

What Makes Jack Run

A Memoir of John (Jack) Stevens

His Younger Days
The War Years
And What Happened Afterwards

John Stevens, a World War 2 veteran of the
1st Battalion, Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry Highlanders,
9th Canadian Infantry Brigade, 3rd Canadian Infantry Division,
Shown paying his respects to Fallen Glens
on Juno Beach during a Glens Tour.

FOREWORD

When I was a young Glen, I was introduced to the exploits of the 1st Battalion, Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry Highlanders by reading the regimental history. Then after attending a few 1st Battalion Reunions, I started to hear stories that were not part of the regimental history. The history was written based on the unit's war diary with a Regimental History Committee comprised of officers. The stories that you will read here are not found in the regiment's history.

I first met John Stevens on the 2008 "Follow the Glens Tour". He was a quiet fellow. We never got into long conversations. He was there on our 2009 "Knokke - Heist Liberation Anniversary Tour". He helped me when I fell trying to get my combat boots up the steps of the Oostburg Town Hall during the Annual Liberation March. "The Canadian Shuffle" wasn't working for me. John hadn't told me how to do it yet. John is one of the quiet Glens.

It was on the 2008 Tour while watching his nephew carry on business in Europe with a computer that John decided to become computer friendly. When he got back home, this octogenarian bought a computer and proceeded to record some of his life's memories.

I have had the privilege of working with his notes. Working on his memories especially those days when John was a young Glen has been a great experience. It has been a joy that you will experience when you read this memoir. John has provided us with his life history with a great sense of humour.

Thank you, John.

As we say;

"Up The Glens!"

Bill Shearing

In The Beginning

I was born on February 28th, 1925 in a farm house near Burgessville, Oxford County, in Southwestern Ontario. Burgessville is just south of Woodstock, the county seat. Burgessville was named after the owner of a blacksmith shop and carriage business.

I was one of five children of Harold Stevens and my mother whose maiden name was Mabel Lowes. I had two older sisters and two younger brothers. My father came from England when he was fourteen. My grandfather on my mother's side came from England as a baby on one of the last sailing ships in the 1800s.

My birth was a difficult one that left me with Strabismus or as it is commonly known – cross eyed. As family legend has it, there was a milk inspector staying at the time who had eyes the same as mine. Farmers used to have to put up the milk inspectors as they travelled farm to farm in those days. Our milk inspector has the same problem. He had an operation to correct them, but it was unsuccessful. He had no control over one eye, and it just rolled around. He told my parents not to try to fix my eyes.

I wore glasses to correct this problem when I was two years old. But, it never worked. They never gave me much trouble, but as a kid I was often teased about them. I was one of those people that when choosing sides, you would hear, "Do I have to take him?". My mother used to say, "Sticks and stones will break your bones, but names will never hurt you". But they did. I played football in Grade 9, but played on the line and took all of the bumps and bruises. But, never any glory.

I knew a good looking girl later in life with eyes the same as mine. She had them operated on, but her eyes were damaged. I must say that it is very distracting. But when your eyes are so far out of focus, you compensate by using one eye. In my case, it was my left eye.

Like many Canadian families in the 1930's, we were very poor. Around 1936, my father got a job at the Ontario (Psychiatric) Hospital in nearby Woodstock. Life became better for the family, but I started fulltime work when I was fifteen.

My first job was peeling logs for veneer. The logs were put into a big tank of boiling water on the outside of the building. The logs were floated into the building where I would lift them out of the water with a chain hoist. My job was to take the bark off before they were taken to the lathe. Then the logs were put on a big lathe to peel off the wood as veneer. I hate to admit it, but I got the job because the previous fellow doing the job fell into the tank and was boiled to death.

It was a nice job for a young guy in those days. It paid 12 ½ cents an hour. No safety equipment was given to me. My safety training consisted of being warned not to fall into the tank.

Starting My Military Life

Around the same time that I started my first job, I joined the local militia regiment – The Oxford Rifles. It had a long history, and various names. Its headquarters was in Woodstock. I was in the signals platoon. My time was before the Oxford Rifles were mobilized for the Second World War. Following mobilization in May 1942, the Oxford Rifles were stationed in Prince George, British Columbia and not going overseas to the United Kingdom until May 1944. They were disbanded there in August 1945.

When I was seventeen, a friend and I went to nearby London with plans to join the Navy. My friend was able to enlist, but I was turned because of my eyes. My sailor friend was in one of the ships that were part of the naval flotillas involved in the D-Day landing at Juno Beach.

I tried to join the Navy again when I was eighteen. I was turned down again for the same reason. I also tried to join the Air Force a couple of times. The recruiters would see me in the line up and kick me out before I made it to the front of the line. A repeat try for the Army was again unsuccessful.

I thought that was it for me and the military. So I went home and forgot about the armed forces for a month or two. A few weeks later, a letter came from Ottawa with a blue certificate saying I was unfit for military service. That was it.

Then a week or two after getting the certificate from Ottawa telling me that I am unfit for military service, I get a letter that tells me to report to the recruitment office in London. My guess is by this time in the war they realized they couldn't be so fussy. Off to London I went. And to my surprise, I passed the medical. I assumed that if you could stand up and make a target, you were in.

On to the Life of a Soldier

I joined the Army on the first day of November 1943. The first day at noon before I was issued my uniform, I was in the mess hall and saw an officer from the Oxford Rifles. I was surprised to see him and said, "Hello, Frank". Well, my training started then. Well, he jumped on my like a ton of bricks. He said, "I am the Mess Officer of the Day, stand up, stick out your chest, etcetera". It was just like in the movies when a Marine sergeant would dress down one of his men.

Frank was the only officer in the whole time in the Army with whom I had any trouble. In civilian life, he had been a factory superintendent. The pips on his shoulder must have gone to his head. His daughter was about my age and was one of the kids I knew. I guess he never liked me, but I fixed him. I never bothered with his daughter again.

When I got my new uniform, I went to town with a bunch of the other troops to drown my sorrows. I wondered what I had let myself in for that night. At about four beers later and a second pub, my legs gave out. The military police picked me up and took me back to the barracks. They were kind enough to take off my shoes and loosen my belt. That was my first day in the Army.

Training Begins

From London, I was sent to Chatham for the basics – learning how to march, take orders, and get in shape. Then it was on to Ipperwash for advanced training. I was the guy who fell in the mud puddle when climbing the rope or could not make it over the wall in the obstacle course. If you failed, they would make you run around the parade square with full pack a dozen or so times. Everything at Ipperwash was on the double. They were trying to toughen you up for overseas. If they caught you not running, it was back to the parade square.

It was in Ipperwash that we got our rifles. We took them one day to the rifle range to sight them in and target shoot. One of the men, when we got back to the barracks, put the muzzle of his rifle on his big toe and pulled the trigger. His big toe disappeared. He must not have shot off all of his ammunition at the rifle range. Why did the range officer not check for all weapons being clear? The barracks was full of men lying on their bunks or standing and talking. The bullet didn't hit anyone else. I do not know if this was an accident or a self-inflicted wound. It caused some excitement for a while, and we never saw him again.

