

Remembering the Soldier I never met

In Memory of Flight Sergeant Rudolf Carl Hase, who died on December 4, 1944

It was my astute brother John, the teacher, who discovered a Canadian ceremony that I will never forget. After escorting a class of students to Ottawa, he informed my mom of something we should all be aware. He was right.

Every day at precisely 11:00 a.m., the pages of the Books of Remembrance are turned in the Memorial Chamber in the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings. Written on these pages, are the names of the men and women who gave their lives in conflict, for Canada. The Turning of the Page ceremony occurs in remembrance to ensure that every page of each book is turned at least once a year.

In December of 1944, my mom, her two brothers and sister, and their parents received the worst news a family could endure. Their brother and son had been shot down over Germany. Rudy was 22. It would forever change their lives. Rudy Hase was a bombardier in a Lancaster fighting for the R.A.F. at the time. Of his scheduled 25 missions, Rudy had flown 23. In his letters home it seemed he was much more a man than his years would suggest. His words of calm resolve evoked reassurance rather than fear. There was no doubting who was going to succeed in this campaign if Rudy had anything to say about it. His biggest disappointment was not being the first in his hometown to enlist, he was second.

My Grandparents had set up shop in Souris, Manitoba where Grampa Bill was a boilermaker for the CPR. Only two generations out of Germany, there were societal pressures to change the spelling of his last name to the more common British version of "Hayes". My Grandfather resisted, maintaining that the loss of his eldest son was sacrifice enough.

In early 2004 my mom opened up a dialogue with the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms at the House of Commons. In April of that year she received acknowledgement of her request to be present at Rudy's Turning of the Page Ceremony on July 17th. We mobilized the entire family including my paternal Grandfather's brother, 92-year-old Uncle Tom.

Tom Lumby was also no stranger to WW II combat. He was a Canadian Captain with the Elgin Tank Regiment in WW II. He commanded invasion forces into Germany through Dieppe in June of 1944. As a Major after the war, Tom stayed on in Germany and assisted with war repara-

tions under the Control Commission. He worked in personnel and industrial intelligence for 6 years after the German surrender in 1945.

Also in attendance that beautiful July day was Ted Ruxton LAC, who was a wireless mechanic and stationed near Rudy in Yorkshire. Ted, who is married to mom's sister Louise, was the last person in the family to see Rudy alive. One day during a 48-hour leave in the summer of 1944 he bused himself down to where Rudy was stationed. Something told Ted it was a trip he needed to make. Ted recalls enjoying strawberries and cream with Rudy and his crew that day while sitting in a quaint café in a nearby town. At some point before heading back Ted was able to get the group together for a few quick photos, including this picture of Rudy.



So there we all were: my immediate family, cousins, nieces, nephews, Uncle Tom, Uncle Ted, friends and my mom and her sister, the last remaining siblings of the Hase family. The huge clock of the Peace Tower immediately above us chimed 11 times and the ceremony began. A silence fell over the room as a lone, unarmed Canadian Soldier marched in. He saluted to the book in front of him, turned its page, saluted and marched over to the next book. This obser-

vance was performed in front of all six Books of Remembrance. They represent the South African War/Nile Expedition, The Merchant Navy, those from Newfoundland who died in conflict, the Korean War and of course WW I and WW II. The entire ritual couldn't have taken two minutes, but when it was over there wasn't a dry eye in the room. No one could move. We were all suspended in thought. Wondering what those last seconds must have been like. Wondering what our lives would have become had our side not prevailed. And in our silence, thanking all those who served, and all who died, for the freedom we now enjoy.

Then we quietly made our way out.

A seventh Book of Remembrance is being added to the Memorial Chamber this week. It is called "In the Service of Canada" and will represent those men and women of the Canadian Forces who have died in service of Canada since October 1947.

Through her correspondence with the House of Commons, my mom also received a Certificate of Remembrance, a copy of the page listing her brother, details of his death and record, cemetery information and a photo of Rudy's gravestone.

I highly recommend the experience to all Canadians.

The words of Father Dennis O'Brian USMC are befitting any Remembrance Day, but especially this one.

