It gives me a great deal of pleasure to have been selected to lead this fine organization as the president once more.

We have kept the Executive and the Board of Directors fairly well intact, which is essential in order to maintain the momentum that we have for the immediate future plans. I wish to thank our departing members for their loyal, valuable contribution to the Association over the past years: Sam Graham, 1st. Vice President, Yvon Brunet, Volunteer Chairman and Dave Bakody, Sick and Visiting and co-editor of C and A.

We welcome to the position of 1st. Vice President, Ken Maybury and to the Board of Directors, Frank Gowanlock and George Stark.

Myself, the Executive and the Board of Directors welcome your input to us in the order of decision making, suggestions for the betterment of the Association (criticisms, etc.) and points of interest that we should be made aware of that are of interest to our membership.

“Age is a question of mind over matter. If you don’t mind, it doesn’t matter.”
Barbara Ramsey - 5533

5th Floor West
George Barber - 5222   Bennett Barrett - 5126
Gerard Sampson - 5121  Ed. Jordan - 5130

6th Floor West
Jack Butters - 6128    Chuck Thompson - 6127

6th Floor East
Lesley Henderson - 6524 Stephen Derbyshire - 6420

Halifax Infirmary
Joe Fillion

Ocean View Manor, 1909 Caldwell Road
Eastern Passage NS  B3G 1M4
Fernand (Pedro) Guinard (902) 406 6056
Bob Wibberley (902) 466 5864

Soldiers Memorial Hospital, Middleton NS B0S 1P0
Charlie Boutilier, Army/Navy, Room - 266
Bill Shorten, Room - 269

Fishermen's Memorial, Lunenburg NS  B0J 2C0
Edwin MacKinley  Philip Smeltzer
Leo Ouellette George Robertson
Clayton Reinhartd Owen Creaser

Sutherland–Harris Memorial Hospital
Don Matalle

At Home
Iris Johnson (902) 443 7683
John Lipton (902) 435 0402
Joe ‘Fizz’ Butler (902) 864 9669
Joe Deveaux (902) 465 6714
Paul Phillips (902) 443 6632
Doug Hughes (902) 895 3744 (wdnshute@eastlinkl.ca)
George Hunt (902) 827 3886
Ernie Leal (902) 402 2227

In British Columbia
Robert Christie
(604) 533 8209
(hildabob@shaw.ca)
 LAST POST
THE FOLLOWING SHIPMATES CROSSED THE BAR RECENTLY

Keith Stryker . 80 . C2ST
Whistler, BC . 04 05 09

Ron Code . 77 . PIAW
Halifax, NS . 11 05 09

John MacDonald . 72 . CIBN
Antigonish . NS . 22 05 09

For though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

MEMBERSHIP REPORT
Membership Chairman: Ray Harvie (902) 462 7633
E-Mail r.harvie.home@ns.sympatico.ca

MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS
Total Membership – 790

NEW MEMBERS
No new members

RE-ENGAGED MEMBERS
Sherman Goucher, C1HT, C-434 Annapolis Royal, NS
Joseph Kostal C2ET, O-1 943 Cole Harbour NS
Colin Bishop C2FC, O-1 963 Elliot lake ON

For though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

MEMBERSHIP dues are $25 per year

ADIMRAL DESMOND PIERS NAVAL ASSOCIATION
(Charter Member, RCNA)
Secretary/Memberships – Martin Field
Phone: 1-(902) 527-2660
E-mail: martinf@bwreastlink.ca
Mail: ADPNA
450 LaHave St., Unit 17, Suite 121
Bridgewater, Nova Scotia B4V 4A3

RCN BENEVOLENT FUND
East 1-902-423-8561 Central 1-888-557-8777
West 1-250-383-6264

CANADIAN NAVAL AIR GROUP
Shearwater C&POs Mess 1st Sunday each month

RCNA PEREGRINE BRANCH
2623 Agricola St., Halifax, 454-4385
Open to Veterans & Members
Bar hours 1300 to 1900 or later
Feature of the Month
Juno Beach - The Canadians On D-Day

On D-Day, June 6, 1944, “Operation Overlord”, the long-awaited invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe, began with Allied armies from the U.S., Britain and Canada landing on the coast of Normandy. On D-Day, the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division landed on Juno Beach. The Canadian assault troops stormed ashore in the face of fierce opposition from German strongholds and mined beach obstacles. The soldiers raced across the wide-open beaches swept with machine gun fire, and stormed the gun positions. In fierce hand-to-hand fighting, they fought their way into the towns of Bernières, Courseulles and St. Aubin and then advanced inland, securing a critical bridgehead for the allied invasion. The victory was a turning point in World War II and led to the liberation of Europe and the defeat of Nazi Germany.

