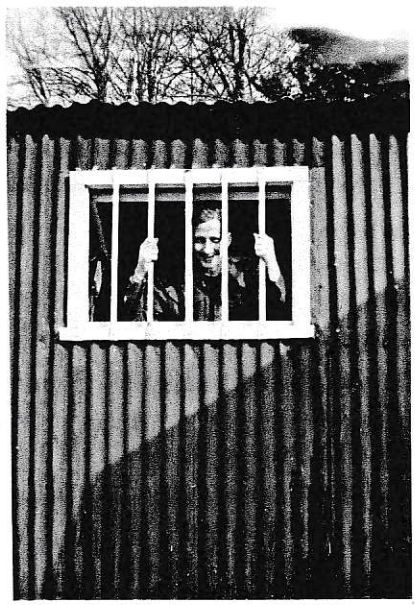
And I had this George Press in my group, and we had "Maple Leaf Up". A route, just for Canadians. It was all marked. And we had our ammunition staggered on the canal all the way up, and we had trucks all over—lorries they called them—and this George Press was loading. You were dressed like a hob, I didn't wear my rank. And this British Officer come up and he wanted to get by there, and he was giving George the dickens; he wanted to get by. And George told him he couldn't get by. And he called me, he said, "Bill, this guy wants to get up." The officer said, "Do you allow your men to call you without your rank?". I said, "they can if they like, maybe he'll work for me". I said, "I work for him in Canada". But he [the British officer] had no right to be there. I wasn't going to move those lorries. But George: "Hey Bill". No, I think "Sarge, this guy wants to get by". He was sure mad.

[*Looking at pictures in Dad's photo album]* There's that picture of the pig's head with a German helmet. That was at Cleve. There were these pigs, and we butchered them. There were some sheep there but the British took them; we didn't want them. And one of our guys took this pig's head and put the German helmet on it. If it wasn't for those things, I think we'd have… [*Did you have a camera?*] Yeah. [*You could get film?*] I don't know. [*How were they processed?*] I don't even know that.



But, on this Leopold Canal, we slept in a barn. The cattle were there, and then they had a loft above, and we had our stoves there. Our Captain, he had a room in the dining room of these people—they were nice people—and we used to go to the pub there. Wonderful people in Holland. And then the British come in; they were going to take over from us. And they were just like the Germans, they went from house to house. Wrote "one officer and two ORs" [other ranks] on their front door. They took over these pubs for their orderly room. Gee, the people were mad. "Just like the Germans," they said. "Just like the Germans." And we'd go to the back door sometimes, and they wouldn't give an Englishman a beer, no way, but we could come and they'd give us a beer.

Oh, they treated us well, especially the Dutch. The Belgians. The French we didn't trust. They'd turn face in a minute. Whichever way the wind blew. They had that "Free French Force". But the Dutch were wonderful, wonderful people.



[*Another picture*] We were down in Worthing [England], doing medicals on the whole battalion. And we went down there to do the typing. And they had no room, so we stayed in the jail. That was a good job.

I was always a pack rat, sending stuff home. I even sent a P38 revolver to Mike; he always wanted a Luger P38. Took it all apart, put it in grease, took it to the workshop and soldered all around this tin can. But I marked "perfume" and I don't know what else. And he got it, I didn't put my return address on it. [*How could you get a revolver?*] Oh, I had lots of them, took them off prisoners. I had every kind you could think of; I had one the size of the palm of your hand. And the crystal, that was from Germany. I think I gave it away; I think Joanne has a piece of it. And the watch, Condy has that. I gave him that watch. He's got it, and the case from Germany. I gave it to him. [*Didn't you bring back diamonds?*] Yeah, earrings. And Clara left them in Rochester, I think, in a motel. Diamonds, one little one and four little ones hanging from it. Oh, she felt bad about that. I'm sure that's where they were left.

She never saved the letters; I'm kind of glad. She had kept them all [until after the war]. And you know, reading in between the lines, I put messages in there. Like when the Fourteenth Field Engineers come up from Italy, Guy and Charlie Bourret were in there. So I mentioned in the letter that I saw Charlie and Guy Bourret. As far as Lebret people know, they were in Italy, but when I said I saw them, she knew what I meant.. They come up through Southern France and into Germany. They were in some of the last fighting.

