

**MAPLE LEAF UP / MAPLE LEAF DOWN**

A Musical Revue  
by David Jacklin

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## Author's Notes

This is a stage play about a most difficult, tragic and important time. As the son of a wounded POW who just barely came through it, I feel a duty and compulsion to keep alive the experiences and emotions of that time. Not for their own sake, or for the sake of exploitation, but for the vital and too easily lost lessons that are inherent.

I wrote this approaching the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of those events. We have avoided a repetition of them, partly through the fact that the memory of those times has remained with those who have made the decisions. Their time is passing. It is incumbent upon we who have a sense of the true repercussions of any such repetition to instill within those following us as much of that sense as possible, that it may never re-occur. What I know of it is second and third hand. Let us pass along as much as may be passed.

I present this in the form of a musical revue. In this time and place, it is necessary that a message be disguised in the form of entertainment. This piece is intended to be entertaining and funny and pleasant. I hope that this does not diminish the message, for that is the sole purpose of this piece.

## The Cast

This show was first performed by four energetic actors, two male and two female, and one indefatigable pianist. It has since been performed by as many as twenty, with a five-piece band (arrangements available). Simply break up the four designated characters and make your assignments as appropriate to your manpower; the more individual characters you can portray (e.g. one actor playing Andy McNaughton each time, a pair of people as Enid and Frank, etc.), the better the work will be. If there are any particular characteristics applied to each role, it may be that the 1ST MAN and 1ST WOMAN are slightly more serious. This is a revue – plot and character are not implied.

## The Slides

Most of the slides indicated are available through public archives or other source, or the complete set may be rented from the author. A two-unit projector setup with dissolve is needed. As well as where indicated, the slides provide the "movie" to go with the MOVIE-TONE ANNOUNCER, creating the effect of the "newsreel". What I wish to convey is the heavy impact of the propaganda machine, which had little to do with the real statistics and events of the war. The ANNOUNCER should be a big, authoritative voice with march music behind him.

## Sound Tape

A sound tape with the voices of the various politicians, the MOVIE-TONE ANNOUNCER, as well as battle sounds as appropriate for various segments, is available for rental.

*(Addendum, 2005: a compiled digital slide show with all sound cues included is now available. Available on CD or DVD.)*

## MAPLE LEAF UP / MAPLE LEAF DOWN

*A Musical Revue*

### ACT ONE

#### **SLIDE UNIT 0: Pre-show**

*(in the middle, a projection screen with the Maple Leaf Up/Down symbol on it; a number of playing areas and levels; a couple of chairs; an old radio)*

*(SOUND CUE 1: Artillery fire; lights on PIANIST/BAND, who plays a slow piece; the others enter one by one)*

#### **MUSIC CUE 1: Brahm's Waltz in G#**

#### **SLIDE UNIT 1: World War I**

**1ST MAN:** Who'd have thought there could have been another one? When they came marching home in 1918, it was "Never Again!" – a lesson learned. But, in twenty short years, we forgot it all . . .

**1ST WOMAN:** Maybe, it was just that some people never learned it.

**2ND MAN:** And, the twenties were wild and the thirties were tough and the soup-lines in our own cities made us care very little for the bread-lines elsewhere.

**2ND WOMAN:** But, the world was smaller than we knew, for now we had film to show us last week's events, and now we had radio to tell us about tomorrow. The world had grown smaller, and some people needed more room.

#### **SLIDE UNIT 2: Nazis and Mackenzie King** Audio Cue 2

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** Lebensraum . . . living space! That is the policy of the National Socialist Party in Germany. Led by Herr Hitler, a dapper little man in a trench-coat, with a Charlie Chaplin moustache, the Nazis aim to unite all German people into one economic family. A prosperous Germany and a prosperous Europe. Meanwhile, in Canada, Prime Minister William Lyon MacKenzie King opened a new power project, saying that the worst of the depression is over and good times are surely ahead.

**2ND WOMAN:** So, there we are, Frank and me, listening to the radio, you know, and they say that the King and Queen are coming! To Canada! Just imagine that! The first time ever. And, Frank's reading the paper and he turns to me and says . . .

**2ND MAN:** Germany's invaded Czechoslovakia.

**2ND WOMAN:** Just like that. And, I said, "I thought we gave them Czechoslovakia?" And,

Frank said . . .

**2ND MAN:** I don't know. They're going to be landing at Quebec.

*(everything stops dead)*

The King and Queen. The Royal Visit?

### **SLIDE UNIT 3: The Royal Visit**

**2ND WOMAN:** And, they came to Canada and we cheered! Oh, the crowds, the cheering, the flags; everywhere they went. 'Ray!

**2ND MAN:** 'Ray! Hey, did you see? Did you see him?

**1ST MAN:** *(French-Canadian)* See 'oo?

**2ND MAN:** The King!

**1ST MAN:** De King? De MacKenzie King? De Prime Minister is 'ere?

**2ND MAN:** The King of England!

**1ST MAN:** Oh, dat one. Mebbe, I don't t'ink I bodder, today.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, some Frenchmen with pickets tried to disrupt it all, but they were soon put right. It was a wonderful tour.

**MOVIETONE:** . . . and as Canada bids farewell to its sovereign, the Royal Yacht steams from Halifax harbour, escorted by our Navy and Air Force. And, the King and Queen can go back to Britain with the word that Canada stands "Ready, Aye, Ready" at Britain's side.

**1ST MAN:** It was a smaller world, a different world, where a little man could fly across an ocean to talk to another little man. And MacKenzie King told Hitler, face to face, that Canada would not stand idly by if there was another war in Europe. Canada would respond . . . !

**1ST WOMAN:** With her six warships . . .

**2ND MAN:** . . . her twelve fighter planes . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . her 16 tanks . . .

**1ST MAN:** . . . and all twenty-seven of her machine guns.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, the souvenir picture read, "To His Excellency, The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. William Lyon MacKenzie King, as a friendly reminder of his visit." And it was signed . . .

#### **SLIDE UNIT 4: Hitler**

**1ST MAN:** Adolf Hitler.

**1ST WOMAN:** And MacKenzie King told Hitler, face to face, that thousands of

**1ST WOMAN:** Canadians would be ready to swim the Atlantic to come to Europe's aid.

**2ND MAN:** It didn't scare him.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, it was September 1st, I remember that, and Frank and me are sitting, listening to the radio, you know, and the man says Germany's invaded Poland, and Frank's reading the paper and he says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** It's war, then.

**2ND WOMAN:** Just like that, and I said, "With who?", because we already beat Germany and I didn't think we were mad at the Polish. I can remember that week so well. Not knowing, waiting, and Britain declared war and Frank was reading the paper, and he says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** Now, Canada's in it.

**2ND WOMAN:** Just like that. But, they talked and talked for another week. And, that nice Mr. MacKenzie King came on the radio and he said . . .

**KING'S VOICE:** His Majesty has just proclaimed that a state of war with the German Reich exists as of tonight, September 10, 1939.

**2ND WOMAN:** And Frank says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** The boys, Enid, the poor boys.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, I thought of our own boy, just 19, and I thought back to 1918 and that was The War To End All Wars, and now we were at war, again.

**2ND MAN:** I came out of the woods near Timmins in October of '39 and all everybody's talking about is "The War", and I said, "What war?" and they all said "Where

have you been for two months, in some log cabin, somewhere?", and I said, "Well, yeah." But, we were at war, again, and I joined. I didn't stop to think about it; I just joined.

**1ST MAN:** I join in Montreal, September 11, 1939. I get back home and all hell is breaking loose. My parents, my brother, my priest, they all say, "Why do you fight the Anglais' war?" But, I try to say there is more, this is our war, but my father doesn't listen and my priest says he cannot bless me and my mother, shecries through the night. And next morning, early, I sneak out.

**1ST WOMAN:** It was a fever and we all caught it, even me, little Veronica Foster from Clinton, Ontario. I caught it and they caught it and they joined and joined. In the first two months, 55,000 men joined the Army. That's nearly as many Canadians . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . as were killed in the Great War.

**2ND MAN:** Now, I was born in Essex County, Ontario and never left there until I joined the Air Force. Now, the thing about Essex County is that it's flat, no hills, no humps, just flat. I'd never been higher in the air than the second storey of my house. God knows why I picked the Air Force.

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**1ST MAN:** I should have been born in Nova Scotia. My parents were. My family were fishermen for generations, until my father gave it up and came West in the '20's and that's how I came to grow up in Saskatchewan. Nice place, Saskatchewan, but real short on ocean. So when the war came and the Navy needed men, that was the place for me. The RCNVR – the Volunteer Reserve, the Wavy Navy. God, I was seasick.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are having supper, you know, and Frank was reading the paper, and he says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** He's a fool, Enid, a bloody fool!

**2ND WOMAN:** What do you know about it?

**2ND MAN:** I was in the last one; I know more about it than he does. "A war of limited liability", King's calling it. They need every man they can get.

**2ND WOMAN:** Look at the papers. They say an "Expeditionary Force." Does that sound like they need everyone they can get?

**2ND MAN:** They will, sooner or later.

**2ND WOMAN:** With France and Britain holding the West? What can Canada contribute? They don't need men; they need food and supplies.

**2ND MAN:** Where'd you get that idea?

**2ND WOMAN:** Mr. Mackenzie King said so. "Limited liability. Canada's place is at Britain's side, passing her the tools she needs to do the job."

**2ND MAN:** Where'd *he* get that idea?

**2ND WOMAN:** Frank! We are Britain's oldest daughter! The motherland needs us!

**2ND MAN:** That's what they said in '14.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, they did.

**2ND MAN:** They didn't need us, Enid. They needed cannon fodder.

**2ND WOMAN:** But, we joined and joined and so no one would think we were new at it, we sang the same old songs. . .

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**MUSIC CUE 2: MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES**

**ALL:** MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES,  
SHE HASN'T BEEN KISSED IN FORTY YEARS,  
HINKY-DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
SHE NEVER COULD HOLD THE LOVE OF A MAN  
'CAUSE SHE TOOK HER BATHS IN A TALCUM CAN.  
HINKY-DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
SHE HAD FOUR CHINS, HER KNEES WOULD KNOCK  
AND HER FACE WOULD STOP A CUCKOO-CLOCK.  
HINKY-DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

YOU MIGHT FORGET THE GAS AND SHELLS, PARLEY-VOO.  
YOU MIGHT FORGET THE GAS AND SHELLS, PARLEY-VOO.  
YOU MIGHT FORGET THE GROANS AND YELLS,

BUT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THE MADEMOISELLES.  
HINKY-DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES, PARLEY-VOO?  
JUST BLOW YOUR NOSE AND DRY YOUR TEARS,  
WE'LL ALL BE BACK IN A FEW SHORT YEARS.  
HINKY-DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

### **SLIDE UNIT 5: Canada's Army in 1939**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** This is the NEW Canadian Army! From a tiny nucleus of fighting professionals, this young nation is building a force of steel and muscle, ready to take on Hitler's Wehrmacht. Under the command of Major-General Andrew McNaughton, the mechanized hell on wheels that is the NEW Canadian Army is a fighting machine to be reckoned with – a dagger aimed at the heart of Berlin! Look out, Herr Hitler! The Canadians are coming.

**1ST MAN:** We spent the winter of '39/'40 in the Cow Palace at the CNE, with a couple of little coal heaters and no hot water and mud . . . !

**2ND MAN:** See, we were practicing digging trenches . . . miles and miles of trenches, like it was 1917. We didn't even have uniforms, yet.

**1ST MAN:** I ruined my best suit.

**2ND MAN:** MacKenzie King told Hitler we'd swim the Atlantic if we had to. Now, it looked like we'd have to fight naked when we got there, maybe with a coat of blue dye, like the ancient Britons.

**2ND MAN:** That'd scare me! – a hundred thousand naked, screaming Canadians, painted head to foot with a sky blue coat of woad.

### **MUSIC CUE 3: THE WOAD SONG**

*(during this song, the MEN change into army uniform)*

**THE MEN:** WHAT'S THE GOOD OF WEARING BRACES,  
VESTS AND PANTS AND BOOTS WITH LACES,  
SPATS OR HATS YOU BUY IN PLACES  
DOWN ON BROMPTON ROAD?

WHAT'S THE USE OF SHIRTS OF COTTON,  
STUDS THAT ALWAYS ARE FORGOTTEN.



THESE AFFAIRS ARE SIMPLY ROTTEN –  
BETTER FAR IS WOAD.

WOAD'S THE STUFF TO SHOW MEN –  
WOAD TO SCARE YOUR FOEMEN –  
BOIL IT TO A BRILLIANT BLUE  
AND RUB IT ON YOUR BACK AND YOUR ABDOMEN.  
ANCIENT BRITON NEVER HIT ON  
ANYTHING AS GOOD AS WOAD TO FIT ON  
NECK OR KNEES OR WHERE YOU SIT ON –  
TAILORS, YOU BE BLOWED!

THE ROMANS CAME ACROSS THE CHANNEL,  
ALL WRAPPED UP IN TIN AND FLANNEL,  
HALF A PINT OF WOAD PER MAN'LL  
DRESS US MORE THAN THESE.

ROMAN, KEEP YOUR ARMOUR –  
SAXON, YOUR PYJAMAS –  
HAIRY COATS WERE MEANT FOR GOATS,  
GORILLAS, YAKS, RETRIEVER DOGS AND LLAMAS.  
TRAMP UP SNOWDEN WITH YOUR WOAD ON,  
NEVER MIND IF WE BE RAINED OR BLOWED ON,  
NEVER WANT A BUTTON SEWED ON –  
GO IT, ANCIENT B'S.

**1ST MAN:** Never mind that we didn't have any tanks or any trucks or any machine guns.  
Never mind that the rifles they gave us were the same ones our fathers had  
thrown away in 1915. We were learning . . .

**2ND MAN:** . . . about the army, and the army way of doing things, which was . . .

**1ST MAN:** *(as sergeant)* By the numbers and at the double! And, none of this airy-fairy  
lounging about like a herd of bloody civilians!

**2ND MAN:** We learned about the many interesting life forms to be found in the army.  
Corporals, and sergeants and sergeant-majors . . . and other bacteria. We  
learned about officers.