Fourteen thousand young Canadians stormed Juno Beach on D-Day. Their courage, determination and self-sacrifice were the immediate reasons for the success in those critical hours. The fighting they endured was fierce and frightening. The price they paid was high - the battles for the beachhead cost 340 Canadian lives and another 574 wounded. John Keegan, eminent British historian who wrote Six Armies in Normandy, stated the following concerning the Canadian 3rd Division on D-Day: “At the end of the day, its forward elements stood deeper into France than those of any other division. The opposition the Canadians faced was stronger than that of any other beach save Omaha. That was an accomplishment in which the whole nation could take considerable pride.”

This site is a tribute to the men and women who served in the Canadian Army during D-Day and World War II. To these people, we owe the freedom that we take for granted. Let us never forget their sacrifice. God bless them all.

The Quinte Thousand Island Lodge

12 O’Kill Street, Kingston, Ontario.

Joe Kearney is afflicted with Prostate Cancer and herein relates his experience in the Lodge while undergoing treatment for Phase Two (treatment) for the cancer.

“I had visited the Lodge in Kingston a month before I would begin my own journey. This was on the recommendation of my brother, Jack, who had stayed there the previous year. I had been very impressed during my tour and realized that this would be a great place to stay.

The day of my arrival proved to be quite hectic; after all, it was a new adventure for me and I was completely overwhelmed. I unpacked and rushed across the road to the Cancer Centre at Kingston General Hospital for my first radiation treatment. Naturally, I was quite apprehensive; perhaps apprehensive would not describe the fear that seemingly invaded all of my being both physically and mentally. My fear was quickly allayed when the radiation therapist called my name and, with a warm reassuring smile, took my hand and said, “Hello Joe.”

Now I would like to tell you something of life in this great Lodge and something about my fellow travelers. In the first two weeks that I was there, I quickly grew to respect and care for these individuals. Perhaps a type of camaraderie, short and intense, could be a way to describe it. Of course, the staff are fabulous. I would describe Wendy as the Den Mother and official greeter after 34 years of experience there and Carol, the resident housekeeper of 20 years, is very gracious and quick to assist us whatever our needs may be. Always accompanied with a smile. Of course, all the staff are knowledgeable.

As for our needs, they were taken care of in every respect. We live in the Lodge Mondays through Fridays. The cancer society drivers pick us up on Monday mornings and return us to home on Friday evenings. We bring our own foods and prepare it in a very efficient kitchen. There is no stove, however 2 microwave ovens and a toaster oven as well as 2 toasters. There are deep freezers to store our frozen
entrees as well as a walk in fridge, with individual bins matching our room numbers. The Lodge supplies all the coffee, tea, milk, juices, as well as packaged cold and hot cereals. They also supply bread, butter, jams, peanut butter and canned soups. Of course, we look after cleaning up after ourselves as well as loading and unloading the dishwasher.

When I first arrived at the Lodge, there were about 15 of us in residence. It surely does not take long to make friends as they are quick to spot a ‘newbie’ in their midst. They readily reach out and friendships quickly form. By the end on my second week, of my seven week stay, some of the people that I had met had already left.

Another feature of the Lodge is that family members, at a modest price, are able to book a room overnight or even longer, should they wish to offer comfort and support to a family member undergoing treatment. In fact, I am pleased that my daughter, Joanne, spent time with me in the Lodge.

It is indeed a remarkable experience to live there. As I sat there relating those experiences, I have come to realize that I do not think of myself as a patient; I do have cancer, so, therefore, I suppose that I am a patient. However, at least in my experience and opinion, this Lodge had somehow stifled the fear and dread that accompanies cancer. It does move one’s heart to see others suffering such distress, at times, at times unaccompanied and alone with their fears.

Living I the Lodge, surrounded by other patients, served to enlighten my moods. We were an upbeat group of individuals and we shared a lot of laughter. Perhaps it was the predicament that we found ourselves in that we gave of ourselves so readily. Walking along the hall one evening, I noticed the blue cancer pamphlets and an inner voice shouted at me, “You’ve got cancer! “ Of course, I was fully aware of my cancer, yet why did this sudden reminder tacked on the wall impact on me in such a harsh manner and accompanied with a terrible feeling of dread?

