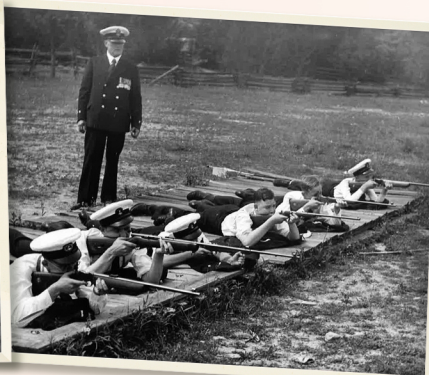




Values and Valued Service:

The Military Legacy of Lakefield College School

By John Boyko
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Introduction

Schools have personalities. The personalities of the best schools, like those of the best people, are expressions of character, which, in turn, rests upon and reflects values. Many schools speak of values. The best, however, live them day in and day out and are seen in what they take seriously and how they have fun. Teachers, staff, administrators and, most importantly, students can speak of the school's values with the humility of certainty and wonder of a fish explaining water.

Lakefield College School has been called everything from a little school in the woods to Canada's best boarding school to Camp Lakefield. An Old Boy once returned as a Supreme Court Justice. He had been invited to deliver the Closing Ceremony address. To those beneath the big white tent that sunny afternoon, he marveled at the magnificence of the vista overlooking the sparkling lake and the pristine beauty of the campus and recalled, in jest, that when he attended Lakefield it was more akin to "a windswept penal colony." He urged his audience to appreciate that buildings, students, masters and administrators may come and go but it is Lakefield's values that are as perennial as the grass upon the fields where fun happens and character is built.

The school has grown from the fall of 1879 when Sparham Sheldrake responded to the wishes of local folks to create a school just north of the Village of Lakefield. Fifteen students paid \$60 a quarter to attend Mr. Sparham Sheldrake's Preparatory School for Boys. It would later be called Lakefield Preparatory School, and then Lakefield College School, but always The Grove. They were offered an educational experience that, according to a newspaper advertisement, promised "The comforts and training of a private family." There were, in fact, few comforts. That reality did not change in 1895 when the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie bought the school and 25 acres by the lake.

Much of what Lakefield became and remains is owed to Mackenzie. He was its headmaster and compassionate taskmaster until his death in 1938. Under his leadership, boys lived discipline, hard work, vigorous outdoor activity and dedication to God, Empire and Canada. Mackenzie laid the foundation for a school based not upon enforced rules but shared values reflecting the spiritual streams of Anglican teachings, romantic poet yearnings and the ancient urge to link mind, body and spirit.

Today, the school's values are expressed as: Education of the Whole Person, Trust, Healthy Caring Community, Individuality, Learning, Citizenship and Environmental Stewardship. These are new and fancy words assembled to reflect that which, so long ago, Mackenzie placed at the school's heart. They are the values that afforded boys the determination to do their best for their families and communities and to respond with vigour in times of war. For such a small school, it is truly remarkable that so many Lakefield boys and members of their families gave of themselves in uniform and that so many were admirals, generals and officers.

Mackenzie would not find Lakefield's military history surprising but, rather, as it should be after generations of boys internalized what it means to be responsible, engaged citizens. The sacrifice and contributions of so many who attended, or who are connected to The Grove, deserve to be recognized. The dedication by so many to something far greater than themselves, and reflecting values learned as boys at Lakefield is worthy of celebration and commemoration. That is what *Values and Valued Service: The Military Legacy of Lakefield College School* is all about.

War is horrific. It is both the failure and logical end of politics. It is the last resort of a people forced to defend themselves against those who would attack them or all they treasure. War demands that people summon deep from

within both the best and worst of themselves. It is about admirable heroism and shameful acts. War is about glorious warriors and innocent victims, grand strategies and fog-of-war blunders. It is ultimately about our children killing theirs, for war asks young people to slay while offering themselves to be slain.

War touched Lakefield in many ways. Through first its army and then its sea cadet corps programs, students were taught skills and discipline and that war might someday come. Through reading touching letters home from the first war or welcoming British children escaping the Nazi blitz in the second, students learned the importance of empathy, compassion, and of how the values they were internalizing at their little school played out on a global scale. Through enlisting to serve in the First and Second World Wars, they learned of sacrifice; and too many paid the ultimate price. Through the long and bitter Cold War period that was neither war nor peace and then the global struggle against terrorism, the values inculcated at Lakefield were again called upon and confirmed. Today, the legacy of service that those values inspire continues to be forged.

Values and Valued Service does not tell the stories of all the former students or family members or friends of the school who served or even of all those who died. Rather, it humbly attempts to suggest the degree to which a small school, so far from arenas of battle, can be touched by them while contributing to victory upon them. It will tell of a school whose values were tested and reinforced by war. It will tell of the selflessness and valour of young people whose actions remind us still of the timelessness of those values and of a school whose sustaining and aspirational character inspires justifiable pride.

Chapter One: First World War

Europe's clumsy giants stumbled into war. No one really wanted it. The quest for imperial power meant they were competing. Burning nationalist pride meant none could retreat from a fight with those considered inferior. The rush of militarist swagger afforded the means and the bumbling reactions to the assassination of a little-known Austrian prince provided a spark for the tinderbox. The tangle of alliances doomed a fight between any to involve all.

It began in the summer and fall of 1914 with leaders claiming it would be over by Christmas. As the massive armies lumbered toward one another, people called it the Great War - we would not start numbering them until the next one. But it was really a European Civil War that would visit untold misery for four years and then pause, only to continue in 1939 and then re-light itself again as a Cold War that would threaten the world for another four decades.

A Canadian diplomat once said that Canada was a "fireproof house far removed from inflammable materials." He was wrong. There was no way Canada could stay out of the fight. Confederation had formed a new state in 1867 and so Canada was less than 50 years old in 1914. Its foreign policy, like its Constitution and Supreme Court, were still controlled by Britain. Most of Canada's 8 million people still considered themselves British. It was, therefore, as loyal British subjects that Canadians read of German General Moltke having ordered 34 corps consisting of 970,000 combat troops into neutral Belgium on their way to take Paris. Most Canadians felt a stirring of imperial pride when British Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford, announced that the empire was at war. Canadian Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden spoke for nearly all when he said that Canada's only possible response to Britain's request for help was "Ready, Aye, Ready." Canada was automatically at war.

Lakefield Preparatory School was only 35 years old when Borden made his announcement. The number of boys in attendance during the war years varied from 35 to 55. The headmaster's large, white home, which served a number of functions, stood at the centre of the small campus. Horses shared the big old barn with wood brought in by local men but split by recalcitrant student "volunteers." The small dining room served vegetables grown in the large school garden, apples from the orchard and meat augmented by the boys' regular hunting trips. The dining hall doubled as a chapel where the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie presided every morning and twice on Sunday.

The boys enjoyed hockey on the outdoor rink in winter and rugby, cricket and football on the field each spring and fall. Races around campus and up and down the narrow dirt road that would become Highway 28 helped keep the boys fit and, at least while they were running, out of trouble. Long canoe trips up the lake, often with little or no adult supervision, and the never-ending construction and reconstruction of huts at the edge of the north woods kept them busy and taught self-reliance. In an age when smoking was considered acceptable, most boys partook in their huts. Back when the use of firearms was seen as a passage into manhood, most boys practised and hunted either with a master present or on their own. Before the creation of teenagers as a separate and coddled species that extended childhood, the Grove boys were ready, as the prime minister pledged, to pack up the values they learned and resilience they had developed to go where their King and country needed them.

As the wild and mobile European campaigns morphed into the dirty drudgery and unspeakable stench, pestilence and terror of trench-war stalemate, life at The Grove continued much as it had before. However, like other Canadians living through total war that newspapers brought home with daily tales of horrid tragedies, the boys and masters could not help but be touched.

The war meant that the army cadet corps that Mackenzie had instituted marched with added zeal. The boys practised their rifle prowess with special attention. The cadets were split into platoons with the senior boys acting as officers. The annual May inspection brought spit and polish as visiting Canadian Army officers noted disciplined drill, accurate shooting and other skills related to army life. The boys were being trained as officers while, far from home, those with fresh memories of Lakefield were taking all they had learned to the muddy front.

The enthusiasm with which the school met the war and the enormity of its contributions, were evidenced in the Easter 1918 *Grove Chronicle* in which Mackenzie wrote, "With the war now in its fourth year, the school seems to be largely in France. Nearly all the Old Boys and masters have gone and those who are left hope that their opportunity will come in time. It is a fact that most boys hope the war will last till they all get a chance." When Europe's guns finally fell silent, the *Chronicle* listed an astounding 121 Lakefield graduates who served, with the admission that the list was probably incomplete.

Twenty-one young men gave their lives. The first was Norman Nelles. He was from a family proud of its military heritage. His father was Brigadier General Charles M. Nelles and his brother Percy would grow up to enjoy a stellar Naval career. Norman graduated from Lakefield in 1906 and then excelled at Kingston's Royal Military College (RMC). The beginning of European hostilities found him a second lieutenant with the British Army's Northamptonshire Regiment, 1st Battalion.

While those who would comprise the Canadian Expeditionary Force were still assembling and steaming for the fight, Nelles was landing at Le Havre, France. He led his men toward the front to stand before German troops sweeping into France. He was in the war's first major battle at Mons.

Nelles' men were among those who dug in when winter and the realization of the machine gun's power set in. The trenches became home to millions of men and eventually snaked their way from the North Sea to Switzerland. Unlike the pristine training trenches, the mud ditches of the western front more closely resembled open sewers. They teemed with filth, rats and vermin. Men fought disease and the inhuman conditions in which they lived, worked and died almost as much as the enemy.

Battles raged throughout the cold winter and Nelles' regiment played a major role in many of them. Waves of men attacked over no man's land, the scarred and torn territory, sometimes not more than 100 yards wide, that separated enemy trench-lines. Thousands of lives were sacrificed for a few yards of mud or, often, for nothing at all. The horrors of Flanders fields took Lieutenant Nelles on January 29, 1915. He was only 21 years of age. His name is inscribed in marble at Le Touret Memorial Cemetery in Pas de Calais, France with over 13,000 others who fell in the area before September 1915 and have no known grave.

Colonel Samuel Strickland founded the Village of Lakefield. The colonel's sisters left genteel lives in 1830s Britain to join him. Catherine Parr Trail and Susanna Moodie endured rough-hewn, pioneer lives. Much of the school's current campus is on the old Moodie property and a girls' residence now proudly bears her name. The sisters' record of those days formed the foundation of Canada's literary heritage.

Colonel Strickland began a farm school in 1855 and it was his son Robert's suggestion that led Sparham Sheldrake to begin The Grove 24 years later. Robert's grandson, George Strickland, was a student at the school when the First World War began and, when old enough to do so, he enlisted to serve. He was assigned to the Canadian Infantry, British Columbia Regiment, B Company, 72nd Battalion.

The 72nd was known as the Seaforth Highlanders. Strickland was on a ship to Britain in April 1916 and on the French front lines by August. Re-mustered as the 4th Canadian Division's 12th Infantry Brigade, it saw action in a number of battles on blood-soaked Flanders fields including the taking of Vimy Ridge; the first time that all four Canadian Divisions fought together.

In late October 1917, Strickland's brigade was deployed in the Second Battle of Passchendaele. The Canadians were part of the offensive designed to move the Germans from the sea and rob them of their U-Boat bases. Canadians were to take the strategically important Passchendaele ridge. Planners failed to take into account that the entire region was below sea level and that heavy rains had turned what would be the Passchendaele battlefield into a stinking bog. Shocked and sodden men sunk to their knees in gumbo-like muck and watched duckboards disappear, one after another, in vain attempts to find solid footing in rotting trenches. Enemy artillery shells thudded into the ooze and covered men in filth. When visiting the front when it was finally all over, British commander-in-chief General Sir Douglas Haig nearly broke down and exclaimed, "My God, did we send men to fight in that?"

Indeed he had. It was at Passchendaele, on November 1, 1917, after suffering conditions that soldiers had seldom endured in history's fields of combat that the young man so closely linked to the founding of the village and school, George Strickland, was killed.

Another relative of Samuel Strickland, Catherine Parr Trail's grandson, also attended The Grove. James Parr Clinton Atwood graduated in 1911 and went on to RMC, graduating in 1914. He enlisted in August 1915. It is interesting that on his attestation papers he noted that his trade or calling was simply "Gentleman." He was commissioned with Lord Strathcona's Horse Royal Canadians and served in France for three years. He saw action in a number of battles and was awarded the Military Cross (MC) for valour in the face of the enemy in September 1917. He was wounded in April 1918 but made it home and was able to embark on a business career. Not done with service, he enlisted again in the Second World War. He fought with the 14th Army Tank Battalion until leaving the service, at age 48, in 1942.

Also from the school's early days was Thomas Tingey Craven. Craven was from California and the son of a long line of naval commanders including Commodore Thomas Truxtun, who commanded *USS Constitution* and then *USS Constellation* in the American Revolutionary War. Craven attended Lakefield in the early 1890s before returning home where he graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1896 and then the United States Naval War College in 1915.

In the First World War, Craven served as Captain of the gunboat *Sacramento*.

He played a pivotal role in saving the Italian ship *Alessandro* from a German submarine attack and then had her towed to safe harbour at Gibraltar. In the 1930s, he commanded American ships on China's Yangtse River. Upon his retirement in 1937, American Naval Vice-Admiral Craven had received commendations from the American, British and French governments. He was recalled to duty in the Second World War where he commanded the United States Naval Aviation service in France.

The First World War saw boys who felt a genuine affinity to The Grove write a number of letters home. Many were addressed to Mackenzie's young and vivacious daughter Win Lampman. Some were fun, others sad, and all were moving. The early letters, written from training camps at Valcartier, Quebec or Britain, bristled with youthful enthusiasm and a wretched ignorance of tragedies ahead.

Ms. Lampman was a diligent correspondent who sent socks and other little gifts to remind the boys so far from home of happier times at The Grove. On April 17, 1916, Beresford Hamilton wrote, "Many thanks for your letter, [and] the *Chronicle*, which arrived safely this morning. The *Chronicle* seems to have grown smaller in quantity but not so in quality. As to the list of Old Boys on active service, you might add these whom I have seen – Bob Redman, Ivan Kinloch, Chilton Mewburn, Gordon Grahame, Allan Gill are all near here."

Ivan Kinloch came to the school in 1906 from his home in Montreal. Six years after graduation he enlisted in the newly formed Canadian Infantry, British Columbia Regiment, as a member of the 7th Battalion. He sailed for France in September 1914 and by the next spring was suffering the trench's filth, indignities and terror. He was killed in battle on April 9, 1916. He was 21.

Chilton Mewburn was a popular boy at Lakefield and an enthusiastic athlete who excelled at rugby. Born in Hamilton, Mewburn came from a distinguished military family. His father Sydney served in the war as a Lieutenant-Colonel and later earned promotion to Major-General. After returning to Canada and winning a seat in the House of Commons, Sydney Mewburn served from 1917 to 1920 as Prime Minister Borden's Minister of Militia and Defence.

After graduating from Lakefield in 1910, Chilton began a promising career with the Bank of Nova Scotia. In 1913, with war clouds roiling on the horizon, he enlisted and quickly earned his commission as a lieutenant with the Canadian Infantry, Western Ontario Regiment. In June 1915, he was dispatched to France to lead the First Canadian Division's 18th Battalion in the large, long and complex Battle of the Somme.

Allied leadership hoped the Somme would relieve pressure on the French fighting in Verdun while also drawing German reserves into the battle and thereby weakening their ability to carry on. It began with an artillery barrage on such a massive scale that it could be heard reverberating in London. Like many well-planned operations, however, it quickly fell apart. Defensive positions reinforced by snipers and machine guns cut down advancing men sometimes even before they had fully emerged from trenches. The multi-faceted battle began in July and by September the front was largely unchanged. Generals insisted that the effort continue. In September, Lieutenant Mewburn led his men on the first wave of an attack on a new set of enemy trenches. While leading the second wave, on September 15, 1916, he was shot in the head and died instantly. He was 22 years old.

There were other Grove Old Boys at the Somme. Like Beresford Hamilton, Hugh McCulloch wrote to Win Lampman of his pleasure at coming across others from Lakefield: "I have seen several old Grove boys out here since I came out. I saw Stuart Cook in London... Dick Oliver at camp... I had a fine evening party in London with Captain Marling, Otter Stewart and his wife, Morris, and myself. We talked over old times together. Otter Stewart is out here as a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion. I saw him a few days ago and he is looking very well. Leslie is down at Petawawa this summer with the 69th Battery. He is a gunner, and I think he likes the work very well."

Among the group that Hamilton was so happy to see was William Morris.

Morris was from Peterborough and graduated from The Grove in 1911 before attending RMC. He enlisted shortly after the war began and trained in Britain with other Canadians, all of whom the British High Command always believed not quite ready for combat. It was then on to the front. Trained as an Artillery Officer, Lieutenant Morris was a member of the Canadian Field Artillery's 3rd Brigade.

In the late summer of 1916, Morris' unit was on the Somme's front lines. The most common weapon employed by Canadian artillery crews was a six-inch howitzer. Each blasting roar left crewmembers shaken. Many men screamed in searing pain as their eardrums ruptured. Canadian artillery was always answered by German artillery

and one of those responses cut down William Morris. Hewas killed on September 20, 1916, only five days after his friend Chilton Mewburn had died. His remains were buried in the Somme's Aveluy Communal Cemetery.

Sharing many of the same Grove classes with Mewburn and Morris in happier, halcyon days was Hubert Stuart. Stuart was born in Ashville, Manitobabut his family moved to Peterborough and he attended The Grove from 1905 to 1910. He was just beginning his career when Europe caught fire and, quickly responding to his country's call, he enlisted with the Canadian infantry. He was assigned to the Central Ontario Regiment's A Company, 4th Battalion.

In October 1914, after training at Valcartier, Stuart was among the first Canadians to traverse the stormy Atlantic for England. He landed in France as part of Canada's 1st Division in February 1915. Stuart's Battalion was involved in the battles of Ypres, Gravenstafel, St. Julien and Festubert. Stuart's band of brothers were again confronting German forces in the Ypres salient when he was killed in battle on May 27, 1916. He was laid to rest 7 miles west of Ypres, in the Lijssenthoek Military Cemetery.

George Hilliard and his brother Geoffrey lived in Lakefield and attended The Grove together. They attended RMC together and then, together as always, they enlisted. On January 10, 1918, George wrote to Ms. Lampman, "You will have heard all about dear old Geoff long before you get this, so I won't try to tell you as I find it hard to write. I am so thankful that I was able to see such a lot of him while hewas out here, and also that I was able to get leave and be with him at thehospital."

Geoffrey Hilliard served with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Friends recalled him as, "of the noblest type of young man. His strong face, strong physique and strong, clean soul endeared him to the rest of his comrades." His unit participated in the First Battle of Cambrai. At dawn on the morning of November 20, 1917, Hilliard was part of an attack along a six-mile front by six infantry and two cavalry divisions and, for the first time in a strategic fashion, with a new weapon, the tank. Men deafened by their roar and, choking on their smoke, followed 476 slow-moving tanks into no man's land and enemy fire.

Hilliard was wounded, removed to hospital, and died on December 11. His grave lies beneath one of the maple leaf bedecked white headstones, standing row upon sad row in commemoration of the short lives and gallant service of 1,144 other Canadians at Etaples Military Cemetery in Pas de Calais, France.

Throughout the war, Lakefield's Chapel services bore witness to moments of sombre reflection when word of an Old Boy's passing would be reported by the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie. Shortly after school resumed in September 1916, for instance, Mackenzie imparted the sad news that William Carey had died. Carey attended the school from 1895 to 1905 before earning his BA at McGill and LLB at Osgoode Hall. He was practising law in his hometown of Hamilton when the war came. He was among the first to enlist.

Assigned to the Canadian Infantry, Central Ontario Regiment, Carey earned a commission as Lieutenant and was assigned to the 19th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was dispatched overseas in May 1915. Four months later, Carey was leading the 4th Canadian Trench Mortar Battery on the front lines near Thiepval, France. As part of the Battle of the Somme, his battery advanced with other Canadians toward Courcelette. For nine days, Carey and his men paid for every yard of ground with the lives of those dying in the mud from ghastly wounds inflicted by enemy artillery that rained upon them with ever-greater ferocity. On September 30, more of that ruthless fire took the life of Lakefield's William Carey.

He was laid to rest among 43 other Canadians at the tiny but immaculate Sunken Road Cemetery at Contalmaison, France.

Also with the Canadian Infantry's Central Ontario Regiment, but serving with the 3rd Battalion, was Carey's school mate John Sydney-Smith. He came to Lakefield from Stratford, Ontario and they had graduated together. Sydney-Smith's Toronto-based battalion trained at Valcartier and then left for Britain in September 1914.

They continued training on the cold and rainy Salisbury Plain. Sydney-Smith and his compatriots crossed the channel to France as the 1st Infantry Brigade the next spring. They fought in a number of engagements along the western front including the Second Battle of Ypres and Vimy Ridge. Sydney-Smith died in battle on August 30, 1918. He was buried at Valley Cemetery in Pas de Calais, France. He was only 24.

Besides leading chapel services and a host of other responsibilities, Mackenzie edited the *Grove Chronicle*. It related sports scores, debate team news, and more. It always began with a brief but spritely editorial that betrayed his love for the school, devotion to faith, loyalty to Empire, and sometimes a willingness to offer boldly stated opinions on events of the day. *The Grove Chronicle* also ensured that current boys and their families knew of the war's latest news and of the contributions being made to it by Lakefield alumni.

Mackenzie was clearly proud to report in the *Grove Chronicle* about the contributions of twelve Grove masters who had left their work to serve. Among them was Captain Marling who was wounded in the field and later earned the Military Cross (MC). Grove boys fondly remembered Mr. Eisdel for his musical abilities. Lieutenant Eisdel was a boarding officer with the Royal Navy (RN). Mr. Sparling was a popular master who lost his life in France.

Grove Master Gordon Grahame enlisted with what became the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was part of Canada's 1st Division, 1st Infantry Brigade. Grahame maintained a regular correspondence with the school. A February 6, 1915 letter related the calm juxtaposition of humour and pathos found in many of the early messages of many old boys: "During the review we were very much entertained by the antics of an aeroplane overhead which kept overturning and doing stunts during the entire review. It was Lieutenant Sharpe, and he was killed about an hour later while attempting a landing."

A month later, Grahame was in northern France. He had become a member of one of the 2nd Brigade's machine gun sections. His four-man crew handled a Vickers .303 calibre weapon. They managed its water-cooling system, fed the 250-round ammunition belt into its side, and fired it in two-second bursts toward a usually unseen enemy across the mud, decaying bodies, and stench of no man's land. The machine gun crews were natural targets for enemy artillery and snipers. In a May 7, 1916 letter, Grove Old Boy, G. E. Jackson confessed to his old headmaster that a machine gun section was known among the men as the "suicide club."

Trenches offered Grahame and the others mud, rats, rain and sleepless nights along with hours of boredom punctuated by moments of fear and frenzied activity when suddenly called to pump 400 rounds a minute into pitch-black darkness. Not unexpectedly, trench life robbed the humour that had enlivened his first letters. Now he wrote, "Lordy, how I hate those blessed trench mortars, though they are not as dangerous as shrapnel, they make five times the noise. If one of those things were to burst in the middle of the football field it would shatter every window in the school." Grahame would later write two books with significant links to Lakefield: *Short Days Ago* and *Larry, or the Avenging Terrors*.

Victor Arthur Seymour Williams came to know the terrors of which Grahame wrote. He attended Lakefield in its very first year and was highly respected for his hockey prowess. He was the first Grove Old Boy to attend RMC and go on to serve. He became a Captain with the Royal Canadian Dragoons and was promoted to Major after his exemplary service in the turn of the century South African Boer War. By 1911, Williams was a General. The beginning of hostilities in 1914 saw Williams assigned to command the Valcartier training camp and then as

General Camp Commander of the Canadians training in Britain. While on an inspection tour of Canadian troops in France, he was promoted to Brigadier-General.

Providing evidence that not all First World War Generals led from behind, Williams was on the front line at the 1916 Battle of Sanctuary Wood. An explosion inflicted ghastly wounds in which shrapnel tore into his head and he was buried beneath a mountain of mud. Dug out by German soldiers, Williams recovered in a prisoner of war camp until his release just before the end of the war. In May 1937, Williams was afforded the honour to command Canadian troops at King George VI's coronation. After retiring from the military, he was appointed the Commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police. Throughout his many adventures and honours, he never forgot his time at The Grove. His grandsons Pat and Tony Arnoldi attended the school.

The war began with military leaders dismissing aircraft as rich men's toys that could contribute nothing to victory. The Wright Brothers, after all, had coaxed their aviation marvel into a Kitty Hawk afternoon breeze only 11 years before the terrorist killed the prince and sparked the war. However, quick advances in technology and desperation for anything to end the stalemate led to aircraft being used first to gather intelligence and then to engage those on the ground with small bombs that pilots simply tossed over the side. When Lewis machine guns were timed to fire through front propellers, fighter pilots in rickety planes made of thin wood, wire and twine began engaging each other. Their aerial combats were like ballet in the air that would have been beautiful if not for their deadly intent and the fact that nearly all ended in the fiery death of a young pilot. The life span of a fighter pilot averaged three weeks. Over a third of all pilots died.

Canada did not have its own air force. In January 1917, Britain's Royal Flying Corps (RFC), which would combine with the Royal Air Force (RAF) in April 1918, established training camps in Canada. At that point, the only way for Canadians to become fighter pilots was to enlist in the regular forces and then beg for transfer to the air service. Alternatively, they could travel at personal expense to England and attempt to enlist directly.

Among those seeking adventure in the sky was John Dennistoun. He graduated from Lakefield in 1909 and went to France as part of the Canadian Infantry's 6th Battalion. He then served as a member of the Canadian Divisional Cyclist Company, 1st Division. He was chosen from a great number of Canadians who, like future Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson, applied to trade infantry mud for air force clouds. Dennistoun undertook the six-week training course and was assigned to RFC 7th Squadron. His élan earned him mentions in dispatches. On May 4, 1916, he was engaged with an enemy plane over Warneton when he was shot down and killed. He was laid to rest at the Halluin Communal Cemetery in Nord, France.

