

NEWSLETTER

LOCATED IN BRESAYLOR • SASK • CANADA •
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2000

MUSEUM HOURS: 1-5 P.M. SUNDAY & WED to FRI &
BY REQUEST WHEN POSSIBLE MAY TO OCT (306)895-4813

DEAR SUPPORTERS OF BRESAYLOR HERITAGE:

Greetings from the year 2000. And really, isn't it exciting to be turning over a century and a millenium!

Thank you for the many kind letters with good wishes and stories. Many of you are contributing extensions to the history book - information that fills in gaps or just enhances what is already there. Elaine Brooks' write-up on her father Harry Sayers. Photos of the Griffith family. Helen Perry sent us a photo of James and Bill Massie. And then there's Bud Regnier with his memory for anecdotal detail and Don Dobie who spins some fine yarns. In fact, my apologies to Don for I have momentarily misplaced his story which was to be included in this issue.

So, we are featuring recollections of 2nd WW experiences by Sid Jones.

Sid was kind enough to sit on our Museum Board for several years. And he and Anna played a lot of whist on our behalf. The past year has been quite momentous for him. On the down side, he lost his beloved Anna, partner of some 53 years. But, on the other hand, he received recognition on two fronts which must have helped somewhat to ease the pain of his loss. Recollections written over a dozen years ago (with Anna's help) of five days following the D-Day landing when he was with the "Glens" at Normandy finally got into print in "WE WERE THERE" (see centre section). And, he received considerable recognition for the delightful little paintings he has been turning out and which he did initially "because Anna liked them".

On behalf of the many from this area who served in the war and who cannot or choose not to record their experiences, we present some of Sid's.

Now then, if you're in the area this summer we hope you'll drop in to the Museum. (The school markers are now in place courtesy of Ross Currie and Don Ferguson.)

We are most grateful for your continued interest and support of Bresaylor heritage, and look forward to hearing from all. Do have a good summer.

Sincerely,

FELIA FOSTER

on behalf of fellow members of the Board of Directors of the BRESAYLOR HERITAGE MUSEUM: Marg Currie, Helena Caplette, Betty Taylor, Ross Currie, Marion McDougall and Don Ferguson.



LAST SUMMER'S POT LUCK SUPPER took place at the Museum on July 25. Over two dozen people turned out to make for an enjoyable time of visiting and a variety of good things to eat. And afterwards, the Raffle draw.....
RAFFLE WINNERS, 1999 were: Shawn McMullen won the \$50. cash prize; and \$25. cash prizes went to Bernice McDonough and Rose Ramsay; Tom Smith won a \$20. Gift Certificate; Cathy Cronk won two \$10. Gift Certificates; a Museum T-shirt went to Marg Murray; a \$5. Gift Certificate to Earl Foulds. Rosemary Currie won a pack of mixed greeting cards; C. Caplette a package of Museum greeting cards.

A \$20. Gift Certificate was drawn for a person present at the Pot Luck Supper and this was won by Bill McCreeady.

Finally, complimentary tickets for the 2000 Summer Raffle went to Ron Gust, Jean Stewart, Earl Foulds, Elmer Martin, Pat Fitzpatrick, the Don Huffmans, Marcelle Taylor, Betty Nelson, Paul Valliere and Al Cook.

THANK YOU to everyone who participated in the raffle which netted almost \$400. for the Museum.

THIS SUMMER'S POT LUCK SUPPER WILL TAKE PLACE on JULY 30, followed by the draw for the 2000 SUMMER RAFFLE.

YOUR LETTERS/YOUR VISITS : so good to hear from you!

- The Inksters had another Reunion last summer. It took place for the most part at Silver Lake n. of Maidstone, but, a rather forceful summer thunder storm chased the guests to Paynton for the Sunday Pot Luck Supper. That made it handler for the locals. Some of the guests also visited the Bresaylor Museum where the "Farm Life quilt" donated by Beverley (Inkster) Frontain the previous year was on display. Marion Kert, of White Rock, B.C. wrote back later: "We all loved our visit to Bresaylor and Langmede, I had not been there since I was three and my niece and daughter-in-law had never been there, so they particularly enjoyed the history."

