

***The War
To End
All Wars***



HOLY HEART OF MARY



RUG HOOKERS

WE WILL REMEMBER



WHAT A MARCH THAT WAS



“After the 1st of July, about the 6th, I think, we left for a rest and what a march that was. All our chums gone. We were just dragging along the road when Sergeant Major Hicks brought a couple of accordions and put one in front and one in the rear. They started up *The Banks of Newfoundland* and we all cheered right up.”

- *Howard Morry – July, 1916*
Letter to family in Newfoundland
Recounted in video I “Remain, Your Loving Son”

For us, these words speak to the power of music to lift the soul even in the worst of times. The strength these individuals had to have had to put one foot in front of the other! What a contradiction and how hard it must have been to feel something positive and still provide hope to those at home in the face of what they had experienced.



Frances Ennis and Mary Anne Murphy

28" x 40"

(Modelled from a poster from Veteran's Affairs)

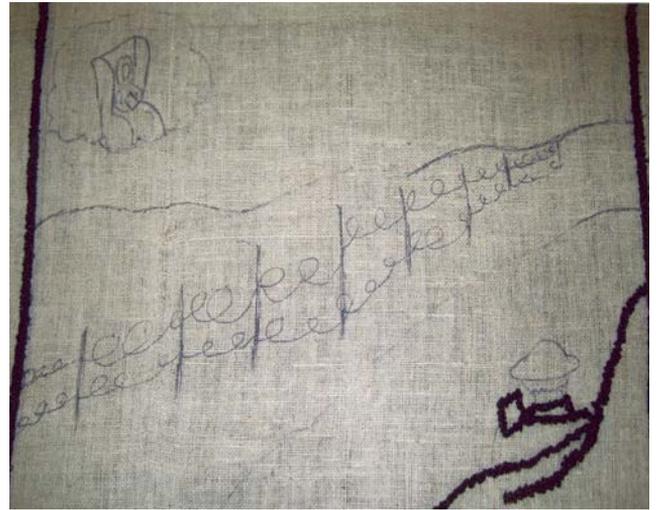


MY BOY



My Boy

In the peace and tranquility of her garden,
A woman reads a letter from her soldier son.
She longs to see his face and prays for his safe return.



My Mother

In a war torn trench a young man reads a letter from home.
He is filled with a sense of peace and love that her words bring.



Sheila Feaver and Diane McDonald

THE CARIBOU



The Caribou

Just like the one in Bowring Park
It stands – majestic – on the stones,
Head raised to the sky,
Mouth opened

It heralds the dawning of each new day,
Watches over the once muddied trenches,
Now manicured grass,

Patches of colour.

When dusk comes and all is silent
It joins the others in the field
Who have drifted there to talk
Of days gone by.

- *Frances Ennis*



Maxine Ennis



POPIES



In Flanders Fields

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

- *Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae*

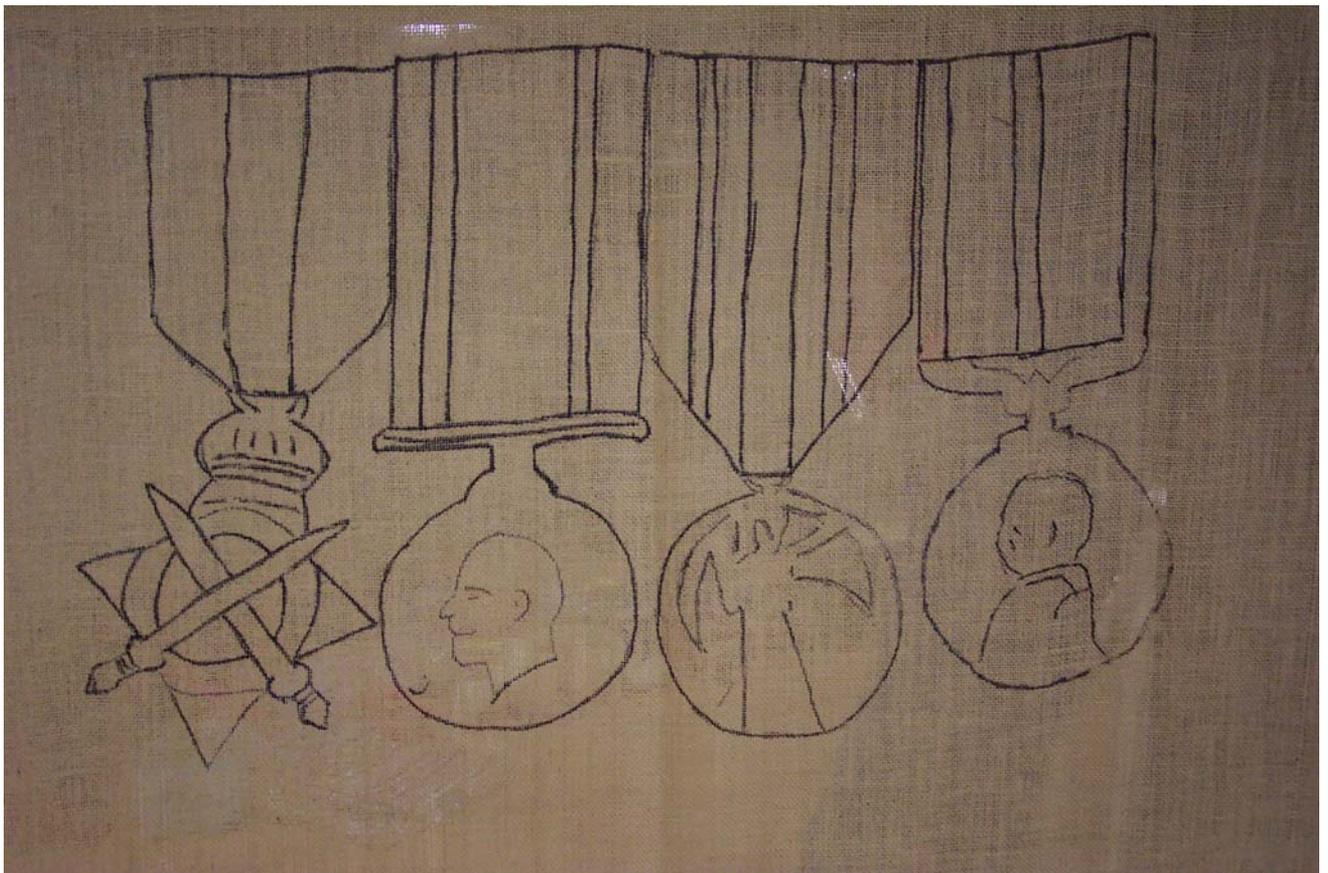


Moya O'Neill and Brenda Wolfe

28" x 26"



HONOUR



Valour in wartime is recognized through the presentation of medals which are awarded for distinguished service. The Newfoundlanders who fought at Beaumont Hamel – the 684 who lost their lives in the field of battle and those who were fortunate enough to return home all risked their lives in the name of, and for the cause of honour. And that, like the mighty caribou in the fields of Beaumont Hamel, stands tall against the test of time.

