



Van Arty Assoc and RUSI Van Members News Nov 11, 2014

Wednesday Lunches

The Mess is back to 'winter' dress so dress for Wednesday lunches is suit/blazer/sports jacket and tie. Dress for ladies is the equivalent. Guests are always welcome.

Christmas Lunch break

Last lunch of 2014 will be Dec 10th. Members are encouraged to bring Significant Others and guests. The first lunch of 2015 will be Jan 14th.

Remembrance Day

Traditionally on Remembrance Day, Messes in our area open after the ceremony. 15 Fd Messes will be open at noon and all veterans are invited to visit. Note: Because of heightened security, the Armoury will not be open to the general public and any visitors will be required to show something that identifies their military connection.

NOABC - Monthly Lunch Speakers

Wednesday, 26 November

The guest speaker for November will be Captain John Swann, Master Mariner, who will give a talk on the maritime implications of LNG export.

St Barbara's Day Special Guest Night – Dec 6, 2014

The invitations are in the mail. A copy is attached for those interested in attending and who are not on the mailing list or haven't received one.

From the Journal of Capt Fred G Coxen RFA - 1914

Nov 5th: A few of us in the morning had made one of our famous 'Bully stews' and we were about to commence the feast, when we heard some of these monster shell[s] coming; they fell in the fields on our right and rear. We had to move, [and] as we moved, we heard more coming. They dropped almost in the same place. One shell burst near a cow and threw it bodily about 30 yards. One came by the sound, directly for us, it was like an express train roaring through the air. We crouched behind one of the ammunition wagons, the shell landed about 15 yds and exactly in

line on our front. The concussion was terrific, and the wagon rocked as if it were near a minimum earthquake. We afterwards measured the hole; it was gigantic, 23 foot deep and 20 foot in diameter – fully three to four times as big again as the often met ‘Jack Johnson’s’. I afterwards found out that these shell[s] were 11.2” and not 17” as we thought. We moved by the river, and although very cold, I had a plunge – the first since the time of the retreat. It’s a very common thing to go a week or even more without having a wash. Since the time of the Aisne, food is a little plentiful. [The] weather very wet, and the whole country is a veritable sea of mud. The enemy seemed to shell everywhere haphazard, especially at night.

Nov 6th: We were read an appeal from Gen French urging us to hold on despite the overwhelming masses of the enemy, until reinforcements could be brought up. Attacks were ‘twice daily’ and were nightly occurrences. Our losses were very great, but despite the fact of our trenches being so thinly manned, and our guns so few, our line was formed and maintained. As the enemy were stopped in France, so were they in Belgium. Thanks to the splendid leadership of our little army, and our chaps...[sic]... love for dangerous scraps, and [to] the splendid Infantry in the trenches who suffered infinitely more than us, in every way.

Nov. 7th: [We were] in various positions in front of YPRES – these days with Head Quarters 25th [Brigade]. The Battery returned each night to a field off the main road, things were very quiet, but for occasional shelling.

Nov 10th: That night I waited at the 25th [Brigade], for my horse to be brought over. After some time, George came and told me it was impossible to get over with horses, [so] we walked across to where the horses were, and [then] started to find the Battery. After travelling some good way we knew we were lost, it was very dark, and the road was being shelled. On coming to a deserted farm, where some Infantry were, we decided to anchor till morning - by a friendly straw stack. We got some food and tea from the infantry - with some straw from the stack and blanket from our horse, we had the best bed we had had for some time. We found the Battery next morning and there had been the usual speculation that we had got nipped.

Nov 11th: When dawn arrived it greeted the BEF’s 1st and 2nd Divisions with a heavy downpour, which set the stage for what the Official History described as ‘the most terrific fire the British had yet experienced’. The German artillery concentrated its fire on I Corps and on Wing’s ‘division’ of II Corps.