#### **MUSIC CUE 4: OLD KING COLE**

**THE GROUP:** OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL,  
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE.  
HE CALLED FOR HIS WIFE (IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT)  
AND HE CALLED FOR HIS PRIVATES THREE.

"BEER, BEER, BEER", SAID THE PRIVATES,  
"MERRY, MERRY MEN ARE WE!  
THERE'S NONE SO FAIR AS CAN COMPARE  
WITH THE FIGHTING INFANTRY."

2.  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS CORPORALS THREE.

"LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT!" SAID THE CORPORALS.  
"BEER, BEER, BEER!" SAID THE PRIVATES.  
ETC.

3.  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS SERGEANTS THREE.

"MOVE TO THE RIGHT IN THREES!" SAID THE SERGEANTS.  
"LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT!" SAID THE CORPORALS.  
ETC.

4. PERUSAL COPY ONLY  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS SUBALTERNS THREE.  
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"WE DO ALL THE WORK," SAID THE SUBALTERNS.  
ETC.

5.  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS CAPTAINS THREE.  
"WE WANT TEN DAYS LEAVE." SAID THE CAPTAINS.  
ETC.

6.  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS MAJORS THREE.  
"SHINE MY BOOTS AND SPURS!" SAID THE MAJORS.  
ETC.

7.  
... AND HE CALLED FOR HIS COLONELS THREE.  
"WHERE'S MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND?" SAID THE COLONELS.  
ETC.

8.  
AND HE CALLED FOR HIS GENERALS THREE.  
"THE OLD CORPS' GONE TO HELL." SAID THE GENERALS.  
ETC.

**2ND MAN:** It was one man who put it all together; who provided the drive, and the genius and who whipped us into shape – Andy MacNaughton. He had a genius for getting things done and for overcoming obstacles . . . and for not knowing when to keep his mouth shut.

**1ST MAN:** But, we loved Andy and he loved us. And, we'd march by the generals and Andy would be standing there, with his brass glistening and his red tabs flashing in the sun and he'd take the salute . . . ! from "his boys", "his army". And by the time we all got our uniforms, we WERE an army, not just a bunch of civilian slobs. We were an army, and we thought we were soldiers.

**1ST WOMAN:** Meanwhile, in the real war, Poland died, and four-and-a-half million Poles died with her.

### **SLIDE UNIT 7: Blitzkreig faces**

#### **MUSIC CUE 5: Brahms' Waltz in G#**

And, we stopped talking about the boys being home for Christmas.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are listening to the radio, you know, and the man says . . .

**RADIO VOICE:** Today the Polish government-in-exile has given orders that all resistance shall cease immediately. Poland has surrendered.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, I said to Frank, "Does that mean the war's over?" and Frank said . . .

**2ND MAN:** Not this year, Enid. Not this year.

### **SLIDE UNIT 8: The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan! Canada's answer. To train pilots, navigators, aircrew, gunners, bombardiers for the fight "over there". From all over the British Commonwealth, from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia and the British Isles as well, young men are learning to fight the air war of the modern skies. Their motto is "Par Ardua Ad Astra" – Through Adversity To The Stars!

**2ND WOMAN:** Or, as the airmen translated it, "Do it the hard way!"

#### **MUSIC CUE 6: TO THE STARS**

**THE WOMEN:** THERE ARE SONGS THEY SING IN THE ARMY,  
SONGS IN THE NAVY, TOO;

BUT WE SING A SONG THAT ROLLS ALONG,  
THE SONG OF THE BOYS IN BLUE;  
AS LOUD AS AN ENGINE ROARING,  
HEAR OUR VOICES RING:  
WE ARE THE AIR FORCE  
AND THIS IS THE SONG WE SING.

ZOOMING UP, BOYS, TO THE STARS,  
UP WHERE THE SKY IS BLUE!  
WE'LL BE GONE IN THE COLD, GRAY DAWN.  
WHEN THERE'S WORK TO DO,  
YOU'LL FIND US  
FLYING TOGETHER –  
BIRDS OF A FEATHER –  
TRUE PATRIOT SONS OF MARS,  
PROUD OF OUR BATTLE SCARS,

SO UP, BOYS, TO THE STARS!  
RISE ON YOUR WINGS SO TRUE.  
FLYING AWAY AT THE BREAK OF DAY,  
UP IN THE AZURE BLUE, WE'LL BE THERE,  
GOOD PALS BESIDE US ---  
GOOD LUCK BETIDE US ---  
THESE WORDS WILL GUIDE US,  
"THROUGH ADVERSITY TO THE STARS."

*(the two men are in air force gear; they sit as if in a two-seater  
aircraft, each with a joystick)*

**1ST MAN:** *(in rear)* Alright. Now, you just do everything I say and everything I do.  
Right?

**2ND MAN:** Right. Sir.

**1ST MAN:** Right. Are you nervous?

**2ND MAN:** I've never been off the ground before, sir.

**1ST MAN:** You're still on the ground.

**2ND MAN:** It's the anticipation, sir.

**1ST MAN:** Not to worry. We only average one accident every five hundred flying hours.

**2ND MAN:** How many hours do you have?

**1ST MAN:** Four hundred and ninety-nine. Switch off?

**2ND MAN:** Switch off.

**1ST MAN:** Fuel on?

**2ND MAN:** Fuel on.

**1ST MAN:** Suck in!

*(2ND MAN pulls in his stomach)*

Not you!

*(they watch the propellor being spun)*

Contact?

**2ND MAN:** Contact?

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*(the engine starts)*

**1ST MAN:** Now, just rest your hand on the joystick and follow what I do.

**2ND MAN:** I was just thinking . . .

**1ST MAN:** What?

**2ND MAN:** I really intended to join the Navy.

**1ST MAN:** Too late, now!

*(they take off)*

Not so bad, is it?

**2ND MAN:** I guess not. Kind of fun. It's really very pretty up. . .

**1ST MAN:** Snap roll right. Mark!

*(they undergo a violent manoeuver to the right)*

Still with me?

**2ND MAN:** I . . .

**1ST MAN:** Snap roll left! Mark!

*(same manoeuver to the left)*

**2ND MAN:** I think . . .

**1ST MAN:** Stall loop! Mark!

*(they climb, stall and dive)*

**2ND MAN:** I think I wanna be in the Army!

**1ST MAN:** Nothing to it. Just do everything I do.

*(they zoom about for a bit)*

**1ST MAN:** Got the hang of it, now?

**2ND MAN:** I guess so.

**1ST MAN:** Good. It's all yours.

*(he tosses his joystick out of the cockpit)*

**2ND MAN:** If you say so, sir.

*(he does likewise; black on the men)*

**MUSIC CUE 7: TO THE STARS, reprise**

**THE WOMEN:** SO UP, BOYS, TO THE STARS!  
RISE ON YOUR WINGS SO TRUE.  
FLYING AWAY AT THE BREAK OF DAY,  
UP IN THE AZURE BLUE, WE'LL BE THERE,  
GOOD PALS BESIDE US –  
GOOD LUCK BETIDE US –  
THESE WORDS WILL GUIDE US,  
"THROUGH ADVERSITY TO THE STARS."

**1ST MAN:** And the Army trained . . . and trained. We weren't ready, yet. We had to

learn. We had to learn to march! But we would be the best. The best-trained army in the world! How did we know? Why, Andy McNaughton told us so! And did we ever march! I can see them, now. I can almost hear the pipes.

*(from OFF we hear bagpipes; 2ND MAN enters in tartans with pipes; he plays a few bars and marches in, but the pipes get away from him; a struggle; cat-wails from the pipes; he throws them down in panic, pulls out a revolver and shoots them)*

### **MUSIC CUE 8: THE GLENWHORPLE HIGHLANDERS**

**2ND MAN:**

THERE'S A BRAW FINE REGIMENT AS ILKA MON SHOULD KEN.  
THEY ARE DE'ILS AT THE FECHTING; THEY HAE CLURED A SICHT  
O' MEN,  
AND HAE SUPPIT MUCKLE WHUSKY WHEN THE CANTEEN THEY  
GANG BEN.  
THE HIELAN' MEN FRAE BRAW GLENWHORPLE!

THEY WERE FOONDED BY MacADAM, WHO OF A' MEN WAS THE  
FAIRST,  
HE RESIDED IN GLEN EDEN, WHAUR HE PIPIT LIKE TAE BAIRST,  
WI' A FIG LEAF FOR A SPORRAN' AN' A PAIRFECT HIELAN'  
THAIRST,  
TILL HE STOLE AWA' THE AIPPLES FROM GLENWHORPLE!

HEUCH! GLENWHORPLE! HIELAN' MEN!  
GREAT, STRONG WHUSKY-SUPPIN' HIELAN' MEN.  
HARD-WORKIN', HAIRY-LEGGIT HIELAN' MEN.  
SLAINTE MHOR, GLENWHORPLE

WHEN THE WATERS O' THE DELUGE DROOKIT A' THE WHOLE  
WORLD O'ER,  
THE COLONEL O' THE REGIMENT, HIS NAME WAS SHAUN  
MacNOAH.  
SAE A MUCKLE BOAT HE BIGGIT, AND HE SNECKIT UP THE DOOR,  
AND SAILED AWA' FRAE DROONED GLENWHORPLE.

THEN SYNE HE SENT A CORPORAL AND GIRT HIM FIND THE  
LAND.  
HE RETURNED WI' AN EMPTY WHUSKY BOTTLE IN HIS HAND.

SAE THEY KENT THE FLOOD WAS DRYIN' (HE WAS FU', YE  
UNDERSTAND),  
FOR HE'D FOOND A POOBLC HOOSE ABUNE THE WATER.

HEUCH! GLENWHORPLE! HIELAN' MEN!  
GREAT, STRONG, WHUSKY-SUPPIN' HIELAN' MEN.  
HARD-WORKIN', HAIRY-LEGGIT, HIELAN' MEN.  
SLAINTE MHOR, GLENWHORPLE!

EH, A BONNIE SICHT THEY MAK', WHEN THE CANTEEN THEY  
GANG BEN.  
WHEN THE MORN'S PARAD' IS O'ER, SHE'LL BE FU' A' DRUNKEN  
MEN,  
AND A THOOSAN' CANTIE KILTIES WILL BE STOTTIN' DOON THE  
GLEN,  
FOR THEY DRINK A POO'ER A' WHUSKY IN GLENWHORPLE.

HEUCH! GLENWHORPLE! HIELAN' MEN!  
GREAT, STRONG, WHUSKY-SUPPIN' HIELAN' MEN!  
HARD-WORKIN', HAIRY-LEGGIT, HIELAN' MEN!  
SLAINTE MHOR, GLEN WHORPLE!

*(he comes to attention, salutes and passes out)*

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**SLIDE UNIT 9: North Atlantic Convoys**

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**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** But, off our coasts, in the North Atlantic, playing protector and guide to the vital convoys of men and materiel, the Navy stands, ever vigilant, ever on guard, to ward off the skulking U-Boat. The fast, deadly corvettes of the new Navy are ready and willing to drop a frightful load of TNT onto the heads of any German submariners who get within range. The vital supplies WILL get through!

**2ND WOMAN:** *(as sailor)* Radar contact, sir. Large vessel, unidentified.

**1ST MAN:** How large?

**2ND WOMAN:** Could be a battleship.

**2ND MAN:** Commodore said the Bismark's on the loose.

**1ST MAN:** I know. Steer to the contact.

**2ND MAN:** Aye-aye, sir.

**1ST MAN:** Make challenge – "What ship are you?"

*(a flashlight is flashed in Morse; a moment later, a reply comes from*



*off)*

**2ND MAN:** Answer, skipper. "Never mind me. What ship are you?"

**1ST MAN:** Signal – "His Majesty's Canadian Corvette Sackville. What ship are you?  
Answer or be sunk."

**2ND MAN:** Skipper . . .

**1ST MAN:** Send it.

*(another signal; another reply)*

**2ND MAN:** Answer, skipper. "His Majesty's Battleship Hood. Well done, Canada. Roll  
along, Wavy Navy."

**MUSIC CUE 9: ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG**

**THE GROUP:** ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.  
IF THEY ASK YOU WHO WE ARE,  
WE'RE THE RCNVR  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

OH, WE JOINED FOR THE CHANCE TO GO TO SEA,  
YES, WE JOINED FOR THE CHANCE TO GO TO SEA,  
BUT THE FIRST TWO YEARS OR MORE  
WE SPENT MARCHING ON THE SHORE,  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

AND WHEN AT LAST THEY SENT US OUT TO SEA.  
YES, WHEN AT LAST THEY SENT US OUT TO SEA,  
THERE WERE SEVERAL THINGS WE SAW  
THAT WERE NOT BROUGHT UP BEFORE.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

MAN YOUR GUN, SEAMAN GUNNER, MAN YOUR GUN.  
MAN YOUR GUN, SEAMAN GUNNER, MAN YOUR GUN.  
LOAD IT UP WITH SHOT AND SHELL,  
AND WE'LL BLOW THE HUNS TO HELL.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

NOW BEFORE WE PULL UP HOOK AND SAIL AWAY,  
YES BEFORE WE PULL UP HOOK AND SAIL AWAY,  
IF YOU WANT SOME GOOD ADVICE,

BEFORE YOU JOIN, THINK ONCE OR TWICE.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

**2ND MAN:** Convoy duty. Around me, horizon to horizon, are nearly 400 ships, old, slow, rusty, defenceless. The men on the freighters can only watch as a bomber flies lazily into our formation, ignoring the anti-aircraft fire. Occasionally, we get one; most often, we do not. He flies in low, picks a target and makes a run; bombs fall and burst. If he connects, the ship may break up, or burn, or just disintegrate, if it's filled with explosives. The German flies out, again and disappears. Twenty, thirty, fifty heads bob in the oil-covered sea. They'll freeze to death in ten minutes. A corvette circles back to search for survivors. The formation moves wide to avoid the debris, then tightens once again. Making eight knots. Four more days to England. At night, the U-boats lie in wait, ahead of us.

**MUSIC CUE 10: ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY**

**THE GROUP:  
& 2ND MAN** ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.  
IF THEY ASK YOU WHO WE ARE,  
WE'RE THE RCNVR.  
ROLL ALONG, WAVY NAVY, ROLL ALONG.

