

# SOME LETTERS FROM LT. W.S. REDD 1941-1945

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C.A.O. = Canadian Army Overseas  
C.A.C.R.U = ?

50 W, 9 North

Provo, Utah

May 7, 1941

Dear Mom,

This little poem by Kathleen Norris seems to express the way I feel on this "Mother's Day." Beside all the good things of life that you have given for me, the little that I have ever been able or will be able to bring to you in a life-time, will seem as nothing in my hand.

When the day comes and all the kids bring their gifts and kind wishes to you, count this as an expression of best Mother's Day wishes and love from me to you. I hope you are well and can enjoy that day expecially.

Here is another poem by Nathaniel P. Willes.

Number thy lamps of love, and tell me, now,

How many canst thou relight of the stars.

And blush not at their burning?

One- One only –

Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,

And fed with faithful fondness to your grave

(Tho sometimes with a hand stretched back from heaven)

Steadfast through all things-

Near, when most forgot

And with it fingers of unerring truth

Pointing the lost way in the darkest hour –

One lamp – thy mother's love-

Amid the stars

Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before the throne of God, burn through  
eternity

Holy – as it was lit and lead thee here.

May God bless you always. Love Smellie

M35976 Redd, Sgt Wm S  
6<sup>th</sup> Field Pk Squadron, R.C.E. C.U. (A)  
Debert Military Camp  
Nova Scotia

Dear Dad,

The time sure does fly doesn't it. Here it is a week since you were writing to me. It was an honor to get the only one of those 3 letters or more you were going to write that evening. I feel sorry for the others that would have gotten letters but can hardly blame you for going with Patty. I would do the same.

It sounds like you have been busy shipping more than a car of sheep a day. It would be so nice to be along. At times this work gets monotonous and seems sort of useless. There is so much red tape and stalls and a little apparently poor management. It seems like that, though I guess we don't understand the whole scheme.

Dad, don't ever say you haven't done all that you should for me. In teaching and in example of living useful life there is no man that is a good pattern for me as you are. I've never been hungry, I've never been short of clothes that I need to keep going as far as I've had to go. I've never been sick and had no one to take care. I've never had punishments that I didn't deserve or that didn't do me good. I've never been told or asked to do anything that you wouldn't do yourself. I've never been without a bed. You've given me the incentive and largely the means to fill a mission and get 2 years credit in University besides High School etc. You've given me the truest associates in the world, embodied in the family. What a lot more there is that you've given me I can't write. There's a desire to be worth something. A knowledge of life's purpose and a thousand other things that I couldn't have if it wasn't for you.

I guess this is a feeble way of trying to tell you I do appreciate you Dad.

(Later on) Feb. 11/42

There was quite an interruption there eh? Just then I had a message that the Captain wanted to see me. He told me that he was considering making me a sergeant today so I've had to move out from the men's hut into Sgt's Quarters. The promotion pays \$0.50 a day making \$2.20 a day now. The responsibility increases correspondingly. Scores got another hook too. There were six promotions all at once. So there will have to be a big flow out right away – about payday which is Friday. I now wear 3 stripes and a grenade.

If it's a mistake the O.C. made it so that makes me feel better. Phyl's letter was good. The poor gal seems to have a hard time keeping in paper doesn't she? I think the family letter is a good idea. Most of ours travel the rounds anyway don't they. They just as well have a route to follow.

I just thought of a new angle on promotion. That is it may make opportunities for getting genealogy in strange places if that situation ever arrives.

Willis wrote from Camp Grant ill. He'd been on sentry beat and didn't like it very well. He's in the medical training department or something. The army called it the "Lilly Whites."

We are still getting along with our training in a pretty good way. Don makes a lot of difference around the outfit. He's O.K.

Well, better go to bed. Thanks for the letters. They sure hit the spot. I'm ashamed that I don't make myself write oftener. Your letters make me want to write oftener too.

Lots of love to all of you, Smellie

CR H MDG Via Calgary, Debert, N.S.

May 8<sup>th</sup>. 1942.

Mrs. Irene S. Redd.

Box 219, Raymond, Alta.

