

CPL. C. VEALS SKETCHES LIFE OF SOLDIER AT SEA, ALSO IN SICILY AND ITALY

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"Perhaps Our Greatest Enemy is the Mine," Says Cpl. Veals. "Altho His 6 bbl. Mortar and 88 mm. Gun Are No Toys Either." Soldier Boy Says, "Right Now I Would Give My 6 Cans of Stew and 3 Cans of Bully Beef To Be Back Home."

The following is part of a letter from Cpl. Clifford Veals, a former L.C.I. boy, written from Italy on Sept. 28, and recently received by his folks near Bethany.

"It has occurred to me it might be of interest to you to have some of the details of my doings since early June. After a couple of very busy months of preparation, we left Scotland on June 27 for an unknown destination. Only after a week at sea, did we find out it was Sicily and definite plans were made.—even to the exact hour and exact spot on the shore, where we were to land. I think it was 17 days we spent on the boat. It was a grand cruise with perfect weather and very little enemy action. I was in charge of 20 men and we had a 4-hr. shift each 16 hrs. Our job was to watch for subs and planes. After landing in Sicily we have spent a little over a month of active engagement with the enemy, during which we had many thrilling adventures. Of course, the Italians weren't too bad, as they usually surrendered when it got a bit hot. The jerry tho is very wily and clever. Perhaps our biggest enemy is the mine—although his 6 bbl mortar and 88 millimetre gun are no toys either. A favourite trick is to wait until a vehicle stops and then snipe at you with a rifle. When you see a bullet go splash into the bank beside you, it doesn't take you long to decide to move.

The people in Sicily are very poor. The government under Mussolini robbed them right and left. Hardly anyone had boots or shoes. It was really pitiful to see the makeshifts some of them had on

their feet. About the best attempt seemed to be a piece of rubber tire for a sole and some old socking or canvass sewed to it for an upper.

Since we have come east, we have lived like kings. There is fruit of every kind in abundance: pears, apples, peaches, figs, oranges, lemons, olives, melons, pomegranites, almonds and black berries for variety. My latest experiment is grape jam with apple and figs. What a job to know what to do with the grape seeds. Tried putting them through the fly swat, but it was too slow, so we just eat it, seeds and all and whoever eats the most jam, gets the most seeds. We captured a camp and got about 300 lbs. of sugar, rice, macaroni, etc.

We came to Italy about the 2nd of Sept., and have been getting along fine so far. The resistance has been very slight as we advanced nearly 100 miles in 2 days. However, we are about due to hit something solid one of these times.

Hope we can keep advancing and may the day soon come when we fight no more. Right now, I would give my next six cans of stew and three cans of Bully Beef to be back home. Oh well, that will be something to look forward to.

mer pastor, and Rev. Howard J. Veals of Omemee, recently returned from China.

Lieutenant Albert Watkins, who has recently been invalided home from the war front in Italy, and who is at the present time undergoing a series of operations in Christie St. Military Hospital Toronto, was present and addressed the congregation, telling in his quietly sincere manner, something of the work which the late Sgt. Veals had done in Sicily and Italy. Lieut. Watkins told of having conversation with officers in Sgt. Veals' regiment in Italy, both before and after his decease, who paid high tribute to the courage and efficiency with which the

young soldier carried out his duties and to his popularity among his comrades. Lieut. Watkins also brought to the bereaved family a personal message from Major Stroud of Oshawa, who too is convalescing in Christie St. Hospital, and who was, before his injury Sgt. Veals' Commanding Officer in Italy.

Rev. Howard Veals based his remarks mainly on portions of letters received from Sgt. Veals by different friends and members of the family. These quotations stressed clearly the high courage, irrepressible sense of humor, and the deep Christian faith which he carried with him into battle.

Rev. P. C. Reed, who was pastor of Reaboro Baptist Church, where Sgt. Veals attended as a young man, spoke of the wonderful work done by him in the church and the Young People's Union. He referred to Sgt. Veals as "the heroic Christian warrior."

During the service Mrs. Alva Watkins sang a number which had at one time been especially enjoyed by Sgt. Veals when she sang it in his home some years ago. "His Eye is on the Sparrow and I know he watches me."

Sgt. Clifford Veals will long be remembered in this community for his ever ready smile and happy disposition, his primary consideration of others and his firm faith.