World War 2 - November 1939

John Thompson Strategic analyst quotes from his book “Spirit Over Steel”

November 5th: Hitler shouts down Brauchitsch over the General’s opposition to a November 12th invasion of the West. Halder, Brauchitsch’s Chief of Staff, starts to secretly assemble an anti-Hitler faction.

November 7th: The first of fourteen bad weather postponements is made by Germany for the invasion of Western Europe. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and King Leopold of Belgium issue an appeal for peace. Over 40,000 Jews are expelled from parts of Western Poland which are due to be absorbed into Greater Germany.

November 8th: - A bomb left by a lone carpenter explodes in the Munich Burgerbraukellar shortly after Hitler and the high-level Nazis left. Two British M16 officers are kidnapped by Nazis in the Dutch city of Venlo – they know too much and much of the British agent network in Germany and Czechoslovakia is soon unraveled. Hans Frank is appointed governor of Poland, and wastes no time going imposing more restrictions on Jews.

November 9th: The Secret Polish Army is founded; it will eventually become the Home Army – the main force of Polish Resistance.”

After Recent Scandals, Look to Our Veterans for Honour This Nov 11th

MICHAEL DEN TANDT | November 10, 2014

There is no honour on Twitter. High finance and the law are wastelands where it goes to die. Politics? Good lord. One reader suggested to me recently that it is reactionary, and possibly addled to even utter the term “honour” in Canada in 2014. It’s medieval and archaic, this person suggested. Out of the First World War came something of a new poetry. From the days of Homer and his great Iliad, Western poetry, if it did not purely celebrate the glories or war, the prowess of its heroes, its contempt for the weak, certainly placed it in the highest category of achievement and honour. The bards of olden times were the memory-keepers of a tribe’s warriors. They wrote to celebrate and ennoble victory in war, and to provide verbal garlands that would lend lasting fame to the heroes of their day. Of war’s champions (Hector, Achilles, the Knights of the Round Table) and great slaughter-men (Shakespeare liked the term) poets have always sung.

Not so much have poets or poetry found time to tell of the brutal meanness of war, its spirit-crushing hardships, sufferings and deaths. And poetry has had little time for those nameless millions killed or mutilated while fighting under the banners of their high-born leaders – until The Great War. But is honour really irrelevant? On the eve of Remembrance Day, surely, it’s worth considering the question. Honour is AWOL, missing without leave, in the case of the famous Toronto radio host now accused of serially assaulting at least nine women during his tenure at the CBC. Jian Ghomeshi has denied wrongdoing and has not been charged with a crime. The allegations against him have not been tested in court. But setting aside the outcome of the police investigation, it is clear from multiple accounts that Ghomeshi ran CBC Radio’s flagship culture show, Q, as his private, undisputed fiefdom. Medieval, you might say. It is also clear that Ghomeshi’s bosses at the network either knew he was trading on his fame to procure for himself a steady stream of much younger, economically vulnerable women, or that they should have known he was doing so and were wilfully blind.

Now CBC Radio has returned, barely missing a beat, to its long custom of pontificating endlessly about gender, inclusion and systemic inequality, even as Ghomeshi’s former executive producer, Arif Noorani, is “taking some time off.” I have not seen or heard of Noorani being doorstopped by CBC’s investigative program, *The Fifth Estate*, or by any other intrepid CBC reporter. Perhaps someone will correct me, if this has occurred. Honourable, on the part of CBC brass? Ah, no.