[*Could you have been sent to Italy*] I was on draft for Italy, and I was CB'd for about four weeks, and then it was cancelled. Before Normandy, in England. Mike didn't get out of England, he was in Yorkshire. Tim was in the army. He was in Antwerp, and they got those buzz bombs steady. I went to visit him in Antwerp. We took some, got some eggs. We stayed overnight there. I didn't like it there, those buzz bombs—and he didn't want to be where I was. But your own family didn't mean as much to you as the people you were with day and night. They meant more to you than anybody else.

It was a big adjustment [when we came back]. Well, we were different. I don't think the people were different. We were kind of short-tempered, too.

I worked in MacLennan's store. He offered me a job at $125 a month. I thought he was crazy. But I found out that it wasn't very good; they were paying a lot more than that. It sounded like a lot to me. I opened my own store in 1947. I had that in mind all the time. I bought that old stone building

CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE)

M.F.M. 7 (LINEN)
500M—2-43 (6061)
H.Q. 1772-39-1653

DISCHARGE CERTIFICATE

This is to Certify that No. L22106 (Rank) CQMS

Name (in full) MALONEY, William Joseph enlisted ~~enrolled~~

~~enrolled~~ in the 12th District Depot

the **CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE)** at REGINA, Sask. on the Twenty-third

day of May 19 40.

~~She~~ He served in Canada, United Kingdom, Continental Europe.

and is now discharged from the service under Routine Order 1023-5ci by reason of

Return to civil life on demobolization

Medals, Decorations, Mentions, awarded in respect of service during this war: Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THIS SOLDIER on the DATE below is as follows:—

Age 31 years, 3 months

Height 6 feet, ½ inches.

Complexion Fair

Eyes Blue

Hair L. Brown

Marks or Scars 3" scar faint linear lateral aspect of right patella.

Appendectomy scar.

Other Active Army Service (This War)

Signature of Soldier

Date of Discharge
20 Oct 45

REGINA, Saskatchewan, Canada.

(H.E. MURRAY) Issuing Officer Major, for Lt.Col.

Commanding Officer, No. 12 District Depot, CA. Rank

Date 20 Oct 19 45

N.B.— As no duplicate of this Certificate will be issued, any person finding same is requested to forward it in an unstamped envelope to the Director of Records (Army), Department of National Defence, Ottawa, Canada.



WILLIAM JOSEPH MALONEY
1993

WORLD WAR II MEDALS AND DECORATIONS

HIS RIGHT SHOULDER (Left to Right when facing the picture)

1. **Royal Canadian Legion Golden Anniversary Medal**

2. **Royal Canadian Legion Past President Medal** The Bar indicates that he was president more than once.

3. **Royal Canadian Legion Past Zone Commander Medal.**

HIS LEFT SHOULDER - (Left to Right when facing the picture)

1. **1939-1945 STAR** This star was issued by the Canadian Army on 16 Aug 1946. Those eligible required at least 6 months service on active operations between 2 September 1939 and 8 May 1945. The six-pointed star is made of tombac (yellow copper, zinc alloy). The obverse (front) carries The Royal and Imperial Cypher (GRI with VI below it) in the centre, surmounted by a crown. The Cypher is surrounded by a circlet bearing the name of the star. The reverse side is plain, suitable for engraving by the veteran. The **ribbon** has equal stripes of Dark Blue, Red and Light Blue to represent the Navy, Army and Air Force.

2. **THE FRANCE AND GERMANY STAR** This star was also issued by the Canadian Army on 16 Aug 1946. It was awarded for service in France, Belgium, Holland or Germany between 6 June 1944 (D-Day) and 8 May 1945. This star was also made of tombac and the engraving on the front is the same as the previous star. The **ribbon** is of alternate equal stripes: Blue-White-Red-White-Blue. This represented the Union Jack flag and the flags of France and the Netherlands, but not Belgium.

3. **THE DEFENCE MEDAL** This was awarded to Canadians for at least six months service in Britain between 3 September 1939 and 2 September 1945. The obverse side has an engraving of the King George VI uncrowned coinage head, facing left. The reverse shows the Royal Crown resting on the stump of an oak tree and flanked by a lion and lioness. On the top left is the date 1939 and on the top right 1945. At the bottom is the wording: THE DEFENCE MEDAL. It is circular, 1.42 inches, silver 800 fine. The **ribbon** has an Orange (flame coloured) 1/2" central stripe flanked by 3/8" Light Green stripes with a narrow Black stripe in the middle of each green stripe. The flame colour with green edges represents the enemy attacks on the green land of England and the black represents the black-outs. It was established on the same date as the stars.

