



COLUMN COLONNE 1	COLUMN COLONNE 2	COLUMN COLONNE 3
*Y 5800	Y 5818	Y 6129
Y 5805	Y 5842	Y 5829
Y 5806	Y 5839	Y 5830
Y 5808	Y 5827	Y 5974
*Y 5801	Y 5826	Y 5836
*Y 5802	Y 5828	Y 6139
Y 5803	Y 5857	Y 6013
*Y 5804	Y 5820	Y 5831
Y 5807	*Y 5821	Y 5834
*Y 5809	*Y 5822	Y 5837
Y 5811	Y 5824	Y 5838
*Y 5813	Y 5825	Y 5835
Y 5932	Y 5823	Y 5833
Y 5812	Y 5939	Y 5863
*Y 5936	Y 5840	*Y 5864
Y 5810	Y 6128	*Y 5865
Y 5814	Y 5844	Y 5882
*Y 5846	*Y 5847	*Y 5866
Y 5845	Y 5843	Y 5874
*Y 5848	*Y 5849	Y 5883
Y 5819	*Y 5852	Y 5884
*Y 5854	Y 5851	*Y 5870
*Y 5855	Y 5853	*Y 5873
Y 5850	Y 5858	*Y 5880
Y 5815	*Y 5856	*Y 6124
Y 5817	Y 5861	*Y 5881
Y 5816	Y 395	Y 5867
Y 5841	Y 5860	Y 5868

Coats KOBAN			
*THE ASTERISK INDICATES SHADES AVAILABLE IN ARTICLE N434 *L'ASTÉRIQUE INDIQUE LES COULEURS DISPONIBLES DANS L'ARTICLE N434			
COLUMN COLONNE 4	COLUMN COLONNE 5	COLUMN COLONNE 6	
Y 5875	*Y 5894	Y 5928	✓
Y 5877	Y 6067	*Y 5925	✓
*Y 5869	Y 5911	Y 5929	
*Y 5871	*Y 5917	Y 5338	
Y 5832	*Y 5920	*Y 5934	
Y 5886	*Y 5889	Y 5933	
*Y 5887	Y 5890	*Y 6069	✓
Y 5872	Y 5891	Y 5930	
Y 5904	Y 5897	Y 6068	
Y 5876	*Y 5892	Y 5939	✓
Y 5879	Y 5908	*Y 5937	
Y 5878	Y 5913	*Y 5859	
Y 5888	Y 5912	Y 5862	
*Y 5885	Y 5914	*Y 5938	
Y 5903	*Y 5910	*Y 5940	
Y 5893	Y 5916	Y 5941	✓
Y 5905	Y 5916	*Y 5944	✓
Y 5895	*Y 5915	Y 5942	✓
Y 5896	Y 5924	Y 5945	
Y 5898	*Y 6127	Y 5946	
Y 5918	*Y 5931	Y 6126	
Y 5900	Y 5939	*Y 5943	
*Y 5899	*Y 6125	Y 5947	
Y 5901	*Y 5921	*W 100	✓
*Y 5902	*Y 5922	*B 100	✓
Y 5907	Y 5923		
Y 5909	*Y 5926		
Y 5906	Y 5927		
		KOBAN	
		Y6179	
		Y6180	

Preface

In 2007 following the Lakeshore Stamp Exhibition after showing my "Reflections" a nephew suggested I put it to print as he felt he didn't really know much about the family or myself. I didn't give it a thought until lately when cutting down of my philatelic interests due to age 87 and a stroke couple of years ago that affected my writing, thank goodness for computers that even correct my spelling.

In the late 90's had a few articles in The Canadian Philatelist; Scandinavian The Posthorn "Thematics: Exploration Unlimited" and The Danish Marine Club, but a book was certainly never contemplated.

Prior to retirement stamp collecting had been off and on hobby with the Netherlands as my main interest, however the week spent at Hafnia 87 on visit to Denmark I was smitten with the thematic bug, and I decided originally on a maritime theme.

Example what makes thematic fascinating is the story a cover or cancel etc. tell, take the three Antarctic covers only one had railway cancels while other two were airmailed; or take the Clipper flight landed in Miami hence assume rest of journey was by rail.

Carlo I Rasmussen

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145 Auction and lectures
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147 Portrait of a living room painter
148 Honorary member

Family Roots/Stevns Zealand



The above post card is addressed to my Mother c/o my Grandfather on whose farm I was born, their first grandchild.

Prior to farming as a seaman he experienced two shipwrecks and while recuperating he build a model of »Dannebrog« for his room and board that

later »Landmand Hotel« donated to Store-Heddinge Church on May 26th and hangs close to the pulpit.



Grandfather (1920) with »The Red« and »Den Gamle« (The Old One) that always took more than his share of the load.

Sequential Life Refelctions

Born August 18th 1923 on grandparents farm in Raaby, I was first grandchild. Moved to Karise where a brother, Anker, was born and died approx six month later, that affected my father, who despite having cabinet work-shop decided to emigrate to Canada, and we followed and landed in Halifax aboard Oscar II on November 7th 1927.

I recall in 1935 I bicycled with Mom and a girlfriend, Sofia from neighbouring farm, to visit grave-site in Karise. Mary was also born in Karise.

We shared a flat on Ontario St. East, with two other families, the wives and children of men, my father had met. One of the families was Lauritsen changed later to Larson was a life long acquaintance ended up as a construction superintended, and other Pedersen who visited at times on a Sunday walk he later found employment as inspector in Dominion Wks. I recall sliding on cardboard on hill alongside Mtl. Technical School on Kimberley/Sherbrooke.

We moved to Reile Ave to at upper flat above Verdun Ave with odd 300 number, think Ruth was born there.

Next move was to 204 Wood Ave, above a tobacconist. Mom took in roomers on the third floor. The family in fathers Buick made trip to Niagara Falls, Anna Olsen also was along. In 1930 Mom and children visited Denmark.

We then lived on 4t Ave Verdun in lower flat below Verdun Ave. Mary thought she could fly from the rail on first floor, luckily she fell on the lawn.

Mom and Dad then acquired the Danish Kitchen. Back on 6th Ave Verdun in a lower flat.

We then spent few months in 1935 in Seymore Ave Montreal, as Dad and Grand-

father had passed away Mom wanted to help Grandmother with the farm.

However we returned after about six months to a lower flat in Verdun on Banneyne Ave between Egan and Osborn.

The next move was around the corner to a upper flat on Osborn.

Finally to 3500 Hutchison Montreal where Mom again took in boarders.

At home with Morfar

Morfar, my grandfather, Carl Larsen, bought a farm in Råby on Stevns. As a young man he went ashore after a few years at sea, after he had experienced two shipwrecks. I do not recall that he ever told much about his experiences as a sailor, not even to my mother, he sailed as a ship's cook. While he was recovering after his last shipwreck, he received his room and board from Landmands hotel that was close to Store-Heddinge church. While there he build a ship's model of "Dannebrog", that in 1901 the hotel donated it to the church. Originally it hung close to the pulpit.



Dagbladet 1986

Many years after the model was hung up, it got this publicity in the newspaper:

DAGBLADET

Store Heddinge church 85 years ago donated a model, built by the sailor Carl Kristian Larsen, who lived from 1870 to 1932. He had sailed on the high seas, but in between there were breaks, and he built an exact replica of the three masted bark 'Dannebrog'. The ship was paid for by the hospitality Sophus Larsen, Landmans hotel in Store Heddinge and donated to Store Heddinge church on 26 May 1901.

The model originally had its place in the arch of the north wing, where the new organ stands, and it was taken down due to setting up the organ. Now the "Dannebrog" again come to the top of the church, suspended from a hook at the south door.

KJ Frandsen from the church committee writes ... that he has information from Karl Kristian Larsen's daughter, Mrs. Johanne Elisabeth Nielsen, Vesterbro 18, widow of trucker Aksel Nielsen, Holtug.





Morfar made this model of »Plus« sometime before the year 1900.

Give the hare a chance

I don't remember much from before 1927 we when immigrated to Canada, I was only four years. Nor much from when we around 1930 was home for the first time on visit, only that we drove with Østbanen to Klippinge, where we were picked up.

I was with Morfar hunting with air rifle that used metal darts, I was also allowed to shoot. When we came upon a hare that stopped to get his bearings, it made an easy target, but Morfar forbade me to shoot while the animal stood still, it should have a fair chance. At home the hare was hung up by the legs high enough so as other animals could not reach it while the meat matured. Sometimes I was with Morfar to Store Heddinge when he went to the mill for grain for animals.

The farm consisted of three wings. To the left cows, right pigsty and between them the farmhouse. The yard consisted of cobblestones. There was also a chicken coop on its own. There was a kitchen with pantry, where food could be stored, it was

before the refrigerator time. The attic was used to dry meat.

Then in 1935, with death of both Father and Grandfather, Mother decided to return with us all to Denmark to help with the farm. Electricity had been installed, until then my Grand-parents had used oil lamps. There were two rooms. The living room and a formal room. How it was arranged, I can not remember the door was closed and we were never there. The living room was furnished with a table and ordinary dining chairs. One of Morfars model ships was placed over the bedroom door, which over the bed was mounted a rod, so Mormor (Grandma) and Morfar could pull themselves up. From the bedroom there was access to another room where Mother and we children slept when we were home visiting Denmark – father never came back to his homeland but stayed in Canada.

The hired-hands room was adjacent to the nice room, yes there was a door between the two rooms, but the hired-hand used the door from the garden.

In addition to pigs were 8-10 cows tethered in the field. In the afternoon I had to move them when I came home from school so they could get hold of fresh grass. There were also two dogs, the great Tor and the small Trille, which was very old, at least 19 years. The often roamed around, and when to come home, sent Mormor Tor out for it. He grabbed his hind legs on Trille and then it was home.

In fights with blacksmith's Son

In 1935 we came right after the school year had ended in Montreal and stayed to the new year, a total of six months, and I was sent in Bredeløkke School at Stevns. That is to say that it was not much school for Danish children have potato vacation and free to help in agriculture.

And I did not get much Danish lessons, the teacher, Jorgensen or Johansen,



Mormor, my mother's mother

would always speak English, so he could learn it.

Maybe it made one of the other boys jealous, a son of the blacksmith at Gjorslev Gods, because we were always up the fight. Or maybe it was because I was the only in the school to climb the flagpole.

A few years ago I was with my sister Mary in Råby, at the time the farm was burned down and rebuilt. The only thing she could remember from our school was that she got wet feet when we went into Kildegaarden's fields, past the workhouse to Bredeløkke School.

Flounder from cliff

Karlen on the farm allowed me to control the plow, but first I had to prove that I could afford an oblique. I could not! I was sick and upset with the plow.

I cycled often to Holtug where my Morfars sister lived at the cliff. She was mar-



Farmor, my father's mother.

ried to a fisherman while they had a small piece of land they could cultivate. Those we bought flounder of. They were alive and were in a box on the back of the bike and floundering. Sometimes they managed to jump over the edge, and then they lay on the ground and squirmed.

A couple of times or three a week we got fish meal at 11 o'clock, when Morfar got home from milk run where he drove around to the peasants to get the milk to the dairy.

The hot food was on the table at one o'clock, and when Morfar was in the field, it was my job to go to dinner with him. In the evening, cold food, bread, always with tea. At the dairy got Morfar its own hunk of cheese, which he cut pieces of me with a knife. He had correctly tag on it, something he was proud of. The first meal, breakfast was rusks with coffee.



My father's driver licens from 1925 to motorcycle

The fox was too cunning

I played often with Tage, the son of the midwife who lived a bit further down the road. He was a bit older than me.

At that time I was convinced that a midwife was a kind surveyor. Her bag could remind one of theirs. It was only as an adult that I realized what a midwife in reality.

We went hunting with bow and arrow in the woods. It could forester not like, and he was always after us. We climbed up into the trees to better keep watching if there was danger. Our prey was foxes, but they had several exits and was too cunning for us. So it was easier to take up turnips from the field and grate them over a fire.

After the war I met Tage again. He had been a beer delivery man in Copenhagen, where he drove around by horse and cart. He stayed on Stevns in the house, his mother had bought in Klippinge. Here he hid beer in different places in the garden. I visited him while he was hospitalized in Faxe Hospital and had a leg amputated. Shortly after he died.

Mom on the heels of marten

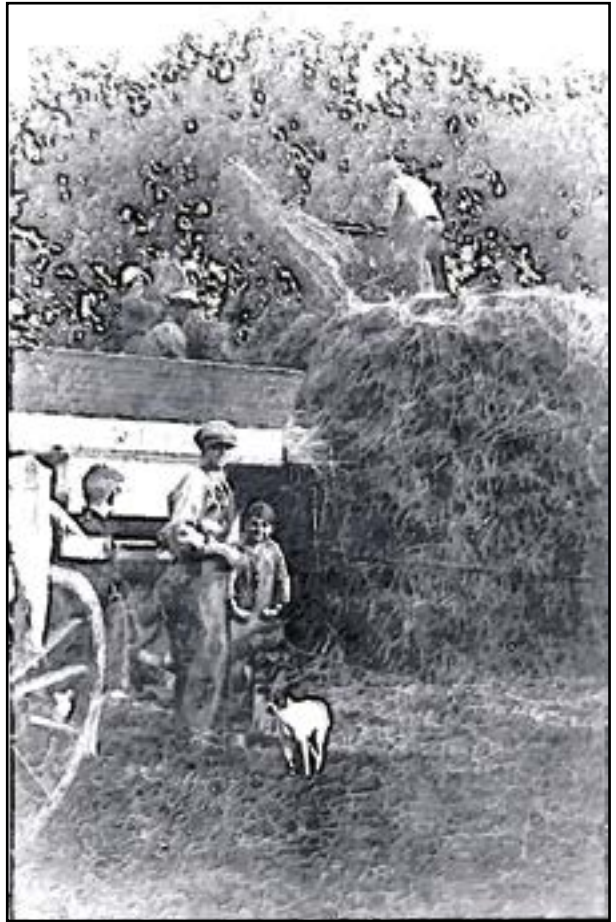
When I was little we lived with my mother's parents in Råby. Grandpa was very interested in the popular movements among them with the Bredeløkke Andelsmejeri.

My grandmother, Caroline, I remember as a very strict lady, but it was she who taught me to ride. I was with when she was beheaded chickens, and when we had to slaughter pigs, and was stabbed in the neck, should I keep the bucket, while the blood ran out and down in it. The salary consisted of black pudding with sugar, it tasted better than what you get for Christmas now.

My other grandmother lived in Ingemann Street at the lakes in Copenhagen. She was quite a lady, and yet she had three children with three different fathers.

My grandmother set up a bank account in my name. She lived in Hellested, also on Stevns. Her brother was in the workhouse in Råby, which was right next to where my grandmother and grandfather lived, so she got food and lodging when she came over.

My grandparents, Caroline and Carl Larsen – I'm probably baptized Carlo after both of them - had six children, two boys and four girls. My mother, Hertha, was



Harvest work. I'm standing in the background

number three in the group, which also consisted of Niels and Lars, the first born.

He asked if I wanted one of Morfars model ships, and I chose it in the showcase.

Both my parents were agile and went to the gym. It was said that my father could walk on his hands around the garden.

Mother was found to be in possession of quick reflexes when she surprised a marten or ferret that was going on in the chicken coop. The animal fled, but Mother ran after it with a fork in her hand, and she managed to hit the animal's tail, also said it just schwush ...

As a youngster, my mother was trained sandwiches maid, but had nothing to do, so instead she cycled to Køge to work as a seamstress in a factory. Her sister Johanne suited me while.

My parents and I moved to Karise, where my sister Mary was born. My father established himself with his own carpentry workshop, where I can not remember, even when I was in Karise with my mother and her friend last time we were at home in Denmark. The only memory I have from Karise is a scar at the base of the left thumb when I cut myself on a bottle.



Johannes from Kildeegaard in Råby located on Stevns and me. Below it is Kildegaard.



In addition to Mary and I got my parents a boy who died as a baby. It took so much of my father, that he decided to emigrate to Canada. Six months later came Mom, my sister and I after. It was in 1927, I was four years old.

See our beautiful bridge

While we were at home in 1935 was spent plenty of water for the steam-powered threshing machine in the harvest. It was the neighbour's son, John, from Kildegaard, and I get, and fortunately he had a pony and a little cart, we could use.

At the same time we visited my mother's sister, Signe, and her husband Valdemar on their farm near Vordingborg. I remember how they took us to show a genuine wonder to us: Storstrømsbroen.

Many years later I visited them again with my mother's other sister, Joanna, and her husband Aksel Nielsen, who had a haulage in Holtug on Stevns. Signe was furious with him because he drank first with me and then with Valdemar and got in this way twice as much to drink as us. As a taxi haulage happened that he was invited into when he came to collect guests from a party. Then he came in evening dress, the fanciest clothes that were so stiff that requirement clothes rose when he sat on the bench. Mormor moved to Vesterbro in Store Heddinge, and when Aksel died, Johanne got a house opposite.



*Death ad for
aunt Johanne.*



My Morfars og Mormors grave i Holtug

Immigration

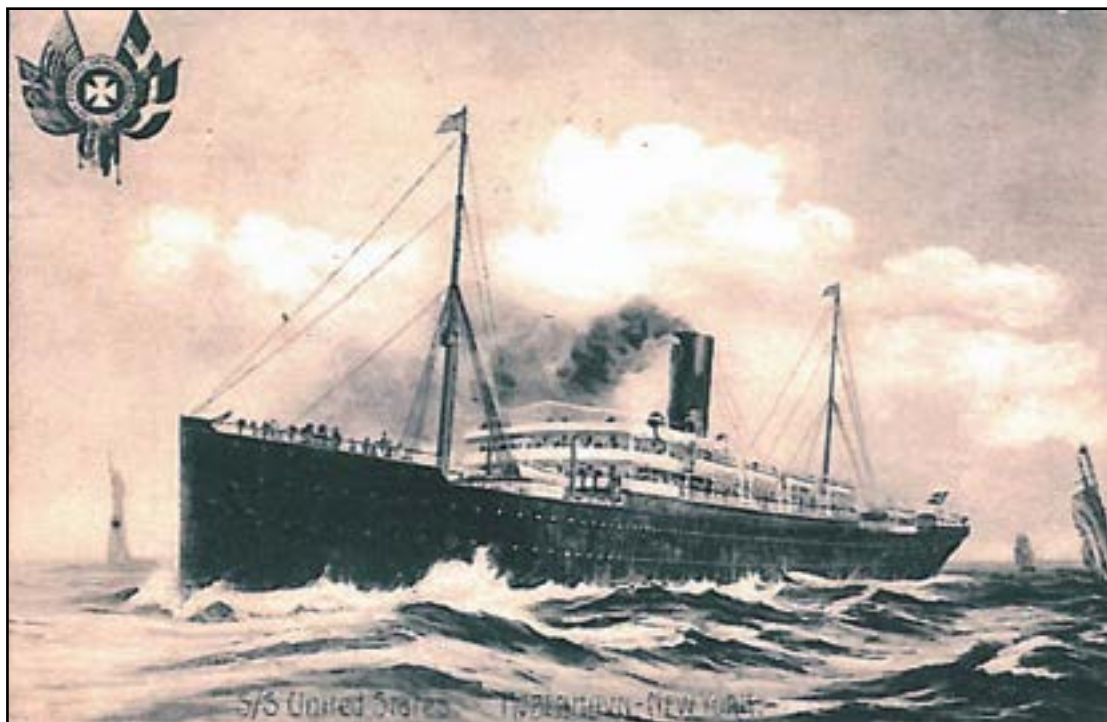


My Landing Card on the families immigration to Canada aboard "Oscar 2" in 1927



With the advent of Canadian Citizenship, Received Series "A" on June 6th 1947

A new life in Canada



The journey to Canada

I was only three years old when my father immigrated to Canada, so I have no memory of that. Not even from when Mom came along with Mary and me six months later. I only know that crossing from Denmark was with "Oscar 2".

Father had provided us space in a small apartment where we lived with two other families, and I had to sleep in the bathtub. Recall there was a Technical School and a hill, where we tobogganed on cardboard cartons.

Whereas Mother began as a seamstress, but later had rooming house on Wood Ave, then took over the Danish Kitchen, with large dining room for boarders. It consisted of two large buildings, that had walkway in between the upper floors.