One of things we were taught was to break down and clean a Bren gun. We had to be able to do this in the dark. While being trained on the Bren gun, I never looked down the barrel. When we took the Bren guns out the range to fire for the first time, I found out that it had its sight only on the left side and I could not see out of my right eye. I used the gun like a hose and enough sticks and stones went through the target that I passed the test. But I realized that I would never be a Bren gunner. Too many of our own men would be killed by "friendly fire". So I put in to be a signaller, and I was sent for signals training. Luckily, I had been in the signals platoon with the Oxford Rifles.

What Happens When You Volunteer

One day, they got us out on the parade square and asked for volunteers. They never told us why we were volunteering. They had us form up in three ranks. Then, the command to “open order march” – back ranks steps back and the front rank steps forward. We were ordered to stick our arms out in front of us. Down the ranks they came. If you didn’t have too much hair on the top of your arms, you became a volunteer. When there were enough “volunteers”, we were dismissed.

Right to this day, we are considered as volunteers for what came next. We “volunteers” were sent to Ottawa to serve as guinea pigs for mustard gas tests. They put three spots of gas on each arm that made sores. Then they tried different salves to see if they would heal the sores.

Some of the guys had their arms wrapped in cloth used for uniforms. I suppose they were trying to get some material that the gas would not go through. But, the gas blistered the whole arm of the “volunteers”. I saw some awful arms.

About 50 years later, I wondered if this had got into my blood. I started to make inquiries. Every military agency that I called said they knew nothing about it and gave me a new number to call. After going around the list twice, I got my Member of Parliament involved. He found an office in Timmins that had a responsibility. I called there and was told they didn’t know who had been there. All they had was a bunch of numbers. A little while after a lawyer out West started a class action lawsuit against the Government and won. I got a nice settlement out of it, but they claimed we were “volunteers”. The official response said no person was hurt. You should have seen some of those volunteer arms.

When we were in Ottawa, we stayed in the cement grandstand at Landsdowne Park. It was February. The walls were covered in about 6 inches of ice. You just slept there. During the day, we reported to the Lab in the morning. They would give us street car passes and tell us to get lost until the next day. We never had enough money to drink beer all day. So we would all chip in, buy a cheap bottle of wine, go into a theatre, sit in the back rows and drink wine. One day, I was in charge of the wine. While standing in line to get into the theatre, the bottle fell out of my hands and broke. My name was mud for weeks after that.

One night, the corporal after going to bed drunk woke up about two in the morning. He thought that heard someone shout “Marker”. He got up and went out on to the parade square in his underwear to form up as a marker. He would have frozen to death if it had not been for someone coming in after hours. As it was, it took him a couple of days to thaw out. That’s what cheap wine will do to you.

Back to Ipperwash

When we were healed up, we were sent back to Ipperwash for a refresher course. While back there, we went on a cross country run over open fields and hardwood bush. The hard maples were tapped, and the sap had been running pretty good. Our group was about a hundred people. We were very hot and sweaty by the time we got to the woods as well as very thirsty too. Every one of us had a good long drink of the sap. This put a whole new meaning to the word -"run". Everyone who had taken advantage of the sap got diarrhoea. Down with the pants quickly, no matter where ever you where – in the open fields or behind trees. Any place as long as it was quick. The men were exhausted and well cleaned out when they reached camp. We slept well that night. But it is my guess that a few hard maples made firewood because they had made no sap.

On the Move Again

From Ipperwash, I went to the Signal School at Barriefield just outside of Kingston. We had to learn Morse Code and read so many words a minute. We never used it after the course. But we did learn about phones and splicing wire. I do not remember taking any instruction on radios. That was kept for when we got overseas.

In those days, dances were held for the troops. Young girls would be brought to the camp to dance with the guys. I remember dancing with a pretty girl when a big fight broke out. Someone broke a beer bottle and shoved it into the face of another guy. The whole hall was one big fight. Everybody was shoving and pushing to get out. The band was the Mounted Police swing band, and they just kept on playing.

I Make a Mistake

I got the girl out of there, and she was very grateful to escape without getting hurt. We went for a long walk that night, and I spent all of my free time after that with her. When it came time to leave for overseas, I told her that I would not be back. I didn't think that I would make it back to Canada. That was the biggest mistake of my life. How I wished I hadn't done that.

Over to Blimey

When the signals course was over and it was time to leave for overseas, a draft notice was posted on the bulletin board with the name of the lance corporal in charge of the draft. But the lance corporal went to the sergeant-major and said he didn't want the job. So another name was posted. He also refused the job. The third name posted was mine. Like the others, I went to the sergeant-major, but by this time he was getting mad. He told me that I had to take it. It was

an order. He said, "Look at me. You have to start some place to be an officer." That turned out to be the hardest job of my life – taking 30 to 40 young bucks overseas.

We started out early one morning on a troop train that seemed to stop at every siding to allow trains with war equipment to go through first. While I had to stay on the train so that the conductor could tell me when they were ready to move on, my troops went to the hotels. When we got to Halifax, what a drunken bunch I had. I had enough men by numbers, but I didn't know if they were the same ones that I started out with in Kingston. I had enough money for breakfast. It sure tasted good. It was the first food in about 24 hours.

The train was one of those with the bunks over every seat. Men would climb up into them and then some wise guys would go along and close them up. I think I got them all.

I also had to look after them on the boat. Officers gave me things for us to do like kitchen duty. When I called their names out and they didn't answer, I had no way of telling who they were. There were thousands of men on the boat. So the men I knew did all our assigned duties. I was not a very popular guy.

When we landed in England, we were met by a sergeant. A week or two after landing, I lost my lance corporal's strip. What a relief! I just wanted to be "one of the Indians, not the Chief."

Starting My Life as a Glen

I travelled as a reinforcement from England to Europe on a landing craft in October 1944. We started out in early morning and sat out in the English Channel all day at the end of a chain. The landing craft had a square front end for landing trucks and tanks. Every time a wave hit, there was a big jerk and the wave would splash over the ship keeping the men inside wet, cold and sea sick. I know I was hungry too. The Allies had still not taken the Scheldt that day so we had to land in Normandy at the Mulberry Harbour. When we landed they must have fed us, but I don't remember. We were too sick to eat anyway. We were put into boxcars and sent to Ghent, Belgium. We travelled all night and arrive the next morning.

The Canadian 9th Infantry Brigade has been sent back from the Scheldt area to Ghent for rest, to refit and get reinforcements. I was very fortunate to be sent to the 1st Battalion, Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry Highlanders. They were short an infantry signaller, and I was one. I was sent to D Company where I stayed for the rest of the war.

From Ghent to Nijmegen

From Ghent, the Glens moved to Nijmegen. I do not remember the move to Nijmegen, but I do remember how glad the poor troops were to see us. We were in the front lines for about a

month or so changing places with other units of the brigade when they sent us back for a rest. We took over a big school house for our barracks.

