

HARVEY and MINERVA STANFIELD



Courtesy of: The First Hussars

Written by: Nick Corrie

Assisted by: Richard "Rick" Stanfield



*Name:* Harvey R. Stanfield

*Rank:* L/Cpl

*Service Number:* B 113443

*Born:* 15 October 1916, Islington, Ontario

*Discharged:* 19 February 1946

*Served In:* WWII

*Service:* Canadian Army

*Battle Group:* 2<sup>nd</sup> Canadian Armoured Brigade

*Regiment:* 6<sup>th</sup> Canadian Armoured Regiment (1 Hussars)

*Service Details:* Harvey joined-up 20 May 1943; did basic training in Chatham advancing to Camp Borden for armoured training on Ram tanks. He reached the UK in December 1943, marked time for a few months before assigned to the First Hussars 16 July 1943.

*Service Notes:* As a crew commander with "A" Squadron, his objective on D-Day was to power his DD tank through choppy seas and land on *Mike Red* beach. Unfortunately, the canvas screen was shredded by machine gun fire sinking the tank. With their Sherman tank partly exposed in seven feet of water, all five men were forced into the sea by incessant fire. All were successfully rescued to fight another day.



**HODIE NON CRAS**

(Today Not Tomorrow)



**CANADIAN WAR MEDALS - NW EUROPE**

## **Harvey Reginald Stanfield – Personal History: Before, During and After WWII**

The name Stanfield was brought to England in the great wave of migration following the Norman Conquest of 1066. The Stanfield family originally lived in Yorkshire. The name was derived from the Old English "stan," meaning "stony," and "feld," meaning "field." In other words, a perfect surname for a farmer.

To escape the chaos and poverty of their homeland in the nineteenth century, many English families braved filthy ships, disease and rough seas to migrate by the boat load to British colonies abroad. British North America, being the closest, shortest voyage, became a popular destination. Once arrived and settled in a forested country devoid of any amenities, many of the families prospered and made valuable contributions to the cultures of what would become Canada. Thomas Richard Stanfield with wife Anne were part of this huge flood of immigrants, settling as farmers in 1841 at Summerville, Ontario.



*Summerville developed around the crossing of Dundas Street and the Etobicoke Creek. Originally known as Silverthorn's Mill or Mill Place, settlers began to arrive in this vicinity prior to the War of 1812. The community grew to include a mill, two blacksmiths, hotel, tavern, general store, post office, two schools, church, and carriage works. Summerville began to disappear with the widening of Dundas Street and lowering of water levels in the Etobicoke Creek. There are few visible reminders of Summerville today.*

Thomas Richard Surgey Stanfield, b. 10 June 1809, Straggle Thorpe, Lincolnshire, d. 8 December 1892, Peel Cnty, Ontario.

Anne Flear Stanfield b. 18 September 1814, Long Bennington, Lincolnshire, d. 5 April 1900, Peel Cnty, Ontario.

A grandson of Richard and Anne, born in adopted Peel County, the fifth of nine children, was George Stanfield who married a native of Norfolk, England, Blanche Williamson. She came to Canada in 1887.

George Wilbert Stanfield b. 11 September 1881, Peel Cnty, Ontario.  
d. 14 June 1960, Toronto, Ontario.

Blanche Ethel Williamson Stanfield b. 23 August 1883, Norfolk, England,  
d. 21 September 1925, Weston, Ontario.

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George and Blanche became the proud parents of six children: Elsie, Irene, Wilbur, George F., Harvey and Verna. Sadly, Blanche at age 42 died giving birth to Verna.

Harvey Reginald was born in Islington, Ontario, on 15 October 1916.



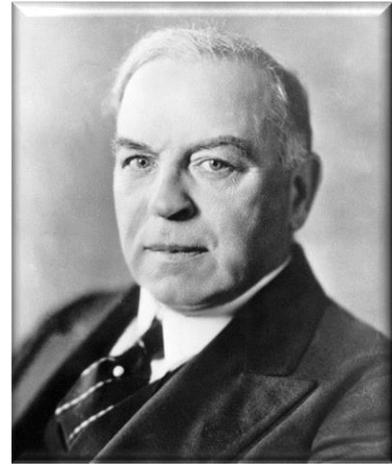
This is now a part of the Greater Toronto area. A modern description of this area:

*Islington—City Centre West (also known as Islington Village, Six Points or Etobicoke City Centre) is a commercial and residential neighbourhood in Etobicoke, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. One of four central business districts outside Downtown Toronto, it is bounded by Rathburn Road to the north, Islington Avenue to the east, Bloor Street to the south, Mimico Creek to the west. And today: Islington centres on a commercial strip along Dundas Street West (originally The Governor's Road, the first highway connecting Toronto to **London, Ontario**) which runs along an escarpment (the Lake Iroquois Shoreline, ancient shore of Lake Iroquois.)*

The cross reference given between London and Islington would have meant nothing to the young Harvey as he grew into manhood, but before his twenty-sixth birthday it would bring great significance. Located down The King's Highway # 2 since 1856, was the London based, one-time cavalry regiment turned armoured in 1939, the First Hussars. Harvey would ultimately become a proud member of this

regiment when in 1942, he enlisted in the Canadian army to fight World War Two in an armoured tank.

On the 20 May 1942 when Harvey Stanfield joined the army in Toronto, he stated that he joined “to avoid the draft.” This universally common term, aka conscription, was officially shunned and twisted about in Canada by the Mackenzie King government because it was a politically offensive word to the Liberal party’s power base in Quebec. To avoid the mention of the word, the wiliest of any Canadian politician before or since contrived a most innocuous sequence of words which meant the same but hid its intent; it became the National Resources Mobilization Act (NRMA).

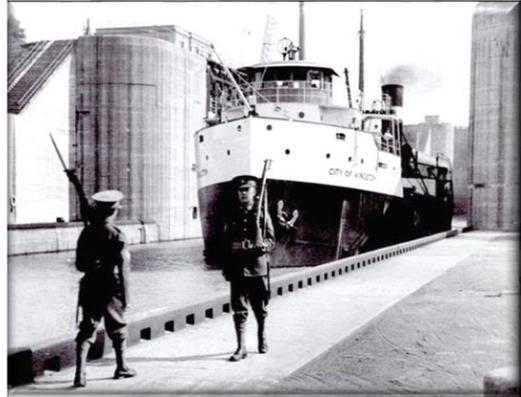


Harvey’s enlistment reason for avoiding the draft, was stated in his series of documents all headed under *Attestation Paper*, the official document providing a record of who and what you were: crime sheet (clear); health (good, tall strong lad, 170 lbs, 5’10”); ambition (wants to be a motor mechanic); education (grade VII); “M” Score (indicates better than average ability and intelligence). As far as the recruiting officer was concerned on that day in May, Harvey’s intelligence was verified when he stated “anxious to go overseas.” He liked sports, including swimming, wrestling and boxing. (The first of these three pastimes would help save his life on D-Day. The other two would eventually pay big dividends in both his army service and post-war endeavours.)