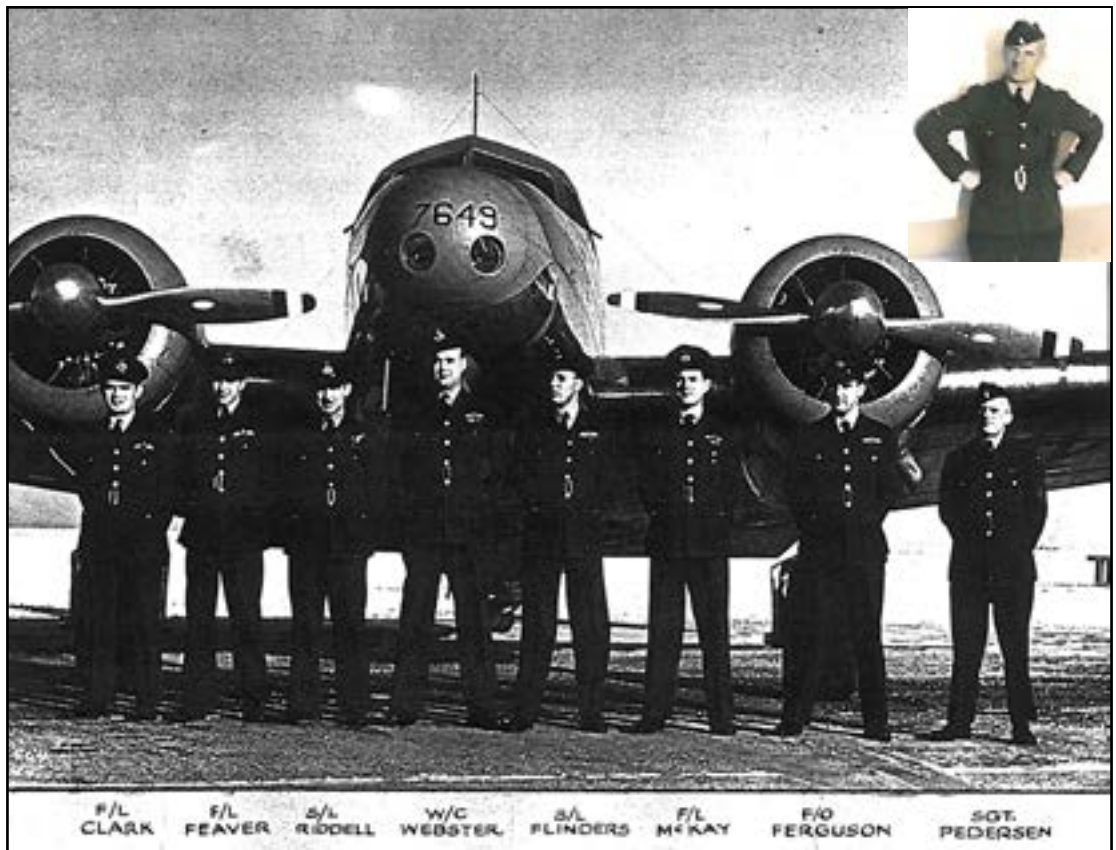
Dad had a cabinet-shop in a lane close to the Danish Kitchen. When work was slack he worked for the municipality shoveling snow and the like. Father taught us to play tippy in the yard by the workshop. A piece of a broomstick was tapered at



My immigration papers

both ends, so when struck in the air with the broomstick, the idea was to get it as far away as possible. The adversary would then try to get it back in the ring with minimum of hits. When father and helpers had time, they also played. Father took ill, with appendicitis and died when I was about 10 years old. Mother now a widow with four children, Ruth and Esther being born in Canada.

Grandfather had also died in 1935 on our second visit to Denmark. We stayed with Grandma for both Christmas and New Years. I think Mother decided going back to Canada because of the uncertain times in Europe. Hitler had not come to power, nor had the war broken out, but there was unemployment and discouragement.



Stepfather Pete

There was probably another reason, Mother had met Pete, and became our stepfather. I did not care for him, at least not in the beginning, but gradually our relationship became okay. It was as if he sometimes was after me, I also felt Mom deserved an easier life before she died. Such as the washing, she carried the laundry to the basement, even though they could afford a washing machine.

Pete was auto electrician and with his partner Eddy they had various workshops in Montreal. When war broke out, they volunteered for the R.C.A.F. Pete recalls one time that Eddy was absent without leave he took an extra vaccination shot. Pete was responsible for the maintenance a Lancaster.

The only plane that was completely blank, without any paint. It was used by a group of senior officers who had the task of verifying pilots training courses.

As the Wing Commander also was from Montreal, so whatever the weather, he and Pete flew home on their free weekends. Towards the end of the war he was sent to England.

Pete had been married in Denmark but for unknown reasons he left the family farm in Thisted and immigrated to Canada. From his first marriage he had a son Paul, who now lives in Randers, and had worked as a car inspector. I have never met him but we've have mailed together. Mary and her daughter Brenda had a luncheon him and his wife. .

Swordfish on the hook

Mother and Pete visited us in Nova Scotia, it was in August, when fishermen were preparing to switch from catching lobster to swordfish.

Pete wanted to go out with the fishermen Boone, and provided a bottle of rum that was shared during the voyage.

They came very close to a whale, so close that Pete near was sick from the stench of exhaled air and water.

To catch swordfish they wait for the animals to bask just below the surface of the water. Then shoot a harpoon tied to an airtight barrel at the end of the line. The

fishermen barrels have each a different color



I have a sword from Nova Scotia made of bones from a swordfish

Eulogy for Hertha Sofia Pedersen

April 6th 1905 – November 9th 1993.

This eulogy was given by Michael McTeigue, her eldest grandchild and son of her daughter Ruth, during her funeral service held on November 12 1993 at St. Angsar's Church in Montreal.

Hertha Sofia was born on a farm in a small town near Copenhagen in Denmark on April 6, 1905. The third of six children born to Karl and Carolina Larsen, she has two surviving sisters in Denmark – Johanna Nielsen and Thora Massesson. Hertha was predeceased by her brothers Lars and Niles as well as by her sister Sine.

In the early 1920's, she married Svend Rasmussen, a cabinetmaker, and they had three children – Carlo, Anker, and Mary while still living in Denmark. This young family immigrated to Canada after the death of infant Anker and settled in Montreal in 1927. Two more daughters were then born in Canada – Ruth and Esther.

Tragically, her husband Svend met a sudden untimely death in 1932 and she faced an uncertain future in a new and strange country during the height of the Great Depression.

During her early years in Montreal, she successfully operated a rooming/boarding house, which affectionately became known as the "Danish Kitchen". Hertha's "Danish Kitchen" quickly became the focal point of the small Danish community in Montreal at that time. Her hospitality, her generosity, but most of all her cooking in what were very hungry times were in no small measure responsible for the growth and development of the Danish community in Montreal. The fact that we are in 81 Angsar's today is eloquent testimony to her efforts.

That famous "Kitchen", however, had another special contribution to make to her life. It brought her to John Pedersen – another young Danish immigrant who was a master auto mechanic. They fell in love, were married in 1951 and in his own words to

me last night- “we shared an exceptionally good life together”.

They lived on Hutchison and Cote 81. Antoine Str. in Montreal before retiring to the Laurentians in 1967 to become “Rock Farmers”. They returned to Montreal in 1974 and have lived in Benny Farm in N.D.G. since then.

The year 1983 was a particularly difficult one for Hertha as she mourned the loss of her youngest daughter, Esther.

Granny, as she will always be known by her ten grandchildren, was especially fond of gardening, cooking, and dressmaking. However, she was most especially fond of her family - firstly, her children and their families and more recently, her grandchildren and their families. As the matriarch of a large extended family, Granny practiced the politics of inclusion long before it became fashionable to do so.

Hertha Pedersen’s defining characteristic was the depth of her human decency. Her graciousness and dignity throughout her life were a strong reflection of this. Her strength of character, her quiet independence, and her strong support for everyone she loved were all testimonials to this most basic characteristic of hers’.

Most of the reflections and observations about Hertha Pedersen’s life can be summarized in a single line- she was one of the most thoroughly decent human beings any of us has ever known.

She was given the gift of life
and she has given us all the gift of
her life.

May she rest in peace.



Eulogy for John Petersen

By Brian McTeigue, grandchild and son of Hertha's daughter Ruth.

St. Ansgar's Church April 24th 1997. John lived to be 96 years old, and during the close to 40 years that I knew him, I ever only adressed him as Bestefar. I shall continue to do so.

Bestefar emigrated to Canada on Easter Sunday 1927 and eventually settled in Montreal in 1930. For close to 15 years he honed his skills as an expert mechanic. He volunteered for the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1940. Serving for 5 years, he left as distinguished record of service to his adopted country.

Resettling in Montreal he soon launched and independent garage business with longtime friend and associate Edmond Trainor.

The company, Petersen and Trainor, was successful and was a large part of his life until he retired from it in 1967. One of his business expressions was: »When I am right, no one remembers, when I am wrong, no one forgets«.

Through the Danish Canadian Society, he met and married Hertha Larsen in 1951, who was to become his soulmate for the rest of their lives. For close to 50 years, he helped nuture and grow his extended family with love and compassion. Bestefar always looked at the big picture in life. He always tempered his opinions to reflect the greater good to the family. He was a man of character, loyalty, compassion, humor and certainly some adventure.

In his later years he often said the best years of his life were as The Rock Farmer in St. Calixe. Shortly after his retirement, Granny and Bestefar lived there for several years and he was able to pursue several hobbies. Bestefar wrote many short stories and poems, some of witch were published in various fashions. He was coached by Benson Barrett of Chicago and was a member of The American Society of Writers. With a unique style and wit, I remember his stories as being highly entertaining.

He also made many different wines which were enjoyed by family and friends. He treated the fermenting process with awe and would quite often spend hours deciding on his next batch of grape.

Bedstefar had an enormous number of friends, largely due to his wit and good humor. Many of his friends were developed in service and loyalty to several organizations. He was an active and longstanding member as well as the past President of The Danish Canadian Society. He was a lifetime member of The Danish Club. He was a lifetime member of The Masons and rose to the 32nd degree. One can only imagine all the lives he generosity touched.

He also supported St. Ansgar Church here for many years, and his discussions with Pastor Beck was the grist of many a story.

He was an avid golfer and a member of The Beloit Golf and Country Club. He would often drive Granny to the Kloves farm on the south Shore, play his round of golf, and return to the farm for an extended visit.

He also had a lifetime love affair with musical instruments. Some of the instruments I know he played were the piano, violin, banjo and his mandolin. When friends or relatives were over, he would often pull an instrument out and start a sing-a-long or just play an old tune or two.

Bestefar was always there to lend a helping hand. My first car survived my deft touch behind the steering wheel only because Bestefar was the mechanic. When I finally expired in yet another crash, Bestefar gave me his last car. I will always remember him as good natured, fun loving even tempered, given human being.

It is a measure of a man, that when he leaves out, he can only take with him the knowledge that he lived a loving, happy and fulfilling life. To this end Bestefar exemplified this personification.

He had a favorite saying: »All my adult life I had what I wanted but also I never wanted anything I couldn't have«.

I know that his is great full to all those who attended here today, and a special thanks to the friends and relatives that helped support him during the past 3 years.

We shall love and cherish his memory forever.



To the left my aunt Johanne from Store-Heddinge, her husband Aksel, Kaj Nielsen and his wife.

Wood Avenue



The R-100's cachet St. Hubert cover was a gift having witnessed its flight directly overhead at Atwater Ballpark a

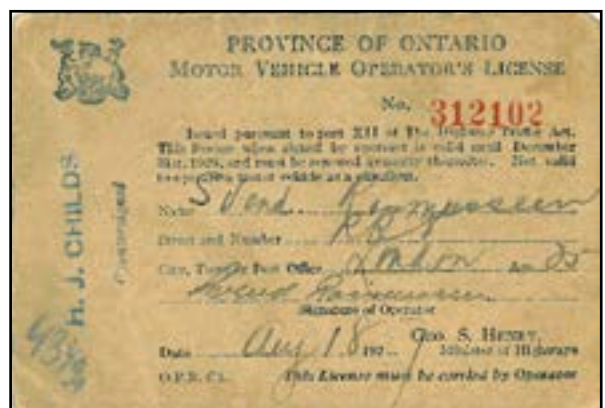
few hundred feet from home (204 Wood Ave now Westmount Square) was the memorable occasion of my start as a youngster.

U.K. during July and August. 1930 scrapped after the disaster of sister ship R-101. Nevil Shute worked on 101's drawings and authored book titled "Slide Rule" about the 101.

She made double Atlantic crossing from Cardington



Wood Ave, Dads car, Arena Garage (Ice Manufacture and Ballpark on otherside of garage)
The family trip to Niagara Falls etc.



R-100 in the sky. R-100 in the sky

Across from where we lived on Wood Avenue was a large building with a garage and behind it the ice manufacturing plant and a baseball park where I saw the airship R-100 come across the sky. The whole area is now Westmount Square. The photo on the left is my father's Buick. The airship at St. Hubert was shown on a 1930 envelope and was the foundation for my collection.

My father was a good swimmer and diver, he and two friends climbed up on a diving tower at the St. Lawrence River, to reach an extra height they crawled up on skuldrened of each other.

While I was not much for swimming, my sister Esther was a provincial champion and took part in synchronized swimming. Mary my other sister probably could have made the Olympics if she had not broken both wrists while playing on a bike.

Schooling on both sides of the Atlantic

I started in school as a six-year, as it is common in Canada. The school day began at nine o'clock in the morning and ended at three in the afternoon. At midday there was break so we could eat our lunch.

When I started first grade in Canada, there were both boys and girls in the class, but when we moved to Verdun the sexes separated and had two or three classes of each grade.

Students were divided into A, B or C according to their grades, I was in A class except after being in Denmark until December was in D. It was important to Mom, she always expected us to study harder because we were immigrants. By paying attention in class I seldom needed to do homework and as for grades generally first in class expect for conduct that Mom was reluctant to accept.

I remember that we played hockey in the younger grades, I had few real friends.

The classes were quite large with 28-30 students sitting at single desks. In one of the classes there was another Danish boy, Donald, whom I had not particularly much in common with, otherwise all the students were native Canadians.

While we were back in Denmark, I went in Bredeløkke School. We could shoot a shortcut from my Morfars farm by going past the poorhouse. The teacher would like to learn English so I should talk to him and I learned very little Danish. Not only, therefore, was a Danish school much different than a Canadian. In Denmark,



A Canadian school class with 38 girls and boys. I am sitting on my knees in the front row on the right. One of the boys in the back row were also Dane.

children went almost not attend school because they had very free and vacation so that they could help in agriculture.

Mona and Ross

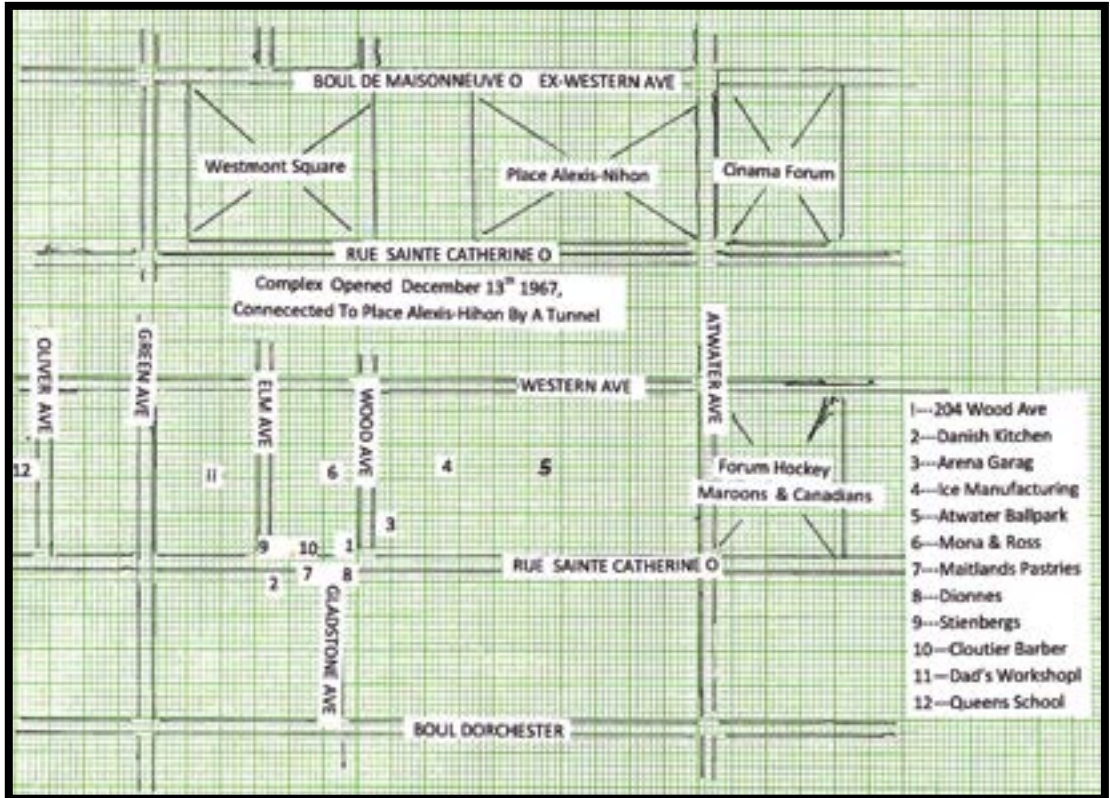
Opposite our apartment in Woodland Avenue lived a widow with two sons and a daughter, Mona and Ross Mercer, as I was playing a lot with. The last brother was older and working, I do not remember what his name was. They were Canadians and not immigrants like us. We ate often at each other's, and they invited me to a picnic.

Mona was a paediatrician and Ross inspector at the Protestant School, which was right across from where I lived as an adult, and he had my daughter in her class. I do not know why, but it was as if Mona and Ross would not have anything to do with us.

Knock out on the balcony

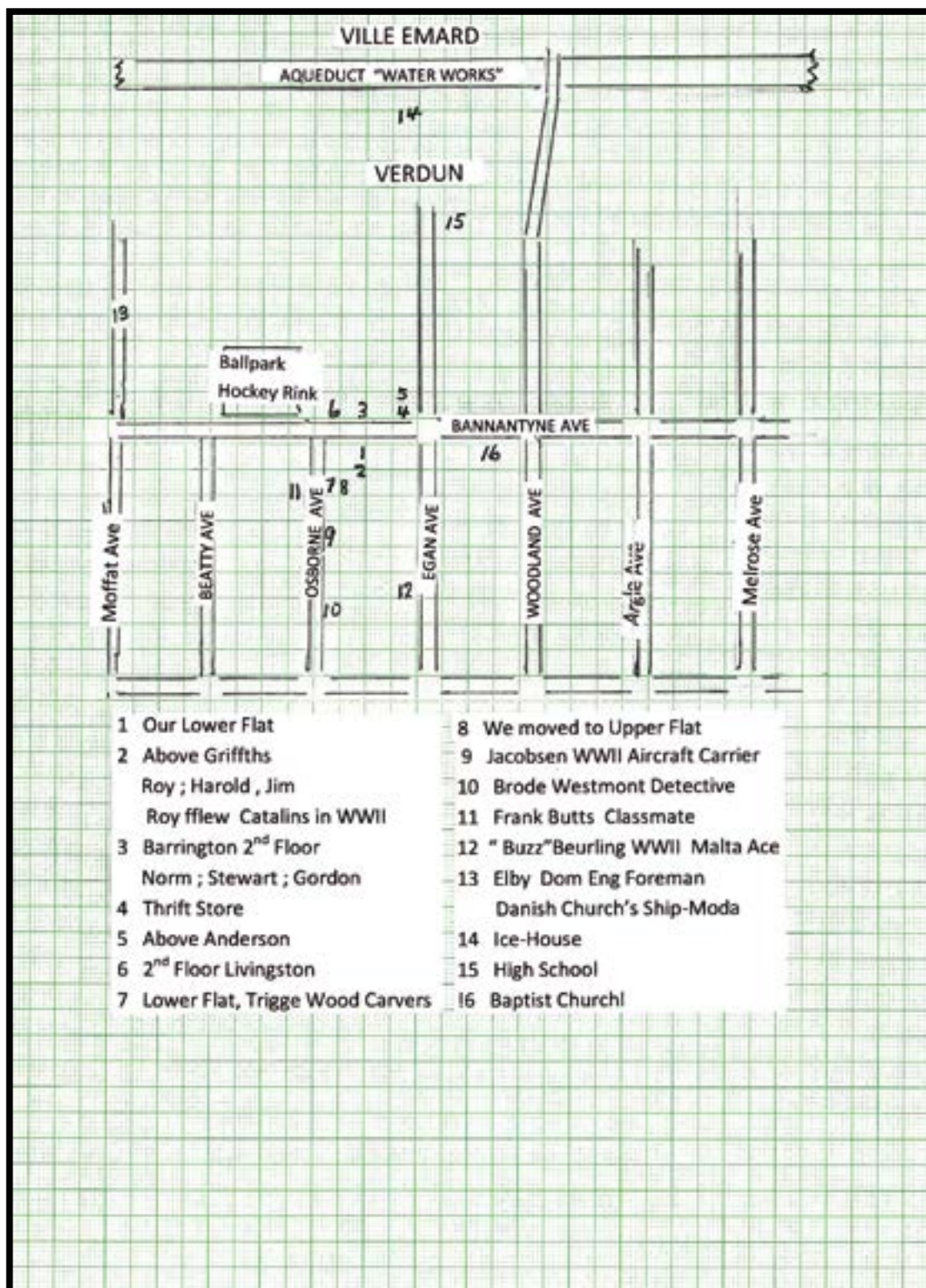
1938 we cleared the balcony to listen to the fight in professional boxing between the black American champion Joe Louis and German Max Smeling.

We almost did not turn on the radio before Max Smeling was knocked out in the first round. When they first met two years earlier was Joe Louis hitherto undefeated, but was knocked out by Max Smeling.



Places in Montreal

It is difficult to explain in words how we moved around to different locations in Montreal and how other people lived in relationship with us, and where other buildings of significance were. Therefore I have designed these two cards, they should give an overview.



Danish Kitchen

4128; 30; 32 and 34 St.Catherine Str. W.

Following Wood Ave. boarding house Mom and dad acquired the Danish kitchen, mainly Danish residents and there were social activities; chess and card clubs etc. Being hungry many were on the dole and the Danish counsel often sent transits over for a meal.

Stamp collection boomed, spare pennies could purchase stamps at two stationary shops on way to Queen School. A tobacconist at Peel across from Traymores had penny stamp drawers with many Danish West Indies.