- Anne (Chillbeck) Stephenson was pleased to receive a photocopy of an essay she had written on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen to Canada in 1939. Several essays from that Arbor Hill class had been left by the late Jessie (Proctor) Payne and passed along to the Museum by Kay Carson of Maidstone. Anne thought it "....great that a teacher kept some of the students' work....."

cont'd. →

\$1.00 **2000** DRAW JULY 30
Summer Raffle
CASH PRIZES >>>> 20 • \$10.00
20 • \$20.00
20 • \$50.00
20 • \$100.00 & MORE



• **Helen (Massie) Perry:** "You have no idea how excited I felt the day we left Bresaylor, after discovering a little about my family. I made copies of the material you sent.....Bill's daughters, Barb and Donna, were thrilled to read about their dad." [Helen is the daughter of James Massie and half sister of Bill Massie, both men now deceased. Their stories are in the Bresaylor history book and Helen was able to add to that story for us, even as we were able to fill in some of their story for her.] It turns out that the family of the late Bill Massie, including two grandchildren, Carrie-Jo and Scott, all live in Edmonton and St. Albert. Helen comments, "it's so nice for me to be so close to my Dad's first family."



Photograph taken in 1966, Edmonton: James Massie, Barbara (Bill's daughter), and Bill Massie (d. 1968)

• **Marguerite (Bowes) Scott:** "I appreciate the Newsletter but find each year there are fewer familiar names." And from the **Bowes family reunion**, held in Kelowna last summer, **Clara (Bowes) Sulz:** "We raffled a clock that had the 5 Bowes brothers & sisters with Grandma's and Grandpa's pictures fused in on the end. We want to donate the money collected to the Bresaylor Heritage Museum Assoc."

• **Bernice (Mack) McDonough:** "How long ago since I was a little girl in Bresaylor. Just about 80 years ago - we were healthy, we were free to roam - we were children of the land."

• **Evelyn (Mack) Platt** now lives in Royal City Manor, New Westminster, where she reports she is "well taken care of after several years of arthritis and a fall." She is currently working on a story about her mother Marabelle (Taylor) Mack.

• **Bud Regnier, England** - more recollections: "I think it was 1927 when Paynton was celebrating a Jubilee and all the schools in the area were invited along with Federal School. Jean Bugg went with her Overland Touring car. She took Miss Endicott and Emma Bowes as well as Alvin Bowes, Leonard Taylor and myself. We certainly had a day. What with riding in a car and having ice cream cones and hot dogs, and looked after by 3 eligible young Ladies.

"Another incident happened when Mr. McNamee was teaching at Federal School. He lived in a small house in the school yard, but he usually had his noon meal down at the hotel. There were several of us like myself, George Brown and his two sisters, Sidney Sayers, Verna Sayers and her two sisters just to name a few, who would bring lunches. Bud and Arty Taylor always went home for their lunch but they lived so close to the school that they were soon back. This lunch time

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Following are excerpts taken from 28 pages of Second World Wartime recollections of Cfn. Sid Jones of Paynton who served in the Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers (RCEME).

On October 4 (1941) there was a recruiting Officer came to Paynton Legion Hall. I decided to join up.....I was to report to the depot in Saskatoon in a week's time.....I didn't know the city at all.....all I was worried about was getting into the army and learning a trade.....

The trade schools were just getting going and I was in a class of fitters that went to tech at night.... at about seven in the evening until about two or three in the morning. We used to start out taking notes on machine shop practice. Then after an hour or so we would go into the basement where we got the practical....that lasted about two months. One night we were standing waiting to go into the shop when the Air Force were coming out of the shop. One said "Hello there, Sid" and it was **John Bugg**. It was nice seeing one from home although we were only in Saskatoon."

Then we moved out on a troop train one night to our different regiments. I went to Port Arthur for basic training. We were in the Current River Barracks.....**Reg and Kathleen Stubbs** had moved to Ft. William....I also visited **Miller Doble** at C.R.B.

Then I went down to Berrisfield, which was the Ordnance Depot, and there the RCEME was started.....I stayed here a short time and then went on draft to the Trade School in Hamilton. We would have so many days at each trade.....

In the end we had a big parade and were marched up on stage one at a time to receive our diploma. It was a design of three gears and it said: "This is to certify that Cfn. (Craftsman) Jones had passed as a No 1 fitter and was eligible for trades pay which was twenty-five cents a day.....

They had a flag for the best company on parade. We were lucky enough to get it four or five times in a row. So the C.O. put a dance on for us downtown in the old roller skating rink. They invited the girls from the YWCA. At the dance I got dancing with a girl.....We danced a lot that night. We made a date to meet that Sunday.....We got together quite often.....and after the war we were married in 1946.