The NRMA came into effect in 1940, drawing in all males between the ages of 18 and 40. To appease the naysayers, conscription in Canada was *only for home defense*, not fighting overseas. If any German army and, later, Japanese or perhaps Italian, attempted to invade Canada’s shores, they would have to deal with the

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conscripted army, standing shoulder to shoulder to *fearlessly* repel the attack. Shore batteries were manned; canals and shipping locks guarded; the country was on a war footing forever waiting and waiting, searching and searching, for the enemy which never came. Go figure!



To relieve the home defense stipulation from the King government, a plebiscite was planned for June 1942. Except for Quebec, the country voted overwhelmingly “yes” for overseas service. Harvey Stanfield, as a single male in 1940, was already on the conscription eligibility list; now, in May, as a married man, he was perhaps confused as to his eligibility or he simply didn’t trust the government’s future conscription plans which unbeknownst to him, remained unchanged; married men would remain exempt.

In retrospect, he jumped the gun and guessed wrong, but no one can deny that his personal sacrifice by volunteering wasn’t honourable. It was the right thing to do. His country was at war and sitting it out wasn’t for him. After all, he even confessed on his enlistment record that while at school he was “aggressive.” Wrestling, boxing and shooting; no shirker was he from a skirmish with the enemy. As a child growing up, he knew and liked a bit of rough and tumble. Spending time on his grandfather Stanfield’s farm, he came in contact with the overly friendly farm dog (see baby and dog picture above) which on his grandfather’s command, would knock over the fleeing young Harvey to lick his face until called off by grandpa. Adding to the dog take-down fun, he had two older brothers providing more knock-about. When taken together, all these life experiences contributed to his independent nature and his will to survive as he grew to face an unforeseen future.

Independent? You bet. It became great fun for construction workmen to reward Harvey with pennies in exchange for him learning and repeating back to them rough swear words and phrases. As a quick and willing student of profanity, in time



his pockets bulged and his piggy-bank overflowed with the filthy copper lucre. The tendency to repeat cuss words at anytime, anywhere, didn't go unnoticed by his shocked mother. Curiously, she chose an odd form of punishment; he was forbidden to attend Sunday school with his brothers and sisters. To secure a guarantee for home confinement, she took his shoes and socks. No matter! Harvey, after a good cry and temper tantrum, retaliated by showing up fully dressed sans footwear to sit in the front row where the Reverend Minister was sure to see and notice him. Chalk one up for Harvey!

A definite setback in the Stanfield household occurred in 1925 when wife and mother Blanche died giving birth to daughter Verna. Harvey was only age nine, a young boy who would benefit from but then miss his mother's care and love. And what plight did his father George suddenly face with the challenge of raising five children on his own? One hint we have in answer, appears on the *Attestation Paper* where Harvey declares he had to leave school "for financial reasons." First his mother died and then, at age 15, with a grade 7 or 8 education (records conflict), he is looking for work to help his family survive.



Normally, at age 15, a student was in grade 10. This education shortcoming is not attributable to his intellectual abilities because the army judged him to be "neat and clean" with "a pleasant and responsive personality" followed by "above average intelligence." This low grade/age contradiction is perhaps difficult to explain until one considers both the loss of his mother in his early years coupled to the struggle of a single father raising a growing brood of children on his own. A household disruption is easily imagined under those circumstances. Then, complicating his upbringing at home, came a surprise new influence upon his young self. After Blanche died in 1925, George remarried at some point. The stepmother's name is unknown but Harvey's interaction with her is suggested by his Recruiting

Officer who recorded, “seems to have been well brought up by his stepmother.” Whatever home life was like - good, bad or strained - he probably balanced school with odd jobs to supplement the family income while at the same time giving himself some welcomed financial freedom.



Picking 1931 to step away from the comforts of a school room to seek work was poor timing. That year was two years after the great Wall Street crash, leading to nine more years of depression and hardship. Again, we turn to the army record for valuable clues and hard evidence. Working as a labourer with minimum education and no marketable trade skills, he drifted through odd jobs, eventually achieving decent employment as a truck driver in the Toronto stock yards. Finally, with the war on, he operated machinery in a factory doing war-work, then, without hesitation, he gave up a secure job and decent income to take the plunge and unselfishly join the Canadian Army at \$1.25 per diem.

Adding it all together at the Toronto Personnel Depot in the early Spring of 1942, the army recruiting officer while looking over the new recruit, noted his background of hard-knocks, rough work, truck driver, semi-skilled machine operator, and then with confidence - he marked him as an ideal candidate for the Canadian Armoured Corps.



Moderating his seemingly go-for-it-alone nature, his records make note of a marriage. On 3 May 1941, Harvey Reginald Stanfield married the charming Minerva Pearl Parker. Born 27 March 1918, Min, as she was called, was an attractive woman, also from Toronto, who would become mother of his children, homemaker, joint store keeper, and life-long loving companion. No man should expect or ask for more.

Harv and Min apparently met at a Halloween party, the year unknown but probably late 30's or early 40's; certainly, long enough to enjoy a happy courtship.



This photograph, taken before the war, shows them strutting down a Toronto street arm-in-arm, hands tightly clenched, appearing much in tune with the times as a smartly dressed couple out for some afternoon amusement or early evening entertainment. Without doubt, the photo foretells the togetherness they enjoyed throughout their lives. (It was taken and sold to them by a street photographer.)

The only significant war-time change to the army that occurred in Harvey's enlistment service of 45 months, was the plebiscite in June 1942, releasing the government-imposed "home defense only" pledge ensconced in the NRMA. Before that date, a whole flurry of changes kept the clerk's army in Ottawa busy changing letter heads in conformance to changes emanating from the cabal of "red tabbed" senior officers who with each arbitrary change, displayed their complete state of confusion and uncertainty as the war progressed from 1939 on.

In the First Hussars regimental history *The Gallant Hussars*, 2004, author Mike McNorgan, makes the point that, in a time of crisis "someone in Ottawa determines that the best way to meet the crisis is through the creation of *ad hoc* units." Beginning in 1939, the regimental headquarters were put through their paces keeping up to all the imposed name-change nonsense to finally be ordained as the 6<sup>th</sup> Canadian Armoured Regiment (1<sup>st</sup> Hussars).



As for the army itself, from its initial designation as Permanent Active Militia, clearer minds eventually settled on: Canadian Army (Active) or (Reserve) or (Overseas).



Students of what eventually became The Royal Canadian Armoured Corps may be surprised to learn that its origin in 1936 was in the Royal School Building located at Wolseley Barracks. There were no training grounds or tanks within the Barrack confines, situated as it was since 1888, within the city of London, Ontario.

Winston Churchill is generally regarded as the father of the tank. It was he who pioneered their usefulness in attacking across the deeply pock-marked, oozing, suffocating, mud-packed killing zone lying between infantry trench lines reinforced with bullet-spitting machine guns. At war's end, tank warfare languished on the back burners of appeasement-determined governments. With the rise of Hitler's Nazi mechanised army, a flicker of reality sparked along the corridors of British and American military headquarters, reaching even into the hallowed halls of a completely unprepared and somewhat reluctant Canadian Officer Corps. The father of the Canadian Corps, Maj. F. F. Worthington, "Worthy" to his friends and, in time, "Fighting Frank," chose London only as a starting point until a better, more permanent location could be arranged. That decision had to wait until 1939 when Canada followed Britain's lead in declaring war on Germany.