To date this period, recall sitting on front

steps with smoked glass to view an eclipse and Dads dead later necessitating sale of the business. In 1935 as Grandfather had also passed away Mom packed us all of the farm in Denmark, but we returned after six months aboard Cunards "RMS Ausonia".



Moms weekly market visits



School hockey against Kings w/ magazine shin pads, skiing at Murray Park and St. Leos lacrosse



In Boys Brigade 2nd Montreal (Verdun) and obtained Semasphore Certificate in



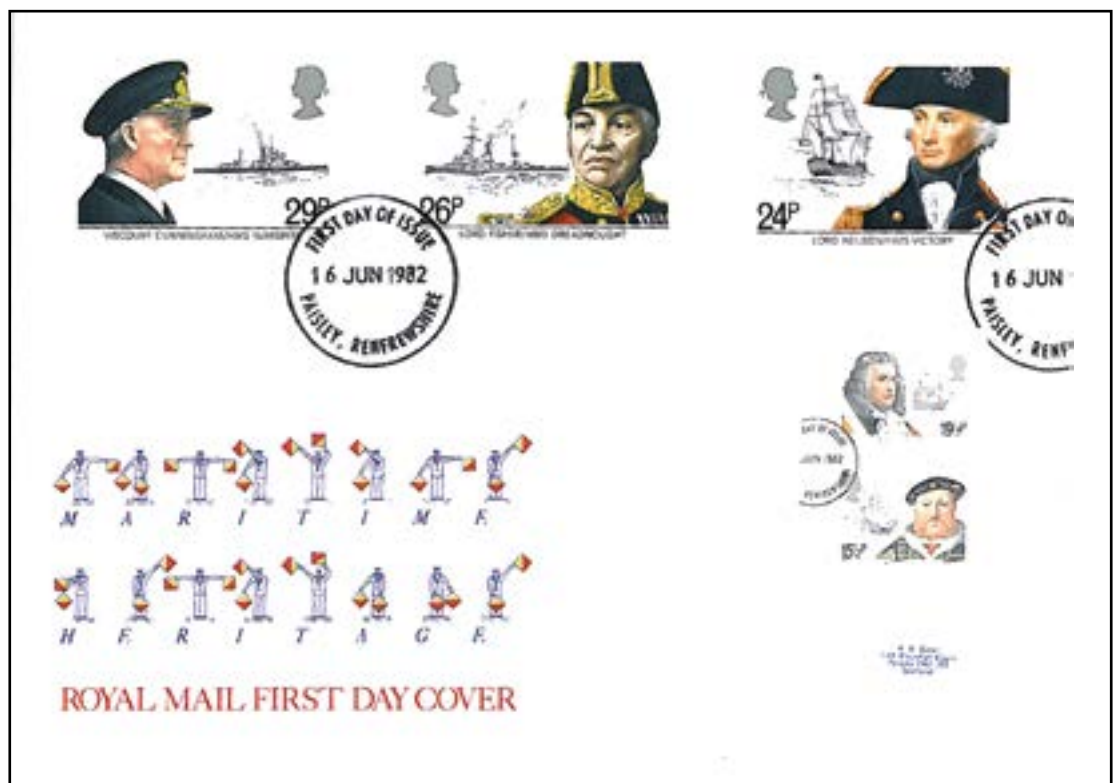
1938 can send dead slow but found reading during WW2 was hopeless. Participated in annual Youth Field and Track at Molson Stadium and recall one year due no-shows we had

to fill vacant spots, also attended our camp at Hudson and swim at Sandy Beach.

Later in life employment opportunities were helped along by past resident friends McGill (lab tech) DEW Lachine (superintendent) and in 1952 when checking auto insurance to West Coast (WW2 Black Watch Officer) wound up in Cape Breton N.S. as Resident Machinery Inspector

Slow flag reading

In the Boys Brigade I received diploma in semaphore, signaling with flags, but I was too slow and could not read the messages at sea between the ships.



Out with bills for Mom

Mother and Dad took over the Danish Kitchen, a guest house mainly frequented by Scandinavian boarders.

The site consisted of two buildings each with three floors, connected by a walkway at the upper floors.

Besides a kitchen in the basement there was a room for my parents and for me and my sisters. Above there was the main kitchen with large dining and living room.



Mother and me

We had a black cat, Snowball, that I shared my magnesium with. When we moved to Verdun the cat found its way back, 8-10 miles.

Mother had a little black book in which she wrote people up, who owed her money for food and lodging. Every Friday I had to go around in Montreal and get a dollar here and a dollar there. Some hurried over to the other side of the street as soon as they saw me. It was in the 30s and people had no money, and some did dish washing for my mother just to get a meal.

As a rule, I had my own room, but at one point I shared it with a man, Schmidt, who did not have very much money. He later became vice president at Gurd's, a soft drink company. My sisters also had their own room most of the time.

I think that Pete helped Mother with money, but also we had a small garden, which we rented from the municipality. It supplied with vegetables.

Slice of warm rye bread.

Every Friday when Christoffersen the baker arrived to the neighborhood the boys were lined up for a slice of warm rye bread.

His bakery was in the city, but as he did not have a store, he drove to sell his products.

I did not have much to do with the Danes as an adult, actually tried to avoid partying with them because of the gossiping.

Moving day for all

Our family probably moved 8-10 times, each time to an apartment that was slightly better than the old one. In Montreal May 1st was moving day. Very inconvenient when we all needed to move the same day and in some cases it interfered with the school year. This rule was later abolished by law.

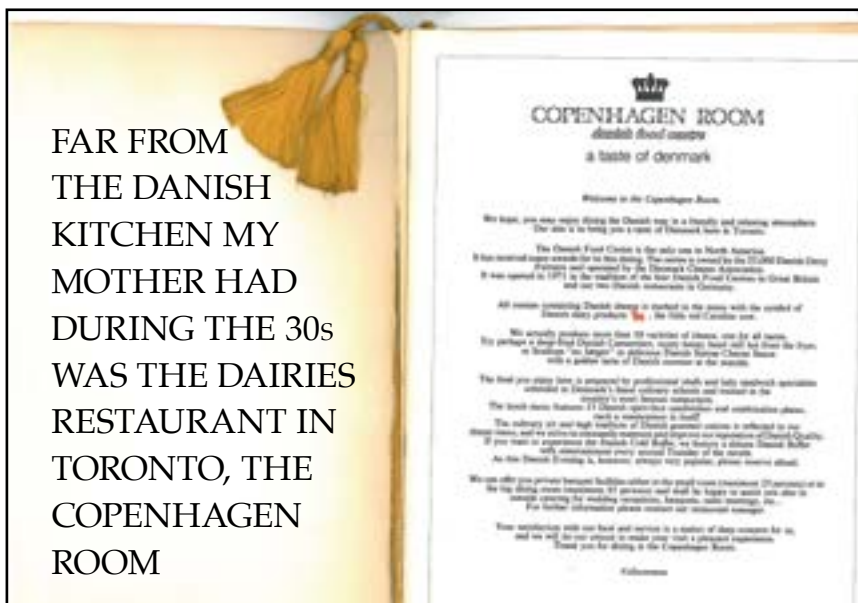
After the Danish Kitchen we moved to Verdun about eight kilometres away, but the rest of the school year I went to school in Westmount. I and another student who lived a few miles further away received money for bus fare, but sometimes we saved it by walking for to the movies.

We had to pass Atwater Market, where some of local boys threw tomatoes at us and wanted to fight. To avoid them we used one of the three bridges over the canal. One was a railway bridge that we only used once.

Danish food it's good



FAR FROM
THE DANISH
KITCHEN MY
MOTHER HAD
DURING THE 30s
WAS THE DAIRIES
RESTAURANT IN
TORONTO, THE
COPENHAGEN
ROOM



Ruth and Mary



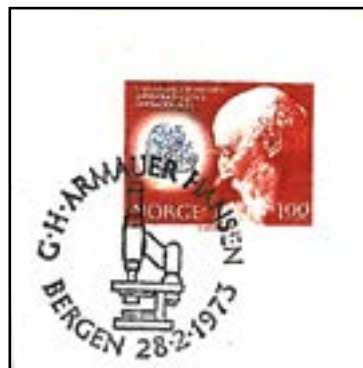
Ruth in nurse uniform

I was at sea when Ruth and Gerry were married 9th July 1949. Mom is in the background, and my sisters Mary and Esther's were bridesmaids.

Mary and Danny were married 31st august 1951. During the war Danny was fighter pilot, and Mary was at Kloves, when he flew low over the farm and rocked his wings. Klove was furious, because he thought it could affect the cows's milk.



McGill University, Anatomy and Histology



My first employment was preparing microscopic slides

for students and Dr. Selye as well as assisting

and the Stress related research work.



Medical Bldg was named after Sir Osler. Dr. Penfield was a frequent guest Histology Lecturer



Using a Microtome

Montreal Daily Star
MONTREAL, MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1950

Dr. Hans Selye Suggested for Nobel Prize

Dr. Morris Fishbein Stresses Montrealer's Basic Work on ACTH

By Fred Poland

A DISTINGUISHED Montreal scientist, Dr. Hans Selye, of the University of Montreal, has been suggested as likely to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine next year. Dr. Morris Fishbein, medical author and editor, said here today at a news conference.

CCLXVII. BLOOD SUGAR AND BLOOD CHLORIDE CHANGES IN THYROIDECTOMIZED RATS FOLLOWING EXPOSURE TO VARIOUS DAMAGING AGENTS

By HANS SELYE

From the Department of Anatomy, Histology and Embryology, McGill University, Montreal

(Received 13 July 1948)

PREVIOUSLY described experiments have shown that exposure of animals to non-specific damaging agents, such as toxic doses of drugs, surgical shock, excessive muscular exercise, cold etc., elicits a syndrome with characteristic

The author is greatly indebted to Messrs K. Nielsen, H. Torunski and C. Rasmussen for their excellent and untiring technical assistance which was of great value in completing these studies.



Photo of the Royal Couple on May 18th 1939 was taken with my Kodak Bullet from the laboratory window towards a University Street Fraternity

Some may remember it snowed and was cold early in May and there was much doubt regards snow removal and ice particularly near curbs.

Strictly from the Grey

Cells Memory recall a rugby game against Queen's think it was 8-0 Herbie Westmann having booted all points. We hear often about former NHL greats, but not McGill's team that

played 4 points games and still managed to have leagues leading scorer or watch Peacock rag-out Anton's penalties.

Work at McGill University after sixth class

I've always been lucky and got a job right away through someone I knew. Shortly after my confirmation in 1937 I quit school, and Kaj Nielsen, whom I knew from the Danish Kitchen, got me into at McGill University, where I worked the next three years for Dr. Hans Selye and his students. There was also Hans, who was Golden Globe boxer and displayed his muscles for the students at lectures.

Hans Selye was professor of histology, microscopic anatomy, and investigated stress. Selyes wife was also a medical student, and she was responsible for me starting night school.

I took a four-year CIM course among many others, while I was with J.P.Coats. The teachers said that we could be taught in half the time, because we went to school



Doctor Seyle with his microscope.

to learn. Had it not been for the war, I may have become a biochemist.

Kaj Nielsen's wife worked for Doctor Collin.

She operated on mice and to remove the pituitary gland it was necessary to drill through the bone at the throat.

Dr. Seyle was born in Hungary and could lecture in eight different languages. He was one of the first to research stress. I'm convinced

that stress took his life because tax authorities in Quebec were after him, he was not interested in tax and stuff.

While I worked there I cycled the 7 to 8 miles to and from Verdun to the university except when I had to be in school in the evening, I took the bus. Anne Olsen was a friend of my parents. She was a cook for a fine family near the university and often had meal there, remembering her lemon pies. I ate with her.

Hans and I also took care of the mice and other laboratory animals. The microscope was used to cut very thin slides of tissue imbed in wax from animals and humans. As many of the students wanted extra slides in excess to their allotment, they were good friends with me and gave me tickets to college sporting events.

The only thing I did not like was the 28 corpses Doctor Martin used for students each year. Some of the torsos were cut into 10 centimeter thick slices, for the students



At noon Hans Seyle went up on the roof of the institute top to get sun.

to study. I was only down in the mortuary once, saw red liquid being pumped into the veins of the corpse.

Our family doctor, Dr. Forest, a specialist in orthopaedic surgery was also employed at McGill. I did not mind helping him with skeletons and bones to be sorted. Cut limbs were placed in liquid until only the bones remained.

I also managed to cut myself on the microtome knife and still have the scar on wrist. Dr. Seyle looked at it and said, "It looks fine," taped it up with instruction to leave it on for a week. The knives sometimes needed to be sharpen and I took them to a workshop next to a stamp dealer. Doctor Seyle received many letters from all over the world, so it was a good place for someone with an interest in stamps.

In an article in Politiken Chris MacDonald said that people laughed at Dr. Seyle when he chased rats and mice that had gotten out of their cage. I have a hard time believing that.



Hans and I along with shoemakers son received free dancing lessons at Arthur Murrys at corner Guy and St. Cathrine when the dance school lacked boys.

During the war Hans's father was interned in a concentration camp in Canada because he was a member of a German club.

Blood donor



Before I went to sea, I was a blood donor at the Red Cross and is probably been tapped 20-25 times. My blood type is quite rare, and I was often called.

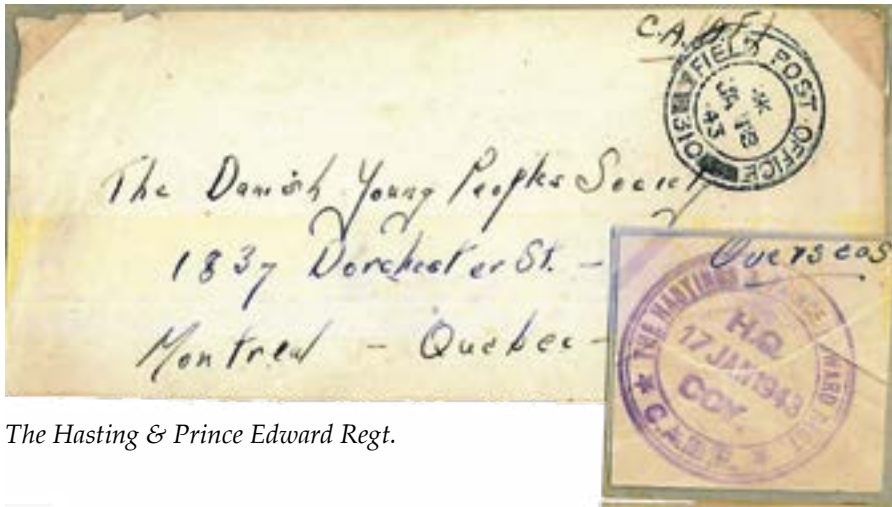


Confirmation

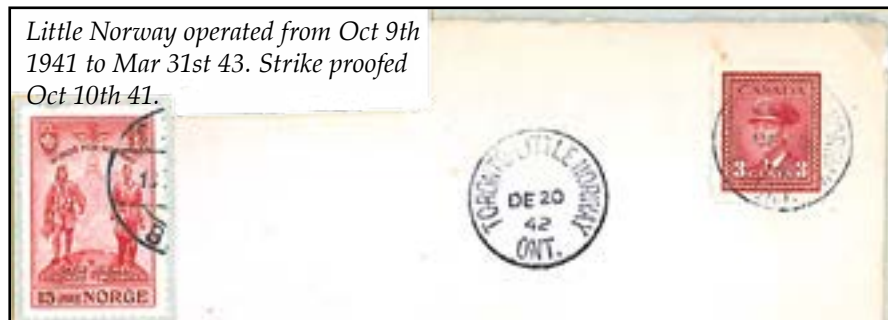


Three Danish lasses in Montreal: Gerda, me og Niels Klove.

Wartime reflections/D.Y.P.S. cont'd



The Hasting & Prince Edward Regt.



Little Norway operated from Oct 9th 1941 to Mar 31st 43. Strike proofed Oct 10th 41.



W.A.C. awaiting transport / 1943-44 solid band eastern port blackout.

Kloves Farm

The family Klove had a farm 25 mil outside Montreal. They were very open and took in many Danes among others 3-4 seamen aboard 'M.S.Europe', later bombed in Liverpool. The farm was also a goal for the church picnics. During the war there were not many opportunities for a holiday, my mate Ray at Dominion Engineering was invited out to the farm.

Mrs. Klove made junket that Ray had never tasted, so he took a mouthful in the belief that it was sweet. He flew out the door to the balcony without touching a single step.

Pete and Klove played mausel and the son Niels and I were the same age, so I spent a lot of time on the farm. This and other farms and the land was owned by



Photo taken at Kloves Farm. From left Ellen-Signe, who was godmother to Carla and married

to a farmer in Nova Scotia. Her father was a Danish priest in Montreal. Then Elinor, who

replaced Ellen Signe as organist in the church, me, Hilda and Ray.

CIL, which stored gunpowder in enclosed buildings in the area.

Niels had to mow and he managed to smuggle a can of gunpowder out. We would blow it up, but it had nearly cost Niels one hand. We had placed a can of powder and sprinkled gunpowder out on the grass, so it could act as a fuse. We ignited it, when it looked as if the fire had gone out and Niels went to investigate ...

In addition Niels had Klove two other boys, Jim (James) who were older and Alfred, who was younger.

Danish Young People

When Denmark was occupied 9th April 1940 was the EAC ship Europe at sea, it put passengers and crew in a dilemma. Should they be and possibly join the fight on the Allied side or would they try to get back to the homeland.

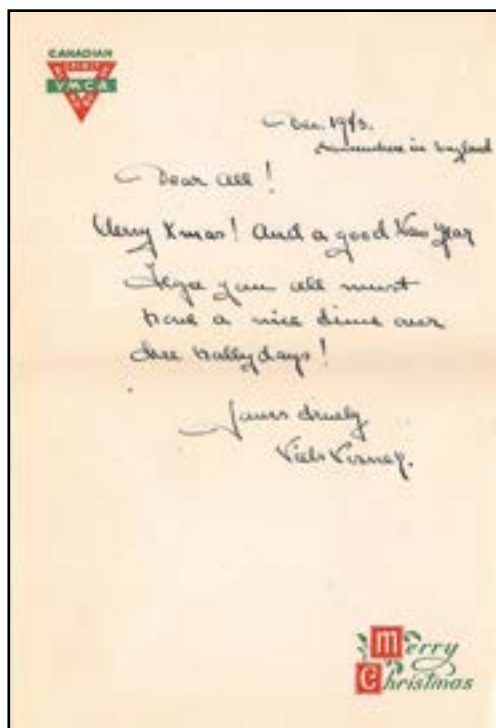
Two or three officers decided the last and came home to occupied Denmark via the neutral Portugal.

Many of the sailors was linked to Kloves Farm and the Danish Young People, an association in Montreal, where Ellen Signe and Elinor were secretaries and received letters from those who came on the farm.

Medals for siblings

Ellen Signe was librarian at the UN in Geneva. On the ship on the way home she met her future husband, a Scottish-Canadian farmer.

Both Ellen Signe and Hilda's brother, Joe, got medals of the Canadian government. She for her fight for women's rights. He because he was inspector rescued a man who had fainted below deck.



A Christmas greeting from Niels in 1943 to Danish Young People Society

Oscar Peterson

Ellinor went to school with several people who later became known. Actor Loren Green went in her class and the Montreal High School was also Oscar Peterson, who ended up as a world famous jazz pianist Oscar Peterson.

His mother was Ellinor play teacher.

Holck-Larsen in Bombay

Both in 1943 and '44, I was in Bombay in India where I met the Danish engineer Holck-Larsen and his wife.

The first time I was like always when we call a port summoned for interrogation because of my Danish passport. It was made by a Danish RAF officer, and he suggested that I went to a cafe, where Mrs Holck-Larsen was voluntary. "You have nothing to lose," he said.

I was invited to dinner with them at night, and the month the ship was in port, I was there, their chauffeur drove me around town when I had to act.

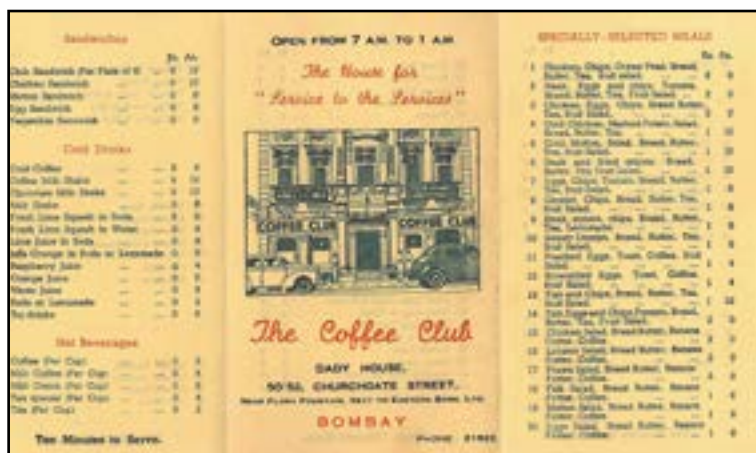
Karen Holck-Larsen was also there and she always bargain about price, often came further down than her original offer.

I bought a tablecloth, a small table and a slightly larger, which I sold again. The most expensive was a few elephants as bookends.

When the company was employing, for example a carpenter, he asked not only whether he was good with his hands, but if he could use his feet. It should he use to keep the tree when there was sawed.

In winter they went on a skiing holiday in the Himalayas. They asked if I wanted to, but it was quite impossible. They loved to play the horses, but did not think it was something for me.

Holck-Larsen offered me a job when I came back after the war, but his wife warned me. I could not live with a hierarchy and that everything was going according to rank.