After the battle was over, the Divisional Commander wrote of the Newfoundland Regiment's effort: "It was a magnificent display of trained and disciplined valour, and its assault failed of success only because dead men can advance no further."

The medals depicted here were awarded to Staff Sergeant Major Cecil Green of Trinity, Newfoundland, who fought bravely in the Great War.

*1914 Star
British War Medal 1914-1920
Victory Medal 1914-1919
British Meritorious Service Meda*



Marilyn Cameron, Barbara O'Keefe and Sheila Power

27" x 40"



KNOWN UNTO GOD



Unknown Soldier

If you look close
You can see them
Rifles in hand
Scravelling outside stenchy holes

Their teen faces,
Weathered into ancient men.
They trudge forward
To greet the onslaught.

You can see their grief,
Dry tears for those far away.
You can hear them too,
Wails of anguish –
Then silence...
When mortal pain is no more.

- *Frances Ennis*

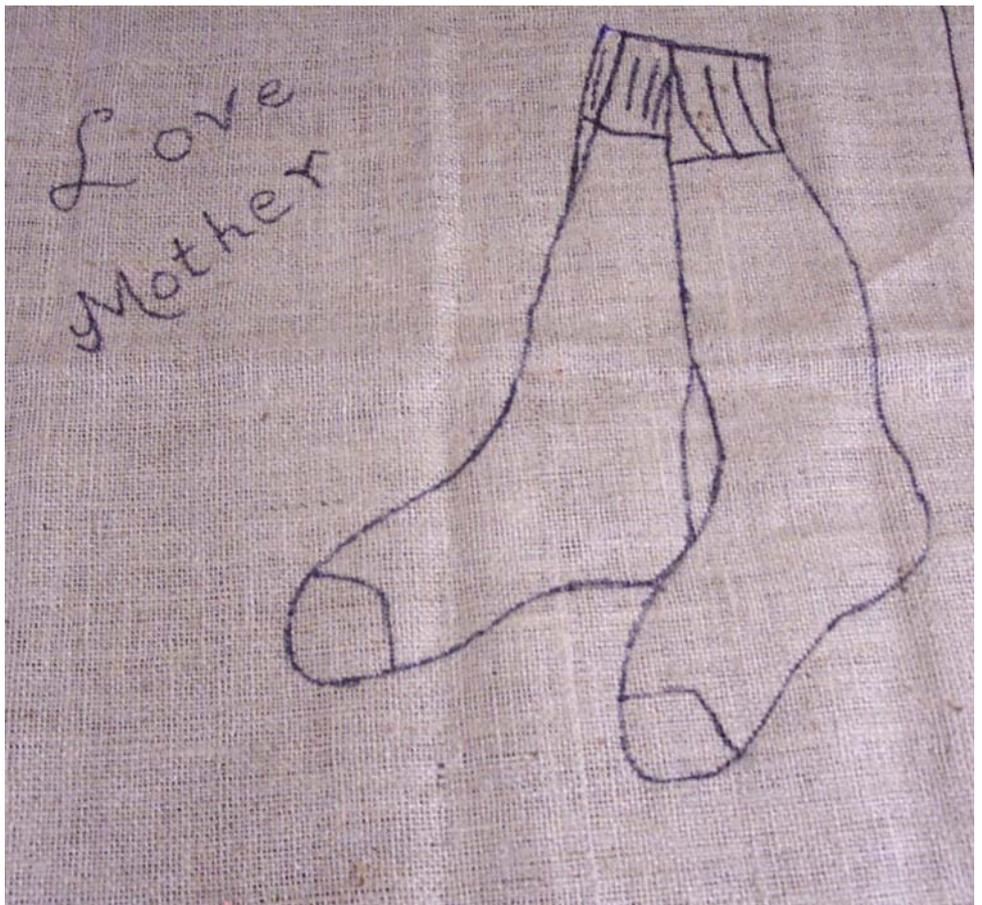


Mary Anne Murphy

16" x 16"



A PAIR OF GREY SOCKS



A Pair of Grey Socks

Not only at Government House were busy fingers at work; the grey socks were inevitable wherever one went, they were found on table or work basket in every house, both in parlour and kitchen. They were found at bridge tables; dummy knitted while her partner played the hand. They accompanied the worker to committee meetings and social calls. Knitting parties became the fashion, and they have even been seen in the theatre, and now some knit them even on Sundays. A pair of grey socks is a never-failing source of conversation. The different qualities of the wool, the various shapes of the heels, the many ways of narrowing the toes, the numbers of pairs accomplished, and above everything, the excellencies and discrepancies of our neighbour's knitting. They are a bond of unity between rich and poor, high and low, between all mothers who have sons in the war, between all women who knit. The grey sock has become the tie that binds.

- *Tryphena Duley*



Moya O'Neill and Brenda Wolfe

22" x 24"



Created by: Shirley Moss



**CAP BADGE
WWI**



My mat – The Newfoundland Regiment Cap Badge WWI, is dedicated to the memory of my late father, Staff Sergeant John Francis Gover.

From my earliest memories, my father was in “the army”. Although he did not go overseas, he served with the Home Guard during World War II at places such as Bell Island, the Deer Lake Dam, and the Bishop Falls Dam.

