



The Cape Breton Highlanders Association

P. O. BOX 248, GLACE BAY, N. S.

B1A 5V4



NEWSLETTER

December, 1990



Mrs. Florence Dunphy from Glace Bay placed the flowers on the occasion of our twenty-first reunion, July 1990. She is sister to our beloved fallen comrade L/Sgt. John George MacKay of New Aberdeen who was killed in action 7 Sept. 1944, in Italy. Mrs. Dunphy is seen here with her escort Jake Ryan on the left and Henry George, President of the Association on the right.

It was a splendid summer's day for the memorial service and all who were present spoke of how well the program developed. Much thanks is in order for all who so often take an active part in the ceremonies. We are also very thankful to the members of the 2nd Bn. N.S. Highlanders (C.B.) for their support at the monument and in other facets of the reunion.

Judge Leo McIntyre was the speaker at the banquet. A gifted orator, he used the humoristic approach in his presentation. He mostly dealt with anecdotes that were based on a "from here to eternity" theme. With all of us playing "ring-around-the-rosy" around the proverbial three-score and ten, one could almost detect a note of confession within the laughter. Thanks again, Leo, for the little fun time.

There were one hundred fifty seven who registered at the 1990 reunion, That is down twenty percent from last year. Ninety seven were members, while the remaining sixty were wives and others. If we add the invited guests to these numbers we would have about one hundred seventy at the banquet supper. Much thanks is in order for Chairman Henry George and his committee. Henry worked hard and long to make the reunion a success.

22nd ANNUAL REUNION 1991

Our next reunion, the 22nd annual, is scheduled to be held at the Royal Canadian Legion, Whitney Pier Branch 128 in Sydney. It will take place on Friday and Saturday, July 19 and 20 respectively, with registration beginning at 1300 hours on Friday. The following members will form the reunion committee: Steve Humeniuk, Chairman; Earl Wilson, Normie Morris.

ANNUAL DUES

At a recent meeting of the association, the annual dues was set at five dollars (\$5.00). It was also decided to keep the present registration in place at twenty five dollars (\$25.00) single and forty dollars (\$40.00) couples. (The proposed G.S.T. could result in a small change in registration.)

MEMBERSHIP CARDS

The membership cards seemed to be well received by all. One complaint was with regards to the size of the card, a point

we had discussed with the printer beforehand. The printer offered us an excellent deal on the size used, which was also approved by the association members at a meeting last winter. Another complaint was that the name was spelled wrong or that the regimental number was incorrect. These were human errors and we are sending new cards to those who were so effected.

YOUR LETTERS

Thankyou for the letters we have received from so many of you and again for your generous giving. It would be nice if we could find the time to answer each letter and gift with an individual letter. We do, however, answer many by mail or by phone where circumstances demand such a response. We were saddened to hear of the much sickness among the comrades, but it is refreshing to know that you seem to be bearing up to your burdens very well. We wish you all a good measure of recovery from the pain and anxieties of your trials. Our prayers are with you.

Roy O'Meara of Bloomfield, P.R.I. has written to us requesting a photo of the regiment at the time it was leaving Holland. We are not aware of such a photo. Could you help him? His address is Bloomfield, P.R.I. COB 1EO.

There was never any question about you having a heart, Ralph. We would suggest that you must have had a rather strong one to have endured us b'ys. (ESM) Ralph Diplock had suffered a heart attack last spring which he recovered from but afterwards he had some circulation problems which prevented his coming to the reunion. We were informed by phone that he had one of his toes amputated recently and that the doctor is keeping a close watch at the results. Ralph's address is 5105 W. Broadway, Montreal 265, Quebec. H4V 2A1, if any would wish to write, or send a card or both.



Chas. Dornadic takes a moment to reflect in the wake of the services at the monument last July. the picture preserves the beauty of the flowers that were placed by Florence Dunphy sister of L/Sgt John MacKay, KIA

DEATHS RECORDED SINCE THE JUNE NEWSLETTER

Crocker, Lorenzo (Lodie)	81	Florida, USA
Gillis, Lawrence J		Allston, Mass. USA
Hearld, Steward G	74	Point Edward, CB
Kenny, Walter (Wally)	68	Sydney, CB
Lockman, John F (Jack) Capt.	78	M. Sydney, CB
MacIntyre, Joseph F (Joe Buck)	64	Point Edward, CB
Malcolm, Hiram P	83	Hereauville Rich. Co.
Stevens, Andrew	74	Wagmatcook, CB
Sutherland, Alex J		Trenton, NS.

When we reach our peaceful dwelling on the strong, eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling, Who the whole creation fills,
When the paths of prayer and duty, and affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty Of our Savior and our God:
Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow to a dark and stormy day,
When we smile upon our sorrow, and the storms have passed away.

WE GOTTA' STICK TOGETHER

I first became acquainted with Jack Stacey when we were stationed at Camp Borden in the summer of 1941. It was at that time when one of the fellows in our section came down with the Mumps, and the rest of us were moved, tent and all, to a little knoll a short distance back from the rear of the tent line. We were to remain there for a period of time under guarantee. Sentries were posted over us to enforce the rules of our confinement. Jack was one of those sentries.

He was a really likeable guy: happy, uncomplicated and friendly, and we all befriended him from that time forward.