Although I am far away my Loving thoughts are with you on this mothers day.

Smillie. 9.01A

Brockville, Ont.

July 20, 1942

Dear Folks:

The thoughts and thrills of the last battery of letters you sent still lingers. They were, as it were, a blast from civilized domesticity, rurality, pedagogy, universality and formality combined. It is swell to think of the pleasant and the hilarious times we have at supper home isn't it; just to lean back in our chairs and indulge in chit chat + gaf to start ye olde digestion along, and tonic the liver. That's what I mean by formalities. Then the corn hole – breakfast at lib – dinner ala grain tank, a sometimes "celery" sandwiches for lunch. For 98 cents I'd come home and spend a week at the business just to hang. We don't get too jealous of you though, because we can see each other here some too- Irene, Bry + I.

It has been fun for the last 2½ months. The work is a little harder now though, but still fun or intersitng is the word I guess. Some is droll but in the long run it is new stuff. We are learning Morse now di dit da. Phillip heres your name in Morse (—·—·>>>)

(next page is missing)

Mother's Day Letter  
Dundurn Camp. Sask.  
20 May, 1943

Dear Folks,

(Because of mosquitos I shall not be out to see you this weekend.)

How are all of you? Boy is it getting miserable here. Mosquitos by the millions sprang out of nowhere on Tuesday. They all came in one big swoop and are bandying the troops about somewhat. All armoured cars are being equipped with special riveting hammers now – so that when the mosquitos bore through the armour plate the inmates can just rivet their beaks on the inside and let them hang there to die. Of necessity all manoeuvres are confined to within a five mile radius of camp so that the cars can come into the workshops and have the bodies removed at frequent intervals. If the bodies are allowed to remain more than half an hour the whole bodies, beak and all, set, and become so hard that no known tool will cut them loose. A casual consideration of this fact, however,

(Page 2 is missing)

LT. W.S. REDD

30<sup>th</sup> RECCE. REGT. 1 CACRU, CAO

AIRGRAPH – AUG 7, 5:30 PM, 1943

Dear Folks:

Surprised? So am I. I am well and look forward to new experiences. Saw Ralph Richardson Thursday. There are several Smellies on list here. Send address of Grandpa and also Leonard Webster. I'll write a lot in another letter. Hope you are all O.K. All of you write sometimes, and send those Genealogical sheets. Lots of love, Smellie.



CR H EMP IMP

Great Britain

Oct 15<sup>th</sup>. 1943.

Mrs. I.S. Redd.

Raymond, Alta.

Loving Birthday Greeting God Be with you till we meet Again Good Luck.

SmellieRedd.

2.55PM

30 CDN RECCE REGT

CAOS BASE PO. England

12 Dec 1943

Dear Dad, Mom + Phyllip,

The mail was slow for a while wasn't it? But seems to be on the way now. Yours of 1 Dec 1943 has come (on 11 Dec). Things are fine here. I'm well. Have been around a little but not far or long. Nothing very interesting. Haven't had word from Bry since I saw him before. He was expecting then to move for more training. Had a letter from Hans Hicken. He also expected to move so I haven't heard where I can see him yet.

My tp sgt saw Dick Ramsey on leave. He says he may be home having completed 2 tours. Yes, the parcels were really swell. I've built a desk box affair that is nearly full of presents (substitute Christmas). Gwin sent a box of nuts and a black tie for my Birthday. Your telegram came o.k. Thanks for the good wishes and love. It was a thriller to get a cable gram. At first I thought it was going to tell of Irene's baby. Her blue airmail came telling of the bundle from heaven, Brenda Grace. That makes the Christmas spirit have something young to hover around won't it. The sgts are holding a party for the kids around the neighborhood. Some of your parcels will go into the Santa Pack they are filling. Tuesday night I'm going to hear the London Symphony Orchestra. Nice eh? My Batiman is a carpenter at heart so he has made a jumping jack for the pack too. Sitting back to parcels again. Herb and Lisle and I usually have an evening snack out of one of our parcels. There is a pretty fair supply at this time of year – but woe to us on bleak February nights. Theodora + Jolayne sent a swell parcel. I had a letter from Willis. He's doing well isn't he. You all sure had plenty of news in that one small Blue sheet. What grade has Phyllis? What position do you play Phyllip? How and who is the R.S. Mom? Say that is well for Uncle Octave isn't it? And also Bro Roberts. I'll bet they are thrilled about the prospect of doing Missionary work in that particular way. I would like to go with Uncle Octave to Easter Canada again. When they are still calling up men what do you think of the way that gang were discharged from service? How are the workers in the factory making out? Have they had any strikes? By God if they strike or are forced to do so something ought to be done. It will be as bad as the dockhands striking. The other day I had a fry of Pheasant. Was it ever good. That and Rabbit are about the only source of unrationed meat. Say the can of dressing you sent has a puffed out end. I'm wondering whether it will be O.K. May open it before Christmas just in case. With love to all of you and a swell Christmas. Smellie.

