



The 1998 Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation Study Tour

The Fourth Annual Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation Study Tour focussed on the liberation of Belgium and Holland as well as the Battle of Normandy. Twelve students from all regions of Canada were selected from 49 well-qualified applicants. We arrived in France on 29 May and began our program with visits to Beaumont-Hamel and Vimy Ridge. Discussions focussed on history and memory and the reasons why Canada and Newfoundland placed much greater emphasis on memorializing 1914-1918 rather than 1939-1945.

The students were particularly moved by their exposure to Dieppe which we examined as a prelude and contrast to Normandy. We then settled into our residence at the Abbaye d'Ardenne and began an intensive study of the Normandy battlefields. Several battles were examined through carefully organized Tactical Exercises Without Troops (TEWTs) which required everyone to think through the events of 1944 without relying on hindsight.

After Normandy we spent a week in Belgium and Holland tracing our history, visiting the cemeteries and experiencing life in Bruges and Nijmegen. The 1998 Study Tour was an outstanding success.

The 1999 tour, to be led by Dr. Marc Milner of the University of New Brunswick, will break new ground. Students will first travel to Italy for a week visiting Ortona, the Liri Valley and the Gothic Line then fly to France to study the Normandy battlefields. For the year 2000, the plan is to focus on the RCAF, spending the first week in Britain before crossing to Normandy. In 2001 we will once again visit Belgium and Holland as well as Normandy.

For more information on the 1999 Study Tour see the advertisement on the inside back cover.

Back row, (left to right): Debbie Ng, Steve Osterberg, Nicole Windsor, Mike Steinberg, Kate Fitzpatrick, Jeff Rivard.

Front row, (l to r.): Patrice Collin, David Patterson, Janine Stingel, Andrew Iarocci, Whitney Lackenbauer, Sharon Roe, Terry and Linda Copp, LGen Charles Belzile, Kelly Deschênes.

May 29, 1998

The first stop was especially significant and moving for me - Beaumont Hamel. Beaumont Hamel was the stage for the courageous, and today we would say ludicrous, effort by the Royal Newfoundland Regiment on July 1, 1916....At the time, there was not a household on the island that had not been affected by the Beaumont Hamel slaughter....Most every Newfoundlander swells with pride and sorrow whenever the story is recounted. For me, the visit to Beaumont Hamel was very special. I spent a long time trying to retrace the events of that fateful day. It took me a while to place what I had read on the battlefield. The natural setting of the memorial helped in being able to retrace the steps of my ancestors. As I walked back through the park. I felt many emotions. At times, a sense of pride, horror and sadness.



Nicole Windsor - Corner Brook, NF (Mount Allison University)

May 30, 1998

When I first had read Professor Copp's description of the Vimy Memorial, I thought that he was going a bit overboard when he described it as "Beautiful." How could anything that came out of such horror be beautiful? From the photos too it seems to be kind of drab, or bare. But coming face to face with it that day, I realized how wrong I had been. It really is a gorgeous monument. So stark, so pure.. It rises right out of the earth with a force that almost propels it over the edge. And yet the massive horizontal base gives it weight and seriousness.

Moreover, the contrast of the blue, blue sky and the startlingly green grass makes it seem to shimmer in the bright sunlight.



Kate Fitzpatrick - Montreal, QC (McGill University)

May 31, 1998

As the sun slowly sets on Dieppe I find myself trying to imagine what it must have been like here on the night of 19 August 1942. As a final note, Professor Copp reminded us this morning at the cemetery that the Canadians did not leave their task incomplete as they returned to liberate this town in 1944. An optimistic footnote to a sad story in Canadian military history.



Jeff Rivard - Windsor, ON (University of New Brunswick)

May 31, 1998

Like all Commonwealth War Cemeteries, Dieppe was a beautifully maintained garden of lush trees and flowers. The sun shone through brightly and strongly, and I decided to read a few stones and then sit in the corner of the site on a wooden bench. I think that all of this served to heighten the impact of the cemetery. That morning remains one of the most important and intense few hours of my life.

