THE BRANDON LEGIONNAIRE



NEWSLETTER APRIL 2021 VOLUME XLI: 4



Vehicles of the First Contingent

A convoy of six different motor vehicles passes in review at Rockcliffe, Ottawa. A variety of vehicles equipped the First Canadian Contingent. Some were very good, but repeated breakdowns in England revealed an uncertain supply of spare parts. The Canadians were soon re-equipped with British kit, weapons, and vehicles.

George Metcalf Archival Collection CWM 19910109-152

https://www.warmuseum.ca/firstworldwar/objects-and-photos

YOUR COUNTRY. YOUR HISTORY. YOUR MUSEUM.







They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun,
and in the morning,
We will remember them,

Lest We Forget

Editorial

The 'Jack Hamilton Room', lower level, office side of our Legion home on 13th Street East, now has a newly furnished board room. And for a picture refresh please check page 7 of the January 2021 Brandon Legionnaire. Since our Branch Covid shutdown, it has been impossible for Branch members to be able to see or for the present Legion executive to meet in this welcoming space.

As we reach forward into April 2021, it is not difficult to reflect backwards to six months ago when a virtual production of Remembrance Day brought us together in mutual remembrance of Veterans past; respect for those amongst us and those still actively serving our country. And now over a year later and at the speed of a year we find ourselves in a universal battle against an enemy virus that is invading our world.

Since, 13 March 2020 we are all suffering the emotional pain of some kind of personal loss, separation from loved ones, loneliness and in so many cases the struggle for, and sometimes the failure at survival. Are our feelings any different than those Veterans, we remember as Legion members, when we speak the words of the Legion Act of Remembrance? It appears that the personal battles are somewhat the same. However, the battlefields have moved into hospital beds, ICU units, and patient care homes around the globe. And, the victims are million upon millions of human beings.

What a strange enemy we are facing during this global epidemic. This enemy is silently moving amongst us ... quietly looking for a weakened body; someone or a person close by to the victim who has forgotten, neglected or refused to wear a mask. And the Covid 19 global battlefields are everywhere, their battle stations manned with scientists, doctors and front line workers the world over. Since the beginning, the Covid attack has forced every human being to realize.... in order to take care of ourselves then we must, at the same time, take care of others.

In the past, Veterans returned from war forever changed. Thankfully, they carried home with them hope for the future. And we, like them, must carry hope in our hearts that the fight for life against the virus enemy will become easier. And that we are all constantly reminded of the importance of sharing our space on earth, safely with those around us.

Linda-Editor Brandon Legionnaire



Your Royal Canadian Legion is committed to making a difference in the lives of Veterans and their families, providing essential services in our communities, and remembering the men and women who sacrificed for our country.

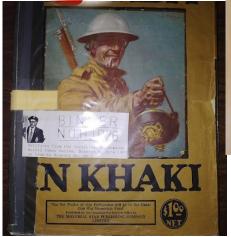
RCLegion Brandon Branch #3 Archives

John "Jack" Hedley Hamilton joined the Brandon Branch #3 in 1951 and was an active member until his death 29 July 2017. During his 70 years of Legion service, he collected, organized, scrapbooked, framed and shared the artifacts he left at the Branch for safe keeping. They can be found throughout the Branch and as the years have progressed they are now in need of some care and consideration both for their present and future life and care.

Time has arrived to begin this important archival project. I will be starting a basic analysis of the collection, and perhaps by September a working committee of volunteers can team up to get this very important preservation started.

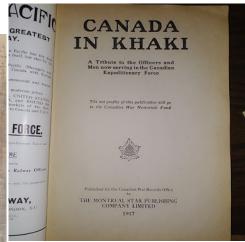
A call for volunteers will go out probably in the September issue or prior on the Legion Facebook page. If you are interested in helping most important and if you happen to have archival knowledge and expertise to share please consider joining the Brandon Legion Jack Hamilton Archival Project.