On March 21, 1943 we were on draft for overseas. We went by troop train to Montreal and then south through the states to New York.....When we got to New York we went Underground to the dock where a ferry was waiting for us.....At the dock the U.S. guards were at their posts with their machine guns. It sure gave me a queer feeling: "this must be war".....The Empress of Scotland was the original Empress of Japan before the war.....I was put on guard and fire watch on the trip over. Everything had to be blacked out with all shades drawn. One thing we had to check on was lighted cigarettes. We had to watch for lights showing on the ship and watch for subs. We landed at Bristol then took a troop train to Borden.....We got to Borden about two or three o'clock in the morning. We got our packs on, lined up and we set off for the barracks, which was about two miles or it felt like it.....We were in the old huts in Borden. They said they were built at the time of the Boer War.....wooden beds that were about five feet long with a straw mattress. My feet stuck out into the aisle and everybody used to tickle them.....

Then I got on a draft to "One Advance Base Workshop" at Slough.....I was put on an assembly line putting new engines in trucks and replacing transmissions in the units converted to four-wheel drives.

After about four or five months I was called on draft to "Base Ordnance Workshop" at Borden. We were to start a tank section for One Advance Base. We started out repairing Ram Tanks. Then later we had an assembly line where some guys would tear down the tank motors, put them through the degreaser, then start reassembling them. They were nine cylinder "Aero" Motors and were very complicated. It had one main bearing. I had the job of fitting it for a while. I had to get the bearing, measure it and the casting it went into, then figure out the expansion of the heated casting, get the bearing ground to size, heat the casting, set the bearing and let the casting cool. We used to rebuild around twenty-five engines a week.

On February 25, 1944, I was sent from Base Ordnance to the Glengarry Highlanders as a Motor Vehicle fitter. Our RCEME corps with the Glens consisted of a staff sergeant in the transport, myself and later a gun fitter and another Motor Vehicle fitter. I was assigned to a Bren gun carrier Platoon. I landed with them on D-Day and stayed with them through to about the end of June.

(The next excerpt is 7 or so pages lifted from "We Were There - a Record of Canada" compiled and edited by Jean E. Portugal - The Royal Canadian Military Institute 1998. These are Sid's recollections of 5 days of D-Day.)

Cfn Sid G.L. Jones, of Paynton, Sask., was one of the R.C.E.M.E. men sent to an infantry regiment and he joined The Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry Highlanders on February 24, 1944, and was with a workshop with The Glens in the early part of Normandy.

Cfn Sid G.L. Jones, R.C.E.M.E.

"I was sent from Base Workshop to The Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry Highlanders as a motor vehicle fitter in February 1944. It was quite strange as I was never out of a Workshop to work in the field.

"The Glens were stationed a mile out of Farham on a big estate. I was attached to the Bren Gun Carrier Platoon and Capt Jake Forman was our Platoon commander, and my job was to keep the vehicles running, repair carburetors, do tune-ups. All the big jobs go to Transport where I was to work in my spare time. Our R.C.E.M.E. with The Glens consisted of a staff sergeant in the Transport and myself and later a gun fitter and another MV fitter for the Mortar Platoon. The first night one of the boys asked me to go to a show with him in Farham which broke the ice and I started to make friends and feel at home.

"One thing about being a craftsman, you were exempt from guard duty and fatigues while in England. My name came up for orders and for guard duty so I went to see the staff sergeant who said he would look into it, but not to refuse to do it as the guy before me had gotten 28 days in the digger for disobeying an order.

"One of the first jobs I had when I went to The Glens was to put brakes on the Padre's motor bike. The batman was helping me. We got it finished but one of us forgot to hook one of the cables. I wondered why the Padre was so cool to me next time I met him until I heard. I was thankful he wasn't hurt. I sure learned a lesson and I always double checked after that.

"One day our company moved just a short distance. It just so happened that four of us were in a bell tent that holds 9 persons. We got talking about religion when we went to bed. One was a Catholic, one a United Church, one a Jewish boy and I was an Anglican. We talked till nearly daybreak and I think we all had a better understanding of one another's beliefs.

"Some of the boys used to come to me and tell me certain things because they felt they would not come back. I would try to convince them to look on the positive side, that there was no reason they should not come back. I still wonder why they chose to confide in me. Maybe I was a good listener.

"We used to go on schemes in England into the English Channel after we waterproofed our vehicles. We were going to land near Poole. The first truck must have hit a hole and there was only the top of the tarp showing. The boat backed up and was soon able to get in closer for the tracked vehicles. We were then able to get ashore dry except for a bog.

"Waterproofing vehicles was quite a chore. We were sent on a course where we covered the distributor and all the electric systems with a coat of something like plasticine. I think it was a good part asbestos. We also had to extend the breathers on the engines and exhausts. A few days before D-Day I was called out of parade to go to Brigade HQ. I met the fitter from The North Nova Scotia Highlanders and we were assigned to go to a factory in Southampton to make brackets to carry extra jerry cans of gas on the trucks for D-Day. I think it was 500 brackets. It took us ten days. We went back and forth by bus and we met a lot of nice people. They treated us like kings. We used to take our own lunch. They invited us to have dinner with them and then when they got paid they insisted we get paid a pound each. They were sure an enjoyable ten days!