Like Dennistoun, Charles Allister McGillivray was chosen to fly. He graduated The Grove in 1913 and then attended RMC. He enlisted as a Cadet with RFC at Toronto in June 1917 and by November he was a Second Lieutenant with the 109th Squadron at Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. Their planes, the Airco DH.9, were technological marvels but tough to fly and known for their unreliable engines. They had few instruments and the men had no parachutes. On February 14, 1918, McGillivray's plane went down in a training accident. He didn't have a chance.

Marsden Van Allen attended The Grove from 1900 to 1905 and afterwards earned a degree in mechanical engineering at the University of Toronto. When war came, he left his career for England with a yearning to fly. He enlisted with the RFC in May 1915. He was soon a Flight Sub-Lieutenant and his first missions involved patrolling the sky over Dover. By the next April, he was stationed across the channel in Coudekerke, Belgium.

Shortly after his arrival, he was undertaking a bombing expedition against German forces in Ostend, Belgium. His

plane was shot down but he survived the crash. He was captured and taken to a German prisoner of war camp where, a week later, on May 11, he died. His body was interned at the small Ingoyghem Military Cemetery in Anzegem, West Vlaanderen, Belgium. It began as a resting place for German troops but came to include 85 British servicemen and three Canadians.

Another Grove alumnus that became an airman was John Barron. While at Lakefield, he and his pal Percy Nelles were among the school's most skilled cricket players and enthusiastic members of the army cadet corps. Two years after graduation in 1907, Barron and Nelles became the first cadets to join the Canadian Fisheries Protection Service and served in *CGS Canada*. Built in 1904, the cruiser was the first armed, steel-hulled capital ship owned and operated by the Canadian government. Barron was appointed officer cadet with the Canadian Marine Service. In 1910, in reaction to pressure from Britain to contribute to the naval arms race with Germany, Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier created the Canadian Navy. The Fisheries Protection Service became part of the tiny navy and with that change Nelles and Barron became naval officers.

Barron trained in *HMCS Niobe* and the next year in *HMS Dreadnought*. With the outbreak of war, he transferred to the RN as a Midshipman where he served in *HMS King George V*. In 1915, Barron became one of 20 Acting Sub-Lieutenants and the only Canadian officer that was part of the Royal Naval Air Service. He assisted in its organization and served with a number of airship stations. He was soon a Flight Lieutenant. In 1917, he became the Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Group, 6 Naval Wing, at Taranto, Italy. After the war, Barron returned to Canada for a short time with the RCN and then transferred to the RAF in August of 1919. His contributions to Canada and Britain were far from over.

Grove alumnus Theodore Douglas Hallam was also a brave flyer but his service began on the ground at one of the war's most tragic battles. Hallam enlisted in the army and was part of a small Canadian contingent that found itself at Gallipoli. About 1000 British and Australian troops made a landing at a beach in Turkey on April 25, 1915. Turkish troops had the high ground. They murdered troops on the beach, in the boats and in the trenches. Those ordered into No Man's Land fell as wheat before a scythe. A May 3 roll call heard only 290 men answer to their names. Reinforcements arrived only to add to the fallen, as generals could think of nothing better than continuing to push more men up the hill against sheets of raining metal.

Hallam was there. He worked as a Machine Gunner attempting to counter the deadly Turkish barrages. He led a charge against a heavily fortified enemy position and for his courageous action earned the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC). His commendation read, in part, "[Hallam] was wounded three times, decorated three times and mentioned in dispatches five times. His obstinacy in living after that, is something of a reflection on his good taste. He went to war in 1914. He would have gone before that, only the war didn't start until then. He slaughtered the Turks with a machine gun at Gallipoli..."

After recovering from his wounds, Hallam transferred to the British air corps.

He quickly rose through the ranks and was appointed Flight Lieutenant (Temp.) RNAS, in September 1915. He served in RNAS Felixstowe in 1916 and trained as a seaplane pilot in the USA before returning to Europe where he flew Curtiss H12 flying boats on patrols against German U-Boats. He is credited with having sunk two enemy submarines and for his valour and efficiency won the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC).

In 1918, Hallam was appointed commander of the War Flight at Felixstowe. About half of the men he led were Canadians. They undertook constant patrol over the North Sea and attacked submarines and other ships emerging

from Belgian ports. They also attacked German Zeppelins and seaplanes. In recognition of his leadership and contributions, he was awarded a second DFC.

The latest commendation acknowledged not just Hallam's courage but also, with a cute pun, his humour: "[He] joined the Naval Air Service where he rose to the comfortable rank of Major. From the air, he was responsible for the location of eight submarines; he attacked four and sank two. Between scraps he wrote propaganda for the Navy and fiction for *Blackwoods*. According to his own admission, his greatest achievement was the invention of a drink made of "honey, butter and *a lot of rum*." It may have been for that that his DFC was ornamented with two bars."

Civilians in war are sometimes targets but often, as cold as it may sound, they are simply in the way. The small Belgian town of Ypres was in the way in medieval times when the Hapsburgs fought the French and so they fortified their city. In the late 17th century, a large and beautiful gate that resembled a small fortress was constructed to keep invaders out. Because the gate was on the road to the bigger town of Menin, it was called the Menin Gate. The First World War found the people of Ypres in the way again as their city was part of a salient that British, Canadian and other imperial troops fought to first hold and then extend, all the while with German troops massed in front and both sides.

Before it was over, five major battles occurred in the region with Ypres and other towns bombarded by mammoth artillery shells. Three hundred thousand British and British empire soldiers died in the salient's battles. Due to the horrible nature of their deaths, 90,000 could not be identified and so had no known graves. In 1928, the people of Ypres were rebuilding their smashed town and the gate was reconstructed and dedicated to those who had fought so selflessly to protect them. The 90,000 names were carved on the gate's great walls. At eight o'clock every evening, the last post was played in a solemn ceremony marking sorrow and gratitude. Night after night, the city stopped as a lone, mournful trumpet echoed, heads bowed, and humble thanks were offered. Over the years, the ceremony grew more elaborate and often involved the laying of wreaths by visiting families and dignitaries. The nightly ceremony was interrupted only when Hitler's troops took the city but then resumed even as his retreating tanks could still be heard drumming eastward across the plain. There are Lakefield names on the gate.

Fred Anderson is there. He attended the school in the 1870s. He enlisted with the Canadian Infantry's Central Ontario Regiment and was part of the first contingent of men sent to fight as part of Canada's Expeditionary Force. Anderson fought in the Second Battle of Ypres. He witnessed the first time poison gas was employed in battle and when Canadians proved themselves courageous in holding the line against all odds and the new, unspeakable poisonous cloud. The battle took his life.

Deric Broughall left Lakefield in 1911. He was among the first to enlist with the Canadian Infantry's Central Ontario Regiment. Trained to be part of a machine gun crew, he was moved to the Ypres salient with the 3rd Battalion. On May 22, Broughall's Battalion was ordered forward from reserves and his machine gun crew set up along a smashed and sodden trench parapet. Spotted by an enemy artillery crew, shells began raining down on their position. The entire crew was killed in such a ghastly fashion that their remains could not be identified. Deric Broughall's name is on the Menin Gate.

Esmonde Clarke arrived at Lakefield in 1906 and became an active and popular boy who participated in a number of sports including rugby and hockey. Upon graduation he enlisted and was assigned to the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, 2nd Central Ontario Regiment. He served as a Lieutenant. His parents were home in Toronto when they received word that he had been wounded. They were then sickened with worry when told he was a prisoner of war.

Finally, in April 1917, they were informed that their son had been killed the previous June. His body could not be recovered. He was 22 years old when he died. Clarke's name is on the gate.

Another Lakefield old boy honoured with his name on the Menin Gate is Keith Cumberland. He served with the Canadian Infantry, Eastern Ontario Regiment, 2nd Battalion. Cumberland found himself on the front line at the Second Battle of Ypres. Grove staff member Gordon Grahame fondly remembered Cumberland.

Grahame was related to Kenneth Grahame who wrote the beloved children's book *Wind in the Willows* that was published in 1908. He was a talented writer himself who wrote of having enlisted, shipped to England, and then enjoyed an afternoon on leave with Cumberland before they traversed the channel to the front. Grahame wrote,

On a rare sunshiny afternoon, Keith Cumberland and I walked across the Plain to a wooded copse where one could survey the whole immensity of the downs with its encampments and villages outlined in the watery sun of England. Keith had been Head Boy at the Grove School in Lakefield. He was a tall, handsome young man with a first-rate intelligence. Had he lived, he might easily have attained high station and wealth in the land for which he gave his heroic and splendid young life. But we had no thought of tragedy on that remote, lazy day and, as he lay sprawled on the grass, Keith carved his initials on the smooth bark of a beech tree - "K.O.C. 15/11/14". I carved mine underneath his on the same grey trunk. "Biscuits," said Keith, "fifty years from now you and I will come to this wood-lot and carve another date under our names."

But the half-century was up years ago and Keith will be with me only in memory if ever I return to the copse. He died in the early hours of April 23, 1915, in the hopeless charge of No. 1 Company against the German stronghold in front of Oblong Farm near St. Julien, where they were slaughtered almost to a man.

The April 23 to May 4, 1915 St. Julien battle was part of the horrific Second Battle of Ypres. Cumberland was among those who heard the coughs and screams of comrades dying when the chlorine gas took men by the score. He was one of 302 counted as missing and then, on April 26, it was determined that he was gone. He was 19 years old. Among the inscriptions on the Menin gate's stone galleries on which his name was carved is a phrase that he and all Grove boys could have read.

Their old headmaster, the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, after all, had insisted that the boys all learn Latin. It says: "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*" - "To the greater glory of God."

Near the inscription is the name George Renfrew. Renfrew attended Lakefield from 1906-1910. He was making a career for himself in Toronto when he responded to the call of duty. He became a gunner with the Canadian Field Artillery, 13th Battery, 4th Brigade. Renfrew was involved in a number of battles until, in the fall of 1917, he and his fellow Canadians were ordered to Passchendaele. By early November, the 4th Brigade was celebrating the beginning of the end as the slow and awful struggle against the Germans before them and mud enveloping them was finally earning success. On November 6, the Brigade's official diarist recorded, "This morning Passchendaele and the ridge were successfully stormed by the Canadians and so far there has been no attempt at a counter attack... The day was a wet and miserable one but that did not stop our men who were well consolidated by noon."

It was a terrible, glorious day that brought an awful but magnificent victory. However, the Germans quickly reassembled and fighting resumed the next day. It was then that George Renfrew was killed defending the Canadian line atop the Passchendaele ridge. He was 24 years old.

The Grove's Dick Oliver also knew Passchendaele's horrors. He had gone to France as part of the 13th Battery in May 1915 and earned his commission the next August. In July 1917, his battery was ordered to the front. With a slosh of rum in their bellies, the Canadians obeyed the deadly whistle and moved from the relative safety of their rat-infested trenches into 'No Man's Land' that unceasing rain had turned to a thick and sticky ooze. With artillery shells exploding around them and machine gun fire ripping through their comrades, men slogged forward at a deadly slow pace. Some who tripped were drowned in the mud. Lieutenant Oliver sustained a wound but continued to work as an observation officer helping to direct the advance. His courage and skill saved lives. He was mentioned in dispatches and, for his brave and wise leadership, was awarded the Military Cross (MC).

Robert Massie had enlisted with the Royal School of Artillery in Kingston, obtained his commission in May 1915, and was soon on the Western Front. He commanded the 33rd Battalion at the battles of Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Hill 70. After sustaining wounds and being gassed, superiors ordered him home; but he refused to go. He then found himself at Passchendaele. He later wrote that while the mud was horrific, the German's reinforced concrete pillboxes rendered their defensive positions nearly impregnable. Their small size made them hard to hit and the two feet of steel-enforced concrete meant Canadian artillery shells simply bounced off. Day after agonizing day, Canadians were cut to pieces by German machine guns firing from within the small fortresses.

Canadian Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie had predicted 16,000 casualties to take the ridge and by November 10, when success was celebrated, his estimate was proven, sadly, spot on. Massie was severely wounded at Passchendaele and this time was invalided home. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) for distinguished services in the field against the enemy. Massie returned to the Dominion Fire Insurance Company that he had left to enlist and rose to become its president. His two sons, Lorimer and Darrel, later attended Lakefield.

The First World War was a slow motion, avoidable tragedy that finally ground to an end at 11:00 a.m., on November 11, 1918. Canadians fought in the war's last battle, struggling to liberate the French town of Mons, the site of the war's first major battle. Canadian Private George Price was the war's final soldier killed. A sniper felled him at 10:58, only two minutes before the mad murdering stopped.

A Lakefield Old Boy had lost his life only a couple of weeks before. Vincent Crombie was from Belleville. He enlisted in October 1914 when he was 19 years of age. He arrived in France with the Canadian Infantry, Central Ontario Regiment, 19th Battalion, in September 1915. A Lieutenant, he was involved in a number of engagements and was wounded at one of the many Somme advances in September 1916. On October 11, 1918, he sustained a second wound. His actions that day earned him the Military Cross. This time, however, his wounds were such that recovery was impossible. Crombie died on October 26, 1918, only sixteen days before the end of the war. He was the last of the Grove Old Boys to fall.

Chapter Two: Interwar Years

The men were returned from the front to British camps but logistical problems and strikes led to months of delays in shipping them home. Leaves sometimes led to trouble in nearby towns. Many Brits agreed that the problem with Canadians was that they were over fed, over paid and over here. When leaves were reduced or cancelled altogether, and with still no word on a date to return home, there were mutinous riots. The worst was at Kinnel Park, near the town of Bodelwyddan in North Wales, where 15,000 Canadians were encamped in crowded squalor. Two days of rioting on March 4th and 5th, 1919 ended with 25 arrested, 23 wounded and five dead, all shot by guards. The people of Bodelwyddan still speak of hearing the footfalls of ghost soldiers marching through town.

By summer, most men were home. They found the country as changed as their families found them. Most Canadians still considered themselves British first and Canadian second. However, the sacrifices of so many in the Flanders mud, Atlantic waves, Belgian skies and the Ridge at Vimy had instilled a new pride in being Canadian. Women's contributions to the war had earned them the right to vote. Radios and cars were shrinking time and distance. After a brief post-war recession, a booming economy presented new and exciting opportunities. Canadian progress was similar to the new jazz music that people heard through their crackly wireless sets: it was quick, a little haphazard, and involved plenty of nervy improvisation.

Like other allied countries, Canada beat its swords into ploughshares. A great many ships were decommissioned, weapons were melted for scrap, and artillery pieces were stopped up, painted black and placed before public buildings. Cities and towns big and small erected monuments to the fallen with the most grand, appropriately, across Wellington Street from Ottawa's Parliament Buildings.

Through it all, however, the families of veterans struggled with little or no help. Many mourned lost loved ones while others, like the veterans themselves, adjusted to physical and emotional wounds that would never heal. Doctors spoke of shell shock, later called post-traumatic stress disorder, but few really understood it. Too many veterans were dismissed as simply not wanting to talk about the war or just someone who suffered nightmares or drank too much. Most men worked through the anguish to resume interrupted civilian lives. Some veterans, however, remained in uniform for a career dedicated to military service. Old friends Percy Nelles and John Barron were among those who continued to serve. In 1919, Barron was a Flight Lieutenant (RAF) and saw service in Germany with the Inter-Allied Aeronautical Control. He then returned to Canada on special duty with the Air Board. After instructing at the Armament and Gunnery School in 1922, he served at the Royal Aircraft Establishment Farnborough for training. Meanwhile, Percy Nelles was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander RCN in 1922 and served on the staff of Naval Headquarters in Ottawa. In 1923 he returned to sea in *HMS Caledon*. He was later commanding officer Pacific coast.

Change was afoot at Lakefield in an era that celebrated new with an eagerness to cast aside the dark years just past. Then, perhaps as now, many Old Boys considered their time at Lakefield as the school's peak. This fact was reflected in a letter penned in 1926 by George Goulding. He wrote to Mackenzie, "The modern generation at The Grove probably think they're having a wonderful time now, but if they could have been on deck with us in the middle nineties, they would have appreciated more fully what real schoolboy happiness was."

Despite this and similar observations, many of the Old Boys who had fought in the war would still recognize life at The Grove as not much different from what they had known. Boys still gathered to hear their headmaster read from the Bible or whatever book was currently sparking his fancy. The races still ran, canoes were still paddled, skiffs still sailed, and trips to Eels Creek and Stoney and Buckley's Lakes were still undertaken. Huts were still built and

rebuilt. Rugby, cricket and hockey games were still played although all interschool games were cancelled in 1919 because of the flu epidemic that took nearly as many Canadians as the war.

The privies were still outside. The big tub was still filled once a week with shivering boys sliding quickly in and out of the increasingly cold and murky water.

The columns Mackenzie published in the *Grove Chronicle* indicate that he understood Goulding's nostalgia-riddled sentiment as well as the pressures of the era that the school could not avoid and so needed to harness. He worked to ensure that amid seismic social, political, and economic shifts, the school's values and spiritual core remained intact.

Those values were reflected in his chapel services, the rugged outdoor activities and strict discipline. They were also seen in the fact that the army remained a vital part of school life. Drill and rifle practice were taken seriously and the competition overseen by a visiting dignitary each May was intense. Many graduates made their way to universities and led successful lives as engaged citizens. A remarkable number drew inspiration from the cadets and Mackenzie's insistence on duty and dedication to Canada and Empire and attended Royal Military College or Royal Naval College.

Mackenzie took pride in the number of boys who chose a military career. That he had a special place in his heart for the navy was evidenced in columns in which he reported on Old Boys such as Hugh Francis Pullen. Upon graduation from The Grove in 1920, Pullen was accepted into the Royal Naval College of Canada. He would join the RCN and enjoy a long and notable career. Mackenzie referred to Pullen when observing,

The *Chronicle* makes a rule of never concerning itself with politics, whether this may be a culpable disregard of duty we leave to our readers. But, when the Government of Canada closes the Naval College at Esquimalt, it breaks its contract with parents of boys entered at that college under a definite agreement and tells the cadets to – not to “go to Halifax” (that would be alright), but to look elsewhere for training; then this journal cannot remain silent.

In December 1918, with war's conclusion only weeks passed, Mackenzie sought to create a physical embodiment of the links between the school, those who fought, and the values they shared. He would build a chapel. He announced the initiation of a fundraising campaign in the *Grove Chronicle*: “We know of twenty Old Boys who have given their lives for their country, there may be more, the school is proud of her sons and desires to have some lasting memorial of their names and deeds. What more fitting than a chapel, built in their honor, to the glory of God, the God of Freedom and Justice in Whose service they have fallen.” A subscription was begun and donations requested.

Three years later, a clearly frustrated and disappointed Mackenzie wrote again asking for donations. He added that current students had even offered to take up shovels to undertake the excavation work. It was to no avail. A year later, a hint of desperation coloured a column in which Mackenzie wrote to old boys and current parents, “The total cost will be \$4,000. Some of you could give this alone I know, but the school wants the Chapel to be the gift of you all.”

Finally, construction began and the chapel was dedicated on a cold and blustery January 25, 1924. Its cement block exterior, dark interior wainscoted walls, and high-beamed Tudor ceiling spoke of permanence and seriousness of purpose.

Lest anyone forget the men to whom the chapel was dedicated, the opening service began with the singing of the hymn, *The Saints of God, How Sweet Their Rest*. The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie stood and announced that the names of the Grove boys who had fallen, and to whom the chapel was dedicated, were about to be read. He said, “The names

which will be read, of those who are on the honor wall, were men who once, not long ago, were school boys, sat in the same seats, played in teams and took their part in school life as the boys are doing now." Captain Marling, the man who had served in the war and was again not just a master but also led the school's army cadet corps, slowly read the names:

Fred Anderson	Geoffrey Hilliard
Deric Broughall	Ivan Kinlock
William Carey	Allister McGillivray
Esmonde Clarke	William Morris
Vincent Crombie	Chilton Mewburn
Keith Cumberland	Norman Nelles
John Dennistoun	George Renfrew
William Domville	George Strickland
Melbourne Fearman	Hubert Stuart
Philip Graves	John Sydney-Smith
Thomas Graves	Marsden Van Allen

The names were inscribed on the chapel's memorial tablet and unveiled on November 11th that year by Toronto's Canon C. W. Hedley. He had himself served as a Chaplain overseas. Sadly, LCS alumnus Melbourne Fearman was now added to the list. He died on June 24th. He had been undergoing treatment at Toronto's Christie Street Hospital for wounds suffered in battle. His death was a reminder that long after the guns fall silent and warriors return home that war's sacrifice and pain continues.

The most powerful of the chapel's stained glass windows spoke of the men, sacrifice and respect for service. Perhaps the most revered window displayed the school's crest and beneath it an excerpt from the moving poem *For the Fallen* by Robert Laurence Binyon: "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them."

In 1930, the Ladies Guild donated a stunning new window that contained lines from John McCrae's *In Flanders Fields*: "To you from failing hands we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high" Who knows how many boys, perhaps with attention flagging during a service, gazed upon that window, at its inspiring lines and baleful image of a tired soldier lying before Jesus, and wondered if they would someday be asked to take up the torch and serve.

Before that request would be made, however, the Chapel would serve as Mackenzie had intended and afford sanctuary for the community to unite. The occasion could not have been sadder. Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie had died. On a chilly afternoon in March 1938, hundreds gathered in the Chapel created through his vision and efforts. The school's hymn, *Fight the Good Fight*, boomed from the voices of Old Boys, current students, Grove families, and many from the Village who had come to know and respect his generous spirit. People from Stoney Lake were there, demonstrating friendship and gratitude for the instrumental role Mackenzie had played in the building of the Church Upon the Rock.

A Union Jack draped the casket that was placed on a sleigh for the slow procession to the Casement Lane cemetery, just down the road. Over two hundred followed the sleigh, walking with quiet dignity over crunching snow and with many wondering how the school, the school that had become Mackenzie's School, could possibly carry on.

Chapter Three: Second World War

Canadian winters are long, cold and mean. Consequently, summer is welcomed and enjoyed as an old friend home for a brief visit. The summer of 1939 was different. It was longer and warmer than most and, ominously, it was the last summer of peace.

Adolf Hitler's Nazi government had been goose-stepping toward war since he became Chancellor in 1933. Beginning in 1936, he acted with startling regularity, moving every spring and fall to reclaim territory Germany lost in the First World War for what he called the Third Reich. Prime Minister Mackenzie King applauded Britain's Prime Minister Chamberlain for having negotiated with Hitler in the fall of 1938 for what was hoped would be a permanent "land for peace" swap. It was not to be.

On September 1, 1939, Hitler's Blitzkrieg swept over the Polish border and Britain declared war. Ten days later, Canada's parliament followed suit and a generation of men and women began to mobilize as their parents and grandparents had; preparing for a conflict that would be longer and cost more lives and treasure than any could imagine.

The boys had returned to The Grove that month with the enthusiasm and vigour of unconcerned youth. Soon, however, chapel services in the spiritual sanctuary dedicated to the memory of those lost in the last war echoed with prayers for those off to fight the new one. Students and masters alike were quickly engulfed by the patriotic fervor of total war that Canadians had not wanted but would help to win.

The school had been through a great deal. The Great Depression proved that misery did not really like company after all. The suffering was widespread and it touched Lakefield. Enrolment wavered and the tight financial situation was made worse when the bursar ran off with a substantial amount of school funds. A daunting fiscal deficit grew and austere buildings that were already Spartan could not be properly maintained. Generous board members kept the school afloat.

Mackenzie's death ripped a hole in the community but due to the habits he had established and the values he had inculcated it was not torn asunder. A governing body assumed leadership of the school under the guidance of Board Chair Frank Pullen. Pullen served as board chair for ten years, a record that will no doubt stand forever. A process that was not without controversy and that cost the loss of two respected masters, led to the appointment of Ken Mackenzie to succeed his father. Mackenzie took the school's helm just as the world was falling again into war. He would only enjoy two years as headmaster before joining the navy where he served with distinction in *HMS Renown* and *HMS Hood*.

Among the decisions that Ken Mackenzie made during his brief tenure that had a significant impact on the school was to support the reinvention of the old army cadet program to create the new Lakefield sea cadet corps. In the fall of 1939, with Canadians about to again traverse the Atlantic to fight another European war, and with Canada having already accepted the challenge of keeping the sea-lanes open, 72 Lakefield boys began drilling a half hour each day.

With the old army cadets having been unable to maintain proper equipment, the boys marched with little more than the keen interest of those already having internalized a dedication to King and country and with the discipline instilled by stern but caring masters. By November, the renamed but still active and influential Mothers Guild provided six bugles and two drums. Kingston's RMC donated rifles.

On December 30, Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps (RCSCC) St. George was officially recognized. While many

schools boasted of cadets, Lakefield became the first and would remain the only school with a sea cadet corps.

When spring stole snow from the fields, the boys renewed their drill practice but this time bedecked in crisp new blue uniforms. Black shoes were buffed, white shirts cleaned and black ties straightened. The boys were divided into four platoons and a band. They trained every day. In keeping with the maintenance of the old army cadet tradition of annual May inspections, Commander W. G. Sheddon of *HMCS York* honoured the school with a visit

Sheddon noted the new uniforms and then carefully observed the drills. He repaired to the waterfront to observe the boys' proficiency with small watercraft and then back to the field to watch the small bore rifle competition. He expressed himself well pleased with it all and donated a prize – the Sheddon Shield – to the winning platoon.

The next year saw the acquisition of two cutters from the RCN and then, in 1942, Mr. Ryder donated two more. The boys found them tough to handle and so they were dubbed the *Brutal Beasts*. The gift meant that spring began with a fleet of twelve. On May 27, Commander A. C. Turner, the new officer commanding *HMCS York*, came to inspect. He was especially impressed with Section 5. It was comprised of boys six to eight years-old who snapped to attention with the wooden rifles they had made themselves. He then took the salute from the senior boys who marched smartly by in their newly pressed uniforms.