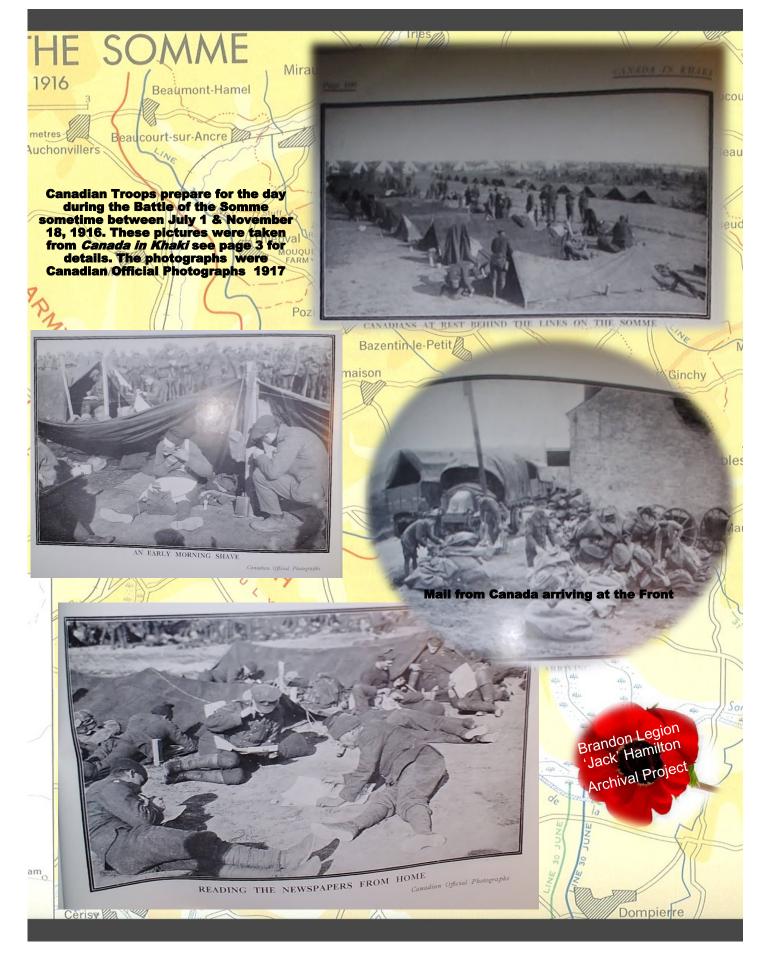
Inside cover of Canada in Khaki



Published for the Canadian War Records Office by The Montreal Star Publishing Company Limited

Note: attached to the front cover of Canada in Khaki BINDER No. HJP 26 Artifacts from the collection of comrade Harold James Pullaw, Brandon Mb June 1997 on loan to Brandon Br. No.3





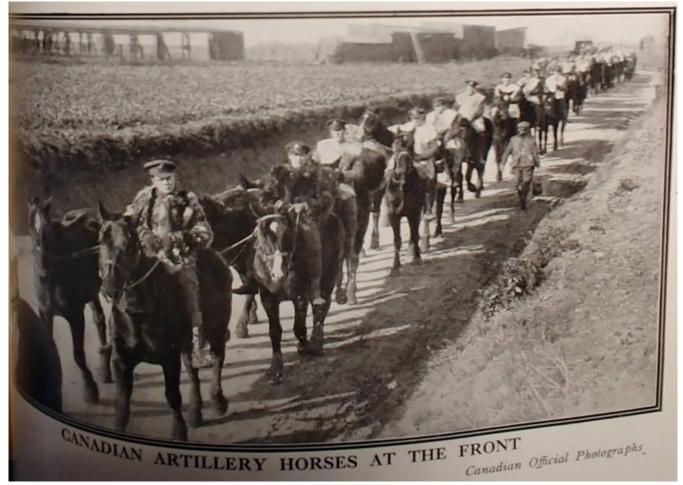








The Courcelette battlefield also saw another Allied innovation—the first use of the tank in warfare.





From: Barrie Legion - Branch Historian
To: Linda Wakefield Brandon Legion #3

WW1 Poet and Soldier from Elkhorn, Manitoba - Frank Dixon

April 2, 2021 12:29 PM

Hello Linda! I thought it time to communicate with some of the Legion Branches in Manitoba and, perhaps across the nation about a wonderful young WW1 soldier, named Frank Percival Dixon from Elkhorn, Manitoba (1898 - 1918).

Several years ago, I picked up a copy of a book of Canadian Poetry and Prose of the First World War (edited by Barry Callaghan and Bruce Meyer) titled, "We Wasn't Pals" (Exile Ediitions, 2001) and found this amazing poem by Signaller, Frank P. Dixon from Elkhorn MB., who was killed on August 29, 1918 during the Battle of Arras.

The poem is titled, Cigarettes. I was blown away by the first stanza that begins with the line, - "When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow in your bones"!

I have done a number of powerpoint presentations at the Barrie Legion (Br. 147) and in and around Simcoe County over the past few years. I have shared the first stanza of this poem in some of the presentations to help paint a picture on the soldiers' reliance on cigarettes to help calm nerves/sedate them and to give the audience an appreciation of trench life. (I am attaching a slide here which includes Frank's photo and the opening stanza of the poem, Cigarettes.)