With Canada at war, Worthy, in August 1940, officially opened Camp Borden as the home base for tank training. Situated a few miles west of Barrie, Ontario, when the winter wind howled down off Georgian Bay into the Camp with terrific freezing force penetrating any type or amount of clothing, all those who trained there during those frigid months forever more could attest to its numbing ferocity. Today, in comparison from all the hustle and bustle surrounding war time armoured

training, with the Armoured Corps School gone, the only similarity is the cold winter wind and stifling summer heat.

In turn, the Camp also enjoyed name changes to become: Canadian Armoured Fighting Vehicle Centre (CAFVC), designated to train the Canadian Armoured Corps. (Royal was added post-war.) It was into this well-oiled machine that Trooper Harvey Stanfield found himself in 1942 - but not quite yet.

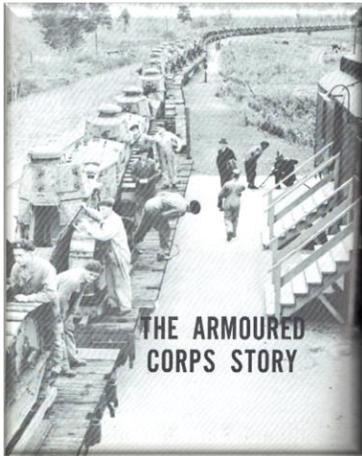
During WWII, when a man joined the Canadian Army, or any fighting service for that matter, the individual joined the service and in turn, the service decided where and how they wanted you to serve. Harvey's enlistment records don't indicate his preference; no matter, that choice was the Recruiting Officer's prerogative. As stated before, there was little doubt he was armoured bound! Take note: a peculiar distinction pertains to the Armoured Corps, then, as now - the enlistee joins only the Corps, not a regiment. Once basic training is completed, that decision is made without consultation; you go where you are told.



Recruit Stanfield's first stop began on 12 June 1942 at # 12 B.T.C. (Basic Training Centre, Chatham.) Oh, the joys of basic training! Up at dawn for hours of square bashing, followed by more hours of boot and brass polishing, saluting and the ever-popular parades for a visiting dignitary come rain or shine or snow. They quickly

learned the time-worn soldier's training mantra: if it moves - salute it - if it doesn't – paint it!

Tsk, tsk. While at B.T.C., with cap off, he was quick marched on 28 July before the C.O. and forfeited one day's pay for being AWL a grand total of 18 hours. A typical soldier's story, suitable for retelling in the barracks or whenever beer is served.



This period of adjustment, as the army euphemistically termed basic training, converting civilian to soldier, was literally “drilled” into Harvey for two months until 12 August 1942 when he was “Attached to CACAT Camp Borden” (Canadian Armoured Corps Advanced Training.)

The designation of Wolseley Barracks as Armoured Tank School in 1936 was made on an as-needed basis; there was no Camp Borden or other suitable base available. This embarrassing shortage is easily overshadowed when one realises that Canada had no tanks either. The newly promoted Brigadier Worthington solved this problem by buying from the United States some 250 WWI Renault tanks. He bought them as scrap to avoid the prolonged neutrality status of the U.S., still not engaged in war and trying to remain visibly non-committed. Calling these useless hunks of steel “scrap” was not an exaggeration. A two-man crew whistling along at 5 mph, sporting a machine gun for a weapon (Canada had none), must have been a breath-taking adventure for the first intake of armoured recruits. Proudly, befitting their name, the First Hussars were the first chosen.



*WW I Renault Tanks*



*Canadian Ram Tank*

By the time Harvey reached Camp Borden, the tank of choice was the newly minted, fresh from the Montreal Locomotive Works, Canadian-designed Ram M.3 Cruiser Tank. As a fighting weapon of war, it had some shortcomings, but it was one thousand times better than the old inadequate Renault death trap. By 29 October, Harvey became a “Qualified Driver Class III (W&T)” (Wheel and Track)



On 5 November 1942, he received 13 days embarkation leave, returning to Borden on the 18<sup>th</sup> just in time for shipping out to the United Kingdom on the 11 December. The emotional outpouring of tears and fear, stemming from the imposed separation between Harvey and

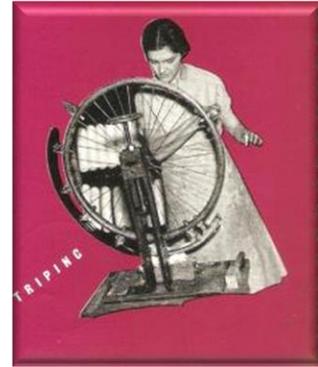
Minerva on the train platform, was typical of the thousands already expressed across the country, with more witnessed before the war in Europe would end in 1945. The expectation of a new baby could only have heightened the passion expressed, leading to more loving hugs and kisses as they said, not good-bye - too final, but perhaps Min whispered: “Take care dear, come back safe,” then with ease they both exchanged a heart felt “I love you.”

With husband Harvey overseas, like so many other war-time brides, our soon to be mother Minerva was left alone at home in Canada to face the challenge of surviving in a country experiencing shortages. Food, clothing, fuel, practically everything of value, was rationed, demanding coupons and long line ups to secure essential goods. Her first priority was giving birth to their son, named in honour of his father, Harvey Reginald Stanfield Jr. b. 2 February 1943.



Minerva, after adjusting to her new status of mother to a handsome boy child, like so many other women during the war years, sought out war-time employment.

With the men overseas, women were in big demand to fill out the factories and “man” the machines to make new weapons of war. Living in Weston, part of Toronto, she found gainful employment with the CCM Company.



CCM Army Entertainers. Min seated second from right

CCM was an acronym for Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd on Lawrence Avenue West, east of what is now called Weston Road in Weston, Ontario. Manufacturing continued there until 1980.

During the Second World War, C.C.M.'s cycle's manufacturing facilities were taken over by the Canadian government and declared an essential war service. Two simple, one-speed bicycles were manufactured and then shipped in wooden packing crates to the Canadian Army. Due to a rubber shortage in 1942, the pedals of C.C.M. Rambler bicycles had wooden blocks. According to WWII veterans, the Rambler was popular with U.S. and British armed forces as well as Canadians. And women like Minerva Stanfield can rightly take the well-deserved credit!

World War Two, like all wars before and since, share one tried and true axiom: *the first casualty of war is truth*. An article which appeared in the London Free Press, 15 April 1940, the first of many to follow with the same message describing how wonderful the troops perceived reception would be once in England, serves to point out how the truth was bent early on in a convincing attempt to deceive

Canadians facing the new world conflict with special attention paid to recruits of the First Hussars. Lieutenant General Sir Wilfred Lindell in charge of British home forces, stated categorically that “Canadians would get tanks if they needed them.” Oh, they were needed all right, since they had none of their own to bring with them. And what about food and quarters? No problem, the General pledged, there is plenty to go around and good too. It was all bull, bull and more of it.