England

Mom,

Here's a picture of a couple of acquaintances of ours. May it go on record as a warning against going on leave in Scotland.

Love Smellie

9 Apr 1944

England

Dear Mom,

Today I'm thinking of Mother's Day, and want to send you this picture together with my pledge to you that I will try to live up to your high ideals, that in doing so some measure of honor may come to my mother and her family. May the Lord bless and keep you in happiness.

Love,

Smellie.

4. Sep 1944

No.1 C.A.C.R.U., C.A.O.S.

England

Dear Folks:

I was sorry to hear about the fire and am anxious to hear the details of it. What part of the roof and how much? What caused it? Soot on the shingles, eh? Yesterday I went up to London with Bob Hanah and wife who had come down to get Lyle Pepgrass' trunk to take home temporarily. I hear the butcher's boy is in France now. By the time some of us get there we'll have to learn Russian. The pictures Laurel took and sent me are swell. Mom sitting in the soft chair had perched on the edge of the table with a magazine, Irene at the piano. Bob by the window Brenda by a ghostly impression only due to much movement during the time exposure, and Wanda + Joy looking quite natural. Then the one of you all sitting + standing in the corner is real. It almost looks like you are looking at me. I like to think so anyway and I look at it so often. I've got quite a collection under the cellophane cover on my desk. Here's one of Linda in front of Gert's with one foot on the sidewalk looking up so thoughtfully. One of the house, taken from the N.E. corner. One of the car with lad, Barbara, Marie, and Judy ducking over her shoulder, and whatshername Holt (don't quote me). Then John + Barbara together. One of the church with clouds in the west is nice. I've got one of Laurel with her hair all in tight curls. There's one of Gwin reclining with her arms folded behind her head and her big smile all over. Right here's another one taken of all the officers of the old Regiment in front of the Mess. When we had a party for Maj Sow on his leaving us. I guess that does them I've others near in an envelope and I change them around. Phyll + Vic are in a folder on the mantle as they were married. Irene + Phyllip are right here I've got to find room for the ones Irene says she sent. They should be interesting.

In London yesterday I attended testimony meeting at the home of Bro + Sis Hannah. There were 16 there all told. Pres Asastashion of Brit. Mission was there too, also Val Pilling (the two of us rode home together afterwards). Meeting was nice and it seemed good to mi with the folks there. Since Lyle has gone there is a lack of L.D.S. here. The bicycles are still a saver. I'm rooming with Andy Anderson who has one too so all is quite normal.

The news is remarkable isn't it. The picture of the pick-a-back "bomb" was in yesterday's paper, which stated two had landed in South Eng. Did I tell you I heard a piano concert of 4 of Beethoven's Sonatas last Sunday? It was pretty good. A friend of Andy's mother invited us to go. Well so long + love. Tell all about the fire. Smellie.

9 Bn. 2 C.B.R.S. B.L.A.

25 Sep 1944

Dear Dad: Your full account of the fire came today. It left you 12 Sep., got to 1 C.A.C.R.U. 19 Sep and to me 25 Sep. That's not too bad for two water crossings is it?