Congratulations were offered to Sub-Lieutenant Thomas Hoan, Lakefield's first Chinese-Canadian cadet. The day was captured in photographs and a story in the *Toronto Star* that noted Lakefield's distinction as the only Canadian Preparatory School recognized by the RCN as an Elementary Naval Training School. It noted as well that the school boasted Percy Nelles among its graduates. By that time, he had become Rear-Admiral Nelles, Canada's commander-in-chief. The newspaper missed, but the 1938 *Chronicle* had not, that Lakefield's sea cadet corps was the Rear-Admiral's idea.

Nelles was continuing to construct a truly remarkable career. He was born to a military family. His father was Brigadier General Charles M. Nelles, C.M.G., V.D. Like Percy, his younger brother Norman attended Lakefield. At age 21, while serving in the First World War, Norman became Lakefield's first battlefield death. As noted earlier, Percy and his mate John Barron were the first two cadets to join the Fisheries Protection Service where they served in *CGS Canada* – the flagship of the service. With the creation of the Canadian Navy in 1910, Nelles became a Midshipman in *HMCS Niobe*. He continued his training in *HMS Dreadnought*. His talents and leadership abilities were rewarded with a promotion to Sub-Lieutenant, service in *HMS Suffolk*, and then, in 1916, Lieutenant in *HMS Antrim*. He served in Nova Scotia Head Quarters as Flag Lieutenant to Director of the Naval Service in 1917.

Peacetime saw the navy shrink but his career flourish. Throughout the 1930s, Nelles served in a number of ships including *HMS Dragon*, *HMCS Saguenay*, and, as Commander-in-Charge, in *HMCS Stadacona*. He also served at the Imperial Defence College. Nelles became the Acting Chief of the Naval Staff in January 1934 – the first Canadian-born and trained to do so – and was promoted to Commodore First Class that July. In 1938, the year he suggested the creation of Lakefield's sea cadet corps, he was Rear-Admiral Nelles.

With Nelles' support, new ordinary seaman's uniforms were acquired for drill practice. Dress uniforms were carefully packed away for inspection day. Nelles made a number of suggestions that were incorporated into lessons that took place indoors during the winter months, or, as the boys called it, "below decks." The boys also enjoyed five consecutive years at the Sea Cadet Camp on Beausoleil Island, Georgian Bay. The boys knew that Nelles had also played a major role in establishing the camp. He was there to open it and see it designated *HMCS Queen Elizabeth*. That June, 52 Grove boys enjoyed ten days at the camp learning seamanship, navigation, first aid, naval history and the always-tricky hammock sleeping.

So respected was Nelles that someone carved his name into the school's library's wooden windowsill and for years boys reverently read and rubbed fingers across the name, admiring all that it represented. On May 29, 1943, the Rear-Admiral's flag fluttered in the warm breeze as he attended Lakefield to formally present new colours to RCSCC St George. Following the general salute and inspection of the ranks, the old colours were marched off, the new colours dedicated and then placed over a carefully arranged stack of naval drums.

Upon Ken Mackenzie's departure for the navy, Gordon Winder Smith was appointed headmaster. He had attended RMC where he won the much-revered silver trumpet that, although tarnished, always had a proud home on his desk. Smith deeply respected Lakefield's sea cadet corps and RCN ties. So it was that S. C. Lieutenant G. Winder Smith, officer commanding, stood at attention as Acting S.C. Sub-Lieutenant John Agnew (who would later go on to a storied Naval career) led the smartly stepping cadets onto the field.

The boys marched and then demonstrated semaphore, resuscitation and first aid, bends and hitches, Morse code by lamp and buzzer, and field craft. Tom Ryder, the first grandson of the late Dr. Mackenzie, was afforded the honour of presenting a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Nelles. Among those involved in the ceremonies and activities of the day were Andrew Harris and Instructor Phillip Carr-Harris.

Of special note was Chief Petty Officer George Lee, Lakefield's first and longest serving naval cadet training instructor. His service with the RN began before the First World War. One of his missions involved fighting the slave trade in the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. He and crew members would sometimes make landfall and, with rifles in hand, chase Arab slave traders.

With the outbreak of war, Lee served in a number of ships. In 1915, he was stationed near Suffolk in the fishing smack *HM Pet*. It was one of four vessels charged with hunting German submarines that had been surfacing near unarmed fishing vessels, ordering crews into dinghies, and then sinking the boats. While on patrol on August 17, a submarine suddenly appeared near the *Pet*. Lee claimed to be unable to understand the shouted German orders which led to the sub coming close enough for him to throw a hand grenade down its conning tower. The explosion took the sub to the ocean floor.

On November 19, Lee was presented with the Distinguished Service Medal (DSM) for his bravery and cunning. Upon becoming RCSCC St. George's instructor in 1941, Lee donated to the school the *Pet's* white ensign that had flown on the day of the submarine sinking.

Lee was responsible for leading the day-to-day transformation of the cadets from army to navy and for professionalizing its training. He was given a bonus of one dollar per cadet. Most boys held Lee in special esteem and all called him Chief. A sure sign of spring was to see the Chief paddling his canoe from his home in the village, just up the lake to the school, and sometimes even through chunks of stubborn spring ice.

Lee established the practice of the bugle waking boys each morning with the order to "hit the deck." Those missing first inspection served an extra half hour of work detail that afternoon. Lee replaced the remaining wooden guns with real rifles and added to the school's fleet of dinghies and sailing craft. With Nelles' support, he brought modern navigation equipment to the school and improved map interpretation lessons. Generations of Grove boys fondly recall learning "knots and splices" and other valuable life lessons under a portion of the Rashleigh home. Bill Rashleigh was blind in one eye due to a tennis accident suffered while a student at Oxford but still managed to serve in Canadian army until his injury was discovered. A highly respected master, Rashleigh was as dedicated to the corps as anyone and offered untiring support to Lee. At one of the early annual inspections, Lee was proud to march those that he always called "his boys" past Commander Charles Turner, RCNVR, under whom he had served in the

First World War.

Vice-Admiral Nelles was impressed by what had started so small but had quickly become an important element in the Lakefield experience. Nelles said,

At any time, the training of youth is a task of the greatest importance, for the country is depending on the young men to become its future leaders. To become efficient in this respect, it is a prime necessity that one should be able not only to command but also to obey. The very best way to achieve this, and a very democratic way too, is through the School Cadet Corps. The training which it gives each individual will stand him in good stead not only during this period of universal stress and great unrest but all the days of his life.

While the drilling and skill building went on at Lakefield, however, none could forget what was happening in Europe. After a period of relative calm dubbed the Phony War, came the frantic violence of 1940s spring. It rendered the war very real indeed. The Low Countries had fallen. France had fallen. Britain could be next. With the United States still officially neutral, Canada became an essential element in the struggle for survival that new British Prime Minister Winston Churchill insisted would be fought with ferocity, through any means necessary, and with nary a thought of negotiation, let alone surrender.

Far too often, as would happen throughout the war, Lakefield chapel services noted newspaper accounts of Grove boys serving overseas or on the roiling North Atlantic lifeline to Britain. The lack of detail often left boys chilled with questions regarding the fates of young men who not long before had sat in the same chapel pews.

The boys prayed for Lieutenant C. E. "Chuck" Bonnell when he was reported missing. Bonnell had graduated from Lakefield in 1925. He had joined the RCN as a Probationary Sub-Lieutenant RCNVR. He was mobilized for service in October 1940 and trained in the frigate *HMCS Stone* before being promoted to Lieutenant (temp.) RCNVR. Bonnell won the highly regarded DSC when a torpedo boat he was commanding sank a German supply ship in the English Channel. Newspaper accounts called it, "one of the finest feats of the war at sea." He later survived the sinking of *HMS Patroclus* and then the sinking of the destroyer *HMCS Fraser* while evacuating troops from Dunkirk. Soon thereafter, Bonnell undertook something that no one had ever done before. He began training as a Special Services 'Charioteer'.

The Royal Navy chose Bonnell and fellow Canadian, Lieutenant Alan Moreton, for a top-secret operation. They were to become human torpedoes. The two were trained to straddle a 600-pound, 20 foot-long warhead that, with them suited up and strapped on, plunged beneath the waves. Propelled by a large electric battery, the *Chariot* could clip along at three knots, travel for about four hours, and cover 12 to 18 nautical miles. While avoiding detection, they were to find and then attach the *Chariot* to an enemy ship using strong magnets. They were to set the timer to explode the weapon and then, clad in specially designed scuba gear, quickly swim to the mother ship to be plucked from the sea.

They nearly died in training as the *Chariot* often malfunctioned. The scuba suits were dreadfully uncomfortable, unreliable, left welts, and caused excruciating swelling of their noses and feet. But the men persevered. Their first raid was a successful attack on the German battleship *Tirpitz*.

In November 1942, Bonnell and Moreton were part of the 10th Submarine Flotilla en route from Malta to Sardinia to attack two Italian cruisers with new *Chariots*. In early January, the boys back at Lakefield received word of Bonnell's ship having gone missing. They were saddened when it was confirmed that Bonnell's *HM Submarine P-31* had hit a mine in the Strait of Bonafacio. All hands were lost.

There were a great many other Grove Old Boys who served with daring and distinction in the RCN and many who travelled to Britain to serve with the Royal Navy. It was a blessing, however, that Bonnell was one of only two Lakefield alums who lost their lives in the Second World War while serving in the Canadian or British Navies. The other was Christopher Peck.

Peck enjoyed seven happy and productive years at The Grove. His parents, Thomas and Nellie, of Montreal, donated a fine collection of books that became the core of the school's library. Peck left The Grove in 1937 and enlisted in the RCN the next year. He was soon a Probationary Sub-Lieutenant (Temp.) RCNVR and assigned to duties in the Corvette *HMCS Windflower*. The ship was part of the convoy system that escorted supply ships containing soldiers, food, fuel and war material from Halifax to Britain through the always dangerous but now submarine-infested North Atlantic. *Windflower* and her crew began their work in October 1940.

On December 7, 1941, *Windflower* was slowly making its way through soupy dense fog off Newfoundland's Grand Banks on her second round trip to Iceland.

Without warning, the crew was rocked. A deafening crash signaled that she had been rammed. The Dutch freighter *Zypenberg* had lost her way and hit the Canadian Corvette. With groans, explosions and scraping steel, *Windflower* slipped beneath waves. Twenty-three men were lost, including Christopher Peck.

Peck has no grave. Instead, at Halifax Memorial Cemetery, his name is inscribed on the large granite Cross of Sacrifice. The monument is 40 feet high, tall enough to be visible to ships approaching the Halifax harbour. The podium upon which the cross rests contains 23 bronze panels that bear the names of over 3,000 Canadian service men and women claimed by the sea.

When informed of Christopher's death, Mr. and Mrs. Peck cried for the second time. Christopher's older brother Harry had also spent seven years at The Grove, entering in 1922. A gifted athlete, Harry excelled on the track and the football and rugby fields while also winning the intermediate novice boxing cup. He was elected the hockey team's captain.

While his brother Christopher yearned for the sea, Harry had always wanted to fly. Upon graduation he attended RMC and then earned a commission in the RCAF.

In 1935 he was one of two officers selected for permanent commissions with Britain's RAF. In December 1937, with Hitler already murdering German Jews and carving out pieces of Europe, Britain prepared for a war that its government still hoped to avoid. As a member of RAF 25 Squadron, Flight Lieutenant Peck was training in a Hawker Fury Mk. II. On the afternoon of December 17, he was practising formation flying over Stansted Park when his aircraft and another collided and crashed. Peck was killed. A funeral for a favorite son of The Grove was held, with full service honours, at Tangmere Parish Church.

Peck's death reminded all that training was dangerous. Yet another reminder came when news of old boy David Budden reached Lakefield. Budden was a quiet boy who played goalie on Lakefield's first hockey team and was an enthusiastic member of the first football team. After having enjoyed six years at the school, he graduated in 1936, attended university and, in 1940, was beginning a career in business. In September 1940, he was moved by the urge to serve and joined the RCAF. In September 1941, Sergeant Budden was with 20 Operational Training Unit in Scotland when his Wellington bomber crashed. He is buried in the Lossiemouth Burial Ground in Drainies, Morayshire.

A similar fate awaited Stuart Dunn. His father attended the school from 1893 to 1899, as did his brother Tim who

was a student in 1929 to 1935. Both brothers went on to military service. Young Stuart had enthusiastically embraced the opportunities offered by The Grove. He acted in the school play, was quarterback on the third football team, and his hockey coach declared him the best goalie Lakefield had ever known. After graduation, he studied commerce at McGill and then enlisted to fly.

RCAF Sergeant Dunn was stationed at 20 Operational Training Unit at Lossiemouth, Scotland – the same facility that would welcome David Budden. On July 30, 1941 he was training as the Wireless Operator-Air Gunner aboard a Wellington aircraft engaged in a nighttime cross-country flight. Near Helmsdale, Scotland, a navigation error led to a crash. Dunn was buried in the Wick Cemetery in Caithness.

When Dunn was at The Grove calling plays as quarterback, his football team's captain was Stuart Gunn. Gunn attended university after graduation and was enjoying the start of what promised to be a fulfilling accounting career when war came. He enlisted with the RCAF in March 1941. By that point Canada had become the training center for all Commonwealth pilots. The bases were spread throughout the country. Gunn earned his pilot's wings at Dunnville, Ontario's No. 6 Service Flying Training School.

In January 1942, Gunn was stationed overseas. He flew in South Africa before returning to England. Gunn was killed when his Oxford aircraft of 14 Advanced Flying Unit plunged to the ground near Northorpe, England. He was buried nearby at the Thurlby St. Germain Churchyard in Lincolnshire. Wars offer waves of celebratory happiness but bottomless pools of heartbreaking grief. Grief was intensified when, as was far too often the case, parents like Mr. and Mrs. Gunn of London, Ontario, lost a son but could not attend a funeral to whisper a proper goodbye. Because of the treacherous North Atlantic, graves could not be attended.

Also unable to properly mourn the death of a son were the parents of Alan Lewis Sanagan. He attended Lakefield for two years, leaving in 1927. Answering his country's call and the urgings of the values inculcated at The Grove, Sanagan enlisted with the RCAF. He trained at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, won his wings and earned his commission at Saskatoon, and then completed an instructor's course at Trenton. For two years he trained new pilots at Hagersville, Ontario where he logged more than 2,000 flying hours.

Posted overseas, Sanagan was attached to the 418th Mosquito Squadron. The Mosquito was a two-man aircraft that, because it was constructed primarily of wood, was dubbed the *Wooden Wonder* by crews that liked its speed and maneuverability. The plane was among the world's fastest. While it served a number of functions, in February 1944 Sanagan's 418th was flying high altitude night bombing missions over occupied Europe. No matter how many successful missions a crew completes, they never forget that the next one could be their last.

On February 11, 1944, Sanagan's Mosquito aircraft took off from RAF Ford, Sussex. He and his compatriots headed over the dark English Channel on another night raid; taking the fight to the enemy. Sanagan's plane was taken down. He did not survive. Back home, at a school that was far from the action but had never been far from his mind, *The Chronicle* announced his death with the gentle thought: "With his parents and his brother, Bill, the school sympathizes deeply."

Meanwhile, the Royal Canadian Navy's primary job remained the crucial task of keeping the North Atlantic sea-lanes open. For his leadership role in that strategic mission, Grove Old Boy Hugh Francis Pullen was awarded mention in dispatches in the "King's New Year's Honours List for Meritorious Service at Sea in His Majesty's Canadian Ships." The special 1944 commendation read: "As senior officer of a convoy group in the North Atlantic, Commander Pullen has rendered valuable service. At all times he has displayed zeal and high devotion to duty."

Pullen had joined the RCN in 1924 and shortly after arriving in England he became the first Canadian to win the King's Dirk as the best all-round Midshipman. He became a Sub-Lieutenant and served in *HMCS Champlain* and *HMCS Skeena*. Pullen was honoured by being chosen to command the Royal Guard for King Edward VIII at the unveiling of the Vimy Ridge Memorial in France and later he commanded the escort when the King presented colours to the navy. He also served as a flotilla gunnery officer in *HMS Hardy* during the Spanish Civil War.

He began the Second World War as *HMCS Ottawa*'s Captain. Pullen later commanded *HMCS St. Laurent*, was Senior Officer Convoy Escort Groups 1943, Executive Officer in *HMCS Uganda*. He later recalled the many challenges faced by Canadian seamen fighting the Battle of the Atlantic, reporting that the inhospitable and always dangerous sea needed to be mastered with ships that were often older than their crews and too small for the job. For example, Pullen served in *HMCS St Francis*. She was more than 25 years old and her narrow beam and hull were designed primarily for service in the Pacific and Caribbean. She was hell in a North Atlantic winter. Further, her minimum speed rendered her faster than the slowest convoy. Crews had to execute patrols by starting at one end of the convoy, steam through it, turn around, and then steam back through again on a reciprocal course, only to start again. This maneuver required executing a dangerous arc of 180 degrees once every hour. Every turn risked straddling a wave and snapping the ship in two while fighting ice, avoiding collisions and watching for German subs determined to bring death to all.

Ships and crews were not safe even after passing the convoy on to the Royal Navy and returning to Halifax or St. John's. Pullen later spoke of St. John's harbour entrance offering a narrow 300-foot wide opening through a wall of 400-foot-tall eastward-facing cliffs. Each ship needed to first find the opening, often in the dark and with mountainous waves crashing against the cliffs, and then maintain a steady course with no margin for error. It was always tricky and in stormy weather it was a nautical nightmare. As if that was not enough, in March 1942, a German U-Boat snuck close enough to fire torpedoes at St John's. They were caught by one of three steel nets secured across the harbour's entrance that extended fifty feet into the water. The attack meant that the nets were reinforced and remained until the end of the war. They protected the harbour but also forced incoming ships to detect them only finding and orienting by small, bobbing, unlit buoys and then making two sharp turns past them to make their way through the narrow passage. It was only the fortitude and skill of people such as Pullen, who often found himself on the bridge, exhausted from yet another treacherous mission, and without the help of radar or communications with other ships or shore, that successfully led the difficult manoeuvre.

In 1945, Pullen was appointed director naval reserves at NSHQ. He ended his career as a Rear Admiral and Maritime Commander Atlantic. He later wrote several well-respected books including *Atlantic Schooners* and *Searoad to Halifax*. At the ceremony commemorating his death in 1983, Stadacona's band played a specially composed number called the *Commodore Pullen March*.

Adding to the contributions to the war effort, and part of generations of Pullen men to serve in the navy, four of which with the Royal Navy, was Hugh's brother Tom. After graduating from The Grove in 1935, Tom's remarkable career began with an appointment the next year as a Naval Cadet RCN. Over the next three years, he trained with the Royal Navy with service in five different ships that included seeing action in the Spanish Civil War. With fascists fighting communists and Canada and its allies being dragged into the fight, Pullen and the ships of the 1st Cruiser Squadron enforced the blockade and rescued civilians. In October 1939, Pullen was appointed to *HMCS Assiniboine* and then, in February 1942, he became First Lieutenant of *HMCS Ottawa*.

Having already escorted six convoys through the U-Boat infested North Atlantic, *Ottawa* was nearly home when, on September 13, a torpedo cleaved off the bow and 'A' gun. Off watch at the moment of impact, Pullen rushed to the

bridge and was ordered below to assess the damage. While doing so, a second torpedo struck *Ottawa's* boiler room and she started to break up. The order to abandon ship was given. The crew that could escape took to the sea in their life vests and tried to clasp on to one of the few remaining Carley floats in the water. Lt. Pullen returned to the bridge. With all that could be done completed, Pullen, Captain Rutherford and three others hurried down the side of the bilge, knelt and leapt into the dark and freezing ocean. He never saw Rutherford again.

Just before dawn, they were picked up by *HMS Celandine*, and taken to St John's. *Ottawa* lost 137 men and the tanker *Empire Oil* lost 17. As with other events such as this, the military kept news of *Ottawa's* sinking under wraps until an inquiry could be completed. Consequently, Pullen's parents, back in Oakville, were unaware that their son had not only survived a tragedy but had also scrounged clothing and was making his way home. Typical for Tom's sense of humour, rather than write or call ahead, he surreptitiously made his way to Oakville, snuck in the back door, discovered to his delight that his girlfriend was happening to be visiting his parents at the time, and had the maid casually announce to the startled young woman that he was back. One could only imagine the surprise, smiles, and tears in the Pullen household that afternoon.

Pullen and his long-time sweetheart had already planned on being married upon his return from the *Ottawa* mission. In a borrowed uniform, the wedding went ahead. Tom and Betty then devoted their honeymoon to bringing what comfort they could to some of the families of those lost in the sinking. Pullen wrote *Hints to First Lieutenants* based on his *Ottawa* experience regarding what worked and what didn't and how to be better prepared for a similar event.

The Christmas 1942 *Chronicle* contained a special dedication:

It has been our custom, from time to time, to dedicate certain issues of the school magazine to those whom we delight to honour. And so this Christmastide we are respectfully and affectionately dedicating the current Edition of the *Chronicle* to two of the kindest and most faithful friends the school has ever known Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pullen, of Oakville. Their three sons Hugh, Ernest and Tom, now on Active Service, are all former members of the school. Mr. Pullen the present Chairman of the Board of Directors stood by the school during those anxious days of reconstruction following the sudden death of its former Headmaster Dr. Mackenzie and ever since then has unstintingly given us the benefit of his faithful advice and wide experience.

Tom Pullen returned to the sea in November 1943 as First Lieutenant in *HMCS Chaudière*. In August of 1944, Lieutenant Commander Pullen was awarded command of his first ship, *HMCS Saskatchewan*. During the Second World War, Tom Pullen spent more than 60% of his service at sea, losing too many good friends, but stirring enormous pride among boys back at The Grove who followed his career, contributions, and stirring example.

Lakefield's naval links were afforded additional recognition when, in June 1942, a Fairmile docked at the school. Fairmiles had a displacement of 85 tons and were 112 feet long. They were built for coastal operations and would serve as escorts and submarine chasers. Eighty Fairmiles were built at thirteen Canadian yards and so it came to be that a small fleet was making its way down the Trent Canal system from Orillia to Lake Ontario. Crowds gathered at each of the locks, including those in Lakefield, to marvel at the warships passing by. Headmaster Smith toured Fairmile 085 - none were given proper names - at the school's waterfront. He was impressed and considered the value the ship would add to the school's sea cadet corps. He knew the Fairmiles were being sold and so wrote to

Captain Cecil Davy of the Department of National Defence in Ottawa and asked to adopt Fairmile 085 for the school.

Nothing came of the request and the ship eventually ended up doing service with the Americans. After the war, the United Boat Service Corporation of New York purchased it. The school missed an opportunity to have its own warship plying the waves of Lake Katchewanooka. No one at the school knew, in fact, no one knew, that at the very moment the Fairmile was raising smiles and hopes at Lakefield, a disaster was about to occur.

By the summer of 1942, Canadians had been involved in a number of air and naval campaigns and the doomed and disastrous last stand at Hong Kong. Most soldiers, however, remained stationed and training in England. Meanwhile, German forces were continuing to fortify positions along the European coast assuming that, sooner or later, the allies would attempt an amphibious landing. Under the direction of British Lord Mountbatten, the Canadians would be the first to test that assumption.

The August 19, 1942 raid was supposed to land Canadians on the rocky beach of the French coastal town of Dieppe. They were to test German defences, practise an amphibious landing under real conditions, and relieve pressure on the eastern front. The Canadians were to land, scour the town for information and then leave. It was supposed to be a surprise but was not. It was supposed to land the Canadians in darkness but did not. It was supposed to be supported by adequate air cover but was not. It was a blood bath. Sixty-eight percent of the 4,963 Canadian troops were casualties and 907 died. It was Canada's biggest single day loss of the war.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Labatt was at Dieppe. He had been influenced by his father who had fought as a member of the Territorial Army in the 1885 Northwest Rebellion and then in the First World War. In 1923, Labatt joined the Royal Hamilton Regiment after graduating from RMC. In the spring of 1937, Captain Labatt was Second in Command of The King's Guard at Buckingham Palace and St. James Palace and awarded the Coronation Medal. In 1940, Lieutenant-Colonel Labatt led the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry to England where it guarded the southern coast against a possible German invasion.

Through the dark and fateful August 1942 night, Labatt was in the Canadian flotilla moving slowly across the English Channel to Dieppe. At 5:40 in the morning, his regiment made landfall on the rocky shore alongside the Essex Scottish and 28 tanks from the Calgary Tank Regiment. The tanks were useless as the beach's deep and round rocks stymied their movement. Only one managed to breach the seawall. Men were trapped with no cover. A withering assault came from Nazi forces before them and enfilade fire rained down from cliffs flanking the rocky beach. Machine gun bullets and mortars tore into the men. Labatt's regiment experienced heavy fighting but managed to capture the Casino and get into the town before having to withdraw to the beach. It was later written,

For several hours [Labatt] was in constant first-hand touch with the situation and his direction of the companies was responsible for considerable success in forwarding the advance and in the destruction of enemy positions. In addition to these duties he was entrusted with control of the Brigade in a wireless message received from the commander who had become a casualty. Lieutenant-Colonel Labatt stayed in the thick of things under heavy fire all through the engagement. He was in the rear-guard of the withdrawal and was last seen standing over his adjutant, evidently badly wounded, prepared to defend him.

With the air thick with metal and men dead, dying and falling around him, Labatt directed soldiers boarding landing craft. When he finally made his way toward the last boat it was hit and sunk. Labatt was captured and remained a POW at Oflag 7B in Eichstatt, Bavaria until the war's end. For his leadership, courage and initiative he

was awarded the DSO.

Labatt's son Robin was a Lakefield student from 1947 to 1952. One day, Robin and his Lakefield friends were happy to learn at morning chapel of a surprise half-day off classes. That afternoon they sat enraptured as Lieutenant-Colonel Labatt told the tale of Dieppe's planning, the raid's horrors and consequences, and his experiences in captivity. His stories made his son proud and all the boys painfully aware of war's inspirational glory and wretched tragedy.

In 1943, the RCN's role in the war changed. In coordination with the RN, it was decided to broaden its mission from primarily convoy escorting and submarine hunting. To carry out its expanded and more dangerous roles, its fleet was augmented and the growth included Tribal-class destroyers. Among them was *HMCS Haida* and her sister ship *HMCS Athabaskan*. The twelve new destroyers brought the RCN's fleet to 306 warships.

