



# Calling Canada

*A Tribute to the Canadian Navy*



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PRICE 15 CENTS.



## CALLING CANADA!

Yes Canada they are calling you. Both the living and the dead call to you to carry on as strong and united in peace as you did in war. The dead reply, in so doing we will not have died in vain. We gave all we had to give that you may live to keep the faith, and carry on. Your humble writer will make a guess for the future, call it prophecy if you wish. I feel very strongly that you will answer the call. Not only the call of the living and the dead of your own land but the call of all men of good-will wherever they may be found. The strong welcome you as a partner. As a promising young giant in the family of nations who has sprung up out of the void and went into action in a very business-like manner. None fear you as an aggressor, for they all trust and respect you. They know as an aggressor you will never march against them. Even though you were powerful enough to do so.

All people who think things out carefully know that you have been successful as a mediator between the strong and the strong. A very strong link between the old world and the new. Kind of a suspension bridge over which men of good-will pass to and fro. The small powers call on you not for the support of your armed forces but for your moral support. When you march down the long corridor of time with or in full co-operation with the strong. Millions of people have seen both your men and armaments in action, on most of the major battle fronts of the world. They saw you racing thru the swirling desert sand; they saw you on the beaches of Sicily; they saw you smash thru Italy; they saw you storm and capture the so-called impregnable redoubts of Hitler's Supermen and the back stabbing Hyena's best; they saw you at Dieppe; they saw you in Normandy and thru the length of that fair land of crushed and bleeding France; they saw you in Belgium, in Holland and in Germany. And wherever your men of battle and armour led the supermen gave way.

It was said, at Dieppe you fought like Russians in Germany, by a Russian. Canadians are tough like Russians, by General Montgomery. There are no finer fighting men than Canadians. Perhaps just as fine but no finer.

Your gallant airmen have darkened many skies. They scored high in the ferry command. In their many excursions into Jungle Land they stalked the slimy beast in his lair and blasted him from his den. They helped to ferret him out wherever he might be and poured on the supermen the wrath he intended for you and me.



## A Tribute to the Canadian Navy.

We have heard the good old English song, "We have a navy, a fighting navy, that holds our foe at bay." This was in days now past, when Britain had to, not only protect her own shores but also her far flung Empire. This was in days now past, never to return, when Canada had no Navy and not many really navy minded people. True there was in past years some discussion on the subject in Parliament. One party wanted a Canadian Navy and the other wanted to contribute to the support of the British Navy, so instead of settling their differences of opinion and getting down to a working agreement, they seemed to prefer the game of politics rather than unite, and embark on a naval program for the defence of our shores. They seemed content, instead of pulling our share of the load, to sponge on the British taxpayers, and depend on the British sea arm to protect us in the hour of danger. No doubt those same people sang, "Rule Britannia," "God Save the King," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "O Canada." No doubt they sang with pride of country and empire swelling in their hearts. No doubt it was an inspiring scene to see that crowd of patriots respectfully rise to their feet and sing with perfect enthusiasm and harmony any one or all of the above inspiring patriotic songs. Beautiful lip service and no doubt from the heart, but events have since proven that that kind of service is not enough, beautiful and inspiring as it may be. We want action, and men of vision and courage to lead us. Men like Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, Joseph Stalin and that great Chinese general, Chiang Kai-Shek. It has been said if a people lack vision they perish. This is a true prophesy as you can see by looking around the world. The price paid is staggering, and the end is still not too close. Mountains of dead must yet be climbed and rivers of blood must yet be crossed before the drama is ended and official receipts are issued, "Paid in full."

Now for a return to the subject of the Canadian Navy. When the war started, Canada had a navy of fifteen ships of small size. The largest probably, two cruisers described in an American paper as absolutely fit for only training purposes. Now we have a fighting and working navy of five hundred ships; perhaps more by this time. These ships are mostly small, but they perform a very necessary and efficient service in protecting our own coasts, and taking care of 40 percent of the convoy work to England, and the end is not yet. Within three years we will likely have a navy with twice the striking power.