Bombed Out Church Parade

The Colonel thought that we needed a little religion. I don't know why because it was pretty hard to sin in a slit trench. When we were on the street in front of the school house milling about before marching off to the church, a small plane went overhead. The pilot seemed to tell us he had work to do and dropped two big bombs. The first one hit across the street from us and took out a four story building. You could see people standing at sinks washing dishes, standing at tables, and sitting all different positions. They were likely in shock.

About a dozen of us started running away from the blast. We had about a 50 foot run, and then we jumped a fence about five feet high that was made of steel rods with ends shaped like spear points. When we picked ourselves up, we had to go to the other street back of us because there was no gate on the side we jumped. I met some of the others that went over the fence that day at one of the 1st Battalion reunions. Looking back, our jump seemed impossible. They said under those conditions you have extra strength.

When we got out, we didn't know what to do next so we went to the church. About 20 minutes, the padre came in and told us to go back to barracks. The other bomb landed further down the street. I do not know how many men were killed or wounded that day. The officers never let us know, or I forgot over the years.

There were a lot of different opinions on what kind of plane it was that dropped the bombs at the school house. It was so high. It was a speck in the sky. You could see it. Was it a rocket or jet? Who knows now? He was lucky to hit Nijmegen let alone us.

A Little Dutch Hospitality

After I was in Nijmegen for two or three weeks, the "brass" decided to give us a break. We were billeted in private homes for the night. I was sent to an older couple's house, and they gave up their bed for me. There was a big thick tick of feathers on the bottom of the bed and one on the top. I rolled around in the bed for a couple of hours and couldn't get comfortable enough to sleep. So I got out of the bed and lay on the floor with the tick on top of me. My guess is that I was not use to such easy living. And, I felt like I was floating in space. I felt bad about it because I did not know where the old couple slept that night.

The Breakout

We stayed in and around Nijmegen all winter. When we broke out from Nijmegen in the spring, I can remember walking down a railway track that had mines under some of the ties. The Sappers had gone along the track and marked the ties that had mines under them with a puff of white chalk. It was hard not to step on them. It was like keeping your tongue out of the way of a dentist working on your teeth. I met my first dead German up close at the end of the track.

If You're Tall Enough To Get Shot At, You Can Join The Army Now

On February 12, 1945, the military brass and planners wanted some enemy personnel to interrogate (I am guessing). They picked 9 Brigade, 3rd Division to do the job. The brigade commander in turn picked the SD&G Highlanders to do it. Then our commanding officer picked my company, D Company. The major of D Company was Jack Stothart. We called him "Jungle Jim". He was a big good looking blond guy, over 6 foot 6, and weighed well over 220 pounds. Strong as a bull. He was a good officer.

I think the Major picked the men he could trust to do the job and also by how tall they were. The signallers he picked – one was over 6 feet, I was only 5 foot 6, and the other one was shorter.

In our group, there must have been 30 or 40 other ranks including the Company Sergeant Major. All of the men we loaded down with a full bren magazine, rifle, ammunition, grenades plus full packs and shovels. Others carried bren guns as well. We had to cross a river that was in flood. It must have been four or five miles from shore to shore. There was a strong current running that night. Someone must have noticed that the enemy had not posted a guard overlooking the river. The Germans must have thought no one would be crazy enough to come that way. But, he didn't figure on the Canadians. As they say, if there is a will, there is a way.

We stated to cross the river. The night was as black as coal. You could hardly see the man in front of you. I was in the middle of the section of men. The Sergeant Major was right in front of me. I don't know where the other signallers were in the line of men, but the tall signaller would likely have his radio on top of his head to keep it dry. Also, the extra weight would keep him on his feet. We walked down the road that was under water until I was up to my armpits. This was likely when we reached the bridge. I lost my footing. As I was trying to get back up on my feet again, the Sergeant Major helped me get up. But, I was soon down again. I think this happened a third time, but I am not sure. He told me to hold on to the handle of his shovel that was on his backpack. The Sergeant Major pulled me across the deepest part until I could get my footing. I don't know what happened to the other short signaller for he would be in the same position as me. I very likely lost my rifle at that time, but the radio's battery was alright because they were

CERTIFICATE OF MEDICAL REJECTION
FOR
Service in the Canadian Army (A.F.)

M.F.M. 12
7531-1-43 (7871)
H.Q. 1272-29-1650

1. The bearer hereof..... STEVENS, John W.
(Name in full)
of 681 George St. Woodstock, Ont.
(Street and Number) (City, Town, etc.) (Province)

2. Description { 28th Feb. 1925 Date of birth
5' 6 Height
med. Complexion
blue Hair
brown Eyes
147 Weight

IDENTIFICATION MARKS
Scar palmar surface lt.
thumb.

3. Applied for enlistment in the Woodstock District Depot
(Unit)
on the May 25 1943 at London, Ont. M.D. No. 1
(Place)

4. He was eligible for enlistment but was found unable to meet the required military physical standards.
Signed by me at London, Ont. this 25 day of May 1943
(Signature) (Rank)
President of Medical Board

Countersigned by me at London, Ont. this 25 day of May 1943.
(Signature of Man) (Signature) (Rank)
Recruiting Officer

