



**SPECIAL
EDITION**

PLAY

YOUTH REPORTER COMPETITION

Meet our finalists *Inside* ▶

THE WINNING REPORTER WILL RECEIVE A GRAND PRIZE PACKAGE
AND A SCHOLARSHIP VALUED AT \$2,500

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READ THEIR STORY AND VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE FOR A CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE!

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Publisher and Chief Executive Officer, CFMWS

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Melissa Gauthier

Senior Manager, CAF Community Marketing and Communications

Christine Meyer

Communications Advisor and Production Manager

Christine Caron

Corporate Communications Manager

Antonina Rizzo

Team Leader/Technical Writing

Paul Dale

Web Coordinator, Digital Marketing and Communications

Michelle Squires

Translation

CFMWS Translation Service

Contributors

Melissa May Holyhead-Miles

Lleyton Maday

Katya Arifin

Mikaël Bowes

Megan Henwood

Luke Shields

Mentors

Ryan Cane

Jules Xavier

Emily Brown

Yves Bélanger

Camille Douglas

Judges

Melissa Atkinson

Camille Douglas

Janae Wandler

William McLeod

Jules Xavier

Emily Brown

Victoria De Laplante

Todd Peddle

Erica Lambert

Antonia Cameron

Guyline Fortin

Caroline Charest

Marjolaine Grattan

Virginia Beaton

Sara White

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Contest Notes

A selection committee comprised of 18 CAF Newspaper Editors met in late January to go through all the applications received and selected the most unique and powerful stories with the best editorial merit.

After selecting regional finalists, the Editors chose one additional story from their region to have the group vote on as a 6th finalist. The winner of this vote was the Wild Card entry.

All applicants were of the age of eligibility at the time of entry.



A division of CF Morale & Welfare Services
Une division des Services de bien-être et moral des FC

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Thank you to our sponsor!



PUBLISHER'S NOTE



I'm pleased to introduce this very special edition of the PLAY e-zine featuring the six finalists of the first the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF) Newspapers* Youth Reporter Competition.

From early October to the end of December 2019, CAF Newspapers invited youths from military families between the ages of 13 and 18 to take part in this new and exciting competition for a chance to win a grand prize package and scholarship valued at \$2,500! What a great opportunity for young members of our military community.

Thank you to all applicants for your participation and congratulations to our six finalists for making it this far! We wish each and every one of you the best of luck! If you ask me, you have already won by

having your voice heard and your article featured here and published on CAFconnection.ca as well as in Canadian Armed Forces Newspapers across the country.

It's now time to vote!

Dear community members, it's now your turn to participate by voting for your favourite story and/or Youth Reporter. Voting will be open from May 1 to 31, 2020 (closes at midnight EDT) at CAFconnection.ca/YouthReporter. We hope many of you will take the time to get to know our young finalists, read these unique stories and cast your vote to crown the best Youth Reporter of 2020!

Sean N. Cantelon,
Chief Executive Officer, Canadian Forces Morale and Welfare Services

*CAF Newspapers are managed by Personnel Support Programs, a division of Canadian Forces Morale and Welfare Services (CFMWS).

YOUTH REPORTER COMPETITION

Presented by CAF NEWSPAPERS

Between May 1-31, 2020

VOTE for your
FAVOURITE STORY

for a Chance to Win a Prize!*

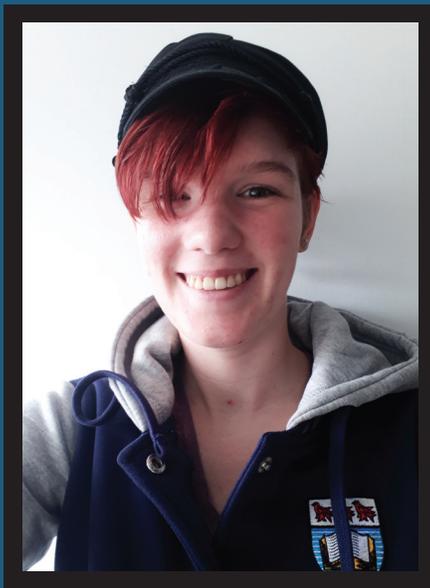
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The Youth Reporter with the most votes will win a grand prize package and scholarship valued at **\$2,500!**

CAFCONNECTION.CA/YOUTHREPORTER

* Voting rules apply. More details are available at CAFCONNECTION.CA/YOUTHREPORTER.