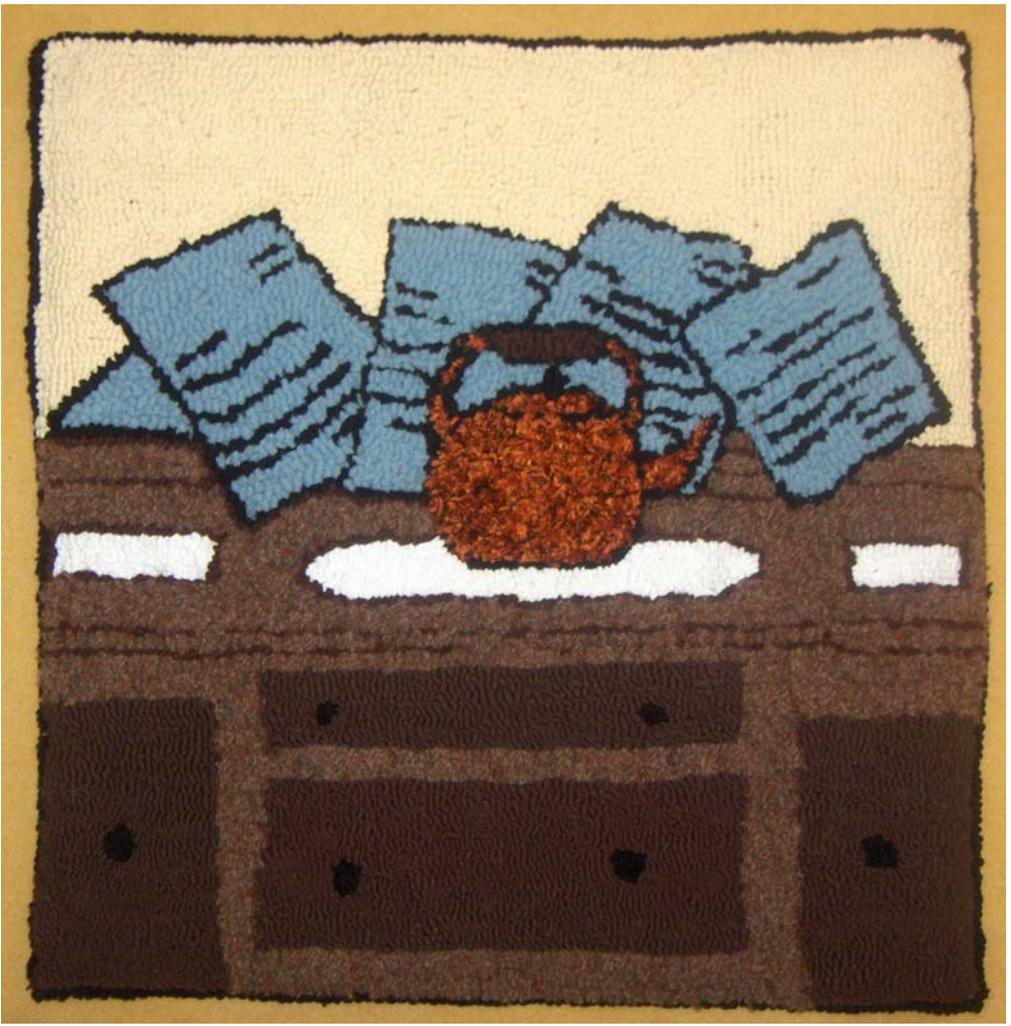
After the war, he continued with the regiment and went in full uniform to the drill hall every week. As soon as I was old enough, I helped polish his cap badge, uniform buttons, and belt buckle. This, my siblings and I did with the utmost care and responsibility, as Dad always insisted that his uniform be perfect

His dedication and loyalty to the regiment and to his country was passed on to his family. I therefore wish to honour this loyalty by creating my mat in his memory.



Geraldine Sinnott

21" x 23"



KETTLE



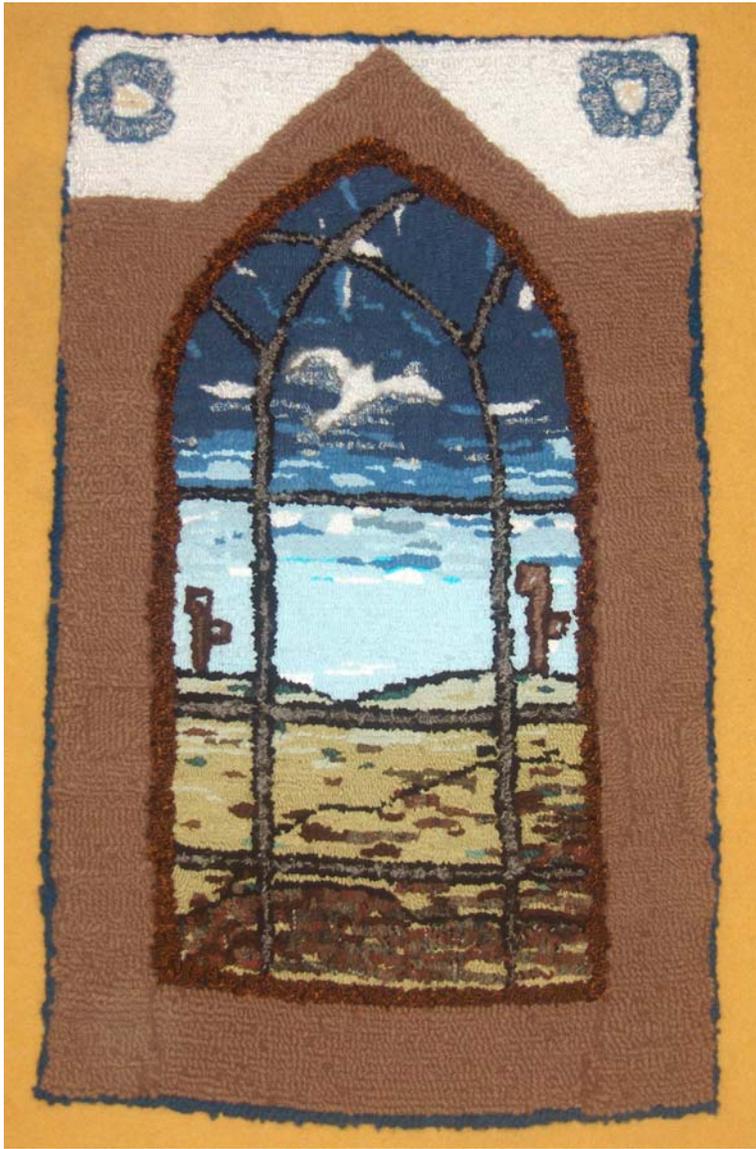
This rug depicts the letters that were written to my mother and older sister from the Front during World War II when I was a little girl. I can remember the kettle where my mother stored the precious missives.

Letters created a link between family and soldiers in wartime. These connections were lifelines to loving families.