The truth of the Regiment’s initial experiences once in England, certainly came home with the veterans upon their return at war’s end; the truth in print had to wait until 1951. That year, Lieutenant Foster Mark Stark, a war veteran of the Hussars, wrote and published: *A History of the First Hussars Regiment 1856 – 1945*. In this well-thumbed historical volume, Stark recounts that, on 22 November 1941, the Hussars arrived at Liverpool after a rough and unforgettable Atlantic crossing. They then entrained for a trip to Aldershot and the waiting Willems Barracks, a pile built in Wellington’s day after the Crimean War. The walls dripped with cold water, extending across the floors; heat came from small fireplaces which refused to draw. And the food? Lt. Stark goes on to state, “the rations were undoubtedly the worst ever consumed in the Regiment.” The Hussars were committed to the war. Too far to swim home anyway. They just had to grin and bear it.

Harvey arrived in Old Blighty on 18 December 1942, then, as a reward, was promptly given seven days leave with pay. Arriving as a recruit with no regimental attachment, old Harv was moved about a bit. Upon return from leave, he was attached for about two months to the 11<sup>th</sup> Canadian Armoured Regiment, the Ontario Regiment from Oshawa. From there he was posted to a Reinforcing Camp located somewhere in Britain, after which his luck changed on 16 July 1943 when he was Taken On Strength (TOS) permanently with the First Hussars.



Not much is recorded in regimental history about how eventually the bad food situation was dealt with. One assumes it improved because no mutinies or starvation deaths are on record.



Dundas Street Armouries. Home of the First Hussars

The First Hussars were mobilised on 1 September 1939, nine days before Canada declared war. By the time Harvey arrived in July 1943, they had undergone continuous training for 46 1/2 months in Canada and the United Kingdom. During all that time, the Hussars had braved a submarine-infested Atlantic crossing, bad food, antiquated equipment and questionable outdated training. When the quality and quantity of tanks was finally addressed, it came from the issue of – Canadian made Rams. One wonders if they wouldn't have been better off to just stay put back in Canada until 1943 to enjoy better food, wide open spaces for training and their own home-grown tanks? Army logic?

Acknowledging the above conjecture as hind-sight 20-20, 1943 nevertheless was a year filled with excitement and hope; the tide was definitely turning on Hitler's ill-gotten gains. First up in 1943, Rommell's Afrika Corps were defeated in North Africa. Next up at 0300 hours on 10 July 1943, Operation *Huskey* was launched against what Churchill called "the soft underbelly of Hitler's Fortress Europe." British, Canadian and American troops stormed ashore in Sicily as a prelude to following suit on mainland Italy.



Meanwhile, back in the UK at Supreme Headquarters of Allied Expeditionary Forces in Europe, plans were well underway for a much bigger invasion - attacking North West Europe in 1944 - the biggest invasion ever undertaken. The First Hussars would play an integral role, going ashore in the first wave of many to follow. In preparation, 1943 was filled with many intrigues.

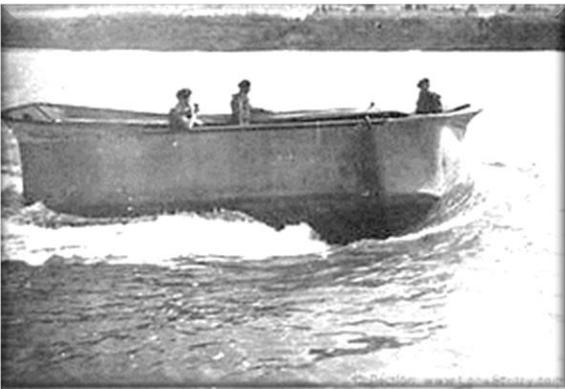
A shortage of tanks always plagued the Canadian Armoured Corps regiments struggling to achieve a high degree of efficiency while working through practically every type of tank then in existence; read old and useless. It was no surprise then in November 1943, to see lined up before them another British-designed, Canadian-made Valentine tank. No one knew, or was even curious enough to wonder, why so much emphasis was placed in gaining familiarity with still another tank. For "A" and "B" Squadrons of both the First Hussars and the Fort Garry Horse, the time spent with the Valentine would become the most valuable training experience up until then and perhaps of any conducted throughout the war. Harvey's arrival and placement in "A" Squadron put him smack dab in the centre of a "Most Top Secret" undertaking in preparation for D-Day, a date still not established. Only regimental wags thought they knew for sure.



In any invasion launched from the sea against a heavily-defended shore, the unprotected infantry are the most vulnerable. Exposed, with no cover available, a helmet and rifle are no protection at all. It was thought by those who were paid to think, to protect the PBIs (Poor Bloody Infantry), tanks should precede them to the beach to engage and knock-out the

well-emplaced defenders. To make this happen, a curious invention was tried and proved somewhat successful, enough that is to make more of them for test purposes. The Valentine tank was chosen for the tests; the flesh and blood guinea pigs who had to make the experiment work were recruited from the Hussars and Garrys.

The tank was called a Duplex Drive, or simply DD tank, because it had propellers to operate in the sea and tracks while on land. Training consisted of loading tanks onto Landing Craft Tanks (LCTs), then launched into, first lakes, and later the sea, leaving them to power their way to shore. Certainly, this exercise was dangerous, experiencing some untimely, worrisome sinkings.



Spitfire pilots were surprised to occasionally see planes in the air flying with no propeller. This type of amazement - seeing for the first time a jet aircraft - was duplicated in the army when tankers looked out onto bodies of water to see rippling along some weird rectangular canvas screens. They had to be told the

canvas was designed to keep afloat the invisible tank inside. First Hussars Trooper James W. Paisley, A 589, when he first saw one while training at Great Yarmouth, declared "they'll never float." Jim was partly right; as a driver with "A" Squadron in

a DD tank named *Anaemic* on D-Day, the crew, suspecting a sinking in rough seas, were arranged outside the tank on the back deck. Sure enough, a gigantic wave from a naval vessel swamped and collapsed the screen. Their previous escape training not necessary, they swam for it. Unfortunately, Trooper George Hawken, H 103747, was machine gunned and killed.

The escape training Paisley ultimately didn't need was laboriously conducted for weeks in preparation for helping a crew to survive a tank sinking under them. Clever training schemes to make crew survival a near certainty, not merely a happy coincidence, were devised and implemented. Hussars Corporal James E. Fisher, A 525, from Chatham, Ontario, related to this scribbler, while compiling material for his biography, that he and others were taken to a tank of some kind he didn't recall, perhaps a Valentine, which was placed on a barge with a crane overhead. They were given oxygen bottles, placed inside, hatches closed then lowered into the drink - a river, Jim thought. When the tank filled with water, instructions given before hand were to don their oxygen masks, open the hatches and float to the surface. No records survive as to how many refused to participate in something so crazy and terrifying or if anyone volunteered to do it again?