**1ST WOMAN:** Signal from one Canadian corvette to another, during a particularly violent storm on the North Atlantic: "Have just seen down your smokestack. Fire is burning brightly."

**2ND WOMAN:** The Phoney War had continued for six months. The First and Second Canadian Divisions had sailed for England. . .

**THE OTHERS:** YAY!

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . where they immediately began to learn to march.

**2ND MAN:** The Blitzkrieg turns west. German armies pours into Holland and Belgium and the Allies are shoved back to the sea and a little port called Dunquerque.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, where were the Canadians during all this?

**2ND MAN:** We were learning to march!

**2ND MAN:** But, as the British and French fell back, it was decided that someone would have to hold the coast road to Dunquerque and guess who went? That's right! Andy MacNaughton! . . . and ten Mounties, who marched right up the coast

road . . . then marched right back again . . .

**THE WOMEN:** OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL,  
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE. . .

**2ND WOMAN:** Frank and me are listening to the radio, you know, and that Mr. Churchill came on. Now I never liked him, because he was rude, but there was something in his voice. Something that gave me courage and I believed what he said.

### **SLIDE UNIT 10: Churchill and RAF fighters**

**CHURCHILL ON:** What General Weygand has called The Battle of France is over.  
**RADIO** I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned upon us. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free . . . but, if we fail, the whole world will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age . . . Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

**MOVIE TONE:** Over the Channel they come, in scores, in hundreds, stacked and  
**ANNOUNCER** layered ten thousand feet or more. And waiting on this side, our boys in the swift and deadly Spitfires. Fritz and his Messerschmidt are no match for these beautiful and fearsome birds. They call it "Spitfire Twitch" and you can hear over the radio, as Jerry comes within range . . . ACHTUNG! SCHPITFEUR! SCHPITFEUR!

**2ND MAN:** There are fights going on all over the sky and machines turning and diving. I see a Messerschmidt 110 below me and dive very hard. Too fast! I come up on him and barrel past. I just have time for a quick burst and I see smoke puff from his port engine, then I'm 500 feet below him. There's a Dornier coming right for me. I hold him in my sight until we're 200 yards apart and hit him with everything. It's like fighting in a hot-house for those poor bastards; nothing but glass between them and the sky. The whole canopy and nose blows off. I have no time to think about that because a stream of tracer tears over my head and some shells slam into my cockpit. I look in my mirror as I throw the stick over and go into a spin. I see a 109, his nose and wings a-twinkle, just as my mirror shatters. More tracer flips past my propellor. Hell! Smoke from my engine! God, I must get out of this. I do an aileron turn then stand on my tail, going straight up. Oil from my engine starts to cover my windscreen and at 21,000 I ease off the stick and level out. Oh, God, don't let them get me! Nothing in sight. The rev counter is slowly dropping, and I nudge the stick over and start a slow descent for the airbase.

It's not until that moment that I realize my left leg has a half-dozen shell splinters peppering it. God, it hurts! But, I'm alive.

*(2ND MAN and WOMAN cross the stage, arm in arm)*

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are coming back from the movies, you know, and we'd seen this newsreel on a ship that had been torpedoed right in the St. Lawrence! And, Frank says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** Limited liability, Enid. That's where it gets us. U-boats at Quebec and France out of the war! This is no limited war, Enid. It's total! And, Mr. Mackenzie King had better see that, soon, or it'll be too late.

**2ND WOMAN:** Well, the Germans are hardly going to make it this far.

**2ND MAN:** I bet the people in Paris felt the same.

**2ND WOMAN:** Well, what can we do?

**2ND MAN:** Anything and everything we can. We have to mobilize, Enid, for Total War!

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**SLIDE UNIT 11: War Production**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** Canada's Industry Carries On! From across the nation, from new industrial plants and from plants closed down by the Depression not three years ago, Canada is producing the war materiel needed to keep Britain and the Commonwealth fighting! Though they said it couldn't be done, Minister of Munitions C.D. Howe has turned this country's economy around! Canada is now producing more goods than at any time in its history. From trucks to tanks, from bullets to battleplanes, this country is providing up to half of the equipment used by the Empire. And, who is making all of this? Who is learning the skills, providing the brains and throwing in some muscle? Why, it's the ladies! And, a tip of the old tin hat to you, gals, from the boys "over there" to the girls back here.

**2ND MAN:** Back here, our job was to make whatever was needed for "The War Effort" . . . and they needed everything.

**2ND WOMAN:** Guns! Big ones, little ones, in-between ones.

**1ST MAN:** Bombs! Two inchers for their mortars; 2,000 pounders for their Lancasters.

**2ND MAN:** Ships! Merchant ships; corvettes; minesweepers; frigates; destroyers;

patrol boats. We built them all!

**1ST WOMAN:** Aircraft! Fighters; bombers; patrol planes; transports; gliders.

**1ST MAN:** Trucks!

**2ND MAN:** Jeeps!

**2ND WOMAN:** Tanks!

**2ND MAN:** You're "velcome".

**1ST WOMAN:** Uniforms!

**2ND WOMAN:** Boots!

**1ST MAN:** Bullets!

**1ST WOMAN:** Buttons!

**2ND MAN:** Condoms!

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*(everything stops)*

To put matches in to keep them dry. Really.

**1ST WOMAN:** So, we saved scraps and collected cans; we built ships, guns, tanks, planes, boots and uniforms; and we piled them all in the Quarter-Master's Stores.

#### **MUSIC CUE 11: THE QUARTER-MASTER'S STORES**

THERE WERE GUNS, GUNS, ENOUGH TO BEAT THE HUNS,  
IN THE STORES, IN THE STORES.

THERE WERE GUNS, GUNS, ENOUGH TO BEAT THE HUNS,  
IN THE QUARTER-MASTER'S STORES.

CHORUS

MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE.  
I HAVE NOT BROUGHT MY SPECS WITH ME.  
I HAVE NOT BROUGHT MY SPECS WITH ME.

2.

THERE WERE SHIPS, SHIPS, PILED HIGHER THAN YOUR HIPS.

3.  
THERE WERE BOOTS, BOOTS, FOR MARCHING ON THE ROUTES.

4.  
THERE WERE SHELLS, SHELLS, LOOKING MIGHTY SWELL.

5. THERE WERE SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES. . .

*(the music stops; they all shake their heads and jump to the end)*

. . . IN THE QUARTER-MASTER'S STORES!

**1ST WOMAN:** Dear Mother;

I have settled into working life very nicely. It sure is different having money of my own to spend. Of course, I am being very careful and spending my money wisely. My room-mate is a very quiet girl from Oshawa and she has been helping me adjust.

*(peels of female laughter from offstage)*

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Every night, my roommate and I go out, to the library or a social. There is certainly a lot more going on here than in Clinton. The city is just packed full of soldiers and sailors and airmen. Some of them even talk to us on the street, but we hurry on by. My roommate is taking me to a lecture tonight on chemical warfare and explosives. At least, she said something about "A gas" and "a real blowout".

*(2ND WOMAN enters)*

**2ND WOMAN:** The boys are waiting. . . and they are too hot to hold down.

**1ST WOMAN:** *(still writing)* Well, rooty-oot-toot, I gotta scoot! *(she scratches that out)* I think I'll turn in now; I'm awfully tired. Love to daddy, Veronica.

**SLIDE UNIT 12: Veronica Foster, The Bren Gun Girl of '41**

**MUSIC CUE 12: THE BREN GUN BOOGIE**

**THE MEN:** WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE, HER MOTHER COULD TELL  
THAT HER PRECIOUS BABY WAS GROWING UP WELL.

**THE WOMEN:** NO NEED TO WORRY; NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.  
VERONICA SURELY WOULD COME TO NO HARM.

**ALL:** SHE WAS A QUIET GIRL, REFINED.  
AND SHE WAS PIOUSLY INCLINED.

**2ND WOMAN:** THEN MISTER HITLER STARTED THINGS  
A-ROLLING' AND A-SHAKING'.  
LORDY, HOW THE WORLD DID CHANGE.  
AND SOON SHE WAS A-WORKING' IN A FACT'RY;  
SHE WAS MAKIN'

**ALL:** BREN-GUNS IN THE DAYTIME AND  
BOOGIE-WOOGIE ALL NIGHT LONG!

SHE WAS A BREN GUN GIRL AT A FACT'RY IN THE SUBURB,  
A BOOGIE-WOOGIE BABY, DANCING UPTOWN AT NIGHT!  
SHE HAD A FRENCH CUT CURL AND HER GARTERS CAUSED A  
HUBBUB!  
SHE COULD HIT A SOLDIER HARDER THAN THE  
FULLY-AUTO BREN GUNS THAT SHE MADE.

SHE COULD LINDY, JIVE; SHE COULD BOOGIE; SHE COULD JITTER.  
DROVE THE SOLDIERS/SAILORS/AIRMEN UP THE WALL AND  
ROUND THE BEND!  
AND, EVERY NIGHT, ALL NIGHT! OH! THE BOOGIE MOOD WOULD  
HIT HER.  
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET HER  
HOME AGAIN.

CLEAR THE FLOOR FOR THE BREN GUN GIRL ONCE MORE! PEACE  
OR WAR, SHE'S SURE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!  
SHE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOUR OLD TIN HAT  
WHEN HER HIPS START A-rat-a-tat-a-TAT-TAT-TAT!  
LIKE A TRACER FLASHING, THERE'S HER GARTER GAPPING. SHE  
WAS EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE BREN GUN GIRL.

*(dance break)*

AND COME ANOTHER DAWN, WHEN THE BOOGIE MOOD WOULD  
FADE,  
SHE HAD THE SOLDIERS/SAILORS/AIRMEN LINING UP TO TAKE  
HER HOME,  
BUT WHEN THEY REACHED HER DOOR, SHE'D KISS 'EM QUICK  
AND LEAVE 'EM THERE.  
SHE WAS A BOOGIE-WOOGIE BABY, BUT HER LOVE BELONGED  
TO JUST ONE MAN ALONE.

CLEAR THE FLOOR FOR THE BREN GUN GIRL ONCE MORE! PEACE  
OR WAR, SHE'S SURE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!  
SHE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOUR OLD TIN HAT  
WHEN HER HIPS START A-rat-a-tat-a-TAT-TAT-TAT!  
LIKE A TRACER FLASHING, THERE'S HER GARTER GAPPING. SHE  
WAS EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE BREN GUN GIRL.

**1ST MAN:** Oh, Ronnie!

*(music ends)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Dear Clay;

Two days with you, and I don't know if I'll be the same again. When you walked in the door, I nearly fainted. So tanned from Jamaica (and when I think of the tans on the girls down there, I am very jealous. Are you sure you were in the barracks every night?) And, then two whole days! And, now the newsreels say Hong Kong. I know you want to go to fight, but forgive me for being selfish and wanting you a long way from the bullets. So, if it's Hong Kong, at least you're safe. If this does not reach you before Christmas, a Merry, Merry Christmas. I know mine will be, just thinking of you. All my love, Ronnie.

### **SLIDE UNIT 13: Pearl Harbor and Hong Kong**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** December 7, 1941. A day that will live in infamy! At dawn, out of a clear sky on a Sunday morning, Japanese warplanes smash into the American naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. By 7:45, 2,500 people lay dead on a sunny, Sunday morning, people who hadn't even known they were at war! But America knows now; the giant is waking, flexing its mighty muscles!

**ROOSEVELT ON:  
RADIO** I ask that the congress declare that, since the dastardly and unprovoked attack by Japan on Sunday, the 7th of December, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are listening to the radio, you know, and the news is so bad. The Japanese and Russia being invaded by the Germans! But, the good news is that, at last, the Americans are in the war. Still, all those terrible battles and Frank is reading the paper, you know, and he says . . .

**2ND MAN:** Wake Island, the Phillipines, Bangkok without a shot, Guam, Borneo, my goodness, Singapore.

**2ND WOMAN:** They'll never take Singapore.



**2ND MAN:** It's gone. Hong Kong. "Canadian and Indian troops have established a defensive line on the mainland, nicknamed the Gin-Drinkers Line. As of Christmas Day, the Japanese have made no gains against the determined resistance of these heroic troops."

**2ND WOMAN:** I didn't know we had soldiers there.

**2ND MAN:** I'd forgotten.

*(2ND WOMAN crosses the stage)*

**2ND WOMAN:** Ronnie! Ronnie! Have you seen!

**1ST WOMAN:** Yes, I have.

**2ND WOMAN:** He'll be fine. It says that the line is holding.

**1ST WOMAN:** Does it?

**2ND WOMAN:** Sure! See?

**1ST WOMAN:** I see it.

**2ND WOMAN:** Come on! Let's go out and have a good time.

**1ST WOMAN:** No, I don't think so.

**2ND WOMAN:** If you sit around here and mope, I'll . . . sit with you. Move over.

**1ST WOMAN:** What do we do?

**2ND WOMAN:** Wait.

**1ST MAN:** So, I leave them both there and run back toward Stanley Barracks. A Jap steps around a corner in front of me. I duck my head and my bayonet takes him in the throat. Another Jap lunges at me. His bayonet goes through the sleeve of my blouse. I manage to trip him up and finish him. A few seconds later, I'm in the Officers' Mess at the barracks, along with about fifty others. We set up an MG and lay down some pretty effective fire. The phone begins to ring. A sergeant answers it. He listens for a moment, then: "Alright, boys", he says, "We have to move. The Brigadier has informed me that, under no circumstances are other ranks allowed in the Officers' Mess." A couple of hours later, we surrender.

*(he moves to the back and stands against the cyc, at parade rest)*

**1ST WOMAN:** " . . . a Merry, Merry Christmas. I know mine will be, just thinking of you."

**2ND WOMAN:** *(reading paper)* On Christmas Day, the defense had been pushed back into the headquarters building. By 3:15 p.m., General Maltby had determined that further resistance was futile and ordered the surrender of the garrison. Japanese radio reports indicate 290 Canadian dead and more than seventeen hundred Canadian prisoners.