Pat Greene

22" x 22"

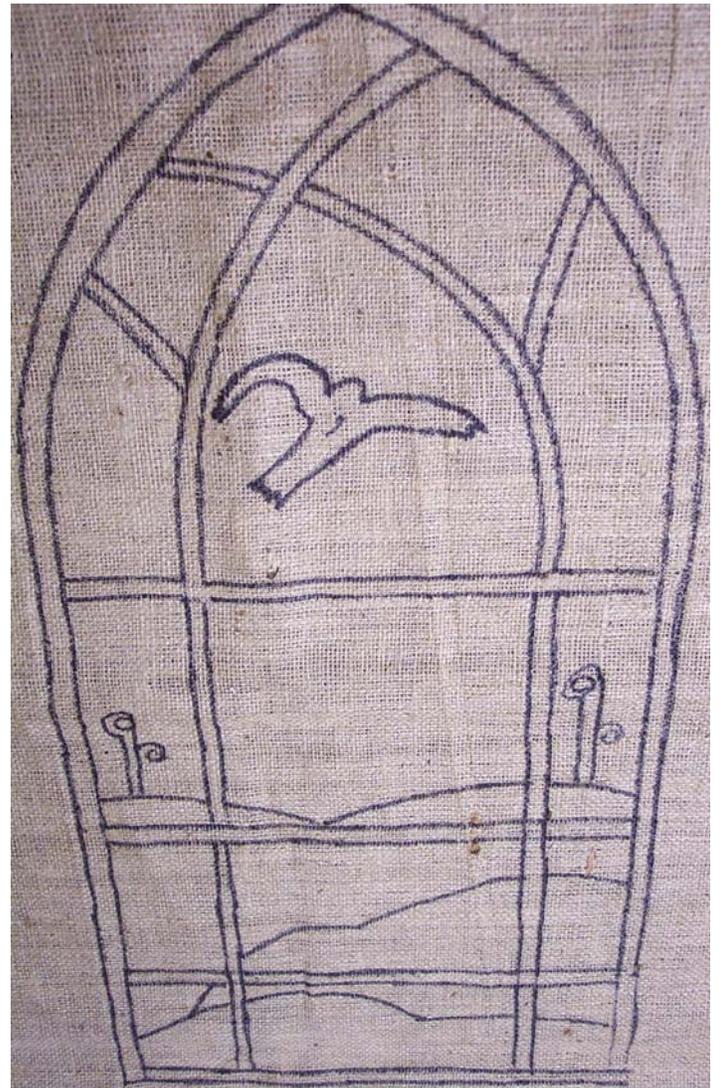


A

VIEW

OF

PEACE



From the moment young men left their homes to fight in the “Great War”, one could almost hear a collective prayer for peace and the safe return of loved ones.

Families left behind couldn't even imagine the hardship they would face in that faraway place. Many would feel powerless and the only way in which they thought they could help was to offer a prayer.

Some prayers were answered...many were not.



Elizabeth (Duggan) Matthews

19" x 31"



NO MAN'S LAND



No Man's Land

“What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
From the Eastern hills to the Western sea,
Through field or forest, o'er river and lea
No man may pass them, but aim you well
And death rides across on the bullet or shell

- excerpt of a poem by
Captain James H. Knight-Adkin

This image portrays the hardships and obstacles our soldiers had to overcome in the face of adversity. It also identifies how fellow comrades were always close by to help each other.



Janet Lacey and Glenda Bursey

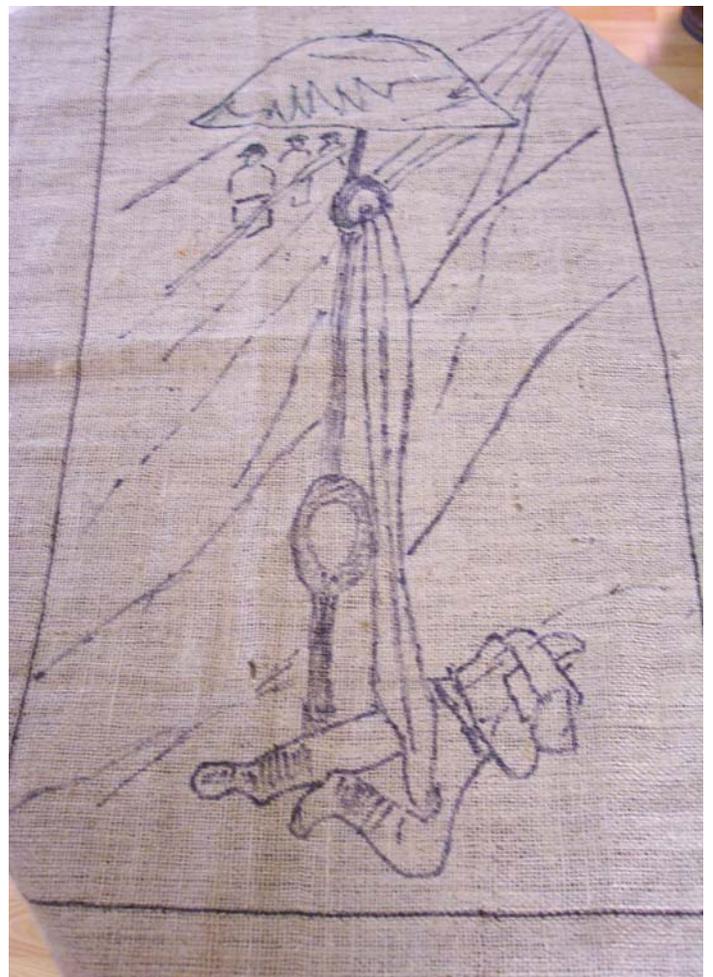
30" x 20"



FORGET

ME

NOT



After the Battle at Beaumont Hamel, Newfoundlanders wore Forget Me Nots every July 1st to honour the bravery and sacrifice our soldiers made in that battle. I remember the pride my parents showed every time they talked about the “Blue Puttees” who fought at Beaumont Hamel.

That pride and gratitude for their sacrifice still lives in me, my husband and our family. My parents always said we must never forget what the Blue Puttees gave. I too believe that and that is why I call my rug “Forget Me Not”.



Anne (Hamilton) Donnelly

20" x 30"



**A TRIBUTE
TO
MY
GRANDFATHER**



Meet my grandfather on my mother's side, Leo Terry.

He fought in WW II but, like many more, did not talk about it, so, I don't know exactly where and when.

I know he did live to settle in St. John's and raised a family of 4 girls and 2 boys. My mother's name is Mary Crotty, nee Terry.

