

Bad memory, good market

After reading my published column last week, my husband said to me very clearly, “I have never mispronounced Ogilvie.” I said, “Really?” and then I tried to remember who it was that mispronounced Ogilvie that inspired last weeks column about street names.

I’ve been thinking about this for a week and I can’t remember who it was. Whoever you are, you inspired a column.

Also, sorry for the misquote, husband. Memories are slippery and so easily manipulated. There have been times when I swore that I told my husband about dinner plans to later remember that it was a conversation that I had with him in my head, not in person.

It makes planning difficult when the other person is unaware of the plans.

One of the plans that I forgot to tell my husband about was for a family walk to the Crown Market in the old Hart Highway school a few weeks ago.

I stopped by the market with just me and the kids a few months ago and would have loved to browse around longer than I was able to with a cranky infant and a hands-y toddler.

Home Again


MEGAN KUKLIS

Any one who had shopped with a toddler knows the distinct hell that can arise from their curiosity about all things.

Being inside a small space with lots of breakable items with a toddler increases parental anxiety tenfold.

However, I had conveniently forgot about the shopping difficulties last time and all four of us browsed around the market for a little while a few weeks ago and had a lovely time.

I loved this market for a few reasons:

- 1) It’s open on Sundays .
- 2) It feels like a flea market or a multi-family garage sale with pottery, art and vintage awesomeness.
- 3) All the sellers are extremely friendly and seemed to enjoy my son’s enthusiastic wanderings.

So shoppers of Prince George, don’t forget to visit the Crown Market.

It’s open Thursday to Sundays and it’s worth pulling off the highway for a browse.



Wounded soldiers are treated in a trench during the Battle of Courcellette on Sept. 15, 1916. Soldiers diaries showcase a dreary, perilous life in First World War trenches.

Three Rs the bane of soldiers in the trenches

Geordon ORMAND *The Canadian Press*

The three Rs they studied in school were nothing like those confronting young soldiers dug deep into the trenches of the First World War: rats, rain and rations.

The labyrinthine network of passageways gouged into the hard-packed European soil offered precarious refuge from the ever-present threat of fast-firing machine guns and powerful artillery characterizing the deadliest military engagement in Canada’s history, claiming more than 60,000 lives over four years from a country of fewer than eight million.

War diaries collected by museums and governments offer a vivid picture of life in the trenches as characterized by long periods of monotony, punctuated by intense episodes of terror, leaving soldiers constantly on edge, as poor sanitation and shoddy living conditions ate away at morale.

Far from the clean, dry sanctuaries used in training exercises, the trenches were little more than mud ditches crawling with disease and vermin, filled with stagnant water and all too often the bodies of fallen comrades.

“One got used to many things, but I never overcame my horror of the rats,” wrote Pte. Harold Saunders, who fought in France with the 2nd Battalion in June 1916.

“They abounded in some parts, great loathsome beasts gorged with flesh. ... A battalion of Jerrys would have terrified me less than the rats did sometimes,” he wrote, invoking a slang trench term for enemy German soldiers.

“About the same time every night the dug-out was invaded by swarms of rats,” he reported.

“Once we drenched the place with creosote. It almost suffocated us, but did not keep the rats away. They pattered down the steps at the usual time, paused a moment and sneezed, and then got to work on our belongings.”

By war’s end, a complex latticework of trenches ran 750 kilometres from Switzerland to the Belgian coast.

Canadian war efforts were mostly concentrated on this western front, where such nation-calcifying military moments as Vimy Ridge and the Battle of Ypres took place.

The persistent cold and dampness from prolonged periods standing in water-logged troughs gave way to trench foot, which risked leading to gangrene and amputation.

“My first spell in the line lasted three weeks,” wrote Saunders.

“My socks were embedded in my feet with caked mud and filth and had to be removed with a knife,” he continued.

“Lack of rest became a torment. Undis-

“

One got used to many things, but I never overcame my horror of the rats. They abounded in some parts, great loathsome beasts gorged with flesh. ... A battalion of Jerrys would have terrified me less than the rats did sometimes.

— Pte. Harold Saunders
2nd Battalion

turbed sleep seemed more desirable than heaven and much more remote.”

While regular rotations and rare leave afforded brief periods of respite, the inevitable return to the front line was never far away.

“Small rations and scant sleep our daily lot. Nothing but a sea of mud all around,” wrote Pte. Herbert Heckford Burrell, who served with the 100th Winnipeg Grenadiers.

“Rations for dinner 1/3rd of a tin of beans! We’re in the army now.”

Trench-newspapers and the daily rum ration were often the only bright spots.