Now please allow me the honor of presenting to you our navy minister, the Hon. Angus L. McDonald. I think that most Canadians will agree with me when I say that he is the Father of the Canadian Navy. Conceived in his fertile brain and born from the womb of his country's adversity. The fact that the Canadian Navy grew from a babe in the woods in swaddling clothes to maturity or will

head that way in such a short space of time speaks a lot of good meaning words for our Cape Breton born Navy Minister. It is only fitting and proper that the people of Canada should look to the people by the sea for a man to do the job, and a grand thing it was we had the man to give. I think we can now say that our contribution to Canada's war effort is now good. As it is with Quebec, the province who gave us Laurier, that grand French-Canadian statesman who will live in our cherished memory for what he has done for Canada—but for Laurier Canada's war effort would not be what it is today. Thanks to this Empire builder who has passed. Thanks to the province who gave him more than that. Her contribution is good. Yes, the Canadian Navy is making history on the high seas, and when the smoke of battle clears and the star of peace returns, and the full record of their deeds unfurl, it will make inspiring history and reading in their country's story.

When they pass out the decorations for a job well done, wear them proudly Angus. They are yours by right of conquest. Now, step up and meet the men who built the ships. You have already met the men who manned them. Without them our boys could not have gone to sea. Without them and their type elsewhere, Victory would not have been possible.

The tribute to the Canadian Navy was written about two years ago and as you are aware, things have moved very rapidly since that time, not only in Canadian Naval activities but in all the theatres of war on all the battle fronts of the world. The navy now has about 770 ships of all classes; 370 fighting ships, including several new and powerful destroyers, two cruisers and two flat tops. When I started to write the tribute to the Navy, we had three great world leaders. As you know, one of them has passed. This was a hard blow to men of good will everywhere. Especially to Canadians. I felt it a personal loss and I believe that is the way all Canadians felt about it. Yes, his country has lost a great citizen, a great president and a great leader. Canada has lost a great friend. The world has lost a great citizen. All that is mortal of Mr. Roosevelt rests beneath his native soil. All that is immortal marches on.

Mr. Truman, the new president, was trained in a good school, and we have this assurance that he will follow where his chieftan led. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt, who was great in life will also be great in death, for the people of his glorious country will be so inspired by his vision, his wisdom and his courage and just and human ways, will march on to a more glorious destiny than they otherwise would have ever known.



## A Salute to the Canadian Navy.

Officers and men of the Royal Canadian Navy, I raise my hand and heart in humble and grateful salute, not only to your gallantry and dash and daring in action, but also to your skill in handling your ships in all occasions when you come to grips with the enemy. Where quick thought and action are essential for all hands concerned... Let us all try and do our best in support of the Depth Charge Campaign that will give our boys the much needed added tools to do the job, and bring Victory that much closer and the boys home that much sooner.

Since I wrote the Salute to the Navy a year or so ago, I have had a very fine experience, personal contact with the men and women of the Royal Canadian Navy, I must extend this salute to include the Navy women, I must also include the women of the Civilian Personnel with whom I have come in contact, to me those women appear more charming than the Prairie Rose, to those who know and love the Prairies they will have to admit that the Prairie Rose is a pretty flower, yes, you and your sex have earned the franchise, for you have all proven your worth in many ways, in your homes, in the production lines, in the auxiliary forces at home and close up to the danger zone on all Battle Fronts of the world; in Russia they are in the firing line, they have even shot the German vultures from the Russian skies. We must also include the men of the Civilian Personnel whom I have found to be a very fine class of men.

For the ancient Colony a line we must add though she isn't part of Canada she makes the Empire glad.

In the Empires Battle Fleets  
Her sons are well enrolled  
They fight in every Battle Zone  
Her honor to uphold.

Since I wrote the first part of the Salute nearly a year ago, great events have taken place which we must now leave for historians to record, but greater events are now in the making, events that will soon bring this most terrible drama of all times to a close on European soil.

The terrible superman, his deathcry will soon reverberate around the world, soon the vengeful Blade of Justice will sink deep into the heart of the fallen brute and a very weary world will rejoice at that death, as it has never rejoiced before. Our Canadian boys are doing their share on land, on sea and in the air to help slay that loathsome beast. The striking power of the Canadian Navy has since rose to a new height by the addition of several new and powerful destroyers, two have since been sunk in enemy action, one in

the Mediterranean and one in the Bay of Biscay, but they died bravely and their gallant crews did all that mortal men could do. I will have to leave it to abler pens than mine to dedicate to them a proper and fitting tribute to their valour and devotion to duty. No doubt historians will give us as full a record of their glory as is possible to obtain.

## A Graveyard in the Deep.

There is a graveyard in the ocean,  
Resting on the ocean's floor,  
Where many a ship lies buried  
That will sail the seas no more.