**2ND MAN:** There's King's limited war. A few troops to Hong Kong, to free the Brits to fight. Surely, he can see, it's all or nothing.

**2ND WOMAN:** Our boys gave it their all.

**2ND MAN:** And, got back nothing.

**MUSIC CUE 13: AND SO, GOODNIGHT**

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*(lights fade to cyc wash only during song silhouetting 1<sup>ST</sup> MAN)*

**1ST WOMAN:** AND SO, "GOODNIGHT".  
I'M TOO MUCH ON MY OWN TO SAY "GOODBYE."  
THE EVENING LIGHT DIES SLOWLY  
AS ANOTHER NIGHT GOES BY.  
WHEN MORNING COMES, THE SUN WILL SHOW A WORLD THAT'S  
NEW AND BRIGHT.  
UNTIL THE DAWN, I'LL SAY "GOODNIGHT."

EACH PASSING DAY  
IS CLOSER TO THE DAY I'LL HOLD YOU NEAR.  
I'LL HEAR YOU SAY THAT WHAT OUR FUTURE  
HOLDS IS CRYSTAL CLEAR. AND,  
COME WHAT MAY, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU THOUGH ALL SEEMS  
DARK AS NIGHT.  
KEEP SAFE, I PRAY . . . AND SO, "GOODNIGHT."

BEFORE TOO LONG, THE DAY WILL DAWN,  
AND, THE STORM-DARK CLOUDS WILL ALL BE GONE.  
AND, I BELIEVE THAT WE'LL MEET THEN  
AND, NEVER SAY "GOODBYE" AGAIN.

AND SO, "GOODNIGHT".

I'M TOO MUCH ON MY OWN TO SAY "GOODBYE."  
THE EVENING LIGHT DIES SLOWLY  
AS ANOTHER NIGHT GOES BY.  
WHEN MORNING COMES, THE SUN WILL SHOW A WORLD THAT'S  
NEW AND BRIGHT.  
UNTIL THE DAWN, I'LL SAY "GOODNIGHT."

*(cyc wash fade to black; all black)*

**2ND MAN:** Overhead on a bus in the London blackout . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** Get your hand off my knee! Not you! You!

*(lights up full)*

**2ND MAN:** Ah, yes! The Canadians were in England, young, brash, healthy and all that goes along with it. And these British, with their tea and stiff upper lips sometimes couldn't understand us at all. It was a certain quality of frivolity we brought to the proceedings they didn't like at all . . . a certain JE NE SAIS QUOIS . . .

**1ST MAN:** 'alt! 'oo goes there?

**2ND WOMAN:** The Buffs!

**1ST MAN:** Pass, The Buffs! 'alt! 'oo goes there?

**1ST WOMAN:** The Guards!

**1ST MAN:** Pass, The Guards! 'alt, 'oo goes there?

**2ND MAN:** Mind your own damn business!

**1ST MAN:** Pass, Canadians!

**2ND MAN:** It wasn't just the army, of course.

**1ST WOMAN:** Signal from British Commander, Gibraltar to Canadian destroyer passing under its guns: "What ship?"

**2ND WOMAN:** Signal from Canadian destroyer to British Commander, Gibraltar: "What rock?"

**1ST MAN:** Douglas Bader, famous British air ace, on taking command of No. 242

(Canadian) Squadron, RAF, August 1940.

**2ND MAN:** . . . and, lastly, I want all you Canadians to realize that there are very good reasons for all of this seemingly silly ceremony. You must salute your superiors; you must wear regulation uniform. You must report for meals on time and you must conform to the Air Force way of doing things. Now, any comments?

**1ST MAN:** Yeah! Horseshit! (*long pause*) Sir.

**2ND MAN:** But, it was mostly the Army, because while the Navy and Air Force were hard at it . . .

**1ST MAN:** We were learning to march!

#### **SLIDE UNIT 14: Training in England**

**1ST WOMAN:** For three and a half years, the Army trained and trained in England and did what soldiers do when they're not fighting . . . drink beer, look for women and get into trouble. They were getting quite good at it.

**2ND MAN:** See, you take your average group of 125,000 young men, send them to a foreign country and spend three years teaching them to kill and there's going to be a lot of pent-up energy there. So, there were incidents.

**1ST MAN:** Rowdiness.

**1ST WOMAN:** Drunkenness.

**2ND WOMAN:** Break and enter.

**1ST MAN:** Assault.

**1ST WOMAN:** Rape.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, three murders.

**2ND MAN:** When we arrived, the Brits cheered and called us "Victory Troops". Hell, we started to believe it, but the charm wore off after a couple of years and the British newspapers started shouting out headlines whenever one of us was arrested for spitting on the sidewalk. Even the Germans picked up on it . . .

*(they turn to the radio)*

**LORD HAW-HAW:** Germany calling. Germany calling. A word to the poor British civilians near Aldershot. It appears that your Canadian friends have been at it again. Another public house destroyed; another British civilian beaten. And, now there's talk of a third division of Canadians coming over. Can you survive it? If you really want to win the war, just tell the Canadians that the taverns in Germany are open 24 hours and turn them loose. Haw-haw. Haw-haw.

**1ST MAN:** And, MacKenzie-King tripped over the water and Andy McNaughton, bless his heart, thought it'd be a good idea if King spoke to us while he was in England.

**2ND MAN:** Bad mistake.

**1ST MAN:** So, they lined us all up and we waited an hour . . . and a half . . . in the rain.

**2ND MAN:** Bad mistake.

**KING:** *(on tape)* You brave boys . . . !

**THE MEN:** Boo! PERUSAL COPY ONLY

**KING:** PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS  
You brave boys . . . !

**THE MEN:** Boo!

**KING:** Now, I know you are all anxious to get into action . . .

**THE MEN:** Boo!

**KING:** . . . but you must realize that your very presence here in England is the most vital contribution you could make . . .

**1ST MAN:** Screw that, King! When are we going home?

**2ND MAN:** Yeah!

**KING:** Canada's place is a Britain's side and we are here to show . . .

**2ND MAN:** For chrissake, King, go home, will ya? Boo!

**1ST MAN:** Boo! Go home!

**2ND WOMAN:** "Prime Minister booed by troops in England." "Can King government survive without support of armed forces?" "Had enough!" Army says. Had enough? Do you think they have?

**1ST MAN:** Damn right we'd had enough! We came to fight! It was high time we did.

**2ND MAN:** They figured a pair of boots lasted 250 miles on the English roads. We were going through a pair every two weeks just marching up and down the bloody countryside! So, yeah, we got a little rowdy once in a while! So, what?

**MUSIC CUE 14: BEER IS BEST**

**ALL:** BEER IS BEST! BEER IS BEST!  
MAKES YOU FIT, MAKES YOU STRONG,  
PUTS MORE MUSCLE IN THE OLD "TOM-TOM."  
BEER MAKES HARDY BRITONS,  
BEER HAS STOOD THE TEST.  
WHAT DID DEAR OLD ADAM SAY TO EVE? "BEER IS BEST!"

**2ND MAN:** *(As British officer)* Now, settle down, all of you rowdy colonials! Enough is enough; this sort of wild behaviour must stop! It's hardly British; it's barely French! So, there's going to be some changes here. We're going to tear down the bar in this town.

**OTHERS:** BOO! PERUSAL COPY ONLY  
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**2ND MAN:** We're going to build a new bar.

**OTHERS:** RAAAY!

**2ND MAN:** It's only going to be one foot wide. (BOO!)  
  
But, it'll be a mile long. (RAAAY!)  
  
There'll be no bartenders in this bar. (BOO!)  
  
We'll have barmaids. (RAAAY!)  
  
You can't take our barmaids home. (BOO!)  
  
They'll take you home. (RAAAY!)  
  
But you can't sleep with our barmaids. (BOO!)  
  
They won't let you sleep. (RAAY!)  
  
Beer's going to be 50 cents a glass. (BOO!)  
  
Whiskey free. (RAAY!)

But only one to a customer. (BOO!)

Served in buckets. (RAAAY!)

There'll be no loving on the dance floor. (BOO!)

And no dancing on the love floor. (RAAY!)

So, come on, chaps, let's have a party!

**ALL:** BEER IS BEST! BEER IS BEST!  
MAKES YOU FIT, MAKES YOU STRONG.  
PUTS MORE MUSCLE IN THE OLD "TOM-TOM."  
BEER MAKES HARDY BRITONS.  
BEER HAS STOOD THE TEST.  
WHAT DID DEAR OLD ADAM SAY TO EVE?  
"BEER IS BEST!"

### **SLIDE UNIT 15: North Atlantic Convoys, 2**

**2ND WOMAN:** Convoy duty, North Atlantic. Long, monotonous hours of endless searching through an endless sea for an enemy who may or may not be there. The cold, deadly seas; the silent, deadly enemy and wearisome routine of convoy after convoy.

**1ST WOMAN:** Sweep ended, sir. No contact.

**2ND MAN:** Repeat sweep.

**1ST WOMAN:** Repeat sweep, aye, aye.

**1ST MAN:** Signal, sir, from "Brandon".

**2ND MAN:** Read it.

**1ST MAN:** Hebrews 13, 8.

**2ND MAN:** What?

**1ST MAN:** That's it, sir. Hebrews 13, 8. Is it a code?

**2ND MAN:** I don't know.

**1ST MAN:** It's a Bible verse, sir.

**2ND MAN:** I know that! Get the Ship's Bible.

*(1ST MAN exits)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Sweep ended, sir. No contact.

**2ND MAN:** Repeat sweep.

**1ST WOMAN:** Repeat sweep, aye, aye.

**2ND MAN:** How many times does that make?

**1ST WOMAN:** Two hundred and forty one . . . today.

*(1ST MAN returns with Bible)*

**1ST MAN:** Here it is, sir. Hebrews 13, 8. "Jesus Christ . . . the same yesterday, today and forever."

**2ND MAN:** Make signal to "Brandon".

**1ST MAN:** Aye, sir.

**2ND MAN:** Signal: "Amen."

**1ST WOMAN:** Sweep ended, sir. No contact.

**2ND MAN:** Repeat sweep.

**1ST WOMAN:** Repeat sweep, aye, aye.

**MUSIC CUE 15: FLYING FORTRESSES tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic**

**2ND WOMAN:** Can you hear it? Coming from over the water? The marching of millions of feet? The roar of engines and clash of steel? The Yanks are coming!

**1ST MAN:** The Yanks are coming and with them they are bringing . . . everything! More tanks, more planes, more trucks, more guns. With chests full of medals for getting up in the morning . . .

**2ND MAN:** . . . and didn't the girls go for those medals? Thought they were all heroes. So did they. So did we . . .

**1ST MAN:** And, because they had more, they didn't have to use it as hard. So, they'd send up a lot of planes with a lot of guns for protection, but not too many bombs.

**SLIDE UNIT 15a: LANCASTER**



**2ND MAN:** But, we didn't have as many planes, so they filled us up with bombs and took away our guns!

**THE MEN:** THE YANKS WERE FLYING FORTRESSES AT 20,000 FEET!  
THE YANKS WERE FLYING FORTRESSES AT 20,000 FEET!  
THE YANKS WERE FLYING FORTRESSES AT 20,000 FEET!  
WITH BAGS OF AMMUNITION AND A TEENSY-WEENSY BOMB!

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO FLY!  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO FLY!  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO FLY!  
WITH BAGS OF AMMUNITION AND A TEENSY-WEENSY BOMB!

THE RCAF WERE FLYING LANCASTERS AT ZERO-ZERO FEET! THE  
RCAF WERE FLYING LANCASTERS AT ZERO-ZERO FEET! THE  
RCAF WERE FLYING LANCASTERS AT ZERO-ZERO FEET! WITH  
ZERO AMMUNITION AND A BLOODY, GREAT BOMB!

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
WITH ZERO AMMUNITION AND A BLOODY, GREAT BOMB!

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*(they watch the bomb fall, and burst, then sing a capella to MY  
BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN:)*

BRING BACK, BRING BACK,  
BRING BACK MY BOMBER AND ME AND ME.  
BRING BACK, BRING BACK,  
BRING BACK MY BOMBER AND ME.

**2ND MAN:** And Enid and me are listening to the radio, you know, and all the talk is about "Second Front, Now!" and Enid's reading the paper and she says to me . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** We must help the poor Russians. It's terrible what is happening. And, meanwhile, Britain and America are doing nothing!

**2ND MAN:** Britain's surviving, Enid, that's something.

**2ND WOMAN:** Canada's got a whole army over there. Why can't they do something?

**2ND MAN:** Three divisions, against half of the German Army?

**2ND WOMAN:** Oh. Well, they have to do something! Anything! Just to show people that Canada's there, fighting! Three years, now, and not one shot fired at the

enemy. It's disgraceful!

**2ND MAN:** It'll come, Enid.

**2ND WOMAN:** When? The man on the radio said that Canada's army is the only one in history with a birth-rate higher than its death-rate. It's time they did something.

### SLIDE UNIT 16: Dieppe 1

**2ND MAN:** It should have been a picnic. It was called Jubilee; it was a day on the sea-shore, a morning on the beach. There was even a casino there to entertain us. Someone said it would be a piece of cake. Five thousand Canadians were to go and spend the day in a town called Dieppe.

**2ND WOMAN:** And as young Canadian boys practiced their landings and rehearsed their parts, across the Channel, young Germans did the same. They poured concrete walls, stretched out barbed wire barriers, used surveyors' tools to plan how each gun's arc would overlap the next. They practiced day and night. It was their job, and they were good at it.

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### MUSIC CUE 16: LILI MARLENE

*(music plays quietly under)*

**2ND WOMAN:** *(English)* We had always met on the corner at the centre of town, and sometimes, he'd bring some friends and sometimes he was alone. They were nice boys, those Canadians, not the wild cowboys you read in the papers. They were polite, quiet . . . shy, even.

**2ND MAN &  
1ST WOMAN** VOR DER KASERNE,  
VOR DEM GROSSEN TOR,  
STAND EINE LATERNE,  
UND STEHT SIE NOCH DAVOR,

SO WOLLN WIR UNS DA WIEDERSEHN,  
BEI DER LATERNE WOLLN WIR STEHN.  
WEI EINST, LILI MARLEEN;  
WIE EINST, LILI MARLEEN.