We were three, who invited Caroline Ross to dinner. The second master is sitting next to her.

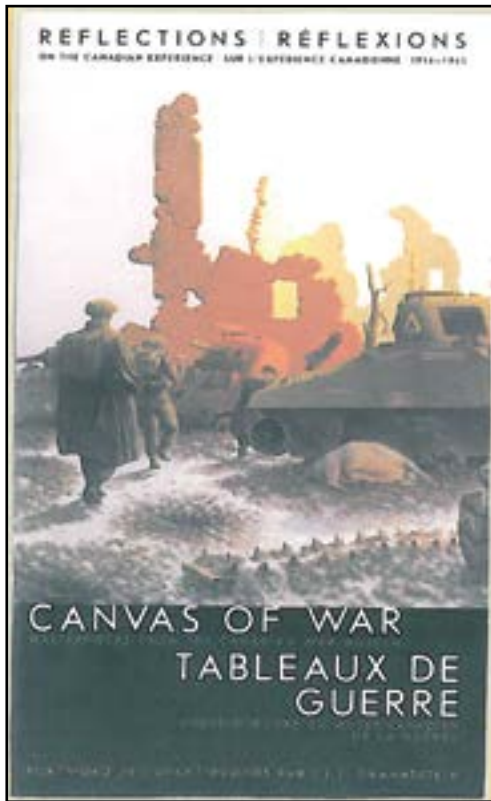
Diddy's bags

During the war we got socalled diddy's bags with sweaters and other things that kind people at home in Canada had made.

The crew of our ship would thank her who had sent diddy's bags to us by inviting her to dinner. I called her and waited to meet an older lady, but in reality, Caroline Ross was a young woman.

It turned out that she lived not far from Elinor.

War time reflections and memorials



March 02 visited my daughter in Fredericton NB and was invited to the Lord Beaverbrook Museum to see "Reflections/Canvas of War" a deep moving and sober experi-

ence. On entering hall their was a large portrait by John Buchan "Lord Tweedsmuir", bringing to mind the Park Steamship I had spent all my service aboard.

While late Governor-General could be tied to the 1991 Dr. Pensfield and Montreal Neurological Institute stamp to date have not seen a Tweedsmuir stamp nor cancel.



A Danish passport confused guards

During the war I sailed on a Canadian ship but I was still a Danish citizen, and had Danish passport when we docked in Algiers.

The cadet and I were with Cook's Tour around the Casbah, where we passed a barber salon with an unusual exhibition in the window, loose teeth to show that you could get them pulled out with him, he could also use his knife with its blades for blood -letting.

Casbah consisted of many fine houses, where the street door led to an open yard.

There were armed guards both in front and behind us, they allowed no military people from the warring countries to go out on their own in the Casbah, something the cadet Mac and I wanted to experience. We took the chance and showed my passport to the guards.

They did not know what to do as I was Danish. In the end they let us go into the Casbah there we could move around freely without anyone bothering us.

What Hank did not write

Hank, the radio operator, whose name was Henry Hamor Gardner wrote after the war a book "East of Suez" about our experiences on S.S. Tweedsmuir Park. He sat by his radio and got information on enemy aircraft and submarines which he passed on to the Captain, we never got any news.

A convoy could consist of up to 70 vessels or so accompanied by three or four warships and corvettes. As the convoy came forward individual ships reached their destination.

On the way from Norfolk across the North Atlantic to the Mediterranean, two

days from Gibraltar we left the convoy and were alone convoy straggler for a few days to repair one of the boilers. This Hank also does not mention a single word of in his book when we were under repair for to leaky boiler tubes.

It would have taken at least a day to cool boiler down, and as we could not wait, we placed wet sacks on the hot furnace floor and used a steel brush to clean the tubes.

We had two layers work clothing on and protective head gear. We could not take any more than 20 seconds in this heat. The 3rd Engineer should have had a medal, because he could handle heat for almost a full minute, it was also very risky because he had to expand tubes and as boiler was not emptied there was danger of being sprayed with boiling water.

Everything and everyone should be completely quiet, so the German submarines would not be able to detect to us. Not so much as a rubber mallet could be used.

Fortunately everything went well, and our Captain being Vice Commander of the convoy, he knew route to be taken.

While off duty it was common to go down to the engine room just for the company. The stoker is responsibility for firing the boiler and the trimmer the supply of coal and ash removal.

One of them was from Newfoundland, and at one point during the war, we were on alert in the Mediterranean, he suddenly left his post: In case the ship went down he want to save his chocolate.

The Chief Engineer saw him crawling nearly on all four on the deck towards the stern. Where he was going? Yes, he had a plate of chocolate, which he would save. It should not be lost when the ship went down.

Smell of burning airplane

The British had airships strait of Gibraltar, which was so shallow that enemy submarines could not dive far enough down as to keep hidden.

In the Indian Ocean, said an officer from the Navy that if a plane came toward us with the sun in the back, should not we wait and see who it was. We should shoot first and asking questions later. When we were in the convoy happened that German reconnaissance planes came over us. One of them was shot down, I could long after feel the smell of the burning airplane.

As a junior engineer, I had my cabin beside the donkey's. Just outside my door stood a gun similar to the one on the other side of the ship. Will there were a four pounder cannon and a battery with 24 rockets. These were first officer responsible for.

Were called me in the engine room, were some of stokers immediately: What's happening, what's happening. I said for fun one day: "The captain believes certain that I do not make enough smoke."



The front of the letter from the Chief is opened by the censors during the war. The back is not!



German Visa

In dry-dock in Amsterdam for check of wear of propeller shaft that turned out to have reached its limits, it meant at least couple weeks in dock, hence I decided to take train trip for few days in Denmark February 9th to 12th 1952. This required a German visa that I obtained in Den Haag. Mary went along.

The train trip was really something, in our compartment were two young Danish nurses that had worked in Italy and a older couple think Jewish and myself, very tired with a hangover.

Before German border the couple was busy hiding money in seams of overcoats, which the nurses made shy remarks of that turned me off.

The Customs Officer spoke English to me and the nurses figured I was American but their English wasn't much good and so continued their love experiences in Danish. When we reached the Danish border the Official on checking my pass spoke Danish to me and I had two very embarrassed nurses. On ferry I paid for the meals. Don't think I ever forget the demolition in Hamburg, at least London had cleared the rubble, and also the height of structure for train to cross the Kiel Canal.

I did try locating Kate but no luck.





Professor Foster J. K. Griezic argued in 1996 that also sailors in the merchant should be considered as war veterans.



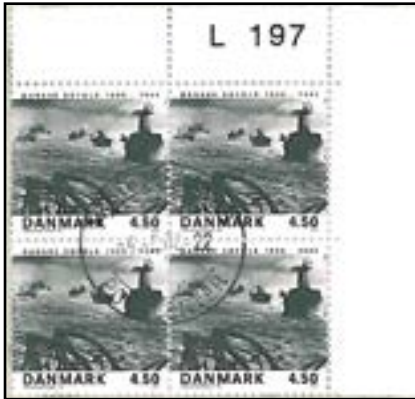
My stepfather always said that the medals for action in the merchant navy in the North Atlantic would look good on my pajamas.

Veteran after 50 years

The government would not recognize us in the merchant navy as veterans, although we exposed us to danger by transporting its soldiers and their war. This meant that we as veterans had the right to education, when we returned home.

First, with more than 50 years ago we got an apology and a financial appreciation.

Maritime Memories



After bunkering in Norfolk in Nov / 43 aboard the S/S Tweedsmuir Park we became a convoy straggler due to boiler trouble for a few days crossing N. Atlantic towards Gib. and Suez Canal our Capt J.L. Robinson OBE was convoys vice commodore.

The problem was leak tubes with only the boiler pressure relieved we entered furnace despite extra heavy clothing and being punished in on a plank we could stay 30 seconds or slightly longer.

To maintain convoy position at night one followed a towed marker (like a shipping pallet).



Reduced copy of Shore Pass and stamp showing canal route.





There are three Bocas and while on the bauxite shuttle run Mackenzie British Guiana/Chagamus Trinidad it was our skippers practice to use shortcut through a narrow Boca despite it was against both the Companys and Lloyds regulations.

We had a very relaxed atmosphere aboard and when we had engine room problems we called the bridge and could stop for repairs.

On one departure from Chag. had trouble with boiler feed pumps, so called bridge to request a stop, all I heard was "Boca" needless to say

desperate measures were needed and with help Neptunes waters cleared the Boca and later good dose of soda. Chief was annoyed not being informed and demanded Lloyds examine the boilers at Georgetown B.G. and every thing was found in good order.



Twice it's been necessary to seek Bermuda due to fuel shortage.

Once as result of weather after leaving Lisbon but most hair-raising was my last voyage aboard Sunwalt on route to Caribbean we found tanks

almost empty and about days steaming south of island.

Having favorable current we shutdown engines and drifted and only started up when pilot came aboard. Instead of normal single fireman

had 10 of crew cleaning burner tips due dirty settling tanks bottoms.

Engine-crew were encouraged going below seeing everyone on bridge wearing lifejackets!!!



The times I've spent Christmas at sea outside of a special dinner and a glass of wine they were much like any other, but one always comes to mind. At breakfast Christmas Eve the Norwegian skipper and I were reflecting on

Scandinavian traditions, he said he would arrange for the Eve's food and myself a tree.

The word spread, before long had made tree of a broom stick and dowels painted green, cigarette packs emptied for

its silver paper and off-on illumination via flashlight bulbs actuated by hack-saw blade and the ships slight Caribbean roll.

A citizen of a half-truth

On 6 June 1947 I became a Canadian citizen. It took place while I was home on leave and I went to a judge who felt that it was more of a Canadian than a British issue, if I could be in court that afternoon with a witness.

On the way to a phone, I met Steward B., who said that he would like to. When the judge asked how long he had known me, he replied about 25 years, what I thought was a fat lie, "but we had been on church picnic in the 30's."

It was also true that Steward was one of the many I met several times through life. As children we lived opposite each other, and we were both with a trip to church. He was also the uncle of the personnel manager at Dom. Eng'r, and we met at the end of World War II on Princess Street in Edinburgh while he was waiting to sail home.



Wentthworth Park alias Sundial.

Play board and tranquil harbour

I've never been afraid to be in port, there's never happened to me something that, even in places that could be dangerous. Once in New York ended mate Clyde and I in a gay bar, but luckily we were together, so we were allowed to go in peace.

Engineer on my first trip playing chess and invited me to a party, so there was not much time working. He lost his queen, he did not bother anymore.

One of my captains and I played cribbage, a board game. Whoever lost would invite the other to dinner and a hockey game or equivalent. On board we played at the dinner table, and the cloth was pushed aside as soon as we had finished eating. As a second engineer was my shift from four afternoon to eight in the evening, the rest of the time we played.

In a bar in Jamaica we met Laurence Tibbett, the singer who had a hit with the song on The Road to Mandalay. He gave the captain tickets so we could get to his concert in the evening, where Berl Ives played the piano.



Sailor on Sunwalt in the storm in 1952.

Heavy drinking engineer at Bermuda

Twice I have been to Bermuda by ship. The first time we sailed from Lisbon across the Atlantic and was running out of oil.

I had just become engaged to Elinor and she visited me and the captain allowed her to sail with the few days it took from Port Alfred to Nova Scotia, where we were loading. We only had one cabin for passengers, so she had to share it with the cook's wife.

The passengers were dropped off, and we continued south with a very unhappy engineer who had been denied his request to disembark and go on leave at home in England. He took a heavy drinking binge two or three days and completely forgot his responsibility.

On the way to Florida, we were passed by Bermuda, and I had a feeling that we had not much oil left, we could hardly pump it up, and I got Donkey to measure the amount – there was almost nothing. I went to the bridge to ask Captain Hill, what we should do. It was impossible to reach Florida, so we turned around and tried to sail back to Bermuda. I pumped the last oil from the tank and pre-heated it. We stopped the engines and go with the flow in the evening and the morning were the pilot on board.

It was very serious (especially the captain, who had haemorrhoids and constantly moved). First mate did not think we could do it because there are many reefs, so he wanted us to get help from a tug. The captain said, »To hell with it.«

It was so serious that they went around with life jackets on the bridge, but we had no in the engine. I had three men to take turns helping stoker. It was winter and maybe the cold has set the meters out of power. The engineer should have checked whether there was enough oil in, but he was drunk.

When the engineer was drunk, he got delirium, and then it was my job to sweep the little men out of his cabin.

He was also a diver and in Alexandria he was down at a sunken ship to investigate whether the tanks were closed, so the ship could be raised through the blown air into them. One evening a drunk engineer was driven home by the Navy on a wheelbarrow. The captain and the engineer were fired as soon as we reached Santiago de Cuba and we got Captain Jemann board. Him I had sailed with several times.

In Alexandria I saw something I had never seen before: A French passenger ship with square chimney. Chimneys tend to be round, they could also be hexagonal but square! It was too weird.

In stormy weather with broken rudder

On my last trip before I got married in 1952 and went ashore, I was with Sunwalt towards Liverpool and further along the canal to Ellesmere Port of goods for paper production, when we came into the same storm as The Flying Enterprise.



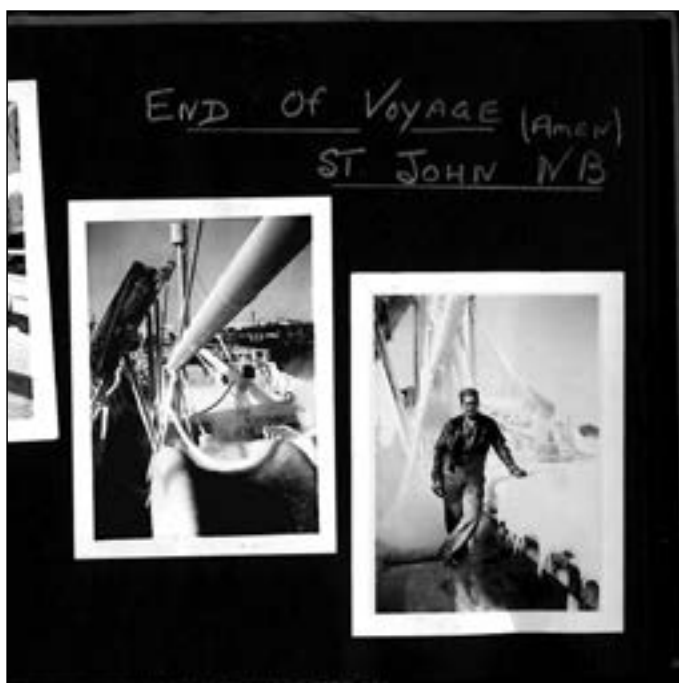
*When we were sailing, I had a beard.
Immediately we port of call, it came off.*

During the storm we had problems with the rudder, so we found it difficult to navigate. In three days spent second engineer most of the time on the bridge and I at the steering gear aft. We spent three days and three tugs to get to Liverpool. It was an English ship, so we had to disembark and re-embark, when we came to England. A specialist from Scotland was called, and it turned out that the last time the ship was in dry dock in the States, someone had filled oil in the system instead of a mixture of glycerine and water. This meant that the seals brittle and hoses were leaking.

On Sunwalt we agreed that Captain Carlsen was crazy, since he would be at The Flying Enterprise until it either was towed to port or sank. How could he think that he one man could take against the hawsers from the lifeboat Dancy. Mate here climbed over to help, and in my eyes he is the only hero. On 10th January 1952 jumped Captain Carlsen in the sea and The Flying Enterprise sank to the bottom of the Atlantic.

When sailing in the North Atlantic, there is a risk that the ship is covered by ice as here at St. John. Before the war the ships were put electrical wires along the hull to fool the magnetic mines.





When sailing in the North Atlantic, there is a risk that the ship is covered by ice as here at St. John.



Before the war the ships were electrical wires along the hull to fool the magnetic mines. Third engineer was not quite normal. He was sprayed with water and then he took hold of power cables, he moistened his fingers and stuck them in to see if the plugs were blown.

Maritime Recalls



A bridge now replaces the M/V "Abegweit" that had been the worlds largest diesel-electric ice-breaking railway car ferry. The eight 1500-hp engines were Dominion-Sulzers and were the three 500 hp engines for auxiliary power.

For a short period after WW2 I worked as a fitter on her propellers of which she had four, the two forward were intended mainly for ice-breaking.

Later visited her when she was in Vickers for refit.



In my books Fiddle-heads, Oysters and Lobsters etc. shouldn't be associated with only two Maritime Provinces.

Prior late 50s collected Plate Blocks, purchasing them when possible at local post offices, stopping at small village offices en route to inspections one built up a repertoire with the post masters /mistresses on occasion even being invited to coffee.

If lucky to acquire higher value blocks, the denim budget eliminated restaurant meals necessitating to trip to at near-by shore for at bucket of oysters, a lobster or warm fish-sticks.

Shortly after seeing an exhibit of blocks at Olympic Veladome decided to convert my holding to a pension fund.

A half Fisherman Block not sold has since ended in a Large Gold Medal Exhibit.



Attended Southhamton's University College Marine School 1948/49 and returned home on aboard the M/S Jutlandia from Copenhagen, passage had been booked on Batory but she had grounded.

The Postal Stationary below is for forwarding mail to Shipping Firms vessels in foreign ports, all the enclosed letters must therefore have overseas postage applied and

envelope delivered open at post, hence 000 meter.

On Sunday July 16th my wife arrived in Montreal aboard the M/S Batory.

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21

Diana in Ghent

Canadian soldiers in Europe took a couple of times a year on holiday in Ghent in Belgium. While we unloaded there I met Diana van Acker. Her family had a small inn at little distance outside the city, and they took nicely to me. Her father and brothers played chess, so we got many games.



Diana and her sister.

Anita in Lisbon

In Lisbon I would buy a square lamp in gold and watches to my stepfather, it was just after the war and at that time, I had a lot of money. Mate, Clyde and I went out of town, and we had drunk a lot when he disappeared around midnight. I began to look for him at various bars.

I sat on a bar stool, when the woman next to me 'accidentally' dropped a glove



Timy Adrians

on the floor. Without raising my chair, I picked it up. She was so impressed that I had to do it several times. She said she knew many cafes and bars in the city and offered to help look for Clyde. We did



not find him, but at six in the morning, I woke up in bed at home in her bedroom. My first thought was: My Money! What about my money, where are they? But no one had touched them. The two friends, she shared apartment, dying of laughter because I was fed with bananas.

Anita was employed in the financial sector, her brother was barber that could use a razor, and her father was sent to Mozambique for the Portuguese government. We came together the two or three days it took to unload in Lisbon. It was after the war, and I later visited her once.

Timy, Mrs. Holck-Larsen and Miss Denmark

The ship was repaired and we were in a time of Antwerp, which I called Timy, whom I knew from Rotterdam. She came not only to see me but also because she is a singer and had to apply for a job in Belgium, so I went there and spent three weeks in the city. When I went in the morning from the hotel down to the ship to fix something, I met Mrs. Holck-Larsen at the front desk, where she waited to get her jewelery extradited from safety box. I just had to hand in my key.

It was in 1952 and I was a bit disconcerted, for during the war, I had met her and her husband several times in India. And when I one hour later fetched Timy and we went out to eat, I met Mrs. Holck-Larsen again at the restaurant with a business relationship.

Timy was a Spanish dancer and in the evening I had to see her perform and sat on the balcony with Mary when she with a safe movement threw her hat up to us. In the nightclub where she performed, the writer and filmmaker Orson Welles evaluate various drinks. I danced not only with Timy and Mary but at 11 also with this year's Miss Denmark.

With regard to girls and women, I have always told myself that I would not go out with someone I did not feel I could present to my mother.

In Amsterdam we were with a salesman from Paris, Jean, who had a car. In this we drove out and got a nice fish dish and Volendam, which has a population that has been affected by inbreeding.



Mary van der Lem

The girl on Jutlandia

While I was in school in England, I took the boat from Denmark to Harwich, and I met Inger Holm-Jørgensen, and I hardly could find her in my little black book, but it was a double name. We saw each other a few times in London, went to the theater and things like that. It was just after that Kate said no to me, and she was nanny just like Kate. She also wrote to me in Montreal.

Another woman, Birthe Grove and I were both passengers on the Danish ship



Maria fra Spanien og Jean from Paris



Jutlandia that sailed to England, and the first night on the ship, I was sick with a high fever. Ship's doctor could not figure out what it is and suggested a one person cabin.

Afterwards I found out that it was due to the injections, I got the day before because I was going to the United States. Jutlandia was during the Korean War turned into a hospital ship, my stepfather's sister was a nurse.

Salami Smuggler

With the Jutlandia I had a small suitcase and my carpetbag, and the bottom of it remained salami that I had with the Mother.

The customs officer wanted to see what I had, but said stop before we got

down to the sausage, which guarantee was confiscated.

Kate was about to cry when the airport took the ham, when she returned to Canada after a visit to Denmark. The ban on bringing in food, has shown to do with the risk of spread of infection. But why Jytte not had to take his riding boots with in Canada I do not understand.

Sailor Stories

During the war we sailed with five engineers instead of the normal four, so it was not my cabin next to the other officers, but on the deck with boatSwain, carpenter and donkey. The last two shared cabin.

They told many true sailor stories, and I learned a lot from the three, even though I was among the officers and had to eat with them and use the toilet at the chief engineer.

They showed me that one could smuggle by removing the canvas and place the cigarette packets between the planks, without anyone noticing that they were twice as thick seams on the canvas again and give it all a coat of paint.

