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barbed wire--their hands laced behind them with barbed wire--then they were all shot and dumped in this shellhole. That was the kind of things that you ran against, you know. The second day we were out burying, we came across one of the Canadian machine gunners. He was behind a Bren gun. There was a nice slope in front of him. Now, I'm just saying there was this machine gunner. There were many more there, but this fellow in particular was behind the Bren gun. And there was you've got to help me," "Sandy, what's wrong? Are you hurt?" "No, Dad, I'm fine." "Where are you?" "At Pat's. We all came over here to celebrate after the game." "It's almost 12:30. Isn't it time you called it a night?" "That's just it. Remember you always told me if I was out never to drive with anyone who's had too much to drink? And not to be afraid to call you if I had no other way of getting home? Well, tonight I'm taking you at your word." "Stay right there. I'm coming to pick you up." "Thanks, Dad. Oh, and something else." "Shoot." "Are you angry with me?" "Angry? No, Sandy. Not on your life." Seagram We believe in moderation and we've been saying so since 1934 For a free chart on responsible drinking limits, v a pile of shells along the Bren gun, that high--exploded shells--where he had been using the gun. Say a foot and a half. I'd say 5000 shells, where he had kept that position, him and the other ones that were with him. We had buried 4 or 5 of the other fellows. There was a Japanese officer and 3 or 4 men came along. We were just going to pick up this McGraw, or drag him away to a hole, you know. And the officer stopped, looked at the gun, he looked at the shells, and he I looked at the men around. He just made signs for us fellows to stand back. They picked up the shovels - - the Japanese soldiers picked up the shovels. They took him over and they put him down in a hole and they covered him up. Took one of the rifles that were laying around, stuck it bayonet down. Blew the bugle over him, saluted him, and went on their way. (What was that all about?) Brave man. (Not their own.) Not their own, but still, a brave man, what they understood. It was just one of their queer quirks, the way they worked. They looked, and they saw the number of shells and everything. They'd probably known how many of their own men they'd lost in that particular area, and how good that crowd--how brave they'd been to stay there. So, they gave them a salute. (What did you think of that?) Well, we realized what it was, and thought to ourselves. Well, how queer can they be? But anyway, they told us this morning they were going to take us into what was known as North Point. It had been a refugee camp just at the outskirts of ?. P.O. Box 847, Station H, Montreal, Quebec. H3G 2M8 (25)