This picture with him standing at ease in his uniform was actually superimposed onto a picture of a brick building somewhere in Europe. It started out as a picture of my dad's brother William Crotty in his sailors uniform. My sister Mary Messener, nee Crotty, who is an alumnae of Holy Heart, worked on the picture and sent it to my mom as a gift.

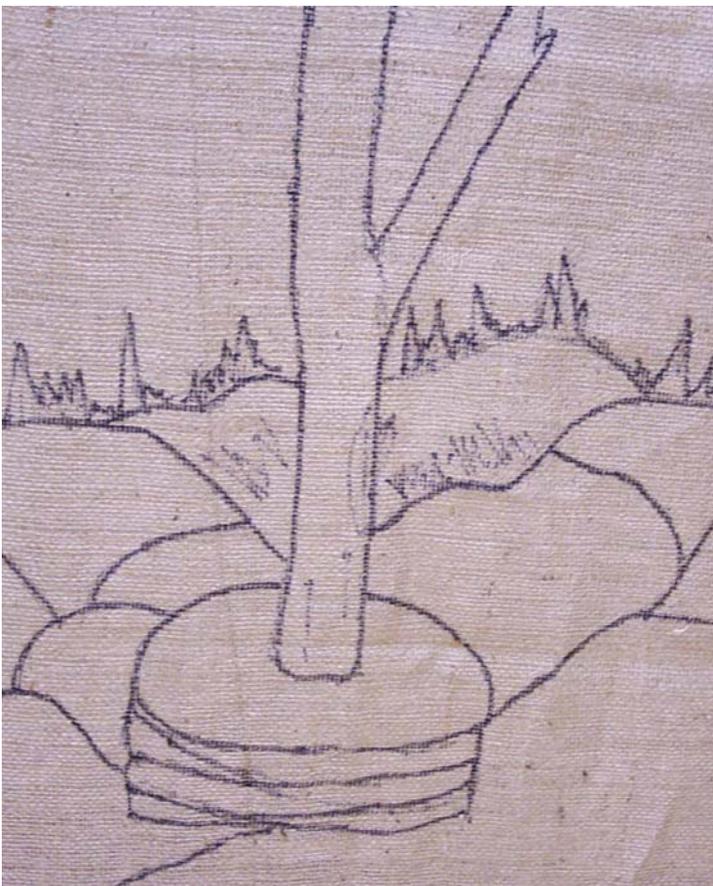
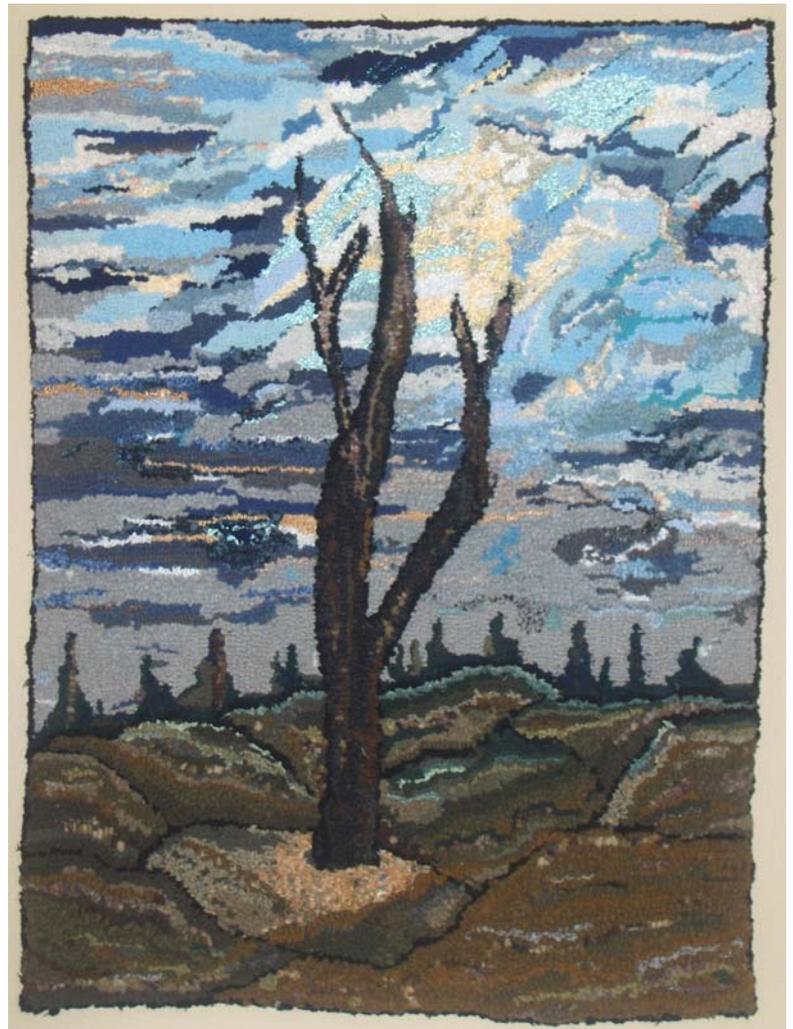
I liked the image and wanted it to become my mat because it gave me a physical connection to the price my grandfather and others paid to keep our freedom.



Gerri Flemming

24" x 36"

**THE
DANGER
TREE**



July 1, 1916

There you stand
On Concrete round,
The one we know so well,
Now withered, worn, erect,
With dead arms
Reaching to the sky.
Some say you died
When they did.
On the first of July.

- *Frances Ennis*



Noreen Grace

24" x 36"



P
O
P
P
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S



Today

Peace lies on your green mantle today
Not like before
When the noises were harsh –
mortar exploding
boys screaming
mothers wailing
Now they are soft -
birds singing
trees rustling
people remembering
Peace lies on your green mantle today.

