

At Malta there were two Aircraft Carriers, launching Canadian Air Force planes, day and night, to bomb enemy air strips. It is amazing how they survived. (I met and spoke with several of the Air Force pilots at a gathering in Toronto, where they were presented with the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Medal, by the Consul-General of the Maltese Embassy, on behalf of the President of Malta. We had many stories to tell.)

We then sailed the South Atlantic looking for armed merchant ships, then were called back to assist in the landing in North Africa. We were in Algiers for a while then went east to hit installations in Southern Italy, to cut off the Axis supplies going to Libya.

The Allies were now concentrating on the invasion of Sicily and Italy. We carried in a contingent of paratroopers, who said they were going further north, where the Canadian Regiments were engaged in fierce fighting at Casino. We then went to Salerno, where things were not going good for the Allies. Our troops were cornered on the beach, and the Germans held the high ground, making it easy for them to fire down on our troops. A large naval force bombarded the Germans on the high ground. It seemed to me that our ships were going around in a large circle, firing as we went past the mainland.

En route back to port to rearm, we sank an enemy troop convoy, but were attacked by Stuka Dive Bombers. We sustained a considerable amount of damage, but managed to get back to port. It was sad, having to bury our shipmates at sea.

Our ship had to go into dry dock for repairs for a few months. We then sailed back to Portsmouth, where I took a course in Landing Craft. I then went to the Pacific Theatre in May, 1945. The A-bomb was dropped on Japan and the war was finally over. I arrived back in Portsmouth in March, 1946, where I was discharged.

BLESS THEM ALL