Honour was in short supply last week in Ottawa. Liberal leader Justin Trudeau turfed two MPs from his caucus over allegations of “serious personal misconduct.” As far as I have been able to tell, Trudeau went to some lengths to avoid identifying the alleged victims, or indeed the way in

which they had been victimized. New Democrats promptly leaked the fact that the allegations concerned sexual harassment of female NDP MPs – and then unloaded on the Liberal leader for making the matter public. The New Democrat deputy leader, Megan Leslie, suggested Saturday on CBC Radio’s *The House* that a better solution would have been to deal with it all in-house, in other words secretly. Astonishing, that; as though secrecy between people in the know is not at the rotten root of the Ghomeshi scandal, and indeed every major sexual abuse scandal in modern times. So, amid this dross, where can one look for honour? You see where this is headed. It’s not a coincidence that Canadians have been, since the Afghan war (2002-2014) reflexively protective of this country’s soldiers. I have written before that the Canadian military is home to a distinct martial culture, of which we can and should be very proud.

In Afghanistan it was embodied in the Canadian Forces’ “3-d” approach to conflict – defence, diplomacy and development. This was always more than sloganeering. Even the sergeants in the Canadian Forces – especially the sergeants, in my experience – sought to embody strength with compassion. This is not to portray them as delicate do-gooders, but simply to acknowledge that they were very aware they had a purpose over and above that of killing the enemy. Long before Afghanistan, Rwanda, or the Medak Pocket in Croatia, the CF ethos lived in a willingness to do the perilous and hard work well, even when the country was uninterested. In Haiti, in 2010, after the earthquake, I remember sitting quietly in the dark, listening to Canadian soldiers speak to one another of the horrors they’d seen that day. There was strength, competence and decency to make any Canadian’s heart swell with pride. And of course this is not new: The dwindling numbers of old men standing at attention at cenotaphs each Remembrance Day, are testament to a culture of sacrifice that is as old as Canada. Farley Mowat’s memoir of the Italian Campaign in the Second World War, *And No Birds Sang*, gives voice to the long Canadian soldierly tradition of quietly doing one’s duty, despite the “gut-rotting worm of fear” and the certain knowledge that the planners on high have utterly botched it. The book is a masterpiece. Every Canadian should read it.

My point is simply this: Honour is actually very present, in 2014; indeed it sits at the beating heart of every important issue, nowhere more than in politics. Its absence leaves a shadow, which should never be mistaken for irrelevance. And its presence? It inspires us, very simply, like nothing else can. On this Remembrance Day, look to the uniformed assembly at your local cenotaph, and in particular to the National War Memorial, to see a living embodiment of honour. They are not medieval, or archaic: They live in our midst, here and now. If only more of us were more like most of them.

Armistice Day, 2008: Why I Wore the Poppy

Sid Stephen

It was the Thursday before Remembrance Day. Since my retirement from Fujitsu Consulting I work as a Substitute Teacher in Phoenix, Arizona; on November 9th I was scheduled to replace an English teacher I know and respect at a large urban school in the community of Ahwatukee. As I was getting ready to leave that morning I noticed, sitting on my desk, the poppy I had purchased from a veteran outside a supermarket here a couple of years ago. I had gotten it out, thinking I would wear it when I went over to the American Legion’s Veteran’s Day memorial

service on Saturday. As poppies go it is a poor thing, consisting of a irregularly shaped red plastic disc pierced by what looks like a hat pin, its black knob forming the pistil. It's not as pretty or neat as the well-made red, green and black felt poppies I wore for three decades on my RCAF and Army uniforms, and for the last dozen or so years on various civilian jackets and overcoats on each November 11th. But as the elderly gentleman from whom I had bought it explained, it had been constructed by a student in a school for, as he put it, "slow children", and perhaps for that reason its very crudeness seemed to give it a simple dignity.

Anyway, on impulse I picked it up and stuck it in the breast pocket of my shirt, in a little channel where I usually carry a pen. The red blossom stood out very starkly against the shirt's blue material. I confess I hesitated a moment before deciding that respect for my grandfather and my father, who served in WWI and WWII respectively, my late father-in-law, who enlisted in the USN on the day after Pearl Harbor, not to mention the millions of men and women like them who have served and are serving to preserve our liberty, pretty much demanded that I leave the poppy where it was. So off I went to school.