Jim's experience may have been an early attempt at escape training. Later versions were tried but all involved emersion and escape through closed hatches. Consider the experience below recalled by another DD tank crewman:



The initial stages of this underwater escape training involved walking with one's breath held, across the bottom of the deep end of the nearby swimming baths (of which the water was always a murky green and in need of change), while holding on to an underwater tethered rope that was stretched from one side of the baths to the other. Later, when this was mastered, we would carry out the same exercise while breathing through the full Davis-type escape apparatus, which comprised an airbag strapped to the chest, a mouthpiece, and a pair of nose clips. The final stages of this underwater escape training took place on the beach in the shell of a Sherman tank that was situated at the bottom of an enormous watertight steel drum.

The Valentine was never seriously considered for D-Day; it was merely a useful floating test vehicle. The tank used, the one most favoured by all Allied armies, was the American Sherman. Already in use and having proven their worth against Rommel in the desert, and with the planning for the Sicily invasion well underway, ships leaving America began the task of carrying them to the UK, arriving in the early months of 1943. President Roosevelt, even before war began, declared his country “The arsenal of Democracy.” And his pledge overwhelmingly applied to Sherman production: over 49,000. Many were lost to submarines, but American production easily made up the loss as they were quickly put to use training eager tankers keen for having “a go” with the first really good tank they had ever been issued.



As the Shermans were converted into DD tanks, the amphibious training continued with renewed vigour. The sworn secrecy imposed upon crews in “A” and “B” Squadrons may have created some tension with others not “in” on the secret, but everyone was too busy learning the mechanics and gunnery of the new armoured weapon to threaten breaking the code of silence. There were a lot of armoured troops in the UK: Canadian, British, Polish and American, all waiting for a full issue of Shermans. The Hussars didn’t complete theirs until early 1944, just in time before the big day.





Burying dead on the beach

The date 6 June 1944 will forever mark the monumental invasion launched upon the beaches of Normandy, culminating in driving the Germans from North West Europe and their total defeat in May 1945. As the Hussars DD tank crews powered their way to shore, the constant booming of guns, big and small, the ear-splitting crack and screaming of rounds though the air, mixed with the smell of cordite, a noxious smothering gas discharged

by both sides, the images of bodies floating in blood red seas or strewn about the beach in mangled poses - the entire spectacle shook the untried tankers to the core. Tank training didn't prepare them for scenes of death and destruction. Those first few hours of battling to shore had expunged their smug composure. Nevertheless, they soldiered on, and, if they survived D-Day, they would never forget the horrifying experience. And that was just day one! They didn't know it, but eleven more months of the same awaited them.



For the First Hussars, of the 29 DD tanks launched, 21 made it to shore. Some crews in some tanks which sank like Major Duncan's crew in Bold for instance, made good use of the frightening escape training – it saved their lives. And that brings us to Harvey's unique sinking and survival. His crew's incredible ordeal has attracted

attention from military historians recounting the most significant day of World War Two, a day rivaling others from a long list of notable dates in military history.

L/Cpl Harvey Stanfield's misfortunes on his lead-in to the beach have been chronicled in all three First Hussars regimental volumes: Stark, 1951, pg. 56; Conron, 1980, pg. 53; McNorgan, 2004, pg. 116. More amusing detail is added to Harvey's plight in *Juno Beach*, 2004, by Mark Zuehlke, a prolific military historian.



From Zuehlke we learn that Harvey's tank, part of "A" Squadron, targeted to land at *Mike Red Beach*, was launched OK but shrapnel from enemy fire shredded his floatation screen sending him down. His driver, Tpr. Stan "Fish" Seneco, "frantically tried to get out of his compartment's hatch but the Davis Escape Apparatus made him

too bulky to get through it." (What did he do while training, one wonders?) At least he didn't panic. Ripping off the equipment, he floated to the surface. Sitting in seven or eight feet of water, the nine-foot-high Sherman was still visible, drawing direct fire from shore. Nevertheless, despite the danger and imminent death for all concerned, Zuehlke picks up more of the story in search for some macabre humour.

Loader/Operator Tpr. Nicholls suddenly cried out, "I forgot to turn off the radio!" The man, likely overcome by panic and fear, unthinkingly he dove back into the tank and accomplished his task. His crew mates were a bit stunned at



CDN C 19 Set. Language English & Russian

his impromptu crazy actions, but unlike Nicholls, they didn't remember their training; the radio should never be left on to run down the batteries. No medals were awarded Nicholls. The rest of this little tale of survival I'll leave for Zuehlke to relate, pg. 179. Suffice for me to point out that Seneco was having quite a day.



RAF inflatable dingy

*Despite the heavy gunfire striking the water around Stanfield's half-sunken tank, Tpr. Oscar Smith and Seneco decided to risk inflating the dingy strapped on the Sherman's hull for fear they would otherwise drown. As Smith climbed aboard the bright orange dinghy, a wave suddenly swept it away.*

*Seneco was dragging along clinging to its side for a bit but then lost his grip. He was left struggling to keep afloat, waving his arms and legs ineffectively in the rough seas. For some reason Seneco could never quite explain later, he paused in his struggles to carefully remove his pistol from its holster and stow it inside his jacket next to a thick wad of cash he had won off the other men in poker games during the crossing to Normandy.*

*Stanfield obviously remembered the cash too. He started yelling to Seneco, "Throw your money back. Fish, throw your money back." Seneco knew that Stanfield thought he was going to drown any moment and knowing Stanfield was a poor swimmer, he was unable to do anything to rescue him, so, he, Seneco, didn't think the corporal callous. Just as he was on the verge of sinking forever under the surface, a Davis Escape vest with "Fishy" written on it floated up and, hardly believing his good fortune, the trooper wrapped his arms around it. Floating on the current, Seneco drifted in front of the beaches until finally another tanker on one of the LCTs standing offshore was able to come over and rescue him in a dinghy. The rest of the crew managed to get safely ashore.*

Editor's note: Stan "Fish" Seneco was Harv's best friend during the war and their friendship continued back home with Stan living close by in Oshawa. Somehow, the accident-prone Trooper managed to escape any serious wounds for the rest of the war since he doesn't appear on the Regiment's casualty list or awards list either. No wounds. No heroics. It seems his only identifiable talent, besides soldiering, was winning money at poker.

The next few days, after all the forces had landed, were ones of consolidation – swarms of men and equipment coming ashore, determined to stay put in France and defeat the enemy. Harvey’s crew, like so many others whose tank had been knocked out with no immediate replacement, were put to use helping the medics with the wounded or any other jobs demanding attention.



SS-Obersturnfuhrer

After D-Day, the First Hussars didn’t wait long to encounter a day even more significant in terms of killed and wounded. Sunday, 11 June 1944 is now commemorated each year as the bloodiest single day in the history of the Regiment. On that day at Le Mesnil-Patry, located some 10 miles from the landing beaches, the Regiment encountered the formidable, lethal and murderous *12<sup>th</sup> SS Panzer Division (Hitlerjugend)*. The day’s cost was: 45 KIA; 2 WIA; 3 POW; 6 MIA; 7 Murdered. (The 6 MIA were likely murdered then buried to cover the crime.)