MELISSA MAY HOLYHEAD-MILES

Age: 19, Hometown: Victoria, BC



FOOD:

**CHICKEN ALFREDO
PASTA**



TV SERIES:

SHERLOCK



SCHOOL SUBJECT:

JAZZ BAND

**MELISSA'S
FAVES**

How a marching band changed my life

I remember being absolutely terrified when my parents dropped me off at the local Air Cadet squadron's open house. The giant ugly-blue front doors were not what I would call welcoming; however, the inside—also painted ugly blue—had been laid out as a tour of what they offered. Long tables filled with colourful poster boards and sign-up sheets showcased a variety of activities and the one that caught my eye and that would change my life was “band”.

I had only picked up the saxophone a few days prior; however, I knew deep down that band would really help my playing and advance me ahead of my school class. I have to say this happened very quickly. The band welcomed me and the band officer seemed excited to have a saxophone player (despite how poorly I played in the beginning).

It was not until my second year of Cadets that I realized how much the band and the people in it truly meant to me. While many of my

fellow Cadet bandies were there for the fun of it, I was there because I could see the potential of improving my musical skills, which my band officer was always willing to help with. Naturally, still being fairly new to a senior-level band had its disadvantages, such as learning and keeping up with complex rhythms; however, my band officer was always willing to work one-on-one to sort out any of my problem areas. I began looking up to him as a mentor and was excited to be working with him. One day, out of the blue, he announced to the band that he was not sure how much time he had left to work with us and that it had been a pleasure. We had never noticed anything wrong and assumed he would be retiring. That winter, he died from cancer.

The band began falling apart soon after. Our final piece together was “Flight of the Snowbirds”, which we played at his memorial service, as it was his favourite piece. What soon followed was a fight over who should be the next Drum Major and take charge of the band, which ended up

falling into the hands of a Cadet with poor leadership skills. All of the seniors left the band and took parade positions so they did not have to deal with the infighting between the Drum Major and the second-in-command, which left only myself, a clarinet, and a French horn as the final members of the band.

Over the next two years, I dedicated myself to learning everything I could, so I could make the band great again. It was a slow process, attending both Intermediate and Advanced Musicianship courses in summer camp through the Cadet program. I also had to work hard to achieve a Level Three playing and theory proficiency level, so I could test to be a Drum Major for the band.



Photo was taken moments after winning our category at band competition, 2019.

During the summer, I was often asked by my fellow campmates to help them with their theory and playing, something I had not expected. I was often told that I was a great help and should pursue teaching. I'd shrugged it off as nothing because I was tired of my family also suggesting I teach.

I spent the following year teaching Cadets any marching band instrument they wanted, as long as they were in the band. That year, I taught 24 Cadets how to play their selected instrument and then raised the question: do you want to go to band competition?

Naturally there was mixed reaction, some indifferent, some nervous, and even some Cadets that had no idea. After some convincing, we agreed to go to competition for the fun of it.

I got laughed at by officers and my parents for the first couple weeks. How could one Cadet take a first year band to competition? I spent all my free time writing out music scores and creating a routine and when it came time, we were ready.

It was my turn to laugh after the competition. Not only had I taken a first year band to competition, but we also won our category. I decided to join the Cadet Instructor Cadre (CIC) as a band officer and go to the University of Victoria to complete a Music Education degree.

Marching Band has certainly changed my life.