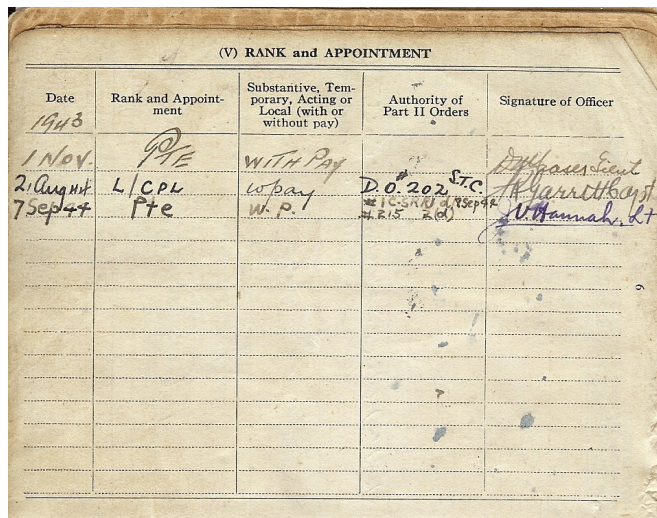
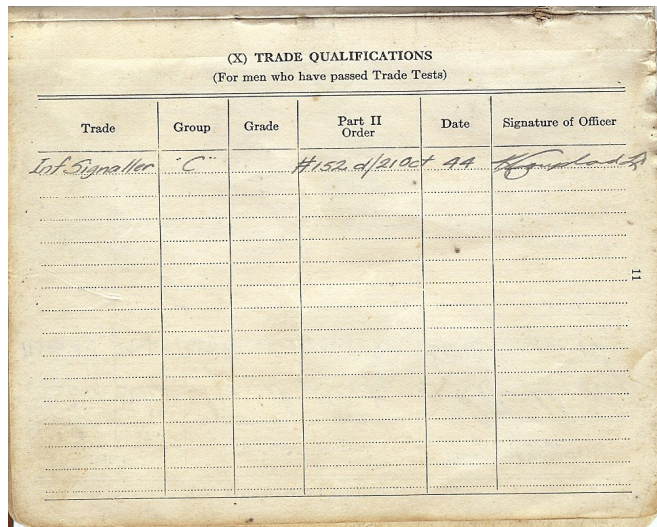
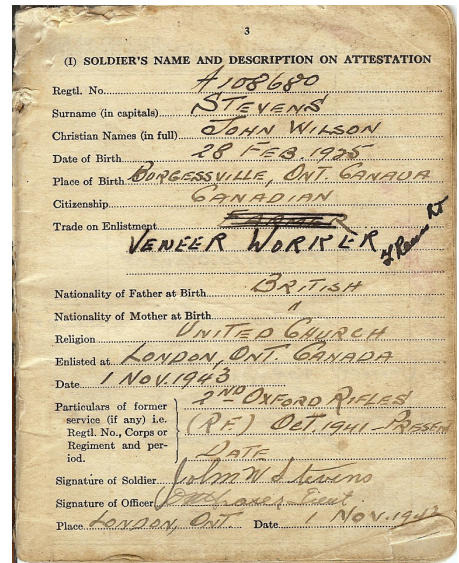
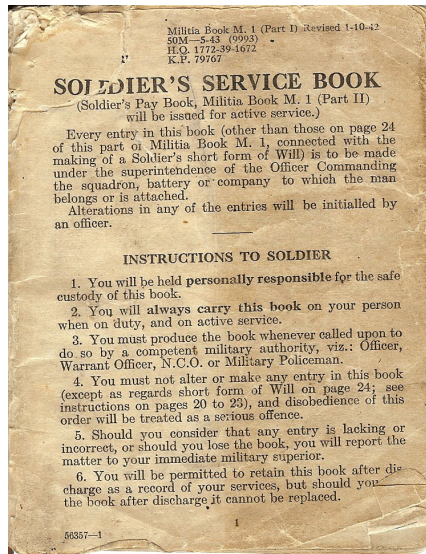
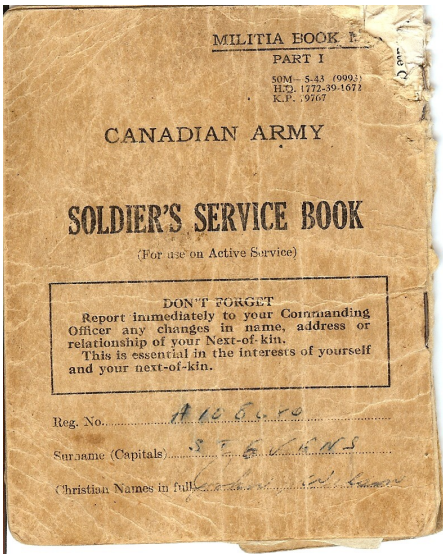
TO BE MADE OUT IN DUPLICATE NOTE INSTRUCTIONS ON BACK

John's Rejection Notice



Recruit Training at Chatham, Ontario

A Few of the Tattered Remains of John's "Soldier's Service Book"



PERIOD		PARTICULARS OF SOLDIER	
From	To	Regimental Number	
1 Oct 1945	19	A-108680	
MILITIA BOOK M-1 PART II 40/P & S/279 (6620)		Name in full (Surname first)	
		STEVEN J	
		JOHN WILSON	
CANADIAN ARMY		Date of Attestation	
Soldier's Pay Book		1 Nov 43	
(For use on Active Service)		State whether married, widower or single	
		Single	
DEPENDENTS ALLOWANCE IN ISSUE TO			
Reg't'l Number		(Name)	(Relationship)
A-108680			
Surname (Capitals)		(Address)	
STEVENS			
Christian Names in full		(Name)	(Relationship)
JOHN WILSON			
		(Address)	
On application of a soldier for DA, suitable entry will be made in pencil in the appropriate space above pending the granting thereof.			

[illegible]

Emden, Germany—May 1945—The War is Over



John on the upper left.



John has moved for this shot.

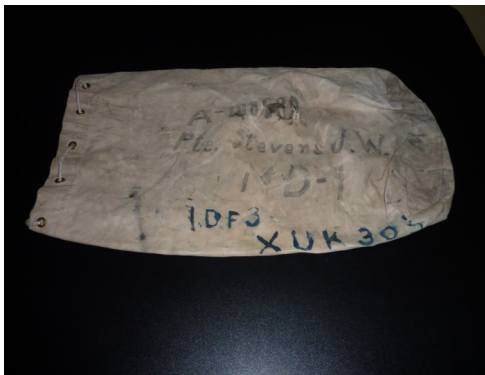
Train Station
London, Ontario 1946

John is met by his father,
Harold John Stevens

Notice who is
caring the kit bag.



The old kit bag is headed for the SD&G Highlanders' Regimental Museum



**CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE)
DISCHARGE CERTIFICATE**

NO. F.M. 7 (LATEST)
500M-2-45 (2051)
H.Q. 1772-50-1053

This is to Certify that No. A-108680 (Rank) Private
 Name (in full) John Wilson STEVENS enlisted 20 WAS
 in the No. 1 District Depot AF
 the **CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE)** at London, Ontario on the First
 day of November 19 43.
 He served in Canada -----UNITED KINGDOM-----CONTINENTAL EUROPE-----
 and is now discharged from the service under Routine Order 1029 5(e)(1) 41 by reason of
"To return to civil life" (On Demobilization)
 Medals, Decorations, Mentions, 1939-45 Star, France Germany Star, C.V.S.M.
 awarded in respect of service & Clasp.
 during this war
 THE DESCRIPTION OF THIS SOLDIER on the DATE below is as follows:—
 Age 21 years 3 months Marks or Scars Scar left thumb.
 Height 5 feet 6 inches
 Complexion Fair
 Eyes Blue Other Active Army Service (This War) Nil
 Hair Brown
 Signature of Soldier J.W. Stevens
 Date of Discharge 4 June 1946
 Issuing Officer (F.G.W. Pannell) Major
For C.O. #1 D.D. G.A.
 Rank Nil
 Date 4 June 1946

N.B. — As no duplicate of this Certificate will be issued, any person finding same is requested to forward it in an unstamped envelope to the Director of Records (Army), Department of National Defence, Ottawa, Canada.

