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I know this letter by heart. Now it belongs to me in that odd way other people's treasures are passed on to the next generation. The power of the writing has turned Uncle Jack into a voice in my head who speaks not only on Remembrance Days but every time I stand on an overpass along the Highway of Heroes for the repatriation of a soldier killed in Afghanistan.

Although I am second generation from those who lived through Word War II, I know what families of the lost ones suffered then and I know the grief that families of fallen soldiers suffer now. The cost

Uncle Jack was a legend. I have only the airmail letter and one *Maclean's* magazine featuring the story of his capture by the Irish.

Returning from a mission in 1941, his crew became lost in the fog and didn't know whether they were over England or Ireland but, low on fuel, realized they would have to bail out. None of them had actually jumped before, so they were all a bit nervous.

Jack shouted, "Cheer up, lads. Last one down buys the first round. If it's England, it's Newcastle; if it's Ireland, it's Guinness."

In Eire, he was taken captive and remained a POW in neutral Ireland for two years.

He became notorious back

home. Having been a Canadian Press editor and sports writer before the war, during his internment, he wrote stories of the boys at the front and smuggled them out to be published in the *Toronto Star*, the *Montreal Gazette*, and most Canadian dailies with headlines like: "I BOMBED THE GNEISENAU" (a German battleship), "DEATH CLOSE EVERY SECOND"; "BROKEN LADDER FOILS ESCAPE OF CANADIAN INTERNEES IN EIRE"; "FORMER MCGILL FOOTBALL STAR ESCAPES INTERNMENT IN EIRE"; "TWO CANADIAN WAR FLIERS ESCAPE FROM IRISH CAMP"; "CALDER MUM ON HIS ESCAPE".

After two years, Uncle Jack got out of Curragh prison by faking a suicide attempt. He had helped all his buddies escape one night but, being the last one holding the barbed wire for the others to slip through, he was caught. Alone now, he drank heavily for months, wrote compulsively on a history of Ireland, and convinced the commandant that he was depressed.

When he drank cyanide, they shipped him to a psychiatric hospital in England, where his task then became to convince the Air Force that he was, in fact, sane. My grandparents received another wire from the R.C.A.F.: "Pleased to



Jack Calder is pictured third from left, back row.

JAKE CALDER'S POEM

Jake Calder wrote the following poem after the death of his brother, Jack Calder, in WWII.

The Unrepatriated
(By Sgt. Jake Franklin Calder, editor of *Rolling Home*, published at Mutley, England, by No. 11 Canadian Repatriation Depot, and published in that paper on Remembrance Day 1945).

No shops will sail for them;
Their points came up long ago —
Yet our homeland will always be
heir land.

The comrades we used to know.

Their last transport sailed away
swiftly

And it shone with their quiet
faces —

The squadron — the battery —
the company, live
With strangers in their places.

One day we embarked together;
One day we saw them fall;

One day we'll serve by their sides
again

In the Highest Command of all.

Artist to unveil tribute to fallen heroes

PAINTING

FROM PAGE 1

"I felt it was the least I could do to show honour to the fallen soldiers and their families," he said of his work. Pomeroy said he was over- come with emotion when he first saw the birds being released as the procession passed. "It was quite a sight to see — very touching, very emo- tional."

Pomeroy, an associate member of the Warkworth Legion and a gifted artist for two decades, has created memorable works of art including depicting Bobby Baun's winning goal in overtime in Game 6 of the 1963-64 Stanley Cup finals, a 15 x 5 foot creation for the RCMP's 130 years of Canadian history which hangs at the RCMP headquarters in Ottawa and a painting to inspire children to reach their goals which hangs at the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto. Pomeroy has called Castle- ton his home for the last two years after moving from the Durham region.

people holding Canadian flags stand in the background. The sky is red, for Red Flies," he said of his work. Pomeroy said he was over- come with emotion when he first saw the birds being released as the procession passed. "It was quite a sight to see — very touching, very emo- tional."

last night's preview.