**2ND WOMAN:** And there was one boy . . . he wasn't good looking, but I liked him and we would see a movie, or sit at home and listen to the radio or just walk. Then one day, he called, which he never did, and said to meet him.

**2ND MAN &  
1ST WOMAN** SCHON RIEF DER POSTEN:  
SIE BLASEN ZAPFENSTREICH;

ES KANN DREI TAGE KOSTEN!  
– KAM'RAD, ICH KOMME JA GLEICH!  
DA SAGTEN WIR AUF WIEDERSEHEN,  
WIE GERNE WOLLT ICH MIT DIR GEHEN,  
MIT DIR, LILI MARLEEN;  
MIT DIR, LILI MARLEEN.

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . and I ran to the corner, but he never showed up. A few days later, we learned about the Dieppe raid.

**2ND MAN &:  
1ST WOMAN** AUS DEM STILLEN RAUME,  
AUS DER ERDE GRUND  
HEBT MICH WIE IM TRAUME  
DEIN VERLIEBTER MUND.  
WENN SICH DIE SPATEN NEBEL DREHN,  
WERD ICH BEI DER LATERNE STEHN  
WIE EINST, LILI MARLEEN;  
WIE EINST, LILI MARLEEN.

*(exit; lights fade to black in silence)*

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**END OF ACT ONE**

**MAPLE LEAF UP / MAPLE LEAF DOWN**

*A Musical Revue*

*ACT TWO*

**MUSIC CUE 17: THE BREN GUN BOOGIE** *instrumental*

**SLIDE UNIT 17: DIEPPE**

*(the WOMEN enter; lights on them)*

**MUSIC CUE 18: LILLI MARLENE**

**THE WOMEN:** UNDERNEATH THE LANTERN, BY THE BARRACK GATE,  
DARLING, I REMEMBER THE WAY YOU USED TO WAIT.  
'T WAS THERE THAT YOU WHISPERED TENDERLY  
THAT YOU LOVED ME, I'D ALWAYS BE  
YOUR LILLI OF THE LAMPLIGHT,  
YOUR OWN LILLI MARLENE.

*(lights on 2ND MAN)*

**2ND MAN:** See, I'm on my way to see this girl, and me and a friend get into a discussion with a couple of British privates, regarding their parentage and their sisters' occupation, and, in an effort to make my point quite clear, I broke a chair over one of their heads. So, that's how I found myself in a landing craft, heading for Dieppe.

**THE WOMEN:** TIME WOULD COME FOR ROLL CALL, TIME FOR US TO PART.  
DARLING, I'D CARESS YOU AND HOLD YOU TO MY HEART.  
AND THERE, 'NEATH THAT FAR OFF LANTERN LIGHT,  
I'D HOLD YOU TIGHT, WE'D KISS GOODNIGHT.  
YOUR LILLI OF THE LAMPLIGHT,  
YOUR OWN LILLI MARLENE.

*(lights on 1ST MAN)*

**1ST MAN:** We'd been training for months, the whole 2nd Division and about a thousand Brits, down at the Isle of Wight. Storming beaches, clearing obstacles, taking buildings -- marching. We got so we could hump 11 miles in 90 minutes -- with a sixty pound field pack! Eleven MILES! And, Monty comes to look at us and says:

**MONTY:** "Not very fit, are they?"

**THE WOMEN:** RESTING IN A BILLET, JUST BEHIND THE LINE,  
EVEN THOUGH WE'RE PARTED, YOUR LIPS ARE CLOSE TO MINE.  
I'LL WAIT WHERE THAT LANTERN SOFTLY GLEAMS,  
I KNOW I'M WITH YOU IN YOUR DREAMS.  
YOUR LILLI OF THE LAMPLIGHT,  
YOUR OWN LILLI MARLENE.

*(2ND MAN takes out a potato and tosses it from hand to hand)*

**2ND MAN:** Now, look, let's get this straight. Lord Mountbatten and Field Marshal Montgomery cooked this up between them; Andy McNaughton and Harry Crerar okay'ed it and dumped it in Ham Roberts' lap. He didn't plan it; he just didn't fix it.

*(he tosses the potato to 1ST MAN)*

**1ST MAN:** So, Roberts asks the Navy for a battleship to take out the heavy guns overlooking the beaches at Dieppe. The Navy can't risk it; they suggest the RAF can handle it.

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*(he tosses the potato to 2ND WOMAN)*

**2ND WOMAN:** The RAF regretfully say risk to bombers and civilians is too great. They suggest a paratroop drop could handle those pesky guns.

*(she tosses the potato to 1ST WOMAN)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Special Airborne Service cannot undertake a drop in uncertain weather. What is really needed, they say, is one or two battleships to blow those guns to bits.

*(she tosses the potato to 2ND MAN)*

**2ND MAN:** They even called it off once, and sent us home, to talk about it. Then they called it back on, only EVERYBODY knew about it.

*(he tosses the potato OFF, like a hand grenade)*

**1ST MAN:** We spent weeks filing down the mechanisms on our weapons, making them just right. See, out of the box, a Sten gun would fire about three rounds and then quit, but, if you worked on it, for a week or so, it was almost reliable. You still couldn't hit a barn door with it, but at least it kept on shooting. So, after they called off the first time, they took our weapons back and stockpiled them. The night before we went in for real, they gave us brand new ones, still in the box.

**2ND MAN:** So, we're ordered to stand ready for embarkation. Another bloody exercise! Another fifty mile route march or some silly futility or other. So, we prepared. We dumped all the ammunition out of our ammo-boxes, lightened our packs by leaving out our rations, our field dressings, our entrenching tools. We laughed at some of the other lads, sweating under their sixty pounds of equipment. Who needed it?

**2ND MAN:** You talk about a United Nations. There were Canadians, about 5,000 of us; Brits, about a thousand commandos; about fifty American Rangers stuck here and there. Then there were Navy types, RAF observers, some French commandos, half-a-dozen *Germans(!)* on some cloak-and-dagger mission. They tell me there were more than 230 ships, and I didn't think about it then, but the boys in those ships were probably the best soldiers in the world. Hell, they *wanted* to be there; they *fought* to be there and they knew, given a half-decent chance, there wasn't another army in the world that could beat them. They KNEW it . . . given a half-decent chance.

**1ST WOMAN:** At 2:00 a.m., on the 19th, 1942, German command orders a highest-degree alert from high-tide to sunrise for the entire Dieppe sector.

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**MUSIC CUE 19: I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU**

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**THE WOMEN:** DON'T BE WORRIED; DON'T BE SAD.  
DON'T BE SCARED AND DON'T BE BAD!  
I'LL BE GONE A DAY OR TWO, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU!

HERE'S A KISS TO KEEP YOU WARM,  
AND KEEP YOU DRY IF THERE'S A STORM.  
JUST AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU.

KEEP A CANDLE BURNING BRIGHT,  
AS YOU SIT, ALONE!, ALL NIGHT!  
I'LL DO THE THINGS I HAVE TO DO, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU!

DON'T BE WORRIED; DON'T BE SAD.  
DON'T BE SCARED AND DON'T BE . . . BAD!

KEEP A CANDLE BURNING BRIGHT,  
AS YOU SIT, ALONE!, ALL NIGHT!

**THE WOMEN:** I'LL DO THE THINGS I HAVE TO DO THEN . . .

I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU!

HERE'S A KISS TO KEEP YOU WARM,  
AND KEEP YOU DRY IF THERE'S A STORM.  
JUST AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU.

**SLIDE UNIT 17 continues: Dieppe**

**2ND MAN:** About 2:30, off to the left, there's a sudden flare. Sounds of 30 or 40 heavy guns all firing; flashes, explosions; then a BIG flash that dies down then lights up bright and stays bright. More heavy firing, then silence, just that one big fire.

**1ST MAN:** Our boat got lost in the dark. It took us fifteen minutes to get back on course. By then, it was full daylight.

**1ST MAN:** When the landing ramp went down, the middle file just fell, right where they stood. The bullets were zinging right into us. I ducked my head and ran like hell to the sea wall. I looked back and saw that the sun seemed to be turning the water red. Then, I realized it wasn't the sun.

**2ND MAN:** The first bunch of guys died about twenty feet from the boats. Now, it was our turn and we're having some second thoughts. There wasn't a hope in hell of getting to that wall. Then this Navy type pulls out his revolver and orders us out of the boat. Well, we thought about it for a minute and finally somebody says, "Hell with it, let's go.", and we go, only this time, it's worse, 'cause there's more of us.

**1ST MAN:** We made it into the casino and found every room filled with Germans. I ran down a hall, firing my Sten into every door and tossing in a grenade. At the end, I found myself in a kind of auditorium with a stage at one end. I noticed that there were several Germans on the stage and that one of them was pointing a rifle at me. I ducked behind a long bar that ran down the hall, and worked my way toward them, pulled the pin on my last grenade and tossed it at them. Just then, something hit my right foot. Looking down, I noticed that it was a German grenade. I thought about this for a bit and decided it was time to leave. I covered about forty feet in the next three seconds, and the blast tossed me into the hall. There were about 18 of us and we met about twenty Germans. It lasted about ten seconds, and then there were no more Germans . . . and every one of us was hurt.

**2ND MAN:** We had been lying in the open on the beach for hours. If you moved, you died. Time after time, a wounded man would try to ease his pain by lifting a leg or an arm; he died. The Germans snipers were very professional; it was a head shot,

every time.

**1ST MAN:** When the word came, "Vanquish - Evacuate", we had about seventy yards of beach to cross. Some boats came in, not nearly enough, and we got off as many as we could. As the last boats began to pull away, there was a panic and some of the boys rushed for the boats. They swamped right there, then a shell would land on top.

**2ND MAN:** Somebody near me said, "We got to surrender!" and, an officer pulled out his pistol.

**1ST MAN:** Nobody surrenders! You hear me?!

**2ND MAN:** . . . and a machine-gun burst cut him in half. Somebody stood up with an undershirt tied to a rifle. He lasted about a second.

**1ST MAN:** It couldn't go on. We made a German prisoner pull off his shirt and step out from behind the tank we were sheltering near. He wasn't too thrilled with the idea, but we persuaded him. The shooting stopped about 11 o'clock. A German sniper climbed out of his gunpit about forty feet from me and grinned. I never even knew he was there.

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**MUSIC CUE 20: I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU a capella**

**THE WOMEN:** DON'T BE WORRIED; DON'T BE SAD.  
DON'T BE SCARED AND DON'T BE BAD!  
I'LL BE AWAY FOR A DAY OR TWO, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU!

**2ND MAN:** This German officer looks up from his novel, smirks a bit and says to me, "What happened? You're four days late!"

**THE WOMEN:** HERE'S A KISS TO KEEP YOU WARM,  
AND KEEP YOU DRY IF THERE'S A STORM.

**THE WOMEN:** JUST AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH,  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU.

**1ST MAN:** They marched us across the headland, past the big cranes we were supposed to blow up. They were already wrecked; bombed to pieces in 1940. Military Intelligence, huh?

**THE WOMEN:** KEEP A CANDLE BURNING BRIGHT,



AS YOU SIT, ALONE!, ALL NIGHT!  
I'LL DO THE THINGS I HAVE TO DO, THEN . . .  
I'LL RUN RIGHT BACK TO YOU!

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank was at work, you know, and we had heard about the great raid on Dieppe. A victory, they called it. So, when the knock came at the door, I had no thought of it being "I regret to inform you . . ." and I thought of all the other mothers who were reading the same telegram, the same regrets, the same sympathy, all the words the same, the only change in the name. And, I thought of young Frank before he went overseas, and of how proud his father had been. If I thought at all after that, it was that Dieppe was a long, long way from home, when you're only 19.

**2ND WOMAN:** The Kriegie's Hymn.

**MUSIC CUE 21: WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS OVER (TUNE:  
Take It To The Lord In Prayer)**

**2ND MAN:** WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS OVER,  
OH, HOW HAPPY I SHALL BE.  
WHEN I GET MY CIVVIE CLOTHES ON,  
NO MORE SOLDIERING FOR ME.

NO ROLL CALL AT FOUR EACH MORNING.  
NO MORE SCROUNGING FOR A SMOKE (JUST ONE SMOKE).  
I'LL HAVE BLONDES IN EVERY FRIDAY;  
WE SHALL EAT UNTIL WE CHOKE.

NO MORE GERMAN GUARDS TO CURSE ME  
NO MORE BLOODY KRIEGIE STEW.  
I'LL USE GALLONS OF HOT WATER,  
JUST TO WASH A TOE OR TWO.

NO MORE BEET-ROOT HASH FOR BREAKFAST.  
NO MORE CABBAGE SOUP FOR TEA (TASTES LIKE PEE).  
I'M A LONELY KRIEGSGEFANGENER;  
THIS IS ALL A DREAM FOR ME.

**SLIDE UNIT 18: Atlantic Convoys**

**1ST MAN:** All the while, the convoys crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. Endless days and nights at sea, broken only by the bright spot of a couple of days ashore...in Newfie John, if we were lucky, for the Newfies could round up a hundred girls for a party at ten minutes notice. Or Liverpool, maybe, where they knew sailors

and loved them. Or Halifax, God help us, where they knew sailors and hated them. Slackers was the meanest, most miserable town for a sailor on the face of the earth, but they paid. Old Slackers sure paid! Greatest night of my life! Before that, there were too many nights I don't want to remember.

**MUSIC CUE 22: THE ATHABASKAN'S FINISH**

THERE IS A STORY THAT I'D LIKE TO TELL  
OF A TIME WE LEFT PLYMOUTH AND SAILED INTO HELL.

IT WAS EARLY IN SPRINGTIME; JUST TWO DAYS BEFORE,  
WE'D RETURNED TO OUR HAVEN, HAVING BOOSTED OUR SCORE.

THE RUNS HAD BEEN EASY, NO DANGER OR FEAR,  
THOUGH THE ICY ATLANTIC CLAIMED THOUSANDS THAT YEAR.

SO WE SET OUT THAT EVENING, HEADING FOR THE FRENCH  
SHORE, WE HAD NOT AN INKLING WHAT FATE HAD IN STORE.