4. **CANADIAN VOLUNTEER SERVICE MEDAL** This medal was awarded to Canadians with a minimum of eighteen months voluntary service between 2 September 1939 and 2 September 1945. The medal was established on 22 October 1943, with the ribbon being issued during the war. The medal itself was not available until after. The medal is circular, 1.42 inches, silver 925 fine. The obverse has seven marching figures representing males and females of the Army, Air Force and Navy and the Nursing Service. An inscription around the edge reads: 1939 CANADA 1945 VOLUNTARY SERVICE VOLONTAIRE with a small maple leaf before and after the word "SERVICE". The reverse shows the Coat of Arms of Canada. The **ribbon** has a Royal Blue centre 1/2" wide with two equal stripes of Scarlet and Green, the green being on the edge. The **silver bar** has a maple leaf in the centre and was awarded to those who had at least sixty days service outside of Canada.

5. THE 1939-1945 WAR MEDAL It was authorized on 16 August 1946 and awarded to all full-time personnel of the armed forces who had at least 28 days service between 3 September 1939 and 2 September 1945. The medal is also circular, 1.42" in diameter, and silver 800 fine. The obverse shows the King George VI crowned head, facing left. The reverse has a lion standing wanton on the body of a double-headed dragon. The two heads (an eagle's and a dragon's) signify the principal occidental and oriental enemies. The **ribbon** has White-Red-White narrow central stripes with 1/4" Dark Blue and Red stripes on the edge, the red being at the outer edge.

6. THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY MEDAL In conjunction with *Canada 125* celebrations marking the 125th Anniversary of the Confederation of Canada, Her Majesty the Queen approved the creation of this medal for presentation to Canadians from all walks of life who are held in high esteem by their fellow citizens. It was presented by Larry Schneider, M.P. Regina-Wascana at a ceremony on December 19, 1992 in Regina. The program contained a brief note about each recipient:

> "WILLIAM J MALONEY - Mayor and Councillor in the town of Lebret for a total of twenty five years, he has devoted many hours coaching minor hockey and working at the Marion Centre."

(Single medal below the top six:)

7. THE NORMANDY CAMPAIGN MEDAL This medal was commissioned by the Normandy Veterans Association and made available through the Legion exclusively to veterans of the campaign or their next-of-kin. The circular medal is 36 mm in diameter and was struck in bright cupro-nickel. The combined services operation is represented on the obverse by the flying eagle of the air force, the fouled anchor of the navy and the bayonet of the land forces. These symbols are placed over a background of the two lions gardant from the arms of Normandy. The contribution of the American Forces is signified by a ring of 13 stars, representing the original States of America, which also form part of the coat-of-arms of the US Army. Featured also are the code words from the verse by Verlaine as broadcast by the BBC to signal the commencement of the operation at 21:15 on 5 June 1944 – BLESSENT MON COEUR D'UNE LANGUEUR MONOTONE / SOOTHE MY HEART WITH DULL LANGUOR. The reverse has a tank landing craft depicted with its ramp on the beaches of France, symbolised by the fleurs-de-lis. The official dates of the campaign (June 6-August 20,1944), appear on the extended ramp of the craft. The words "NORMANDY CAMPAIGN" are inscribed also. The word "NORMANDY" also appears on the **clasp** which is attached to the 32mm-wide **ribbon** which comprises the red, dark blue and light blue colours of the 1939-45 star arranged in a significant sequence. The centre 12mm band in flame red represents the Army which was carried on the mission by the Navy—represented by two 5mm bands of deep navy blue. These bands are in turn bounded by equal 5mm bands of blue-grey representing overall protection of the invasion by the Air Forces.

(Lapel Pin)

8. Royal Canadian Legion Life Member Pin. (NOTE: He has since received his 50-year membership pin, and a ribbonned medal to wear on the right shoulder with the other Legion decorations.)

THE THIRD CANADIAN INFANTRY DIVISION
(in the Normandy Campaign)

INFANTRY:	7th Brigade	The Royal Winnipeg Rifles The Regina Rifles 1st Battalion, The Canadian Scottish Regiment
	8th Brigade	The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada Le Regiment de la Chaudiere The North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment
	9th Brigade	The Highland Light Infantry of Canada The Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders The North Nova Scotia Highlanders
ARMOURED:		7th Canadian Reconnaissance Regiment
ARTILLERY:		12th Canadian Field Regiment 13th Canadian Field Regiment 14th Canadian Field Regiment 3rd Canadian Anti-Tank Regiment 4th Canadian Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment
ENGINEERS:		3rd Canadian Field Park 6th Canadian Field Company 16th Canadian Field Company 18th Canadian Field Company
SIGNALS:		Signals 3rd Canadian Division
SUPPLY & TRANSPORT:		Royal Canadian Army Service Corps 3 Can Div.
MEDICAL:		14th Canadian Field Ambulance 22nd Canadian Field Ambulance 23rd Canadian Field Ambulance
ORDNANCE:		3rd Canadian Infantry Division Ordnance Field Park
ELECTRICAL & MECHANICAL ENGINEERS		
PROVOST:		4th Canadian Provost Company
INTELLIGENCE:		3rd Canadian Field Security Section