- *Frances Ennis*

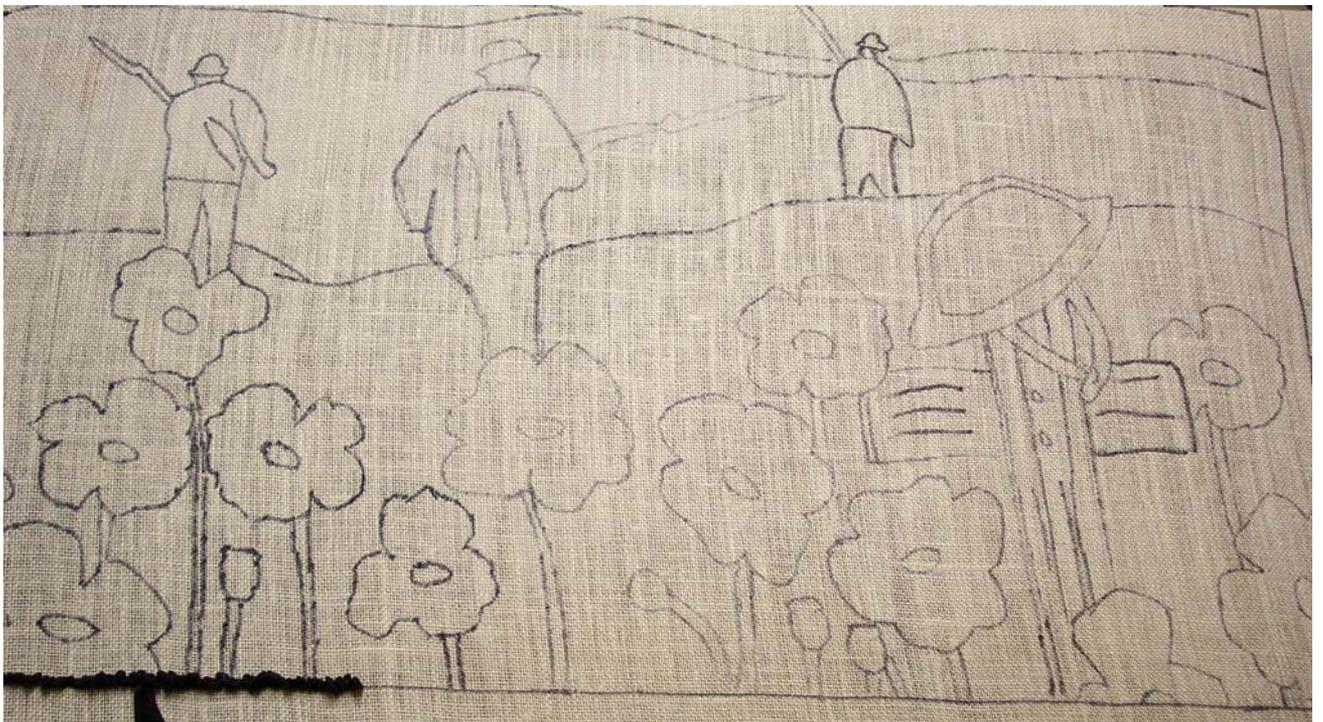


Sheila Hynes

22' X 20"



LEST WE FORGET



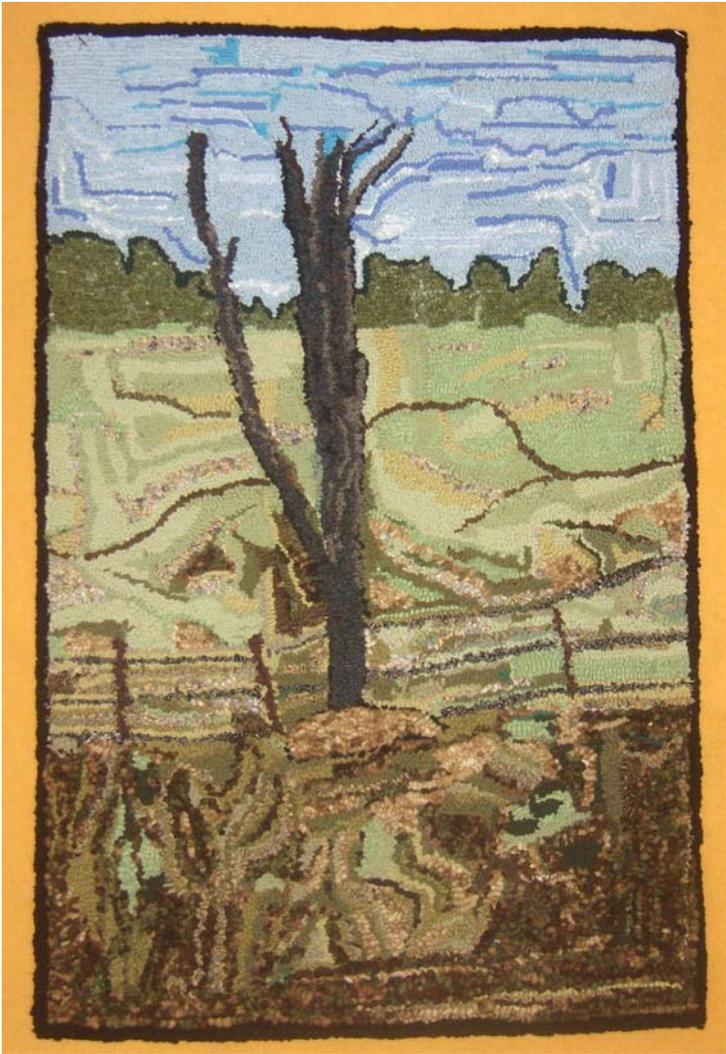
My mat is based on artwork from the book “*A Poppy is to Remember*” by Heather Patterson, illustrated by Ron Lightburn. I envision the scene as the soldiers’ having just buried their comrade in the only grassy area, honouring him with a rough wooden cross and leaving his army helmet atop. After the burial, these same soldiers march off in the muddy fields to continue their fight. The poppies in the front signify hope and beauty in such a barren hopeless time during the “Great World War”

“Lest We Forget” is a tribute to my father, Eric S. Rowe (1921-1999) who was enlisted in the Royal Navy, 1940-1946, and my mother, Eileen (Morrissey) Rowe (1927-2005), both buried in the Field of Honour, St. John’s, Newfoundland.



Sandy E. (Rowe) Nixon

20" x 30"



**THE
DANGER
TREE**



The “Danger Tree”, an infamous memorial to the Royal Newfoundland Regiment who went into battle on the first day of the Battle of the Somme, July 1st, 1916, is a replica of a tree trunk that marks the place where casualties were highest. The Regiment was told to gather there once they went in to “No Man’s Land”, not realizing that they presented a perfect target to the Germans, who took full advantage of the troops gathering there to annihilate many of the 255 who were killed in the battle. It is rumoured that no one made it past the Danger Tree. This symbol appeared to us a fitting tribute to those who died at that particular spot.