Harry DeWolf, who would serve the school as faithfully as his country, commanded *Haida*. He had been accepted at the Royal Naval College of Canada when only 15 years of age. DeWolf graduated in 1921 and shortly afterwards began what would be a remarkable naval career. In July 1940, as commanding officer in *HMCS St. Laurent*, he led the rescue of 859 German and Italian prisoners of war. They had been aboard *SS Arandora Star* on their way to internment in Canada when a German submarine had torpedoed the ship.

DeWolf's *St. Laurent* crew loved the distinction of serving under the only Destroyer Commander to ride a torpedo around his ship's upper deck. It happened when a sailor was painting the torpedo and mistakenly lifted the mechanism that caused it to fire. It charged wildly and dangerously forward, smashed into the deckhouse, and threatened both ship and crew. Petty Officer Ridge and DeWolf leapt on the torpedo and rode it like a rodeo's bucking bronco. They muscled it to the rail and somehow managed to hold it steady while the propeller continued to rage. With the air cock released, the still live torpedo was secured to the guardrail until *St. Laurent* made it to Rosyth. It was left in the hands of the not-too-pleased port authorities.

The torpedo incident is indicative of DeWolf's quick thinking and courageous manner. His deft and aggressive ship handling earned him the nickname "Hard Over Harry." His seamanship, élan and sincere concern for his men rendered him one of Canada's most popular commanding officers.

DeWolf was placed in command of the Tribal class destroyer *HMCS Haida* and her 275 man crew in August 1943. In April 1944, in preparation for D-Day's Normandy landings that were originally planned for late May, *Haida* began conducting a sweep of the Brittany coast with three other destroyers and a cruiser.

One dark night, they encountered enemy destroyers. *Haida* and *HMCS Athabaskan* pursued and sank a German destroyer. But suddenly, a torpedo tore into the *Athabaskan*. Ten minutes later there was a second thundering explosion. She quickly vanished beneath the waves.

DeWolf pursued the enemy. After leaving a German destroyer on the rocks, he returned to help his countrymen. With flames in the water amid wounded men in lifeboats or desperately holding anything that would float, *Haida* methodically pulled survivors aboard. She launched more lifeboats, Carley floats and a cutter to help with the rescue. Despite having to limit rescue efforts due to oncoming daylight, *Haida* and her brave cutter crew managed to save 48 men from capture or death. The cutter made its way all the way back to England with six rescued *Athabaskan* crew and the three *Haida* crewmen aboard.

Among those of *Haida*'s crew that fateful day was Lieutenant Phil Frewer. Frewer had graduated from The Grove in

1940 and joined the RCNVR the day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. His first sea appointment, as Assistant to the Navigation Officer in *HMCS Prince Robert*, saw him on convoy escort duty from Kodiak to Dutch Harbour, Alaska. When the ship was called in for dry-dock and a refit, he was appointed Sub Lieutenant RCNVR and sent to Britain for courses in anti-submarine warfare, navigation, gunnery and starshell control for night fighting. He was attached to the Home Fleet for convoy escort duty to Murmansk, Russia. Enemy aircraft based in Norway and enemy ships that hid in the many fjords constantly strafed the Canadian ships. On Christmas Day 1943, Frewer's ship received reports that the German Pocket Battleship *Scharnhorst* was preparing to attack. With pinpoint positioning and expert marksmanship, *HMS Duke of York* and three cruisers intercepted and sank *Scharnhorst*.

It was with this education, training and battle experience that Frewer joined *Haida's* crew and on that terrible day in April was called upon to take a lead role in the *Athabaskan* rescue operation. He later recalled, "We were able to pick up about 48 men from Carley floats, and bobbing around in their life jackets, covered in filthy sticky oil. Sadly we could not stay any longer, as morning twilight was upon us, and we were an easy target for the enemy shore batteries only a couple miles away—and we were drifting into a mine-field." German Torpedo Boat T24, responsible for having sunk *Athabaskan*, returned at dawn and picked up 47 survivors while two German minesweepers rescued another 39. T24 Captain, Kapitänleutnant Wilhelm Meentzen, saluted the survivors' courage as they disembarked to become prisoners of war.

For his part in the fight and rescue, Frewer was mentioned in dispatches: "For courage, resolution and devotion to duty in *HMCS Haida* in action with enemy destroyers and in rescuing survivors from *HMCS Athabaskan*." Frewer's son Pat would hold dear the memory of his father's bravery when he attended Lakefield in the 1970s.

Among *Athabaskan's* 128 officers and men lost that tragic night was Lieutenant Leslie Ward. He had joined RCNVR in 1943 as an Information Officer and was stationed overseas on convoy duty a year later. Ward had joined *Athabaskan's* crew just five minutes before she left port. His family mourned his death, including his son Peter who became a Grove student just five months later,

After the *Athabaskan* attack, DeWolf and *Haida* continued their contributions to victory. *Haida* became Canada's most feared and effective ship. By the war's end it had sunk a minesweeper, a submarine, two German destroyers, and 14 other enemy ships. Every sinking was recorded with a notch cut in the ship's bridge rail. Later promoted to Vice-Admiral, DeWolf would become Canada's most decorated Second World War naval officer. His honours included Commander of the Order of the British Empire (OBE), Distinguished Service Order (DSO), Distinguished Service Cross (DSC), America's Legion of Merit, and France's Legion d'honneur.

In January 1942, the normal frivolity of seeing old friends after the Christmas break ended when Headmaster G. Winder Smith announced in chapel that James Skidmore was missing. He had attended The Grove from 1932 to 1936 and then graduated Queen's University in 1939. At duty's call, Skidmore enlisted in the RCAF.

On December 29, 1941, as part of the RCAF's 10 Squadron, Flying Officer Pilot Skidmore's Digby aircraft and its six-man crew left for another mission to seek and destroy German submarines. They did not return. Their plane had crashed into the cold Atlantic. After an agonizing wait, Skidmore's parents in New Brunswick and the boys at The Grove learned that the entire crew had been lost. Skidmore's name and those of his crew were later inscribed in bronze at the memorial in Ottawa dedicated to 30 RCAF members who lost their lives in 1941 and for whom there are no graves.

Just a few months later, the chapel fell silent again when the boys were told that Grove Old Boy Flight-Sergeant Robert Guy Clarkson was reported missing. At age 25, he was already a veteran of more than a dozen bombing raids over Germany and occupied France. He had attended Lakefield in the early 1930s and enlisted in August 1940. He trained and earned his wings in Calgary and Fingal and was dispatched overseas. He was attached to an RAF Wellington squadron and then assigned to Lancasters.

The four-engine Lancaster was a markedly effective heavy bomber. It enabled Canadian and British airmen to take the war to German cities. Their bombing campaigns, and the British Bomber Command that led them, were controversial at the time and even more so afterwards. There is nonetheless no doubt that the planes and men who flew them played a significant role in changing the nature and outcome of the war.

The Lancasters were big and powerful but not invincible. In December 1942, Flight-Sergeant Clarkson was with the RAF's 9 squadron and flying his 26th mission. He did not return. For weeks, his family and the boys at The Grove wondered if he had survived the fiery crash but hopes were dashed and prayers unanswered when it was reported that he had died. His grave is near Munich, Germany. "Rosie" as the boys had called him during his time at the school, was missed.

Another Grove Old Boy who was a member of a Lancaster crew was Francis Marsh. Marsh was from Toronto and enjoyed his time at Lakefield in the 1930s. He joined the RCAF in July 1940 and two years later was a Flight Lieutenant and Air Gunner. On a dark, moonless night in April 1943, Marsh's Lancaster crew was part of the squadron attacking Peenemunde, Germany. When nearing the target area, his bomber was engaged by an enemy fighter and sustained severe damage. The crippled plane banked to return home but navigation controls had been destroyed. Flight Lieutenant Marsh displayed exceptional navigational ability in difficult circumstances and skillfully obtained bearings. He worked with other crewmembers and maintained great coolness in a perilous situation but the plane's damage was too extensive and it could not remain aloft. It crashed. Marsh was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC).

The RAF had become a powerful weapon that had saved Britain from the Nazi Blitz and, along with Canadian and American air forces, was playing a major role in taking the war to the enemy through attacks on roads, dams, bridges and other infrastructure, and on cities. Canadians at the time were proud that Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook and former Canadian Prime Minister R. B. Bennett had been asked by Prime Minister Churchill to lead the rebuilding and revitalization of the RAF. For his efforts, Churchill appointed Bennett to the British House of Lords.

Bennett and Beaverbrook were not the only Canadians working to bolster the RAF. Walter Merton joined the RAF as an air cadet in August 1924. He was appointed officer commanding 38 Squadron in 1937 where he flew the RAF's first monoplane night bomber, the Fairey Hendon. As a great believer in leading from the front, he would not ask his crews to do anything that he would not.

With the outbreak of war, he commanded three other squadrons before becoming Senior Air Staff Officer, first at Headquarters 257 Wing, and then in the Middle East. He was appointed Station Commander at RAF Luqa in 1943 and then Assistant Commandant at the London-based British RAF War Staff College before becoming the Air Ministry's Director of Organization in August 1944. His celebrated career would continue until 1963 and he would retire an Air Marshal after having won nearly every medal and commendation available. A particularly special honour was being knighted Sir Walter Merton, which would no doubt have tickled the great imperialist the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, as he had known Merton as a boy when he attended Lakefield and graduated in 1915.

While Merton was contributing to the RAF, another Grove Old Boy was helping to strengthen Canada's navy. Arthur Cecil Montague Davy graduated from The Grove in 1917 and served in the RCN in a number of ships around the world throughout the 1920s and 1930s. At the outset of the Second World War, Davy was in Nova Scotia Headquarters as Assistant Chief of Naval Engineering and Construction and Director of Shipbuilding and Director of Naval Engineering Development. It was while serving in this important position that he received the letter from Lakefield about acquiring the Fairmile. Davy's work contributed to the successes earned in the vital Battle of the Atlantic. The British honoured Davy for his contributions to victory with an OBE. The commendation read:

Captain Davy has served at Naval Service Headquarters since November 1939, during which time he has given of his best efforts in meeting the many problems of Naval shipbuilding and in keeping abreast of modern developments as representative on various technical committees. As Director of Shipbuilding, this Officer was faced with the momentous task of early organization and development of his directorate, and in rendering cheerful assistance to Canadian shipyards and manufacturers with their multitude of problems. Captain Davy never wavered from the tasks assigned to him, and the repaid commissioning of Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, are in great part, due to the tireless efforts of this Officer.

After the war, Davy served in *HMCS Naden* for *HMC Dockyard* Esquimalt as Superintendent and Command Engineer Officer, in the National Defence College of Canada, and then as Deputy Chief of Naval Technical Services and Engineer-in-Chief. Appointed as Commodore (E) RCN in 1950, he retired serving in *HMCS Discovery* in 1955.

Davy's work during the war and his recognition from Britain reveals the degree to which the British and Canadian navies worked together as independent forces but also in tandem against a common enemy. This operational cooperation also existed with the other branches of the service. The RAF, for instance, operationally guided the Halifax-based RCAF Coastal or Maritime Command. RCAF squadrons sometimes trained with and flew as part of RAF Bomber Command. This strategic reality did nothing to reduce the patriotic pride that Canadians in general, or Grove boys in particular, felt for those serving King and Country.

Thirty-two Grove alumni lost their lives in the Second World War and each one rocked the school. Such was the case when Sergeant David Gordon was killed. The news was devastating and a reminder of the war's range for Gordon died in North Africa. Gordon's air squadron was assigned to an aerodrome in Takoradi, Ghana. A landing strip and base had been constructed as part of a secret operation to support troops fighting the North African desert war against the wily German tank commander General Rommel. Rommel made no secret of having borrowed naval tactics used at sea for his tank battles in the vast desert. With the help of the Free French, the allies built a series of landing strips enroute to Khartoum. They were spaced so that fighter aircraft, which had limited fuel capacity, could make long journeys to the ever shifting front by skipping from base to base.

The Beaufort aircraft that Gordon and his comrades flew were shipped from Britain in kit form and quickly assembled. On December 8, 1942, he and two others lost their lives when their Beaufort malfunctioned and crashed at the Takoradi aerodrome. Gordon was laid to rest at the Takoradi European Public Cemetery in Ghana.

The Gordon family's tears would not soon dry. As the war's horror continued, month after tragic month and year after miserable year, the school's *Chronicle* reminded all of The Grove's contributions to ridding the world of evil. The 1944-45 *Chronicle* printed this heartbreaking message regarding the Gordon family's sacrifice: "The School has heard that Flying Officer Huntley P. Gordon was reported missing last summer on bombing operations over Germany. He enlisted on his eighteenth birthday and received his early training in Toronto and in Windsor and

graduated from Hagersville early in 1943. His brother, Sergeant David W. Gordon, was killed in Africa in December 1942. It is our prayer that his mother will not have to bear a double sorrow." The boys in chapel prayed that he would be found alive.

Huntley had also attended The Grove and, like his older brother David, sought to serve his country in the air. In March 1942, he steamed to Britain, joined 427 Squadron, and was soon flying bombing missions over Germany. On July 28, 1944, 18 four-engine, heavy-bomber Halifax aircraft were detailed for night operations. At ten o'clock that night, they rumbled down the long runway and into the dark, brooding sky. The squadron found the city of Hamburg obscured by clouds although some ground markers were visible. Soon, explosions ripped the city apart leaving Halifax crews unable to identify their assigned targets and so they defaulted to standing orders: start a fire where there isn't one. Heavy flak was moderate at first but numerous bursts soon jostled the huge planes. Giant searchlights on the ground revealed the flying targets for the big anti-aircraft gun crews. When the bombers banked to return to base there was also intense fighter plane activity above, below, and around them. The Halifax crews remained calm amid the bedlam, took evasive action, and even snapped photographs of the smashed city for subsequent missions.

Upon the squadron's landing, there was the normal relief, exaltation, backslapping and nervous laughter of young men having flown another successful mission and, through skill and good luck, once again cheated death. However, it was quickly discovered that Huntley Gordon's Halifax had not returned. The next day it was reported that Gordon's plane and its seven-man crew had gone down. After weeks of hoping and praying, it was announced in Chapel back in Lakefield that there had been no survivors. The Gordon family had lost its second son and the Grove community another piece of its heart. Huntley Gordon, aged 21, was buried at Germany's Hamburg Cemetery.

Gordon had died just two months after James McMaster who was his cousin, and also the cousin of James Skidmore. McMaster was known to all as Mickey. He was a popular boy at The Grove from 1929 to 1936. He excelled in classwork, played on three number one teams, was an expert canoeist and one of the best cross country runners the school had ever seen. He did tremendous work as a prefect. After graduation, he earned a degree in mining engineering from Queen's but then delayed his career to join the Air Force.

McMaster was assigned to the RCAF's 419 Moose Squadron. It was named after its first commanding officer, Wing Commander John "Moose" Fulton. Rather than the more common Latin, its motto reflected its Canadian roots through its expression in Cree: *Moosa Aswayita*. The 419 flew 400 missions, 4,325 sorties and dropped over 14,000 tons of bombs. It became the war's most decorated Canadian squadron. The Moose Squadron began flying the Vickers Wellington but in January 1943 converted to the Halifax and then, finally, to the Lancaster. Lancasters were flying fortresses that weighed 3,700 pounds empty and could carry that again in bombs. The seven-man crew worked in cramped quarters and remained at their posts throughout each mission. At heights of 20,000 feet, temperatures could drop to minus 40 degrees and with no defensive armour; crews and aircraft were vulnerable to enemy aircraft and ground fire. Pilot Officer McMaster flew all three aircraft in a number of missions over Germany and by the spring of 1944 was flying Lancasters.

On May 16, McMaster was piloting his Lancaster on a cross-country flight across Britain when, for reasons none will ever know, the plane crashed and burned. McMaster and his crew were killed. They were buried at the Stonefall Cemetery at Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Another member of the revered Moose Squadron was Harding James Stuart. He grew up in the Village of Lakefield

and the village within a village that was and is The Grove. He graduated 1932. Harding enlisted, trained in Canada, and in 1942 was posted to Moose Squadron. By the spring of 1942, bombing raids over German cities were becoming more frequent and deadly. The ground rumbled when 200 or more heavily laden bombers in columns three miles wide and ten miles long thundered through the heavens on their way to deliver hell.

On Friday October 2, 1942, the target was Krefeld. It was a beautiful and ancient city, six miles west of the Rhine. It was also a strategically important railhub and steel-manufacturing center. Through the darkness came 188 Wellington, Halifax and Lancaster bombers. As they crossed the channel and flew over enemy ground, flak became intense. Bombers began to explode in flames and plummet to the ground. Before it was over, nine bombers had gone down. Among them was Harding's Wellington. Only one of the crew survived and he was taken prisoner.

Flying Officer Stuart was killed in the crash. He was only 20 years old. Lakefield's Harding Stuart is buried in the War Cemetery at Uden, North Brabant, Holland.

While Grove boys and masters followed the news of the brave exploits of soldiers, sailors and airmen, they also read scary accounts of the 1940 Nazi Blitz. While the RAF, supported by a number of Canadians, did all it could to stop the Luftwaffe night raids, the heavy German bombers devastated London and other major British cities. The threats continued even when the bombs stopped following Hitler's pivot to attack Russia in June 1942.

British parents did as all parents would and scrambled to protect their children. Canada was seen as safe sanctuary. Contacts with a number of schools were made and soon the ships taking war supplies to Britain were filled on their return journeys with the cries and laughter of children escaping war for an unknown land.

Among the British children was John Childs. Lucky enough to have his mother along for the trip, he carried his worldly belongings up a Liverpool gangplank to board the dirty, old, converted Great Lakes freighter *Winnipeg II*. The ship nosed from the harbour at 3:00 in the morning to become part of a 100-ship convoy protected by Canadian Corvettes.

After four days at sea, Childs heard a loud bang and the stunning silence of the engines gone dead. The stench of cordite filled the air. As the ship listed and with sirens blaring, Childs and his mother scrambled into a lifeboat. As it was being lowered through a thick morning mist into the cold, black sea, Childs glimpsed an oil tanker, a hundred yards off starboard, engulfed in fire. Flames were soon all that was left as ship and crew vanished beneath the waves.

For hours, the terrified *Winnipeg II* survivors floated in the increasingly choppy sea. They heard thuds and "crumping sounds" as the Corvettes hunted and attacked German submarines. Finally, with waves as high as houses crashing over their tiny craft, all aboard freezing and many throwing up with fear and seasickness, they were rescued by the Corvette *HMCS Morden*. With what little strength the exhausted and soaked survivors could muster, they slowly climbed up the netting flung over the *Morden's* side.

Childs observed that life on the Flower-class Corvettes was anything but glamorous. He felt the pitch and roll of the small ships in the enormous and seldom calm North Atlantic. He saw crews fighting to stay on deck as they swung picks to remove thick ice. He was told that ice accumulation could shift the ship's weight so that it could turtle in even a small swell.

After time in St. John's and then Barrie, Ontario, Childs joined other British homeboys seeking sanctuary at The Grove. He arrived in the spring aboard the Lakefield Bullet—a train so-named because it sometimes took two hours

to complete the ten-mile journey from Peterborough to the village. Childs met a number of Grove boys enroute, dressed as they always did when travelling: blazers, ties and grey flannels. He followed them from the station to the school.

Childs was fitted for a uniform and assigned to the 10-bed Dorm 5 that was overseen by Bill Rashleigh. He then met Headmaster G. Winder Smith who, because Childs had no documentation whatsoever but claimed to have passed Grade 9, placed him in Grade 10.

Childs was soon involved in classes and fun, including the waterfront and huts, and, of course, RCSCC St. George. He was shown the indoor rifle range where boys practised with .22 calibre weapons. The basement range had been created during the First World War and when a longer range was desired, a hole had been cut in the end wall and the targets perched in the adjoining room. Having learned proficiency with firearms through the sea cadet corps, the boys often took rifles to the woods to hunt. In the privacy of their huts they prepared snacks of fried gopher or boiled groundhog.

Childs came to both respect and fear the school's head boy, Kip Kirby, who was also the RCSCC St. George commander. Christopher de Lavelle Kirby attended The Grove from 1940 to 1942. After graduation, he embarked on a long and distinguished military career. He enlisted in the army where he served with the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps as Assistant Instructor, Battle Drill, at OTC, Brockville and then went on to the Canadian Armoured Corps Reinforcement Unit in Aldershot, England. Kirby no doubt recalled his cadet leadership at Lakefield when, from 1944 to the end of the war, he served at Blackdown and Sandhurst with Officer Cadet Training Units.

John Childs, that lonely homeboy left in the little rural school so far from home, would later be hired as a teacher at an army base commanded by his old sea cadet corps commander, Kip Kirby. Kirby and Childs reminisced that during their time at The Grove, punishments for boys guilty of infractions were frequent and sometimes severe. Consequences could entail anything from a master insisting on the writing of 100 lines to the occasional "public lickings." Five boys were once caught having written an obscene letter to an unpopular student. Childs was shocked when the entire school was assembled to watch the headmaster cane the guilty students.

The use of corporal punishment by masters and prefects was accepted as part of school life as it was in many families at the time as merely part of parenting. The only complaints from Grove boys came when prefects seemed to enjoy applying the rod a little too much or when they struck a boy more than the unwritten rule of twice.

Most boys escaped such punishments, however, as their transgressions were more sophomoric than criminal. The RCSCC St. George band inadvertently offered an example of how innocent ventures can sometimes go awry. They asked to build a musical clubhouse and the headmaster allowed them to borrow the necessary tools. One evening, they "borrowed" a cutter and made their way down the lake to the village. An abandoned warehouse was soon bereft of many of its barn boards. The boys decided that an uninhabited island near the school would serve as the perfect location for their clubhouse and the sound of hammers and saws soon echoed across the lake as trees were felled and the structure took shape.

Within days, the makeshift clubhouse nearly caused an international incident. Local hunters reported the establishment of an enemy spy post on Colonel Lefevre's island. Military authorities were notified and local police chief Samis was called to investigate. Samis proved his wisdom when he approached Mr. Smith and asked for a few boys from the sea cadet corps band to operate the cutter to take him and two other officers to the island. They found not radio equipment or signs of German or Japanese occupation, but rather gum and chocolate bar

wrappers. The school and village were declared safe. Months later, Mr. Smith approached the boys in their dorm and asked if they had heard anything more about German spies on Lefevre Island. The boys claimed to know nothing and nothing more was ever said.

Childs was one of 19 British homeboys who came to The Grove. While he enjoyed the rest of his life in Canada, for various reasons others returned. Some even did so while the war still raged. One of those was ten-year-old John Church. Church had arrived at Lakefield in 1941. He was an active boy who won a number of ribbons and commendations for his track and field and running skills. One Sunday evening, John huddled close to the matron's short-wave radio with his friend John Tusting and listened as his mother and father transmitted a brief message. It was the second such transmission. He wiped a heartfelt tear from his eye as he heard his parents express their love from so far away.

Homesickness was common at Lakefield, especially for young people suddenly removed from their family's warm embrace at a time of such turbulence and danger. Sometimes the letters to and from home and even the one-way short wave broadcasts were not enough to relieve its dark pall. With the Blitz over and their hearts as broken as London's streetscapes, John's parents decided that they wanted him home.

Transporting boys back to England through U-Boat infested waters was never easy. Ships were regularly attacked and many sunk off the Newfoundland shore. Nazi submarines had been spotted in the St. Lawrence. It was, therefore, with great trepidation that G. Winder Smith worked to accommodate the Church family's wishes. Letters were written to John's sister Pamela at Toronto's Branksome Hall to arrange a passport since, as was often the case, the proper paperwork had not accompanied John's arrival. Letters were also written to the RCN, the RN, and the Canadian Pacific Railway until passage was finally arranged. A berth on a British naval vessel was eventually booked and a railway company cable was sent on November 30, 1943 to John's mother in Bromham, Bedfordshire, England. It assured her that Mr. Smith was experienced in such matters, suggesting that he had made similar arrangements for other boys to return to England. However, the cable warned that the journey across the Atlantic was risky.

Two weeks later, Smith had finalized the arrangements, which now involved the British Admiralty in Washington. John said goodbye to his headmaster, friends and masters and boarded the train in the village. He arrived at Manhattan's Barbizon Plaza Hotel on December 26 with a letter in his pocket establishing his identity and destination. As instructed, on his luggage was written the codeword "Michael." The ship, port and departure date were all confidential so John waited in the hotel to be picked up by authorities when it was deemed safe. Meanwhile, Smith waited in Lakefield and his mother in faraway England to learn if John would survive the hazardous journey home.

A turning point in the war was the D-Day invasion of France on June 6, 1944. On an overcast morning, 150,000 Allied troops landed or parachuted along the 49-mile invasion area. Among them were 14,000 Canadians. They were responsible for the beach code-named Juno. Preparations for the mammoth amphibian landing were long and complicated and among those leading the Canadian effort was Vice-Admiral Percy Nelles.

Following disagreements regarding the conduct of the Battle of the Atlantic with Prime Minister Mackenzie King and Minister of Defence for Naval Services, the Honourable Angus L. Macdonald, Nelles had left Canada for London. As the Senior Canadian Flag Officer overseas and Head of the Canadian Naval Mission, Nelles oversaw the CN's D-Day contribution of 110 ships and 10,000 sailors. He coordinated the participation of 15 RCAF fighter and

fighter-bomber squadrons with Air Marshal Edwards and, with army leaders, the landing of Canadian soldiers on the heavily fortified beach.

Among the Canadians who hit Juno beach on D-Day was Major Gavin Rainnie. Rainnie had arrived at The Grove from Nova Scotia in 1918 and quickly became a popular leader among the boys. He was an exceptional athlete. He was a member of the first hockey and rugby teams while also excelling on the track and in canoe races.

After graduating RMC in 1926, Rainnie enlisted in the army. He went overseas as a member of the Royal Canadian Artillery, 13th Field Regiment, 21C Battery. On June 6, 1944, Major Rainnie was with his men at 7:35 in the morning as their landing craft crashed through the choppy surf beneath a dark and ominous sky. The roar of German artillery and pounding of allied bombing made orders nearly impossible to hear. Just as they neared the beach and the men were steeling themselves to rush ashore, there was a deafening blast. They had hit a mine. The boat was destroyed. All the men in it, including Rainnie, were dead.