2nd CANADIAN ARMOURED BRIGADE (INDEPENDENT)

[Attached to the Third Infantry Division for the Normandy Campaign:]

6th Canadian Armoured Regiment (1st Hussars)
10th Canadian Armoured Regiment (The Fort Garry Horse)
27th Canadian Armoured Regiment (Sherbrooke Fusiliers)

Source: Fowler, T. Robert. *Valour in the Victory Campaign* (Burnstown ON: General Store Publishing House, 1995) pp.222-223

PART FOUR

THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

Written by Bill Maloney in 1985

You always hear about the "good old days". Sometimes I wonder. They had their good points and the bad. But I consider myself very fortunate to have lived in the era that I did. What progress!

FROM the horse and buggy days
TO the space age!

FROM the scythe
TO the mighty combines that reap 100 acres in one day!

FROM the telephone
TO telex!

The old telephone had its advantages. All calls went through an operator to connect your request. The telephone operator knew everyone and all their business. If the person was not home, she would tell you where they went that day. In the days of commercial travelers, they knew their routine and could track them down. They were very efficient; you did not have to give your name; they knew everyone's moves. For example, when I came back from overseas after two years, I just opened my mouth and the girl said "Oh, Bill, when did you get back?" Back then rural telephone party lines had a great advantage in case of fire or any other emergency, they would get out a general call—one long ring—that meant for everyone to answer the phone and listen to the message. It was also used for a small fee to advertise a hockey game, dance, auction sale, etc—very effective. P.S. In most cases you did not need the general alarm as everyone "rubbered" all calls anyway and sometimes would even join the conversation!

FROM the violin player in the district
TO the gramophone, stereo and tapes.

FROM the radios that would be nothing more than static
TO television that we thought was the last word. Then color TV of all things, and now the satellite with instant transmission in color from all over the world, even from the moon!

FROM adding columns in your head
TO little calculators that would do it all, then the computer age.

At this time everything is programmed by computer. Computers make a person my age feel very out-of-date. No matter where you go—in stores, realty offices, banks—all have someone punching keys at a mile a minute and come up with any information required. Mind boggling to us who will never get to know what it all about. Even children understand the "computer age". It

used to take all day to get election final returns. Now the results are known after the first five polls are in. The computer gives you the end results by trend.

FROM cutting wood and hauling coal to keep partly warm in cold un-insulated homes
TO now going to the thermostat getting the required natural gas heat.

FROM cleaning the lamp chimney, filling the lamp with coal oil
TO pressing a button and getting your bright light.

FROM the old cook stove that always needed another piece of wood, and had ashes that needed to be taken out
TO turning a knob, setting your oven to a timer and going away, and it will shut off at the required time.

Stovepipes had to be cleaned and this was the cause of many people losing their cool. It was a messy job and seldom was ever completed without soot on the floor, in your hair, and on your face. Many happy couples had their patience tried to the limit getting the pipes back together again. The pipes could be very stubborn especially the pipes from the heater; they usually covered a long distance, as the shortest way to the chimney was not always the best. The longer the string of pipes, the more heat was returned to the room.

FROM hauling water by pail from the well
TO turning a tap and getting all the hot and cold water you require. No pail under the sink any more to catch the water. It all goes into sewer lines to be carried away.

FROM the horseback or buggy days
TO modern cars with radio, air conditioning and almost any gadget you need (or don't need). No foot warmer or heated stones to keep your feet warm!

FROM the old dirt roads which were either dusty or muddy
TO the nice paved roads—and a lot of divided ones at that. What smooth traveling!

With modern transportation the world has shrunk from the size of the moon to a marble. With supersonic jets from Europe to America in four hours. A trip to Toronto by train was three days there and three days back. Now two hours and twenty minutes and be home in the early evening. A real boon to the business world!