*It is the Soldier, not the reporter,
Who preserves the freedom of the press.
And it is the Soldier, not the poet,
Who protects our freedom of speech.
It is the Soldier, not the campus organizer,
who puts his life on the line,
to give others the freedom to demonstrate...
And it is the Soldier,
Who salutes the flag,
Who serves beneath the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who protects the protesters right to burn the flag.*

For more information on the Turning of the Pages, contact: House of Commons, Sergeant of Arms, Ottawa, ON. K1A 0A6

The making of a bomber crew

By Stephen Baker

Eric Moore's war began in Dafoe, Saskatchewan in the cold February of 1943 with 12 weeks of gunnery and bombing classes. After 61 hours of flying time, firing 6,000 rounds and dropping 144 bombs, Leading Aircraftman Moore was found fit to attend navigation school in Rivers, Manitoba where another 5 weeks was spent dropping practice bombs from Ansons. After a month's leave Eric was shipped overseas to Staverton in Gloucestershire for yet another course. This time 4 weeks of dropping bombs and navigating. In October it was promotion to Wellingtons and 3 months of 'bombing' unsuspecting parts of the English countryside around Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. On December 10, 1943 Eric was teamed up with Sgt A.B. Fleck as pilot and the two stayed together for the duration of their war. For the next 6 months they trained and they trained, flying as many as 3 practice sorties a day depending on the weather, switching to Stirlings in April 1944 and at last, Lancasters in May.

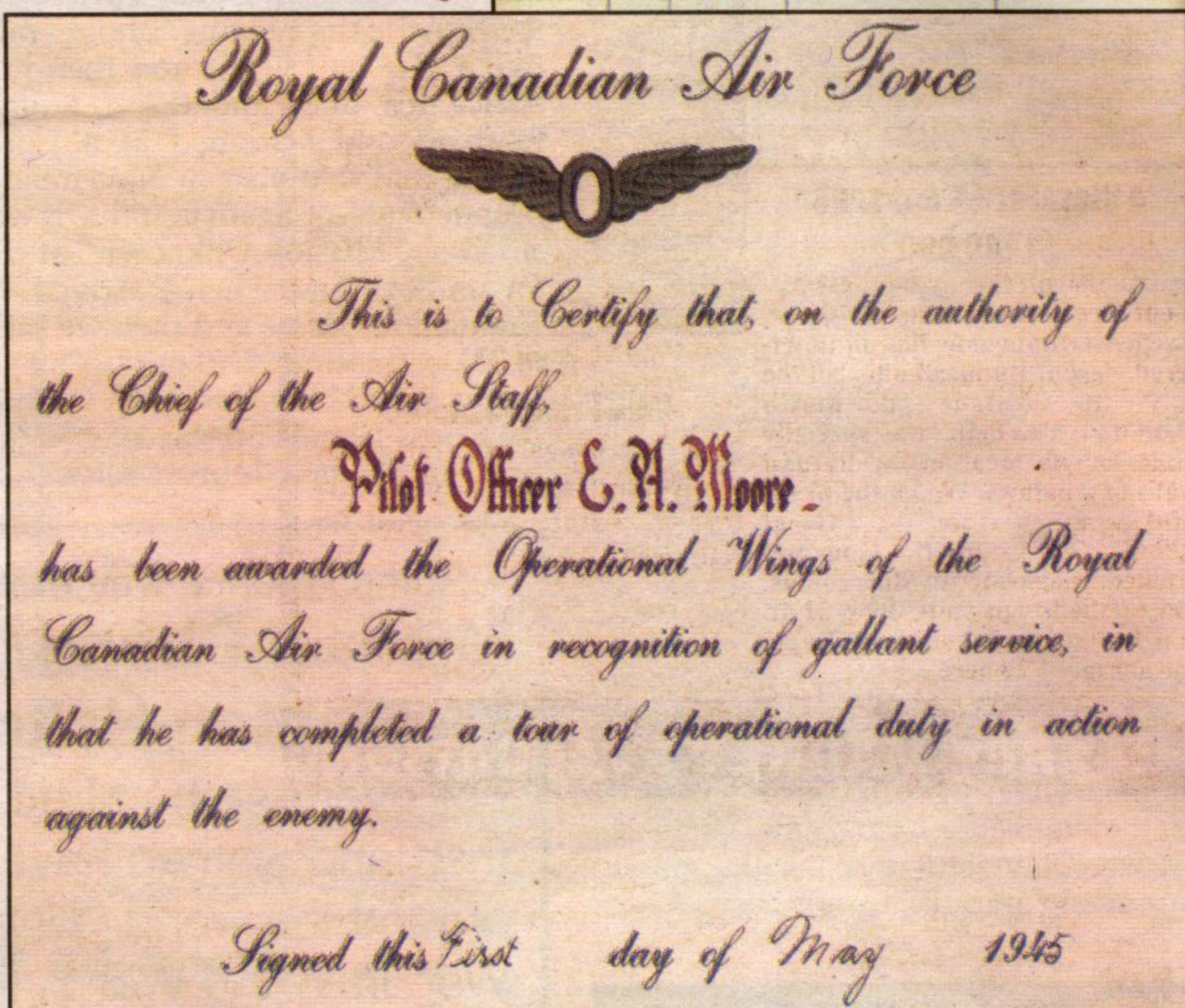
On June 6, 1944, 619 Squadron was formed flying out of Dunholme Lodge in Lincolnshire, and on June 12, 1944, (eighteen months after starting their training) the crew of Lancaster P flew their first mission, dropping 14,560 lbs of high explosives onto Caen in France. Thereafter they flew sorties on most days and bombing missions every 3 to 4 days.