"After we got all the new vehicles for D-Day, I had to check all the wheels for grease and found a few of them dry.

Each vehicle had to have 500 miles on the speedometer as a run-in. Each driver was to put 500 miles on his vehicle. Some were not getting the miles when I realized they were disconnecting the cables before they started.

"We went on a shoot to try out the anti-tank guns on Larkhill with our new vehicles. I was to shoot them too, but couldn't hit a thing. There was a heavy flash and the noise was deafening. On our way back, just out of Salzburg, one of the carrier motors went out. I was detailed with one of the gun crew and a Despatch Rider to stay with the carrier, while the rest went back to camp. They would send a truck to tow us back in. We camped by the side of the road and about 12 o'clock the Despatch Rider

said: 'I'm hungry. I'm going to see if I can find a place to eat.' He wasn't gone long before he came back. He had found an RAP station and they said to come over and have a meal. So we all went over to the kitchen for midnight lunch. Later, about 2 A.M. the truck came to tow us in. I asked the driver if he would roll up in his blanket and we would start out in the morning in the daylight. He was quite agreeable and we got into camp about noon.

"When we were on convoy I rode in the last truck with my tool kit and when a vehicle stopped, the DR (Despatch Rider) would come back for me. I would take the tool kit, get on behind him on the motor bike, and hang on. He knew I was scared so really got some rides. Then I would work with the driver to get the vehicle going and we would have to catch up with the convoy and weave in and out till we got our place in the group. It was quite a thrill on the narrow roads in England.

"During one of the schemes we had stopped in the afternoon. Someone said he would like a cup of tea. We had a biscuit can half filled with sand and in the back of the truck we had a 5-gal can of gas. We poured gas on the tin of sand and lit it and put the water on. One guy said it wasn't burning good enough. We took the water off and started to pour gas into the fire. Of course the whole back of the truck quickly became aflame. We had to jump out through it.

"I started to get all the fire extinguishers from other trucks, but in the meantime, the driver took out his knife cut the ropes and yanked the flaming tarp off, then jumped in the truck and kicked the flaming cans out and someone drove the truck out of danger. So we didn't have tea that afternoon!

"The officer was quite upset. He came over and told us:

"You guys are under open arrest. You can't leave the camp."

"And so we paraded before the Company Commander, who said:

"Well boys, I was quite impressed with how you handled that fire. You will have to pay for the tarp and the great coat. Case dismissed."

"Before D-Day we moved into the marshalling area with a high fence and a lot of American guards, just like a prison. They put us through our paces ... a long run first thing in the A.M., then paired off with a guy your size put boxing gloves on, fought so long, were pushed out of the ring and two more took over, and so on. Thank goodness this didn't last too long. Then on to the landing craft.

"We were to go over with the rifle company and pick up our trucks with Support Coy at the rendez-vous where we were to de-waterproof as quickly as possible, ready to move on. We landed on June 6. Our boat was LCI 1710. We had had to return to Southampton on June 5 and we marched through the streets to a big warehouse where the tables were all set with top rations and after supper, we marched back to the LCI. The MPs were with us telling us not to speak to anyone on the street and asking the people on the street not to speak to us.

"We sailed and I remember 'getting into' a can of soup that had a central heating arrangement. I slept some but was awake early and went up on deck where they handed out the letter from Gen Dwight Eisenhower telling us of the operation we were going on and that each of us had a part to play.

"Later we could see the smoke ... the whole horizon seemed to be smoke. As we got closer, the ships slowed up. Morale was very high. Then we were told to go below and get ready for landing. We speeded up and just before we hit the beach the propeller hit a mine with a big explosion. Then we were on deck, the ramps went down and a sailor went out on the beach with a long rope, which we followed to shore. I never felt the water at all though it was 4 feet deep.

"The first thing I saw was a man standing in an upstairs doorway watching the invasion. My first thought was he's a sniper, I should shoot him. Then it struck me he would not be standing in an open doorway. We were guided in single file into the village. What really brought it home to me that this was WAR was passing dead Canadians and some with the letter M on their foreheads lying on the beach. I caught up with one of the officers and asked what I should do. I was supposed to be up where the trucks were for de-waterproofing. He told me just to come along with them.