The Grove mourned a favorite son. Kathleen Rainnie lost her husband and Anne and Gavin Jr. lost their father. Today, besides his name being memorialized in the Lakefield Chapel, the road next to the historic and picturesque hilltop Citadel in Halifax is named Rainnie Drive.

It is not known whether Rainnie knew that among the Canadian troops in those defenceless landing craft on that decisive day was fellow Lakefield alumnus John Douglas Young. Everyone called him Doug, including his brother Major Bill Young and their father Major General James Vernon Young, both of whom were also Grove Old Boys. Doug enjoyed four years at Lakefield before, in 1929, moving to Upper Canada College and then RMC. He excelled at McMaster and Harvard Universities. It was later written, "Douglas's record through school and college was most brilliant and a great future was before him. He was a born leader, an excellent soldier, and a friend to all."

With war's call, he had interrupted his career path to follow his family's tradition and join the army. After serving in a number of administrative capacities in Canada, on the day after Christmas in 1941, he left Halifax for Britain. He was assigned to the headquarters staff first of the Royal Canadian Army's 3rd Division and then, in January 1942, to the Troop Commanders Course at Canadian Military Headquarters. His work there earned him the promotion to Brigade Major and service as Chief of Staff to a Brigadier in the 3rd Division. After enjoying short leaves in the summer of 1942, Doug was attached to the headquarters staff of the 1st Canadian Corps. By March 1943, after having completed other assignments and been trained as a gunner, he was serving as Chief of Staff to another Brigadier. As a member of 21st Army Group, he participated in the preparations for D-Day.

Young's rank and role meant that he could have stayed at his desk and staff post but he elected instead to take an active part in the invasion. On June 6, he was heading for Normandy's Juno beach with the 13th Field Regiment. As his unit's deployment officer for his sector, he was to ignore the chaos, blood and screaming wounded to co-ordinate the movements of the various military formations and direct them to pre-arranged points on the beach and beyond. Young's regiment was hit particularly hard. Some of its landing craft were destroyed and men lost before making landfall. Young's boat was among those hit by artillery and he was one of those torn up by the shelling. Troops managed to return fire as the smashed and sinking boat miraculously made it to the beach. Doug's wounds, however, were too ghastly. Minutes later he was dead.

When told of his son's death, Doug's father relayed the grim news to his other son Bill, who was at that point serving in Italy. Bill later wrote, "Doug was gifted with an easy and likeable personality, high intelligence, good administrative ability and lots of energy.... Had his life been spared ... he would have done well in the army before the war ended and he would have been a leader in civilian life afterwards." Doug Young's name is carved into the

marble of the Bayeux Memorial in Calvados, France that commemorates the 1,803 men who have no known grave but were killed in the fighting at Normandy and in the subsequent advance to the River Seine.

Death is a part of life in war but, if they can, soldiers and sailors swallow their grief and fear and carry on. With the brutal carnage of the Juno Beach landing behind them and the beachhead established, the Canadians did indeed carry on. Canadian units joined allied forces undertaking the long and difficult task of pushing the still powerful and increasingly desperate Nazi forces back to Berlin.

Canadians took the left flank and fought under the inspired leadership of General Harry Crerar. Among the Canadians who landed at D-Day and served under Crerar's command was Grove Old Boy Lieutenant Edson Pease. He came to the school in 1934. As head boy and head prefect in 1938-39, he played a significant role in helping the school through the difficult time that followed Headmaster Mackenzie's death. Pease earned the respect of all by reminding students and masters alike to hold fast to Mackenzie's values and principles. He was a cheerful, engaged and engaging student. He was captain of the rugby team and an enthusiastic cricket player.

At the war's outset, Pease was eager but too young to enlist. In early 1940, when still only 19, he was finally able to sign up and soon became a Lieutenant with the 2/10 Dragoons. When told that he was too young to go overseas as an officer, he resigned his commission and joined the 1st Hussars, 6th Armoured Regiment, as a Trooper. After six months of intense training, he re-earned his commission. In 1941, he was finally on his way to the action he craved.

On D-Day, the air shrieked with scorching metal and overwhelmed the screams and mournful cries of wounded and dying young men, men who always called out for their mothers. Courage is not the absence of fear but being so afraid you want to run but, instead, carrying on. That was the courage Pease demonstrated as he led his men from the landing craft and through the tank traps and machinegun and artillery fire. His men pushed on through the battle's savagery and his tank crew slowly drove enemy defences back. They were carrying out a scouting mission between Revers and Fontaine-Henry when his tank corps was attacked. Pease lost his life. We are privileged to provide here his last letter home.

"Dear Mother & Dad,

Last weekend was perfect. I thought I'd be working all the time but I had Saturday & Sunday afternoon off. Also both nights. I'd made arrangements for Elie to come down and was hoping for the best. Was afraid I wouldn't be able to see her right up until Saturday morning. It was grand being together again as we didn't think we'd be seeing each other for quite some time. She looked as lovely as ever and I wanted to take some pictures but had no film. Have written to you several times about the ones you have been sending. They are the wrong size and should be 127. If you can send any more, would you send them to Elie because she has the camera. Elie was supposed to be back Sunday morning at eight thirty but stayed over. She arrived in town at ten thirty and likely nothing was said. We stayed at a very nice boarding house which was very clean & the food was excellent.

My new watch is now working very well. I told you at first it wouldn't work but I banged it around several times & it's O.K. now. Thanks again for sending it as it really is a Godsend. Elie has my other one now.

We are all working very hard and everyone is happy. It is so much better when we are really busy. Not that we haven't been for the last nine months. One of these fine days we will be doing the job we've been waiting for. The papers are really talking up the invasion.

May 27th

Sorry I could not finish this before but there will be a lot of letters like this from now on. We hope it will all be over soon but I certainly have my doubts. The boys in Italy are doing a grand job now, maybe we will be getting to Berlin together. Many people still think once the front opens up it will be a walkover. They must be very ignorant.

You'd get some great laughs if you could see our boys now. All of them have cut each other's hair and there's anything from a deacon's to a straight shave cut. I have my usual summer brush cut which is the only thing in weather like this.

Had a letter from you to-day Mother which was dated May 19th. Am glad you are going to Bruno because it will do you a lot of good. Also it will give Dad a chance to get away and have some rest every now and then. You two will be very lonely with all of us away, what a difference it must be around the house. Wish I could drop in for a weekend just to see how you are. When we do meet again you will find that your son has changed a lot. It's hard to realize what home life is like after being away so long. What a difference it will be from this. Before I do come home again I will have seen a lot but I am ready for whatever comes.

Please don't worry about me I'll be O.K.

Take care of your selves. With all my love as always your loving son"

His wife Eleanor was left without a husband and his son never got to know his father. Pease was buried along with hundreds of other Canadians who lost their lives at the Juno landings and in the early days of the subsequent campaign. Helies just a few yards from fellow Grove alumnus Gavin Rainnie, at the Beny-Sur-Mer Canadian War Cemetery at Calvados, France. His son David, also an alumnus (1959-64), sent us the following poignant story.

"Regarding the 70th Anniversary, here is a little story related to my experiences during the battle field tour and the 70th Anniversary service at Beny-sur-mer cemetery on June 5, 2014:

As you may know from the research done for the Legacy book, my Father was killed very near the cemetery of Beny-sur-mer just outside of the small village of Reviers. I had visited the cemetery prior to 2014 but had never been to the village and so my wife and I took some time to see if we could locate the area where my Father's tank party was ambushed by the 88. The fence rows along the Fontaine-Henry road made a clear view of the hillside impossible to photograph and so we walked back to the cemetery just in time for the commencement of the ceremonies. After these were completed, I distributed the roses I had purchased on the graves of those men from the First Hussars who died that same late afternoon of June 6, 1944, speaking, fortunately, with a lady whose brother was one of those men. She now lives in Paris and is completely bilingual. I say fortunately as she was very important for my next encounter. My French is very poor as Mr Rashleigh knew all too well [when his entire class passed their final Grade 13 French exam he exclaimed "Even Pease!"]. Standing aside from the group was a man about my age alongside his wife. He approached me as I lay the last of the flowers on my Father's grave asking, "Connaissez-vous cet homme?" "C'est mon pere," I replied at which time he immediately gave me a hug and began to explain how he knew my Father. This is where the lady from Paris became very useful as I quickly lost my weak translating abilities as this gentleman began to tell the story with increasing rapidity. Seems he, then a 6-year-old

boy, was on the road just outside of Reuilly, slightly wounded in the leg. My Father apparently stopped his tank and took him on board driving him into the town of Reuilly and the safety of his family. Shortly after arriving in Reuilly it was decided that a small group of volunteer tank corps would head out of town towards Fontaine-Henry. One of the deceptions used by the German 88 crews was to dig a telephone pole into the mounded fence rows, painting them black as a decoy while hiding the active 88. This is the trap that my Father's crew fell into with the eventual loss of five tanks and seven men. Guy Chretien, the boy who my Father picked up, wrote to me just before Christmas to explain how his Mother had attended the wounded after the tank battle. I still cannot believe this was not all a dream, the fact of meeting probably the last man living who knew my Father during the battle."

Continuing to fight bravely in the liberation of territory that Nazi forces had subjugated since their invasion four years before was the Sherbrooke Fusiliers 27th Armoured Regiment. One of its Lieutenants was Ian McCrimmon. He was a Grove Old Boy whose father was Major Kenneth Howard McCrimmon, CBE, DSO. In August 1944, McCrimmon's 27th moved south to help close the Falaise Gap. It was the inexplicable space that had yawned open between the predominately British forces on the left and Americans on the right and was enabling German divisions that had been caught out after an ill-advised attack to withdraw and regroup. The British blamed the Americans and so named it after their General: Patton's Gap. The Americans, perhaps not surprisingly, blamed the British and so called it Montgomery's Gap. Either way, it needed to be sealed. On August 13, while contributing to that effort, McCrimmon was gunned down and suffered ghastly wounds. Shortly afterwards, he died.

In commemoration of McCrimmon's death, a Lakefield master wrote in the *Chronicle*, "It was in 1926 that [Ian], a kinsman of the late Dr. Mackenzie, arrived at Lakefield, clad in a sailor suit and aged six years. For nearly ten years he was a member of this community and during that time he radiated happiness and good fellowship among all those with whom he came in contact. He spent many years at the school and entered whole-heartedly into all its activities...His chief service to his school, however, lay in the great interest he took in the welfare of the library, and his faithful work in the Chapel as my assistant." McCrimmon was laid to rest at the Bretteville-Sur-Laize Canadian Cemetery in Calvados, France, where, sadly, every unit of the Canadian 2nd Corps is represented.

Driving the German forces across France was slow and costly. It was also a complex operation with American General Dwight D. Eisenhower working to coordinate American, British, Canadian, and other allied forces in a unified effort. Every hard-fought day saw violent calamity and heroic endeavour. Also, far too often, there were fog-of-war mistakes. On August 7, for example, American bombers mistakenly dropped their payloads and killed 300 Canadian and Polish soldiers. Two entire companies of the Canadian North Shore Regiment died. Unfortunately, it would not be the last time that so-called "friendly fire" took Canadian lives.

D-Day marked the beginning of the end of the war but only the beginning. Nearly a year of vicious fighting remained. At that point Germany and its shrinking military were being pinched from three sides while Canadian airmen were among those pounding it from above. The massive Russian army was crushing slowly forward over scorched earth from the east. Canadians were part of the force moving eastward through France, Belgium and into the Netherlands. Canadians were also part of the allied force that was continuing to push Nazi forces north through Italy.

Months before Russian forces would turn Nazi armies back on the eastern front and while D-Day was still just an

idea on London planning tables, the Italian campaign had been hitting the enemy from what Churchill called Europe's "soft underbelly." One hundred sixty thousand allied troops had begun the Italian campaign with an audacious amphibious assault at Pachino, Sicily in July 1943. That was 11 months before ten thousand fewer troops landed at the Normandy beaches on D-Day.

Among those fighting as part of the Canadian army liberating Sicily from fascist forces was Bill Young. He was the son of Major General James Vernon Young who attended Lakefield from 1897 to 1902. It was James' love of The Grove that led him to send sons Bill, Doug and Alan (Ben) to Lakefield. When Bill's son, Bill Jr., asked his father about memories of The Grove, he reported:

One of Dad's most vivid recollections was the "log cabins" where most of the boarders spent their Sundays. Students bought shares in these cabins, I think for a dollar or so, and he shared a cabin with first cousins David Lindsey, Jimmy Young and his brother Doug. They would trap and skin rabbits and cook them themselves at the cabin. One other fond recollection was Mrs. Mackenzie, the headmaster's wife, reading John Buchan to he and his friends when, at age 8, he arrived as a boarder.

James Young graduated from RMC in 1911 and served as a First World War artillery lieutenant. In late April of 1915 his parents were shaken with the news that he had been wounded. They immediately purchased trans-Atlantic tickets to visit their son. On May 1st, they set out on the prestigious luxury Cunard ocean liner *RMS Lusitania*. The ship was identified and torpedoed by a German U-Boat on May 7th, just 11 miles off the Irish coast. It sank in under twenty minutes, taking 1,198 to their deaths. Young's parents were not among the 761 survivors. The Chancel window in today's LCS chapel is the Young Window, donated by the family and dedicated to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Young who died on that heartrending and appalling day so long ago.

James Young took over the family's Hamilton-based business and became a successful industrialist. The Second World War, however, inspired him to leave the business to others in order to serve first as the Master General of Ordnance (MGO) and then, in September 1941, as the Deputy MGO. Young's fine work and dedication to duty earned him the promotion to Major-General. Young enjoyed his wartime experiences but was a markedly unmilitary General. He often met soldiers in a rumpled uniform, with hands in pockets, and sometimes forgot to return salutes. With tremendous modesty, he confessed to being tickled, as he put it, "that this old WWI Lieutenant had become a general."

In the First World War, James Young had served in the same battery with Harry Crerar. They established a lasting friendship. Crerar was RMC Commandant when James' son Bill attended. Bill demonstrated remarkable academic ability and leadership capacity. His mother sent Crerar a gift of maple syrup, which, being a fine and popular officer, he gave to the mess. Bill rushed to Crerar and urged him to get it back as the container almost certainly contained whiskey.

At the start of the Second World War, Bill was mobilized as a Lieutenant with the Royal Canadian Artillery. He arrived in England in the summer of 1940 and worked in coastal surveillance in anticipation of a German invasion. In December 1941, Crerar was promoted Lieutenant-General and was the Acting Commander of the 1st Canadian Corps and he appointed Bill Young as his Aide-de-Camp. The job was that of Personal Assistant, involving the logistical challenges of organizing Crerar's day, keeping him on schedule, and getting him to appointments on time, often in the dark and over roads with signs removed. He was with Crerar when Canadian troops hit the beaches for the awful debacle of Dieppe.

Later, after the dangerous but successful Pachino landings, Bill arrived as part of the Canadian reinforcing troops. Throughout the Sicily campaign, his regiment was thrown into the line whenever additional firepower was needed. Then, as a member of the 1st Canadian Corps, Young was among the Canadians moved to Italy where, throughout the spring of 1944, he fought in the tough battles and rugged terrain of the Liri Valley. The Germans held what appeared to be an invincible defensive line with its linchpin the towering Monte Cassino. If the allies could not smash the lines of defence and advance through the Liri corridor, then they could never take Rome.

Young's regiment was part of the fight and at one point needed get to an observation post. He was charged with strapping a large and heavy radio to a big old donkey and so worried more about keeping the stubborn beast moving out than the German fire coming in. The post afforded a clear view of Cassino and allowed deadly effective programmed firing and planned shoots. His regiment's efforts were in support of the 1st Canadian Armoured Brigade, which was itself playing an essential role in the concerted allied attack. The battle for Cassino lasted for four days until, on May 18, Polish troops took the smashed monastery at the peak. The German retreat was strategic, however, so fighting remained intense. Young later noted, "It was just hard slogging. Every river had to be crossed. Every river was in flood at that time, and the Canadians took a beating at some of them, that's for sure."

Over 93,000 Canadians joined British, American and other allied forces fighting Italy's army and some of Hitler's best troops – 5,000 Canadians were lost. For twenty months, they suffered spirit-crushing weather, seemingly insurmountable terrain and a determined enemy ordered to give no quarter. Canadian troops won battle after hard-fought battle in treacherous mountain passes and in street-to-street fighting in towns that became merciless killing zones.

Among the Canadians working their way through terrible conditions and stubborn resistance was Lieutenant Paul Leclerc Coté. He had attended Lakefield between 1922 and 1924 and when the war began he was working with the T. Eaton Company in Toronto. He enlisted with the Toronto Irish regiment.

Coté went overseas in February 1942. He served well, received additional training and earned his commission. His regiment was deployed to Italy in November 1943 and he fought as part of the 5th Canadian Armoured Division's 11th Brigade. Coté was transferred to A Company on April 17, 1944. While advancing with his men near the town of Valleluce, Coté suffered multiple gunshot wounds to the abdomen and thigh. He was evacuated and treated, but on April 30 succumbed to his wounds. He was laid to rest at the Cassino War Cemetery.

Also part of the Italian campaign was Victor Gordon-Ives. He was born in England and, after three years at The Grove, he returned home and graduated from Oxford. A friend later observed, "He was one of the fortunate few who have creative art at their finger-tips. Music, painting, poetry, prose; all of which one time or other received his enthusiastic attention. His generosity, loyalty and sense of humour made him instant and enduring friendships."

Gordon-Ives enlisted with the British army and was soon a Lieutenant with the Scots Guards, 2nd Battalion. In September 1943, after playing a major role in sweeping enemy forces from North Africa, the 2nd Battalion landed at Salerno, Italy. They saw heavy fighting and suffered numerous casualties as they moved across the Volturno River to take on the entrenched German units at Cassino.

In January 1944, Gordon-Ives' battalion executed an amphibious landing while under heavy fire at Anzio, on Italy's west coast. The enemy was prepared and skillfully dug in. Allied forces suffered horrific casualties as they were pinned down on their beachhead for four agonizing months with the enemy on the high ground and impenetrable marsh limiting forward operations. Among those killed in the long and dreadful Battle of Anzio was Gordon-Ives. A friend from The Grove wrote, "Although the story of his service must be left to someone better qualified to speak of

it, we who are left at home can be sure that Victor's life was given in the same high-minded spirit that it was lived." Gordon-Ives was buried in Italy's Minturno Cemetery.

Fighting in Italy with the 2nd Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery, 1st Canadian Infantry Division was Captain Thomas Le Mesurier Carter. From 1924 to 1927, before leaving for Upper Canada College, he was among the boys who had enjoyed the beauty of The Grove's lake and woods. Carter was far from Lakefield's idyllic campus in December 1943, however, when he was among the forward elements attacking a strong enemy position at La Torre.

For over 30 hours the battle raged to and fro and Carter not only led his men and coordinated the overall effort but often took up a rifle and was in the thick of the action. An enemy counterattack saw advances on three sides of the regiment's position. Although he sustained a serious wound, Carter remained at his post, developed a plan, and had his men fan out from the house in which they had sought refuge. He covered their movements with a Thompson submachine gun. When it looked like all was lost he called in artillery fire on his own position to repulse the enemy. The tactic worked.

Carter and his men made it back to headquarters and his awful, bleeding wounds were dressed. He was ordered to the rear but insisted that he resume the fight. The battle was finally won with Carter's actions playing a significant role in the victory. He was awarded the Military Cross and the commendation read, in part, "Not only did Capt. Carter throughout this engagement display outstanding skill, judgment and initiative in his duties as Forward Observation Officer, but he also set an inspiring example of gallantry and devotion to duty to all." If all this were not enough, Carter was later part of the Normandy landings at D-Day.

Also taking part in the Italian campaign was The Grove's Murrough O'Brien. He attended Lakefield for three years before leaving to graduate from Upper Canada College. O'Brien enlisted in the army and moved quickly through the ranks. As a member of A Company, O'Brien was part of a push to establish a bridgehead at Fuimicino, south west of Rome on Italy's west coast. Shortly after setting out, A Company lost radio communications. From out of the darkness came a concerted enemy attack making brilliant use of infantry and tanks. The company fought valiantly but the situation became futile. Out of options, the company was forced to surrender and Captain O'Brien joined those left of his torn and wounded comrades as a POW. O'Brien survived the war and returned to Canada.

Perhaps the most well-known Canadian contributing to the Italian campaign was Christopher Vokes. Vokes was with the 1st Infantry Division, where he served as Adjutant General, Assistant Quartermaster General, General Staff Officer, and as Officer commanding the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He led the 2nd Infantry Brigade's Pachino landing. Along with other Canadian units, and with the Americans and British on their flanks, the Canadians met their objectives on time and with élan and took the Pachino airfield. Vokes then moved his unit north and west toward Ispica, destroying resistance and gathering prisoners. In September, the brigade crossed over to mainland Italy to face even heavier fighting. The rugged terrain and determined enemy made every yard of ground a devastating challenge.

In November, in recognition of his leadership, Vokes was promoted to Major-General and assumed command of 1st Canadian Infantry Division. In December, Vokes' division relieved the British 78th Division on the Adriatic coast. By that time, Italian dictator Benito Mussolini's fascist government in Rome had fallen but Hitler had determined to make a stand on the Italian peninsula. He dispatched even more crack Nazi troops. They withdrew to well-entrenched positions and prepared for pitched battles at a number of sites of their choosing, including the coastal city of Ortona. It was there they would meet Vokes and the Canadians.

The people of Ortona shuddered with fear and rage as Nazi occupiers destroyed homes and buildings to funnel the Canadian advance into urban kill zones. After heavy fighting south of the city, on December 20, the Canadians entered the city. Small groups of men fought house-to-house and street-to-street with death and terrible wounds coming from mines, booby traps, shellfire, and snipers. Finally, after seven horrifying days of savagery, the Canadians took Ortona.

Throughout the perilous advance and battle, Vokes had continued his habit of keeping his headquarters close to the front. A delegation from the 8th Army Headquarters had visited him on one occasion but when a bombardment began falling dangerously close, they cut their stay short and, according to Vokes, "They retired to the rear with their minds expanded and their sphincters contracted."

After leading the 1st Division's march north through Italy, in December 1944, Vokes was moved to Europe and given command of the 4th Canadian Armoured Division. As part of the advance toward Berlin, Vokes led Canadian troops pushing the crumbling Nazi back along the allied left flank. Like the British and Americans, Canadians found Nazi resistance determined and tough but they were moved to find that more and more dead and prisoners were old men and boys, pressed into service by the madman growing madder, deep in a Berlin bunker.

With the war's end, Vokes remained in Europe until May 1946. He served as General Officer commanding the Canadian Army Occupation. In his memoirs he wrote,

It is a matter of great satisfaction to me that no troops under my command ever lost a battle, although there were some very difficult ones in Sicily, Italy, Holland and Germany... I think yet of our Canadian soldier's peculiar wit and great ability to improvise. You should know our soldiers were kind to the children of our enemies, and kind to those in adversity. And they were, on the whole, great ambassadors for Canada.

Among the Canadians back home cheering the victories and taking pride in the tremendous leadership of Major General Vokes, was his son. He was a Lakefield boy from 1945-48 and then attended Appleby. After graduation, Fred entered the Canadian army.

Attending Lakefield with young Fred was Michael. Michael's father was a proud navy man, Frank Llewellyn Houghton. He was born in 1897, and so was the perfect age to serve when 1914's guns of August tore the world asunder. He trained in *HMS Cumberland* and *HMS Cairo* and was appointed as an A/Sub-Lieutenant and then Sub-Lieutenant RCN in 1917. He also served in *HM Submarine K-1*. Following the war, he commanded *HMCS Vancouver* and was Secretary to the Canadian Delegation to London Naval Conference 1935-36. He was appointed as a Commander RCN and, in 1938, commanded *HMCS Saguenay*. When the world fell into its second global war of the century, Houghton served in *HMS Valhalla* before accepting an appointment to NHQ as Director of Plans and Signals Division, Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee and as Director of Plans. He was appointed Captain RCN 1941 and commanded both *HMCS Prince Robert* and then *HMCS Prince Henry*. Houghton also served with distinction as Chief of Staff to Flag Officer Newfoundland Force and as Senior Canadian Naval Liaison Officer London. He served in *HMCS Niobe* as Head of Canadian Naval Mission Overseas.

Houghton's career continued to flourish with the war's end. He served in *HMCS Warrior*, in command, in 1946. He was appointed as an A/Commodore RCN 1947 and served at NHQ as Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff. It was in May of that year that Houghton reminded all of his continuing commitment to Lakefield when he returned to watch his son and the other boys of The Grove demonstrate their proficiency as naval cadets. He would retire three years later as a Rear-Admiral after having served as NHQ Vice-Chief and then Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff. While his

career was impressive, on that day at Lakefield in 1947 he was also a charming, smiling, courteous man who spoke kindly with the boys and did his son proud. A polymath, Houghton was well known as a magician and respected as an author of gentle and witty children's books. In the war's final eighteen months, however, Houghton had little time to practise his magic.

While the ground war was grinding enemy forces slowly and painfully backward, Germany was still being attacked from the air. Among those taking part in the bombardment was James Beveridge. He attended Lakefield from 1928 to 1936. Everyone called him "Pilgie". In his last year at The Grove, he built the toboggan slide of which boys would speak for the rest of their lives. Atop assorted contraptions, they whisked down the hill and then a hundred yards out over the frozen lake.

After graduation, Beveridge earned an aeronautical engineering degree and was working with DeHaviland Aircraft Company in Toronto. He left to enlist with the RCAF and received his wings and commission in May 1943. On August 31, 1944, just six weeks after the D-Day invasion, Beveridge participated in a daylight raid on Ile de Cezembre, a fortress island off the port of St. Malo in northern France. He did not return. During the dangerous low-level attack, the released bombs had exploded early and caused his Halifax aircraft to stall and crash into the sea. Flying Officer Pilot Beveridge, the man who as a boy had brought such pleasure to so many at The Grove, has no known grave. His name is inscribed on the Runnymede War Memorial in Surrey, England.

