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The Angelas was a 238-ton barkentine, owned and built in France and used for fishing on Newfoundland's Grand Banks. When France fell in World War Two, she was seized from her Vichy owners by the Royal Canadian Navy and put under the Canadian flag for the duration of the war. In March, 1943, the Angelas left Louisbourg with a cargo of paper and barrel staves, for Bridgetown, Barbados. On the return voyage in May, heading for Halifax, she was stopped by a Nazi U-boat, about 400 miles off the coast of New England. Right: Walter Boudreau. WE SAW THE DAWN of the fateful May 19. About six o'clock the mate's son Sandy, who was at the wheel, saw something far to leeward. The mate thought it could be either a small patrol boat with a mast or the conning tower of a sub. The captain was called and a moment's scrutiny with the binoculars confirmed the presence of a submarine. All hands had no sooner come on deck than a shell whined over the bow. Men rushed below for what they could salvage. Gulf Stream and into the cold weather. (Could you see what happened to the Angelus!) Yeah, we watched her go down. (When twenty minutes passed....) Right on the dot they started her--well, right away. They didn't--it wasn't twenty-one minutes, it was right on schedule. And they started with their deck gun. And you one knows we're there. (And the submarine does not invite you aboard.) No. (So how many are you in this lifeboat?) Nine. And dog. The captain got the code books in their steel box weighted with lead. Se'hants, chronometer and charts were snatched up. The men gathered oilskins and blankets. The crash of the U-boat's gun spoke again and all hands rushed to the lifeboat. We had two provisioned dories also, but decided to get away in the lifeboat before it was hit by a shell. Ten men and the ship's dog piled into the boat and we drew away from the vessel as quickly as we could. The sub closed in to two hundred yards now, and all eyes strained to make out the flag fluttering atop the conning tower. Gradually we saw a red flag with a white circle in its center enclosing a black swastika. The captain's hand, grasping the weighted steel box containing the code flags, had been held over the side. Now his hand opened and the box sank into the depths of the ocean. could see every time, of smoke and wood flying around. So one hit the crap house on the stern and blew that up! The cook house. And then the Angelus started to catch fire in different areas. And she started to go down by the bow, and the last was the stern. She just slid under water. (And that was it.) Yeah. So we saw her, and here we are hundreds and hundreds of miles out in the Atlantic with practically no food or water. All right. So we.... (And no radio.) No radio. (No one knows you're there.) No you could see a ball So we kind of waddled along for a few days . This is where I'm not sure of the dates. You'll have to find out.... (It's not the dates so much. I want to find out what you men are saying to each other when you discovered you're A Beautiful Place To Browse Begin or End Your Trip on the Cabot Trail at the RED BARN . r We'll be glad to start you on your way with breakfast, film, maps & helpful hints - then welcome you back from some of the most spectacular scenery In North



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