500M-19-44 (5754-S) (ENG.)
H.Q. 1954-81-3


**DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
NAVY ARMY AIR FORCE
STATEMENT OF WAR SERVICE GRATUITY**




NAME John Wilson (CHRISTIAN NAMES) STEVENS (SURNAME) REGISTER NO. 597491
 R.R. # 7 FILE NO. 18-6-46
 Address Woodstock, Ont. DATE A-108680
 SERVICE NO. Pte.
 FINAL RANK OR RATING 4-6-46
 DATE OF DISCHARGE 4-6-46
 DATE OF TERMINATION OF OVERSEAS SERVICE 16-4-46
 A. TOTAL QUALIFYING SERVICE
 NO. OF DAYS 947 LESS 31 EQUAL TO 31 COMPLETE PERIODS AT \$7.50 232.50
 B. QUALIFYING OVERSEAS SERVICE
 NO. OF DAYS 594 LESS INELIGIBLE DAYS, EQUAL TO DAYS @ 25c. PER DAY 148.50
 SEE PAR. 2 OVERLEAF FOR EXPLANATION
 SUB TOTAL 381.00
 C. SUPPLEMENT FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE
 DAILY RATES AT DISCHARGE
 PAY \$ 1.50
 SUBSISTENCE OR LODGING \$ 1.25
 AND PROVISION ALLOWANCE \$.25
 ADDITIONAL PAY \$
 \$
 \$
 DEPENDENTS' ALLOWANCE 1/30 OF \$
 TOTAL \$ 3.00 X7 = \$21.00
 NO. OF DAYS 594 X \$21.00 68.16
 D. WAR SERVICE GRATUITY 449.16
 E. DEDUCTIONS OVERPAYMENT OF PAY AND ALLOWANCES \$
 DEPENDENT'S ALLOWANCE AND ASSIGNED PAY \$
 OTHER DEDUCTIONS \$
 F. AMOUNT PAYABLE
 (THIS AMOUNT IS PAYABLE IN 5 MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS OF \$89.83 EACH) 449.16

THE WAR SERVICE GRANTS ACT, 1944, PROVIDES FOR YOUR RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT IN THE AMOUNT SHOWN IN SUB TOTAL OF A & B. THIS CREDIT IS AVAILABLE TO YOU IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES. INQUIRY IN THIS CONNECTION SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS' AFFAIRS.

SEE REVERSE SIDE
FOR EXPLANATION
OF ITEMS A, B & C

Services as a Wartime Guinea Pig Recognized and John's Lesson— Never Volunteer

	National Defence National Defence Headquarters Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0K2	Défense nationale Quartier général de la Défense nationale Ottawa (Ontario) K1A 0K2
6682-2 (CWATRP)	*	6682-2 (REGC)
24 March 2005		Le 24 mars 2005
Program Manager Chemical Warfare Agent Testing Recognition Program		Le Directeur du programme de reconnaissance des expériences de guerre chimique
To: All Veterans of the Chemical Warfare Laboratories and their family members		À : Tous les anciens combattants des Laboratoires de guerre chimique et leurs familles
As part of the Chemical Warfare Agent Testing Recognition Program, a commemorative plaque dedicated to the memory of those who served at the Chemical Warfare Laboratories during the Second World War will be unveiled on Sunday afternoon, 24 April 2005. You are cordially invited to attend.		Dans le cadre du Programme de reconnaissance des expériences de guerre chimique, une plaque commémorative dédiée à la mémoire de ceux qui ont participé aux Laboratoires de guerre chimique durant la Seconde Guerre mondiale sera dévoilée. Vous êtes cordialement invités à y assister le dimanche 24 avril 2005.
This ceremony will be held on the grounds of the National Research Council of Canada at 100 Sussex Drive, Ottawa. The plaque will be installed at a site that overlooks the former location of the Chemical Warfare Laboratories in what was known as the John Street Annex.		Une cérémonie se tiendra sur le terrain du Conseil national de recherches Canada au 100, promenade Sussex à Ottawa. La plaque commémorative sera installée sur le site qui fait face à l'ancien endroit des Laboratoires de guerre chimique connu sous le nom de l'annexe de la rue John.
1/2		
Canada		

	National Defence	Défense nationale		
<i>Certificate of Appreciation</i>		<i>Certificat d'appréciation</i>		
Presented to		Présenté à		
A 108680 Private John (Jack) Stevens				
who served as a test subject in the		qui a participé aux essais		
Chemical Warfare Laboratories Ottawa				
<p>In the darkest days of the worldwide struggle against the Axis powers, Canada took the lead in countering the potential use, by those enemy countries, of chemical warfare agents. From 1941 to 1945, the battle to provide effective defence against such weapons of mass destruction was conducted at both the Experimental Station in Suffield, Alberta, and the Chemical Warfare Laboratories in Ottawa, where military personnel participated in many hazardous and secret trials. The results of their efforts provided the foundation for the Allies' chemical agent countermeasures, but, as a consequence of the secrecy required, the contributions made by these members to the defence of Canada and the victory of the United Nations could not be acknowledged. After 1945 Canada's national security required continued, unheralded participation by volunteers in chemical warfare agent tests. The collective service of all these participants was significant, and while their efforts were unknown in the past, their duty was, by every measure, exceptional, and was gratefully recognized by the Government of Canada on 19 February 2004.</p>		<p>A l'époque la plus sombre de la lutte mondiale contre les puissances de l'Axe, le Canada s'est imposé comme chef de file dans les opérations visant à contrer l'utilisation possible d'agents de guerre chimique par ces pays ennemis. C'est ainsi que, de 1941 à 1945, des opérations visant à assurer une défense efficace contre ce type d'armes de destruction massive ont été menées à la station expérimentale de Suffield (Alberta) et dans les laboratoires de guerre chimique d'Ottawa, où des militaires ont pris part à de nombreux essais dangereux et secrets. Les résultats de leurs efforts ont constitué la base des mesures de prévention contre les agents chimiques mises en oeuvre par les Alliés. Cependant, en raison du caractère secret de ces expériences, il n'a pas été possible de reconnaître la contribution de ces militaires à la défense du Canada et à la victoire des Nations Unies. Après 1945, pour assurer la sécurité du Canada, d'autres militaires se sont portés volontaires pour participer secrètement à des expériences avec des agents de guerre chimique. Tous ces militaires nous ont rendu un service inestimable et, bien que leurs efforts soient passés inaperçus, ils se sont acquittés d'une tâche tout à fait exceptionnelle. C'est pourquoi le gouvernement du Canada a tenu à leur manifester toute sa reconnaissance le 19 février 2004.</p>		
Canada		Canada		



John and fellow Glens being recognized by the Mayor of Oostberg, The Netherlands. November 2009

John and fellow Glens being organized for a ceremony in Knokke-Heist, Belgium November 2009



John at one of the parades in Belgium. He did a long march in Knokke-Heist over streets of cobble stones. November 2009

John on One of His Many Trips Back to Europe with Fellow Glens



John and a fellow Glen receiving special consideration for the long walk up to the Vimy Memorial, France.
November 2009

John and a fellow Glen leading the parade at Breskens, The Netherlands.
November 2009



John receiving a handshake of welcome and thanks for his part in liberating The Netherlands at the Holden Canadian War Cemetery, The Netherlands.
November 2009

waxed. There was a very strong current in the river too. When we reached the other shore, we signallers joined up together, and because I was the senior member of the group, I took over the radio.