When we were on Spartan scheme, in England, it seemed that we were always hungry. Someone had philosophized that when the body requires sleep, and you do not sleep, the other needs get mixed up. The one that really went out of whack on Spartan was the need for food. As a result of this phenomena there developed, as it were, a scheme within the scheme: Unspartan would be a most appropriate name for it.

Unspartan consisted of an untold number of movements on the part of all ranks to obtain extra rations: preferably in small containers. During the second week of Spartan we ran out of jam. At that time we were about fifty hours without sleep and we were ravenous, and that is when the sweet tooth takes over. This called for an Unspartan manouever, and it was determined that one man alone could make it, and Jack volunteered. He returned within an hour with two loaves of bread and the largest tin of jam in the war. We had just started to eat when the orders came to move. Jack put the jam in his pack, but neglected to tighten the cover on the can. We all loaded our packs into a 15CWT and we were off to the battle.

On the highway a 15 CWT was a good mix master, but across country it was a super deluxe, a fact which was quite evident on that occasion. When we had secured our new position we went to recover our packs and the mess that greeted us was altogether discouraging. All of our equipment and blankets were smeared with jam (English peach, I believe). As we all stood around uttering many time-worn oaths as well as inventing some new ones, there was one who

stood smiling and silent in our midst: it was Jack. Untouched by our anger, and with great innocence, he declared: "Well, I guess we gotta stick together anyhow." The laughter that followed completely changed our mood. Someone was heard to suggest that our IO98's would make for a SWEET burial.

It was at Barton Stacey in England where we nicknamed him Barton, a name that many of us used from that time forward. In the Spring of 1944, he went to the Scout Platoon and we were never together again as we used to be. One day in the Summer of that year, a group of us from C Company were hiking along a road searching for spring water. Enroute, we saw this fellow coming towards us who looked like he was wearing a balaclava (rather odd for the heat of that day). However, as he drew near we could see that it was Jack, and what we thought was a balaclava was actually hair. He had let all the hair on the upper half of his face grow, while the lower half, chin, jaw and neck were smooth shaven. He was smiling as usual, and you could see that he was enjoying the challenge of doing his own thing. We suggested to him that the army would allow for the moustach but not the balaclava. He said that he was going to shave it off soon, and that he had enjoyed growing it. When I saw him for the last time in September he was clean shaven and smiling. It is so refreshing to know that he had that little fling at being a free individual before he laid down his life for his friends.

Pte. John W. Stacey was killed in action Sept. 13, 1944 in Italy at the age of 22 years. What a blessed priviledge is ours who can read his name carved into the stone of the monument and feel a warming presence as we remember, "Well, I guess we gotta stick together anyhow."

We will remember him.

REMEMBERANCE DAY SERVICE

We have been holding a short service at the monument each Rememberance Day, at 1500hrs. These have been well attended by the public and the milita. However, there have been some complaints from the members that they were not aware of these services, which is regrettable. We would take this oppertunity then, to inform all of the members, local or visiting, that these services are to be held anually on November 11'.

The executive for the 1990-1991 term has been adjusted as a result of the passing of our beloved comrade, Joe Buck MacIntyre, and reads as follows:

President.....Henry George
1st V/President.....Jake Ryan
Treasurer.....Angus Macleod (MM)
Secretary.....Wm. F. (Bunce) Metcalfe

Area Reps:

New Waterford.....Jake Ryan
Glace Bay.....Earl Bourgeois
Sydney.....Ted Slaney
Northside.....Ed Winstanley
P.E.I. and N.B.....Mack MacKenzie

Reunion Committee:

Chairman, Steve Humeniuk.....Assts, Earl Wilson & Normie Morris



This photo was sent to us by Hec MacKinnon, it was taken at Delfzijl. The "glad its over" expressions belong to Joe MacIssac, Hec MacKinnon, Ronnie MacNeil, Lar Hartigan, and Phonsey Gouthro in front. Hec is seriously sick ___ we want you yo know that our prayers are with you Hec.

A HISTORY OF THE CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDERS

When we reflect upon the determination that was shown, as well as the effort put forth in the development of the monument, we wonder why we have been dragging our heels when it comes to publishing the history of the CBH. Surely there is much information that each of us could offer to this end. The first thing we must do, ¹⁵ get our minds off the possible cost of publication, which seems to gender a note of discouragement, and look to the things we can do for little or no cost. This is where you as an individual comes in. There is no point in counting the cost if there is not any materials to start with.

You can supply the materials that are needed. Your information could be given in writing, on tape, or by interview. You may have photos, clippings etc., that would be suitable for publication in such a document. You may have served in the CBH before the war as well as during the war. You may have transferred into or out of the Unit. Your rank, company, platoon, section, buddies, etc., are all part of it. When and why did you finally leave the Regiment---all of these and much more---you have the answers.

Although our numbers are dwindling, it is not too late if we start at once. It was only this year that the Carleton York Regiment had published their history. It would be wonderful if we could have the history of the CBH published in time for the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Holland in 1995.

Please contact us as soon as possible if you are willing to help and we will forward information sheets to you that will assist you in preparing your materials.

NOW THAT'S DIABOLIC

Remember the smile on Sticky Bombs face when he would say HEINIE as he carelessly manipulated the object of his nickname.