VOTE for MELISSA!

cafconnection.ca/youthreporter



LLEYTON MADAY

Age: 15, Hometown: Morinville, AB



**SCHOOL SUBJECT:
MATH / SCIENCE**



**BOOK: THE RANGER'S
APPRENTICE SERIES**



**DREAM JOB:
FIGHTER OR HELICOPTER PILOT**

**LLEYTON'S
FAVES**

Royal Canadian Air Cadets allows Alberta teen with ADHD to grow and succeed!

I'm 14 years old, from Morinville, Alberta, and I have ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder). My brain works a bit differently than most kids, but that didn't stop me from becoming a Flight Corporal with Edmonton's 12 Royal Canadian Air Cadet Squadron (RCACS).

Being part of the Air Cadets has made a positive difference in my life. My parents say ADHD is a "neuro-developmental disorder." Basically, that means my brain works a bit differently than my peers. I can have a hard time staying focused. I sometimes fidget or have trouble sitting still. I can act on impulse, without thinking about consequences.

Those may be my symptoms, but they are not everyone's symptoms. I have two step-brothers who also have ADHD. Their symptoms are much different than mine. ADHD can affect people very differently. Having ADHD doesn't make me dumb. Many ADHD kids are actually very smart and do well in school, in sports, or even in the Air Cadets.

There are some myths about ADHD. Some people think it's not a real medical condition. I can tell you from my own experience, it's very real and it involves how your brain develops and works. In almost every classroom, there are one or two kids who have ADHD.

Some people think only boys can have ADHD, but many girls have ADHD too. People don't have ADHD because of something their parents did or because they eat too much sugar. It's genetic — we are born with it.

Sometimes people think ADHD kids just need to try harder. The reality is that we are usually trying our absolute best, but our brain isn't co-operating.

I was diagnosed with ADHD when I was 10. I was upset and felt bad at first. I didn't want to be weird or different from other kids. But I learned that knowing about ADHD is the key to learning how to live with it.

When ADHD goes undiagnosed or untreated, it can lead to anxiety, depression, and low self-esteem. Kids don't understand why they are different.



Teens in air cadets prosper because of the support the program offers.

know what to expect. After the opening parade and before our first class, some of my fellow Air Cadets invited me to sit with them, and for the rest of the night we talked and became friends. They are still my friends to this day.

That first night was an amazing experience for me, because up to that point in my life I was a kid who could not find friends easily or really even talk to people. I knew I belonged at 12 Squadron and it quickly became like a second family to me.

Being an Air Cadet has provided me with great opportunities. In my first year as a Leading Air Cadet, I was in my Squadron and Zone, in effective speaking competitions, on drill team and I did ground school three times. In my second year as a Corporal, I was a section head in my flight. I have also been to summer training twice at Cold Lake CTC and I am hoping to do advanced aviation this summer.

As someone with ADHD, being an Air Cadet has given me a place where I fit in and where I can succeed. I have become more comfortable doing things I would not regularly do. I feel a sense of belonging.

If you have ADHD, talk about it. Accept it. Learn how to live with it. If you don't have ADHD, try to understand and accept people with mental health issues. They need your support. If you want a place where you can do amazing things, as I've learned since joining, think about being part of the Air Cadets!

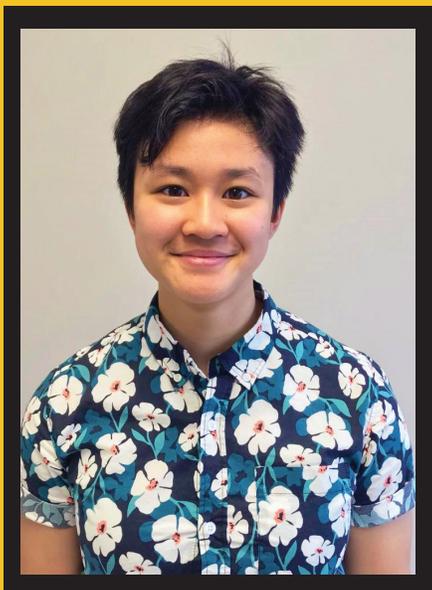
Another important thing happened to me when I was 10 – I learned about the Air Cadets.