Recently, I joined Ancestry.ca and was fortunate to locate some of Frank's extended family. My hope was to track down more of his poems.

Frank's mother, Ellen M. Dixon had published a book of his poems in 1937 called "War Time Memories in Verse" but I could not find a copy of the book. (The Canadian War Museum have confirmed that they have a copy in their archives.)

Carol Ogaranko, whose is an ancestor of one of Frank's siblings, allowed me to copy some of the poems as jpegs. There are 40 pages of poetry in the book (booklet) and they are wonderful!

I am sending you the front cover of the book of poems, plus, Page 2 and 3 which includes his Mother's Foreword and two other jpegs with poems- a humorous one about his brother Willie's Wedding and the poem, Cigarettes.

Linda, I am hoping you can assist in getting other Manitoba Legions to discover Frank's WW1 poetry. I am going to write up an article on the Barrie Legion FaceBook page about him and hope that other Legions, including the Brandon FaceBook page will share it. Frank was born on April 16, 1898. I think it would be a great tribute to this young man who was just 20 when he paid the supreme sacrifice to have his name and his poetry recognized. Maybe, we could gain some support on getting his book of poem's republished through the Legion??

I understand there is a Legion in Elkhorn but it would appear they don't have an active website/facebook page. Could you forward my email to other Legion contacts you have in Manitoba?

Many Thanks! (I will share Carol's email with you if she is ok with that..)

Regards,

Steve Glover, Barrie Legion Br. 147 Public Relations Officer and PRO (Cell - 705-984-9843)

Our Barrie Legion 147 FaceBook Page is at - https://www.facebook.com/legion147



"CIGARETTES"

When the cold is making ice cream Of the marrow in your bones; When you're shaking like a jelly And your feet are dead as stones; When your clothes and boots and blankets And your rifle and your kit Are soaked from hell to breakfast; And the dug-out where you sit Is leaking like a basket, and Upon the muddy floor The water lies in filthy pools, Six inches deep or more; Tho' life seems cold and mis'rable And all the world is wet, You'll always get through somehow If you've got a cigarette.

Gnr Frank P. Dixon SN#1250206 39th Battery, 10th Bgde. Cdn. Field Artillery



Born Elkhorn. Manitoba Apr. 16, 1898 Enlisted Dec. 21, 1916 Died of Wounds. Aug. 29, 1918 during The Battle of Arras Age 20



When you're lying in a listening-post, Way out beyond the wire, While a blasted Hun, behind a gun Is doing rapid fire; When the bullets whine above your head And splutter on the ground; When your eyes are strained for every move And your ears for every sound; You'd bet your life a Hun patrol Is prowling somewhere near; A shiver runs along your spine That's very much like fear-You'll stick it to the finish, but I'll make you a little bet:

You had a cigarette. When Fritz is starting something, And his guns are on the bust When the parapet goes up in chunks And settles down in dust, When the roly-poly "rum-jar" comes A wabbling thro' the air, Till it lands upon the dug-out And the dug-out isn't there; When the air is full of dust and smoke And scraps of steel and noise, And you think you're booked for golden Crowns and other heavenly joys; When your nerves are all a-tremble And your brain is all a-fret, It isn't half so hopeless If you've got a cigarette.

You'd feel a whole lot better if

When your waiting for the whistle, And your foot is on the step, You bluff yourself it's lots of fun, And all the time you're hept To the fact that you may stop one 'Fore you've gone a dozen feet, And you wonder what it feels like And your thoughts are far from sweet; Then you think about a little grave With R.I.P. on top, And you know you've got to go across
Although you'd like to stop;
When your backbone's limp as water,
And you're bathed in icy sweat. Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful If you puff your cigarette.

Then when you stop a good one, And the stretcher bearers come And patch you up with strings and Splints, and bandages and gum, When you think you've got a million wounds And fifty thousand breaks, And your body's just a blasted sock Packed full of pains and aches; Then you feel you've reached the finish, And you're sure your number's up And you feel as weak as Belgian beer And helpless as a pup; But you know that your not down And out; that life's worth living yet When some old war-wise Red Cross Guy, slips you a cigarette.

We can do without Maconachies, And bully and hard tack, When Fritz's curtain fire keeps The ration parties back; We can do without our great coats, And our socks and shirts and shoes; We might almost-though I doubt it-Get along without our booze We can do without "K.R.S.O." and Military law; We can beat the ancient Israelites At making bricks and straw; We can do without a lot of things, And still win out, you bet.

