

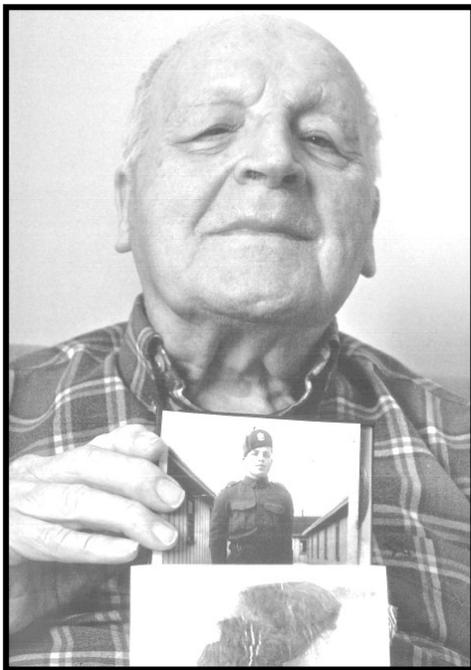
The Steel Spirit

The Steel Spirit is a gallery of a variety of artwork submissions created by Military & First Responders (serving or retired). Barbara Brown created The Steel Spirit in 2017 when her husband deployed overseas for a year. Since then, the gallery has continued to grow. In 2019 there were four galleries including one in Nova Scotia.

For 2020, the galleries have shifted to going online and Artist Spotlights have begun to be printed in various papers across the country.

The Steel Spirit is always looking for new artists to become involved. Individuals from all ages, all backgrounds and all levels of experience. For more information:

www.thesteelspirit.ca



Artist Spotlight - Fred Andrews

Poem: The Trail of 59th Newfoundland Heavy Regiment

Fred Andrews has enjoyed writing poetry since he could remember. At the age of 17 he enlisted with the Canadian Forces to serve in the conflict unfolding in Europe. At the time he didn't know he would be away from home for nearly six years.

On June 6th, 1944 Fred was involved in the D Day invasion of France. Many of his friends were killed in action. Fred wrote the poem "The Trail of 59th Newfoundland Heavy Regiment" over the course of his six years fighting during WWII. The poem covers many of his geographical stops along the way.

Fred submitted his poem to The Steel Spirit gallery in 2018, and it has since been on display in four galleries. Fred is now 99 years old and still writes poetry today.

Fred's poem is 65 stanzas long, a portion of it is printed here - the beginning and the end. If you are interested in reading the poem in its entirety (well worth the read) please contact me, Kate Palmer, editor Vet's Gazette

"The Trail of 59th Newfoundland Heavy Regiment"

Come all you sons of Newfoundland.
And listen unto me,
Here I'll unfold the exploits.
Of our Newfoundland Artillery.

It started in old Saint John's town.
The early month of May.
A proclamation there went forth
& "around the Bay."

You sons of England's oldest land.
You heroes of the sea, we need your strength
to stem the flood.
Of Nazi Germany.

To arms, to arms, the news went round.
In every town and Bay,
And lumberjacks and fisherman.
Enlisted that day.

And papermakers from Grand Falls.
Like-wide the West Coast Docks.
Clerks, longshoremen of gay Saint John's,
And Miners from the Rock.

The long process of medicals.
Had found us fit and true,
to carry Newfoundland's colours
Far Beyond the blue.

Then in late May we boarded ship.
At proud old Saint John's town,
And sailed for gallant England
To defend her ancient Crown.

Long days and nights we tossed about
On the ocean foam,
Longing to see Old England
And liberate fair Rome.

One sunny morn in pleasant June
We landed safe and well,
In plucky Merry England
And there began our drill.

The towns of Brookhouse, Ashford, Hove,
Did hear our marching song,
Romney, Wiltshire, Wales, and Hythe
Had cheered this happy throng.

There morn to night we brushed and shone
Marched in quick and slow,
Night after night on guns we trained
To fit us for the foe.

Those days were rugged grim and hard
As bombs and shells did fall,
And Spitfires soared and men did die
To save our rightful law.

Then came a day for moving
From war torn England,
And mustering at a Southwest Port.
We marshalled great and grand

There day an night new cities fell
Before our Armour Grand,
And pushing North o'er German dead
Were sons of Newfoundland.

In those great days we strongly backed
Some of the finest men,
From the 49th Northumberland,
To Scots from Alamein.

We backed the Guards at Verdun
Seventh Desert Rats in Celle,
The Fifty Second on Aller
And Buffs by Bremen hill.

Our Unit had proved worthy
In all those marvellous feats,
The record too from Normandy
Was glorious and complete.

We had supported many a Corps
That liked our big guns well,
And "Top Brass" of Great Britain
Praised our Gunnery skill.

When called upon we did our best
That you may understand,
And always proved faithful
to Dear Old Newfoundland

Dear Parents who lost precious sons
From Normandy to Rhine,
Can proudly walk in honour,
And hail the Fifty Nine.

Then sure they died like heroes
And never would give in,
But lost their lives for Freedom
And the battle for to win.

Dear friends of Terra Nova
On mountain or by sea,
This little poem related in brief
The Trail of Victory.

The trail was long and bitter
And many lost their life,
From proud Old Terra Nova,
In that great brutal strife.

Dear God protect our Native Land
And grant the whole World peace,
Enlighten man with wisdom
Then wars and wrong shall cease.