OH, WHERE IS THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
THE PRIDE OF CANADA'S FLEET?  
SAY A PRAYER FOR THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
AND THE GOOD MEN GONE DOWN TO THE DEEP.

THE ORDERS WERE SIMPLE, "ENEMY AHEAD."  
THROUGH THE COLD CHANNEL WATERS AND THE DARK NIGHT  
WE SPED.

THE ENEMY SIGHTED, DESTROYERS UNDER WAY,  
OUR STAR-SHELL, IT LIGHTED THE NIGHT UP LIKE DAY.

OUR GUNS OPENED UP AT A SHORT THOUSAND YARDS,  
AND THE BURSTS SHOWED WE HIT THE FIRST GERMAN SHIP HARD.

OUR RADAR THEN SPOTTED A SHAPE WE HAD LEARNED  
WAS OUR DEADLIEST DANGER. "TORPEDOES ASTERN!"

OH, WHERE IS THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
THE PRIDE OF CANADA'S FLEET?  
SAY A PRAYER FOR THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
AND THE GOOD MEN GONE DOWN TO THE DEEP.

THE FIRST "FISH" WAS CLOSING AND SOON FOUND ITS MARK,  
AND THE ROAR AND THE FLAMES BROKE THROUGH THE DARK.

OUR AFT GUNS WERE FINISHED, DESTROYED WITH THEIR CREW,  
IN THAT HELLISH INFERNO, THE POM-POMS DIED TOO.

NOT TEN SECONDS HAD PASSED SINCE THE FIRST BLAST HAD DIED,  
WHEN A SECOND TORPEDO SLAMMED INTO OUR SIDE.

THROUGH THE HOLES IN OUR HULL, THE OCEAN RUSHED  
THROUGH, AND WITH MEN TRAPPED BELOW, THE MAIN BOILER  
BLEW.

OH, WHERE IS THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
THE PRIDE OF CANADA'S FLEET?  
SAY A PRAYER FOR THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
AND THE GOOD MEN GONE DOWN TO THE DEEP.

SOME DIED HARD AND SOME DIED SOON,  
AND SOME SIMPLY DRIFTED AWAY.  
AND WE WHO SURVIVED HEARD THEIR LAST, FADING CRIES  
AS WE FLOATED AND WAITED FOR DAY.

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OH, WHERE IS THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
THE PRIDE OF CANADA'S FLEET?  
SAY A PRAYER FOR THE GOOD SHIP ATHABASKAN,  
AND THE GOOD MEN GONE DOWN TO THE DEEP.

### **SLIDE UNIT 19: Atlantic Air War**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER**

It's been a long, uphill struggle on the Atlantic. Without air cover, the Navy has been fighting long odds to get the vital convoys through. Now, a new invention is changing the shape of the Atlantic war. Brave Air Force pilots are volunteering to be launched from catapults off the decks of merchant ships. Once in the air, the boys can really give the Nazis a bloody nose. Done fighting? Just park it in the water and wait for a passing ship. No trouble. This is just a stop-gap, of course, for the Royal Canadian Navy has just taken delivery of two, brand-new escort carriers, whose Navy pilots can provide a 24 hour umbrella of protection for convoy after convoy. The tide on the Atlantic has turned!

*(fx: OFF -- huge crash, tinkling glass, etc.; bits of a plane come rolling on; 2ND MAN stumbles on, obviously having been IN the crash)*

**1ST MAN:** *(entering with thick pile of papers)* Bloody awful prang there, old fellow. You alright?

**2ND MAN:** *(dazed)* Who?

**1ST MAN:** Too bad about the plane. And, you took out quite a long section of deck. Quite spectacular, really. You're sure you're alright?

**2ND MAN:** What?

**1ST MAN:** That's splendid. Now, you just fill this out and we'll have you back in the air in no time.

**MUSIC CUE 23: A-25 (Tune: The Ryans And The Pitmans)**

*(he gives 2ND MAN the papers and exits)*

**2ND MAN:** Where? *(he clears his head and looks at papers)* Oh, no! NO! Not an A-25!

THEY SAY IN THE AIR FORCE THE LANDING'S OKAY  
IF THE PILOT GETS OUT AND CAN STILL WALK AWAY,  
BUT HERE IN THE NAVY, THE CHANCES ARE SLIM  
IF THE LANDING IS POOR AND THE PILOT CAN'T SWIM.

CRACKING SHOW, I'M ALIVE!  
BUT, I STILL HAVE TO RENDER MY A-25.

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WHEN THEY TELL ME "LOWER", I ALWAYS FLY HIGHER,  
I MISS ALL THE WIRES AND PRANG MY SEAFIRE.  
THE REST OF THE PILOTS ALL THINK I AM GREEN;  
BUT, I GET A COMMISSION ON EACH WRECKED MACHINE.

CRACKING SHOW, I'M ALIVE!  
BUT, I STILL HAVE TO RENDER MY A-25.

I JOINED FOR THE MONEY AND NOT FOR THE FUN.  
I'M NOT VERY ANXIOUS TO SHOOT DOWN A HUN.  
I'LL STAY SAFE ASHORE 'TIL I'M FIFTY OR MORE  
AND NOT GO TO SEA UNTIL AFTER THE WAR.

CRACKING SHOW, I'M ALIVE!  
BUT, I STILL HAVE TO RENDER MY A-25.  
I STILL HAVE TO RENDER MY A-25.

*(he shakes his head over the report form and exits)*

**2ND WOMAN:** Frank! Frank! It's Sicily! They've invaded Sicily!

**2ND MAN:** *(OFF)* What's that?

**2ND WOMAN:** The British and Americans have invaded Sicily!

**2ND MAN:** You know I can't hear you when the water's running!

**2ND WOMAN:** The radio said, "The British 8th and American 5th Armies have landed in Sicily and have made rapid advances inland."

**2ND MAN:** *(coming out)* No Canadians, eh?

**2ND WOMAN:** I guess not. I hope not.

**2ND MAN:** The Second Front . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** The radio called it a "Third Front" – Churchill said it was the "Soft Underbelly of Europe". Wait, it's coming on again.

**RADIO:** ". . . with the announcement that American, British and Empire troops have landed in Sicily and are making rapid advances inland. An update has been handed to me. The official statement now reads 'British, American and DOMINION troops have secured all objectives in the early stages of the invasion of Sicily . . .'"

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**2ND WOMAN:** Which Dominion?

**2ND MAN:** I guess they think it doesn't matter.

### **SLIDE UNIT 20: Sicily and Italy**

#### **MUSIC CUE 24: MARCHING TO BERLIN**

**(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)**

**ALL:** O'ER THE HILLS OF SICILY, UP THE TOE OF ITALY,  
CAME THE FIRST CANADIANS FROM OVER THE SEA.  
AND THEY SANG AS THEY STUFFED  
THE BULLY IN THEIR HAVERSACKS,  
"WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?"

MARCHING TO BERLIN, MARCHING TO BERLIN,  
WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?  
AND, THEY SANG AS THEY STUFFED  
THE BULLY IN THEIR HAVERSACKS,  
"WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?"

FIRST WE MET THE WOP AND THEN WE BUMPED THE TEDESCHI,  
HE STOPPED AT ORTONA AND SO DID WE.  
BUT, BY THE NEW YEAR, WE SANG AS WE MOVED ON AGAIN,  
"WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?"

MARCHING TO BERLIN, MARCHING TO BERLIN,  
WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?  
BUT, BY THE NEW YEAR, WE SANG AS WE MOVED ON AGAIN,  
"WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BERLIN WITH ME?"

OVER THE HILLTOPS, DOWN THE VALLEY, HEAR THE WOPS,  
CRYING "CATTIVE SOLDATI VENI!  
THEY TAKE-A MOO-COW FROM MY CASA, ANYHOW;  
THEY LEAVE NIENTE MANGIARE FOR ME!"

"NIENTE MANGIARE! NIENTE MANGIARE!  
THEY LEAVE NIENTE MANGIARE FOR ME!  
THEY TAKE-A MOO-COW FROM MY CASA, ANYHOW;  
THEY LEAVE NIENTE MANGIARE FOR ME!"

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SOON WE'LL SING ANOTHER SONG, FOR WE KNOW IT WON'T BE  
LONG, THE WOPS SAY, "TEDESCHI, ANDARE VI."  
THERE'S ANOTHER TUNE TO PLAY,  
ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY,

**1ST MAN:** "WHO'LL COME A-MARCHING TO BURMA . . .!"

**ALL:** NOT ME!

YOU'LL GO ALONE, SIR, YOU'LL GO ALONE, SIR.  
YOU'LL GO ALONE, SIR, TO BURMA, NOT ME!

AND, WE'LL LAUGH AS YOU STUFF YOUR  
HAVERSACK WITH MEPACRINE.  
WE'LL NOT GO MARCHING TO BURMA WITH THEE.

### **SLIDE UNIT 21: Italy II**

**2ND MAN:** It was December 23. We were pushing our way into Ortona, this little town on the east coast of Italy, not worth anything, certainly not worth fighting for, but the Parachute Division had dug themselves in and weren't going to give it up. It took us nine days to move them. It wasn't street-fighting; it wasn't even house-fighting. It was room-to-room.

**MUSIC CUE 25: HAS ANYONE SEEN THE COLONEL?**

**THE OTHERS:** HAS ANYONE SEEN THE COLONEL? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HAS ANYONE SEEN THE COLONEL? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HE'S DINING WITH THE BRIGADIER.  
How do you know?

I SAW HIM, I SAW HIM,  
DINING WITH THE BRIGADIER.  
I SAW HIM,  
DINING WITH THE BRIGADIER.

**2ND MAN:** I have yet to figure out why the hell the Major decided to take out a patrol. I guess he wanted to see the war. We were clearing houses; there was a little valley, with some houses spread up the other side, and Jerry in every one. You cleared a house by "mouse-holing" it: blowing a hole through the wall, tossing in grenades and emptying a few clips into it, then moving through to the next room. Meanwhile, Jerry's on the other side, doing the same.

**THE OTHERS:** HAS ANYONE SEEN THE CAPTAIN? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HAS ANYONE SEEN THE CAPTAIN? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HE'S AWAY ON SIX WEEKS' LEAVE.  
How do you know?

I SAW HIM, I SAW HIM,  
AWAY ON SIX WEEKS' LEAVE.  
I SAW HIM,  
AWAY ON SIX WEEKS' LEAVE.

**2ND MAN:** So, we started into this valley and as we head down, a machine-gun opened up and the dirt started jumping. We all ran like hell for the houses. This guy on the machine-gun couldn't hit a thing; when he zigged this way, I zagged that way. There was a spot for about fifty feet where the bullets were kicking up dirt about six inches behind my heels. The Sergeant used to say, "There's two kinds of men: the quick and the dead. So be bloody quick or you'll be bloody dead!" Jesse Owens had nothing on me that day. I got to the first house, stepped around one corner and a bullet went "zmmm!" about two inches from my ear. I stepped back, went around the other way and there was the M/G that had been firing at us from across the valley.

**THE OTHERS:** HAS ANYONE SEEN THE SERGEANT? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!

HAS ANYONE SEEN THE SERGEANT? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HE'S DRINKING UP THE PRIVATES' RUM.  
How do you know?

I SAW HIM, I SAW HIM, DRINKING UP THE PRIVATES' RUM.  
I SAW HIM,  
DRINKING UP THE PRIVATES' RUM.

**2ND MAN:** So, there we are, about 20 feet apart, me with a rifle and these two Jerrys with an MG 42. I thought, "Shit!" and fired from the hip and got the Number Two man in the face, then the Number One man opened up . . .

**THE OTHERS:** HAS ANYONE SEEN THE CORPORAL? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HAS ANYONE SEEN THE CORPORAL?  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HE'S LYING ON THE CANTEEN FLOOR.  
How do you know?

I SAW HIM, I SAW HIM,  
LYING ON THE CANTEEN FLOOR.  
I SAW HIM,  
LYING ON THE CANTEEN FLOOR.

**2ND MAN:** I picked myself up and walked around to the front of the house. I was really calm and there was no pain. Blood! You wouldn't believe. There was two guys lying at the front of the house, dead, so I laid down beside them; why make extra work for the burial detail? Just before I passed out, I watched the Major hightail it back up the hill. The rest of the patrol were caught up in some barbed wire about a hundred feet away; I saw one move and about twenty bullets hit him; then they were all still, hanging like so many scarecrows. If anybody knows where the Major lives, now, I'd like to talk to him.

**THE OTHERS:** HAS ANYONE SEEN THE PRIVATE? I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HAS ANYONE SEEN THE PRIVATE?

**2ND MAN:** I KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
HE'S HANGING ON THE OLD BARBED WIRE.

**1ST MAN:** How do you know?

**2ND MAN:** I SAW HIM, I SAW HIM,



HANGING ON THE OLD BARBED WIRE.  
I SAW HIM,  
HANGING ON THE OLD BARBED WIRE.

**SLIDE UNIT 22: Canada Carries On!**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** Canada Carries On! In the midst of war, Canada is booming! More goods, more food, more products, more of everything than ever before. Canada Carries On! Although the war uses materials at a staggering rate, Canada can replace anything . . .

**1ST WOMAN:** . . . except those who are dying.

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER** Canada Carries On! On every front, the enemy are on the defensive. Victory is coming. Here men of the 4th Division lead the assault on the American island of Kiska in the Aleutians, thought to be held by the same fanatical Japanese who fought to the last man on nearby Attu Island. Our lads go in . . .but nobody's home! The Japanese have fled!

**1ST WOMAN:** . . . and, in the confusion, the fog, and the blizzards, 21 men died. The dreaded telegram. Waiting for the telegram that must come, one day. Watching as the boy rides his bicycle up the street, at each window a face. Not here. Don't stop here. Go up the street; go next door, but don't stop here. And, day after day, he passes by. Don't stop here. Don't stop here. Don't . . . today, he stops. Today, the war comes home and for one more home, the waiting is over. For the rest, the waiting resumes.

*(sound fx: heavy shelling and machine-gun fire; the two MEN crouch in a sheltered spot)*

**1ST MAN:** You know, I don't know which is worse, sitting in the mud being shelled, sitting in the mud being machine-gunned or just plain sitting in the mud.