But I'd hate to think of soldiering Without a cigarette.

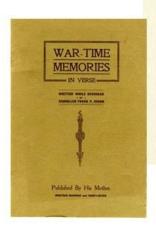
A BIG shout out "THANK YOU" to Steve Glover, Barrie Legion Br. 147 A BIG shout out "THANK YOU" to Steve Glover, Barrie Legion Br. 14 Public Relations Officer for sending the above and following pages . In a note to our readership these pages Steve sent just as they are in this newsletter. He did the research and was so enthusiastic to share with n a note to our readership these pages Steve sent just as they are in this newsletter. He did the research and was so enthusiastic to share with Steve by sharing you have set a fine example of the importance of many etoriae our Veterance have

Steve by sharing you have set a fine example of the importance of told. and will tell. Please check out Barrie Legion 147 FaceBook. tening, watching and researching the many stories our Veterans has held, and will tell. Please check out Barrie Legion 147 FaceBook... THANK YOU



Gnr Frank P. Dixon SN#1250206 39th Battery, 10th Bgde. Cdn. Field Artillery





"FED UP"

-France, March 4th

Oh, take me back to Canada.

To the little town of Elkhorn;
The best little place in all this world,
The place where I was born.

Like many other crazy guys,
It was too dull for me;
I wanted to explore the world,
And sail across the sea.

There in my happy little home,
Where life went free with ease;
Where hardships were unknown to me,
And I did just as I please

Where I had all the comforts
That any home could give;
But then I wasn't satisfied,
With the place where I did live.

To me the place seemed dismal,
And the people seemed so slow;
There wasn't dancing every night,
Or else a brilliant show.

And then there was another thing, Far o'er across the sea; The noise and roar of the battlefield, Seemed ever calling me.

So one bright winter's morning,
What do you think I done?
I went and joined the army
For to sometime strafe the Hun.

But now I've sailed the ocean,
And I've seen the battlefield;
I know the hell of shot and shell,
And it's ever heaping yield.

I've seen enough of England,
And I've seen beaucoup of France;
I've seen enough of the strafing Hun,
And brilliant shows and dance.

I've seen enough of fighting,
And I've seen enough of hell;
I've seen enough of everything,
In fact I'm fed up well.

So now I've had enough of it,
And care no more to roam;
You can take me back there any time,
To my dear little home sweet home.

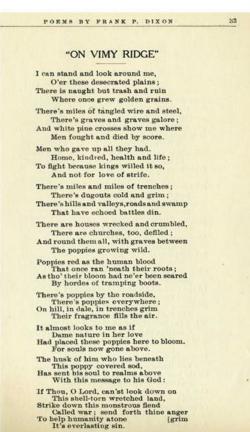




Gunner Frank P. Dixon SN#1250206 39th Battery, 10th Bgde. Cdn. Field Artillery



Born Elkhorn, Manitoba Apr. 16, 1898 Enlisted Dec. 21, 1916 Died of Wounds, Aug. 29, 1918 during The Battle of Arras Age 20





Pte. Royal (Roy) Albert Stubbs SN#74280 28th Battalion

Born Listowel, ON.
Jan. 1, 1887
Grew up in Miami, MB.
Enlisted Mar. 22, 1915
at Winnipeg
Missing in Action,
Sept. 15, 1916 during
The Battle of Somme
Age 29



Circa 1914



Photos courtesy of Carol Ogaranko



Poem: Sing Me To Sleep e to sleep while bullets fall

Sing me to sleep while bullets fall
Let me forget the war and all.
Camp in my Dugout – cold is my feet
Nothing but bully and hardtack to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode
And shrapnel shells "a La Mode".
Over the sandbags, helmets you'll find
Corpse in front of you, corpse behind.
Far, far from Ypres, I long to be
Where German snipers, can't pot at me.
Think of me crouching where the worms creep
Waiting for something to put me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed Where rats are running around my head. Stretched out upon my waterproof Dodging the raindrops through the roof. Sing me to sleep where campfires glow Full of trench beer and café a lean. Dream of home in Canada West Somebody's dirty old boots on my chest Far, far from the trench lights I long to be Lights of my home town I'd like to see Think of me crouching where the rats creep Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Written by Roy on Nov. 11, 1915, "somewhere in Belgium"



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https://www.brandonlegion.ca/

https://www.facebook.com/pages/Royal-Canadian-Legion-Branch-003-Brandon-MB/
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pictures to mrswakes@mymts.net