If we had something in the cabin it was always obvious, so customs officers could easily find it. Otherwise it cost extra. I do not understand why The captain did not discover anything.

Captain Robertson was a strict master, so as we approached Suez and mate Webster from South Africa came into the mess in shirt sleeves, he was sent out again, because he was not properly dressed.

Rum in port and cigarettes in the boiler

The boxes of rum and cigarettes, we had smuggled in from Georgetown in British Guinea, should be allocated in Port Alfred, but due to ice, we had to dock in Quebec with Wellington Park.

It was all organized by the boatman, and we could buy shares of 'cargo', I had two boxes. A bottle cost 65 cents in purchasing and could bring three to four dollars.

It was just before Christmas, and some were greedy and thought they could earn extra by selling goods there.

Cardboard boxes with rum stood on top of the tanks with hot oil in the engine. That plus the heat as we also sailed in the tropics, got plugs to smoke the bottles, so we almost walked around in a perpetual intoxication.

In Quebec were boxes led up through ventilation on deck and placed on planks that were laid out between the railing and the quay.

But for some reason, the local taxi drivers were mad at us because they phoned to customs officials. Before they came on board were boxes of rum was dumped in the harbour, while the engine we were in a hurry to get 30,000 cigarettes into the boiler, where they burned up.

The next day was all man called up on deck, where the police wanted to know what we knew about the smuggling, but unfortunately none was not able to help.

I've always done a lot to save energy, and on the route from Lisbon to the States I closed down one of the two boilers to make it clean. It was risky, but we did not so heavy.

The captain and master received a bonus if we saved fuel, while I did not get much out of it.



SS Wentworth Park November 1945.

Barber on board

After the war, I had a stint with cutting the other crew members at Wentworth Park, you can not call it a business, because there was usually only a few days between my haircut and opportunity to get a real ashore. The payment was a pack of cigarettes and two extra if I had to sweep the hair up. Here is the second mate. He joined the Free French during the war and ended up as a German prisoner of war on the west coast of Africa.

He was not very social, but was always doing something with his hands, so he gave the walls in his cabin a new round of paint. He later became inspector in the large prison in St. Vincent.

Second engineer wanted me to shave him. The first time I touched his cheek with the knife, I cut him, and I would not continue.

Brooms shaft with its decorations ...

When sailing, you become aware of the varied traditions and habits, different nationalities have when it comes to celebrating Christmas.

There I spoke with Captain Pedersen at Wentworth Park on the morning of 24th December. He said that if I could get a Christmas tree for the evening, he would provide food and drink.

The Christmas tree was not a pine with green twigs, but a broomstick, where we drilled flower sticks in the branches. The sailors took the silver paper from cigarette packs and used it as Christmas tree ornaments, and the third champion had a battery with associated light bulbs that were put on instead of candles.

For me, it was the only Christmas I have experienced on board. Otherwise, the holy night only had been marked with a mug of beer or a glass of wine.

Captain Robertson was a strict master, so as we approached Suez and mate Webster from South Africa came into the show in shirt sleeves, he was sent out again, because he was not properly dressed.

He returned, still in shirtsleeves but now with insignias on the shoulder. We were, after all, allowed to set the white coating on the cap.

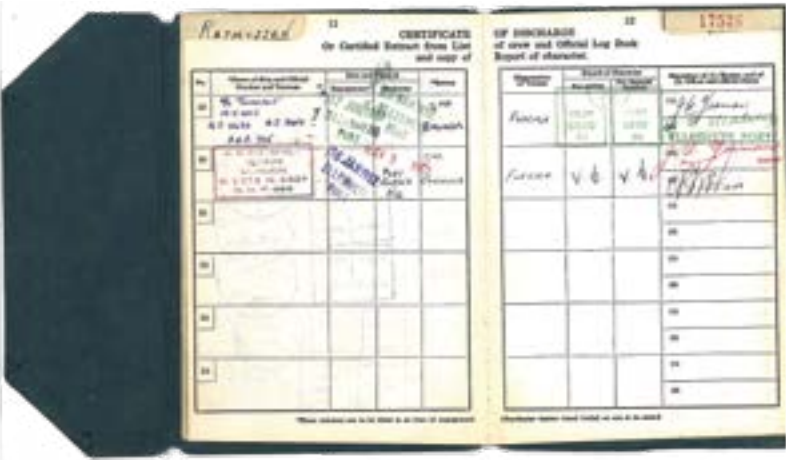
The temptations were great as we sailed through the Suez Canal. It was New Year and all the time put small boats close to us, while local trying to sell stuff to us, especially alcohol.

The captain promised the crew had to get early free next day if no one drank on the trip through the canal.

We drank something called Rohn mixed with lemon and water. It tasted like iodine and was so strong that Donkey's dentures were completely flat and did not fit anymore, and he could almost pill teeth out of it.

78

CARLO RASMUSSEN: REFLECTIONS IN WORDS, PICS AND STAMPS



Alexandria Egypt



French Gov'r and Co des Messageries, Australian "T" Line paquebot No 1 – back stamped Hamburg 3.1. 93.

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A trip to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

A beer dog

The ship's dog Chauker had a dog's life on board, it slept not far from my cabin. The Chief Engineer and Chauker did not like one another, when the dog had the opportunity he urinated on his carpet.

The dog had come aboard in Alexandria. When the crew went ashore, Chauker followed as it was very fond of beer.

In Montreal as I was signing off. I stayed aboard, while the crew and the dog went to the nearest tavern.

A few days after I came out of my front door on Hutchison Street only to see on the other side of the street a lady with Chauker, it went completely crazy when it saw me. She had picked it up in the neighbourhood that was least 10 miles from the ship and had even bought a collar for it. She was very embarrassed when she realized that it was my dog, I even got the new collar. I took it on board the ship that was bound to England, while think Chauker may have been better if it had stayed with the lady.



Swedish Regal Man-of-War "Wasa"

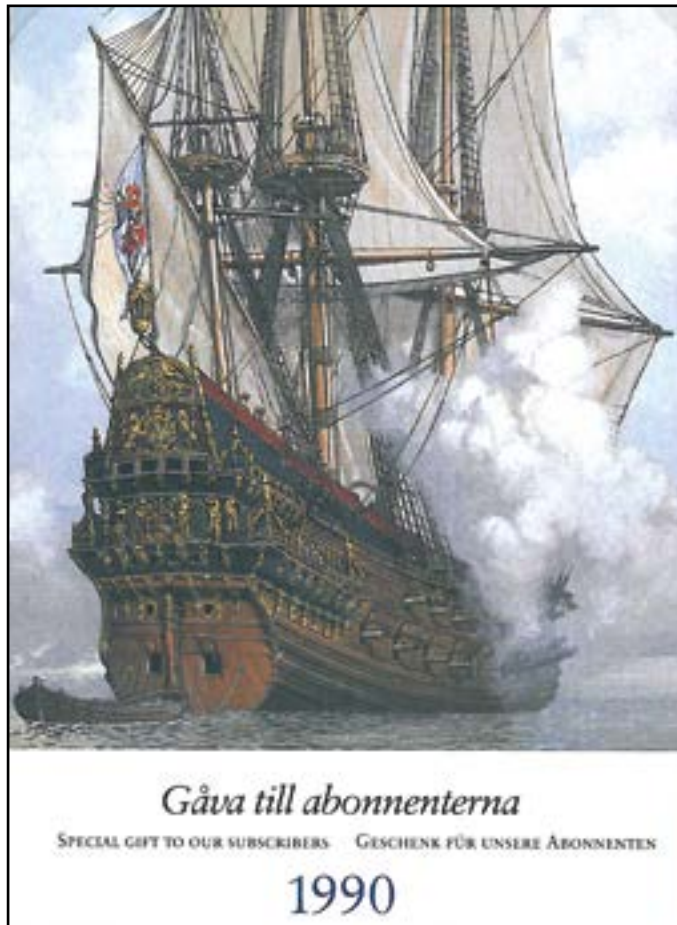


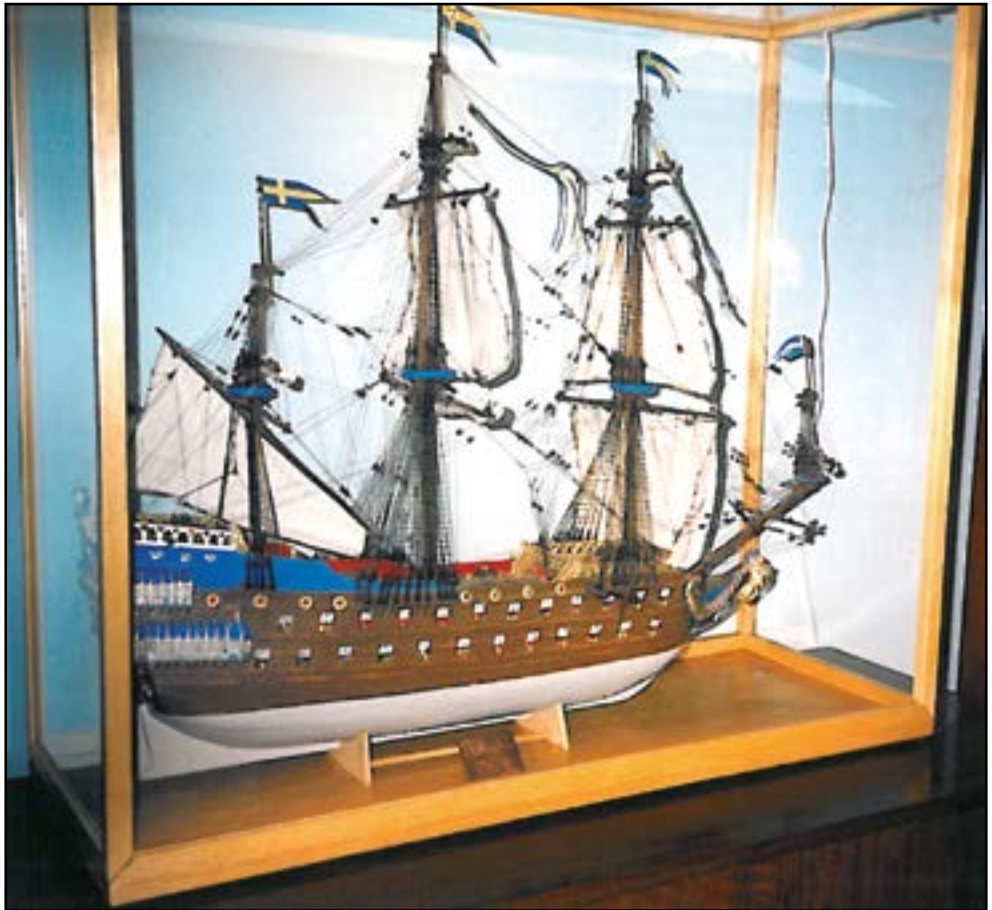
As the Scandinavian Society's president was invited on a SAS Inaugural Flight Copenhagen-Stockholm of a new aircraft type Feb/64. Spent most of the time at the Wasa that had recently

been raised after some 300 years in bottom of the harbor.

Following year on J&P Coats training course in Scotland obtained the ship drawings and built models hull. The rigging

took 30 years to complete based on Dutch ships of the era, the 200 miniature figures and other ornaments however may be a born her.





30 years to make a model from 30 years of war

The Swedish King Gustav Adolf had built Wasa in 1728. But this ocean pride was sunk on its maiden voyage and first raised again and restored in 1961.

Wasa was to be entered into 30 year war, and it took me almost 30 years to make this model, where Kate has sewn sails out from the Dutch drawings.

The rigging is made of thread from Coats and could initially be used for hoisting the sails, but they have now been glued.





In England boat where I met Kate for the first time.

Scandinavian festivals

I was chairman of the Scandinavian Club in Montreal, where the board also consisted of Norwegian; Swedish and Icelandic ladies. The club held many festive formal affairs with around 100 participants of the 160-70 members. Oddly enough, I have no photos of any of the parties.

We would send out invitations to the Nordic countries' consulates. I always had something to talk about with the Danish consul because his summer cottage was neighbor with the director of J&P Coats.

The director at one time wanted to build a new house, and I recommended him to use Ejner Lauritsen, who came to Canada on the same ship as my mother and us children.



In Copenhagen came Kate and I very much in Lorry and Wonderbar. When they closed at one o'clock, we went somewhere else.

Waited 18 years for her yes

In 1946, I had returned from school in Southampton to celebrate Christmas and New Year with my uncle in Denmark. On the ship from Harwich to Esbjerg I met Kate, who was on her way home to Denmark after having been nanny in England.

I liked her because of her attention to a boy who was on the train when we Christmas Eve were on our way to Copenhagen. Christmas holidays we saw a lot of each other in Lauritz Betjent, a pub. I think Kate was a regular customer there. I remember that there was a tree in the middle of the room.

At Easter and school was finished I had a few days in Copenhagen, and just before I had to travel back to Canada I proposed marriage. But she refused, she said no, she would not leave her mother. The mother was also in the apartment



when I proposed marriage. She stood in the kitchen and heard that Kate would not marry.

But eventually I got her yes anyway. It happened 18 years later, when I in February 1964 as president of the Scandinavian Club of Canada by SAS got a trip to Stockholm, and otherwise spent most of the time at Wasa.

I was also in Copenhagen, where I lived in Astoria right next to the main train station and got hold of a Danish phone. There was only one Kate Brædstrup, her I called.

"Have you forgotten your English," I asked.

It turned out that she was divorced and had a daughter, Jytte, who was about 10 years old at the time. We agreed to meet in Victor's Kælder, one of the few places I knew in Copenhagen. Victor's Kælder (Basement) has many memories for

me. It lay at the Lakes, not far from where my grandmother lived, and I remember as a boy, we walked from Østerport down to her, past the barrels, which stood outside Victor's Kælder.

Kate rushed to withdraw almost all her savings to buy a new dress for us to meet.

At that time, she worked as a mortgage bailiff in Frederiksberg, and sometimes she had to work home, and I thought he could help with some of the figures. Kate played chess, and sometimes we sat up till long after midnight, she would win a lot. I also played distance chess via letter with her brother, who lived in Stockholm.

Finally married

On 11th February 1967 we were married in Montreal. The Danish minister of that would not marry us because we were divorced, but just outside of town, we found one who would. In the evening, Kate was sick and my sister Ruth, who is a nurse, sent for a doctor who sent her to the hospital. It was our wedding night.

We were away on vacation almost every year, it was Kate who saved up to our travels that like took place off-season, because I as factory inspector often had to work when businesses were closed.

I promised Kate that when I retired, we would return to Denmark, so we sold our lovely house with swimming pool and moved into apartment in Ottawa. I retired in 1985 and in '87 we traveled to Denmark. It was just after the austerity measures, so the price of one U.S. dollar was down to four dollars.

We were looking for a place to stay in Store-Heddinge on Stevns, but ended up with a three-room apartment on the second floor of Terrasse Haven 23 in

Næstved. There we lived for 20 years and then we moved into the ground floor of number 27.

Kate was a passionate photographer who even developed her pictures in St. Bruno. As a trained milliner, she was skilled at sewing, and it was important that there was order in everything, when she had an exhibition of hats in Sankt Jørgen Park.

She was out for a couple of accidents. One year we were in Copenhagen and on the way home, her hand stuck in the train door, so she had to be

hospitalized. It happened also, when she tripped and fell in Jernbanegade here in Næstved.

Kate was slowly dementia and eventually she came on Birkebo nursing home and I moved in here on Tommerupvej to be near her. She considered Birkebo as a prison for suddenly forgetting it again. Despite her dementia I might want to sit and laugh together and reminisce.

10th February 2011, the day before our 44th wedding anniversary, she died. We had known each other for 60 years or more. I miss her to keep me in my ears.



Kate a summer in Cornwall with her English family.



92 Prase.

Swimmingpool after strike

In 1972 we bought a new house in St. Bruno, a suburb of Montreal. Later there was a big strike at J&P Coats. It lasted a few weeks in the winter, but someone had to take care of the boilers. I did this with the President of the boiler house, and it gave a great bonus that paid the swimming pool. During the strike I experienced two fires, someone had thrown fire bombs into the dressing room and at the other end of the factory.

New wine in old bananas

10 old bananas, two with skin, boiled represented the body of the wine, Kate and I were doing. Dandelion leaves, elderberry or parsley was added and vermouth essence. We also produced sherry. Before St. Bruno we always had 8-10 large bottles of wine in the bedroom. The neighbor often came to taste.



Our house in winter and
summer home in Montreal.

Canadian Autumn by a lake
50 miles north of the city.





New years eve 1983 in Montreal.



Silver Anniversary 11th Februar 1992.



Christmas 1994.

Carla and Tracy

Carla was born on 31st January 1953 and started the first grade at the Protestant school where my childhood friend Ross was superintendent, but we wanted her to be better at French, so after a year we moved her into the Catholic school



She was not happy, and we had to promise her that from September to Christmas should be a probationary period. The first few months were hard, but then she was happy to be with the nuns, and especially one took care of her.

One day Carla home and told that the school had told on conception. It could



Me and Carla, Tracy and her father, when they got married in 2002.



not be. She had confused it with confession.

Carla was with the nuns until she began in an English high school and she went to university and studied French and English, as she teaches in. She has always travelled a lot, every year in Cuba and has been in China, where she helped a Chinese wealthy to create a school.

For a while after we got divorced, she and I do not much contact with each other, but it has been improved in recent years, and I have visited her in Fredericton.

Carla lives with Tracy, who brought four children into the relationship.

African Dreams

When Kate's daughter, Jytte, finished school, she got work in a company in Canada, and when she went to Denmark, she was a stewardess with SAS. Now she is travel consultant at African Adventure and African Dreams. She is married to Finn Mejnertsen, a partner with the Attorney General.

They have two daughters, Maria was a year in the Danish consulate in Kenya, Julia in the same way in Japan. Maria is nearing completion at university, while Julie graduated in Mexico, where she studied to become better at Spanish. Now she lives in Stockholm, where she has a position with Philip Morris.

It turned out that Jytte was indirectly related to the workhouse, they lay next to my grandparents' farm in Råby. Her husband had an aunt whose family had been managers of it.



Mother's sister Johanne visited us in Montreal in 1983, the year after the great world exhibition, and there was still active bars and taverns. Johanne spoke neither English nor French, but still ended up dancing on the tables. Here she is with Mary and Jytte.



*Kate in the Terasse-
haven and in nursing
homes along with Jytte.*





With its 533.3 meters is the CN Tower in Toronto one of the world's tallest freestanding structures.

Once was the director of

Coats and sales manager, Smith, up to eat in the revolving restaurant at the top, but Smith had forgotten to reserve table.

He called the waiter and said

that there might be a misunderstanding, because it had Doctor Rasmussen (me) done long ago.

Bottle mail

4000 miles via Gulf Stream and N. Atlantic drift



Tossed overboard (w/card) from S/S Nanaimo County (ex-fort Yukon) enroute Baltimore/Antwerp approx 50° W - 43° N July 18th 1948



11	S/S Nanaimo County 1496/6 H.P. 2500	Philadelphia PA. 9-5-48	2ND- Eng.
12	S.S. SUNWALKER 165495	11-9-49 N.Y. PR. 4/4-49	3RD ENG.
	149221 3404		

Benbecula Outer Hebrides, Scotland

The only bottle message I've received an answer to, is this one I threw in the Atlantic after leaving Baltimore in the summer and reached the Outer Hebrides in north of Scotland at Christmas five to six months later. Had it not washed ashore here, the currents may have taken to Norway.

It is the only one of the bottled items I sent that has given an answer. Perhaps it was found, because this time I instead of a stopper, I sealed the bottle with a piece of a broomstick.

I put 10 cents in postage for answer along with my address, but nothing about where I had thrown the bottle out. This should make the finder curious, he also wrote to me.

I only heard from the finder one time and I probably should have visited the finder when I in 1965 was in Glasgow on course at J & P Coats, but never did.

Dom.Eng'r. Work Lachine



With the outbreak of WW2 obtained work at Domini- ons Eng'r Works as an apprentice that at the time build marine engines for our merchant and wars- hips & sound detection equipment, paper machi- nes etc. Despite National Selective Regulations a number of our little click of apprentices found that if we applied to a ship- ping firm we were giving a berth as 5th Eng'r & a ticket to coast aboard our Park Steamships, after

having been rejected at Na- val and Air Force Recrui- ting Cantres Stephens was the first to go, then myself (Brass) followed by Page & Anderson and my friend Splicer (Chief) chose the RCN. In Calcutta ran into Stephens who complained of live meat (weevils) in the cereals.

We all returned D.E.W. after the war and were given absent pay raise and lost seniority during our service. I applied for Veteran's Education Bene-

fits however over Govern- ment refused to recognize Merchant Seamen as War Vets. After a few months decided to return to sea to obtain Marine Eng'r Certificate via the school of hard knocks, sail than schooling.

After fifty plus years Government finally figu- red out how our troops and their materials got across the N. Atlantic and on May 28/01 we received and apology and monetary recognition.

Chief

Before I was hired at Dom Eng'r, I was interviewed by the works superintendent, Thomsen, who did not mention that he was a Danish. I was first aware of this on his rounds when he wished me a "God Jul". After a year I was moved to small lathe de- partment.

I was called nothing but Brass at the plant where I was apprentice I also use Brass

in my e-mail address. This was because when I worked with brass it showered out into the alley.

The opposite side me on my lathe was Chief, a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, Erwin Splicer. We became close friends after he near had a serious accident, his machine grabbed hold of his sleeve and I stopped his lathe as he was unable to reach the stop button.

His family home had burned down and the factory apprentices helped over the weekends with painting etc.