Ships of war and commerce,  
Rest beneath the tide.  
Like the crews who manned them,  
Nobly worked and bravely died.

Had we had Angus and his Navy  
When the guns began to boom,  
Many a gallant merchant ship  
Would have escaped her doom.

With helm set decks awash  
Her crew alert, proudly sailing,  
The sea today  
In the United Nations' cause.

## TO THOSE WHO DON'T RETURN

Gone beyond the noise of battle,  
Gone where cannons never roar,  
Gone to join the men of Flanders,  
Who have trod the road before.

It was not in them to falter.  
When they heard their country call  
They answered to the summons,  
And in battle they gave all.

In the awful din of conflict,  
And in all the sternest tests of war,  
They stood like bearded veterans,  
On those blood stained fields afar.

Now they ask us to be steadfast  
In the cause for which they died  
They no more can join our numbers  
They have gone beyond the tide.



## Friends.

I have many friends, millions,  
And I'll tell you where they are,  
They fight on distant battlefields,  
Where bloody rivers flow.

They fight upon desert sands,  
And where wintry winds doth blow  
They fight on land, on sea, in air,  
They fight in every clime.

Some have joined the last commandoes  
Blasting at a foreign shore.  
Some will fight on Flanders Fields,  
Where their fathers fought before.

It was not the lust for battle fields,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
They simply heard their country call  
And quickly went away.

They, in Canada flew the country,  
They rode in every train,  
Ships were loading at her docks,  
Her troops were on the Main.

The wild winds blew,  
The billows rolled,  
The wolf packs prowled around  
But they got to England, just the same

They landed there in that dark hour,  
When Hitler raged and growled,  
And half the world in terror stood,  
And trembled at his power.

For well they knew if England fell,  
Their hour of doom was nigh  
But mid the tumult and the din  
A man of faith and vision rose;  
Brought courage to his people,  
Hurled defiance at his foes.

From every British heart  
The ringing answer came,  
It rolled across the ocean,  
Gathering momentum as it came.

It rolled across the continent,  
O'er mountain plain and sea,  
There will always be an England,  
And England shall be free.

It seemed to calm the troubled seas  
As oil upon the wave,  
It seemed to calm the troubled breast  
For now they knew that England  
Would be saved.  
And bring the spirit soft repose,  
For well they knew the British way.  
When she marches against her foes.

When they heard those Britons sing  
Around the earth's broad rim,  
They knew they stood united  
When they heard their battle hymn.

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## A JOB FOR ALL.

We all can't lead an army,  
Or join them in the field,  
But we all can help in some way  
To forge the tools they wield.

We all can't build a battleship,  
Or tread the iron deck,  
We all can't join the Airforce,  
To soar in heavens blue.

When the liberating armies  
Land on conquered soil,  
We all can't march in the spearhead,  
On that eventful day.  
When the men we knew in Canada  
May be called to lead the way.

But there are many little things  
That you and I can do,  
That will help to soothe  
The pains of war  
And see the conflict thru.

That will help to swell the volume  
Rolling onward to the sea,  
For transport o'er the ocean,  
That will help to make men free,

And when the war is over,  
Down thru the coming years,  
We must help to soothe old England's  
grief,  
And wipe away her tears.



## Spirit of the Canadian Navy.

They lived in a land that was peaceful.  
And both were happy and gay.  
Until he heard the sound of the bugle  
And quickly went away.

The noise of the battle grew louder  
And ships sank down in the sea  
While he rode around on the billows  
On guard for you and for me.

She dreamed of her love on the ocean,  
She prayed for him every day  
She longed for the end of the conflict  
And her true love again to see.

She said to the waves in commotion  
Be kind to my love on the ocean  
When the fighting is o'er  
And they need him no more  
Bring him back safely to me.

He spoke thru the storm and the tempest  
As though her sweet face he could see  
I cannot return my darling  
Till all the world is free.

For we fight for more than Canada  
That heaven blest domain  
We fight for brave old England  
And her bulwarks of the free  
And for her far flung Empire,  
Deep set in every sea.  
We fight for dear old glory  
And that sweet land of the free,  
We fight for all our allies,  
Wherever they may be.

Yes, we are standing with our allies  
Whatever fate befall  
We are fighting all for one  
And one for all.

So you see my job's important  
I cannot now return  
No matter how great the longing  
Or how my heart may yearn,  
For where the foes of free men challenge  
We must answer to the call.  
And we are fighting on to Victory  
No matter what befall!