

took his oath of allegiance, and was informed, "You're in the army now, you're with the Sixth Armored Division!"

Jack stayed in Hamilton during the war, as an instructor, training other men as mechanics. Late in the war, the Army found out that Jack had another trade, as a wireless operator. Jack had operated a ~~ham~~ radio before the war. He knew Morse Code extremely well. The Army wanted him in the Radio Department, to go behind enemy lines and operate a wireless. He would wear no uniform. If he was caught, he would be shot as a spy.

The Army sent him to Toronto for parachute training. Up on this high tower, the men jumped wearing a parachute, while air was forced upward to open their chutes. "I told them as soon as I saw it, this is not for me."

Back Jack went to Hamilton as an instructor, training the mechanics that eventually went to Dieppe to recover and repair the tanks that broke down during that raid. That battle suffered ninety percent casualties. Small stones would lodge themselves in the tracks of the tanks and they would be immobilized. He also trained mechanics that went with the Saskatchewan Light Infantry.

"Some of our local boys had terrible stories to tell, they didn't even want to talk about it much. Some of our wounded got back to the beach, waited for boarding on whale boats to the tankers transporting the wounded to hospitals in England. A couple of them were so badly wounded, they couldn't wade out to be picked up for the boarding and thought they would die there. The English people were rowing small craft, any types of boats they could get their hands on, from the English shores across the English Channel to France. Suddenly this voice shouted out, "Hang on Canada old chaps, I'll rescue you!" This Englishman

appeared with a row boat, said he would row them across the Channel. He did just that, the two badly wounded Canadians on that small craft were violently ill, sea sick. As for the tankers, a lot of them were sunk, but these boats were so small, they could not be picked up by sight or radar, and the two men were brought to England safely."

When Jack was 21 years old, a large sum of money was given to him by his Grandfather, from his estate in Ireland. There was much fighting and quarrelling by the Duff children over this windfall, and in the end, the lawyers received most of it in their fees. The youngest Duff son, Earl, came to Jack with a idea of opening a service station in Saskatoon with Jack as his partner. None of this transaction was drawn up legally, and the station failed after a year.

"Don't tell my wife, but I was an easy target for the whole family." Jack did manage to buy himself a car, a Model A Ford. Jack hadn't used the car, it was in storage. Earl Duff was moving his family east to find work and had no transportation, so \$500 and the car was loaned to him. During this move there was a fatal car accident, Earl's wife was killed, the car destroyed. Later, after the war, Earl called Jack to ask him to drop everything he had in Rocanville and join him in Ontario. Jack decided to stay on the prairies.

Before he joined the army, Jack contacted the Duff family about his foster parents, now in their eighties. He was concerned about their welfare, none of their children was living close to their parents. They were all older than Jack, and not eligible for the draft that Jack felt soon would take place.

"I'm about to volunteer, if I don't, I will be called up anyway." Jack did not get a positive response, so he moved the senior Duffs to Rocanville. They both died during the war.

"I got out of the army a little early, I had a piece of steel in my left eye from a splinter off a ball bearing, that was shattered by a hammer. The Army wanted to take it out. But I was advised by my friends not to do it, they were doing a lot of experimenting at the time. But my Captain said his brother was a doctor, an eye specialist, a surgeon in Toronto.

The Captain sent me up there, with a letter, to see him. Dr. Cruisin had operated on the King, The Sha of Iran, and one of the Presidents of the United States. He was famous in his field. His plushy office, oh my gosh, and outside, nothing but Packards, with men in livery uniforms driving them. In them days in Toronto, you weren't anybody unless you drove a Packard.

Anyway, I was in this big waiting room when a nurse came up and said, "Soldier, you're in the wrong place," I replied, "I have this letter for the Doctor." She disappeared down the hall with the letter and came back a few moments later with a fellow wearing a white gown. He said politely, "Come here." "What about these other folks waiting?", I asked.

"You're from my brother's Regiment, come in here and sit right down in this chair. My brother sent you, and that's good enough for me!" He stated. "Can you see anything?"

"No", I answered, "Everything is just a blur".

He explained, "I'm going to get you to sign this thing, and what it says is that you were wandering down the street, needing medical attention, and came to my office. This is the way it has got to be handled." So I signed the paper. Then, he took a look at my eye, then he froze it, and lifted it right out of the socket. It was a very strange feeling.

"I'm going to take a sharp instrument, and lift that piece of

A Word from the Past 1892

In the year of 1892, Mr. Arthur Millen, of Dunchurch, Ontario, came West with his wife, two daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret Jane, and his son Francis. They settled in the Hillburn district.

Following are excerpts from two letters sent back to Ontario in the summer of that year. We trust that you will find them interesting. The spelling and wording are Mr. Millen's.

Hillburn July the 22 1892

Dear Son and daughter,

----- We are all well thank god. ----- I dug a well and got good water and am now building a kitchen. I got a good 4 year old cow for 27:50 there is wood on our own place to last for 2 or 3 years-----

----- I have just returned from a trip to birtle on the Manatoba and North Western railway the land agent lives there it is 40 miles from here. We took a bag of oats for the horses and 2 baskets of bread for ourselves and started across the perera ----

----- We are at the old fort elles. Things are somewhat different here than in Ontario. Out there you usuly com to the bottom of the hill first but here we come to the top first. I got the grandest view that ever I saw the vally of the Assiniboyns is 3 or 400 feet below us ----

Aug 12, 1892

-----I bought a team of oxen 6 years old a good set of harness on them for 85 dollars and am settled down to farming-----

--- Ther is plenty of Company land here for 3 or 4 dollars an acoer with or without bush.---

Mr. Millen was great-grandfather to Gordon Dixon and to your editor. Copies of these letters have been sent to the museum by another great-grandson, Mr. John MacFie of Dunchurch, Ontario, and will be on display. The original letters are in the Ontario archives. Below is a reproduction of part of one.

Hillburn
July the 22 1892
Dear son and daughter
I received 2 packages of
the which