Chief joined the Canadian Navy and was sent to Halifax, that he referred to as "the asshole of Canada" when sent to Shelburne, he wrote; "Now I'm 200 miles up it". He was in the military police when peace came, the people in Halifax and the naval base personnel were not the best of friends.



Nightclub in Montreal during leave: Chief, Hilda's sister Mary, Hilda and me.



Hilda and me with our bikes.

Dear John ...

I worked with Hilda's brother, Joe, at Dominion Engineering, he was on the night shift. While I was at sea, I found out that he did his military service in a school firing boilers.

I called Hilda when we were in the port of Saint John, and I said that if Joe was interested in coming to sea, he could probably be taken on as 5th engineer. He got an apprenticeship on our ship and we sailed two trips together.

I had already decided to go ashore so that night it was me who took the watch on the ship and the others went into town. The next morning Joe had a "Dear John Letter"

Hilda sent this photo of herself. It was during the war, for the letter that followed was censored: "Okay no cracks yet. I know you're not interested in legs anyway." She said I only took her to her heart, and that I was not interested in her legs.



to me from Hilda, that she had found a relationship with someone else and now broke up with me.

It was on 23rd November 1945. Four days later I was at sea again for single voyage. When I returned again I worked at Dominion Engineering. It is difficult to explain how I felt, I was out sorts.

I had a car, a Desoto coupe, and drove almost every night with a colleague that I had been to sea with, we visited clubs and other places where there was a party. We were not looking for women, but drank a fair amount and had to be at the factory at seven o'clock in the morning. It was a hard life. While I was at sea, I found that if I did not smoke, I could drink without getting headaches the next day.

My car was repaired by Pete at his workshop, but it had so much steering wheel slack that he refused to drive it. Saturday noon at quitting time I wanted to overtake a truck with trailer, that unexpectedly pulled out and I took to grass divider in order to avoid rear accident.

I did not say anything about it at home, but in the evening one of my parents friends and a fellow worker asked me: "Did you see the idiot who was out in the grass".

On one of our trips, I came into a blind corner, where the police had just arrived at an accident, it was not possible to brake so I speeded up so that the car was forced off to the left side to avoid driving a policeman down, I avoided hitting him and he praised me for my reaction.

I was home less than six months, when Pete said Mom was worried about me and suggested take to sea again.

Meeting Hilda again

15 years later I accidentally met Hilda on a street. She lived near my mother, and Carla and I were visiting her when we decided to go for a walk.

It turned out that Hilda was alone now, and worked in the railway office not far from Boiler Inspection. She was a widow now with a son who was Mom's and Pete's newspaper boy. We agreed to have lunch together one day, but it came to nothing.

As young we saw one another frequently without it being serious. Her father was not happy because we saw each other. They were Catholics and I was Protestant.

On Sunday we cycled on trips, and we passed a Catholic church, where there was was a worship service she participated. Once she was annoyed when she came out of the church, the sermon was about women who were not appropriately dressed, she was in short pants.

13 years with Elinor

Before I was married to Elinor, I went to night school and in between lectures there was a break of half an hour, that I thought I would use to learn typing. I wrote a short message to the student who had same desk on the day. It turned out to be Elinor, but I was not interested then. We knew each other, and she also knew my mother and my sister.

Our two families and a third came together a lot, because they knew Dad before we came to Canada. The three men travelled in advance and Lauritsen's wife and son and we were on the same ship. They changed their name to Larsen, and Einar was my best man and I his.

When Elinor and I got married, we agreed to take look out to the west coast where I was sure I could get a job on a small coastal ship or ferry. My auto insurance policy had to be changed, because in Canada it does not apply across the country, only in the individual province. While we were about to fix this, the insurer Mosfeldt asked if I had ever thought of seeking employment in an insurance firm such as boiler inspector. The company was headquartered in Montreal, but the position was for work in Nova Scotia. Elinor was happy the seven years we lived in Sidney, and when I was transferred to Montreal we had house in St. Laurent, but she only thought of returning to Nova Scotia. It was probably one of the reasons why we got divorced.

She got the house and the car and we shared my pension. Via the lawyer I got elephant table and the two elephant bookend. Nothing else. Because none of us had been unfaithful to one another a divorce could take years, but the lawyer had a solution. He had contact with some prostitutes, and I'm sure it was one of those that one evening rang the door bell of the small apartment. When I opened it, there was no one, but on paper it was grounds for divorce.



Open Air service at Klove's— 1951.



St. Ansgar Young People 1944. Elinor is standing in the center.

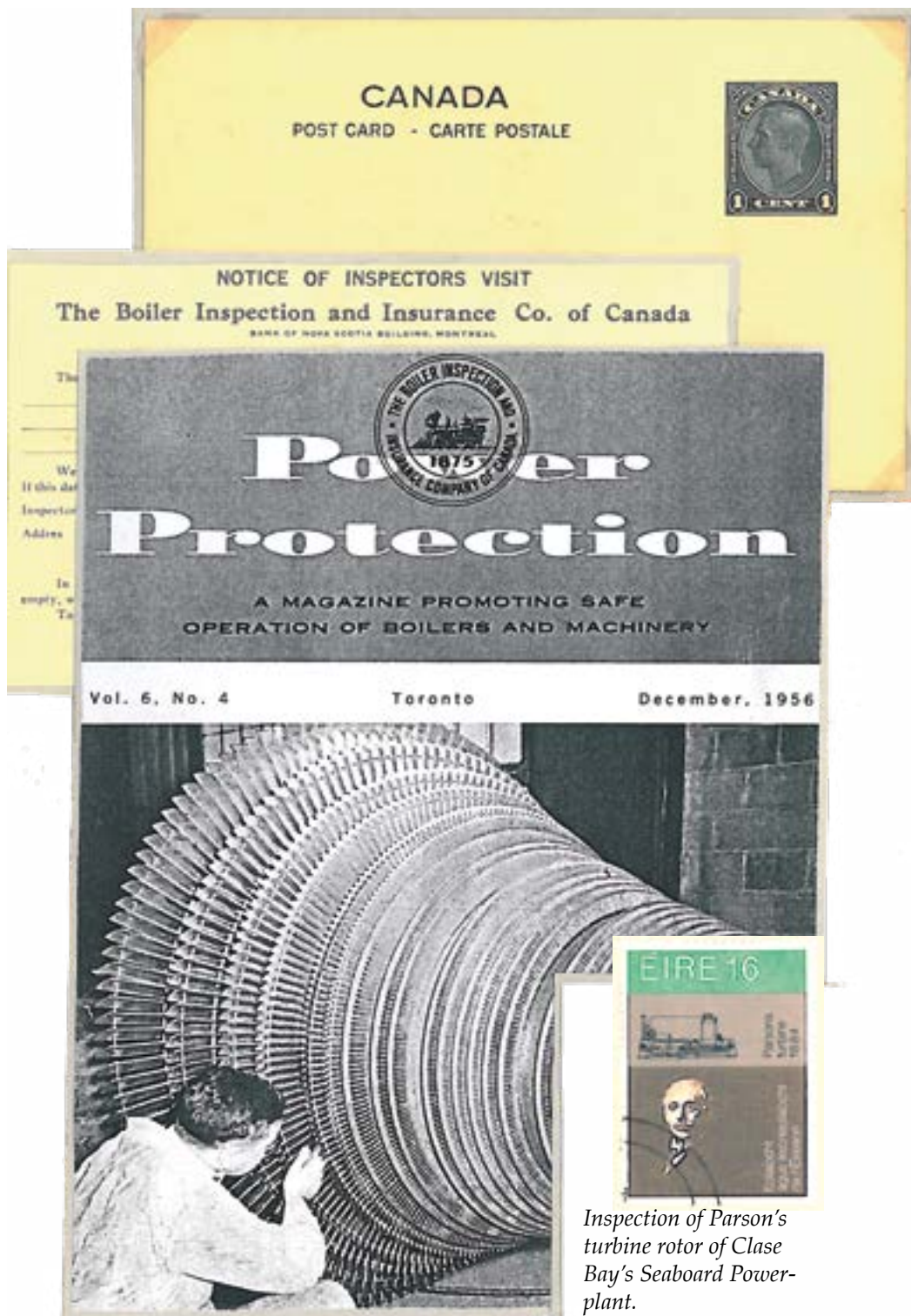
First class engineer

Signature of Owner Carlo Rasmussen
Date of Birth August 18, 1923
Place of Birth Copenhagen, Denmark
This Certificate is given upon an Examination
passed at Montreal, P.Q.
on the tenth
day of April 1951

CANADA No. 15347
By the Honourable the Minister of Transport for the Dominion of Canada
Certificate of Competency
- AS -
FIRST CLASS ENGINEER
OF A STEAM-DRIVEN SHIP
To Carlo Ingemann Rasmussen
WHEREAS it has been reported to me that you have been found duly qualified to fulfil
the duties of First Class Engineer of a steam-driven ship, I do hereby in pursuance of the
Canada Shipping Act, 1934, grant you this Certificate of Competency.
GIVEN under the SEAL OF THE MINISTER of TRANSPORT at OTTAWA.
this thirty-first day of May 1951
Registered Co. J. J. J. J. J. Minister of Transport
Co. J. J. J. J. J. Secretary Minister of Transport

Certificate that I am an engineer specializing in steam ships.

Machinery Inspections 1952/65





Louisbourg was only short drive from our Sidney home for both inspections at National Sea Products and the frequent picnics at Kennington Cove where Wolfe landed.

We generally had the sandy beach all to ourselves; on other occasions it was blueberry picking or fiddleheads to go with the local delicacy cod cheeks.

Visit to nearby fishers in "Man-a-doo (Main-a-

Dieu) late July between their lobster and swordfish for ocean sightseeing trips, whales etc.



Around the Cabot Trails dirt roads in early 50's



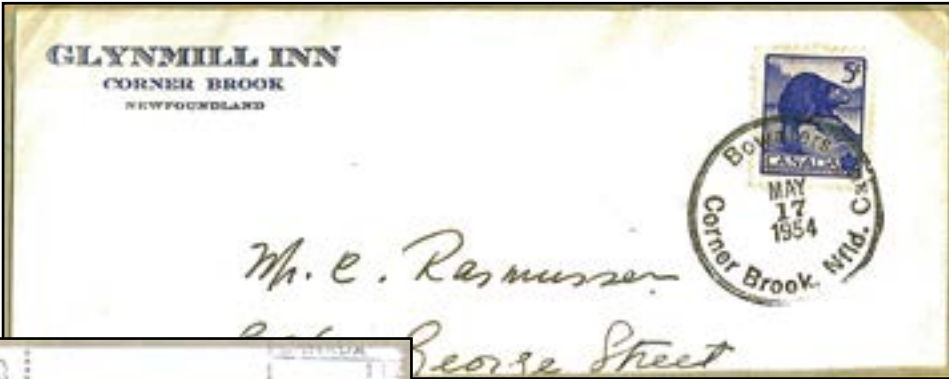
Backdeck area reminds me of sailing on our neighbor's boat a visit of our friend H. Gordon Green prior to the publication

"Silver Dart", not forgetting visits to his Ormstown menagerie. The Alexander Graham Bell Museum, that includes

much about McCurdy's Silver Dart's building etc.



While frequent inspections were made annually at the Bowater's Paper Mill, it's their wharf that brings to mind the boat trip to Crosbie's Fishmeal Plant and our return when we had company of all the towns stray cats on the way to our taxi.



On visit to a lumber camp from Buchhans aboard one of their open motorized rail cars we had a fully grown moose running along-side and despite it's lumpish size not a sound from its hoofs could be heard.



The staff house beef, while were suspect tasted fine!



The "Bullet" narrow gauge and single track has it's share of memories. Was aboard Grand Falls/ Millertown Junction a snowy June day on Queen Elisabeth's Coronation.

On another visit to Grand Falls that coincided with a federal election campaign. George Hees and his entourage were en route to Corner Brook arrived at station shortly after my wife and I, not being accompanied by a local they were frequently at wicket wondering when the train would arrive, only to be advised that it had left "Bishop Falls".

Bullet stories are many, like if stuck due hard winter weather over "Top-sills" the passenger advice would be: 1st class out and walk, all others out and push! At Millertown the train once had been stuck due a snow storm some 25-30 years ago for close to a month. The story was later confirmed, recalling the difficulty getting food to train passengers.



The »Change of Address Card« reminds me of a visit to Gambo south of Ganda that necessitated a stay at the lumber camp's Staff-House, the proprietor invited along to see a flock

of some 8 or 10 geese resting on their annual migration, with his built up relationship some would nearly eat from his hand. To meet appointments if »Torbay« was fogged-in

have used the way-freight from Gander, a memorable experience the »Streech« flowed freely and generously aboard.



A visit to Signal Hill



Maybe not popular today, but in 50's the hotel's dinning room had flippers on the menu.

Bob, Dave and Carlo

At The Boiler Inspection and Insurance I came around to many companies. Before I came, I sent cards, which I announced when I would be there or in the fish factory in so many hours.

Shortly after I started working at Boiler Inspection I was sent to a paper mill that would guard against financial loss if something happens with a machine.

Through my work, I had many gifts. When the brewery in Newfoundland learned that I was coming, they sent two boxes of beer up at my hotel. Maids were happy, because I could not even drink the beer in two or three days. At least four or five times a year, I was in Newfoundland a few weeks at a time.

Bob Brown and Dave Reekey, two engineers, both from Aberdeen, I knew well were there, and I got Dave to enrol in Boiler's in St. John's, where he was transferred to headquarters.

But Dave could not settle down ashore and got a job on the ferry William Carson in Newfoundland. Someone forgot to close the gates, so water run into the car deck and the engine room, where he drowned.

Better were it not for Bob. He was factory inspector for the state, and once he was of duty, he felt ill and the host of his pension had him immediately to the doctor across the street. Bob had just taken his shirt off as he fell dead. I did not attend his funeral.

Once it was about to go really wrong for me in Nova Scotia. I would inspect boilers in Dosco, that use gas instead of oil to work with coal and steel.

My task was to check the wall inside the boiler, but I was about to faint and had to be helped out. Someone had forgotten to turn off the gas, or there was a leak, and one gas was odourless, so you were not warned.



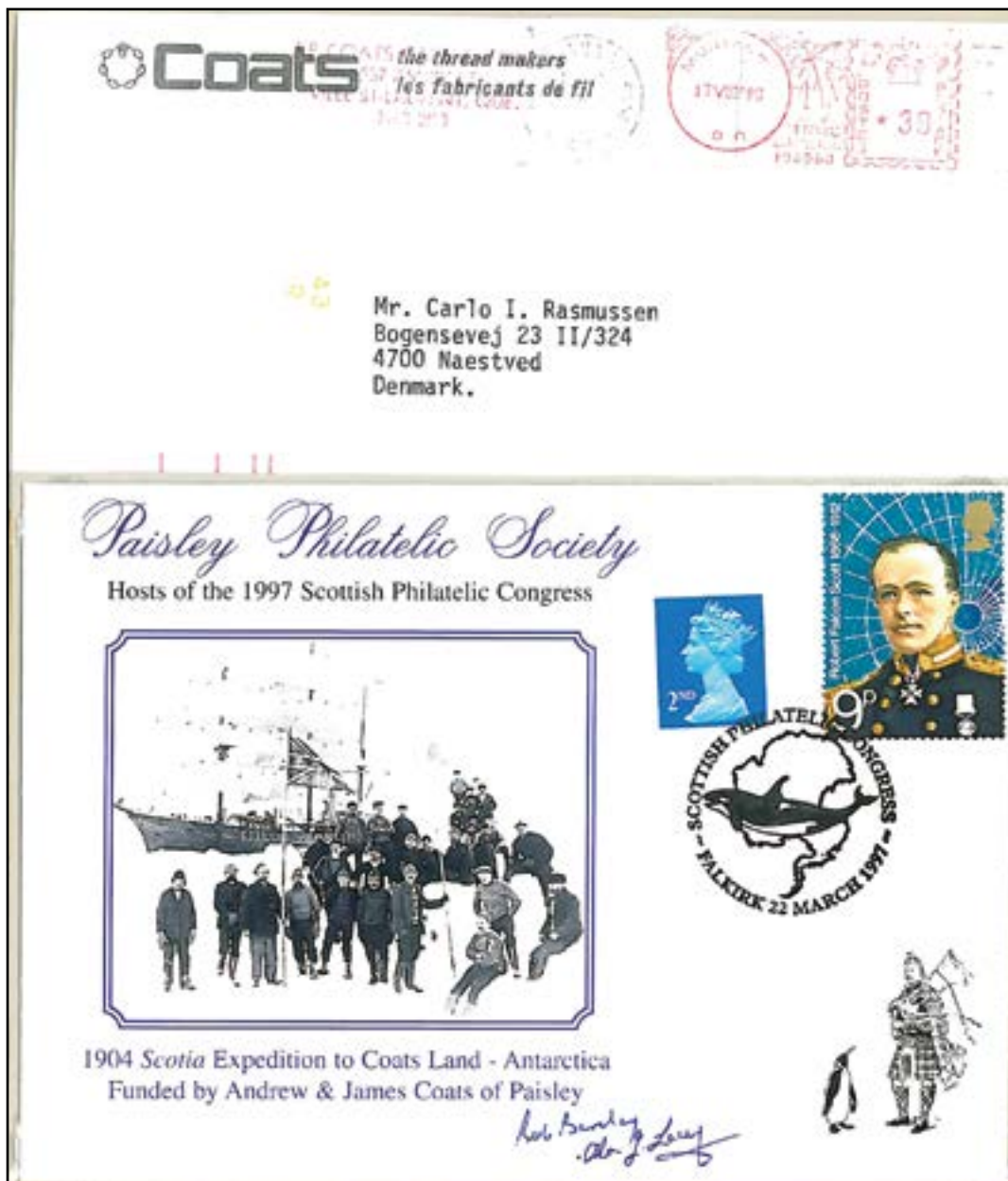
Kate made this one and hung it on the refrigerator in Terassehaven to remind me of something every time I opened the door. When she arrived at the nursing home it was put on her refrigerator there.

Mill Engineer, J&P Coats Montreal 1965-85



It was not until my retirement in 1985 that though correspondence with a retired Glasgow Office stamp collector that I became aware of Coats connec-

tion with Antarctica, having funded Bruce's 1904 Expedition on the Scotia under Capt. Robertson to Coats Land.

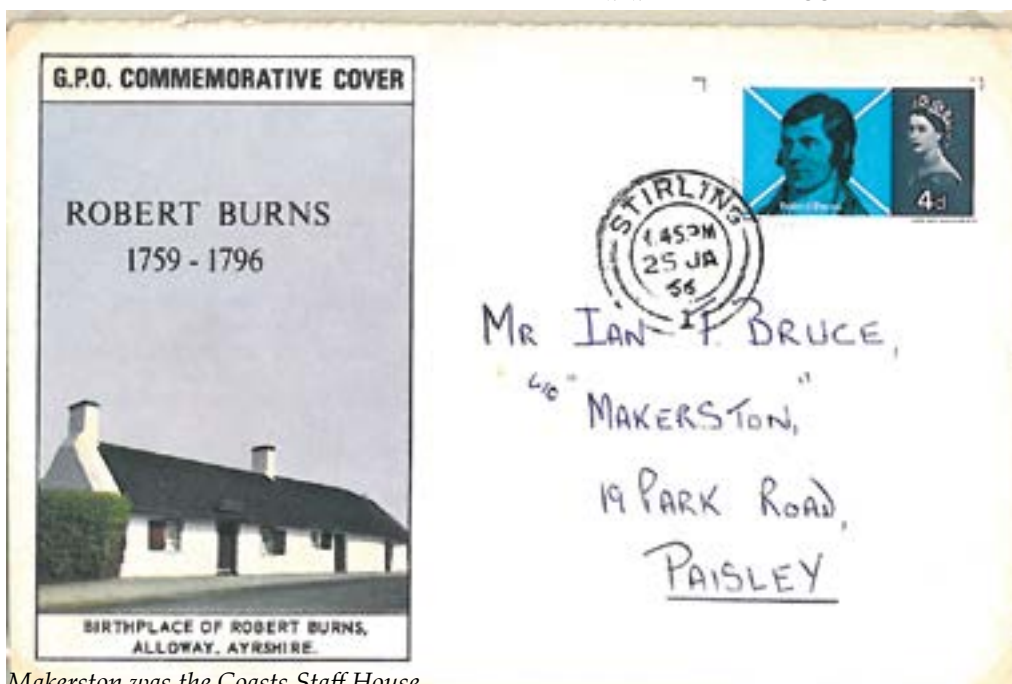




During a Coats training course I was fortunate to be invited to a Burns Supper.

The Halesome Fare included haggis, champit tatties and neeps,

steak pie and bannocks and cheese. The piper of course piped in his haggis.



Makerston was the Coats Staff House

Clean Break in my life

Firstly my start with Coats was a clean break in my life. On leaving Elinor only took my stamps and the elephant tables and book-ends. Support for Carla: the car, house and pension-split was the cost.

December 1965. I was sent on a 3 months course in Glasgow to familiarize with their work methods etc. I also spent a week at Taylor Instruments plus at the various machinery suppliers.

The first changes I undertook were with the 2 dryers. It had been practice to shut down one each week to clean the heat-exchanger for thread. That took about 4 hours and 4 men, well I recalled a paper mill had an opening on mill's long white water piping, this meant that cleaning could be done in about 15 min. without any dismantling. The drying's blower required replacement that was from UK suppliers and checked of centrifugal type that we installed.