Each new day brought on new challenges. The supply line of men and tanks, stretching back across the Atlantic flowing through the UK, was continuously drawn upon after each battle to put the Hussars back to full strength and fight another day. As terrible as it was, 11 June 1944, the Black Day of the First Hussars, became, like D-Day, one day of many more desperate battles and losses.



Author and military historian Mark Zuehlke, in the Preface of his 2011 book *Breakout From Juno, July 4 - August 21, 1944*, describes this period in bold terms: “The months of July and August 1944 saw the greatest cataclysm of combat on the western European front during all of WWII.” Falaise, the French birthplace of William the Conqueror, located some 31 miles inland from the Channel coast, found itself quite unwittingly the target

for Allied troops to meet and halt the German retreat from France. After the town was bombed and shelled into a complete state of ruin by Allied forces, the Canadians, British and Poles pushed down from the north while Patton's American forces fighting farther south, raced across France determined to link up at Falaise and put the Germans "in the bag." More than 2,500,000 men, Allied and German, found themselves "locked together in unrelenting battle in the narrow confines...of Normandy." In answer to the struggle, two plans came forth from Canadian Command Headquarters, both designed to advance the action from the north and reach Falaise: Operation Totalize from 7 August to the 11<sup>th</sup>, followed by Operation Tractable on 14 August. L/Cpl Harvey Stanfield would undoubtedly have been part of these battles.

To more fully understand the magnitude of the war in North West Europe, consider the following facts: From 6 June 1944 to 21 August when the gap was finally closed is 77 days. In those hectic days of constant battle, the Canadian army moved a mere 36 miles from the landing ground on the Channel to Falaise. One needs to keep these figures in mind when trying to comprehend the deathly struggle which took place, day after day, to close the gap and trap the enemy.



Some of 350 knocked out



Added to the above statistics is the number of tanks lost to enemy action during eleven months of tumultuous fighting. A normal compliment of tanks in a Canadian armoured regiment is 60. Counting tanks issued to the First Hussars from 6 June to 8 May in Germany, the Regiment lost 350 tanks, a 580% turnover. The causes for

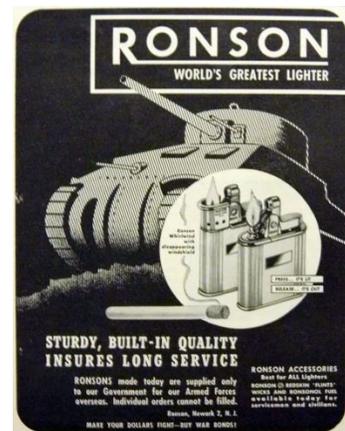
this high loss figure are many, but every tankerman who survived the war would give grudging credit to the lethal German 88mm gun which could penetrate Sherman tank armour with deadly force and all too often left as evidence for survivors to see, burning wrecks on charred battle grounds.

Consider for evidence the report recorded from a captured German officer at that time: "I had barely reached the Canadian hedgehog position...when our 88mm guns started to fire on the Canadian tanks and infantry. Tigers and Panthers advanced in order to encircle the positions on the hill. One Canadian tank after another was knocked out and ended in smoke and flames."



American made Sherman tanks offered good service, but their low velocity 75mm guns were no match for the up-gunned German tanks and their inescapable 88mm guns. The Sherman advantage was in numbers as thousands emerged from American factories and a few from Canada also. But they had one big disadvantage.

Most people smoked in those days, creating a profitable market in cigarette lighters. One popular brand was the Ronson. Its slogan was: "They light every time." And so did the Shermans, a bad feature which earned them the seriocomic name of "Ronson." An 88mm round could go through Sherman armour like corn through a goose. A Sherman crew was either four or five. The deceptive small impact hole seen on the outside fragmented on the inside to kill, wound and finally, but quickly, set off fuel and ammunition explosions. Only a fortunate crew member got out, only to contend with a spray of machine gun fire as a reward.



If only the Company knew the truth of Light Every Time

The determination of Canadian armoured regiments, who were suffering heavy tank losses, gained no sympathy from Generals Simonds and Crerar. The critical mood at headquarters felt the armoured advance failed to adequately support their infantry and carry the battle to the enemy, thus stalling the entire operation.



Poles meet Yanks

And so, the battle raged on. Little by little the Canadians, British and Poles continued to push the Germans back. On the morning of 21 August, it was the Poles who had the honour to first shake hands with the Americans who had finally broken through in the south. The immediate challenge was how to deal with thousands of German prisoners before planning and

launching more battles through France into Belgium, next Holland and finally Germany.

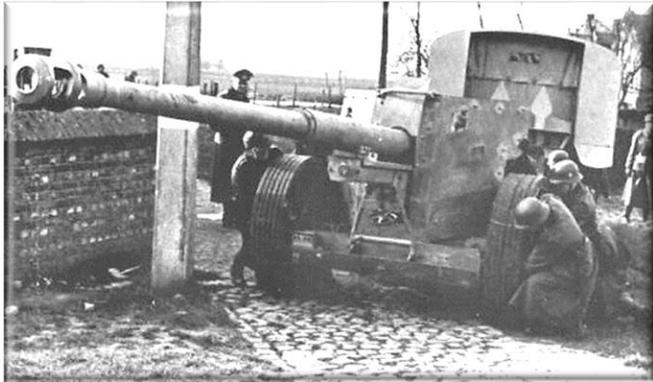


Serving somewhere in all these days of recorded regimental history, L/Cpl Harvey Stanfield fought the good fight alongside other First Hussars tank crews. The regimental clerks suffered their form of war as a deluge of changes in personnel and their assigned roles bombarded their field offices demanding attention. Looking over Harvey's

list is a chore; his day-by-day whereabouts is not easy to determine. Apart from a series of TOS and SOS notations in and out of the Hussars, even a short spell with the 25<sup>th</sup> Canadian Armoured Delivery Regiment (the Elgins), the specific where's and what's going for him on the battle field are not there unfortunately.

The best accounts of his war experiences on record come from his second son, Richard Henry. Rick remembers his father telling a few tales, recounting his war-time experiences little by little as the mood suited him. Harvey related to Rick that,

if passage down narrow streets was blocked by a lethal 88mm anti-tank gun, to avoid the gun, the tanks were simply driven through buildings to make a new road and circle behind the unsuspecting gun crew.



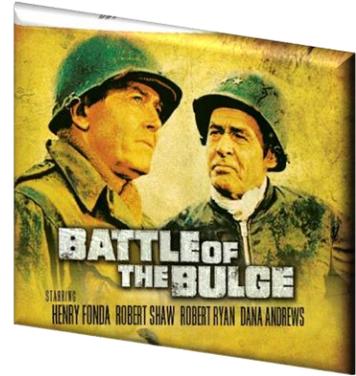
At other times, in open country, a number of Shermans would swarm a German gun or tank from different angles to keep firing upon it until eliminated. Or how about as a tanker taking advantage of knowing that the most vulnerable part of any tank is its track - when it breaks – the tank stops. Without manoeuvrability, a tank is a “dead duck.” Sometimes Harvey, co-operating with other tanks, would lure a large 88mm Tiger tank into a woods where its overly long gun barrel, blocked by trees, couldn’t turn completely. Once handicapped, they would fire to break its track then finish it off. All in a day’s work.