"The village of Bernières-sur-Mer was pretty well cleared and the Chaudières were in attack. You would see the odd lady come out with a bottle of wine and give them a drink. But most of the villagers seemed stunned. I suppose they weren't sure we would be able to hang on.

"After we went through the village, tanks came through with equipment for clearing mines. Then the vehicles began to come through. Finally our Support Coy vehicles came along and we were able to get to our rendezvous area to de-waterproof about 6 P.M. We stayed there that night, two to a slit trench; one would be on guard for 2 hours while the other slept. The next morning, I remember Major G.B. Fox saying to me:

"Well Jonesie, we have lasted 24 hours, I wonder how many more."

"We all knew there would be no retreat."

"We finally got moving. I was in a 1500 cwt truck with a lot of ammo. My driver was McLean. We were going through this little village that had a church with a high steeple when we were stopped by a Sergeant passing by, and he told us:

"You'd better get those curtains off your truck so you can see something."

"I got out and took them off and checked tires etc and got back in. We had just moved past the church when a sniper started firing a Machine Gun on the rifle platoons coming behind us. They took cover and a tank came up and blew the steeple off the church. This was D+1. We would move ahead a hundred yards and dig another slit trench. This continued every time we moved. That night we had some tanks camp near us.

"Also during the day I recall we met one of our airmen who was shot down as we were advancing. He was lucky enough to come down on the right side. We talked with him and he said he was from Hamilton, Ont. Then he was on his way back to the beach and on to England.

"The next day we were on the move again. Suddenly we had a counter-attack and it seemed like all hell had broken loose. When it was all over I was shaken badly and my voice had left me. When evening came, the officer came to me and asked what the password was. I was still shaken and couldn't answer him. He was quite disturbed with me and told me what happened when we couldn't remember the password! It was more disturbing for me when I couldn't answer. After things quieted down I had a little rest and the shakes went and my voice came back and I was O.K.

"It was after the counter-attack I think that the company which had been cut off, got back. I remember sharing up equipment and what not. One of the drivers was showing me the rifle that was in the bracket just behind the driver's seat on the Bren Gun carrier. The wood was torn out from a bullet, and he told me:

"This is how close we came."

"When there were prisoners, there would be one or two riflemen detailed to march them back to the POW camp right near the beach. The further we got from the beach, the farther they had to walk. I remember one passing with one prisoner. He was kidding that it was a hell of a long way to walk with one Kraut.

"Our motor bikes had been hit and I thought I could make one out of two. I got them near my slit trench and got started. Every time a mortar came over, I would jump into the trench. Then the officer came over and told me:

"We're moving. Follow up when you're finished."

"I finished and thought maybe I should drive it to one of the Drivers. Then I realized I had no gas. I walked over to one of the anti-tank gun emplacements and told them where I had left the bike. Then I started out to find my platoon. I came to an orchard and asked the officer where Support Coy was camped. He told me in so many words 'I'd be a fool to tell you in a theatre of war. This is Intelligence.'

"So I went to another orchard and asked a Private ... he said:

"This is Support Coy and your platoon is just over the next hedge."

"One of our A/tank guns was hit by a German 88. Some of the crew were badly wounded. One of the a/tank guns needed parts so the officer made up a patrol, including me, to go out at 11 P.M. to retrieve the one the 88 had hit. It was quite spooky. We went as quietly as we could. We had extra ropes to pull it with and it was awful heavy pulling. One of the wheel bearings must have been damaged. It was all we could do to move it. We were finally able to get it back far enough to be out of sight. We couldn't get a truck to haul it the rest of the way as no trucks were allowed to move at night. Next morning, things were quiet so we got a truck to move it the rest of the way. We were lucky the parts we needed were O.K. so we exchanged them and had another A/tank gun to use.

"I remember one of the boys found a team of horses in a barn so he saw that they had feed and water. He was called 'the Farmer' after that and it was great he thought of their welfare.

"One morning we got heavy mortars that hit right near the truck. The

shrapnel smashed the dash and all the wires were cut. It looked like mostly light wires and not the main ones. The officer asked me if I thought I could get it to run and I said I thought I could. Then he asked the Corporal who said it wouldn't run. So the officer told me to unload it into another truck. It had a load of ammo.

"That evening things were quiet and the driver of that truck came to me and said:

"I don't think that truck was damaged all that much. How be we slip back and see?"

"I told him O.K. I made sure I had a full roll of tape with me. Then I got under the panel and taped up all the bare wires. They were all light wires over there anyway. Then we drove it back to our platoon. The officer just looked at us and never said a word! I always had a great regard for the drivers. Their vehicles were just like a part of them. They always came to me to check carburetors, timing and so forth, to see if we could get a little better performance.