My dad took me to my very first air show at CFB Cold Lake, Alberta. After seeing all of the amazing aerobatics and aircraft, I thought "That's what I want to do!" I got to meet some Air Cadets there. They told me all about the program and I was ready to join right away, but I had to wait until I turned 12. So, for the next two years, I learned all I could about the Air Cadet program. I visited a few squadrons around Edmonton to see which one I liked the best. Finally, three days after I turned 12, I signed up with 12 City of Edmonton RCACS.

On my first night, I was a bit nervous because I didn't know anyone, and I didn't

VOTE for LLEYTON!

cafconnection.ca/youthreporter



KATYA ARIFIN

Age: 17, Hometown: Toronto, ON



SCHOOL SUBJECT:
DRAMA



SONG:
LIFE ON MARS BY DAVID BOWIE



ANIMAL:
GIRAFFE

**KATYA'S
FAVES**

Choice

Every September, my school makes each student complete a census. Unfortunately for my English teacher, this year it's during his class.

"Five minutes," he seethes, glaring at his untouched lesson. Serves him right, I muse, turning to the final question.

Immediate family members.

Who assigns a five-page hypothetical topic analysis on the second day?

Languages.

I was going to relax with friends in early September's warmth. Now I'm writing an essay I don't even care abo...

Ethnic identity.

Wait.

Identity?

I mean, my parents are Indonesian. Born and raised. I write the capital I, but...

"You're Indonesian?" People are shocked at my family's heritage. I can't blame them. My geographical knowledge of the country is limited to being able to find it on a map. Duolingo also placed my language comprehension at 'Beginner'. I erase the 'I' and write 'C' for Canadian.

My parents' voices interrupt my internal debate. "Anak, of course you're Indonesian! Remember your family, where you came from!" It's hard to remember a country that I've only been to once as a toddler. And as for my extended family, all in Indonesia, they all live in a shop window display: look, but don't touch.

Immigration isn't just giving up a citizenship document. For many, including my parents, it's giving up connections, the safety net of family and relatives to lean on. Family isn't just an extra babysitter, or a place to go on the weekends, it's a shared experience—a community.

My parents conceded direct relationships with their own families to give their children opportunities they didn't have. I'm extremely grateful, but, as a result, when my parents tell me to remember where I came from, they're telling me to remember where they came from. To internalize their experiences, their lives, as my own.



New parents Alex and Marlene Arifin outside their first basement apartment in Toronto on 27 August 2003.

Imagine being forced to wear too-small shoes. You try to fit into them, scrunching your toes, loosening the laces, wearing thinner socks. Still, every step is awkward and constricting. The problem is with the shoes: they don't fit you, but everyone around you says otherwise. Maybe you aren't trying hard enough. Your parents wore those shoes. They were surrounded by others who showed them how to wear the shoes properly. Aren't you their offspring? Surely, you must fit into them, too. The shoes are not the problem. You're failing. Try harder.

These repeated shortcomings gnaw at your self-esteem. They become pulses, nags, embers on coal, but they don't stay dormant. The smallest comment incites their growth. "Your accent is so white!" "That's not how we act." "You should go home someday." The pulse beats harder. The nagging becomes shouting. The embers burst into flames.

You scream, rage at the injustice. They chose to move here, and now they're blaming you? How could they? You're angry. You're furious.

You're also lucky.

Your privilege is unbelievable. You will never, for one moment, understand what it's like to be scared and alone, with only a suitcase, without family, not knowing what's going to happen. Your parents do, that's what

they went through. Immigration is hard. Isolation is suffocating. Being told their university qualifications mean less because they came from elsewhere is humiliating. They went through all of that for you, and you're complaining about knowing too much English? About fitting in too much?

Now your anger becomes guilt. You're childish. Get over it. Move on. The drum beat quiets to a pulse. The rage retreats to a dark recess of your mind. The fire cools to ember. You cower in a grey, perpetual hazy state, balancing the hyphen between both cultures. Never picking a side, because one betrays the other.