I had freshman English classes to teach that day, typical kids from Ahwatukee. Nice young men and women for the most part, struggling to be cool and "fit in", curious about what they see going on around them but somewhat isolated in that safe, self-centered adolescent world that each new generation creates to stave off – if only for a few years – the relentless approach of adulthood. At 8:30 AM, I called the first class to order. Getting them settled in and "on-task" can be a challenge, and especially Thursday since most classes were to write a test many were not fully prepared for. Doing so took my mind off the red splotch on my left breast until, after giving them their instructions, I made the usual query, "Any questions before we start?" A 15-year-old in the middle of the class raised her hand. "Mr. Stephen", she asked politely, "why are you wearing that red thing on your shirt today?"

Well, I froze up for a second. These kids often seem to pay no attention to things outside their own space, and so the question was genuinely unexpected. Suddenly the enormous gap that exists between me and this group of American teenagers stretched before me like the Grand Canyon on a cold winter's day. I was born far away from here, in Nova Scotia, in 1942 – right in the middle of WWII. One of my earliest memories is of being pulled on a sled through the year's first snowfall up to the village Cenotaph. There, my father and his cousins, and my grandfather and his brother, and the grocery store owner and the station-master and the mother of the family who lived next door to us stood quietly in the falling snow, some of them dressed in strange clothing with shiny buttons, while a man in a skirt squeezed *MacPherson's Lament* from a set of bagpipes, music that still brings tears to my eyes. I can clearly remember the first time I witnessed the laying of wreaths and the ceremony of *The Last Post*. Since then I have never failed to attend a memorial service on November 11, no matter where in the world or in what circumstances I might find myself. And yet, the answer to that question, so simple to me an hour earlier, was suddenly complex beyond all comprehension. How could I say what was in my heart, how could I convey to these children the sacrifices, the courage, the tragedy and the vast helplessness that my little scrap of red plastic and wire represented? But if I didn't try, who would? And what was the

sense of gratitude and honor that prompted me to wear it in the first place worth, if I didn't at least attempt an honest answer.

I can't quote exactly what I said, but I know I started by thanking the young lady for her question. I then asked if anyone could answer the question for me. Someone helpfully suggested that it looked like a flower – was it for breast cancer, perhaps? The rest remained silent, many avoiding eye contact as teenagers so often do when feeling put on the spot a bit. So I explained that in 1918, at 11 o'clock on the 11th day of November, the 11th month of that year, a great silence had descended over the world, but most particularly over the desolate battlefields of northern Europe. An armistice had ended WWI, a terrible and probably unnecessary war that had killed an average of 200 soldiers and civilian men, women and children an hour for the previous four years. Most of the participants fighting that war, on both sides, were young men and women a few years older than they were now; millions of them had been killed in the most terrible ways, their bodies disappearing into the mud of the trenches where they had struggled to survive, fertilizing the great open spaces of Flanders in western Belgium and northeastern France where huge swaths of red poppies covered the land as far as the eye could see. A Canadian soldier, Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, who had himself been killed just months before the armistice, had described them in his poem, which I have always known from memory. I recited it for them.

I went on to say how after that war ended, many of those who survived took the poppy to be their emblem, to be worn on the anniversary of Armistice Day, as a sign that they had *not forgotten* the sacrifices made by those who had died and were determined that the circumstances that led to such wars would not be allowed to rise again. How, tragically, the evils of Nazism made another war necessary only a few decades later, this one fought by the children of those who had survived the earlier one. And how, after WWII was ended, and men were again certain that they could avoid these dreadful slaughters, this terrible waste, the poppy worn on Armistice Day again symbolized that determination. And how we have failed. More recent wars, in Korea, Vietnam, Croatia and the Middle East can all be justified to some extent, in some way, by some people – but all of them exist as indictments of our inability to live in peace on this Earth. The genocide in Rwanda, the on-going wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the impending disaster in Darfur; the small, vicious wars that blight Africa; the terrorism that distracts us from what should be our real focus, raising our families and loving our fellow human beings: some would argue that these make a mockery of Armistice Day, and render the sacrifices of our ancestors meaningless.