"Before I left The Glens, I was glad to see Pte Leonard S. Menzies get the Military Medal. He was one of the Despatch Riders that went practically night and day during the Invasion. I remember Lt B.G. Fox saying:

"I'm going to take Menzies' turn on guard duty tonight. He has had very little sleep since we landed and he's played right out."

"As time passed it became fairly quiet except for the barrage of mortars now and then. Our latrine was fairly close to some beehives and every time the mortars came, they gave us a bad time. It seemed like the bees blamed us for the mortars.

"I was with The Glens for a couple of weeks after and I was getting quite bored with no vehicles to fix. I asked the officer if I could get into Transport where I could have something to work with. So in a little while I was called out and sent back to the holding unit for reposting."

I was then reposted back to the holding unit at the beachhead....we would be made up in working units to go out and de-waterproof the vehicles that had come over for replacements....

One day we were called out on a burial party. I think the dead soldiers were brought from a hospital. As we were digging, the Padres would come and get us to lower them into the graves....It was a very sad and hard day.

One day they asked for mechanics so I volunteered. We went to a little workshop set back in an orchard....I was to work on a tank that had the radiator shot in it. I had loosened the mounting bolts and when I crawled out my cousin Chester Spence was standing there. It was his tank. Everything stopped right there and we had a visit. Chester was later killed at Bologne....

"...Hard tack got to be the common diet.... Bread just tasted like cake after not having it for so long.

...I was sent on draft to 'One Advance Base Workshop' in Bayeux, France....I was put in the machine shop, which I was really trained for....later I was sent....to the instrument shop to clean periscopes....three of us stayed to make parts for the instruments that were broken down.

The instrument shop consisted of about 20 men. There were three or four watchmakers....quite a few guys that repaired the instruments. They would take them apart, clean them, and put in new parts. Some worked on predictors. We also had the odd typewriter....they would bring us the broken parts and also the models to go by to make new parts. It was really interesting. We never knew what our next job was. Sometimes it would be a key and we didn't have a blank or a grinder to make them with.

We were in Bayeux until fall. We were in tents over a trench cut into the ground about two feet. The rains came and everything was mud....Our clothes were damp all the time. The trucks were getting stuck....They would sink down to their axles....

We were sure happy to leave the mud of Bayeux. We travelled all day. By evening we camped at Lille....The next night we stopped in a little village just out of Brussels....When we got into Machelin the trucks took us into the village and dropped us off at different homes. The ladies were all very excited. I guess it was something new for them to have Canadians in their houses as it was for us to be in civilian homes. cont'd. →

The place I got was with Boogmans. He was a coal dealer....They slept in the cellar and we had their bedroom....They sure were great people. It was like home. I was getting parcels from home at the time so I shared with them....We were there for about nine or ten months.

For weeks before V.E. day we started a cache of liquor for V.E. Day. By the day came, we had sixteen bottles of cognac, calvados, you name it. That morning we just started opening bottles and drinking....The next day Mrs. Boogman said to me...."You were 'zut toppen. All Canadians 'zut toppen." I said, "Yes." We had a big laugh.

After V.E. Day work got slack so we were put to making plaques and the shop would present them to some of the officials....I got so I used the engraving machine quite a lot, so got the job of engraving nameplates....

When the war was over we went on a tour to Vimy Ridge....It kind of gives you a feeling of awe, something like your first trip to the mountains....the names of all the fallen comrades. In the uneven ground, you could still see the shell holes even though they were all grassed over now.We moved to Antwerp for a couple of months....back into sleeping in barracks with just blankets, no sheets....some of the boys had signed up for Japan and were gone.we left Antwerp....moved to Utrecht. It took us two days.

The next move was back to England....by way of Ostend. About a week after, I was called out on draft for home. We were taken by train to Scotland, then on to a ferry that took us out to the old ship called "Puncher"....We were nine days crossing and sure glad to see Halifax. We got onto troop trains in Halifax and got a nice welcome every time the train stopped....when we got to Regina, they paraded us into the hall....there were my two aunts, an uncle and some cousins. I was sure surprised. I hadn't expected anyone to know I was coming home. I visited there for a few hours and caught the night train to Saskatoon and then home the next day.

These are excerpts from a much more detailed account. If anyone would like to read the complete document, I'm sure that Sid Jones would loan it for copying. Let us know and we will attend to it.



Photo: "The Instrument Shop" used by the RCEME. Such shops were set up wherever needed - as close to the action as possible, and, at times like D-Day, right with the regiment."