FROM inadequate winter clothing
TO skidoo suits, parkas and thermal underwear. It is just too bad this clothing wasn't around when the men spent at least ten hours a day doing farm work or other outside labor.

FROM the "beef rings", pork cured in brine hanging in the kitchen, milk and cream down the well
TO fridges and deep freezes that keep everything fresh or frozen.

FROM building roads with many teams of horses and hand scrapers manipulated by the driver

TO these huge earth-moving machines that do more work in one hour than fifty teams would do in a day. Another of the many causes of unemployment today.

FROM the needle & thread and darning needle & thimble

TO the sewing machines that do it all in minutes.

FROM the outside "biffy"—even at 40° below—with an old Eaton catalogue for tissue (which it was not—you tried not to use the smooth pages)

TO the nice indoor flush toilets, some even have a cushioned seat—a great place to read!

FROM old-fashioned home remedies

TO modern drugs and fantastic X-ray and other machines that save many many lives. Insulin, penicillin, etc.

FROM the little one-room schools with one teacher, many pupils as high as Grade Ten

TO the large high schools with elaborate labs, gyms and specialized teachers for each subject. Now, education is there if you want it bad enough—through student loans, etc. But many of our great men in Canada's history started from the little country schoolhouse.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

Written by William Maloney in June 1985.

In the earlier years, a handshake was a deal, much more reliable than a contract of today drawn up by lawyers. A man's word was good. Today, people will break, or try to break, an agreement. We are living in an age where no one trusts the other; even friends or relatives will not hesitate to sue if there is a chance for material gain.

I think our age group was more satisfied with what we had and proud of our small accommodation as we went along. In our days there were some that tried to keep up with "Jones". Today people think they are "Jones"

There are a lot of things in this age of so-called "modern thinking" that are not good. The churches are being left empty as people do not have the faith or believe in God.

Divorce is more common than people living out their lives as a married couple. The saddest of all are day-care centers. Children dropped off in the morning and picked up by evening. Their lives are programmed to the minute—when to lay on the floor, when to eat and when to play. Children—like adults—just don't always feel like doing these things at an exact time and are bound to get a little balky at times. And if they do, they are punished by some stranger—the first step to get a negative slant on life. And it grows from there until they are old enough to come home and let themselves into their house "alone". No parent to greet them, to hear their proud accomplishments at school that day.

Horrid violent movies and on the TV screen. There seems to be conspiracy among the moviemakers and magazine people to poison the minds of the young and old. Also pornography is allowed on the newsstands. If there is a hell, I am sure some of the above will burn!

Drinking and drugs are as common as tobacco, and the attitude of a large majority of the people think it should be legalized.

Crime is rampant, even in our small city. Murder, holdups, etc, hardly make the paper. A bank holdup twenty-five years ago would be a two-inch headline on the front page!

Strikes and protest marches seem to be the rage. It does not matter what a federal government, provincial government, city council, or school board proposes, they are met with delegations against whatever it is. No one seems satisfied. Why? As we are the best off of any country on earth!

I am not optimistic for future generations, as we have governments that spend and spend. We have social welfare programs that we cannot afford and which are also abused. We are leaving a debt to our children that is almost impossible to repay, but I can't see any politician risking re-election to correct the situation.

We are in a generation where the big corporations and companies are taking over other businesses at an alarming rate. Large farmers buying up the small farmer. In the end it is total control and "power". And power is the demon. They can dictate to the governments and there is no match when it comes to brains between the businessman and the politician!

Everyone is on edge, whether they show it or not, that there could be a nuclear war, either by plan or accident. Especially the young people seem to realize it more than their elders.

I think our present generation of teenagers are great. I find them smart and decent and polite. It makes you wonder how they can be that way considering the number of broken homes. And so many adults are living common-law, raising a family and don't even have enough pride to give their children a name. I guess they don't realize how often their children have to say who their parents are and have to give two names at school, etc.

There has been a great deal of progress. Some that I have already mentioned, but in one field I think there has been regress and that is music. What will people of future generations think of this era when they see films and the get-ups of some of our so-called musicians. The hairstyles and hair coloring, weird costumes, and the music (so-called) is no more than a lot of noise. What a switch from the days of the big bands and their singers. You could understand every word and the songs had a story to tell. The soft sounds of the saxophone, etc, compared with a bunch of electric guitars with amplifiers that drive you right out of the hall—let alone your mind!

The 1980's put us back in the beard and mustache fad and longer hair, but now in 1985 the long hair is getting shorter. Hair on men is like women's skirts. They get longer and shorter every so often.

