

Corps. My poor Mother finally consented if my younger sister Ruth could join too.

We were trained in Kitchener, Ontario, then stationed in Halifax. I was a telephone operator; my sister was a waitress in the Officers' Mess Hall.

Soon my brother Wilbur became ill in England; he was shipped home on the Hospital ship Lady Nelson. He was operated on at the Military Hospital in Halifax Camp Hill, then he had one kidney removed. The War was over for him, he was able to return home to stay.

One day I was ironing my shirts in our barracks when one of the girls said "Gray, you are wanted in the Captain's Office." I couldn't imagine what I had done, since I was always a good soldier.

Seated in the Captain's Office, across the desk from her, she asked me a number of questions. Then she said, "Gray, you are on draft to go Overseas!"

I crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the French ship The old "Ile de France", as we made a zig-zag course in convoy, so we could escape the German subs trying to catch us. Rather frightening.

In London England I operated one of nine positions on the switchboard at C.M.H.Q. We had three different shifts, two weeks day shift, two weeks evening shift, then two weeks on the graveyard shift, as we called it, working all night.

I was there when the Germans sent over their Pilotless planes. We called them "doodle-bugs", they had a bomb and were timed to shut off over London, when they came screaming down to earth and blew up.