The ***BERGERSON*** family



Edgar M. Jackson

My father was born in June 1911, and was raised on a farm in West Gwillimbury in an area called *'the Hollows.'* He enlisted in 1942. He was 31 years old and felt he needed to defend our freedom.

Dad's basic training was at Canadian Forces Base Borden. He served for just over three years (from December 7, 1942 to February 13, 1946). When he was finally sent to the war front, he was stationed in France, Holland, Belgium and Britain.



Ranked as a corporal, dad's main role was to drive ammunition vehicles to supply the front lines. To minimize the danger in driving these trucks, the transportation was done mostly at night, under camouflage with the truck's lights masked as slotted black-out headlights. The work was no easy task. Often, he drove with the night sky above lit up by bomb explosions and artillery fire. The fear that his vehicle would be hit was his constant passenger.

My dad survived the war, but his return trip home was another matter. The troop carrying ship, the Queen Mary, was hit by a horrendous Atlantic storm. At times the ship was atop of 40 foot waves, the next moment in the trough below the the same gigantic waves. The shipped bobbed on the stormy waves like a helpless cork. Many of the soldiers aboard were terribly seasick. None expected to survive this crossing and return home. They did, eventually arriving safely to New York. The troops cheered with joy and celebration when the ship finally docked.

From New York, the veterans were then transported to Toronto, to the CNE Colosseum, where they were reunited with family and loved ones.

My dad will always be remembered.

by ***Evelyn Jackson Bergerson***