The insert pages (3 & 4) are from volume III of a set of 7 volumes making up "WE WERE THERE, The Navy, The Army, The R.C.A.F., and Others, A Record for Canada" compiled by Jean E. Portugal. I have only glanced through the volume containing Sid's account. But, these 7 volumes are the, mainly, unabridged personal accounts of people "in the trenches", the everyday soldiers who tell it like it is. It would seem to me that there should be a set in every library. Cost: \$39.95 per volume, or \$249.95 for the set of 7 (plus tax and shipping). Send inquiries and orders attention: Administration Office, Royal Canadian Military Institute, 426 University Avenue, Toronto, ON, M5G-1S9. Phone (416) 597-0286. Fax (416) 597-8919.

5.

>>> cont'd. from page 2

we were all playing around the school house and Leonard Taylor had come back after lunch and he came right around the corner on his bicycle and ran into Paddy McTaggart and broke his leg. Someone rushed out to get Mr. McNamee and of course we kept Paddy laying on someone's coat and covered with another one. Mr. McNamee was soon back with a couple of helpers. I think they were Don Leslie and Reg Foulds. They soon got Paddy's leg set in splints and took a door off the hinges and carried Paddy down to the railway station where he had to wait for the afternoon train to take him to the hospital at North Battleford. I tell you that was quite a day. There were not many bicycles around Bresaylor at that time but there were no more bicycles in the school yard after that.

"I used to walk to school most days. In the evening after school John Leslie would walk part way back with me as he used to bring in the cows for milking. Sidney Sayers lived with his uncle Robbie Sayers whose farm was not very far from ours. Sidney and I would hunt gophers and crows most Saturdays and holidays. Especially in the spring time as there was a bounty on them.

"I remember Bresaylor and surrounds having a moccasin dance on a lake on Andy Taylor's farm almost opposite our place when we used to get early frosts in the autumn and the lake used to freeze over. I think the lake used to be called Muskrat Lake.

• Grace Woodcock: "...I've moved a few times since I left Ontario, in fact on Dec.1 I'm moving to Sidney, B.C.....I've kept up doing my craft and painting....I had the honor of having one of my oil paintings chosen to hang in a Vancouver gallery for three weeks."

• Lois Sayers: "I have been doing research through Sask. and Man. Archives. Since the Bremners, Sayers and other families were never really convicted of treason during the rebellion and then released without apology or explanation - wouldn't it be nice (tongue in cheek) if the Gov't would build Bresaylor to the memory of these people and give the full funding it deserves....Just a thought however silly it may sound!"

• Mrs. Jean Petty: "Enjoyed your Newsletter and as usual, it was an excellent read. So many names of folk I know and knew popped up in the reading. It was like 'old-home week'."

• Mrs. Edith Lond: "Enclosed is a cheque for the Heritage Museum in my husband's (Charles) memory. He passed awayvery peacefully with the family at his bedside. One month before his 92nd birthday."

• And this item courtesy of Linda Peterson's mother:

Wanted. A teacher, either sex, holding a 1st or 2nd Class professional certificate recognized by the Territorial Council of Education. Duties to commence on the 2nd January next. About 40 children on the school register, and Bresaylor is 120 miles from the railway. Alex Bremner, Sec-Treas., Bresaylor P.O., via Battleford. *The (Weekly) Leader* November 9, 1899

To learn outcome of search for teacher see p. 33, Bresaylor history book.

[DONATIONS] TO THE BRESAYLOR HERITAGE MUSEUM ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.
A **[DONATION]** OF \$5. OR MORE ENTITLES YOU TO BECOME A **CARD-CARRYING SUPPORTER** OF BRESAYLOR HERITAGE AND TO RECEIVE THE NEWSLETTER.

THREE SPECIAL LADIES ○ ○ ○

- **CONGRATULATIONS** to **MRS. MARY FRASER** for achieving membership in the exclusive **Three-Century Club**. Born in 1893 Mrs. Fraser celebrated her 106th birthday last September 2.
- **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** TO **MRS. MABEL WATERHOUSE**, whose 95th was celebrated at Paynton School Gym Sunday of the May long weekend. Could she be the oldest living person born (1905) in Bresaylor, N.W.T.?
- **And, BEST WISHES** to **Mrs. JEAN PETTY** who is in her 90th year!

FLUDA (Frog Lake Uprising Descendant Association)
Robert W. Hendricks, Box 9, Heinsburg, AB, T0A 1X0 [Tel. (780) 943-2433] has been publishing a FLUDA Newsletter of special interest to said descendants, but also to anyone interested in the history of the area. There was a gathering at the Frog Lake site on Saturday of the May long weekend and it was apparently well attended. Perhaps we will have more information on that in the next Newsletter. Meanwhile, anyone wanting more information can contact Mr. Hendricks either at the above address or e-mail henbob@telusplanet.net.