Another hero of the Canadian efforts in the air was RCAF Lt.-General Chester Hull. Hull flew with 420 Snowy Owl Squadron and later commanded 428 Ghost Squadron. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) in January 1945. The citation read: "In air operations, Wing Commander Hull has displayed a high degree of skill, courage and determination." Fred Passmore, the man who was his tail gunner, observed, "I was never afraid to die when you were there in command. From you I gained strength, and otherwise, I might not have seen it through. You have been an inspiration to me since I have known you." It was in this way that Lt.-General Hull was an inspiration not only to his son Brian, who became LCS head boy in 1959 (graduating in 1960), but also to all Grove students and indeed all Canadians who came to know his story.

With air power bombarding Germany, and the Battle of the Atlantic keeping the sea-lanes open, Canadian land forces continued to fight their way along the allied left flank. They lost men but gained ground in France and then were welcomed with flowers and parades as they liberated one Belgium town after another. It was there they found their greatest challenge: The Battle of the Scheldt.

It was actually a series of operations undertaken by Canada's 1st Division. The goal was to open the Antwerp port to allow allied supplies to be transported closer to the mobile front. In October 1944, with Canadian forces gaining ground, the enemy flooded the Scheldt estuary. The Canadians were slowed and thousands of civilians were left homeless with many reduced to eating tulip bulbs to survive.

Among the Canadians pushing forward in the most horrible of battle conditions was Ralph Grasett Young. A third generation military man, Young had graduated from The Grove in 1926 and joined the same regiment as his grandfather and father. He landed in France a month after D-Day as a Company Commander with the Royal Regiment of Canada, part of the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division.

Young and those in his command came to know the treachery of a determined enemy as they fought through flooded Belgian territory while trying to help desperate refugees. He and his men played a significant role in the final stage of the battle that involved liberating Walcheren Island on the northwest entrance to the estuary.

Minefields needed to be cleared to allow merchant ships to move safely into the liberated Antwerp port. The only land access to the island was across a causeway, which, according to Young, "was singularly uninviting. It was some 1,200 yards long and only about 40 yards wide, with sodden reed-grown mud flats on either side. It was straight as a gun-barrel and offered no cover except bomb-craters and some road-side slit trenches dug by the Germans as was their custom." Young's battalion led the approach to the eastern end of the causeway on October 30. After hard fighting involving courage, guile and innovative tactics, it celebrated success. Young was later promoted to Lieutenant Colonel to command No. 11 Base Reinforcement Battalion in Ghent.

To the liberated French, Belgian, and Dutch people, and those back at The Grove, Young and his fellow Canadians were heroes. Heroes are those whose strength of character and daring deeds inspire others to do more and to be better. They reflect attributes, strengths and accomplishments that are admired and to which others aspire.

All the Grove's heroes were not men. Francis Mackenzie was the youngest child of Helen and the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie. Her brother Ken called her Billy because he had hoped for a brother and the nickname stuck. Fifteen years before, her older sister Win had been allowed to attend a few classes at The Grove but Billy was different as she was engaged fully as a Lakefield student both taking a full slate of classes through Grades 5 to 8 and participating in sports. In this sense, long before the school went co-ed in the 1980s, Billy Mackenzie was Lakefield's first female student.

She enjoyed all sports but excelled at hockey. The boys loved to see her Dad leaning over the boards yelling, "Skate, girl, skate!" Billy was later captain of the Toronto women's hockey team that in December 1939 played exhibition games against a Montreal team in northeast American cities. Six thousand cheered them in Philadelphia and enthusiastic crowds were equally impressed by their skills in Cleveland, Pittsburg, New Haven, Providence and Syracuse.

At the outset of the Second World War, as in the first, scores of Canadian women traded dresses for overalls and took over farms and entered factories. Despite their tremendous work in the Great War, men again seemed shocked when women excelled at work that, for some reason, too many still believed them incapable. Rosie the Riveter became the symbol of women proving to all that patriotism, duty, and hard work are not gender specific.

Women also responded to the call of duty by enlisting in the military where they performed many essential and admirable services that included nursing. Since she was a little girl, Billy had wanted to become a nurse but her parents felt the occupation was beneath her. When they were on a summer holiday in England, the spunky young woman enrolled in Toronto's St. John Hospital nursing program and moved to the city. She graduated with honours and immediately found work at a private hospital in Cobourg and then closer to home at Peterborough's Nicholls Hospital. With the outbreak of war, she enlisted as a Nursing Sister.

Due to the inspired and courageous work of Florence Nightingale, female nurses first saw action in the 1850s Crimean War. In Canada, Nursing Sisters began active duty in the 1885 Saskatchewan Rebellion and then served in every subsequent conflict. The Second World War saw 343 Nursing Sisters with the RCN Medical Service, 3,656 as part of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, and 481 with the RAF Medical Branch.

Lieutenant Mackenzie was appointed to advance Surgical Centers attached to Number 5 Canadian Field Dressing Section of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. She nursed in England where most of the Canadian forces were encamped for the war's early days. Her growing up in the rough and tumble of Lakefield and surrounded by boys served her well one evening when on leave in London. Walking alone down a blacked out street she was accosted by a young man. She turned and with one punch flattened him, and then, nonplussed, continued on her way. The

Grove boys would have applauded her pluck.

Billy arrived in Europe in September 1944, just three months after D-Day. She demonstrated a courageous devotion to her patients on the front lines as, together, they advanced through France, Belgium, and the Netherlands and all the way to Bedburg, Germany. In fact, when Canadian forces reached the Rhine, engineers created a number of temporary floating bridges and then had medical teams cross the river first to set up mobile medical facilities. So it was, riding in a big and bumpy truck crammed with medical supplies, that Billy Mackenzie became one of the first half-dozen Canadians into Germany.

Like other medical units, Mackenzie and her compatriots did their miraculous, life-saving work under dirty canvas, in burned-out buildings, and in the open air. They worked under enormous stress, with little sleep and bad food, and often under fire. The casualties were great in number and greater in urgency. Mackenzie and the others could sometimes offer nothing but comfort and kind words for a shattered young man's last minutes on this earth. But many were saved.

With the European war's end, Mackenzie was chosen as one of only four Nursing Sisters to represent Canada as part of the 1st Infantry Division that was called the Berlin Brigade. Five thousand Canadians were to guard the British sector of the divided and broken city and offer help to its beaten and starving people. To be chosen was a tremendous honour but she turned it down. Instead, she volunteered for the Pacific theatre where the Americans were island hopping across the ocean and pushing back the Japanese empire. The atomic blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended the Japanese phase of the war before Canadians were dispatched.

For her outstanding service, Mackenzie earned the French Croix de Guerre, which is similar to the honour of Canadians being mentioned in dispatches. She also received the Royal Red Cross Second Class from Governor General Viscount Alexander. The citation read, in part, "Lieutenant Nursing Sister Mackenzie was conspicuous in setting a fine example of leadership and overwork. As a result, the lives of many badly wounded patients were saved."

Mackenzie returned to nursing duties at Nicholls, which became Peterborough Civic Hospital, and then at the Ottawa Civic Hospital where she was a palliative care nurse and night supervisor. Her compassionate care for patients and absolute impatience with waste and inefficiency led to a plan. If Cold War hostilities resulted in Ottawa coming under attack – a very real possibility at the time – Billy Mackenzie would lead all the area's nurses in medical response. Among the patients for whom she cared in their final days was Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson.

Billy's father would have been exceptionally proud, as were all associated with The Grove, of her service to Canada and to others. It is in this way that all Old Boys, Grove parents, and friends of the school who selflessly gave their energy, devotion and, in too many cases their lives, to end war's madness, should be remembered.

Chapter Four: Cold War

When Adolf Hitler took a revolver in his hand in May 1945 and blew out what was left of his brains, allied troops were already in Berlin. Three months later, Japan surrendered. The war that had taken so many lives and destroyed so many countries was finally over.

However, unlike at the conclusion of most wars, the victors did not pack up their weapons and go home. Instead, even before the guns fell silent, the United States and Soviet Union had begun maneuvering toward a new confrontation. With their common enemy gone, they resumed their ideological, imperial struggle for global ascendancy. From the late 1940s until the late 1980s, every nationalist struggle, land reform effort, coup and civil war became a proxy war between the two that fought as scorpions in a bottle. The military might of the west and east that had already been enormous at the end of the Second World War grew even mightier until, with new and increasingly numerous and potent nuclear weapons and sophisticated means to deliver them, every mother's child on Earth was on the front line.

Lakefield adjusted to the new era with a rock hard adherence to core values but, like always, with alumni seeing their time at the school through misty-eyed nostalgia. In 1948, Old Boy Charles Henry Irwin Akehurst made that point in a letter to the *Chronicle*. Akehurst had graduated from Lakefield in 1913 and less than three years later was a member of Canada's 102nd Regiment, Rocky Mountain Rangers. He arrived in England in October 1916, was transferred to the 47th Battalion in February 1917, and that November sustained injuries when he was buried by a shell explosion. He later transferred to the British army where he enjoyed a spectacular career and retired a Brigadier General. He earned a number of commendations including Officer of the British Empire. In 1948, Akehurst wrote,

My Lakefield days now seem very far away and I was only 13 or 14 on leaving The Grove. The two intervening wars have not improved my memory, but I still have many very happy recollections. The most frequent are of swimming, canoeing, canoe sailing and those glorious expeditions by steamer up the Lakes. I wonder whether the expedition is still an annual event – and have the shacks survived and is the ancient cider press still in use and is the home-boiled maple sugar as sweet as it was of old? Frogs' legs are probably no longer the delicacy they used to be. Those were other days.

Hugh Pullen also treasured his time at the school. In an article published in the Winter 1945-1946 *Chronicle*, Pullen reflected on his time at Lakefield but urged current masters and boys to recall what made it great. He wrote, "The individual who lays a course towards the port of 'GET' is concerned only with himself. He is generally selfish, narrow-minded and a very poor shipmate. His opposite number is the chap who shapes a course for the port of 'GIVING,' an unselfish and good friend to all on board. There are many reasons for this, but the three which stand out most clearly are 'DISCIPLINE,' 'DUTY' and 'SERVICE.'"

The naval metaphors and dedication to discipline, duty and service were seen most clearly in the ongoing work of Lakefield's sea cadet corps. It remained based on the belief that proper training would instill values in boys that would serve them and the country well. The boys were often reminded of those values, and of the importance of dedicating oneself to them, when told of those who were once students like them but had served in the war just passed. A particularly moving reminder came with the dedication of three new brass plaques beneath chapel windows. They read:

THE WINDOW ABOVE WAS PLACED IN THIS CHAPEL BY HIS MOTHER IN PROUD AND
LOVING MEMORY OF DOUGLAS DRAKE PILOT OFFICER. R.C.A.F. WHO WAS KILLED
OVERSEAS JANUARY 1943

THE WINDOW ABOVE WAS PLACED IN THIS CHAPEL BY HIS PARENTS IN PROUD AND
LOVING MEMORY OF STUART WILLIAM GUNN SERGEANT PILOT
WHO WAS KILLED OVERSEAS MARCH 13th 1943

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF WILLIAM SKIDMORE, F.O., R.C.A.F.
LOST OFF NEWFOUNDLAND DECEMBER 1941

The values Pullen explained, and that the sea cadet corps reflected, were supported by the headmaster and by the fact that the school's post-war Advisory Board and Board of Governors remained dominated by men with eminent military backgrounds. Consider the school's leadership in 1950.

On the Advisory Board was Vice-Admiral Percy W. Nelles. With him was Major-General J. V. Young who had been a valuable member of the Board of Governors from 1938 to 1944. He renewed his service on the Advisory Board in 1947 where he devoted his talents to the school for another 14 years.

On the Board of Governors was Colonel Ernest (Duff) Pullen. He had attended The Grove from 1918 to 1926 and then served as an army lieutenant in the Second World War. At one point, he was stationed in Whitehall, the London headquarters of the Royal Navy, Admiralty and Army. While D-Day was being conceived in one set of offices, Pullen was one floor below playing a lead role in planning the Sicily invasion and Italian campaign. He retired a Colonel after exemplary service in a number of capacities including Director of Staff Duties, on the General Staff National Defence Head Quarters. At the October 1947 investiture ceremony at the University of Toronto's Convocation Hall, Canada's Governor General had awarded Pullen with the insignia of Officer (Military Division) of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for, "His exceptional planning and organizational ability. An outstanding contribution to the service." Pullen's sons and later his grandsons were Grove students.

With Pullen on the 1950 Lakefield Board was RCN Commander Rod Pringle. Pringle had attended the school from 1921 to 1930. During the Second World War, he commanded the minesweeper *HMCS Stratford*, the Corvette *HMCS Collingwood*, *HMCS Suderöy IV*, *HMCS Stratford*, and the frigate *HMCS Wentworth*. Pringle's gallantry and leadership earned mention in dispatches: "This Officer has served in command of ships of the Royal Canadian Navy for three years, the majority of this time in North Atlantic convoy duty. By consistently displaying outstanding qualities of loyalty and devotion to duty, he has at all times set an example to others in keeping with the highest traditions of the Royal Canadian Navy." Pringle's dedication to The Grove was seen in his service on Board of Governors from 1947 to 1971 and chairing it from 1952 to 1955. He contributed as an Advisory Board member from 1972 to 1980.

Also on the board was Alfred George Tully LeFevre. He was born at Uplands, near the school's Uplands House and after which it was named. LeFevre was a Grove student from 1879 to 1886. After graduation from RMC, he travelled the world as a surveyor and engineer and then enlisted to serve in the First World War. He became a Major in the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps and was then promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. LeFevre served on

the western front in France with the 3rd and 4th Army Corps. His courage and leadership earned him the respect of his men and also a DSO, France's Croix de Guerre, and Chile's Orden de Merito. He retired to Uplands and served on the Board of Governors from 1944 to 1954 and then on the Advisory Board from until 1958. Lakefield boys were made welcome to use the LeFevre orchard as a playing field.

H. L. McCulloch also attended The Grove. He served in the First World War with the Royal Canadian Army's 1st Battery. In 1950, while he was on the board, his son was head boy. Another board member was R. L. Crombie who was a Lakefield student from 1897 to 1900. At the outbreak of the war in 1914, Crombie had enlisted with the Royal Canadian Engineers and served with a Canadian Field Artillery unit in France. At the war's conclusion he retired a colonel.

Board member Trumbull Warren was a Lakefield student from 1928 to 1931. His father, a Lieutenant, had been killed in April 1915 at the Second Battle of Ypres. Warren joined the 48th Highlanders in 1934 and when Hitler set Europe on fire he pitched in to quell the blaze. Lieutenant Warren's many skills were recognized and rewarded when he acted twice as Aide-de-Camp and then, for two years, as Personal Assistant to British General Bernard Montgomery.

With Montgomery in Sicily and throughout the Italian campaign, Warren acted as Liaison Officer between the British 8th Army and the 1st Canadian Division. He was with Montgomery in England for the planning and execution of the D-Day landings. Journalist Gregory Clark noted that Warren was the perfect diplomat because, "He speaks English, Canadian and American."

On May 3, 1945, days before Germany's surrender, unarmed and accompanied by only his driver, Warren ventured behind enemy lines. He personally escorted four senior German officers, including the Commander-in-Chief of the German fleet and chief of staff of the army, back through German and British lines to meet Montgomery. After Montgomery convinced them that Germany was defeated and fighting should cease, Warren risked his life again by escorting the guests back across the lines.

At one point Montgomery remarked, "I often wish you were my son." Warren became a Lieutenant Colonel and earned a plethora of decorations including an OBE, Africa Star, Italy Star, France & Germany Star, Defence Medal, Canadian Volunteer Service medal with Clasp, 1939-1945 War Medal with mentioned in dispatches Insignia, Canadian Efficiency Medal, and American Bronze Star. Demonstrating their ongoing closeness and mutual respect, General Montgomery became godfather to Warren's youngest daughter, Joan. Warren's Godson Dermot Stoker would attend The Grove from 1967 to 1972.

William Macrae was a Board of Governors member who, among his other contributions, reenergized the Grove Old Boys Association that had been formed in 1923. In September 1939, he was in Java, aboard *Ahto*, enjoying an around the world sailing adventure. Upon hearing that war had been declared, he immediately decided to return home to serve. As *Ahto* was Estonian registered, Macrae had a large Estonian flag painted on her side that he hoped would save him from predatory German submarines.

Macrae joined the RCNVR as an Ordinary Seaman in *HMCS York* in June 1940. He was part of the first group of 25 Canadians sent to Britain for officer training with the RN. They took passage in *HMS Revenge*, a battle cruiser escorting North Atlantic convoys to Greenwich. Using a 16mm camera, Macrae took a great deal of footage of his exploits. The films show many Grove boys and fascinating training exercises involving throwing depth charges overboard and practising aim by targeting North Atlantic icebergs.

Macrae trained in *HMS Raleigh* and then *HMS Furious*, an aircraft carrier whose missions took her along the African

Gold Coast. He was First Lieutenant in *HMS Aletes*, stationed in Trinidad, and a gunnery officer until January of 1944 in *HMCS Sackville* when she was sent for refit in Galveston. He ended the war back on the Halifax to Liverpool sea-lanes in *HMCS Penetang*. Macrae's brother Bubs also attended Lakefield, served in RCN bases in Canada, and then returned to the school as a master in the 1970s and 1980s.

Board member Hugh Wallis attended The Grove from 1905 to 1906. He left a promising career as an accountant to become one of the first men to enlist in the fall of 1914. He served in France and Belgium and ended the war a Brigade-Major. While resuming his career and eventually becoming a successful businessman and president of Mount Royal Rice Mills Ltd., he was also a proud member of the Reserve Army and a Commandant of the Black Watch.

Wallis served on the board with John Gray. Gray attended the school from 1917 to 1923 and later served as a reinforcement officer for the Scottish Regiment in Toronto. His keen intellect led to his assignment with counter-intelligence operations in north western Europe in 1942. While serving on the Grove board, his son John attended the school, graduating in 1953.

With inspiring memories of the last war and threats from the current Cold War in the minds of students, coupled with these distinguished gentlemen channeling their knowledge and pride in military matters into their direction of school matters, it is hardly surprising that Lakefield's sea cadets program remained well supported and strong. Students met each morning surrounded by the chapel's stained glass windows reminding them of the sacrifices of others who had once been students like them. Part of each day was devoted to cadet training in preparation to perhaps do their bit.

RCSCC St. George's traditions, established during the Second World War, continued as boys were appointed as officers to oversee the four platoons and band. The fall saw a half hour of drill each day until the weather forced them inside where time was devoted each day to seamanship classes. Early spring had the boys back outside and drilling again in preparation for the annual May inspection.

The 1950 inspection was done by Brigadier-General Donald Robert Agnew, CB, CBE, CD, ADC. The Agnew family had a proud tradition of military service and strong connections to The Grove. That service included Agnew's father, Major John Agnew, a Grove alumnus and veteran of the North West Rebellion and First World War, and two brothers, Commodore R. I. Agnew, OBE, CD, (who was in the very first class at the Royal Naval College of Canada in 1911 and was a contemporary of Admiral Percy Nelles) and Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Agnew. The family tradition at The Grove continued with his son, Lieutenant-Commander John Donald Davison Agnew, CD, RCN, and grandson, Commander John Jeffrey Charles Agnew, OMM, CD, RCN.

When he attended the annual cadet inspection in 1950, Brigadier General Agnew was nearing the end of an illustrious 38-year army career. From 1940 to 1942, Agnew was Commanding Officer 14th Field Regiment Royal Canadian Artillery and, in 1942, Commanding Officer No. 1 Canadian Artillery Reinforcement Unit stationed in England. For the next two years he was Commanding Officer 1st Canadian Anti-Aircraft Brigade and Director-General of Anti-Aircraft Artillery. His valuable service and leadership was recognized with the awarding of the prestigious Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

The war's end did not end Agnew's service as he was appointed District Officer Commanding 7th Military District from 1945 to 1947. He went on to serve seven years as both Commandant of the Royal Military College in Kingston and Aide-de-Camp to the Governor-General of Canada. Among the more treacherous of endeavors is to reorganize an institution that prides itself on tradition and so Agnew won well-deserved accolades for the RMC's restructuring.

He modernized and improved a number of systems, policies, and procedures. He also enhanced the institution's educational reputation and rigour. He, for instance, appointed and oversaw a vice-commandant who acted as director of studies and coordinated military and academic training while representing RMC at the annual National Conference of Canadian Universities.

Agnew proudly presided over the RMC's New One Hundred Opening Ceremonies in September 1948, and inaugurated the Old Brigade, for alumni celebrating their 50th anniversary since enrolment. He was equally proud when, as Commandant, he welcomed Princess Elizabeth for an October 1951 Royal visit to the RMC. In two years she would be Queen. Before retiring in 1958, Agnew served as Director of the Imperial War Graves Commission in North West Europe.

But that was to come. On a sparkling day in May 1950, Brigadier-General Agnew had come home to The Grove. He carefully observed the platoons marching smartly by in competition for the Sheddon Shield. Each boy was nattily uniformed, with shoes shone, and hair freshly cut. The rifles were then secured and the platoons commenced their display of all they had learned in their seamanship classes. A shrill fire siren pierced the bright afternoon and the boys of the fire brigade sprang into action. The ship's company assembled quickly on the parade square and within three minutes the makeshift blaze was extinguished by the boys enthusiastically spraying high-pressure hoses.

The excitement then turned to the lake where twelve dinghies, two cutters, a whaler and eight canoes began a series of maneuvers. Orders from shore, relayed through semaphore, led the boys through various boat work skills and other tasks that included a display of international signaling. Agnew expressed himself to be well pleased with the impressive show and ordered the signal "Maneuvers well executed." In a decision that surprised more than a few, 1950's Sheddon Shield went to the band.

While the inspection afternoon would normally mark the end of the school's sea cadet corps program for the year, the boys were not yet finished. The guest speaker at the school's June closing would be His Excellency Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Canada's Governor General. In preparation for the special visit, the boys continued to practise and drill every day.

The June morning broke overcast and chilly but by the afternoon the campus was bathed in warm sunshine. The boys marched smartly before His Excellency who took the salute and then slowly inspected each platoon and the still proud band. He also enjoyed a flawless waterfront display in which the boys demonstrated the discipline and teamwork they had learned and that was an essential part of any ship's crew.

Later, the Governor General addressed the school and took as his topic, ironically, given the excitement of the day, boredom. In a speech that many recalled as the best they had heard in years, His Excellency said that there is no reason for boredom as every situation and person has something of interest and it is up to the individual to find it. The boys assembled could hardly help but reflect on their time at The Grove as proof of the point. After all, Lakefield had instilled in each of them the value of an active lifestyle, a spiritually based and perpetually curious mind, and acting as part of a team in the pursuit of the greater good. The 1950 program was indeed a terrific day that seemed to bode well for the new decade.

The next year, in May 1951 brought another special moment. To commemorate the Old Boys who had served in both world wars, RCSCC St. George participated in a solemn ceremony in which sod was turned to mark the building of Memorial House. The year also saw an important addition to the distinguished group of military men still playing such an important role in the school's governance with Canadian Army Major John Easson joining the Board of Governors. He would contribute his talents to the school for five years. Easson served in the First World

War and then in the Second with the Royal Regiment of Canada. Although a distinguished platoon commander, because Major Easson was 45 years old and had a wife and three children at home, his superiors decided that he would not participate in the Dieppe raid. The decision could have saved his life.

The year also marked a sad occasion. On June 13, 1951, Vice-Admiral Nelles died. Fittingly, he was buried at sea from *HMCS Sault Ste. Marie*. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of Nelles to the Canadian navy and to Lakefield Preparatory School (as it was known at that time) in a career that was accomplished, illustrious and selfless. His dedicated service was recognized by Canada and by allied commands. For example, Nelles won the American Legion of Merit with a commendation that read, "For the exceptionally meritorious services to the Government of the United States from 1940 to 1944. As Chief of the Naval Staff, Royal Canadian Navy, Admiral Nelles was untiring in his efforts to strengthen the ties of friendship and co-operation between Canada and the United States; to prepare the Royal Canadian Navy for immediate co-operation with the United States Navy in the event that the United States should abruptly enter the war; and, after December 7, 1941, to establish and plan the co-operation between the two Navies which resulted in final victory." Nelles had retired from his storied RCN career in January 1945 but had continued to dedicate himself to The Grove in many capacities including Chair of the Board of Governors.

The Lakefield traditions Nelles had helped build upon the bedrock of foundational values that Mackenzie had constructed, were safe with the boys of The Grove and sons of men of distinction who attended the school in the 1950s. Among them was Gregor Grant, whose father was Harold Taylor Wood Grant. Grant's nephews, Gerald, Peter and Harold, also attended Lakefield. Harold Grant was among the first cadets at the newly established RNCC in 1911, where he passed with a first class certificate. He joined the navy in 1914 and served in a number of ships during the First World War. In the interwar years he served in the Naval Service Headquarters in a number of capacities including Director of Plans.

The Second World War saw Grant promoted to captain RCN in 1940. He went on to serve at the National Headquarters as Chief of Naval Personnel and as the Third Member of the Naval Board of Canada. As commander in *HMS Enterprise* in 1943, he earned a DSO and the Commander of the Order of the British Empire for actions taken in sinking three German destroyers and damaging several others in the Bay of Biscay. In 1945, Grant commanded *HMCS Ontario* and ended the war a Commodore. After the war, he was promoted first to Rear-Admiral and then, in 1947, to Vice-Admiral. While his boys marched as part of 1951's RCSCC St. George cadet corps, Vice-Admiral Grant was serving at the National Headquarters as Chief of Naval Staff. Upon his retirement that year it was noted that Grant was widely perceived as, "The father of the post-war Royal Canadian Navy."

The unveiling of the Memorial House Cairn on November 11, 1952 was a sombre occasion. Over 100 parents and friends of the school gathered to consider brief remarks by Headmaster G. Winder Smith as well as Lieutenant-Colonel LeFevre. The brick and bronze cairn was dedicated to Grove boys who had given their lives in both world wars. Following the ceremony, everyone gathered in the Chapel where the Rev. F. H. Cosgrave slowly read the names of all those who had fallen in the service of their country in the Second World War:

Ralph Beveridge	Victor Gordon-Ives	Edson Pease
Charles Bonnell	Harry Gray	Christopher Peck
David Budden	Stuart Gunn	Harry Peck
Montgomery Bull	Thomas How	Charles Phillips
Robert Clarkson	Alexander Logie	Gavin Rainnie
Stuart Cook	James McLean	Allan Sanagen

Paul Cote	William MacPherson	William Skidmore
Douglas Drake	Peter Marsh	Lorimer Sheldrake
Stuart Dunn	Ian McCrimmon	Harding Stuart
David Gordon	Gordon McMaster	Burton Wilkes
Huntley Gordon		Douglas Young

By the end of the 1950s, the Cold War had settled into a precariously dangerous phase in which the two sides stared at each other in Berlin and gathered more weapons than either needed to destroy each other and the whole world several times over. Canadians knew that if Soviet bombers came they would be met over Canadian skies by Canadian and American fighter jets. Canadians came to fear communists not just under their beds but also over their heads.