New Automatic Dyeing M/C's,

Automated Bleaching M/V's.

Saturated Salt Bin.

Central Stores.

Central Air and Vacuum Pump.

Old Mill Four Upper Floors removed,

Air Break on Spooling M/C's.

Build two Spool Boxing M/S's.

Plastic Moulding Machines and Silo.

Stairs to Canteen and new Boardroom.

New Boilers both in Montreal and Toronto.

Toronto Shipping Dock and Office.

Engineer at J&P Coats

J&P Coats headquartered was in Glasgow and they had factories around the world including in Montreal, where I was employed as an engineer. I was there for 19 years.

Most of the engineers at Coats were from the Merchant Marine because it gave them experience with steam engines.

J&P Coats made sewing thread and yarn, and the first thing I had was to install three plastic moulding machines, so we could go from wood to plastic spools.

One of my tasks was to manage the machines that dried thread after dyeing. It worked that way, the thread ran through some thin, heated pipes. When the machine should be cleaned, it took two mechanics and two helpers, but then I thought about what I had seen in a paper factory where I came as an insurance man. Here you could open the tubes, where the paper tended to clog the tube. Now it took one man 5-10 minutes prior to the four men for four hours.

Before I came to Coats I was insurance inspector and lived in Nova Scotia, where they offered me a promotion at their Montreal headquarters.

I refused, because I could not be with him, which I figured would be my boss, but from my visits to paper mills, fish factories and the like had I been a great experience that I could use at Coats, where I built two automatic systems to collect 10 spools in a box.

The company did not want us to recycle steam from the machines colored thread, but I did, although I think I could get fired for it. If there was a leak in the dyeing machine, it would destroy the thread.

Color machine stood in a building, and boilers in another. As the steam was sent over to them, it went to water, I installed an alarm if something went wrong. The boss did not get to know.



When we switched to coils of plastic, we should always cool down and warm up, and here we could also use the steam from color machines.

In addition to the factory in Montreal had J&PCoats also one in Toronto which was known as the P&B, Patten & Baldwin. In addition, the two companies commodity stock including Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and British Colombia.

To save moved P&B their office to Coats's warehouse in Toronto.

At one point it was decided that work and meeting language of Coats in Montreal should not be English but





On the terrace outside our garage in Montreal: Colleagues from Coats. The man in yellow shirt is Smith, who was run down by a car and killed one morning while he was out exercising cirke a year after I retired.

French, and I was sent on an intensive course in the north. The staff at the hotel were not allowed to speak English with us.

Language policy held not always in practice, each year I had an engineering student employed in a holiday job. He had books in English.

Also in the community was struggling to French should be the only language in the area. On the road between the factory and my home hung bilingual signs to motorists to remember selenium. The English text was painted over.

We also had to constantly show how effective we were among the 57 factories at J&P Coats. Management could not understand why we always were very high, but we could not tell why. The machines were running as quickly as possible, I thought,

so I was always disagree with the union. Only one factory to compete with us, it was in Brazil.

Once it was about to go wrong for me. A coil had jammed, and I would stick a hand down to get it loose. A brief second I had forgotten that it was surrounded by steam and boiling water.

No one said against me in Coats. Once we got from the warehouse in Glasgow a stack of used steel trays for the coils.

They were all the same, but in need of paint, and we had no more dark green so we gave them a light green paint.

The ladies liked it, and the director thought it was because they perceived them as lighter than the dark, despite the fact that they had two layers.



Company Party 1974.

I later found out that colors make a great impression on people and suggested that we used strong colors to get people to wake up in the morning. It caused a lot of trouble.



I had only been a few weeks in Coats when I was with the Christmas party for sales people and employees in the office. Shortly after I traveled to Glasgow to take the company's training and I spent Christmas there.

Boss, Raymond Ollytt, sits in the middle, I stand in the second row slightly to his left.

I still mail with the President, who told that they in the 1980s cut the number of people from 1500-2000 to 600.

It had already begun when I was there. The machine that made plastic poles could be operated by one man, which we previously had to use five or six.

At the same time the upper

floors of the old building was removed to ease the workflow with color unit in the building next door.

I was often at the factory on Sundays, because I was the first they called when there was something wrong with the boilers.

Water tank was landmark

The water tank at Coats is a chapter in itself. You could see it when you sailed up the river, and in connection with the exhibition, A Man and his World was painted in blue and green cubes with the company name. I suggested that it got a fake bid and top so it would look like a giant spool of sewing thread.

The tank was almost as high as the chimney, 250 feet or 80 meters before it was cut in half when we went from oil to gas and so was no longer a need for the big move.

We had the idea in the event of fire, and once a year should be checked. I would even help, so I climbed up with a plumber.

Apart from two fires during a strike, I was only out for a bigger, because something happened with the oil pump and caught fire in the oil that would heat the water into steam.

In less than two minutes, I got all the workers out. The idea of fire extinguishers and fire blankets should be inside the factory, was poor in my opinion. It should be right at the entrance, and people were going out first so they could use it afterwards.

When I started at Coats was all the waste water sent directly into the river. Later we cleaned it even before it ended up in the river, and finally it was sent to public treatment plants to fish in the river were not colored.

Suppliers full of numbers

Even while I was in Boilers, I took a course in network analysis on McGills, it was in 1957, and the company was on the latest new and used punched cards.

The computers were slowly coming, although they in no way were small then. The first we got in Coats came through New York. It was a Heward Packard from

England, and I had to change its power supply from 50 to 60 Hertz. Later we got American computers.

No one had an overview of raw materials and objects that were in storage at Coats. Each department had its own shelf, and if something was missing, they could not just find it on the shelf next to it.

I made sure to bring everything together in one central warehouse. Everything got names and numbers and provided with information on the machines, it should be used and the cost of the parts.

It turned out that the store had a value of more than two million dollars.

Inventory made us all the time to keep up with what we had lying around. Was there a need, we could exchange parts with Coats in the States.

When we bought a machine it was perhaps equipped with three pumps, each with a name and number in the drawing, but if you looked at them, there were three completely identical pumps. The manufacturers of machines wanted us to buy a certain number of them for \$ 250, but we found exactly the same as 50 in the city.

Opera car in the snow

The last year, I was with Coats I was a Sunday morning on the way through the snow to the factory, when I came across a car where the driver put his hand out as a sign that he needed help. He had his wife and children in the car had run out of gasoline, and I drove him to the nearest gas station.

They were going to the opera in Montreal, and it turned out that the man was named Zarn and he was the brother of the chairman of the Three Tenors, Zubin Metha. As thanks for the help I got his card with the promise of being able to win tickets to their concert – I did not get any tickets. I gave the card to my sister Ruth.

It was decided to introduce barcodes and automatic plant at the factory in Montreal, some very heavy machinery, and I doubted whether the floor could bear. It was one of the reasons why I decided to retire. My doubts proved to be, for it was necessary to make aisle with quarter-inch steel.

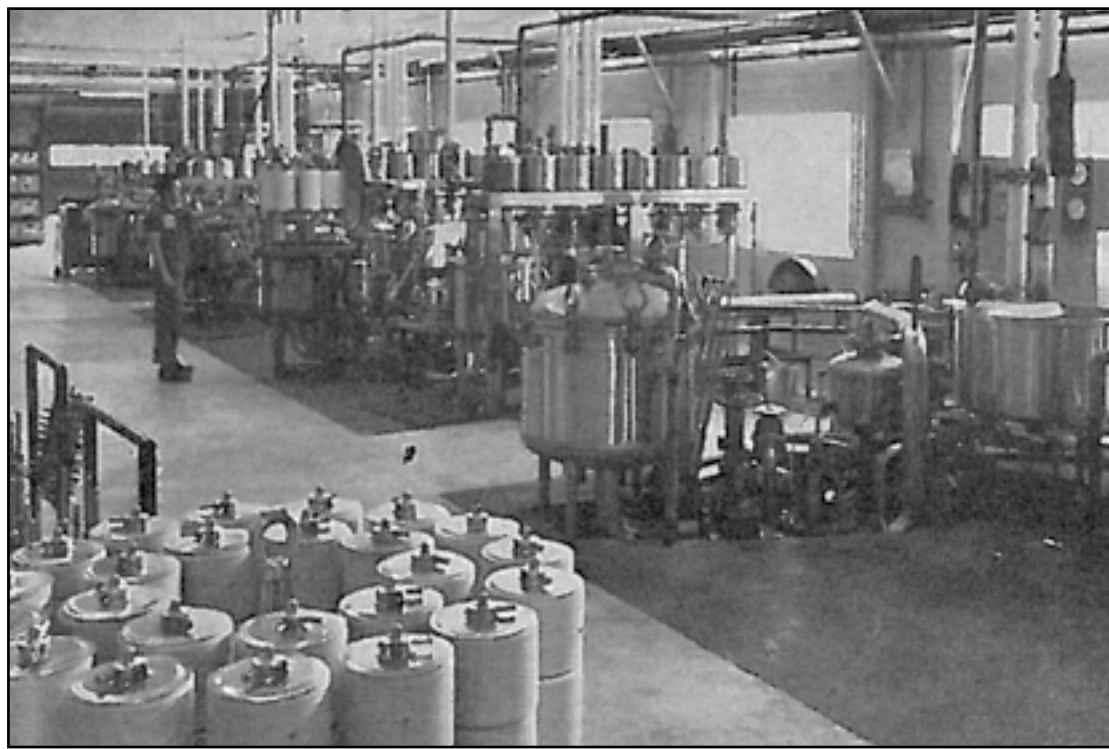
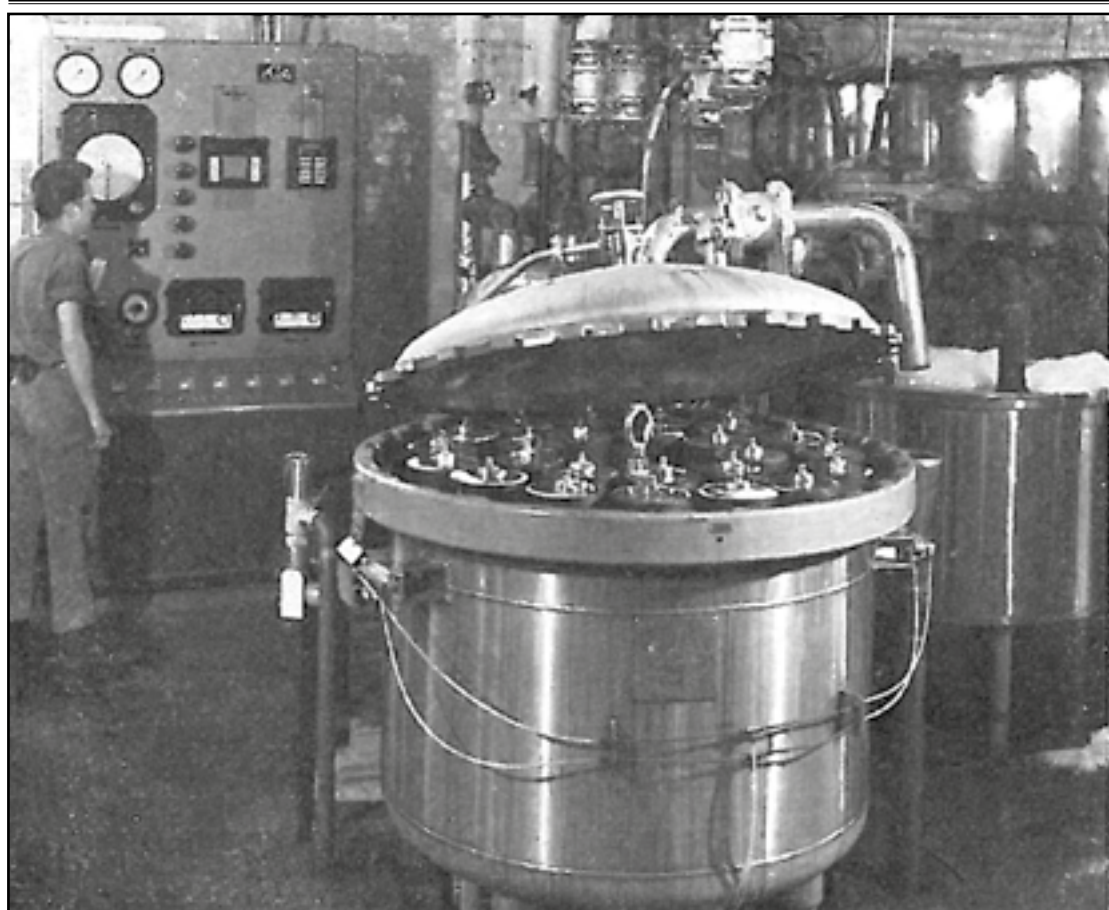
Photos from factory

The picture below shows how Coats in Montreal was the big chimney on one side and the tower with water tank on the other. Bottom right track and harbor. On the next page shows one of the factory buildings with color bath.

The pictures are from a reprint of an article in the Canadian Textile Journal 27th September 1968 on the occasion of that Coats had invested £ 500,000 in the factory in Montreal.



AERIAL VIEW of J. & P. Coats (Canada) Ltd., leading Canadian sewing thread producer. The firm has installed new bleaching and dyeing equipment and has introduced a "revolutionary recipe prediction system" utilizing electronic computer calculation and instrumental colour measurement



Coats job description

Company: J. & F. Coats (Canada) Limited
Location: Montreal, Que., Canada.
Division: Manufacturing. *Job Description & Knowledge*
Department: Works
Job Title: Mill Engineer.

Position in Organization

(a) Responsible to: Mill Manager.
(b) Responsible for: 3 Foremen, 1 Boiler Room Charge Hand, 1 Mills Clerk.
(c) Liaison with: Departmental Managers, Engineering Consultants, Contractors and Suppliers and Associate Companies (e.g. Patena & Schreier, Symantec) as Plant Engineering Consultant.

Duties and Responsibilities

1. **Production Machinery:** Installation, modification and maintenance for safe, production and economical operation with minimum downtime.
2. **Boiler Plant:** Safe, efficient utilization of steam and fuel. See that plant meets Head Office, Insurance and Local Statutory Requirements.
3. **Power Plant:** Electrical installation and distribution meets Plant, Local Statutory and Head Office Requirements and that efficient utilization of power is obtained.
4. **Buildings & Grounds:** Inspect and maintain in good order. Supervise Renovations and major Builderswork. Call tenders and scrutinize prior to function request. Prepare Drawings and Specifications for Renovations.
5. **Water Plant:** Maintain water services, check consumption to ensure optimum utilization.
6. **General Stores:** Control of inventory consistent with good management practice.
7. **Pipe Protection:** Adequacy of equipment, its inspection and maintenance, evacuation facilities in event of emergency and ensure personnel are trained in use of equipment.
8. **Security of Mill:** Supervise Security Electric Protection system and Machines.
9. **Associate Plant:** Assist in Consultant capacity with Plant Engineering problems.
10. **Plant's Worklog:** Supervise running of this section.
11. **Works Department:** Development of positive and responsible employee attitudes regarding productive work, cost safety service and quality. Provide assistance to Foreman with regard to the Department's activities.
12. **Achievement of Company Objectives with respect to Mill Engineering use, life of machinery and equipment, maintenance (Modern Maintenance Objectives), safety and security.**
13. **Mill Transport.**

Details/Details

1. To what degree is the work confidential? Work confidential to the extent of:
a) Trade secrets and control.
b) Competitive positions from various contractors.
c) No detailed knowledge of specialized machines.
2. To what extent are personnel contacts involved?
Overseas: Working with Mill Manager, Associate Plant, Departmental managers, S.A. officials, Mill Safety Committee, City officials, contractors and suppliers.
3. Does he plan his own work? If so, to what extent? Yes. (c) Milling guide lines (not done by Mill Manager on routine matters). (d) No to gross area scope to Departmental and Development work and in special projects.
4. What length of time is involved before work is referred to or checked by a senior person? Mill equipment safety checked daily by Mill Manager. Routine items checked weekly.

What is the required level of

- a) Knowledge: Broad mill engineering requirements, such as recent background in steam, electricity and general building practice. Qualifications related to British Royal of Works, but not full time "Works" designation. Full knowledge of French also required.
- b) Experience: Several years experience in machine on pulp and paper plants of potential production. Also a working knowledge in New Mills and Head Office.

Level of Authority and Decision

1. Make expenditures on various items to their limit done by Mill Manager.
2. Industrial relations - Give final advice Works Dept. for day-to-day matters. Meetings and Forums have to have Mill Manager's approval on all general policy decisions.
3. Responsibility for keeping with maintenance allowed by Foreman.
4. *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:*

Specification prepared by: *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:*
Reviewed: *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:*
Date: August 25, 1971.

Passports 1948-2006



1948-49



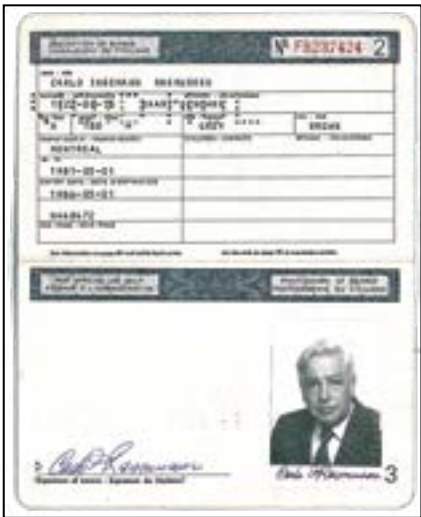
1964-69



1970-75



1976-81



1981-86



1986-91



1991-96



1996-2001



2001-06

In John Cabots Footsteps

V-J day Aug. 15th 1945
we were docked in
Avonmouth and walked
(paraded) with the masses
from the harbour area to
Bristol, drying the pubs of
ale and cider, returning in

early morning also by foot
due to lack of transport.

Visited Bonavista Cold
Storage on an inspection
tour in mid 50s before
completion of Trans
Canada Highway, while

seldom a high cloud of
dust from another car
could seen a mile away.



*John and Sebastian Cabot set
sail in 1497 on their 100 ton
ship from Bristol.*



The Cabot Tower

BRISTOL HIPPODROME
(in association with the London Coliseum)
Telephone 21081

Managing Director	— — — — —	PRINCE LITTLER
Manager	— — — — —	GEORGE A. HIGGS

6.10 TWICE NIGHTLY **8.15**
MONDAY, AUG. 20th, 1945

LEW & LESLIE GRADE present
"MELODY IN F.U.N."

- 1 OVERTURE
- 2 WESTERN BAR The Company
- 3 MARGERY MANNERS Pride of the Prairie
- 4 CURTIS & LAVOIE Should the Occasion Arise
- 5 WALTZ "TIME" with Margery Manners The De Vere Dancers and featuring TAMIROFF & ELANDER
- 6 FLICKERS with Alec Pleon and Norah Moody
- 7 Tommy Trinder presents—
THE JERRY ALLEN TRIO
Joe Lee Jerry Allen Les Shannon
- 8 INTERMISSION—
SYDNEY PHASEY and his ORCHESTRA
- 9 MILITARY PARADE The De Vere Dancers
- 10 "WHAT WE'D LIKE TO BE" The Company



Bristol Channel
Lighthouse





Dorothy in Bristol

I've been to Bristol a few times. We were there just after VJ Day in August 1945 and had to march the eight mil from the harbor into town.

Here I met Dorothy. She showed the second engineer, his wife and me Bath, the old city with baths, stalactite caves and the village of Cheddar, which has given its name to the cheese.

Long after, while I was on course for J&P Coats in Glasgow, I tried to call her parents in Bristol, and her mother got her to call back. Dorothy would have to we were to resume the connection, but I did not think it was anything.

I was in Bristol several times and went on trips with second engineer on Tweed-smuir Park, JE Williams and his wife. They had a daughter, Pamella. I visited them in the hospital, where she was born. Here I met Oscar Peterson.

In full uniform

Bill and I met weather girl Maggie Schmidt and another girl in a nightclub in Montreal.