That heading British liberation army may be a misnomer as our forces get into Germany. It may have to be called the conquering army. Maybe some of the Jerry Civies won't think they are being 'liberated'. Anyway it looks as if they won't have more than a couple of months to make up their minds. Its getting so dark I can hardly see what I've written. We are now on only 1 hr daylight saving time. At 7:20pm it's getting dark. There are no lights in these tents so all activity closes before long now. There is only one thing to do nights or evenings I should say. That is to go to a "flick" (picture show) in the Y.M.C.A. tent. Did I tell you I saw Lloyd McBride a couple of times? The last time I saw him Saturday he was waving out the side door of a truck. I don't see him here anymore. I haven't heard from the guy I sent the bike to. I haven't got that to trade off or sell anymore so I guess I'll have to start giving away my pen. Maybe give it away tomorrow. Got to keep up on business.

I'm glad again that the fire was no worse. As I said before use some money if you need it. So long for now. Love to all of you and the young ones. Smellie.

9 Bn., 2 C.B.R.S.  
17 Oct. 1944

Dear Dad + Mom:

Your combination letter of 29 sept came, also yours, Dad, as of 3 sept. I was so glad to hear as I had not had much mail for a month. Now I have a total of 13 letters all in one week, including yours, Guins, + Irene's.

I'm glad to report a safe and healthy time up to the present and have no reason to suspect anything else. I heard from one of Lyle Peipgrass' officers who had seen him recently, that he is O.K. I saw Lloyd Bride about 10 days ago, again. He's fine too. I don't see many I know from home now. But then I trust they are O.K. By the looks of that list published a couple of months or 3 ago it certainly looks like Raymond is doing a fair share of the man-power supplying for the war effort. Most of them too are in the financial effort thru Bonds. I got \$200 of the 7<sup>th</sup> loan. Dad I think I should put a little money straight into the Bank for a while or I won't have any to use immediately after the war. Bonds don't come due till 1960 app. Or do you think it as well to buy bonds and sell some ahead of time if necessary? It really doesn't make much difference I guess.

Thanks for handling my income tax return.

Say, what information have you heard about the post-war servicemen's education scheme? It seems that a year's education for a year in service should be pretty nice. I hope I can take some advantage of it.

Mom, yes the undies did come. They are swell! Yes again send some more or two pair to Irene because I got 2 pr. from Bryant last summer. That seems a long time ago now.

I've met a very nice Belgian family who number 8 children. The father + husband is a prisoner in Germany. These folks are so nice to us. They want me to make theirs, my home whenever if I am in this city. Isn't that fine. Well lots of love Smellie

17 Nov 44

Dear Family:

Your first telegram has arrived stating that Dad's illness was serious, dated 7 Nov. The second one (I presume) was the one which arrived first, telling of his death. Mom, I can't quite tell or explain the feeling I had on receiving that telegram. I wanted to go straight to the commanding officer and apply for a discharge. Then I didn't want to tell anyone. I'm fairly new here and didn't seem to want to tell anyone. (As yet I haven't done so.) You folks are all that need to know that I know. I am still undecided as to what I should do about trying to get home. Looking at it from my own personal point of view I must realize that I'm not the only serviceman who has lost a parent while he's been away and who didn't get home. I realize there is a duty to perform here. That duty is to loved ones on a broad scale. On the other hand there is a duty to perform to loved ones and country which involves taking care of the affairs that Dad has left. I feel confident that it will be just a matter of time till I'm back in any case.

In order to make the issues more clear can you tell me what state of affairs exists? I must confess I do not know what is owed if any on the land, what stock are now there, what the situation is with respect to Grandma's land.

I'm anxious to know as much as you can tell me of the circumstances of Dad's illness. It must have been short. Was it a blood clot again? I have wondered about a dozen and one things that it might have been. Did he go to the hospital? Was there pain? Was he conscious? Could you all be there? Did Phyllis and Gwin come in time? And Mom how are you. Please tell me exactly how everything is.