- Yes, Louise, there is a **PAYNTON** file at the **Paynton Library**. And librarian **LINDA PETERSON** is continuing to maintain that file. So, if anyone has photos, stories, or other relevant information, mail it to her or send it e-mail to: paynton.lib@sk.sympatico.ca. Or, send it to us at the Bresaylor Museum as we are in close touch with the Paynton Library.
- A **REMINDER** that we have a waiting list of people interested in obtaining **"BRESAYLOR BETWEEN the Battle and the North Saskatchewan Rivers"**. Be sure to let us know about any copies that may become available.
- **OTHER HISTORY BOOKS** from close-by, and still available: The Forest Bank book, "Ever In My Mind", is now selling for \$25. The Lashburn area book, "South of the Gully" is available for \$15. Perhaps there are others? Let us know for next time.

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SEND FOR A LIST OF ITEMS (AND PRICES)
AVAILABLE IN OUR MUSEUM GIFT SHOP...
BOOKS, PRINTS, T-SHIRTS, CARDS AND
LOCALLY MADE CRAFT ITEMS.

NEW AT THE GIFT SHOP ○ ○ ○

- **"EXPLORING THE FUR TRADE ROUTES OF NORTH AMERICA"**, A Time Traveller's Guide, with "driving directions to 100 sites" in Canada and the U.S.A. by **Barbara Huck**. The sites referred to include forts, trails, waterways - following the fur trade story, "moving from east to west along the main trade routes." "Because this is a route-oriented, site-specific driving guide, it can be used almost anywhere, to visit a single site or spend a month exploring."
We hope to have this book available in our Gift Shop in the near future. It should be of interest to the many fur trade descendants of Bresaylor, and to anyone interested in that important part of our country's history. It sells for \$24.95.
- **"PETER FIDLER, Canada's Forgotten Explorer"** 1769-1822 by J. G. MacGregor (paperback edition) \$12.95.
- **"THE PALLISER EXPEDITION, The Dramatic Story of Western Canadian Exploration"** 1857-1860 by Irene M. Spry. \$12.95.
- Send for a price list of other items in our Gift Shop.

OBITUARIES

Remembering those who
have recently passed on.

Herve Victor Falcon † September 16, 1998
Charles Land † January 2, 1999
Mary (Sister Alexis Joseph) Zeitz
Dorothy Spence † 1999
Elmer Sample † June 9, 1999
Anna Jones † June 29, 1999
Alan Nelson † September 25, 1999
Larry McDougall † October 6, 1999
Nick Gabbruch † October 9, 1999
Liz (Topp) Jones † October 16, 1999
Violet Blondeau
Dolly (Sayers) Isbister † January 1, 2000
Harris Sayers † January 5, 2000

Jean Petty sent along this clipping for our records.
Can anyone supply more information?

HAMBLETON — Ada Frances, born in Bresaylor, Saskatchewan in 1909, passed away peacefully at her home in Vancouver on Thursday, October 16th, 1997. Ada was the beloved mother of son Donald and daughter-in-law Sheila; and daughter Sheila; and beloved grandmother of Gail and her husband Douglas. She is survived by her sister Eva and brother Charles; nieces and nephew, and a loving circle of extended family and friends, to whom she was "Gram". She was predeceased by her husband Donald Alexander in 1963; her parents; two sisters and a brother. Ada was an avid reader, who took great pleasure in music, her home and family. A requiem Mass will be celebrated at St. James Anglican Church, 308 East Cordova Street, Vancouver on Monday, October 20th at 10:00 a.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Vancouver Public Library, 7th Floor, Central Library 350 W. Georgia St., Vancouver; V6B 6B1 or the Vancouver Symphony Foundation, 801 Smith Street, Vancouver, V6B 6G1.

BRESAYLOR CAMPGROUND. I have asked the Highway department to remove the signs. It is my feeling that the campground has become too popular for the conditions. There can be a lot of traffic turning off and re-entering the highway especially during busy long weekends. The sound of a semi honking and trying to brake as a motorhome lumbers out into its path is not reassuring. Also, the maintenance of the campground takes considerable time and attention if to be done adequately. At this time I cannot give it the attention it should have. When the Yellowhead is twinned perhaps some arrangement can be made with the dept of highways to maintain it as a reststop. (Indeed there is a need for one.) However, for anyone planning to stop in this area, the campground will be maintained and you are welcome to use it. We just aren't advertising it on the highway for the above reasons.

Saskatchewan
LOTTERIES