The Soviet bomber and missile threat meant that air power was being called upon to play an increasingly important role in national defence. A number of Lakefield alumni were part of those stress-laden preparations. Among them was Donald Ross. Ross is the stepson of G. Winder Smith and so it was not surprising that he became a Lakefield student. Ross had been a member of Lakefield's sea cadet corps and so he was a natural fit for the University Naval Training Division of the Royal Canadian Navy & the Canadian Armed Forces (UNTD). It had been created during the Second World War to increase Canada's number of trained naval officers. Ross was with the UNTD from 1950 to 1954.

The Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) had formed in April 1915. The Second World War had revived recognition of the service's value and the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve was directed to form air squadrons. In May 1953, VC 920 Squadron was created as tender to *HMCS York*. From 1954 to 1958, Ross served as a Supply Officer to VC 920 Fleet Air Arm squadron at Toronto's Downsview base. Downsview was Canada's premier Cold War military transportation and logistical base.

With Cold War tensions continuing to rise, military service remained as important as ever and Grove Old Boys continued to serve. Among them was Darroch MacGillivray who graduated in 1952, returned to his native Newfoundland and served in *HMCS Cabot*. He was awarded Director of the Year by the Air Cadet League of Canada in 1953, served in *HMCS Cataragui* for Queen's University in 1954, and was named the east coast's Best Senior Cadet. Like other Grove Old Boys, he served in *HMCS Niobe* and *HMCS Stadacona*. In 1968, MacGillivray was appointed a commander. He commanded the First Canadian Destroyer Squadron in 1976 and then, as Commodore, played essential roles with the Canadian Defence Liaison Staff in London. While his accomplishments were legion, he was most proud of having been the first native Newfoundlander to have entered St. John's harbour in command of a Canadian warship: *HMCS Iroquois*. He retired in 1989.

Benjamin Franklin Ackerman attended the school from 1930 to 1935 and entered the Second World War in 1940 as an ordinary telegraphist RCNVR. Four years later he was a Probationary Sub-Lieutenant (Temp.) RCNVR and served in *HMCS Shediac*. He made the navy his career and was promoted to Lieutenant RCN in 1946 and then, in 1953, served as Ordnance Lieutenant-Commander in *HMCS Micmac*. Two years later he was Lieutenant-Commander Ackerman (CLD) RCN. He served in *HMCS York* for the Institute of Aviation Medicine RCN Personnel Research Unit and, in 1964, as Officer-in-Charge Clearance Diving Trials and Development Unit.

Among the old boys serving their country during the Cold War was Frank Pearce (1945 – 53). As an officer in the Royal Canadian Navy for 9 years he served on the following HMCS vessels: *Magnificent*, *Bonaventure*, *Micmac*, *Iroquois*, *Quinte*, *Granby*, *Kootenay* and *Swansea*. He was among the last group of Canadian Acting Sub Lieutenants to train at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich plus other RN training establishments. He retired from

the navy in 1964 as a Lieutenant for further education and to see the world.

Frank's father was William "Buck" Pearce who attended the school from 1903 to 1905. After graduating from RMC he attended the University of Toronto and then joined the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force in 1914. He shortly served with the Royal Montreal regiment and then with the Canadian Machine Gun corps for the majority of the Great War. He fought in the major conflict areas engaged by Canadian soldiers namely Passchendaele, the Somme, Ypres, and Vimy Ridge serving a total of 37 months in the front lines. He ended that war with the rank of Major after having been awarded the Military Cross. He was twice mentioned in dispatches. During the Second World War he was the second in command of the reserve unit of The Irish Regiment of Canada in Toronto with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

There is an event during the war that helps conjure the horrors of battle during that period. Major Pearce, in charge of a group of men (exact number not known), sought shelter in an abandoned "pill-box" (concrete dug-in guard posts) along with one other person. The remainder found provisional shelter in any one of the many surrounding shell holes. Unfortunately, an enemy shell burst directly in their area killing everyone save for those in the "pill-box."

"Buck" Pearce enjoyed a long and distinguished career with Lakefield as an active member of the school's Board of Governors from 1940 to 1966 and as its Chairperson for two years during which time Memorial house was constructed. Later he was active on the Advisory Board until 1987 but remained a supporter of the school until his death in 1990 at the age of 98.

Another Grove Old Boy serving at the time was John Donald Davison Agnew. After graduating from Lakefield he went to sea in 1944. Due to colour blindness, he was unable to be an executive branch officer. He enlisted as an Ordinary Seaman serving in *HMC Ships Acadia* and *St. Boniface* before taking his commission as a Supply Officer. Throughout the 1950s, Agnew served in *HMC Ships Uganda, Sioux and Magnificent*. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander (S) RCN, and served in Washington, Ottawa, Montreal and England as Supply Officer for the Oberon Submarine project.

In 1958, Agnew was happy to write back to The Grove that he and Peter Cayley and Fred Frewer (of the Class of 1937) were working together on the Canadian Embassy staff in Washington. The three Grove Old Boys enjoyed life and work in Washington but looked forward to a posting back to Canada. Agnew retired in 1966. His son Jeff stayed true to the family tradition by both attending Lakefield and serving Canada. He rose to the rank of Commander and was a highly decorated officer with service in Kuwait, Yugoslavia, and Afghanistan where he was awarded the US Bronze Star. In 2013, Jeff was appointed an Officer in the Order of Military Merit in recognition for "outstanding meritorious service in duties of responsibility" as Public Affairs Officer for number of Canadian Forces units.

Fred Frewer's brother Phil had been among the heroes who rescued *HMCS Athabaskan* crewmembers and his other brother John, who attended Lakefield from 1929 to 1934, also enjoyed a stellar naval career. In the Second World War he had been Captain of the Flower-class Corvette *HMCS Matapedia* and Minesweeper *HMCS St. Boniface*. He was awarded Norway's King Haakon Freedom Medal.

Another Old Boy that the 1950s cadets continued to admire was Tom Pullen. Beyond his leadership and heroic example at the sinking of *HMCS Ottawa*, it was Pullen's exemplary service after the war that impressed and inspired Grove boys. He commanded *HMCS Iroquois* and served on the Staff of Flag Officer Atlantic Coast in 1949. When the Cold War flared hot in Korea, he commanded *HMCS Huron*. After the war he was Commander Canadian Destroyers Far East, responsible for the Canadian flotilla. Pullen went on to command *HMCS Labrador* and *HMCS Shearwater*

and serve in *HMCS Niobe* as Executive Officer and as Chief Staff Officer to the Naval Member of the Canadian Joint Staff (London). In 1958 he was Canadian Naval Member to the Military Agency for Standardization. He served in NDHQ as Director of Naval Operations from 1964 until his retirement the next year.

It was Pullen's skill and reputation as a naval officer, ice-pilot, and arctic navigator that led to his being appointed to navigate several vessels through the Northwest Passage. In 1969, the Americans planned to have the oil tanker SS *Manhattan* ignore and challenge Canadian sovereignty by making its way through Canadian Arctic waters. The Trudeau government turned to Pullen to act as ice-pilot to ensure there were no mishaps and that Canadians were leading the journey. McGill University awarded Pullen the prestigious DMilSc (Hon). In 1984, he was awarded the Massey Medal of the Royal Canadian Geographical Society for personal achievements in contributing to the knowledge of the marine environment and ice navigation in ice-infested Canadian waters.

Despite his many accomplishments, when Pullen spoke at a Lakefield Old Boys Dinner he was as modest as one would expect a Grove alumnus to be. He said his proudest experience was to captain *HMCS Labrador*, a Canadian naval icebreaker. It was during his two years with her that he worked to open the Arctic for navigation and research, guided supply ships to DEW Line stations, and during winters in the Gulf of St. Lawrence proved that, with icebreaker support, shipping could be carried out year round.

Another Pullen, Tom's brother, Rear-Admiral Hugh Pullen, visited The Grove in 1955 for the annual RCSCC St. George inspection. On that day, commanding petty officer Hugh MacDonald and Headmaster Smith accompanied the Rear-Admiral to the dock for the school fleet's sail past. Pullen and Smith had been students at the school together. Pullen called him by the nickname used only by close friends and family and said, "Boodie, do you remember when we had to row the garbage boat out to the middle of the lake and dump it?" Smith replied that he, of course, recalled it well but that the school no longer got rid of its trash in that manner. MacDonald was none the less ordered to prepare the cutter. He watched as the rear admiral and headmaster sped off for a nostalgic 15-minute cruise of the lake. Fortunately, they took along no garbage.

While a number of men were serving with pride and valour, the boys at The Grove in the 1950s were, like kids everywhere and Lakefield students always, devoting most of their time to fun, adventure, and mischief, while mixing school work with sports and time on the lake. However, the emergency tests interrupting radio programs and the village's noonday air raid siren that blared from the fire hall, were constant reminders that this new war – cold but real – was never far away.

Indeed, the Korean War affected Lakefield. The war began in the summer of 1950 when the communist north invaded the non-communist south. American President Harry Truman persuaded the United Nations to send a force to repel the invasion. Canada responded first with three destroyers but eventually with 25,000 troops, 2,000 reservists and an air force transport squadron. By 1952, there were 8,000 Canadians in Korea. Among them was John Bovey who had attended Lakefield from 1928 to 1932.

Bovey had joined the navy shortly after graduation and in 1938 he was a Sub-Lieutenant RCNVR. In January 1944, Bovey was promoted to A/Lieutenant-Commander (Temp.) RCNVR. He served in *HMCS Stadacona* and *HMCS Swift Current*. He was the Temporary Commander of *HMCS Qu'Appelle* and the Commander of *HMCS Wallaceburg*. When Prime Minister St. Laurent rallied Canadians to support the UN effort in Korea, Bovey was appointed to command *HMCS Crusader*.

In July 1952, the American destroyer *Orleck* shelled and demolished two North Korean trains that had been moving

men and supplies through the tunnels and punishing terrain of the Taebak Mountain Range. To boost sagging morale, the Americans declared *Orleck* the Trainbusters Club champion. The Canadians would not stand for that!

Canadian ships were soon in on the action and the Americans relented to the pressure by opening their “club” to allied ships. Out of the twenty-eight train kills officially tallied by the “club”, the RCN got eight with Bovey’s *Crusader* getting four. In fact, she destroyed three trains in one twenty-four-hour period. Canada’s celebrated *Haida* was in Korea for 217 days. She was fired on twice by shore batteries and both times destroyed her assailants. She joined the club by destroying two and a half trains, the half awarded only because her assault had not fatally disabled the train’s engine.

After the war, Bovey served in *HMCS Avalon* as Canadian Naval Commander Newfoundland and, in 1956, as Senior Officer-in-Command. In 1958, Bovey was placed in command of *HMCS Saguenay*, the same year that his son Alex began his Lakefield career. While Alex was learning the same values and enjoying similar adventures and challenges as his father had before him, the senior Bovey was commanding the Third Canadian Escort Squadron.

In May 1959, RCSCC St. George prepared for a special day – the new Governor General was coming to Lakefield. The decade was coming to an end but the school’s direct military connections remained strong. Lakefield had recently boasted the sons of six RCN admirals among its student body and sea cadet corps. For example, Christopher (Kit) Mainguy attended the school from 1947 to 1950. He was the son of Vice-Admiral Edmond Rollo Mainguy who had distinguished himself in the Second World War. Of special note was his participation, while in *HMCS Uganda*, in the bombardment of Sakashima and the Japanese-held base at Truk Lagoon in the South Pacific. The year after Kit left the school, his father was appointed chief of the naval staff.

Among Kit’s Grove friends was George Jones, Jr., who attended Lakefield from 1948 to 1952. Jones’ father was Vice Admiral George Clarence Jones. He had served in the First World War and, in 1940, was appointed Commodore 1st Class RCN. He served in *HMCS Bytown* and at NSHQ as Chief of Naval Staff. He ended the war as Commander-in-Chief Canadian North Atlantic and as first member of the Naval Board of Canada.

George Jones, Jr. in turn, was a friend of Richard (Dick) Hibbard, who graduated Lakefield in 1953. His father was Rear-Admiral James Calcutt Hibbard who had offered tremendous service throughout the Second World War. Hibbard commanded *Skeena* as part of the doomed convoy SC 42 that departed from Sydney, Nova Scotia on August 31, 1941. Heavy weather and fuel shortages forced a change in route and slower speed while 14 enemy submarines gathered ahead. On an inky dark September 9 night, Hibbard ordered his destroyer from one position to the next as Corvettes did what they could to defend the merchant ships from submarines that took a deadly toll. By the time British reinforcements arrived, 15 ships had been lost. It was the war’s largest single loss to a German “wolf pack.” Hibbard’s revenge came in August 1944 when, as Captain of *HMS Iroquois*, he led an action that resulted in the sinking of 22 German ships. He was appointed Rear-Admiral RCN in 1953 and served in *HMCS Naden* as Flag Officer Pacific Coast before retiring in 1955.

As the decade came to a close, the school’s governing boards remained well served by distinguished military men. On The Grove’s 1959 Advisory Board was Major-General James V. Young. Also on the Advisory Board was Vice-Admiral DeWolf. Both remained active and strong supporters of RCSCC St. George. In May 1954, DeWolf had inspected the cadet corps and watched with pride as his son James marched proudly by in review. The Vice-Admiral had no idea, at that point, that his daughter would marry a nephew of Major Burton Wilkes, another Lakefield Old Boy, who had died in December 1943 while serving in the Royal Army Medical Corps. DeWolf had

joined Lakefield's Advisory Board in 1957. He moved to the Board of Governors for 13 years and then back to the Advisory Board where he provided wise counsel, leadership and support until 1980.

On an overcast Saturday, May 23, 1959, Vice Admiral DeWolf stood with Major-General Young when, at 11:00, his Excellency Governor General Vincent Massey's long black car eased slowly onto campus. Just as he arrived, the heavens opened. The cadets stood at attention and the band played gallantly through the driving torrents. The Governor General ignored the rain that soaked his expensive dark suit as he shook hands and chatted with Headmaster Smith and many others, including Young and DeWolf.

As the rain fell harder, His Excellency waved off an invitation to repair indoors. Shunning hat and umbrella, he inspected the Honour Guard. His Aide-de-Camp, resplendent in a crisply pressed RCAF uniform, followed him everywhere. A wit in the sea cadet corps ranks noted, in something above a stage whisper, that the governor general was getting drenched but added, "That will teach His Excellency for bringing an Air Force aide to this school!"

A brief ceremony was conducted to dedicate the recently completed classroom block. A hymn was sung and there were giggles at the last line: "Our shelter from the stormy blast." Mr. Massey delivered a brief speech to the assembled that stood stoically in the relentless downpour.

By the time lunch was over, the sun welcomed the party back outside and warmed the soggy path to the waterfront. His Excellency stood on the dock as a signalman perched atop the boathouse set a row of dinghies, canoes and cutters on their way past in splendid formation. The boys performed admirably with each craft passing the inspection party at perfectly timed twenty-second intervals despite a cutting hailstorm that suddenly swept down the lake. When directly before the Governor General, each crew turned and offered a brief salute – a tricky maneuver even in calm water – without a slip or error. His Excellency returned each salute by doffing his soggy homburg.

Back under the protection of the marquee, and before the cadets standing at attention and staff and other boys lined up behind, the governor general offered brief remarks. He praised Lakefield's sea cadet corps and added:

Like Canada itself, Lakefield inherits ideas from the old world, but they are fitted into the Canadian scene. You are faithful to traditions in education, which should be preserved; you believe that the moulding of character and the training of mind go hand in hand. A school like this is a vigorous democracy in itself, in which boys learn by the very life they lead to show the responsibility of a citizen.

The Vice-Regal's visit was a fitting end to the decade that had seen such change in the world and on campus. He expressed what those involved in the cadet program and, in fact, in every facet of the school already knew – that while change is inevitable, Lakefield's values remained steadfast.

The closest the world's leaders came to blowing up the planet was in October 1962. Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev ordered the construction of nuclear weapon launching sites in Cuba, just 90 miles off Florida's coast. American U2 spy plane photographs alerted President John F. Kennedy who ordered a quarantine of the island and all missiles removed. American ships surrounded Cuba with orders to stop Soviet ships. Soviet ships were ordered to charge through the line. Kennedy and Khrushchev pledged that a confrontation at sea would rain nuclear weapons upon Russian and American cities. Like the two leaders, everyone knew the first missile's launch would spark a war in Berlin and the ensuing nuclear holocaust would be global with part of the fight and fall out in Canadian skies. Night after night people went to bed not knowing if an order or miscalculation would mean they

might never awake.

The Canadian forces were part of the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) that coordinated Canadian and American continental defence and so were called into action. At that point Canada had 29 warships and 40 long-range aircraft ready for active service. With a joint Canadian-American naval training exercise coincidentally already in progress, the two navies were able to quickly mobilize and efficiently operate as a coordinated unit. Few Americans realized that at their moment of grave danger, Canadian planes and ships were guarding their Atlantic coast.

Among the Canadians involved in the Cuban Crisis was Captain Fred Charsley Frewer. His family enjoyed a long association with The Grove. His brother John had attended Lakefield from 1929-1934. A navy man, he was appointed A/Sub-Lieutenant (Temp.) RCNVR in 1940 and then, a year later, Lieutenant (Temp.). He served in *HMS Edinburgh* and commanded *HMCS Matapedia* and then *HMCS St Boniface*. He survived the sinking of *HMS Edinburgh* while on Murmansk Convoy service. For his dedicated work, Frewer earned Norway's M.I.D. King Haakon VII Freedom Medal. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, he served on the school's board.

Fred Frewer graduating from Lakefield in 1937. Like his brother, he enjoyed a sterling naval career. He was serving in *HMCS St. Laurent* when the convoy under escort lost 13 of its 50 freighters. The *St. Laurent's* captain suffered a breakdown. The crew looked to Frewer and he took over the ship. He skillfully led the convoy from danger and piloted his ship safely back to Halifax. His bravery under such unusual and perilous conditions led to the distinction of his being the youngest Canadian, at age 22, in December 1942, to captain a destroyer. He would continue his links to the school including through his son Matthew, who, while at the school in the 1970s, acquired a love for the theatre that took him to the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School and on to an impressive career that began with the role of the quirky but beloved TV character Max Headroom.

By the time of Khrushchev's dangerous 1962 Cuban game, Fred Frewer had served admirably in a number of capacities, and was in command of *HMCS Bonaventure*. She was among the ships that Kennedy's bold decision and Canada's shared North American defence strategy had mobilized. Captain Frewer later recalled,

The Cuban Missile Crisis was really exciting. I don't think, still, the public are aware of how near a thing it was... Aircraft carriers were spaced about 150 miles apart all the way north of Cuba. One of the Essex Class Carriers was just to the south of us, the *Lake Champlain* I believe it was. We were at the northern end of the picket line, and I think the decision was going to be made within two to three hours as to whether we were going to war. So we were part of the operation, covering the northern flank alert and ready to go with war-loaded aircraft.

Fortunately, Frewer did not need to engage because Khrushchev backed down and a global disaster was averted. The Cuban Missile Crisis reminded the boys at The Grove, and all Canadians, that the Cold War could at any moment turn deadly.

Many of the boys who contributed to RCSCC St. George in the 1960s were, like the Frewer boys, proud sons of those who had given and were still giving so much of themselves to Canada's forces. Among them were Graham, Gordon and Philip Hunter whose father was Commander H. James "Jim" Hunter.

Hunter had joined the RCN in September 1939 as a seaman signaler in *HMCS St Laurent*, and was on board when they rescued over 800 from *SS Arandora Star* in July 1940. He volunteered for the Fleet Air Arm and went on to fly a variety of aircraft such as the Wellington bomber, Mosquito fighter-bomber, and Corsair fighter. At war's end, he was in command of a Firefly night interceptor squadron on England's south coast. After the war, he and a small

group of RCN pilots created the nucleus of the Canadian Naval Air Branch. He later served as its Air Commander.

Hunter served in each of Canada's three aircraft carriers: *HMCS Warrior*, *HMCS Magnificent*, and *HMCS Bonaventure*. He was the first Canadian pilot to land on a Canadian aircraft carrier. In 1956, he attended the US Navy's test pilot school in Maryland and soon thereafter became a member of the "Thousand Miles Per Hour Club" while flying a Navy F8U Crusader. He was the first Canadian to fly faster than 1000 miles per hour. Like so many others of his generation, he set a fine example of how to live with dignity, humility, courage and dedication to others.

A sad note is that, in June 1964, while enjoying his time at The Grove, Hunter's son Philip participated in a school sanctioned canoe trip to Algonquin Park. When crossing Cedar Lake, a strong wind swamped their heavily loaded canoe. The three boys clung to the capsized canoe but were unable to move to shore. In desperation, they decided to swim the short distance to a point of land. Two of them made it.

With no idea what had happened to Philip, they set off to summon help. His state of fatigue and the choppy water had robbed Philip of his sense of direction he had swum away from shore. Despite the help of friends and then the RCN dive team, Philip's body was never recovered. His death shook the family and school.

Along with his brother Kit, Tony Pullen attended the school in the early 1960s. They were proud of their father Colonel Ernest (Duff) Pullen who served in the Second World War and then on Lakefield's board of Governors. Duff Pullen's story is a cautionary tale of war's grim possibilities and fortuitous luck. He grew restless with his administrative responsibilities in Ottawa and sought a more active role. He worked to obtain a transfer to one of the active units on its way to defend the British colony of Hong Kong. Due to problems with train scheduling, Duff was unable to join the units before they steamed into the Pacific.

The Hong Kong mission was a disaster. The Royal Rifles of Canada and Winnipeg Grenadiers arrived in mid-November 1941. Three weeks later the Japanese 38th Division attacked with numbers and artillery that rendered the outcome certain, regardless of the tenacity and courage of the Canadian defence. Hong Kong was surrendered on Christmas Day. The Canadians lost 290 men, with another 493 wounded. Another 260 died in disgracefully inhumane Prisoner of War camps. But for a Canadian train schedule, Duff Pullen could have been among them.

Duff's son Tony could not wait to attend Lakefield and was keen on joining the RCSCC St. George. He was also eager to become part of the band and proud when, in his final years, he was chosen to lead it. He later recalled, "I ran it as my personal empire in the tradition of my heroes and predecessors, Johnny Davis and Rod Innes." In 1963, his graduating year, Pullen was chosen to be head boy and the sea cadet corps' Chief Petty Officer. However, he was happy to defer to Mike Clarke, Dr. Mackenzie's grandson, to head the corps. Pullen carried on as band commander and second in command of RCSCC St. George but gave up his snare drum to march behind Clarke. Vice Admiral Herbert Rayner, who in 1960 had succeeded Harry DeWolf as Canada's Chief of Naval Staff and was also on the school's advisory board, carried out the annual inspection. He was accompanied by Old Boy Peter Dorrington who had just graduated from RMC. Rayner praised the boys for a fine performance that he said excelled that which he had seen at a previous visit.

In every millennium, the decade of the 1960s has brought fundamental change. In the 1660s, France's Sun King declared Canada a French province. In the 1760s, a small battle in a world war saw Montreal fall and the creation of a British colony with French people. The 1860s saw Sir John A. Macdonald and other colonial leaders react to the American Civil War and Britain's preparations for a European war by forging a new country. In the 1960s,

Macdonald's dreams were reimagined with Prime Minister Diefenbaker's Bill of Rights that finally, and for the first time, said Canadian citizenship was based not on blood but law. Native people were afforded the right to vote as a tentative step toward righting centuries of wrong. There was new consideration afforded Canada's French fact and to descending our Tower of Babel by learning each other's language. A new flag and Montreal's World Fair, Expo '67, unleashed a patriotic tsunami.

Lakefield began the tumultuous decade that would witness a groundswell of political, cultural, and economic change much as it had ended the last. Military men like Young and DeWolf were still on the advisory board. Among those on the Board of Governors was Colonel Hugh MacDonell Wallis who had served overseas with the Canadian Army Infantry Division.

Of the distinguished gentlemen with impressive military pedigree that offered guidance to the school was Tim Dunn. Tim was the great grandson of the important Canadian author Susanna Moodie. Tim's father, Major Gwyllym Dunn, had attended Lakefield as did his brother, four sons, and six grandchildren. In 1906, as secretary of the Old Boys' Association, Major Dunn issued a circular letter setting forth the merits of the *Grove Magazine* as a medium for general information regarding past and present Grove scholars and in so doing began what became the invaluable *Grove Chronicle*.

After graduation from McGill, where Tim Dunn had continued the sparkling athleticism displayed at The Grove - he was even scouted by the Toronto Maple Leafs - he enlisted in the navy. He began as a Provisional Sub-Lieutenant (Temp.) RCNVR then went on to serve in *HMCS Stadacona* and *HMCS Chilliwack* and, in 1945, commanded *HMCS La Malbaie*. While serving in the *Chilliwack*, Dunn was involved in the longest submarine chase of the war. On March 5, 1944, the *Chilliwack* and a number of other Canadian corvettes made contact with a German submarine and were unable to force it to surface. When nightfall brought the sea to darkness, it was decided to lay silent and wait with the sub surrounded. Finally, late the next afternoon, with the submarine's batteries nearly exhausted, its conning tower was spotted and the *Chilliwack* attacked. The sub was sunk, its crew rescued, and the world's press noted another example of Canadian ingenuity and daring in the fight for the North Atlantic.