As for me I'm in a quiet part of Belgium. In Eng. I saw many buzz bombs but here I've seen none and heard only a very few. There is nothing to worry very much about, except a little rain and wind. I sleep in a house and work in an office or in a vehicle. (Jeep or truck) So long + all my love + blessing, Smellie



Cdn Sec GHQ 1 Ech 21 Army Gp.  
24 Nov 44

Dear folks,

The rush of mail has passed over and left me out once more in the cold. This typewriter is not the same for me as it is for the usual master of the trade. The mail is not really as bad as I would have you believe. It is that it just seems that if I don't get something each time that the mail comes in I think I am hard done by. There is one good thing tho and that is that it has begun to come direct to this address instead of going all over the country first. I had three of them –letters- that had been on the way only a little over a week. I think that is fair.

Last week I heard from Aunt Jessie and Uncle Octave. They were going to the conference in S.L. in Oct. That one took a month to get here. It seems that Gerry would rather be in 'THE GOOD OLD WEST' than in the east altho he quite like the work and the church. The other kids feel somewhat the same about it too. Aunt Jessie writes a nice letter.

Then there was one from Bro and Sis Roberts telling of my old stamping ground in Chatham. It doesn't seem that it has been about six years since I was there. He says that in the whole mission they only had ten missionaries to do the office work and the field work as well- that is besides the Pres. And his good wife and family. Lillian the small had been to visit them and had had a nice visit. The letter also told of the new additions to the family of Roberts and added that he thought that it was a record in his knowledge for a missionary to have three grandchildren the first year in the field. I guess it isn't bad eh. In telling about a recent R.S. conference he said that Aunt Jessie's Pageant "Women + Destiny" was presented, which was very well put on. Roberts' think a lot of you folks, and said they felt very close to Dad and Mom.

I was in Lille- I think I mentioned Lille once before in a letter about a month ago- the other night, Went down one day on some business and had to stay over the night. It was good to see some of the places again. I had some ice cream today that reminded me of the good old stuff we have at home. Don't get me wrong it was not like that we have home but reminded me of it! Mainly because was cold I guess.

I feel that I will be justified in applying for a chance to go home and anxious to hear from you what you think about it. Also some of the details of the affairs at home and on the farm.

Later on. 28 Nov 1944 – I didn't get this finished last time. Since I started I've had your letter Mom. I didn't get quite clear what you said about the land and house. Is the land this side of the coulee Grandmas that you mentioned, or is it only that on the south side. Isn't one Dads and one Grandmas children's? About the house too. That is Grandmas and is paid for I take it.

Yes Mom I think it is best for you to get into the smaller home. What stock will there be on the place now that you've sold the pigs? Did Dad have some sheep or no? You didn't say what he left exactly. I've always thought I would like land but I'm a little far way right now. I do think it right to hang on to land as a general principle. May we soon be together love Smellie

28 Dec 44

Dear Mom,

I want to tell you what a nice Christmas I had. It wasn't perfect naturally but darned near. It was like the old hustle bustle all right. At nine in the evening Tom Windlay and I decided we had to have a tree. So we pushed off to the garage and had to get some tools and put a base on a beautiful bushy tree. It took a bunch of paper and a little cutting and trimming to finish it off but it was finally set up in the mess. Only thing missing was a string of lights. But we didn't miss them too much. Our mess has decided to have its party on New Year's eve instead of on Christmas. There were some interferences on Xmas from other messes. Our dinner though was perfect. After serving the men we pushed off to our own. Last night the men's mess entertained the kids of the neighborhood. It was a treat to see them file in and get a handout of chocolate bar or candy. Then to hear them peal out with the laughter at Mickey Mouse's antics and Pop Eye's contortions. There were at least 300 kids there. Some had come with parents but the old folks just couldn't get in. We had the hall decorated as it had been for Christmas dinner. The tree was there too but the lights were not necessary. The kids eyes were light enough. Well I guess you've heard it. That was the big excitement.

I had a gang of parcels which I am going to bust eating even with the help one gets in the blinking army. God bless you Love Smellie.

Dear Phyllip,

It has been a long time that I've owed you a letter. I've just been reading the one you wrote to me at Vernon, telling how to play "Capture the Flag." It sounds like an interesting game. I'll bet there's lots of tackling going on when you play it. The rule about tripping is O.K. I think anyone who trips is a poor sport when you are playing a game.