More than 30 soldier-produced and surprisingly candid papers of the war – including the Listening Post, the Busy Beaver and the Dead Horse Corner Gazette – served as an outlet for soldiers to play down the hardships of trench life.

Tongue-in-cheek writing was peppered with a rich lexicon of trench slang.

Grenades became potato mashers while small-calibre German shells turned into whiz bangs, described in trench newspaper prose as “a dark, elongated insect that flies through the air at a terrific pace and carries a vicious sting.”

A standard-issue helmet became a tin hat: “For washing in, cooking the mulligan, baling [sic] out the trench, drawing loose rations, such as tea or sugar; and occasionally as protection for the head during bombardments.”

Humour was a coping mechanism.

“Things are not so very great and Fritz [the Germans] is always feeling around with his artillery,” wrote Pte. Andrew Robert Coulter in his war diary on a sodden June 20 in 1917.

“Hope he does not happen to feel our hut.”

MAILBOX: Your Letters

Local pair leave theatrical legacy in PEI

As the 33rd season of the Victoria Playhouse Festival in Prince Edward Island counts down its final performances I am compelled to write to the citizens of Prince George – to say thank you.

Why you may ask? Thank you for being the supportive and fertile ground beneath the development of your wonderful theatre – Theatre North West and its founders Ted Price and Anne Laughlin.

We had the good fortune to meet Ted and Anne on a recommendation from someone who speaks so fondly of your theatre and town – PEI actor Bill McFadden.

We hired Ted to direct On Golden Pond for us in the summer of 2012.

He did an amazing job, and Anne even stepped in at the last moment to act as rehearsal stage manager. I am sure they were both surprised by the age of our technical equipment and the constraints under which we work. However there was not one word of disparagement – only the desire to put the best possible production on the stage through hard work, generosity and respect.

In June 2013 my husband (the founding artistic director of the Victoria Playhouse) died suddenly. I was still in shock the day I met Ted and Anne on the theatre patio

as they stopped to see me on their way to Newfoundland. Their words of comfort and genuine desire to help were a lifesaver for me. After speaking with them I could see a way forward. And that way included asking Ted to come back to direct a play in 2014.

Not only would he cast, direct and look after a million details, he also agreed to spend a great deal of time reading scripts and choosing the play he felt was right for us at the time.

I also asked Anne to be the rehearsal stage manager as she had done a stellar job of keeping all of us organized in 2012.

People like Ted and Anne don’t come by every day. Genuine, dedicated, talented individuals – together they are dynamite! And their commitment to their hometown of Prince George is obvious. They love and care for their community.

So from the other side of the country I say again thank you – for the part you and two of your best ambassadors have unknowingly played in the life of the Victoria Playhouse in Prince Edward Island.

Pat Stunden Smith
managing director
Victoria Playhouse
Victoria by the Sea, PEI

Thanks for the help

On Sept. 6, myself, my wife and brother in law were travelling from Dawson Creek towards Prince George on our way home to Kamloops.

We had been on a vacation visiting relations in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Approximately 175 km east of Prince George we had the misfortune of getting a flat tire.

As we were unloading the rear of our SUV to facilitate the changing of our flat tire a van containing a man and his wife stopped to offer their assistance.

Without hesitation the gentleman started the process of changing the flat tire. Our spare tire was low on air but to our surprise and delight the gentleman produced a small compressor and pro-

ceeded to inflate the tire.

The tire change went very smoothly and during the time we spent together on the side of the highway we were reminded that we are surrounded by very caring and helpful people.

Without a doubt we were fortunate to have met and been helped by Prince George residents Kenny Tashoots and his wife Beverly.

A big thank you to them not only for the help in getting us on our way but for reminding us that there are caring and helpful people in our communities despite all the negative things we hear and read.

Bob and Betty Ann Leach – Kamloops
Harry Beuker – Innisfail, AB

Thanks to Vintage Car Club for volunteering

Thanks to the Citizen for the article on the fourth annual Auto Swap meet at the Roll-a-Dome that was held on the weekend. We have to give credit where credit is due, the event was solely organized by the Prince George Vintage Car Club so a big thank you to them for putting in countless hours and enduring all the stress of put-

ting this event on. The Swap Meet brought in many out of town participants who spent the weekend in Prince George. It is an important event for all car enthusiasts.

Thanks to all the vendors and participants.

George Windsor
president of the Cruisin Classics

LIFT CHAIRS

Starting at

\$995



Come in today and experience how a lift chair makes standing safe and easy.



250.562.8280

849-2nd Ave. Prince George, BC

Like us on Facebook

FRIEND/AMI/T'EKE

www.medichair.com

MEDichair

the home medical equipment specialists

R001806358