The Major and his headquarters went into a house that had a cellar with a doorway at ground level. When they opened the door, a light flashed because the home's owner was down there with a lit candle. We signallers knew that we were taking a chance opening the door, but we had to get in there. We hoped that they would have put the candle out by the time we opened the door. We got as close together as possible to get inside as quickly as possible. The shortest guy was in front, the tall man next, with me at the back. When we opened the door, the candle was still burning, and a shot was fired. The bullet hit the tall guy in the head, killing him instantly. The bullet had gone over my head missing me and stopped before it got the shortest of us. A German soldier on patrol must have seen the light the first time that the door opened, taking aim and firing on the second time it opened.

I had to take the radio to the upper level to get reception. I had to go through a picture window, because the doorway had taken a bomb hit. The other signaller stayed downstairs with the Major and was a runner who brought up any messages to be sent. I stayed up on the top floor until it was time leave at near dawn. I do not know how long we were over there. When getting out through the picture window, I sliced my pant leg from my belt to knee. I cut my leg. I didn't know how long or deep the cut was, but there was plenty of blood.

I do not know how many prisoners were taken that night, but there were two stretchers with Germans on each corner. That makes eight. Also, there was one great big mean looking guy plus a few more.

The two stretchers being manned by the Germans had wounded SDGs on them. I never heard how badly they were hurt. There was a sergeant killed that night. I think he had been in the unit since Day 1. His body was retrieved the next day.

I got the big mean guy to put the radio on his head by pointing at the radio and then his head. I might have had something in my hand to point. Today, I am not sure what I had. He had a greatcoat on that reached the ground. I thought that he would be better off without seeing that there was such a strong current in the river. But, I couldn't make him understand. He also had a big wide belt around his waist. I took a hold on the belt, and we started across the river with the radio on his head and me hanging on to his belt. We made it to the other side.

We had gone a mile or so back to camp when we stopped for a rest. They made a check for anyone wounded. I took down my pants and mooned them. The medic put a dozen or more band-aids across the cut to keep it together. There was no more blood. Very likely if I had gone

to the doctor, he would have told me to soak it in water anyway. I was very glad there were no sharks or alligators in the river. The medic also put three or four big safety pins (like the pins they use in kilts) in the rip of my pants. I wore those pants for months after that, but they were very drafty and the pins got very cold and allowed the wind to blow through. I never went to the Medical Officer. The band-aids must have just worn off.

I met the shorter signaller at a Glens Reunion a few years back. One of his memories was that could not get warm for a long time after getting back from the raid. It turned out to be a very long night.

Geese Too Old For The Pot

When the flood was on there was a bit of high ground sticking out of the water. The Major sent four or five guys out in a DUKW (duck) – a small army vehicle that can go on land as well as water. There were three or four houses out of the water plus a small hotel. I went along as a contact with the Company.

When we landed, there was a house with outbuildings just out of the water. In the yard was a flock of great big geese making a hell of a racket. There was also an old woman. She must have figured that we would steal a goose or two for when we passed the house later that night she had got them up in the attic of her place. The geese were still making a hell of a racket. The old woman likely figured we would not go through the house after them. But, it was one of those times when you might put a goose in a pot and cooked it for twelve hours. Then, it would be better to throw out the goose and eat the pot. The geese were so old.

We never found any enemy on the hill but stayed the night. I was lying in a bed in one of the hotel rooms when I heard a big noise in the hallway. I jumped up and opened the door, but I could not see anyone around. But, there was a wastepaper basket outside the door. There was a small gun in the basket. It was the kind of pistol that a lady might carry in her purse. It was about three inches long, and it had two barrels, one above the other. It would shoot about a 22 size bullet. I and the other men searched the hotel from top to bottom, but we never found anyone. I had that gun until the end of the war.

Sometime It Pays to Disobey Orders

One time, our company had a hard battle with the loss of men. I cannot remember how many but the men were a very tired bunch by the time it was over and they were dug in. I was put on guard duty. My instructions were “to shoot if I heard any movement”. The Major figured that a counterattack would be coming at any moment. It was a very dark night. I was standing in a slit trench facing the German lines when I heard someone coming back of me. Should I shoot or

challenge them? I took a big chance and challenged them. It was a very scared batman who was doing my job. He was being used as a runner and got turned around. I got him headed in the right direction. I had disobeyed orders, but there was no counterattack that night. The batman was alive in the morning. I never heard anything more so I do not know if the Major knew or not about my disobeying orders. My luck was still holding out

Grenades and Mines

One time after a battle, we dug in on the side of a ridge and were settling in for the night when we heard voices on the other side of the ridge speaking German. The Germans must have dug in on the other side of the ridge. The Germans started to throw hand grenades over the hill. We threw ours back at them. I do not know how many were thrown back and forth. They withdrew, and we stayed. Our hand grenades were deadlier than theirs.

Their hand grenades were made of light metal on the end of a handle. They looked like an old fashion potato masher. The blast from them was supposed to do the trick. They never worked very well.

At one time, the Major and a bunch of his men, I being one of them, were walking someplace when we came to a sign that said in German, "Attention, Mines". There was barbed wire strung across a big area. Very neatly in squares about a foot apart. I do not know if the Major knew about it before we got there or not. In any case, he had us fix bayonets on the rifles, and we charged across the area yelling – "Up The Glens". He likely thought there were German troops on the other side of the minefield. Or did he? I wondered after if he did. I do not know if anyone fell into the wire or not. Anyways, it turned out okay.

Hidden Weapons

At one village that we took over, a man came to Major Stothart and told him that a neighbour of his had buried a lot of guns in his garden. But, he didn't tell us when this had happened. We had the poor guy dig them up with an armed soldier watch over him. He must have buried them five or six years earlier. He had never wrapped them in anything to protect them. The rifles came up a rusty old mess. They were useless. Just garbage. So much for good neighbours.

My Damned Antenna

When they sent out patrols at night, they would sometimes take along one of the unit's signallers. In my case with an eight foot antenna and poor night vision, going down the streets of the bigger towns in Holland with overhead street car wires, power wires, and telephone wires and trying to keep quiet was a challenge. I would run into them, and it would make a hell of a racket. I was threatened with being shot many times. They may have done it, but it would

have made more noise than I made. I was always lucky that those overhead wires never had any power in them, or I would have been cooked.

Big Find but Big Head

One time we were in a village when the Germans had blown the dikes. When the flood water was up around the town, we saw an object in the distance. We couldn't make out what it was. But it was floating towards us. As it got closer, we saw that it was the top of a wine bottle. It was one of those three feet around and two feet high. The bottle was about two-thirds full of wine. What a party we had. It was a good thing that it was good wine. If it had been poisoned, there would have been a lot of Glen casualties. As it was, there were a lot of big heads the next morning.