Well, I told them, some may hold that view. But, I said, the implications of that attitude are too bitter to bear. If we as a people turn our backs on the memories of those wars, if we lump all of the heroism and sacrifice into a easy, cynical acceptance that wars should always be permitted to harvest the best of our sons and daughters, and to destroy what small progress we have made towards world peace, we will be complicit in creating the kind of world that our forebears shed their blood to avoid. And yet, paradoxically, if we refuse to accept war as a final alternative to combat the evil that, in spite of our best efforts to root it out by other means, sometimes leads nations to deny freedom to their citizens, or to impose their will and their beliefs on other nations, we will have truly dropped the torch that Colonel McCrae refers to in his poem, breaking faith with those who have gone before us. So I wear the poppy, I said, in remembrance of those who

lost their lives in war, but also to remind me at this time of the year that, as an ordinary citizen of the world, I must strive to do my part to prevent the attitudes and situations that might lead to war. Yet the dreadful truth of the human condition also means that I must always be prepared to make the sacrifices symbolized by the poppy, if war becomes necessary. Just as you will have to do, I reminded them, as you grow up and take on the responsibilities of adulthood, in the hopes that your generation will do a better job of the former, so that the latter alternative will cease to be required.

I turned away to pick up the tests and began to distribute them. And then starting in the far corner of the classroom and flowing over it like an exhaled breath, I heard a sound I've never heard in there before: quiet, sincere applause. And I realized, then, that the gap is neither nearly so wide nor as unbridgeable as I had thought.

Government of Canada to Rededicate National War Memorial

New inscriptions recognize Canada's brave men and women—past, present, and future

The Honourable Julian Fantino, Minister of Veterans Affairs, today announced that the Government of Canada will rededicate the National War Memorial as part of the annual Remembrance Day ceremony in Ottawa. Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal and Vice Admiral Sir Tim Laurence will participate in this significant occasion.

The inscription, *In Service to Canada / Au service du Canada*, will be added to the Memorial to formally recognize all Canadians who served in the past, who serve today, and who will serve in the future. The Memorial will also be inscribed with the dates of the Afghanistan mission and the South African War

Who is it?

We now have a positive ID on the picture from two weeks ago. Lt Col Bill Jackson, who was also on the parade at the time of Gen Mansergh's visit and got to know his party well, says that Gen Mansergh is the officer on the left of the picture and the officer on the right is Brigadier PAS Todd, CBE, DSO, ED, CD, Colonel Commandant, Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery at that time.



Last Week: We only had one reply that I know of for this picture. No ID on the three soldiers. The person who replied believed that these were Gunners from 158 Bty and I think that is correct. 158 Bty was the Young Soldier Battery back in the 60s. Its junior ranks were all 17-18 year old high school students and trained on Saturdays. The other Batteries trained mainly on Thursday evenings.



This Week: Once more, we go to a band theme. These swinging hepcats are labelled as the “RCA Band” on the photo, donated to our museum by a kind soul in 1994. However, that’s all the information we have on this classic shot. We’d like to think this is a classic swing-era photo, but, sadly, given the hair styles and moustaches, it is more likely classic Bee-Gees era. Quite frankly, we don’t know anything. Is this our band, or that from Shilo? When was it taken and where? Do you recognize anyone? And, for a free weekend in Squamish, do you know what tune they were playing when the photo was taken?

Educated guesses and surmises can be sent to the editor, or to the author, John Redmond (johnd._redmond@telus.net). Keep on truckin’!

From the ‘Punitentary’

Scientists did some research on spades – the results were groundbreaking!