Adventures such as those experienced by the *Chilliwack* were still recalled and celebrated at The Grove as it stood somewhat outside the waves of social and political change. Elvis had his sideburns shorn when he was drafted into the American army and the Beatles had yet to bring their harmonies, mania and long hair across the Atlantic, so the biweekly visits by Lakefield's Joe the barber continued without complaint. The trim hair was as sharp as the uniforms and sea cadet corps performances that welcomed the new decade's first May inspection. The boys had worked hard all year to prepare for the fun but stressful day. In 1960, they had particularly enjoyed their time training in *HMCS Acadia*.

In sharp contrast to the previous year, the weather in May 1960 was dry, sunny and warm as Headmaster Smith welcomed Rear-Admiral E. W. Finch-Noyes to act as inspecting officer. Finch-Noyes' grandson Colin Trethewey would attend The Grove in the 1980s. The rear-admiral was quite happy with the marching and display of skills both on the field and water and bestowed the Sheddon Shield to Platoon 3.

Tony Wyand was a popular and influential young man from the day he arrived at Lakefield. His leadership abilities were recognized by all and evidenced in the singular achievement of being selected as head boy not just once but two years in a row. His grandfather had served in the British army and been gassed in a March 1918 First World War battle. Tony's father was still serving in the Canadian Army when, after graduating from The Grove, he was

accepted at Royal Roads, Victoria. He graduated as Wing Commander and then attended RMC Kingston where he earned a degree in History and graduated as Cadet Wing Adjutant. After earning an MA at King's College, London University, he joined the 1st Battalion of the Canadian Guards Regiment. Disillusioned by the unification of the armed services and its attendant budget cuts, he left the army and returned to England, his place of birth, where he enjoyed a successful career in insurance and banking.

The changes to Canada's military, and Wyand's reaction to them, reflected the potency of the storm clouds of shifting times that were casting shadows over the whole country and which the school could not avoid. While it appeared that everything was as it had always been, the 1960 inspection had portended change. The respected and beloved Chief Petty Officer George Lee had retired in 1958 and attended the inspection as a "Civie." The cadet corps leadership remained strong with George Brown as CPO and in charge of school stores. Brown became known for such lines as "your other left" and "just like you came into the world; one after the other." Lee was nonetheless missed and he took with him his undeniable passion, love for his boys and the program, and corporate knowledge that could not be replaced. Grove boys participated in a twenty-one-gun salute at his funeral that was observed at the village's Anglican Church in 1962; too soon after his last inspection ended and well-deserved retirement had begun.

The 1961 inspector was Chief of Navy Personnel Admiral Patrick Budge. The day was made memorable when the Admiral stopped before a boy standing ramrod straight and asked if the lad knew about an Irish Pendant. The boy muttered a sheepish, "No sir." The Admiral gently snapped a small loose thread from the boy's uniform and laid it carefully across the bridge of the red-faced cadet's nose. "Now," he said with a smile, "you know what an Irish Pendant is lad and I doubt you will ever forget it." The incident was fun and funny but also perhaps a metaphor portending a slow unravelling.

In 1963, Michael Townsend assumed the leadership of the cadet corps. After graduating The Grove in 1951, Townsend had earned a naval commission and served in the Second World War. He brought his experience and wit both to the cadet corps and to the classes he taught. Townsend worked hard and the boys met all challenges but change was clearly in the air.

As the decade progressed, it became increasingly clear that fundamental changes were continuing. President Kennedy was killed, Vietnam turned to a quagmire, and the patriotic Prime Minister Lester Pearson, with his controversial Defence Minister Paul Hellyer, replaced the nationalist Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. The Beatles phenomenon reflected the increased power of youth just as indigenous peoples, African Americans, women and Québécois intensified their fights for rights. Despite cold war fears and Canada's United Nations peacekeeping duties, wars directly affecting the country seemed farther away in terms of time, distance and popular concern.

Lakefield felt each of these cultural and political shifts, just as it found fewer of the old military men in positions of school leadership. RCSCC St. George continued but something seemed to be missing. By 1965, fewer boys were participating and many seemed to do so with grim increasing reluctance. The drilling and training still took place but even the *Chronicle* admitted that uniforms were getting a little worn and the cadets appeared a little less sharp.

The decade of change brought a new headmaster to Lakefield. Jack Matthews undertook a number of initiatives while maintaining the core values first established by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie so many decades before. Among the traditions continued during Matthews' period of leadership was the RCSCC St. George.

By the end of the 1960s, however, interest had continued to wane. There were fewer military men on the board, which began questioning the significance of the sea cadet corps. Staff began dedicating their passions to other

areas and, perhaps most importantly, many of the boys themselves began seeing the drilling, uniforms and other activities as anachronistic. Many resented the time taken away from sports and studies. The 1969-1970 *Chronicle* observed:

This year, perhaps, more than in the past, many Grove boys have had to justify the validity of Cadets in their own minds...in the past half- decade, many Cadets throughout Canada have been approaching the organization with an entirely different attitude, an attitude of bewilderment and apathy, due almost entirely to the fact that our generation has been thus spared by a world war and so we overlook the parade drill as a useful exercise. We do, however, derive a great deal from many of our classes and, therefore, accept them and are grateful for an opportunity to learn from them.

The 28th annual inspection took place in May 1969. It was presided over by Lieutenant-General Chester Hull, Head of Air Transport Command, with HQ in Trenton. Headmaster Matthews consulted broadly with students, parents, current board members, alumni and past board members. All agreed that if the cadet corps could not carry on with the excellence it had shown in the past and that it deserved, then it should not carry on. Consequently, shortly after the 1969 inspection, Matthews officially announced that RCSCC St. George would be suspended. It would return, he pledged, if Canada again found itself in a world war similar to the confrontation that brought about its creation. The decision ended decades of cadet training at Lakefield.

Chapter Five: Turbulence and Terror

The end of RCSCC St. George did not end the school's dedication to the values the corps celebrated or upon which the school continued to be based. Lakefield continued to grow as it will always grow and, like always, it experienced both good and challenging times.

The enduring connection to its military past was seen in 1980 with the creation of the British Alumni Travelling Scholarship. It was established by Friends of Lakefield College School UK, comprised of several Old Boys who had attended Lakefield during the Second World War to escape the bombing of London. The scholarship continues to provide a unique opportunity for a graduating Lakefield student who would otherwise find it difficult to live and work in the United Kingdom and to travel abroad for a year before going on to university. It also aims to further develop the ongoing relationship between Lakefield College School and its British alumni.

Every year, students compose letters of application to a Lakefield staff committee which then struggles to determine which student would best represent the school and benefit most from the funds to help finance world travels. The student acts as an ambassador for the school during the scholarship year and stays in touch with the secretary of the Friends of Lakefield College School UK and the school itself. The student writes a report detailing the experience by October 30th of the year in which travel occurs.

In 1995, British Alumni Travelling Scholarship winner, Patrick Hayman, wrote to those considering an application: "When you return to Canada from your year abroad it will be just like returning from the eye doctor with a new pair of glasses; you will see everything differently." Among those things, of course, was that while the First, Second, Korean and Cold Wars to which Grove alumni had contributed were fading into a misty past, new challenges were coming clearly into view. With new and changing times, Lakefield's military legacy and dedication to engaged citizenship and service remained vibrant and true.

The school was reminded of its enduring military legacy with actions taken regarding *Haida*. In the late 1940s, Peter Ward was a Lakefield student and proud member of RCSCC St. George. At the Royal Military College he was awarded one of only nine cadetships given to exemplary first year cadets. He served nine years in the navy, retiring as a Lieutenant, RCN(R). His father Leslie had been a naval man who had died in the *Athabaskan* tragedy. In 1962, Ward learned that *HMCS Haida* had been decommissioned and would be scrapped. That simply would not do. In tribute to his father and with respect for naval tradition, Ward became involved with a group of like-minded partners to save the ship that had served so well and saved so many from *Athabaskan's* crew. They shared talents and connections, raised money, and convinced the federal government to sell them the ship for only \$20,000, to be repaid over ten years.

Because he was information officer in *HMCS York* at the time, Ward was able to help assemble a skeleton 18-man crew to handle *Haida* while tugs slowly brought her from Sorel, Quebec to Toronto. Emergency wiring was strung and the generator was lashed behind the B gun mounting. The journey was slow as the ship that once terrorized the enemy was pulled by two tugs hired from Montreal's MacAllister Towing. At one point, fog stopped progress near Brockville and small pleasure boats pulled alongside wondering what a world-class destroyer was up to. With no navigation equipment aboard and using only a compass and old Esso gas station map, Commander Bill Wilson leaned over the rail and asked the curious onlookers where they were.

Haida arrived at Toronto harbour on August 25, 1964 in fine fashion. Boats and ships of every description greeted her. Even the city's fireboat rocketed towering jets of water into the crystal blue sky. On the jetty, and watching the

proceedings with great pride, was *Haida's* former commander Vice-Admiral DeWolf.

But Ward was not done. Later that year, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip came to Charlottetown on board the royal yacht *Britannia* for ceremonies commemorating the 100th anniversary of the first Confederation conference. Ward was among several hundred reporters and photographers covering the visit. He dearly wanted a word with Prince Phillip about *Haida*. In Montreal, reporters were invited to a reception on board *Britannia*. While his colleagues surrounded Her Majesty, Ward went straight for Phillip. He already knew *Haida's* history and was most interested in her salvation. Ward went for broke and asked if the Prince would become *Haida's* patron. He reared back and with a shocked expression said: "You can't ask me that sort of thing. You have to go through the proper channels." Then, however, he leaned forward and whispered, "And here's how you do it." Two months later, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh was *Haida's* patron.

The next year Prince Philip was on a visit to Toronto and was outraged that a stop at *Haida* was not on his itinerary. Some hasty changes were made to allow him 15 minutes on *Haida*. The day's schedule was blown as His Majesty enjoyed an hour and a half climbing all over *Haida* and, at a small wardroom reception, sharing a drink with those dedicated to preserving her memory. Ward met Prince Philip twice after that remarkable day and both times he asked about *Haida*.

Haida later found a new home at Toronto's York Street pier and then, in 1970, at Ontario Place. She was used as a training ship for the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets and became a popular tourist attraction. It was clambered upon by naval enthusiasts and school kids who were the same age as those at Lakefield who, during the war, had read with great pride of the ship's many outstanding actions in the defence of freedom. Among those young people was Stephen Harper who, when attending an official function as Prime Minister, was offered a tour of *Haida*. He said there was no need since as a boy he had thoroughly explored her. He nonetheless enjoyed his tour.

In 1984, *Haida* became a National Historic Site of Canada and in 2002 was taken over by Parks Canada. After significant repairs to her hull, she was moved to Pier 9 in Hamilton, Ontario. In November 2009, the Prince of Wales and his wife, the Duchess of Cornwall, officially opened the Motor Cutter Exhibit at *HMCS Haida*. It displays the cutter that had rescued six *Athabaskan* crewmen back in 1944. Old Boy Jim DeWolf was in the captain's cabin representing his father on that special day. In June 2010, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, presented the World Ship Trust Certificate to representatives of *Haida* at Government House in Nova Scotia. The ceremony was a fitting tribute to the deep and enduring links between Lakefield and its proud military and remarkable naval traditions.

The ceremony offered a clear demonstration of Lakefield's ongoing connection with the British Royal Family. When Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh came to Canada in 1957, her majesty's first visit since her 1953 ascension to throne, RCSCC St. George joined other cadet corps to line the streets for her arrival at Ottawa's Lansdowne Park to address to over 15,000 school children. Grove alumnus J.H.G. Bovey commanded the naval escort for the Queen during her visit. His guest for part of the occasion was Lakefield Headmaster G. Winder Smith.

Twenty years later, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh approved the request of their son, HRH Prince Andrew, Duke of York, to attend Lakefield as an exchange student. He came for a semester from January to June 1977. He loved it. In a speech to the National Association of Independent Schools in California HRH later reminisced,

Most of us go through a few life-changing experiences. The Lakefield exchange was the most influential on my future. Turning to experiences and lessons I have learned, perhaps one of the first was at Lakefield, and that was the need to understand and work in and as a team...I

began to learn about canoeing and the art of running rapids and reading the water. We began our training in the early spring under the bridge in the village at Lakefield just under the dam...The culmination of all this was a two-week canoeing expedition down the Coppermine River in the Arctic. I am sure that the hackneyed phrase "outside your comfort zone" is one that gets used over here as well, but from my personal experience, two weeks in the Arctic was definitely outside my comfort zone.

HRH's months at Lakefield established a life-long relationship and service as a trustee and LCS Foundation Board's Honorary Chair. His visits to the school always thrill students, as did a chapel talk in which he spoke of his military career.

In April 1982, Argentina invaded the Falkland Islands. The group of islands lies just off its coast but was claimed by Britain as among its overseas territories. Tough and determined British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher dispatched the Royal Navy and the world watched in tense anticipation as ships steamed toward battle. One of the two aircraft carriers that led the mission was *HMS Invincible* and aboard was Prince Andrew, a Sea King helicopter pilot. He flew a number of missions that included anti-submarine and anti-surface work, search and rescue, and casualty evacuation. In a book entitled *Sea Harrier Over the Falklands*, Prince Andrew was described as "an excellent pilot and a very promising officer."

In his Grove chapel talk, HRH spoke of his admiration for Lakefield's continuing to teach the value of service to others. However, he did not speak of the missions he flew over the South Atlantic. Like many people with the courage to serve and with stories of bravery to tell, he instead laughed with students as he recalled naval training that once saw him pilot a ship directly into a dock, causing great damage to the pier, the ship and his pride.

The 1990s offered promise and peril. Mikhail Gorbachev had become the Soviet Union's leader in 1985. He instituted a program called perestroika that began restructuring his country and its empire and glasnost that began tearing at the totalitarianism that since the 1920s had defined his state. Gorbachev's vision led to the collapse of the Berlin Wall and end of the Cold War. Democracy appeared as spring tulips in countries that had known nothing but decades of harsh winter.

The brief flash of optimistic hope for a lasting era of peace was short lived. Beginning in the 1980s, a terrorist organization called al-Qaeda began devising a strategy for reversing the losses it believed its region and religion had been suffering since the west had imposed its power and beliefs. It sought to do away with the lines on the middle east map that the First World War's victors had drawn, to instead create a caliphate - a vast new state governed by Sharia Law that would link temporal laws with a religious code based on a strict reading of the Quran. To advance its strategic goals, al-Qaeda plotted a global jihad, or holy war. It wanted to goad the West into attacking the Middle East to create popular support for its struggle to rid the region of Western power and Western ways.

Explosions in American embassies and the October 2000 attack on *USS Cole* announced the initiation of the jihad but its most spectacular success was 9-11. On September 11, 2001, commercial planes were hijacked. One was flown into the Pentagon, two into New York's World Trade Centre, and one that was headed for the White House was brought down in Pennsylvania.

The attack shook the world. It shook Lakefield. Students and staff alike gathered, as did folks around the globe, and stared through tears at televisions, all trying to make sense of the senseless. Many Lakefield students had parents and relatives in New York and some in the World Trade Centre. There were terrifying hours before re-established

phone contact finally assured all that everyone was safe.

World-wide revulsion met the attacks on innocents. There were pro- American rallies on streets in Moscow and even in Tehran. American President George W. Bush called for a response on al-Qaeda's home bases in Afghanistan. Canada joined Bush's coalition of the willing and soon Canadian soldiers were leaving the best place on earth and heading for the worst.

Among those who answered the call was Peter Dawe. During his two years at Lakefield from 1984 to 1986, he distinguished himself as a tremendous student and talented goal tender. He left the school to pursue a hockey career in Chicoutimi, Quebec but it was cut short by an unrecoverable injury. He took his father's lead and joined the Canadian forces. In 1990, he graduated from RMC with a bachelor's degree in military arts and science and defence studies.

Dawe began his career as an Artillery Officer but was later assigned to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He did exceptional work at the Canadian Forces Leadership and Recruit School, LFCA headquarters, the Canadian Special Operations Regiment, and Canadian Special Operations Forces Command. Colonel Dawe was deployed to Cyprus, Bosnia and then completed two tours of duty in Afghanistan.

Afghanistan is a rugged, mountainous country the size of Saskatchewan and home to 30 million ethnically diverse people. Britain failed to control it in the 1840s and the Soviets failed in the 1980s. Canada was part of the alliance trying to bring stability and self-determination to the long-suffering country. Initially based in Kandahar, the Canadians worked with American and British troops to bring down the Taliban regime and then address the violent and multifaceted civil war that followed. A Soviet old joke had it that the Russian word for Afghanistan is Vietnam, but Canadians fighting in rural areas, wrecked villages, and crumbling cities did not think it funny when, like in Vietnam, it was impossible to distinguish friends from enemies and civilians from combatants. Booby traps and mines became ruthless, faceless killers.

Suffering the torturous climate and horrors of war, Dawe served as Deputy Commander of the Canadian Training Mission. His youngest brother Matthew lost his life in Afghanistan on July 4, 2007. Despite his experiences and personal loss, Dawe later said, "I don't think it's for everyone. I do recommend everyone spend some time either with the Peace Corps or in the military in order to travel and see how rough this world of ours can be. People need to be exposed to this so that they can better appreciate what they have." In June 2015, Dawe was promoted to Brigadier General and began his service as Director General Operations on the Strategic Joint Staff in Ottawa.

Sean Hackett also served in Afghanistan. After graduating from Lakefield in 1984, Hackett attended RMC where he earned a Bachelor of Arts in Military and Strategic Studies (History and International Politics) and a Master's Degree in Defence Studies. Hackett was deployed to a number of missions around the world and then, in 2002, he arrived in Kandahar, Afghanistan.

Hackett was part of the 3rd Brigade Combat Team, 101st (US) AB Division Air Assault Team. He was among the elite group providing security to the Kandahar International Airport as part of Task Force Rakkasans. Keeping the airport open was tough for, as the lifeline to the outside world, enemy forces did all they could to shut it down.

Later, at a training range outside of Kandahar he lost four of his men to a misguided US airstrike. He later admitted that it was a "tragic" and "horrible" event but also a source of tremendous pride as he led trained professionals who reacted quickly to the terrible error to save wounded comrades. Like Dawe, instead of resting on his off days, Hackett organized jaunts to villages and refugee camps to deliver food to the innocent children and families trying only to survive. After completing his tour, and after 13 years of stellar military service, in 2004 Lieutenant-Colonel

Hackett was posted to the Directorate of Army Training.

Peter Dawe and Sean Hackett are exemplary examples of Lakefield's enduring military legacy and of the school's contribution to character building. Dawe said, "Assuming that a student makes the most of it, I think that Lakefield will expose a young person to numerous leadership challenges that will in turn prepare you well for the rest of your lives." Hackett agrees: "Developing a sense of moral courage, trust in one's peers, adhering to a code of conduct and learning to march to one's own drum with confidence...I thought the school did an admirable job of developing that sense of what it is to be a Canadian."

Losel Tethong understands and supports that sentiment. He grew up steeped in tales of naval adventure and heroes from his family's past. He enjoyed summers at the Pullen and Young households and on the shores of Georgian Bay hearing of his Pullen ancestors in the RN and RCN all the way back to the first commission of Lieutenant (RN) Nicholas Pullen in 1655. He heard tales of their charting the Indian Ocean in the early and mid-19th century, of being tasked by both the RN and Lady Franklin to search the Arctic for remains of the Franklin expedition, and of Pullens' commanding Second World War destroyer squadrons and convoy patrols. As a boy, he thought, "I don't stand a chance of living up to that legacy."

Tethong followed his family tradition and attended Lakefield where he enjoyed himself immensely. Upon graduation, he accepted an offer to attend Royal Roads Military College; Canada's traditional naval college on the west coast. It was at RRMC that his great uncles Hugh and Tom Pullen had taken part early prewar courses as Canada laid the foundations of its Navy. Tethong enjoyed courses in strategic studies and economics combined with military and naval training from 1989 to 1993. He graduated with a degree, a commission as a freshly minted Sub Lieutenant, and the award as the top graduating Naval Cadet.

Over the next seven months he learned naval operations, the finer points of ship handling and navigation, and joined his first ship, *HMCS Regina*. She was fresh from the shipyard and had a state of the art guided missile frigate that was the envy of allied navies. The next five years saw him sailing the Pacific and Indian Oceans in *Regina* and two other vessels, engaged in a series of naval exercises and diplomatic missions that included counter-narcotics patrols and trade promotion tours. He specialized as a Destroyer Navigating Officer and Operations Officer.

In 1998, he was a member of the Admiral's staff doing research and analysis on naval and strategic developments around the Pacific. Although Tethong wished to continue his advancement and eventually to command a ship, squadron, and more, the calling of academia was strong. He resigned his commission to attend Georgetown University where he completed his master's degree. He then entered the private sector.

Not a day goes by that Tethong does not itch to be back at sea. Many of his classmates and shipmates remain in the Navy and continued to serve through difficult and challenging years. Sadly, he said in 2016, Canada's ships are no longer the capable platforms they once were and no longer elicit the envy of allies or fear from potential enemies. Tethong demonstrated his devotion to the navy through his work on a number of veteran's transition initiatives and dedicated himself to useful service. He also maintained his Lakefield connection through service on a number of committees and as a school trustee. In so doing, Tethong is maintained not only his family's but Lakefield's proud traditions.

Like Tethong, James DeWolf, an LCS alumnus, grew up hearing tales of the sea and learned of dedicating oneself to service to country and the school from his father Harry, *Haida's* storied commander. He was justifiably proud when, in 2014, Prime Minister Harper announced that the first Arctic Offshore Patrol Ship that his government had commissioned seven years before would be called *HMCS Harry DeWolf*. Further, and for the first time in Canadian

naval history, the new class of ships would bear the name of a past naval hero. The six ships would be the Harry DeWolf class.

Like James DeWolf and Losel Tethong, Kyle, Evan and Kristin Hadfield understood the marriage of pride and inspiration. They attended Lakefield in the first years of the new century while their father, Chris, embarked on a career like few others. After growing up on a southwestern Ontario corn farm, Hadfield joined the Canadian Armed Forces in May 1978. After graduation from RMC and Victoria's Royal Roads Military College he underwent basic flight training in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. For the next three years, he flew CF-18s for NORAD before attending the United States Air Force Test Pilot School at Edwards Air Force Base, in California. For the next four years he tested over 70 different types of aircraft.

In June 1992, from a field of 5330 applicants, Hadfield was selected to become one of four new Canadian astronauts. He was assigned by the Canadian Space Agency (CSA) to the NASA Johnson Space Center in Houston in August of the same year. He addressed technical and safety issues for Shuttle Operations Development and then, for 25 space shuttle missions, was NASA's Chief CapCom, the voice of mission control to astronauts in orbit. In November 1995, Hadfield served as Mission Specialist 1 on NASA's second space shuttle mission to rendezvous and dock with the Russian Space Station Mir. Hadfield flew as the first Canadian mission specialist, was the first Canadian to operate the Canadarm in orbit, and the only Canadian to ever board Mir.

While his children were attending Lakefield, Hadfield was the Director of Operations for NASA at the Yuri Gagarin Cosmonaut Training Centre in Star City, Russia. He trained and became fully qualified to be a Flight Engineer Cosmonaut in the Soyuz TMA spacecraft, and to perform spacewalks in the Russian Orlan spacesuit. Hadfield served as Mission Specialist 1 on the International Space Station Assembly Flight 6A. During the 11-day flight, Hadfield performed two spacewalks, which made him the first Canadian to ever leave a spacecraft and float freely in space.

After years dedicated to research work, in December 2012, Hadfield was launched aboard the Russian Soyuz, enroute to becoming the second Canadian to take part in a long-duration spaceflight aboard the International Space Station (ISS). In March 2013, he became the first Canadian to command a spaceship as Commander of the ISS during the second portion of his five-month stay in space. In July 2013, Hadfield announced that he would retire from the Canadian Space Agency to take up new challenges.

Chris Hadfield's children are exceptionally proud of their father and the school's pride was evident when Hadfield addressed graduates during a sun-drenched afternoon Closing Ceremony. Evan Hadfield was primarily responsible for organizing his father's social media that mesmerized the world during the long mission aboard the space station. In a 2012 *Globe and Mail* article, Evan was asked about being afraid of his father dying in the line of duty. He observed, "So my fear isn't really that my dad is going to die. Everyone's dad dies. My fear is that he won't die once but a thousand times, with a million people talking about him as though he were a concept instead of a man."

The point is well taken. Today, students attending Lakefield study History and part of their investigation leads to explorations of Canada's and the school's contributions to the challenges of war and struggles for peace. Students employ technology that allows them to examine archival records both at the school and available online from Ottawa that detail the lives and military careers of Lakefield students who have served and those who have died. Students make connections between the lives those heroes led when they were students like them, and the

inspirational and aspirational values that reach across time. Dunn, Pease, Rainnie, Nelles, Pullen, Dawe, Hackett and many, many more are remembered not as concepts but Grove students like themselves, and people of honour.

Headmasters Sheldrake and Mackenzie would not recognize Lakefield today. However, they would be proud that despite all the changes to The Grove's programs and the magnificent improvements to the campus, what truly mattered in their day remains the same. Grove students, now both boys and girls, still get homesick, read, do sums, complain about teachers, cram for tests, squabble and make up, have fun on the fields, in the woods, and on the lake, and they still dream of tomorrow. More importantly, and like their forebears, often without knowing it, they internalize core values, absorb tales of duty, and learn that they were born not for themselves but for others.

Acknowledgements

This book is part of a larger project. It began with a casual conversation, morphed into a committee, sparked a dream, and grew into a plan. The project's goal is to commemorate Lakefield College School's military legacy in ways that respect those who served while reminding current and future students and friends of the school of the values that lay at the core of such service and remain, as always, at the school's heart.

The book, in fact, the project itself would not have happened without Hugh MacDonald '55. It began as his idea. He initiated the conversations, fanned the idea's embers to flames, and then put forth indefatigable, remarkable efforts in pushing it all forward while drawing support and supporters. Tony Pullen '63, deserves praise for acting as chair. This book would not have been possible without Jim DeWolf '58. He provided leadership and countless hours of research that created mini-biographies of the many of heroes whose stories are told. Lakefield's Tracey Blodgett, Sarah McMahon, Bruce McMahon, David Hadden and Head of School Struan Robertson supported the project and provided the support necessary for progress and success. Research requires sources and the LCS Archives (especially the old Chronicles from 1906 to 2005) provided by Kate Ramsay, the school's volunteer Archivist, proved to be a veritable goldmine.

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