I'm not truly Indonesian. That culture is not one I lived. Claiming it discounts the shared experiences of two hundred million others, but the thought of my parents' reaction petrifies me. "I did all this for you. Can't you do this one thing for me?" Rage, anger, guilt. Wash, cycle, repeat.

I'm not truly Canadian, either. That title is for those with a much different experience than mine. Does this not ignore the sacrifices my parents made, to risk everything in hope one day their children's new identity will allow them to succeed.

Race and ethnicity are a construct. But they're a construct we live in. You can't stay balanced on a grey hyphen all your life. You must decide.

"Pencils down."

My disgruntled teacher snatches sheets out of students' hands.

The bell rings.

The final question, awaiting my response, taunts me.

VOTE for KATYA!

cafconnection.ca/youthreporter



MIKAËL BOWES

Age: 19, Hometown: Saint-Lin-Laurentides, QC



FOOD:

SHEPHERD'S PIE



MOVIE: THE GREATEST SHOWMAN



ANIMAL:

FROG

**MIKAËL'S
FAVES**

Re-boot camp*

My name is Mikaël.

In fact, very few people know my birth name and I think it's better that way. For the first 12 years of my life, I felt odd because I liked “boy” stuff—cars and all those types of things—even though I had every right to do so.

The problem is that we tell children what they should like: flowers and pink for girls, trucks and blue for boys.

It always felt strange to me to like one colour more than another; after all, it's just a colour. I am, however, proud to say that I love green!

I don't feel that because I never identified with a random colour I'm that different from everyone else. On the contrary, I'm a lot like you.

I love pizza and poutine, and the outdoors. I'm a student like most of you. The biggest difference

between us is that unlike most of you, I'm not as athletic!

To a certain extent, I feel fortunate to live here, because the majority of transgender people wouldn't dare reveal their real name or true identity out of fear. And who can blame them?

In 2019, 311 transgender people were killed worldwide. Not by accident or because they were in the wrong place at the wrong time. This was intentional, cruel, violent, and most of all pointless.

I can't understand killing someone in cold blood. But killing someone because of a name or pronoun, well that just baffles me.

In fact, the fear I feel is a culmination of all these terrifying things that have been done to people like me. It creates this feeling of anxiety you just can't get rid of. In other words, it's like a constant fear in the pit of your stomach that just grows and grows, because there is always a voice warning you: “don't



Participants at a Pride Parade carry a banner promoting the respect of transgender rights.

do that, you may be attacked.” Unfortunately, that is what scares me. I know people have nothing against me and will mostly let me live my life, but this heightened sense of fear grips you because a minority of people don’t mind their own business.

The transition is something truly special. It’s a chance to be reborn, to change and become better, but at the same time, it’s one of the most horrible things ever.

It feels like one of your tests: crawling through mud, bruising your body climbing over endless obstacles, all while the finish line seems further and further away. Each step leaves you winded, your

lungs tightening with every criticism that you are too slow, and yet, you still have to reach the finish line.

I admit I’m not painting a pretty picture of transitioning with all this depressing information. Fortunately, there is a flip side.

For example, I’m currently in the process of changing my name. It’s as though I couldn’t get my paperwork in fast enough. But now with the wait it feels like I’m dragging my feet, like things are slowing me down and I have to force my legs to keep moving.

I think we all have the same problem—to always look ahead. Sometimes we just need to close our eyes and tell ourselves: “I made it this far. I’m strong.”

But rather we tell ourselves there is still way too far to go. That the next obstacles are insurmountable. That we won’t succeed. That it’s too hard.

But I think we should look back more often, because you’ll surely notice it too—chances are you already made it over the highest wall.

VOTE for MIKAËL!
cafconnection.ca/youthreporter

*The original article was submitted in French and translated by CFMWS Translation services.