I spoke with my therapist, Cindy, and I told her that I thought that my life had changed and that I was no longer in control of my destiny. She loaned me a book, The Cancer Conqueror, which we discussed which led me to believe that we may influence our destiny, maybe even manage it, but never have complete control. I am an optimist by nature and the negative thought of that evening did not stay with me for long.

Since I have been in the Lodge, I have spoken with many others who have experienced cancers of which I had never heard and we shared quite openly in the Lodge of Hope. The fellowship that exists there is truly unbelievable. I will never forget my journey there nor do I ever wish to forget the wonderful individuals that shared their jokes and abundant laughter that lifted our spirits to heights unimaginable. Bless you one and all for reaching out to one another.

Now, some words about the staff. Never could I have imagined the human kindness put forth to each one of us on a daily basis. I am including the receptionists, the doctors and the nurses and all their staff members. I saw the kindness and the hands reaching out to patients in the waiting rooms when their names were called. Also, let us not forget the dietitians, the social workers, relaxation therapists who also play a vital part in our recovery. You are truly professionals of the highest order and you are so very much respected and appreciated. You will be remembered.

Editor’s note: I spoke with Joe recently and he informed me that his treatment went extremely well and he is in very good health. I thank Joe for allowing the reprint of this article that was originally published in the Kingston Whig Standard newspaper in Kingston, Ontario.
Golden Memories

Bill and June Gillespie
Dartmouth, NS
55 Years of Wedded Bliss
May 1 2009

Alex and Marion Schimp
St. John, NB
64 Years of Wedded Bliss
May 25 2009

John and Nanc Keresman
Mission, BC
46 Years of Wedded Bliss
June 1 2009

Roger and Georgina Boutin
Lower Sackville, NS
58 Years of Wedded Bliss
June 12 2009

Kenneth Richard Maybury
Dartmouth, NS
75 Years Young
June 18 2009

Alex Schimp
St. John, NB
85 Years Young
June 19 2009

Harry and Avis Miles
Halifax, NS.
63 Years of Wedded Bliss
June 23 2009

Joe Fillion
Truro, NS
72 Years Young
June 23 2009

British Newspaper Salutes Canada

Submitted by Scotty

British newspaper salutes Canada... this is a good read. It is funny how it took someone in England to put it into words... Sunday Telegraph Article
From today’s UK wires: Salute to a brave and modest nation - Kevin Myers, 'The Sunday Telegraph' LONDON

Until the deaths of Canadian soldiers killed in Afghanistan, probably almost no one outside their home country had been aware that Canadian troops are deployed in the region. And as always, Canada will bury its dead, just as the rest of the world, as always will forget its sacrifice, just as it always forgets nearly everything Canada ever does. It seems that Canada’s historic mission is to come to the selfless aid both of its friends and of complete strangers, and then, once the crisis is over, to be well and truly ignored. Canada is the perpetual wallflower that stands on the edge of the hall, waiting for someone to come and ask her for a dance. A fire breaks out, she risks life and limb to rescue her fellow dancegoers, and suffers serious injuries. But when the hall is repaired and the dancing resumes, there is Canada, the wallflower still, while those she once helped glamorously cavort across the floor, blithely neglecting her yet again. That is the price Canada pays for sharing the North American continent with the United States, and for being a selfless friend of Britain in two global conflicts. For much of the 20th century, Canada was torn in two different directions: It seemed to be a part of the old world, yet had an address in the new one, and that divided identity ensured that it never fully got the gratitude it deserved. Yet it’s purely voluntary contribution to the cause of freedom in two world wars was perhaps the greatest of any democracy. Almost 10% of Canada’s entire population of seven million people served in the armed forces during the First World War, and nearly 60,000 died. The great Allied victories of 1918 were spearheaded by Canadian troops, perhaps the most capable soldiers in the entire British order of battle. Canada was repaid for its enormous sacrifice by downright neglect, it’s unique contribution to victory being absorbed into the popular Memory as somehow or other the work of the ‘British.’ The Second World War provided a re-run. The Canadian navy began the war with a half dozen vessels, and ended up policing nearly half of the Atlantic against U-boat attack. More than 120 Canadian warships participated in the Normandy landings, during which 15,000 Canadian soldiers went ashore on D-Day alone. Canada finished the war with the third-largest navy and the fourth largest air force in the world. The world thanked Canada with the same sublime indifference as it had the previous time. Canadian participation in the war was acknowledged in film only if it was necessary to give an American actor a part in a campaign in which the United States had clearly not participated - a touching scrupulousness which, of course, Hollywood has since abandoned, as it has any notion of a separate Canadian identity. So it is a general rule that actors and filmmakers arriving in Hollywood keep their nationality - unless, that is, they are Canadian. Thus Mary Pickford, Walter Huston, Donald Sutherland, Michael J. Fox, William Shatner, Norman Jewison, David Cronenberg, Alex Trebek, Art Linkletter and Dan Aykroyd have in the popular perception become American, and Christopher Plummer, British. It is as if, in the very act of becoming famous, a Canadian ceases
to be Canadian, unless she is Margaret Atwood, who is as unshakably Canadian as a moose, or Celine Dion, for whom Canada has proved quite unable to find any takers. Moreover, Canada is every bit as querulously alert to the achievements of its sons and daughters as the rest of the world is completely unaware of them. The Canadians proudly say of themselves - and are unheard by anyone else - that 1% of the world’s population has provided 10% of the world’s peacekeeping forces. Canadian soldiers in the past half century have been the greatest peacekeepers on Earth - in 39 missions on UN mandates, and six on non-UN peacekeeping duties, from Vietnam to East Timor, from Sinai to Bosnia. Yet the only foreign engagement that has entered the popular non-Canadian imagination was the sorry affair in Somalia, in which out-of-control paratroopers murdered two Somali infiltrators. Their regiment was then disbanded in disgrace - a uniquely Canadian act of self-abasement for which, naturally, the Canadians received no international credit. So who today in the United States knows about the stoic and selfless friendship its northern neighbour has given it in Afghanistan? Rather like Cyrano de Bergerac, Canada repeatedly does honourable things for honourable motives, but instead of being thanked for it, it remains something of a figure of fun. It is the Canadian way, for which Canadians should be proud, yet such honour comes at a high cost. This past year more grieving Canadian families knew that cost all too tragically well. Lest we forget.

