

February 5th

Dear Hank,

Don had packed the enclosed flag and boxed it before he became so ill, he had dictated a bit of the story to me before he died on January 21st and I promised I would get it to you.

It was a story of great bravery - that of a battle weary platoon coming upon a German H.Q., breaking into the stores and liberating it. Anyway a bit of a scrap took place and some one passed it to Don to keep - they moved out shortly after he gave it to young Chullis or Chalmis. He didn't know where it was until his kid caught up with him in England, where he was in hospital. So he brought it home, Our kids hoped it had been an exciting capture. (You know climbing the flagpole under fire!!)

He served originally with the Rthl, my home town regiment, landed in France D day + 7 or 20, came up to the SSR's and found his cousin's husband Jack Brady already there.

It was near a place called, the name escapes me - between Brasschaat

and Woensdrecht - Perhaps there might
be somebody who was with what was left
of Baker Company in October '44 who
knows about it -

Anyway it is a genuine SSR
trophy -

He was always very proud to
have served with the Regiment, and in
the next fifty years as he taught and
we farmed down in Glenora county
in Ontario he often spoke of those few
months and the men who served. A strange
coincidence a few months before he died,
he was having a catanact operation and the
"young" doctor ^{asked} as he lay on the table
whether he had been injured in the war?
It turns out that Dr. McLaugh's father
had the sniper platoon, and lost a leg
going into Germany - small world?

We moved to the West as our
children migrated, have had eight
good years in Kamloops where his
Grandfather cleared a ranch in 1898, and
he is now buried in the old cemetery
here beside his Grandfather -

Sincerely

Joan Shaw

Young Challis was killed later not long
before Don was wounded.