MEGAN HENWOOD

Age: 18, Hometown: Moncton, NB



FOOD:
CHICKEN NUGGETS



DREAM JOB:
JOURNALIST



ROLE MODEL:
**MY ENGLISH TEACHER,
MR. JEREMY DEVITO**

**MEGAN'S
FAVES**

Joining the Naval Reserve as inspired by the Sea Cadet program

Across Canada, nearly 8,000 young Canadians take part in the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet program. Being cost-free, the program is known for providing training to its members aged 12 to 18 on leadership, citizenship, and even nautical familiarization. It aims to develop youth to become Canada's next generation of leaders. Many Sea Cadets become drawn in by the opportunities offered, and join the Navy or Naval Reserve later in life. This narrative played out a bit differently for 46-year-old Sarah Henwood, a reservist with HMCS Brunswick, who was also inspired by the Sea Cadet program.

Both of Sarah's daughters, Megan, 18, and Elizabeth, 14, are members of the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps 122 Moncton, both having joined at the age of 12. During their time in the program, both girls had the opportunity to develop themselves as leaders and learn many different skills ranging from marksmanship to the operation of different types of boats. It goes without saying that being in the Sea Cadets has had a huge impact on both of their

lives. For example, Megan obtained her Pleasure Craft Operator Card through summer training, and even had some work experience that inspired her to become a journalist. As well, Elizabeth began sailing recreationally during the summertime when not away at HMCS Acadia, one of the many Summer Cadet Training Centres in Canada.

"Being in the Cadets is probably one of the best decisions I've made," said Elizabeth. "I've met a lot of my favourite people through the program and learned a lot of cool stuff you can't really get anywhere else".

Both girls have been very active in the Corps activities, and soon enough Sarah was as well. Sarah first became involved in 2017, through the Moncton Navy League branch, the volunteer organization that oversees the fundraising of 122 Moncton, as well as the 193 Codiac Navy League Corps. Sarah served as the branch's treasurer for over two years, playing a large role in organizing fundraisers and

volunteer activities for both units. However, it wouldn't be long before she took her involvement to the next step.

"My children were growing up and needed less from me, so I was up for a new challenge. I always wondered about the reserves and when I found out the Moncton satellite unit was opening, I decided to go for it."

Sarah's inspiration came after her eldest daughter was selected to take part in the Sea Cadet Seamanship Deployments. This was an opportunity for Sea Cadets to travel to British Columbia and learn about shipboard life in a hands-on way aboard ORCA class vessels. It was when Megan arrived home from her trip that Sarah announced she had undergone the aptitude test for the naval reserve.



OSR Sarah Henwood being enrolled into the naval reserve.

"I was really happy for her when I heard she was going to be enrolled in the reserves," said Elizabeth. "I thought it was cool that my mom was going to be part of something like that."

Sarah enrolled in the naval reserve on June 6, 2019, becoming an Ordinary Seaman Recruit with HMCS Brunswicker. Though she enrolled in Financial Services, she is enjoying all elements the naval reserve has to offer.

"When I first joined, everyone was supportive. I especially found the recruiting staff to be very informative throughout the process."

What made Sarah's enrolment special was that she was the first to be enrolled in the HMCS Brunswicker satellite unit in Moncton. The Saint John-based reserve unit decided to open a satellite in Moncton, sharing the Moncton Garrison facilities with the 8th Canadian Hussars and four cadet units, since many members already lived in the city.

"Being the first recruit in the new unit made me feel pretty proud," she said. "I was excited to see Moncton grow."

Nine months later, Sarah is still enjoying her time as a reservist. She recently travelled to Albert Head in British Columbia for her Basic Military Qualification (BMQ) training, and looks forward to further continuing her training as a financial services administrator (FSA).

"I'm also excited to be a part of ceremonies such as the Battle of the Atlantic and Remembrance Day ceremonies," she said, "and to be able to take part in everything HMCS Brunswicker does around the community. Like when the Saint John River floods every spring, for example. I can't wait to be a part of that relief."

VOTE for MEGAN!

cafconnection.ca/youthreporter



LUKE SHIELDS

Age: 18, Hometown: Campbell River, BC



MOVIE:

LETHAL WEAPON



ANIMAL:

OWL



ROLE MODEL:

MY FATHER

**LUKE'S
FAVES**

The Story of Private Carl Kolonsky: A tale of mischief and heroism

Private Carl Kolonsky was born on March 18, 1925 in Garson, Ontario. Carl was raised through the Great Depression and spent his childhood, as many rural area children had, in those times.