We are a mobile society. Years ago you lived in the same house or farm and it was usually handed down generation after generation. But now people move regularly of their own choosing or a transfer by their company. You do not make the same kind of friendships as in the days that you lived amongst the same neighbours all your life. And with every home with at least two cars at their door, you are on the go most of the time; and with husband and wife both working you don't have time to socialize as much.

Unemployment is the great problem at this time and I don't see it ever getting back to full employment unless there is a war. The unemployment would be solved but what for? There would not be much to live for if there is a nuclear conflict.

Automation creates unemployment. Railways used to employ hundreds of thousands of men on the section, laying tracks, etc. Now it is all done by machine. Ninety-nine percent of those jobs are gone. In the forest that used to need men by the hundreds of thousands, jobs are all gone. Power saws fell huge trees in minutes that formerly took two axe-men hours to do, a big machine comes along, strips the trees of all branches, and loads the logs on to waiting transports that take them to the mill where they are fed into a conveyor and come out in the size of lumber required. Even already tied into the required bundles to be shipped!

It does not matter what industry you mention, it is all the same story. So how can jobs be created? They can't and it is a no-win situation. It causes a lot of broken homes, and that is easy to understand. After working for years, accumulating a home and other luxuries of life, to get word that you have no job and have to rely on UIC lowering your standard of living, and when that expires you live on any savings that you might have and the next step after that is welfare and each time your standard of living lowers. It must be awful to tell your kids: no skates, no Xmas presents, etc. How could a couple keep from bickering and getting depressed. I don't think anyone could know the feeling unless faced with it.

Another concern that I have is in Black Africa. I have been expecting it, but am sure it will come some day. The Blacks will get a strong and brave leader and I am afraid you could see a prairie fire of death to the whites in Africa. No way will they be held down, used and abused forever in their own country, watching arrogant whites with beautiful homes full of black servants, while they are at far below even their poverty line. But the English aristocrats think they have a divine right to this way of life in Africa.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Written by William Maloney in February 1989.

Commercial travelers have joined a lot of other trades and positions—they have simply disappeared.

I remember in my youth selling papers on the streets in Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, at 6 A.M. My brother and I would be at the railway station to pick up the papers. We would watch for the travelers to appear from the hotel. They were good tippers; they would often give us a dime for our papers that sold for five cents! At that time the farmers came a long distance with the sleds or wagons and would overnight in town and then leave in the morning for home with their supplies. There were four cafés at that time and they were open twenty-four hours a day. They would usually be full by 6 A.M.

After I outgrew my paper selling, I got a job delivering groceries after school and on Saturdays. That was my first real contact with these knights of the road. They impressed me very much with their appearance—always well-groomed—and they were always up on current events, etc.

Before that in the early twenties while we lived on the farm, I had a first cousin who traveled for "McCormick's Biscuits". He worked out of Calgary and every so often he would come to our farm. He was over six feet tall, redheaded and very well dressed. He would leave us two boxes of chocolate bars—twenty-four 5¢ bars to a box—of "Molly-O" and "Mac's Best". That seemed like a real windfall! The bars were much larger than they are now. We did not get to eat a whole bar but they would be sliced and doled out when we got home from school.

In later years, I had my own store and got to know these gentlemen very well. They traveled by train in the early days; it was not uncommon to see eight or ten alight from the train with their briefcases and club bags. They would sometimes pool together and hire a taxi (between trains) to the next town to their business.

When cars were general and the roads improved, their numbers increased. We would average thirty to forty travelers a week. I had five grocery wholesalers, five meat companies, and three produce salesmen each week, plus all the specialty travelers that came every six weeks. At that time each tea company (e.g. Salada, Red Rose, Nabob, Blue Ribbon); each cereal company, each soap company, syrup company, candy company—you name it—had a separate traveler representing them. That was in the days before company takeovers. They had a tough selling job to do, so naturally these people were very friendly and helpful, and would set up in-store displays of their goods.

They came around so regularly and stayed at the local hotels, that they got to know the townspeople very well and would strike up conversation with customers, etc. They always had a joke to tell and would get involved with curling or bridge games at night. They were made

welcome by the local people. I got to know many of them very well. They would talk about their families and get to know ours as well. They were a special breed!

As the years passed, companies started to take over others an each time it would eliminate a traveler. One by one they fell by the wayside. Then the wholesale carried all commodities and with computers they would send out a coded list and the merchant just filled it in and the goods are delivered.

So that pretty well ended the friendly traveler with the brief case and club bag.