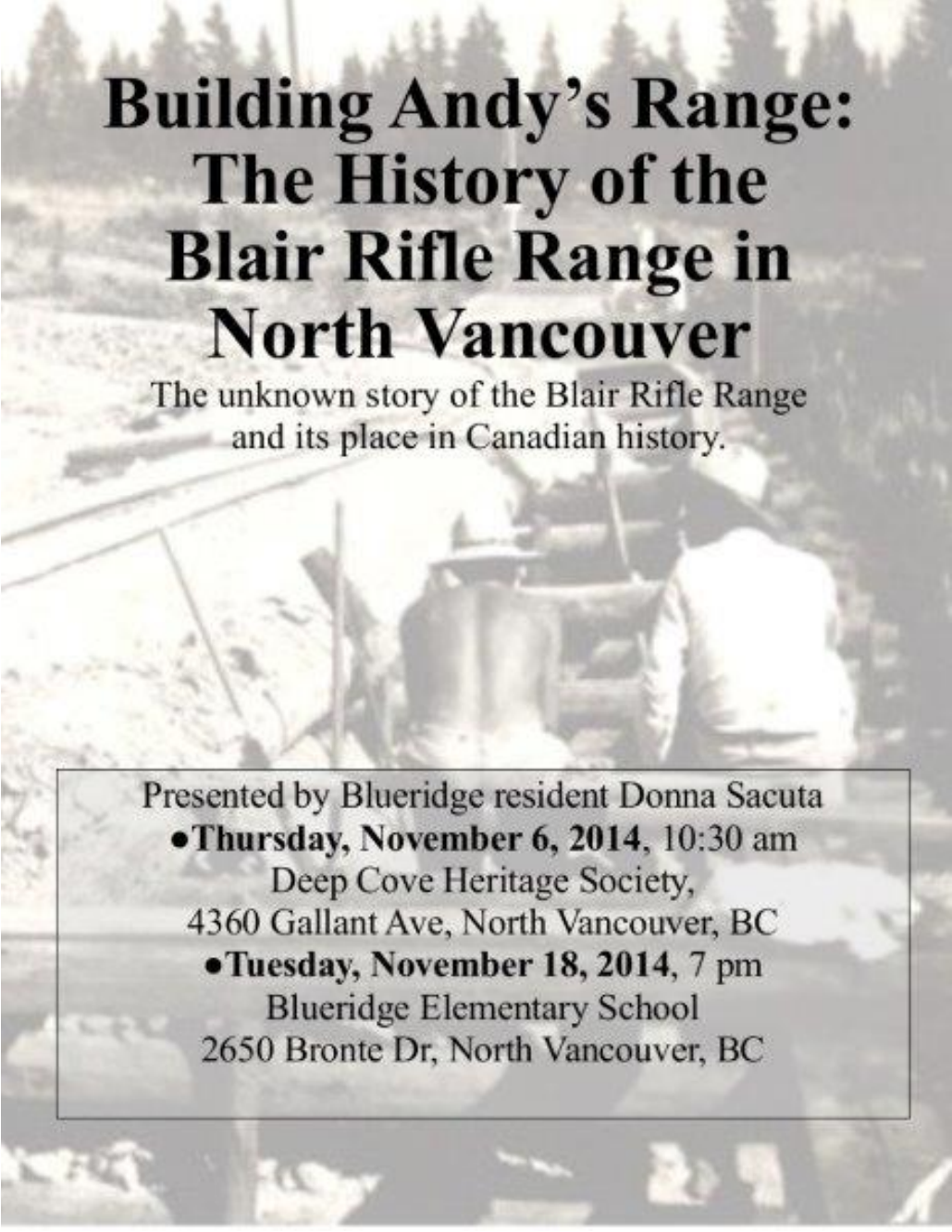
Murphy’s other Laws

Never allow any mechanical object to realize that you are in a hurry.