Experience against the heavily armoured, 88mm armed Tigers taught good lessons to those who survived to tell the tale. The second most vulnerable part of any tank is its thinly-armoured belly-plates. If a Sherman crew remained

hidden in hilly country waiting for an attack to show itself coming over the crest of a hill, the German tank upon cresting the hill exposed its soft under belly inviting a well-placed armour-piercing round to literally halt it in its tracks. Mark up one for the good guys.

These war-related stories, told to son Rick years after the war, serve as Harvey’s living testimonies of his daily struggles in fighting brutal battles and surviving to fight another day against a well equipped and determined enemy. He was there; he did his bit.



One other valuable insight into Harvey Stanfield's "other" survival instincts while fighting a war, came to son Rick years later when viewing with his father the 1965 war movie *Battle of the Bulge*. The movie depicts a December 1944 desperate attempt by German armour to divide and conquer the Allies and drive them back into the sea. Greek American actor Telly Savalas plays an American crew commander sergeant who cleverly displays talents designed to scrounge valuable items and make some easy money. At some point while watching the film, Harvey referring to Savalas, said to Rick, "If you want to know what I was like during the war, that's me." Harvey was referring to how closely Savalas imitated his ability in real-time to buy, sell and trade much sought items like eggs and alcohol. Anything to make a buck. Organising a crap game was not outside his purview either. Transportation was no problem as the loot accumulated in bags and boxes arranged around the tank's exterior, or interior if room could be found.

When he returned home, he had accumulated enough easy money, along with Min's war-time factory savings, to put a down payment on his mother-in law's house. Harvey's source of wealth was never an issue apparently.

*The Gallant Hussars*, pg. 208, covers the month of April 1945, when "The Regiment crossed the Rhine on 2 April, at Emmerich, following which it turned north into Holland." The Hussars were following the main Rhine crossing conducted weeks before by Field Marshall Montgomery on 24-25 March 1945.

[28]



Located along the Ijssel River, the Regiment encountered a German force cut off from retreat into Germany and were determined to establish the river as a defensive line. The Canadian assault, with the Hussars in the van, included rafting “A” Squadron’s tanks across the river and the

infantry’s use of “amphibious ‘Buffalo’ armoured personnel carriers and a heavy smoke screen.” In the initial stages, the Hussars didn’t suffer any casualties. “During the breakout phases, 13-14 April, the objectives were quickly taken...although some tanks were *damaged by mine strikes.*” On one such strike, L/Cpl’s Stanfield’s war came quickly to an end by incurring a non-lethal injury to his ears when his tank on a recovery mission, ran over two Teller mines.



The **Teller mine** (German: *Tellermine*) was a German-made antitank mine common in World War II. With explosives sealed inside a sheet metal casing and fitted with a pressure-actuated fuse, Teller mines had a built-in carrying handle on the side. As the name suggests (*Teller* is the German word for dish or plate) the mines were plate-shaped.

Containing little more than 5.5 kilograms of TNT and a fuse activation pressure of approximately 200 lb (91 kg), the Teller mine was capable of blasting the

tracks off any World War II-era tank or destroying a lightly armoured vehicle. Because of its rather high operating pressure, only a vehicle or heavy object passing over the Teller mine would set it off.

Harvey’s Field Medical Card recorded “Perforated ear drum” and this diagnosis is followed by a flurry of other entries finally culminating with:  
Evacuation to UK # 10 Cdn. Gen. Hosp., 20 April 1945.

All the Canadian Armed Forces serving overseas were fortunate to have such dedicated and efficient clerical staff who responded to a casualty of any severity by quickly acknowledging the wound through the use of telegraph messages back to Canada, to next of kin. In part, the telegraph read:



Mrs. Minerva P Stanfield of 21 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue, Westmount, Ontario, on 16 April 1945, received via *Canadian Pacific Telegraphs*, a Casualty Notice informing her that Harvey “HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY REPORTED SLIGHTLY INJURED” The message went on to inform her that “WHEN FURTHER INFORMATION BECOMES AVAILABLE IT WILL BE FORWARDED AS SOON AS RECEIVED.”

The follow-up telegraph came on 24 April 1945, four days after being admitted to hospital in UK. His injury was reported as “BILATERAL PERFORATED TYMPANIC MEMBRANE.”

Poor Min, we know today that she had no idea what this injury description meant. In her bewilderment, she may have pondered anxiously if she and Harvey were only going to have one child? She didn’t know! Next day she was put at ease when the gals at work assured her that Harvey was OK that way, no worries, but they cautioned - he may have trouble on occasion in the future listening to good advice from his loving wife?

How do we size up Harvey Reginald Stanfield as a man and soldier? First let’s apply and get out of the way an old Music Hall joke favoured by new army recruits looking over an array of NCOs: A sergeant is a man who can read and write. A corporal is a man who can either read or write. A lance corporal is a man who knows someone who can either read or write. All recruits laugh and nod their heads. With this bit of barrack room humour out of the way, here are some personal details.

Harvey joined the army in Toronto on 20 May 1942. After his basic training in Chatham, he arrived in Camp Borden 11 August 1942 and, for the next four months, he was trained as a tank driver, embarking for the UK on 11 December 1942. A few days before leaving Borden, he was promoted to acting corporal designated to oversee a draft of new candidates for NCO training. Upon arriving in the UK, he reverted back to trooper and remained as such until 16 May 1944, when on the eve of D-Day, he was promoted to lance corporal and placed as a crew commander of a DD tank in “A” Squadron. He remained a “lance jack” until he was wounded in April 1945. Whether he was retained as a crew commander during this time isn’t known; he may have become simply a driver instead? (He took a special driver’s course in France and received a trades pay increase on 1 September 1944.)

While recuperating in the UK for ear injury and hearing loss, he came to the attention of the Canadian Provost Corps (CPC).



Beginning in 1940, the newly created CPC first recruited members of police forces. Serving in the field directing traffic and corralling prisoners called for a particular type of man. The Corps didn't want bullies or hot-heads who would incite trouble; their job was to intervene against violent human behaviour and better still, to prevent it. A good Provost officer should command respect and show authority at all times. He had to be a leader.

By April 1945, the CPC needed more capable men to police the thousands of prisoners in Europe and UK. And, with the war over, more thousands of bored Allied troops, anxious for a chance to go home, lingered about as a potentially troublesome problem. "Idle hands are the devil's toys."

Looking over Harvey's impressive service record, the Provost Corps' Recruiting Officer noted that on his enlistment papers he listed sports and especially wrestling and boxing as special interests. For eleven months Harvey served as an NCO in active combat including a dunking as a crew-commander in a floating tank on D-Day. With no hesitation, on 20 July 1945, the CPC signed-up their newest military policeman as Private Stanfield. Because his duties as a Provost policeman are unlisted, one can assume he joined the other 6,700 Military Police in maintaining peace and good order in the UK and maybe even back on the continent?