After their third mission there was embarrassment amongst their RAF hosts. No RAF bomber was commanded by a non-commissioned officer and there was some squirming that A.B. Fleck was then still only a Flight/Sergeant. Problem was partly solved by commissioning him to Pilot Officer rank on July 2nd and completely solved by promoting him to Flying Officer 10 days later. Fleck took his elevation with total indifference and continued to take his meals with his crew in the NCO's mess.

Fleck's was a 'lucky' crew. In a world where 1 in 10 crews didn't return from a mission, you could expect to be 'unlucky' within a month. There was always a shortage of planes so on days off another crew would be flying your 'kite'. Sometimes they didn't bring it back. Fleck's crew never managed to get more than a few 'bombs' stencilled on the side of the plane before having to start again with a new plane. Young men lived a lifetime by the time a tour of 25 missions was up. By the end of August Fleck's crew should have been heading home but the RCAF unilaterally extended the length of a tour to 32 missions halfway through the month. Final mission came on October 14, 1944 with the raids on Duisberg and Brunswick, Germany. The RCAF put 501 Lancasters and Halifaxes into the raid. 953 tons of bombs were dropped for the loss

of only 4 aircraft. It was #6 Group's maximum effort and by the end of October Canadian crews were being

DATE	TIME	AIRCRAFT TYPE AND NO.	PILOT	DUTY	REMARKS (including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	FLYING TIME
						DAY
OCT. 10.	10.21	LANCASTER	FLECK	AB AIR TEST	AAA C.K.	35
OCT. 11	13.15	LANCASTER	FLECK	A.B.	"VEERE" HOLLAND 14,840 lbs. 7,500'	2.25
OCT. 14	12.44	LANCASTER	FLECK	A.B.	"BRUNSWICK" GERMANY 11,876 lbs. 18,750'	7.05
<p>619 SQUADRON SUMMARY FOR 1ST OPERATIONAL TOUR</p> <p>NUMBER OF TRIPS 32 OPERATIONAL TIME 183.00 TOTAL DAY 232.55 TOTAL NIGHT 275.00 GRAND TOTAL 507.55</p> <p>A very good tour completed.</p> <p>Captain [Signature] O.C. 619 SQUADRON</p>						
Total Time						232.55
						275.00



demobilized home.

On February 5, 1945, one of the legends of Bomber Command, F/O Andrew Baker Fleck was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Six months after he stopped flying, on the 1st of May 1945, my father-in-law, Sgt Eric Moore was made an officer 'in recognition of gallant service, in that he has completed a tour of operational duty in action against the enemy'.

Top Right: Final page of Eric Moore's flying logbook showing details of missions 31 & 32 and a summary of 619 Squadron's first (and last) operational tour.



Pilot Officer E.A. Moore