You mentioned a certain girlfriend that you were having a date with. Did you have fun? I expect that since then you have had some more dates that were fun too. Its fun to go out with girls sometimes, isn't it. I'll bet you treat them plenty fine when you go with them. There are surely lots of cute ones too aren't there? A guy wants to go with them all a little bit. A change is a good rest. I don't get a chance to go with one very often but I can say it is always a rest since we are never near the same one long enough to go very steady.

I had a blind date in Vernon, saw Jolayne in Edmonton last summer and saw Margaret in Saskatoon and since then I haven't had a girl to go with at all. Oh well, there will come a day.

My old bike here is something. I would explain how the 3 speeds work but it would be too complicated for me to write. There is one little ring with dogs on it that is moved back and forth. One move engages one set of parts through a planetary gear system the next move changes the path of the drive and the last move sends the power thru the planetary gears backwards giving you less speed and more power. The planetary transmission has one small gear solid to the rear axle and 4 mounted in a solid disc then one outside ring gear that fits over the outside of the 4. The axel stands still. If I turn the outside ring gear the cluster of 4 move together around the solid axel gear but slower than the ring gear. If I turn the cluster while the axel gear remains solid then the ring gear is carried around at a faster rate than the cluster giving you increased speed. Well this ends the lesson.

So long Phyllip. Love Smellie.

9 Bn 2 C.B.R.S. Cdn Army Overseas

2 Mar 1945

Dear Mom,

Maybe you'll recognize the address. How are you all getting along? I hope things are O.K. and that you are getting ready for and anticipating a nice Easter. There is only one thing I want for Easter and that's the finish of Germany. Wouldn't that be a kick.

It may be a surprise for you to see the change of address. It was also for me, so I could not have told you about it anyway. Naturally there are lots of changes going on all the time so it isn't new is it?

Say, how would you like a pair of wooden shoes to milk and do any outside work in Phyllip? I guess you wear about size 7 by now don't you. Anyway they would be a novelty. Mom the most Belgianish thing over here I guess is crystal ware. The heck of it is the stuff is hard to pack so it won't break. However maybe I'll try it anyway. Another chink that is quite OK is lace etc. I wish I knew enough to pick some that is real good. I had a friend Mrs. Raviarte who had said she would help me next week to pick some but I guess that's off now.

I'm wondering what address you send to to have smiles and chuckles mailed here. I want to give her a box. If I send some money will you mail a couple of boxes. Mom the undies came. Are they ever loud and warm. Thanks a million. Well so long all my love Smellie

18 Cdn. Armd Car Regt

12 Mantioba Dragoons

Cdn Army Overseas

2 Apr. 1945.

Dear Mom,

As you see now I've been moving a lot lately, but your letters caught up with me at last and was I ever glad to hear. Mom you asked about the land, as did Paul. I think I would certainly like to keep or rather buy the land. I like it and at the same time the church authorities have said to hang on to the land. The demobilization plan for servicemen provides for a \$6000 dollar loan for the purchase of land 1200 of it to be used for machinery if required. The trouble is I'm not there now to take care of it. Yes Mom I've thought a lot about asking for a discharge; and then it seems that the show is so near over that I would like to stay and see it out. Then I know that you have such a lot of things to look after and I would like to come back there. Then I sometimes wonder what I could do back there that would help very much. I think financially I can help you as much or more for the time being by staying here. The other kids are pretty well fixed also. At least they have what they need to keep going.

I expect Paul is looking after the Redd affairs now, or is he? Any way I'll write him and see what the situation is. In any case the land will have to be worked by someone this spring no matter what happens in the future.