Harvey standing left with the CPC August 1945

In just over three years, Harvey had gone from private to trooper to corporal back to trooper then lance corporal and finally finishing the war with his initial rank of private. In the long process of rank changes, he had become a clerk's nightmare.



The final entry on his war-time, daily status list, is dated 28 December 1945 when he was - SOS Cdn. Army Overseas, UK. Next stop – home to Canada where wife Minerva after an absence of two years, would be waiting at the train station holding their son Harvey Jr. who he had never seen or held in his arms.

No record of Harvey's ship taking him home is provided, but the timing coincides perfectly with the First Hussars sailing on the Queen Elizabeth, berthing in New York, then entraining for Canada. His Discharge Papers have him disembarking in Toronto early in January; the Hussars arrived in London at the same time.

As part of the de-mob process, the about-to-resume-civilian status-individual but still soldier, is interviewed by an Army Counsellor; in Toronto it was Capt. J. H. Newby. In this rather frank interchange, Capt. Newby notes that Harvey was tall, well-built, who enjoyed "above average intelligence" and his "former employment indicates stability and suitability for return to former employment." The employment reference was to punch press operator, the job he left in 1942 to join the army. Harvey asked a number of questions about the Veterans Land Act, leading to a small holding of property in the future. The astute captain summed up the interview by stating that "Stanfield appears a neat, tidy chap whose intelligence belies his grade VIII education" and that he "will become a useful citizen in his community." The interview complete, there was nothing left to do but issue a Discharge Certificate on 19 February 1946 to - Harvey Reginald Stanfield, B 113443.



His arrival home in Toronto was cause for great rejoicing as members of both families gathered on Northlands Ave. to salute the returning war hero. To commemorate the occasion, what better way to remember the day than to have group photos taken

together on the street where neighbours could watch and express thanks to Harvey for a job well done. These pictures, taken on Harvey's return, when held and viewed today, impress one as idealised Rockwellian images that will forever radiate through the gathered, smiling family faces, the simplicity and joy of a soldier's homecoming. (Take special note of the little girl standing front and centre proudly imitating Churchill's "V" for Victory gesture.)

The immediate challenge for he and Minerva was to start again, but how? Readjusting to peace time at home with wife and son Harvey Jr., while rewarding in the domestic sense, was perhaps a bit too quiet after struggling to survive for eleven months with the din of battle daily assaulting his mind and body. Harvey had resumed his truck driving, drover job with the stock yards; that job, plus Min's income from her continued factory work, provided a decent income in support of a normal life together. But for the independent, let's-take-a-chance Harvey, he needed some spark in his life.

In Islington, on the street where young Harvey and family lived, the street carried a rather ominous reputation. It was said that, the further down the street you went, the tougher it became. At the end of the dead-end street lived Harvey and his two brothers. Enough said! Good background for acquired wrestling and boxing pursuits.



Harvey was obviously proud of his skills as a wrestler and boxer; he declared these skills on his enlistment papers. How they were used competitively, if at all, isn't disclosed but he did have some skills, no question about it. So much so, that he showed Min a few tricks but in reverse; he showed her how to throw *him* to the ground. With great merriment the young couple would go to the beach where they would stage an argument leading to a physical fight. Min would then toss him about like a rag doll to the crowd's shocked amazement! Harvey would utilize his wrestling skills to thrash about on the sand, really play it up to look hurt and beaten. Looking back on those happy,

exciting days, he seized the moment, pulled his past into the present tense and decided, why not wrestle again?

Apparently, his decision brought on no opposition from wife Minerva, his one-time wrestling partner. In fact, the whole family gang, including Min and her mother, Mary-Ann Parker, attended his matches to cheer him on and add to the show. The

setup planned in advance by the usually villainous Harvey was to have himself thrown from the ring, landing at the feet of his mother-in-law. This was her cue to beat him mercilessly with purse, umbrella or anything handy to spur on the crowd's roaring pleasure.



One night especially spells out Harvey's wrestling career and his rogue image. The date was 13 June 1947. The place - Oshawa arena. The crowd included Min, with perhaps her mother in tow, geared up for her usual crowd-pleasing antics, were also accompanied by Harv's brother Bud and wife Helen. This poised family grouping from the big city of Toronto, were decidedly a minority

in a crowd who came to root for their small-town, home-grown boy hero.

Harvey was billed as a Texas villain in the main bout against the home favourite Red Garner. The well-seasoned Harv was slated to take a dive, let Red win as an up and comer. Instead, the ex-Hussar quickly sized up his opponent as a punk, and in the words of the local newspaper, "Stanfield proceeded to ignore all semblance of wrestling technique and merely pounded, punched and pummelled Red Garner in all forms of mayhem."

#### **WRESTLING BOUT ENDS IN WILD RIOT—**

The match in the ring quickly became

two after Harv struck poor Red with a chair at ring side. Blood gushed forth from Red, only to be matched by some from Harv, as the crowd intervened to help even the score. Harvey Stanfield was on a roll. Somewhere in the donnybrook he fought off the referee, two other wrestlers and was finally subdued by two policemen wielding clubs.

#### **—MAY BE LAST OF MAT SHOWS HERE**

pounded Garner escorted from the Arena in the excitement in aerial holds and color-

Harvey and his frightened Toronto family entourage needed a police escort to protect them from an irate crowd waiting outside the arena. The police escort didn't stop there. A small convoy of cars, Stanfield and police, proceeded to the city limits, whereupon some good advice was given: "Never, ever step foot in Oshawa again."

Harvey Stanfield's wrestling career came to an end during a match early in the 1950s. After taking a typical wrestling toss to the mat, the once villainous Harv landed wrong, pinched a nerve in his back or neck and couldn't move. Attending that night was Min and young Harvey Jr. who became hysterical looking at his father lying motionless in the ring. For Minerva, the combination of injured

husband and frantic child was altogether too much. She put her foot down, declaring that Harvey's wrestling days were over.

In 1957, the Stanfield family moved north to Ravenshoe, Ontario, to operate a small grocery store. The actual management of the store fell to Minerva while Harvey continued to drive truck as a drover. It was while living there that their second son Richard Henry was born on 28 November 1959.



In the early 1960s, they gave up the store, moving back to Toronto. After a long, happy and eventful working life together, Harvey and Minerva embraced retirement in 1976.



“Old age comes a cropper.” Harvey suffered a blood clot in a leg, forcing an amputation in 1980. Utilising an artificial leg, walker and sometimes a wheel chair, the ever-active First Hussars war veteran managed life on a reduced scale.

L/Cpl Harvey Reginald Stanfield, B 113443, passed away on 12 November 1983.

Wife and mother Minerva outlived Harvey by twenty-two years, passing away in a nursing home near son Rick's home in Keswick, Ontario, on 21 November 2005.

They are both interred Park Lawn Cemetery, Toronto.



## Medals and Decorations:

1939 – 45 Star

France and Germany Star

Defence Medal

Canadian Volunteer Service Medal

War Medal 1939 – 45



**HODIE NON CRAS**

(Today Not Tomorrow)