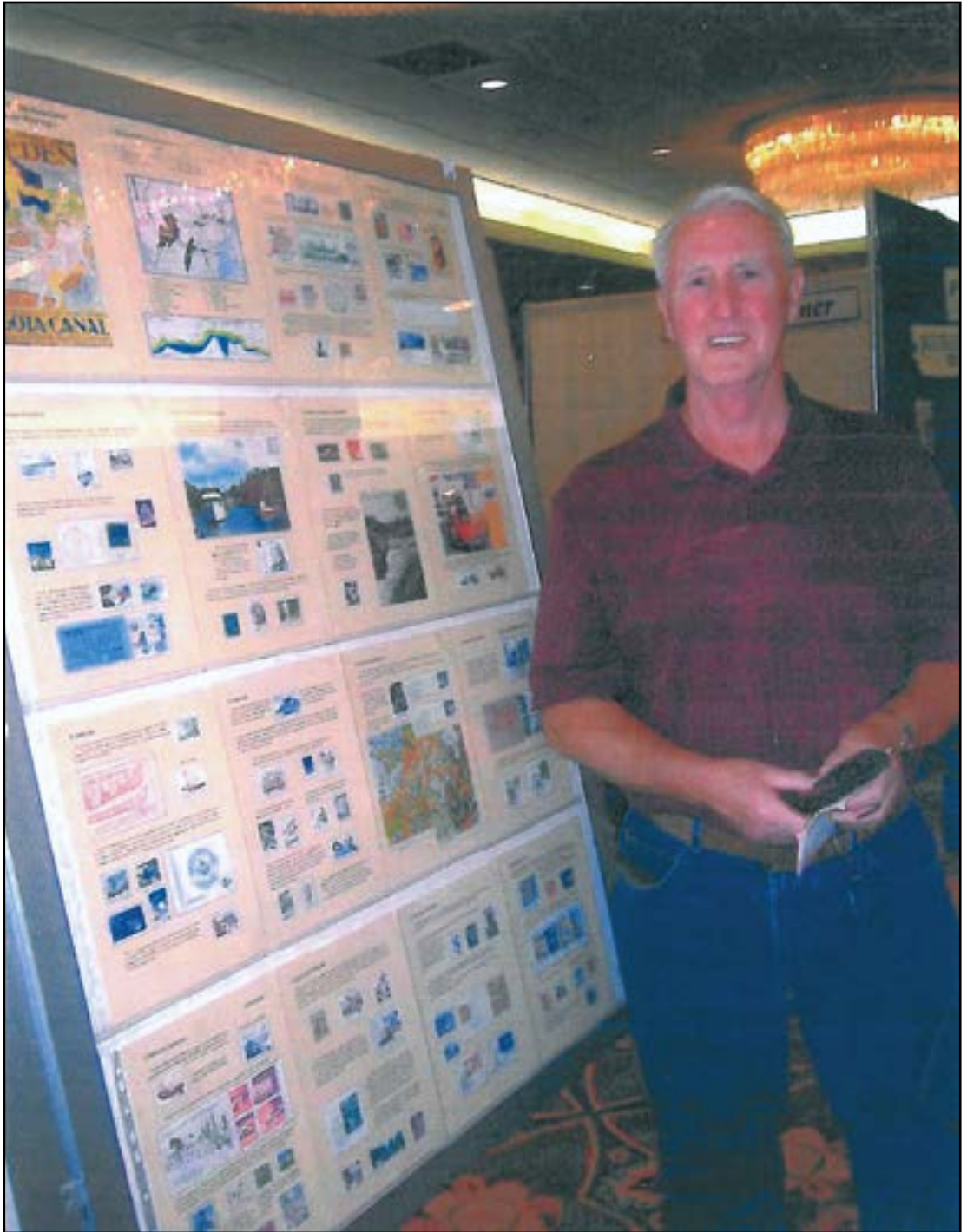
They knew nothing about ships, so I invited them aboard for lunch and to impress, I took on my officer's uniform



Expo 67 "Man and His World"



Silver in Edminton



In 2005 I got Large Silver at an exhibition in Edminton where I got a visit from a former neighbor, John Weight.

Stevns and 1991 Bornholm Holiday



Kjøge 12-8 07 (Køge)

On various occasions visited Grandmother's brother, a fisherman at Stevns Cliffs. The first light of 1818 is shown below houses window, the round 27 meter high white tower built 60 years later

and is located between the bays og Køge and Fakse was the scene of historical naval battles, defeat of larger Swedish fleet in 1677 by Niels Juel and the loss of the Danish Dannebrog with all hands in 1677

during the Nor-dics Wars. During the Cold War the tunnelled under-ground of the lighthouse was a army base.

In 1400 a latern was installed in belfry of Køges Church mainly as a beacon for fishermen.

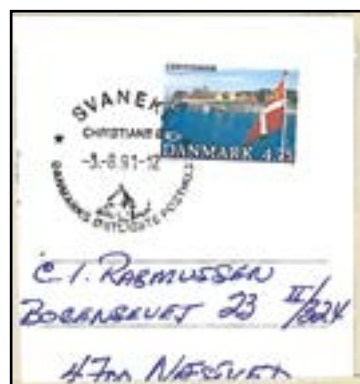
After seeing Gudhjems natural sights and their noted smoke houses many with fine fish buffets, made trip to Christiansø, Europe's oldest naval base built in 1680 during the regime of Chr. V.

A tropical garden most of the soil being brought over in small lots by persons returning from leave.

The base was self sufficient, such as having its mills vanes horizontal to prevent them being a target.



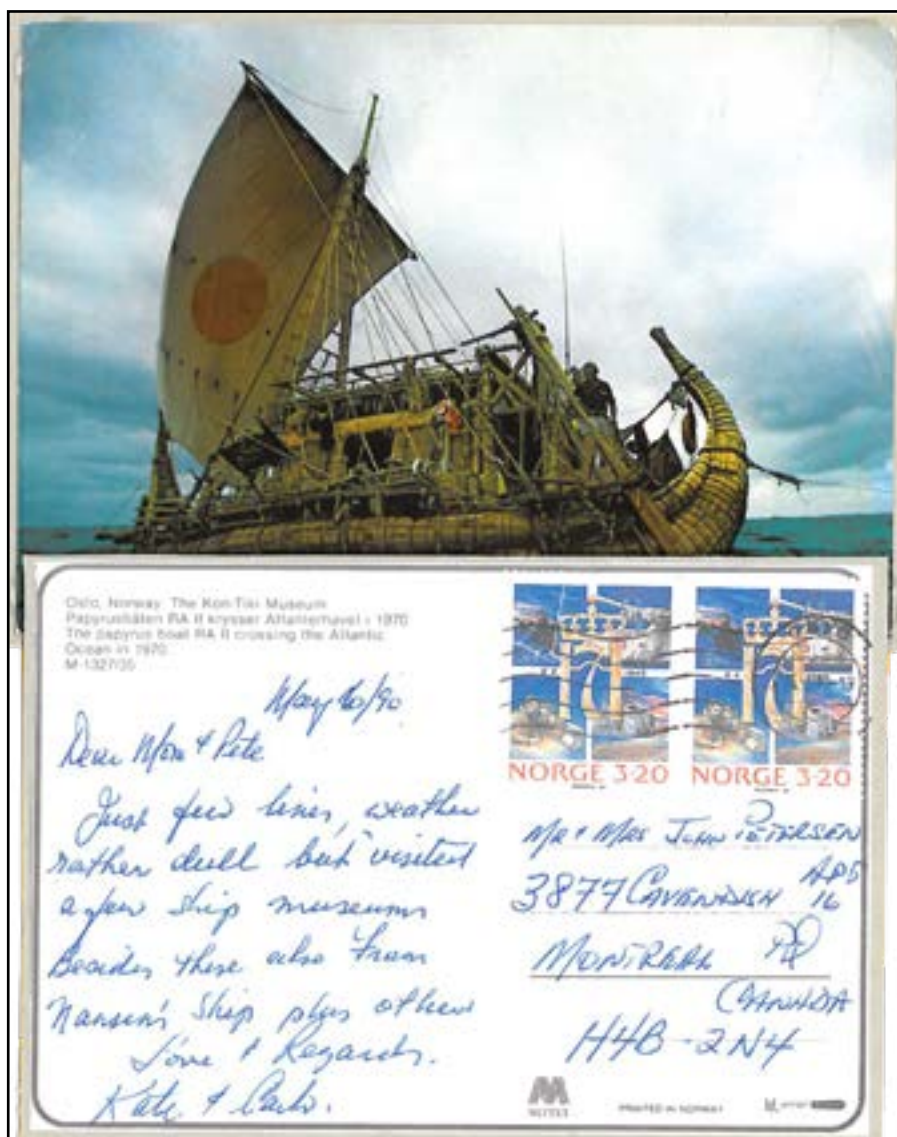
The bases cannons saved Tordenskiold in 1715 and withstood Nelsons fleet in 1808.





What I call the Church in Raaby is a transformer, which I have not seen similar in other countries.

1990 Oslo Visit



Kon-Tiki Montreal's
 Mount Royal Hotel's
 Restaurant, written on
 Norway's National Day,

Stamps iron one transport
 Narvik to USA aboard
 S/S Nanim County that
 started with ore from Bell

island to Glasgow and
 Nansen's Fram Museum
 with the Gjøa and Maud
 outside.

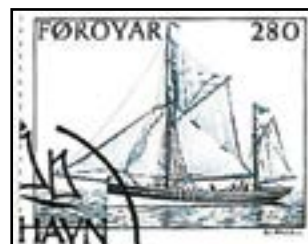


PORT OF ABERDEEN 10 20 1956
SHIP (BY AIRCRAFT) WESTWARD HO 117019

ARTICLES FOR DUTY and/or PURCHASE TAX

	D	VALUE			DUTY AND PURCHASE TAX		
		£	s	d	£	s	d
ONE TON WORLD	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
ONE TON TABLE RUNNER	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
ONE TON AIRRAILS (HAWKINS)	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
ONE VEST	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
ONE SILVER & CRYSTAL SPIN	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
ONE CAP	P.T.	-	7	6	-	7	6
Received for sum of		pounds <u>seven</u> shillings and <u>six</u> pence.					
Signature of Payer		<u>B. H. H. H.</u>					
		TOTAL					

This Receipt will not be recognised for the posting of Goods except on the day of issue, or on the succeeding day.



STATEMENT

Telegraphic Address: "Isberg, Aberdeen"

POCRA QUAY, ABERDEEN, 13. 2. 1956.

Mr. WESTWARD No. 10.

Mr. Alex. West.

JOHNSTONE OIL DEPOT

Sl.	Description	Quantity	Value
1.	2 1/2 tons	29	15 11

1. 84 Date 13-2-56 The sum of 129.15.11

Received of Mr. WESTWARD No. 10

TWENTY NINE pounds

FIFTEEN shillings Four pence

For JOHNSTONE OIL DEPOT.

Sole Distributors and Agents for Enquiries

Westward

It was somewhere in the back of my mind that I had a stamp featuring the Westward Ho from the Faroe Islands when I was offered these receipts in Næstved Stamp Club. I got them cheap, I think 40-50 pounds.

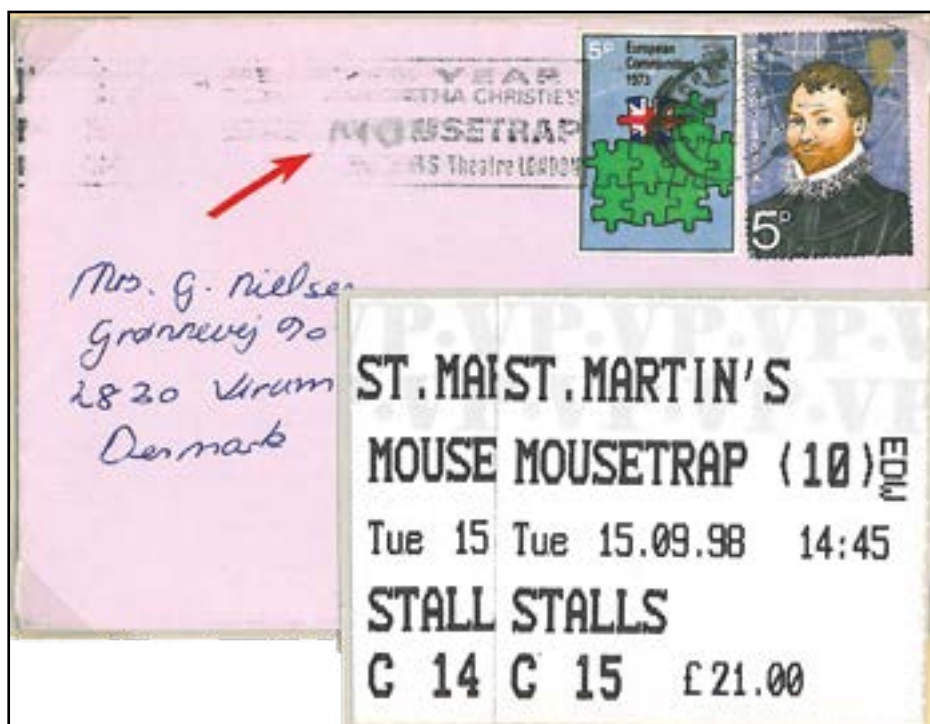
Place Viger Station and London Holiday



A CPR Place Viger Stationary Card showing street cars also brings back memories particularly the extensions east to Dominion Park north to Belmont

Park and my early morning rides west to work at DEW Lachine. When a furnishings were auctioned a Danish Kitchen boarder acquired a station

clock. During WW2 it was the Merchant Seamen's Manning Pool. Lastly while at J&P. Coats for City Building Permits.



On London Holiday went to see their longest running play and found this 1973 cover.

Quebec City and Gaspe



To get from Quebec Citadel or the Chateau Frontenac and across to Levis Shipyards used the counter-balanced inclined elevator and the Ferry.

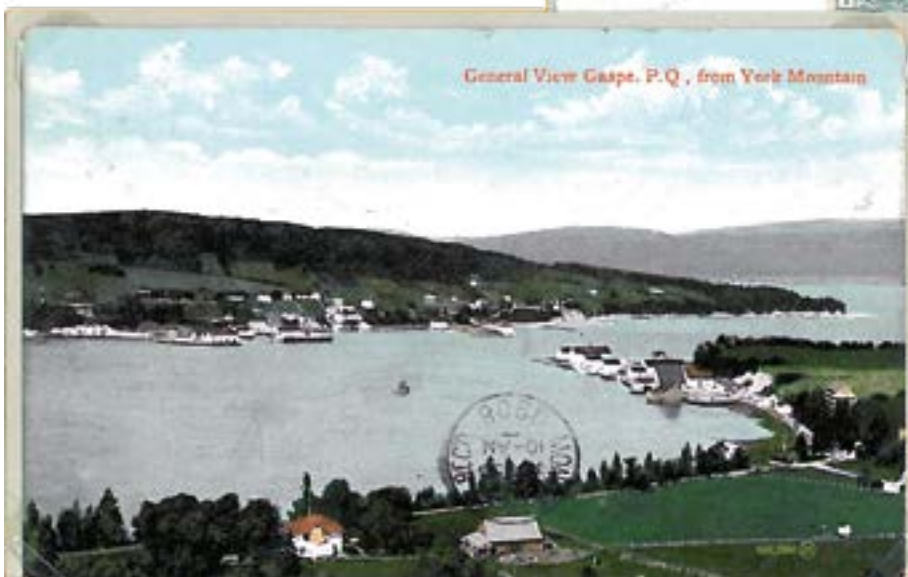


*S/S Wellington
Park en-route
Port Alfred we
were docked at
coal piers due
to Sagunay
ice conditions
Dec/46.*



*Have visited Gaspe on
inspections to Chandler
and Murdockville and
on one trip saw the Ea-
gle on way to Quebec.*

*Postmarked Perce
Au. 28.08*



Sport Interests



As a member of the Sidney Curling Club on out of town inspection trips sometimes visited other clubs as a guest.

Staying over a week-end in Lunenburg met Capt. Walters who while a member was not competing in the Bonspiel, having

sailed with many older "Bluenoses" had a very interesting chat.



Sunday morning after walked to Peggys Cove, the above clip's use of pre-canceled stamps was probably allowed to protect the enclosed sending of electric light bulbs.

Baseball memories are many, don't recall any specific names from Atwater Ballpark, but do from De Lorimer and Royals

(Robinson, Drysdale, Newcombe etc.) and from right-field the arm of Chuck Conners (actor) or at first.

Was also at Olympic Stadium when we lost that championship game to the Dodgers.



In goal after the judges went home

I played cross, a game with a net and a ball as the Indians played. Another school had a team, and I was often over.

Hockey I played it too, I was usually goalkeeper. That was before you started using protective equipment.

As a boy I was also skiing down a hill in a park, but we should be careful, because it went straight down to a busy road, so sometimes we had to stop against a tree. Curling was also used.

Twice I attended the big race from Quebec to Montreal, but I never reached the goal before the judges went home. There were meant five hours for the 230 km, I spent probably six and a half, but it was fun.

Kate and I took the train to cross-country skiing. We got off at a station and ran to ski the 15 mil to the next.



Dutyfree day Trip / Bus and Sail



Shopping aboard prior to recent customs restrictions. Either back and forth across Fehmern Str. or W/Kong Frederik to Kiel and return via a Rødby Ferry.

Auction and lectures



Sidney was only the second place in the world that created a Y's-Men Club. One of our projects was getting the summer camp ready for children and young people and I was taking care the bowling alleys in the basement. Once a month there was a YMCA youth dance without alcohol. Anyone suspected of wanting to smuggle bottles in, we took a very close for bugging pockets.

Y's-Men have a club and store in Næstved, and I've given a spiel on stamps at the local Y's-Mens Club.

The picture is from Næstved Stamp Club promoting the Maritime Stamp Club.



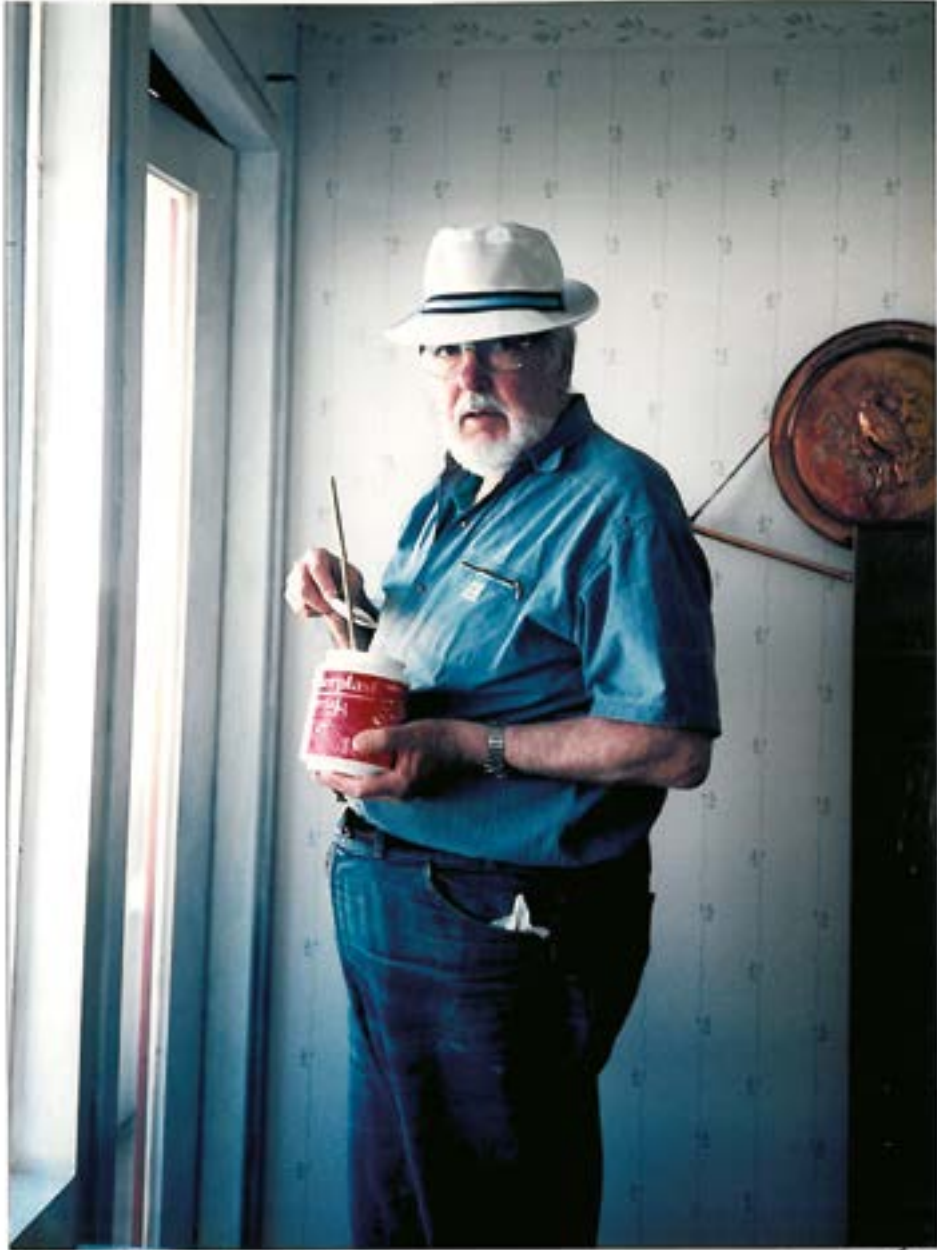
Exhibition Merit Prizes on the bulletin board

In Montreal, I came in local stamp club once a week, like here in Næstved until I a few years ago as had give up the car.

I am still a member The Canadian National Stamp Society and also likewise in the UK, so I can exhibit there. It is only reluctantly that I sell stamps, but in October 1987 our dollar forced me to auction my Dutch collection for about 45,000 dkr. A lottery prize of 17,000 dkr was spent on stamps. The caravel issues have probably my real interest .

Maybe Mom is to blame for my interest as there were no limits to what she could come up with.

Portrait of a living room painter



NVESTYED 1993

KATE B. RASMUSSEN

Kate was an avid photographer who even provoked his pictures, at the time we lived in St. Bruno. This portrait of me that painter living in Terrace Garden, she took in 1993.



In addition to credit and a diploma, I got a book for duplicates and lifetime exemption from quotas.

Honorary member

21ST FEBRUARY 2012.

"With us is a quiet older gentleman. He does not make much fuss out of himself, but don't be fooled by that.

This man has a huge knowledge of stamps, he exhibits over the whole world. I can mention Canada, where he lived for some 60 years. England where he has been recently despite he is up in years. It has been gold, silver and bronze, in this way our little stamp club has become known outside the country.

If any of you want to know about Danish the Caravel stamps, he is the specialist. I think in Denmark, he knows most about these issues.

You've probably guessed who I'm talking about, namely: Carlo Rasmussen.

We can not give great gifts or grants for travel, but our board have decided that Carlo should be an honorary member of our club."

PEDER JENSEN,

PRESIDENT OF NÆSTVED FILATELISTKLUB

Thank you, but I have never got gold.