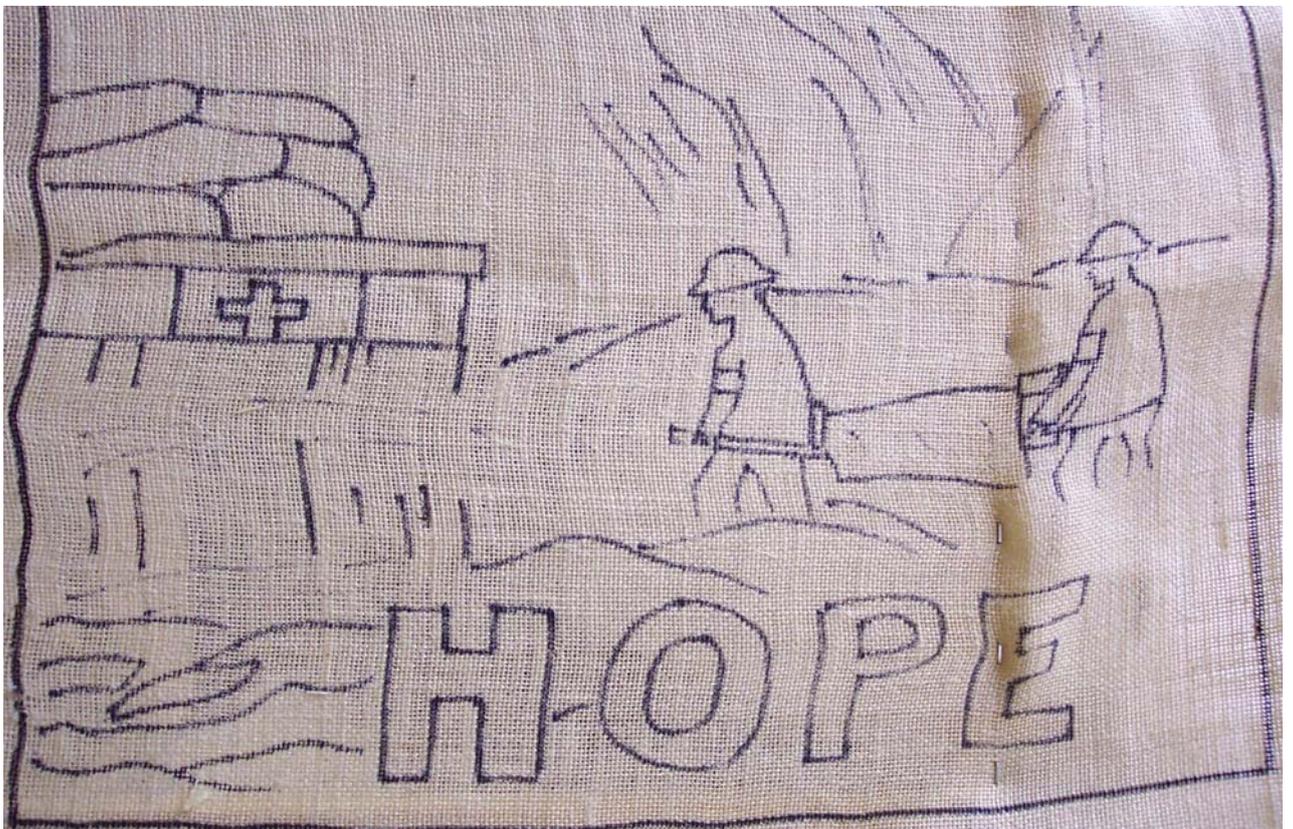


Jo-Ann Clarke, Madonna Cole and Donna Evans

41" x 28"



HOPE FOR THE WOUNDED



World War I was a tragic war for both sides of our family. My mother's uncle was killed in October 1916. My father's father was badly wounded in the Battle of the Somme in July 1916. He was a sergeant in the Royal Newfoundland Regiment who led his men out of the trenches and across no-man's-land. There he was hit with shrapnel resulting in numerous injuries, the worst being a large exit wound in his hip. His one field dressing was soaked with blood in seconds. In order to try and stop the bleeding, he packed his wound with mud. He lay there pinned down by gunfire for a full day before he was rescued and carried to a first aid station. Then he was evacuated to England for surgery and rehabilitation. He survived thanks to the bravery and skill of all those who cared for him.

So many died but some were saved and went home to their families. My grandfather was one of those who survived though the price he paid for his courage and patriotism was great. He was sent home to his wife and five children, a disabled 38 year old man. Even though he died when I was 3 years old, I remember my Papa as a warm, gentle man who brought us jelly beans every week. We were so blessed to know him and to have him in our lives.



I am dedicating my mat with love and pride to Papa, my grandfather, Sergeant Francis LeMessurier of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

Anne LeMessurier Lilly

20" x 16"



NEWFOUNDLAND

DOG



The pride, loyalty and bravery of our fighting Newfoundlanders is exemplified in the stately Newfoundland Dog.

Sable Chief was a Newfoundland dog that served as The Royal Newfoundland Regiment's mascot. It is currently on display at the Newfoundland museum located at the Rooms.

The dog participated in marches held by the regiment, and it has been said that he would stand at attention at the playing of the Newfoundland National Anthem and remain so until the end of it.