Avidly attending church as a Catholic, Carl recounts the thought of one of the Ten Commandments spinning over and over in his head as he joined the army in 1944: 'Thou shall not kill.'

Carl originally joined the army to train as a gunner in the artillery, but after landing in Scotland, before going to mainland Europe, Carl was re-mustered to the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. He spent four weeks training as an infantry soldier at Camp Aldershot before being shipped out through the newly opened Port of Antwerp.

From the Port of Antwerp, Carl and his unit were sent to reinforce their parent unit that was fighting its way north of the Scheldt River. Carl spent most of the war in the Netherlands. On the day of the

German surrender, May 5, 1945, Carl and his unit were in the small city of Bergen op Zoom.

Following the surrender, Carl and his unit were tasked with the collection and disarmament of German prisoners of war (POWs). After the final surrender of all Wehrmacht forces in continental Europe, Carl volunteered for service in the Pacific Theatre; however, by the time victory in Japan had been achieved, Carl was still in the Netherlands.

Private Kolonsky's service did not end there. Carl was eventually posted to a different regiment: the Highland Light Infantry of Canada. He was then sent, along with the Canadian Army Occupation Force, to Germany. Stationed in Germany, Carl recounted stories of that time including but not limited to destroying Messerschmitt aircraft with a half-track, and bartering with the currency of cigarettes!

Towards the end of the war in Holland, the Allies began taking German POWs. Carl and his platoon,

along with other Allied forces, were held up on a dike taking in and processing POWs. Carl was tasked with marshalling the POWs to a checkpoint when he recounted seeing this huge, arrogant German officer come into sight. He was carrying a pigskin briefcase and was wearing an Iron Cross; the officer was spitting at some of the soldiers.

Carl recounted having a spontaneous desire to possess that Iron Cross. Being slightly mischievous, Carl walked over and snatched the Iron Cross right off his uniform. The officer was so mad he spat in Carl's face, so Carl snatched the briefcase as well.



Carl Kolonsky recounts the events of his service during the second world war while reviewing memorabilia and paper work from that time.

"No one knew it was me!" Carl said as he recounted the event. "But my Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Rockingham, saw the event unfold from a distance and wanted to obtain the briefcase. I hid it for three days and none of my buddies squealed on me. Eventually, I admitted that I had taken the briefcase because the German had spat in my face. I negotiated a deal: the return of the briefcase for a duffle bag full of cigarettes and a leave pass to Amsterdam! It was a good deal from my point of view and the Intelligence Corps found the contents of the briefcase helpful as it contained the German soldiers' pay records for the local forces. The officer was the paymaster!"

Carl has many amazing stories about events that unfolded during his time in the war. Hearing stories such as these paints a different perspective on war, and how not everything is about fighting and destroying the enemy. It's realizing that tales of mischief and fun are just as prevalent as stories of unwavering heroism and sacrifice.

It's important for all to remember not only their sacrifices, but also to remember their stories. It's equally important for us to document and record the history from those who lived it, because these are the stories that are recounted for generations.

Victory against all odds includes stories of friendship, comradery and a united people who serve to protect their countries against an oppressor. These are the stories of mischief and heroism that we raise our children with. We use them as life lessons and to explain why our world has been crafted the way it is, where the lines were drawn on the map, and how every piece of the puzzle falls into play.

We will remember.

VOTE for LUKE!

cafconnection.ca/youthreporter



Royal Canadian Legion Veteran Welcome Program

Serving and retired Canadian Armed Forces and RCMP members are eligible for a free one-year membership to welcome them to the Legion. Membership registration is completed through Dominion Command, and members can transfer to a local Branch afterwards.

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[Legion.ca/welcome](https://legion.ca/welcome)

Honouring Veterans is Our Duty

June is Recreation Month

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