If as you say Phyllip can help put it in and thereby keep it I think that would be a good plan. I expect I might be home by harvest in any case. However that is entirely unpredictable, even tho the war here may be over this spring. There is such a lot of time required to demobilize armies. Maybe this will help some. Any way I am thinking and praying for you and the kids. I love you and hope to be able to do the right thing. Smellie

18 Cdn. Armd Car Regt.

Cdn Army Overseas

Aldenzaal, Holland

3 July 1945

Dear Gwin,

How are you kiddo? It seems like so much is happened in the last while. Queer I don't tell about it oftener. Well last week we had a parade in Amsterdam. Queen Wilhelmina was there to take a salute from the guns – not fired. Amsterdam is quite a place now. In the last month they have got straightened out a little. The place is decorated in celebration at being liberated. Many Canadian were in for the parade. The natives had dancing in the streets. There were violinists, accordionists, and singers swarming everywhere and passing the hat. Many appeared to need the money. Others just out to dig up a few guilders.

The café's Hotels, etc were doing big business. Don Kembel + I went to a Canadian Army show the first night and to "A Guy named Joe" the second night. Both were good the former because it wasn't like any previous army show. The latter because Spencer Tracy was therein.

The parade was fun, also the ride to and from the city. We had not been in our cars for quite a while, so it seemed swell to get in the breeze again. Now I'm back in Aldenzaal, Holland where we're stationed. More later. Love Smellie

18 Cdn Armd Car Regt.  
XII Manitoba Dragoons, C.F.N., CA(O)  
Oct 11, 1945.

Dear Mom,

As you may have heard from Irene I came over to England with a convoy of Staghound Armd Cars, and am now waiting for return transport to Holland. 106 drivers came with me so there is quite a gang to look out for.

On Monday I went to London to make some arrangements and after they were finished I went to the Society of Genealogists Library to look up Redds in Cornwall. I found quite a number in "Boyd's Marriage Index." Many of them spelled it Red in 1700-1800. One entry showed Mary Red in one book and in another which was supposed to be a Parish Register Copy showed the same woman as Mary Redd so I believe that any of the Reds or Redds maybe related. I have to go to Cornwall to search further.

In looking up some War Photographs also I found a picture of Lt Sister Silvia Smellie, whom I think is the one from B.C. I don't know where she is now tho. It would be interesting to see her sometime. Maybe I shall.

Bro + Sis Brown at Ravenslea are well and happy. Wayne U. had been there for several weeks just a few weeks ago so I just missed him. He's well they say.

It is as hard as ever to tell when we may get out of here. Canada just has to wait I guess. The time will eventually come. For the mean time perhaps I can get some Genealogy done. I hope you are well. God bless you Love Smellie

18 Cdn Armd Car Regt.

XII Manitoba Dragoons, CFN, CAO

9/10 Nov 1945

Dear Mom,

It begins to look as if events are sailing along toward the return of this Europe weary urchin. It just may be! Some time short of March looks like a good guess about now. But my gosh it seems slow! I could look forward to a little spring work on some land. However there isn't a lot I can do about it till I see what the situation is back there. Some how I like the idea of some land. Maybe it will be pretty hard- and I don't want to take on any interest bearing debts if I can avoid it! But I would surely like to get a the old living – and soon.

Last Sunday I went to church in Apeldoorn with Vera Meldrum. It was a Dutch meeting and we didn't understand much of it. However it was very nice to get together and after church Adrian Garner, Ray Cakett, Vera and I gabbed for a couple of hours. I expect and hope to see them again after they come back from Paris. They both are looking swell and seem so darned healthy. Well Mom + Phyllis. I hope you are the same. God bless you Love Smellie



12<sup>th</sup> Manitoba Dragoons

Amersfoort, Holland

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Love Smellie

You old Gal Gwin,

How I'm going to hug you when I get my grippers around you! It will just bring up about a thousand things to talk about. Maybe even take half the night! No matter when I get home it seems like it's going to be Christmas and all other holidays in one. Love Gal, Smellie.

## Knocking Parable

It is very easy to be a knocker. All one has to have is a thimbleful of brains. By being a knocker one may attract attention, but no man ever got very high by knocking others down.

One man said, knocking in a person is the same as knocking in an automobile engine. It is always a sign of lack of power.

After the creator made all the good things of the world, he made the beasts, the reptiles, and poisonous insects. From the scraps of these he made the knocker, combined with jealousy and suspicion.

To counteract this creature he took a sunbeam, put it into the heart of a child, added the brain of a man wrapped it in civic pride and covered with brotherly love.