Held Up by a Kid

One time, we were walking to our next place in the line. The whole of D Company was in a long line when we came to a flat stretch of ground with an open place in the road. There was a big pile of rubble where a house once stood. We were fired on by someone in the rubble. Luckily, there was a ditch running alongside the road into which everyone jumped. The guy in the rubble was a very good shot, and whenever someone stuck their head up, his shots came close. The land was flat, and no one could get close. So the Major called in the artillery. They put a half a dozen rounds into the rubble, and when the gunners stopped firing, a shot would ring out. After a dozen or more rounds, the gunners gave up. The Major called in a Wasp (a flamethrower mounted on a bren gun carrier). It would shot out a stream of liquid fire. It took a lot of fire to get him out. When he finally came out, he was a kid of about ten who pointed his finger at us and laughed. Our young enemy did not make many friends that day. He made us late for our task of taking over from others in the line. Also, someone had to take him back to the prisoner of war cage.

A Close Call

We had a man join our regiment after getting wounded in another unit. We were all lying around, resting and enjoying the warm sunshine when this chap spotted a pile of bombs – the kind you bury across roads. There must have been sixty or more of them in the stack. They were about five feet long by ten inches square. They were stacked in an out- building at a farm. Our new man said that the unit he was in before joining the Glens had showed him how to disarm these things. He took one out in front of the shed across his knees. When we realized what he was about to do, the whole bunch of us made a hasty retreat. In fact, we ran like hell. These things were not armed, but he must have done something wrong. It blew. There was a bren gun carrier in front of him. The explosion blew him under the carrier. I do not think there was

enough of him left to send back for burial. If the stack had blown, there would not have been a building, but a big hole in the ground. My luck still held. Thank the Lord!

What Made Jack Run

I do not know if I should be telling this story or not but here goes. The army does not teach you how to run but sometimes if you don't, you are dead. D Company of the SD&Gs had overrun a trench of Germans after a stiff fight. The Major had made his headquarters in the middle of a dike. The Company was on a ridge of ground – a shallow valley in front of them with a woods back of the valley. The Germans were forming up in the woods for a counterattack. The dike was an old one with dry land on both sides with a house sitting in the middle of the dike.

The people who lived in these homes were there to see if the dike held. Maybe, this was where the name Dykman came from. The dike was about thirty feet high at that point with a road running on top. The house had a doorway in front and also one at the back. There was a long stairway from the backdoor to the field below. When we first entered the field to do battle, there was a drainage ditch that was dry. It was about ten feet across by five or six feet deep. A bren gun carrier with an antitank gun could not make it across, so we left it back at Battalion Headquarters.

The Germans started their counterattack. They had picked up an old tank from the woods. It had not seen any grease in its lifetime. You could hear it for miles. If someone could have slipped over there with a can of WD 40, it would not have been so scary.

The radio must have not been working that day. For some reason the major sent me back to bring up the antitank gun. As I came down the backstairs, there was a lot of small arms fire going on at the time and, I knew someone was firing at me. I fell to the ground and looked up to the top of the dike. There were two enemy soldiers who had come around the corner of the house, and they were shooting at me. I made a big target lying there on the ground. There was no place to hide in the open field in front of me. I got up and ran like hell. I didn't run straight but swerved and changed speed. Anything to keep me from getting hit. They must have had buck fever not to have got me with on the ground at that distance. But they were standing up when they should have been lying down and taken a better aim.

Was it a guy named Bannister who broke the speed record for the four minute mile a year or two after the war? I think I beat him that day. You don't need steroids or other drugs, you just need a nine millimetre and fear to run that fast.

The two enemy soldiers must have come up the far side of the dike unnoticed. Someone made a mistake since there should have been someone watching that side of the dike.

I went back and got the carrier with the gun. But by the time we got back with to the dike with the antitank gun, the Germans had called off their counterattack. You could hear the old tank in the distance. I do not know why they called off the counterattack, but just maybe the two enemy soldiers made it back their lines and reported that I may have been going for the artillery or the air force. I do not know or ever will know why the counterattack was called off. I just know what my part was in the battle.

The Assault Over the Emden Canal

I was in the attack over the canal at Emden. We went over in assault boats that looked like a box that they used to mix mortar. It would hold about twenty men or more with a corporal in charge. These boats were about four feet across by about ten feet long but were only about sixteen inches deep.

The German snipers would try to hit the guy that was running the outboard motor who when hit would swerve and overturn the boat throwing the men into the water. If the men had their webbing with packs done up, they would go down and not come up. If they left their webbing undone, they might survive. They would then have to do up their webbing on shore making a target. I think it was up to the corporal to decide. The Germans were on top of the dike shooting down at us, so you had to move quickly.

After we overran them, we had to get inland a ways. The Major wanted to get in touch with the company on the left. My radio had got wet and was not working, so I was made runner again.

I had walked two or three miles to the left when I came to a small house in a clearing. The Germans started to pour out of the house with their hands up in the air. There must have been thirty or forty Germans that came out of the house. At first I was scared because I caught by surprise. Then I got mad, because I had to take them back to our lines and retrace my steps.

There might have been another bunch of Germans in the house, but I was not going to find out. At first, they looked scared as I was. But when they found out that I wasn't going to shoot them, they started to laugh, joke, and carrying on by slapping each other, because their war was over. Mine wasn't. If a German soldier shot an enemy, then he had done his duty. So whenever we overran them, they could give up. So it seemed.

American Rations

I remember one time walking up to the frontline. We started before daylight and got to the front after dark. I think we walked 30 miles, but I may be exaggerating. It was a long time ago. It was a real hot day, and we were tired. We were doing what was known as "The Canadian shuffle". You pick your feet up off the ground an inch and shove one foot ahead of the other.

You would say: "God, you pick them up, and I will lay them down." It was about noon when up the road that was a mess with shell holes came an American truck with a soldier in the back throwing beer to each man. The beer was warm and well shaken up. What can a guy do who is walking and has nowhere to put the can. So we had to open them. There was beer everywhere except in the cans. You held you can up to your mouth, and you got one swallow. That was a little bit of relief for a long walk. If I remember right, the beer was Pabst Blue Ribbon. If they are still in business, I might get a case of beer for advertising.

I Volunteer Again and Almost the Same Problems.

When the war was finally over, they came around asking for volunteers to go to the Pacific War. The word was out that the people with the most seniority would be going home first. That would mean I would not be going home for some time, I did not care to be in the Occupation Force, so I volunteered for the Pacific.

I went back to England and went on leave to Scotland while waiting for a boat back to Canada. When I returned from leave, the boat was to leave the next morning. I went to bed that night, but I knew something was wrong inside me. Before morning, I ended up on an operating table having my appendix taken out.

I thought if I could make it to the ship, there would be a doctor on board, and I would be on my way home. But, it never happened. Another fellow and I were the only ones in about a 50 bed ward. Everyone else had left for Canada. They kept me in the hospital for over a month, because they said they never knew who I was since my papers had gone to Canada on the boat. There seemed to be no hurry to send them back.