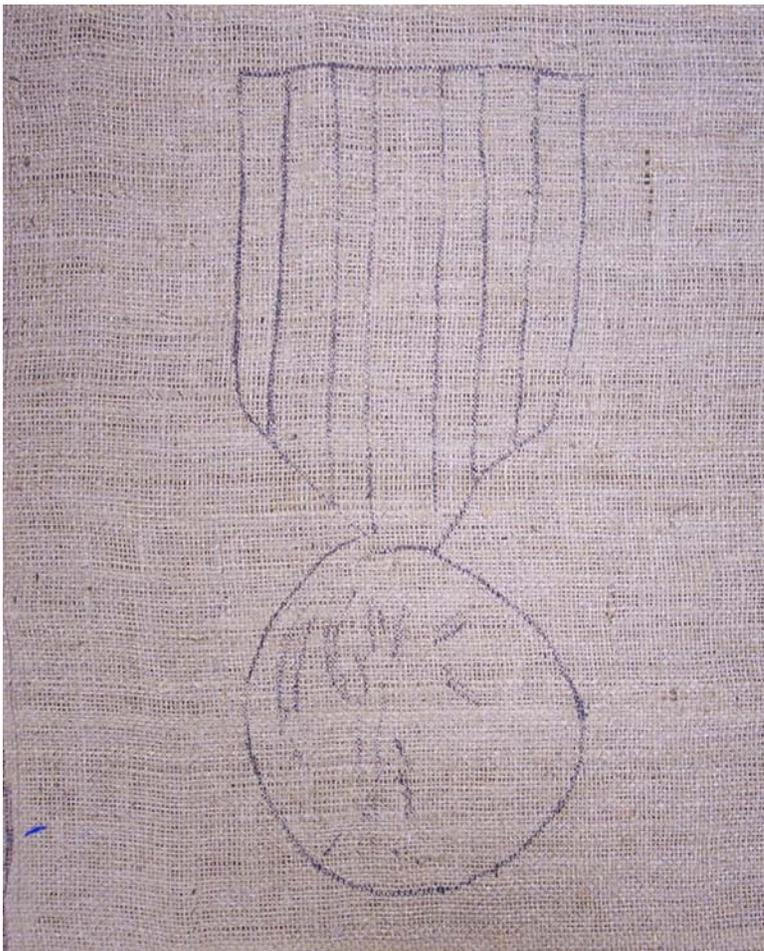
Sheila Feaver



Pat Edney

22" x 22"

**VICTORY
MEDAL**



This medal was instituted in 1919 to commemorate the victory of the Allies over the Central Powers.

The medal was awarded to all ranks of the fighting forces, civilians under contract, and others employed with military hospitals.



Helen Handrigan

16" x 16"



**REMEMBER ME TO MOTHER
AND THE LITTLE ONES**



The inspiration is drawn from letters written to his family from Beaumont Hamel by Willy Night as documented in the film "*I Remain Your Loving Son*".

The mat depicts a fallen soldier as represented by the Red Badge of Honour lying in the fields of France. The young soldier, Willy Night, is mourned by his Mother who is standing outside her home in rural Newfoundland, a toy belonging to "the little ones" is seen in the garden below the house.

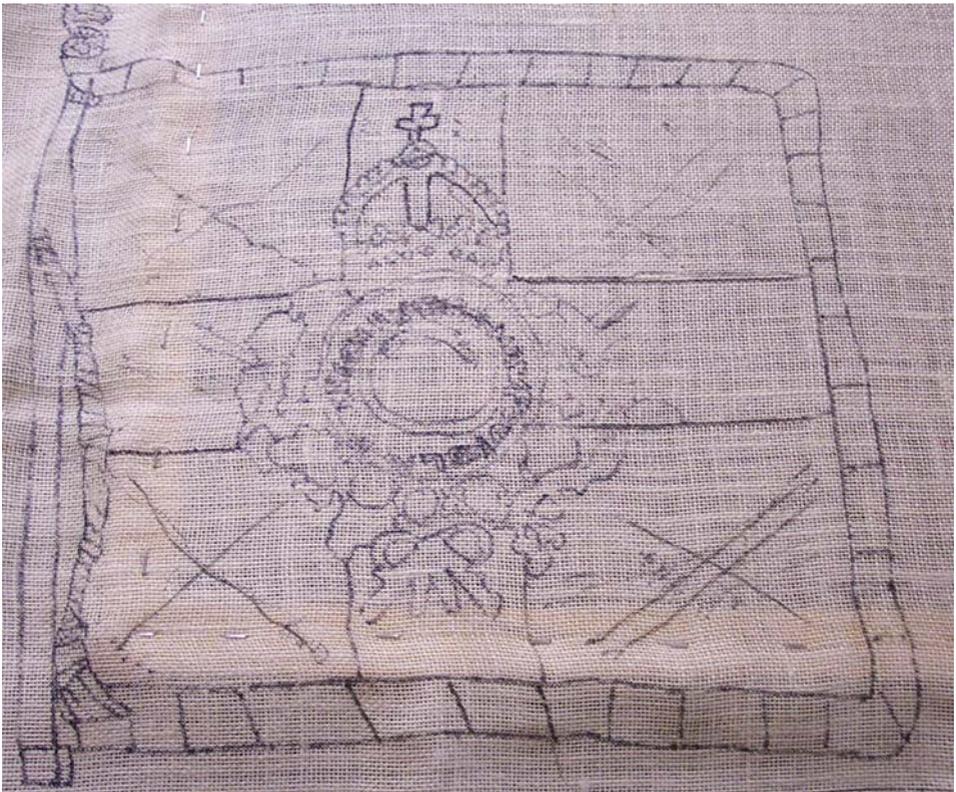
The strength of the connection between the son and family is represented by the use of the sky, ocean, beach and field to link the battle field and the home.



Michelle Sullivan



REGIMENTAL COLOURS



This rug is dedicated to my mother as she waved good-bye to my father as he left in the dory to go to World War II.

I want my rug to portray the anguish and sadness that loved ones experienced as they said good-bye to family members, wondering if they would ever see them again.

**Beaumont Hamel is part of our heritage – Gone but not forgotten.
We honour those who gave us freedom. We will remember them.**



Anne Marie Whelan

16" x 16"



**ROYAL
NEWFOUNDLAND
REGIMENT
BADGE**



Day Is Ended

As the sun sets and day is done,
The last of our visitors leave.
They go their way to rest the night
While we awaken 'til dawn breaks.

We roam the fields, wish on falling stars
And reach the line where once our
enemies stood.
Friends now, we share memories
Of loved ones, homelands, joys, sorrows.
- *Frances Ennis*

As a current student and a member of the Holy Heart of Mary Chamber Choir, I became involved in this project through Frances, who is a family friend. I learned how to hook when I was nine, but as a busy student, I have not had the time to devote to the craft. I was happy to help teach members of the Alumnae choir hooking technique, and complete a mat for the project.

Since World War 1 and the tragedy of Beaumont Hamel are long before my time, it was only fitting that my mat present the Regiment in a modern design. My rug depicts the present-day Royal Newfoundland Regiment shoulder badge. These are only worn in combative environments, so the dull colours do not allow for easy identification of soldiers. Bright colours and metallic threads are more commonly recognized, and are worn for formal occasions. My technique of hooking in straight rows mimics the machine-embroidered badges.

I would like to thank Frances and Mary-Anne for this opportunity, and all their help and transportation.



Bridget Woodrow

16" x 16"



THE LAST GOODBYE



A Soldier's Thoughts

Standing straight
Head high
Pride swells within me
I gaze back on the rocky shore
A hero for my country
Stooped low
In blood and filth
On a battlefield I stand
I close my eyes
I yearn for thee
My home, my Newfoundland.

- Pat Conway



Tina Murphy

HOLY HEART OF MARY ALUMNAE CHOIR



LEST WE FORGET