Quotable Quotes

The legacy of heroes is the memory of a great name and the inheritance of a great example. *Benjamin Disraeli*

Blair Range History Presentation



Building Andy's Range: The History of the Blair Rifle Range in North Vancouver

The unknown story of the Blair Rifle Range
and its place in Canadian history.

Presented by Blueridge resident Donna Sacuta

• **Thursday, November 6, 2014, 10:30 am**

Deep Cove Heritage Society,
4360 Gallant Ave, North Vancouver, BC

• **Tuesday, November 18, 2014, 7 pm**

Blueridge Elementary School
2650 Bronte Dr, North Vancouver, BC

Adrian Oliver Memorial Run



The poster features a central graphic of a constable in a red uniform and tan hat, standing with arms crossed. The background is a stylized shield with blue and black diagonal stripes. The text is arranged in a clear, hierarchical layout, starting with the title at the top, followed by the date and time, and then the location and activities. A circular logo for Honour House British Columbia is positioned in the lower-left corner, and a paragraph of text provides context about the event's origin. The footer contains registration information.

— THE —
ADRIAN OLIVER

**MEMORIAL
RUN**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th

2014 11.00am DEER LAKE PARK
Burnaby, 5km or 10km
BBQ and Silent Auction

 In November, 2012, Constable Adrian Oliver, a member of the Surrey RCMP, was killed on duty as a result of a police vehicle collision while conducting patrols for a suspected stolen vehicle. In honour of Adrian's service to Canadians, family and friends organized the Annual Adrian Oliver Memorial Run.

All proceeds from this year's run will go to Honour House Society and its mission to support our Canadian Forces, Emergency Services Personnel, Veterans and their families in their times of need.

To register online please visit www.honourhouse.ca or call 778 3974399

15 Fd Officers Mess – St Barbara’s Special Guest Night 2014



*The Commanding Officer
and the Officers of
15th Field Artillery Regiment
The Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery*

*request the pleasure of your company
at their annual*

**ST BARBARA’S DAY
SPECIAL GUEST NIGHT**

*to be held at the
BESSBOROUGH ARMOURY
2025 West 11th Avenue, Vancouver*

*on
Saturday, the Sixth of December, 2014*

*at
six o’clock for seven o’clock in the evening*

RSVP by 25 November 2014 with payment:

OCdt. R. T. Jones

Richard.Jones6@forces.gc.ca

Tariff: \$ 80.00 CAD or USD

Payable to “Officers’ Mess 15th Fd Regt”

2025 West 11th Avenue

Vancouver, BC V6J 2C7

*Dress: Mess Kit or Black Tie, with
decorations*

BCR Annual Christmas Fundraiser



THE BRITISH COLUMBIA REGIMENT (DCO) ASSOCIATION

You are invited to the
2014 Annual Christmas Fundraiser

When:	Thursday, December 04, 2014
Time:	11:30 AM – Doors Open
Lunch:	Served from 12:15 to 12:30 PM followed by Silent Auction and Raffle
Where:	The Drill Hall Home of The British Columbia Regiment (DCO) 620 Beatty Street, Vancouver, BC
Tickets:	\$35.00 if confirmed by November 28, 2014 \$40.00 if confirmed November 29 to December 04, 2014 Please note, cancellations after December 3rd will be invoiced
Menu:	Turkey - With all the trimmings!

- Silent Auction!
- The usual valuable lucky prize draws!
- If you can't attend, a donation is welcomed.*
- Funds raised help us to fund Bursaries, Cadet Development Programs, Commemorative events and numerous other projects of The BC Regiment (DCO) Association Charitable Trust.
- Enjoy great company, good food & have fun while helping a worthy cause.

RSVP by Thursday, November 27, 2014 to:

Gayle Hawthorne 604-421-1521 or e-mail to: ghawthorne@shaw.ca

*Please send any cheques to: The BC Regiment (DCO) Association Charitable Trust,
c/o #208, 1899 Willingdon Avenue, Burnaby, BC V5C 5T1



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