

Three genera

JULY 31/08

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COLBORNE CHRONICLE

Some family stories are only myths.

Years later, long after he had emigrated to Canada, Len exploded a long-held family myth that his family was connected to Lord Lovat. The story told of one of the daughters running off with a Lovat. Working on a film at Dieppe many years later, Len ran into Lord Lovat himself. On the way to mass, he popped the question to the lord. The answer was an abrupt "no".

The filming of the Dieppe documentaries was memorable for other reasons, too. He has a photo taken in the home of Lord Montbatten where some filming was done.

War troubles

Len was 10 when England became embroiled in the Second World War. Canadians of Italian descent suffered. It was difficult in England, too.

When Italy joined the Axis in 1940, Guy was interred for two years. He was rounded up with others of Italian origin under Regulation 18B and detained in Saughton Prison. His father Eugenio was sent to the Isle of Man until the end of the war. Guy was transferred to York Prisoner of War Camp, then, after a few months, to Huyton Prisoner of War camp. After being questioned, he was asked if he would join up. After a stint as a labourer, he spent the rest of the war in the catering corps.

In 1942, Guy and Catherine, Len's parents, divorced. Len moved in with his grandmother D'Agostino for a while before being sent off to Jesuit school in 1943 at age 14. His life in Scotland was nearly at an end.

When it came time to do his military service, the 18-year-old Scot chose the navy. He had already trained as a cadet and had enough seniority to qualify as a first lieutenant.

The interviewer advised him they had no D'Agostinos in the navy — he could enlist as an ordinary seaman.

Life as a sailor was quite different than his experience in a Jesuit college. Life on the blue and white lasted six months longer than he had intended. His ship was required for the Berlin Blockade.

Len's eyes twinkle as he tells how Sean Connery "saved his life".

It was the late 40s and Len was dancing at an afternoon dance. Two guys came over and picked him up by the elbows to carry him outside and beat him up. Sean saw what was happening to his friend and came to the rescue. It was one of the last times they were together.

Many years later, before Sean had become famous in his role as James Bond, he was in Canada playing Macbeth for the CBC where Len worked. Len called Sean and they got together for drinks.

After his navy discharge, Len was off in the merchant marine delivering the Royal Mail as far away as South Africa.

Len laughs now as he retells the story of his first arrest. He and another sailor were having a good time in South Africa and noticed two ladies at one of two nearby bus stops. The sailors approached the ladies and were promptly arrested. Under apartheid, there was no mingling of racial groups.

South Africa holds more than its share of unhappy memories. It was there where he got his Dear John letter from a girl whose father didn't like Italians.

Streets of gold

Now 22, Len was back in England trying unsuccessfully to work with his father in the ice cream business.

It was New Year's and his life was a mess. As he cried through the celebrations, he recalled his friend Tony Parker who's

James Ernest "Jim" McKague

of Castleton
age 85 years

Son of the late John Bruce McKague and the late Lena Maud (McGregor). Loving husband of Mary (Bowman). Dear father of D'Arcy McKague and his wife Shelly Nelson of RR #1, Castleton. Step-father of Thomas Forsyth of Millbridge, and Mary and her husband Cecil Courneyea of Belleville. Brother of Florence Stephens of Port Colborne. Predeceased by his sisters, Eitel McKague, Leila Kvistbo, Doris Rusk, and his brothers, Wilfrid, Clarence, and Eric. Sadly missed by his grandchildren, Cody, Brianna, Connor, and his many nieces and nephews.

Visitation

Walas Funeral Home

70 Church Street, Warkworth
Thursday from 7 - 9 p.m.

Service

Castleton United Church
Friday, August 1st, 2008 at 2 o'clock

Interment

Castleton Cemetery

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me by the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me; Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over; Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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