The Red Cross came around every morning and left a pack of cigarettes. I think they were Sweet Caporals. On each of the 50 beds every morning, they left cigarettes. I guess no one told them there was nobody in the other beds. I went along and gathered them up. They were better than money when you went on leave. The other guy was so sick, he had no use for them. They finally got sick of feeding me and sent me to a holding unit. There I was put on KP duty until I made it home in '46. I peeled a lot of potatoes and cleaned a lot of latrines.

When in hospital, they dropped the bomb on Japan. So they had no use for me. I was surplus, but they still would not send me home without my paperwork. If I had stayed with the unit, I would have got home Christmas 1945. You win some, and you lose some. I never made it back until May 1946.

Some “Stuck In England Stories”

I was there in England over the 1945 Christmas Holiday. If you had nowhere to go, you were confined to barracks because everything was shutdown, and you might get into trouble. There was an alcoholic in the barracks with me. He went through everyone's pack and got their shoe polish. He put them on the stove, and all of the alcohol came to the top. He would pour the alcohol off. It was not the best drink in the world, but what is a poor guy to do under the circumstances. I do not admit to any part in the caper. There was a lot of bitching going on through the barracks about dried out shoe polish, but I never admitted to anything.

While in hospital, Scotland Yard people went through my pack and took all of the guns out. There was a P38, a Luger, and the woman's little gun. They did leave me with a 9mm rifle sticking out my pack. I brought it home and gave it to a nephew who put on a new barrel and stock making it into a high powered 22.

Back in Canada

When I finally got back to Canada, I was put on a train to go back to London, Ontario for my discharge. I was given a week's leave before I had to be in London. I got on a through train to Windsor that never slowed down for Woodstock. It took me all of the way to London. Then, I had to make my way back to Woodstock.

Before they discharged me, they asked if I wanted them to fix my eyes. The eye doctors had come a long way during the war, and I said okay. Charlie Thompson, a well known doctor, did the job. It put me into the military hospital in London for two or three weeks before I was discharged. When I got home, I was a hard guy to have around. I was seeing double. I ran into walls when going through doorways. I knocked over coffee cups and water glasses. This went on for months until I got back to normal. I had a hard time controlling my temper until I could see normal again. I threw things at walls, cursed and swore. If I had been my mother, I would have thrown me out on to the street.

The Quest to See Canada

In the Fall of 1946, my two brothers and I with a friend headed west to see the rest of our country. We stopped in wheat country to help a farmer with his threshing. The snow came before he had finished, and we offered to stay around until the ground froze so that he could finish up. That was a mistake because we only got as far as Trail, British Columbia. We never made it to Vancouver. Our money had run out, and we had to head home. We had to take the shortest way home. That was through the United States, and they were waiting for us in Detroit at the border. We made it in time.

Trying to Break the Three Year Job Cycle

I had my holiday and had to find work. The last place that I worked was the veneer factory. So I went back there to see what they had to offer. The superintendent told me to go around the factory and pick any job I wanted, and it was mine. I went around and saw all of these men who had family responsibilities. The super never said how long I would have the job. I knew one vet who had done that and ended up stocking the furnace. I could not do it so I went to a furniture factory at minimum wage. I stayed there for three years until the place closed its doors. I went from there to a metalworking shop. They worked putting in furnaces, eaves trough, and flashings. I think this was one of the most interesting jobs I ever had. In those days, they would do the best possible job. When I worked there, we used square heating ducts and made the neatest good looking job possible. I was there for another three years when I got laid off because of the lack of work. A little story. Whenever the top craftsman went to get a raise, the boss would tell him that when he retired, he would give him the business. The only thing wrong with that was that the craftsman died first.

I found work at another furnace shop. There was one other employee at this shop, and a boss who never left the shop. After about a year, the other guy left. That left me to do all of the work. It is hard to put a furnace in with only one man. Also, I had to do all the repair work. On a cold winter night with kids crying from the cold and the mother looking over your shoulder, fixing an old burner was no fun either. I lasted another two years and then left for a better paying job.

I went to a factory that rolled steel into tubing of all shapes and sizes from ¼ inch up to 4" by 4" by ¼ inch wall. They made tailpipes and exhaust pipes for cars, boiler pipe, boat trailers, material handling equipments, and lots of different chairs. I worked there for thirty-two years until I retired. And, I had lots of new cars – Buicks usually.

Ending Up An Entrepreneur

I did a lot of camping when I was younger. My brothers were salesmen on the road, and they wanted to do something else because of the highway traffic. So we decided to build a campground. We wanted it on the water, but any waterfront property cost too much. We found what we wanted on the Bruce Peninsula. We bought the property in 1972 and opened in 1974 with twelve boats and motors and 25 sites. We soon went out of the boat business because of the many rocks in the lake and the damage that they did to the motors. The campground was a hard property to develop because of many trees and the rough ground. But we had over 100 sites when we sold in 1992. The park was very good for us over the years.

With Nowhere to Run

Four or five years ago, I went over to Big Tub Lodge on Big Tub Bay. I used to keep my boat there, and I was going over to pay my docking fee. This marina also used to fill the tanks for scuba divers. They would fill them from a reserve bank of tanks that had high pressure in them. I don't know how high that would be. The reserve tanks came out of a submarine. I think there were ten of them stacked one on top of each other. The bottom ones were lying on the ground. They were about twenty feet long and about a foot in diameter all connected to each other by brass fittings at the end that looked like the neck on a bottle. They were piled up at the end of the building. I was standing in front of the tanks talking to an employee of the lodge that was about three feet away when the tanks blew up knocking the building down killing the man inside. The wall blew in on him.

I don't know what caused the explosion, but my guess is that one of the bottom tanks had rusted through on the bottom row. But what I do know is that one of the tanks blew a quarter of a mile in front of me and another went over my head across the bay. A couple went into the bay and dropped beside my boat taking out six feet of the main dock. Then a bunch of others went back of me taking out a bunch of cedar trees that were eight inches in diameter.

I was in a spot about three square feet that was safe. I looked up and the sky was black with debris. I had nowhere to run. All I got was some marks where gravel had hit me. The police and firemen showed up a little later, but there was little for them to do. The police made me go by ambulance to the hospital in Lions Head to get checked out, but I was not hurt. I had my hearing aids in that saved my ear drums, and I had my glasses on that saved my eyes. But my car was another story. It was in front of me and was all badly dimpled on the side next to the building. The owner was fined. I do not know the charge.

My luck was still holding!

John Stevens

EPILOGUE

One of the early readers wanted to know why there wasn't an ending to this story. Well, Jack (John) is still "running" with the help of his powered scooter on the roads of The Tub until recently and now in Woodstock. He has come full circle. He seems to have taken up the habit of a winter trip to Arizona. Then, there is another trip back to Europe in 2012. He might be the only WW 2 vet on our trip - "D-Day to VE-Day". His luck seems to be still holding. The story carries on.

I wish to thank those who have read John's story to check on my spelling mistakes and their suggestions to help clarify some points of John's story.

Bill Shearing

August 2011

Two Products of Oxford County, Ontario



John Stevens and Bill Shearing at the 2009 Glens Reunion, Cornwall, Ontario