**2ND MAN:** *(reading a letter)* Mmmm.

**1ST MAN:** What's that?

**2ND MAN:** Letter.

**1ST MAN:** From home.

**2ND MAN:** Mmmm.

**1ST MAN:** Good news?

**2ND MAN:** Not sure.

**1ST MAN:** What's it say?

**2ND MAN:** "Dear . . .you . . .here . . . Saturday . . . dancing . . .mother . . .we . . .baby . . . wonderful . . . although you know I don't love you any less than I did before."

*(he holds it up; it is cut full of censor's holes)*

**2ND MAN:** I think I'm a father – more or less.

**1ST MAN:** All I got was something from the government.

**2ND MAN:** What?

**1ST MAN:** Didn't open it. They probably want me to join the Navy.

*(he hands it to the 2ND MAN)*

**2ND MAN:** *(reading it)* Uh-oh!

**1ST MAN:** Don't say "Uh-oh!"

**2ND MAN:** You didn't file a tax-return.

**1ST MAN:** I been busy.

**2ND MAN:** Says you owe them 23 dollars and 47 cents.

**1ST MAN:** I do?

**2ND MAN:** And, that if you don't pay promptly, they'll take drastic steps.

*(a burst of machine-gun fire causes them to flatten)*

**2ND MAN:** Gee, they might take you away from all this and put you in a dry, quiet prison.

**1ST MAN:** Can you loan me twelve bucks?

**2ND MAN:** Why?

**1ST MAN:** 'Cause I've only got \$11.50.

**2ND MAN:** You're gonna pay it!

**1ST MAN:** Listen, I've got a girl back home who thinks we're getting married; one in England who thinks I run a beaver ranch in Sudbury and six million Germans mad at me for no reason I can figure. What I don't need is the tax department! Got a stamp?

*(FX: machine gun fire; lights go to black; lights come up on the MEN, sheltering from the bullets)*

**MUSIC CUE 26: THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAPFROG  
(Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic)**

**THE MEN:** THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAPFROG.  
THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAPFROG.  
THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAPFROG.  
WHEN ONE STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
ANOTHER STAFF OFFICER'S BACK.

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**SLIDE UNIT 23: POLITICS**

**2ND MAN:** We have to stop a moment here for a sad piece of news. In 1943, with his beloved Canadian Army finally at grips with the enemy, we lost Andy McNaughton.

**MUSIC CUE 27: THE FUNERAL MARCH**

*(the others enter one by one)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Not in battle; not through an accident. It was that deadliest disease of all . . .

**ALL:** Politics!

**1ST MAN:** Andy had turned us from a silly little collection of bank clerks into an army, but Andy had always had a problem . . .

**2ND MAN:** He didn't know when to keep his mouth shut.

**1ST MAN:** So, with the 1st Division fighting hard in Italy and the 5<sup>th</sup> Armoured on its way . . .

**1ST WOMAN:** Signal: from Senior Combatant Officer, Canadian Army Overseas to General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, General Officer Commanding, British 8th Army.

**2ND WOMAN:** This is to inform you that I shall be making a visit to 1<sup>ST</sup> Canadian Division units in Italy in order to advise and assist in setting up the new headquarters unit of the currently forming 1st Canadian Corps. Regards, etc...

**2ND MAN:** Now, the key word here is "inform", because in 1943, you didn't "inform" General Sir Bernard Law (Just Call Me God) Montgomery of Alamein about anything. And, you don't ignore him when he sends a message like . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** Signal: from General Officer Commanding, British 8th Army to Lieutenant-General Andrew McNaughton, Senior Combatant Officer, Canadian Army Overseas.

**1ST WOMAN:** Re: yours of 19th inst. STAY AWAY!

**2ND MAN:** But, McNaughton couldn't keep his mouth shut!

**1ST WOMAN:** To General Officer Commanding, British 8th Army, from Senior Combatant Officer, Canadian Army Overseas.

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**2ND WOMAN:** Re: my upcoming visit. I shall be accompanied by 1st Canadian Corps Headquarters staff as well as members of the Press Corps.

**1ST MAN:** Now, the key word in this communique was "press". If anybody was getting their picture taken in this war, it was General Sir Bernard Law (Step Aside, You Little Colonials) Montgomery. Everybody knew that.

**2ND MAN:** But, McNaughton couldn't keep his mouth shut!

**2ND WOMAN:** And, phone calls were made and pressure was applied and out slid loud, flamboyant and sometimes brilliant Andy McNaughton and in slid quiet, retiring, always competent Harry Crerar, Canada's gift to administration.

**2ND MAN:** Harry knew when to keep his mouth shut! From 1943 to 1945.

**MUSIC CUE 28: THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAP-FROG**

**ALL:** ONE STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
ANOTHER STAFF OFFICER'S BACK.  
THEN THE SECOND STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
ANOTHER STAFF OFFICER'S BACK.

THEN THE THIRD STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
ANOTHER STAFF OFFICER'S BACK,  
AND, THE FOURTH STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
THE OTHER STAFF OFFICERS' BACKS.

FOR THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAP-FROG!  
THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAP-FROG!  
THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAP-FROG,  
WHEN ONE STAFF OFFICER JUMPED RIGHT OVER  
ANOTHER STAFF OFFICER'S BACK!

**2ND MAN:**

For the politicians, it was easy and convenient to keep quiet and not make waves and let things lie. It was more important to win the war and let things like recognition come later. But the British didn't seem willing to admit that the Dominions and the Empire were doing their share and more; and the Americans barely knew anyone was there but themselves. But, the Canadians fighting in Italy, or in bombers over the Ruhr Valley or in ships on the North Atlantic, or prison camps in Germany and Hong Kong knew. So did the 300,000 Canadians who waited in England for the battle that everyone knew would come. When the time came to return to France, Canadians would be there for one reason: that's what Canadians do.

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#### **SLIDE UNIT 24: D-Day**

**MOVIETONE:  
ANNOUNCER**

D-Day, the 6th of June! The end of the beginning and the beginning of the end. The end of Nazi domination of Europe. The beginning of liberation for twenty nations, of freedom for millions . . . and Canada is at the fore. The official communique makes that clear: British, American and Canadian armies have landed in Normandy. For the first time ever, a group of men called the First Canadian Army are marching together into battle. The signs along the supply routes point the way with a new phrase – Maple Leaf Up! Up to the front. Up to the enemy. Maple Leaf Up! Canada is striding ahead, shoulder to shoulder with her Allies, with the pride of a young nation and a new role to play in the world.

**2ND MAN:**

What also began that June morning was a year-long bloodbath. The Maple Leaf Up route ran past a list of places where the echoes still ring, from Juno Beach, to Courseulles, St. Aubin, Carpiquet, Caen, Verriere Ridge and the horrifying killing zone of Falaise. And, the road marked "Maple Leaf Down" carried a flood of those who would go no further.

#### **SLIDE UNIT 25: Normandy and France**

#### **MUSIC CUE 29: THE NORMANDY MEDLEY**

*PART ONE: THE BELLS OF HELL*

THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.  
AND THE LITTLE DEVILS HOW THEY SING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING?  
OH GRAVE, THY VICTORY?  
THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

*PART TWO: THE VALLEY OF THE RUHR*

THERE WAS FLAK, FLAK,  
BAGS AND BAGS OF FLAK,  
IN THE RUHR, IN THE RUHR.  
THERE WAS FLAK, FLAK,  
BAGS AND BAGS OF FLAK,  
IN THE VALLEY OF THE RUHR.

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MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE,  
THE SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY HAVE BLINDED ME.  
THE SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY HAVE BLINDED ME.

THERE WERE FIGHTERS, FIGHTERS,  
BAGS OF BLOODY FIGHTERS  
IN THE RUHR, IN THE RUHR.  
THERE WERE FIGHTERS, FIGHTERS,  
BAGS OF BLOODY FIGHTERS  
IN THE VALLEY OF THE RUHR.

MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE,  
THE SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY HAVE BLINDED ME.  
THE SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY HAVE BLINDED ME.

THERE WAS PANIC, PANIC,  
BAGS OF BLOODY PANIC  
IN THE RUHR, IN THE RUHR.  
THERE WAS PANIC, PANIC,  
BAGS OF BLOODY PANIC  
IN THE VALLEY OF THE RUHR.

*REPRISE: THE BELLS OF HELL*

THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.  
AND THE LITTLE DEVILS HOW THEY SING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING?  
OH GRAVE, THY VICTORY?  
THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

*PART THREE: HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN or  
THE FIRTH OF FLIPPIN', FLAMIN' OR OTHERWISE F-IN' FORTH*

I WAS FLYING FLIPPING ALBACORES  
AT FORTY FLIPPING FEET,  
I WAS FLYING THROUGH THE FLIPPING FOG  
AND THROUGH THE FLIPPING SLEET.  
THE FLIPPING COMPASS SWUNG  
FROM FLIPPING SOUTH TO FLIPPING NORTH.  
AND I MADE MY FLIPPING LANDING  
ON THE FIRTH OF FLIPPING FORTH.

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
AND HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

I WAS DODGING BLOODY DEBRIS  
ABOVE THE BLOODY ZUIDER ZEE,  
I HAD BLOODY WELL DECIDED  
THIS WAS NOT THE PLACE FOR ME.  
I WAS GONNA FLY ON HOME  
AND TOAST MY BLOODY VICTORY,  
WHEN THE BLOODY HUN EXPLODED  
RIGHT IN BLOODY FRONT OF ME.

MAYDAY, MAYDAY! WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
MAYDAY, MAYDAY! WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
MAYDAY, MAYDAY! WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!  
AND, HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN!

*PART FOUR: LUGER-LUGGIN' LUDWIG (TUNE: KNEES UP,  
MOTHER BROWN)*

OH! LAY THAT LUGER DOWN, KID!  
LAY THAT LUGER DOWN!  
LUGER-LUGGIN' LUDWIG, LET IT GO.  
EE-AYE-EE-AYE-EE-AYE-OH!

SLUGGING JERRY LEFT AND RIGHT  
AND HAVING LOTS OF FUN,  
UNTIL ONE NIGHT WE CAUGHT HIM RIGHT  
AND NOW HE'S ON THE RUN! OH!

LAY THAT LUGER DOWN, KID!  
LAY THAT LUGER DOWN!  
LUGER-LUGGIN' LUDWIG, LET IT GO.  
EE-AYE-EE-AYE-EE-AYE-OH!

WE BEAT YOU ON THE BEACHES AND  
IN THE FIELDS OF GRAIN.  
YOU'LL WISH THAT YOU HAD NEVER HEARD  
OF THE NORMANDY CAMPAIGN. OH!  
LUGER-LUGGIN' LUDWIG, LAY THAT LUGER DOWN!

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*PART FIVE: WHEN I AM L-O-B (TUNE: LILI MARLENE)*

WHEN THROUGH THE MUD YOU DRAG YOUR WEARY FEET,  
UNDER YOUR TUNIC YOUR HEART MAY CEASE TO BEAT.  
NO MATTER WHAT BECOMES OF THEE,  
I'LL ALWAYS SMILE AND THINK WITH GLEE  
THAT I'M "LEFT OUT OF BATTLE",  
YES, I AM L-O-B.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE SPATTER OF SCHMEISSERS IN THE NIGHT,  
AND IT MAKES YOU WONDER IF YOUR CAUSE IS RIGHT.  
NO MATTER HOW AFRAID YOU ARE,  
YOU'LL FIND ME IN THE NEAREST BAR  
FOR I'M "LEFT OUT OF BATTLE",  
YES, I AM L-O-B.

WHEN YOU MEET THE WEHRMACHT, ACROSS THE NEXT CANAL,  
I WILL DRINK A TOAST AND WISH YOU LUCK, OLD PAL.  
JUST THINK OF ME, IN GAY PAREE,  
WITH SOME FRENCH WENCH UPON MY KNEE,  
FOR I'M "LEFT OUT OF BATTLE",  
YES, I AM L-O-B.



*FINALE: THE BELLS OF HELL*

THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.  
AND THE LITTLE DEVILS HOW THEY SING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING?  
OH GRAVE, THY VICTORY?  
THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are listening to the radio, you know, and Frank's reading the paper, and the talk is all "Conscription" and "Zombies" and how many men are needed to win the war.

**2ND MAN:** It's the French, Enid. They don't want to fight. They want to sit back, while English Canada does the work.

**1ST MAN:** *(French-Canadian)* Yeah-oui, I don't fight at all. Reggio Calabria, Campo Basso, Sangro, Ortona, Monte Cassino -- just Sunday strolls, hein?

**2ND WOMAN:** And we wait and hear the news -- of new battles and new casualties. And every battle is more terrible than the last.

**2ND MAN:** The army's desperate for men. We've got 30,000 Zombies in this country, doing nothing, but the Army can't find replacements. When our boys are dying, what right have they to sit at home?

**1ST MAN:** A Zombie? A Zombie is a Home Service man – somebody who DIDN'T volunteer – a conscript. So, what happens? They "defend the homeland", while the volunteers fight. Go figure!

**2ND WOMAN:** Listen to this, Frank. "Conscription crisis rocks government. Cabinet divided. And, that Mr. King. Listen to this . . ."Conscription if necessary, but not necessarily conscription." That's breakfast talk – pure Canadian waffles.

**1ST WOMAN:** After Dieppe and Ortona and Normandy and Falaise – after Hong Kong – there are simply no men left.

**1ST MAN:** What do you mean, no men left? There's two whole divisions cooling their heels in Canada, collecting pay and polishing buttons while we're over here getting our tails shot off! We've done our bit! It's time for the Home Defense to defend their

home – over here!

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Mackenzie King hemmed . . .

**KING:** Hem . . .hem . . . hem . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . .and hawed . . .

**KING:** Haw . . .haw . . .haw . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . and the Defence Minister quit in disgust and who do you think we got to replace him?

**1ST MAN:** Andy McNaughton! Now, we'll see some action.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, McNaughton hemmed . . .