Lovemaking tips for Seniors

1. Wear your glasses. Make sure your partner is actually in the bed.
2. Set timer for 3 minutes, in case you doze off in the middle.
3. Set the mood with lighting. (Turn them ALL OFF!)
4. Make sure you put 911 on your speed dial before you begin.
5. Write partner’s name on your hand in case you can’t remember.
6. Keep the polygrip close by so your teeth don’t end up under the bed.
7. Have Tylenol ready in case you actually complete the act.
8. Make all the noise you want. The neighbors are deaf too.
9. If it works, call everyone you know with the good news.
10. Don’t even think about trying it twice.

Name That Ship

It was not one of Canada’s Navy’s prouder wartime moments. In the spring of 1942, HMS Witch led a group of five Canadian Corvettes into the Boston Naval Yard on completion of a convoy escort assignment. As Senior Officer, the British destroyer’s captain ordered Sunday divisions (church services conducted on the decks of warships) to be held simultaneously aboard all six ships tied up together at dockside.

At the appointed hour, the ships’ companies turned out in an impressive display of naval discipline and tradition; all except one. Since there remains today some confusion over the identity of the delinquent ship, she shall remain anonymous. But the fact is that as all the other crews had lined up smartly on deck. Not a soul could be seen on her deck. Witch’s captain sent his coxswain over to find out why the Canadian ship had ignored his orders. What he found was a ship full of drunken sailors, including the officers, many of them with women. Apparently, they had been partying throughout the previous night.

The Senior British Officer dispatched an angry signal to Halifax and, in short order, an entirely new ship’s company was sent down to take her over.
Men Are Just Happier People-- Your last name stays put. The garage is all yours. Wedding plans take care of themselves. Chocolate is just another snack. You can never be pregnant. Car mechanics tell you the truth. The world is your urinal. You never have to drive to another petrol station restroom because this one is just too icky. You don’t have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt. Same work, more pay. Wrinkles add character. People never stare at your chest when you’re talking to them. New shoes don’t cut, blister, or mangle your feet. One mood all the time.

Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat. You know stuff about tanks and engines. A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase. You can open all your own jars. You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.

Your underwear is $8.95 for a three-pack. Three pairs of shoes are more than enough. You never have strap problems in public. You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes. Everything on your face stays its original colour. The same hairstyle lasts for years, maybe decades. You only have to shave your face and neck.

You can play with toys all your life. One wallet and one pair of shoes -- one colour for all seasons. You can wear shorts no matter how your legs look. You can ‘do’ your nails with a pocket knife. You have freedom of choice concerning growing a mustache.

You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives on December 24 in 25 minutes.

No wonder men are happier.