

Allan Broadhead
An Englishman's
Wartime Memories of
Canadian Servicemen



Over the years I have often wondered what happened to those brave men of the Canadian Army who rested in my village on their way to what I assume were the D Day landings. They would probably have disembarked at Liverpool so as to cross to the other side of the country before going to France.

Then, as a young boy of six, I remember these lads arriving in our village (Cawthorne near Barnsley) with what seemed to me 100s of bren gun carriers and equipment. We soon made friends and my grandmother befriended, as all other villagers did, two or three of them.

The most vivid memory was of one of these soldiers firing his rifle into some bushes using a tracer bullet. We used to have a fish and chip shop behind the village pub and when the lads had a pint or two they would end up in the fish shop for their supper before retiring. Friendships soon developed and my Auntie, who's husband had died in 1941, gave birth to a healthy son the following year. I am not tracing the father as his son does not want to know about his father, so please respect his wishes, but some soldier who may have lost his life has a son so his blood lives on. This soldier left his pocket watch and I kept the watch many years before it expired.