**McNAUGHTON:** Hem . . .hem . . .hem . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . and hawed . . .

**McNAUGHTON:** Haw . . . haw . . . haw . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** . . . and sent 13,000 Home Service men to England. For the first time, Canadians could go into battle singing . . .

**MUSIC CUE 30: I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER**

**THE MEN:** I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER;  
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.  
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGROUND,  
LIVING ON THE EARNINGS OF SOME WH – HIGH-BORN LADY.

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE,  
I DON'T WANT ME BOLLOCKS SHOT AWAY.  
I'D RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND, MERRY, MERRY ENGLAND,  
SLEEPING ALL ME BLEEDING LIFE AWAY – GOR BLIMEY!

SEND OUT THE BOYS OF THE HOME GUARD,  
SEND OUT THE RANK AND FILE,  
SEND OUT THE GALLANT TERRITORIALS,  
THEY'LL FACE DANGER WITH A SMILE (NOT LIKELY).

SEND OUT THE BOYS OF THE GIRLS' BRIGADE,  
THAT SET OLD ENGLAND FREE.  
SEND OUT MY BROTHER, MY SISTER OR MY MOTHER,  
BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T SEND ME!

'CAUSE . . .

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER;  
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.  
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGROUND,  
LIVING ON THE EARNINGS OF SOME WH – HIGH-BORN LADY.

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE,  
I DON'T WANT ME BOLLOCKS SHOT AWAY.  
I'D RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND,  
MERRY, MERRY ENGLAND,  
SLEEPING ALL ME BLEEDING LIFE AWAY!  
SLEEPING ALL ME BLEEDING LIFE AWAY!  
ROGERING ME BLEEDING LIFE AWAY!

**1ST MAN:** A letter home . . .

**2ND WOMAN:** My dear Heather-love;

Do my letters still reach you? Nonetheless, I will talk to you, rather than mourn to you. I just went for a walk in the hot sun to Bangoles. I did not get there. On the way, I picked a sprig of heather and wore it on my breast. All nature's creatures were out – how high and low the bees, bumblebees, insects hummed, just like in 1926. Today there is another accompaniment as well, spreading death and destruction. I am constantly surprised how calmly I take it all. I have written a letter which you should open later, if I don't return. I don't know if it will reach you. Enough of that . . . What remains is great love and loyalty. I take you and the girls in my arms in gratitude for all you have given me. Your Fritz.

**1ST MAN:** . . . taken from the body of one of the 10,000 dead Germans found in and around Falaise, after its capture.

*(lights down and up)*

**1ST WOMAN:** *(as very horsey MP)* Well, general, I'm glad I've had the chance to have this little visit. I can report back to Parliament that things have certainly quieted down here in Italy.

**1ST MAN:** *(as general)* Well, we ARE fifty miles behind the lines. There's still a good deal

of . . .

**1ST WOMAN:** What's that soldier doing over there?

*(2ND MAN is lounging with a beer and his feet up)*

**1ST MAN:** Relaxing, by the look of it.

**1ST WOMAN:** *(going to him)* Young man! Young man, what do you think you're doing?

**2ND MAN:** *(without moving)* 'M getting drunk.

**1ST WOMAN:** Canadian, yes, I should have known!

**2ND MAN:** *(opens his eyes)* British, yes, I should have known.

**1ST MAN:** On your feet, soldier!

**2ND MAN:** *(seeing a general)* Oh, god . . .

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*(he climbs laboriously to his feet and manages a drunken salute)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Look at him! No tie . . . uniform filthy . . . boots unshined . . . hair long . . . unshaven . . . drunk! Is this the way your soldiers are allowed to behave?

**1ST MAN:** Of course not! What excuse do you have, soldier?

**2ND MAN:** Didn't know I needed one . . . sir.

**1ST WOMAN:** How long have you been in this state?

**2ND MAN:** Apart from the drunken bit, forever, I think. I've just come down from Bologna, where there's a war going on.

**1ST WOMAN:** War? You call this a war? The real war is in France, where men are dying! Or did you know that?

**2ND MAN:** I guess I was too busy to notice. Can I go back to Bologna, now, general?

**1ST WOMAN:** Well, I think I've seen all I need to see. I can tell Parliament what's really going on out here. War? Ha! These men are nothing but . . . D-Day Dodgers!

**SLIDE UNIT 26: Italy III**

**MUSIC CUE 31: D-DAY DODGERS (TUNE: LILLI MARLENE)**

**THE MEN:** WE ARE THE D-DAY DODGERS, OUT IN ITALY,  
ALWAYS ON THE VINO, ALWAYS ON THE SPREE.  
EIGHTH ARMY SKIVERS, AND THEIR TANKS,  
WE GO TO WAR IN TIES AND SLACKS.  
WE ARE THE D-DAY DODGERS, IN SUNNY ITALY.

WE LANDED IN CALABRIA, A HOLIDAY WITH PAY.  
THE GERMANS BROUGHT THEIR BANDS OUT  
TO CHEER US ON OUR WAY,  
SHOWED US THE SIGHTS AND GAVE US TEA.  
WE ALL SANG SONGS; THE BEER WAS FREE.  
WE ARE THE D-DAY DODGERS, IN SUNNY ITALY.

PALERMO AND CASSINO WERE TAKEN IN OUR STRIDE.  
WE DID NOT GO TO FIGHT THERE,  
WE JUST WENT FOR THE RIDE.  
ORTONA AND SANGRO ARE JUST NAMES.  
WE ONLY WENT TO LOOK FOR DAMES.  
WE ARE THE D-DAY DODGERS, IN SUNNY ITALY.

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WE HEAR THE BOYS IN FRANCE ARE GOING HOME ON LEAVE,  
AFTER SIX MONTHS' SERVICE.  
SUCH A SHAME THEY'RE NOT RELIEVED.  
WE WERE TOLD TO CARRY ON A FEW MORE YEARS  
BECAUSE OUR WIVES DON'T SHED NO TEARS.  
WE ARE THE D-DAY DODGERS, IN SUNNY ITALY.

**2ND MAN:** We'd been smashing our way through the Gothic Line for weeks. I'd never seen anything like it. You couldn't walk forward. You couldn't crawl forward. You slid, on your belly, with your face in the mud. Then, one day, the whole Corps is pulled back, 'way back and they load us up, first in trucks, then in ships. England? Canada? One of the old hand privates shakes his head. "Sarge, you are so dumb even the other sergeants think you're stupid. We're going to France." And, we did. From the mud of northern Italy, they shipped us across France and dumped us down . . . in the mud of Holland . . . where we fought the war in three feet of water, where you could walk for two days without finding dry ground, where you fought up to your chest in the Zuider Zee. The Canadian Army was united, at last! Big deal.

**SLIDE UNIT 27: Holland and Germany**

**1ST MAN:** Montgomery said to Crerar, "Harry, there's 10,000 Germans in the Low

Countries. Be a good chap and winkle them out for me? Should take a couple of weeks."

**2ND MAN:** And, we fought our way up the coast all winter and when we'd done, when Holland lay underwater and the Dutch people were starving in the streets and the canals were clogged with German dead, Harry marched back to Monty, who said . . .

**1ST MAN:** "What kept you?"

**2ND MAN:** . . . and Harry said, "Remember those 10,000 Germans? Well, I just captured 30,000 of them!"

**1ST MAN:** The day the Boche gave up Rotterdam, me and a buddy had liberated some schnapps from a Jerry who wouldn't need it and we were standing, wondering what to do. These ragged people were coming out of their houses, some so starved I couldn't see how they were alive. And, as we looked at them and they looked at us, a carillon in some church began to ring – the first church bells in Holland since 1940. And, the first thing they played was . . .

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**MUSIC CUE 32: OH, CANADA**

. . . and, as they played that song, thousands of miles from any place it had ever been played before, to thousands of people who had no idea of what it was, I looked at my buddy and he was standing straighter and the schnapps wore off and when we turned around and marched away, our heels clicked and our arms swung and, for the first time, I looked at the faces of the Dutch people around me, and I said, "We did something, huh?", and my buddy said, "Damn right."

*(He marches away; as he does, THE GROUP pick up the tromp of his feet and carry it through the next section, building it with each verse)*

**MUSIC CUE 33: THE BELLS OF HELL**

**THE GROUP:** THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

**2ND MAN:** By the time we enter Germany, we're fighting old men and young boys. Cripples, even. Kids 14 and 15. You don't want to, but if they won't give up . . .

**THE GROUP:** AND, THE LITTLE DEVILS HOW THEY SING-A-LING-A-LING

FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

**2ND MAN:** On May 1st, German radio announced . . .

**RADIO VOICE:** On this day, Der Feuhrer, Reichchancellor Adolf Hitler, fell in the defence of Berlin, the Fatherland and National Socialism. His heroic struggle is over, but our continues. Long live Germany . . . long live National Socialism . . .

**2ND MAN:** . . . and the fighting went on.

**THE GROUP:** OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING?

**2ND MAN:** The word was passing along: "Tomorrow, tomorrow. 8:00 a.m. tomorrow." On May 4th, we had 20 killed. The fighting went on . . .

**THE GROUP:** OH, GRAVE, THY VICTORY?

**RADIO VOICE:** The official order that offensive operations of all troops of 1st Canadian Army will cease at 0800 hours, Saturday, May 5th, 1945 has been issued . . .

**THE GROUP:** THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING  
FOR YOU! . . .

**2ND MAN:** On May 5th, we had 3 killed.

**THE GROUP:** BUT NOT FOR ME . . .

*(the others enter, stand silently)*

**1ST WOMAN:** Listen to that! Remember that? No? Listen again. Think back, six years. Think back before Normandy, Italy, Sicily, Dieppe, Hong Kong. Think back to a summer day in June when a King and Queen visited a happy, peaceful people and listen again. Now, do you remember? It's the sound of peace.

**SLIDE UNIT 28: V-E**

**2ND MAN:** The Dutch people went mad! It was over! Cheering; laughing; shouting; hugging; kissing! They threw flowers and waved flags. They sang songs. They wept. Every Canadian was a hero to them, not just a hero. A superman! And, by God, if we didn't start to believe it!

**1ST MAN:** We're in dock at Halifax, and I'm getting the first good night's sleep I'd had in two years and I wake up to every whistle in the harbour blasting! You never heard such noise; whistles, sirens, bells, people! "It's over!" somebody hollers and I get topside in time to see ten thousand sailors streaming off their ships and

into town. Old Slackers sure paid that day – for the shut- up shops, and out-of-bounds and Navy-not-welcome and no-sailors- allowed, old Slackers sure paid. Now look, we didn't do that much damage; we broke some windows – well, a lot of windows, and looted some shops – well, a lot of shops, and started a few fires – well, we did quite a bit of damage, but for every Service man running wild in the streets, there was an honest and upright citizen, too. As for what happened on the grass, in the park, in public that so offended the church-going citizens of Halifax, well, it was their church-going daughters who were there with us. Yeah, quite a day.

**MUSIC CUE 34: WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS OVER**

**THE MEN:** WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS OVER,  
OH, HOW HAPPY I SHALL BE.  
I SHALL GET MY CIVVIE CLOTHES ON.  
NO MORE SOLDIERING FOR ME.

**2ND WOMAN:** But, as bells fell silent and the crowds went home, we remembered the other war on the other side of the world and, grimly, with no flags or bells, we prepared our part.

**1ST WOMAN:** Out of a clear, early morning sky . . .

**MUSIC CUE 35: WALTZ IN G MIN, REPRISE**

**SLIDE UNIT 29: The Atom Bomb and The End**

**2ND WOMAN:** And, Frank and me are listening to the radio, you know, and Frank's reading the paper and he says to me . . .

**2ND MAN:** Then, it's over, Enid. Finally, over.

**2ND WOMAN:** And, I thought back to '39 and what we felt like then, and what we felt like now, and I wondered what we had lost, and whether we had gained, and what we had learned . . .

**SLIDE UNIT 30: Blitzkrieg Faces**

**2ND MAN:** The lesson of '39 – that there is no surer path to war than weakness and indecision and letting slip the ideals that others have fought and died for.

**2ND WOMAN:** The lesson of '45 – that peace regained returns not one measure of the peace that was lost.

**SLIDE UNIT 31: Returning Faces**



- 2ND MAN:** But, it was over. And, now, we could read the headlines again, without dread, and they were different. This time, they went . . .
- 1ST WOMAN:** Canada signs German surrender.
- 1ST MAN:** Canada signs Japanese surrender.
- 2ND WOMAN:** Canadian Contingent in Army of Occupation.
- 2ND MAN:** Canadians help to rebuild Europe.
- 1ST MAN:** Canadians sign NATO charter.
- 1ST WOMAN:** Canadians sign United Nations charter.
- 2ND MAN:** The toddler was stepping out of its yard. Some toddler; some yard.
- 1ST WOMAN:** You know, it was a funny feeling, to feel good about being a Canadian . . . just because you were a Canadian. Maple leaf up? You bet!

**MUSIC CUE 36: K-K-K-KATY**

**ALL:** JIMMY WAS A SOLDIER BRAVE AND BOLD;  
KATY WAS MAID WITH HAIR OF GOLD.  
LIKE AN ACT OF FATE, KATE WAS STANDING AT THE GATE,  
WATCHING ALL THE BOYS ON DRESS PARADE.

JIMMY WITH THE GIRLS WAS JUST A GAWK.  
STUTTERED EVERY TIME HE TRIED TO TALK;  
STILL THAT NIGHT AT EIGHT,  
HE WAS STANDING AT THE GATE,  
STUTTERING TO HER THIS LOVE-SICK CRY:

K-K-K-KATY, BEAUTIFUL KATY!  
YOU'RE THE ONLY G-G-G-GIRL THAT I ADORE.  
WHEN THE M-M-M-MOON SHINES OVER THE COWSHED,  
I'LL BE WAITING AT THE K-K-K-KITCHEN DOOR.

*(the performers take their bows)*

K-K-K-KATY, BEAUTIFUL KATY!  
YOU'RE THE ONLY G-G-G-GIRL THAT I ADORE.  
WHEN THE M-M-M-MOON SHINES OVER THE COWSHED,  
I'LL BE WAITING AT THE K-K-K-KITCHEN DOOR.

**END OF REVUE**