By going there, by reading those names and feeling for those boys, I was preventing, even if only for a short while, their second deaths. As Canada grows further and further away from the Second World War, fewer and fewer people take the time to really reflect on just how significant a contribution Canadians made to the world during the two great wars. By sitting on that bench and just thinking about all those boys, I felt like I had really contributed to their memory, to their legacy, and to our country.



Steve Osterberg - Guelph, ON (Wilfrid Laurier University)



The Canadian War Cemetery at Dieppe.

June 2, 1998

We walked along the entire stretch of the beach from Nan White to Nan Red. There is a very strong Canadian presence on White. We started our walk near the now famous QOR House. I am not sure if it was an objective or if it was just there in 44. I remember seeing it during the 50th anniversary ceremonies on TV. There is also a bunker, called Place du Canada that had many plaques and memorials on it. Mostly to the QOR but also to the Chauds and the Fort Garry Horse. I appreciated seeing such a commanding Canadian presence. There were Canadian flags everywhere.

We climbed on another 50 mm gun casement. Although it was damaged, you could still see how thick it was. That made it almost invincible to head-on shell fire from the sea. Here, again was more revisionist history. For the 50th anniversary of D-Day, the French Government...put up monuments marking the battle routes. The one at St. Aubin cheerfully mentioned how the Royal Marine Commandos had cleared the beach never mentioning that the North Shores were actually there first. This was something that we would see over and over again. This gave us a valuable lesson. If our current generation does not teach proper military history, in another fifty years the

Canadian content of this battle is sure to be completely forgotten. Considering the sacrifices, that is a tragic thought.



Sharon Roe - Toronto, ON
(University of Toronto)

June 3, 1998

The day started with a visit to the Canadian cemetery at Reviere/Beny-sur-Mer, a fitting start to what would be a day of cemeteries. Walking around the cemetery produced what was fast becoming the standard sombre reaction among members of the group. I wandered off into my own world, alone with my thoughts, but troubled by the ghosts of the men buried around me. One inscription that caught my eye was "A silent thought, a secret tear, keep this memory everdear, Dad." This struck me as something amazing, especially coming from a time when men were not supposed to show emotion or pain. It is a simple inscription that captures the tragedy



of parents losing their children while they themselves are still in middle age.

Mike Steinberg - Vancouver, BC
(University of British Columbia)

June 4, 1998

Today we took part in a TEWT [tactical exercise without troops]. The group was divided in two syndicates. My syndicate was directed by Lt. General Belzile. We "relived" the first confrontation between Canadians and the 12th SS. More specifically, the engagement of the Regina Rifles at Bretteville-l'Orgueilleuse/Norrey-en-Bessin. The other syndicate operated as the Winnipeg Rifles in Putot-en-Bessin. The exercise was conducted at the Battalion level.

What I liked the most of this experience was that the directing staff continually reminded us not to forget the human factor. They made sure our thinking was as close to reality as possible, ie. Your troops are tired, you are tired, you are down to 70% strength etc. As an officer, I have taken part in a number of TEWTs. However, these TEWTs are generally carried out in a vacuum: the conditions are next to ideal (the troops are up to strength, moral is good, equipment is in good condition etc) even though some problems always happen to force the participants to think out a somewhat ideal solution. In today's TEWT, we were not allowed to "forget" that the troops were tired, that some equipment was missing, that casualties had strained morale and strength etc. We had to take all those factors into account when making our plans. It only made the exercise more realistic, more valuable.



Kelly Deschênes - Régiment du Hull
(Royal Military College of Canada)

June 5, 1998

Today, I have lived one of the greatest moments of my military career. It all happened during the commemorative ceremony at the Abbaye d'Ardennes. It was not the first ceremony of the day, even least the first ceremony of my career. However, this time, I had a role to play. All the students taking part in the Tour had a role to play.



Sharon Roe and Kelly Deschênes stand guard beside a memorial in Caen.

The ceremony commemorated not only the battle of Normandy but also the murder of Canadian soldiers who were captured by members of the SS. Each of the students was to lay a Canadian maple leaf symbolising the murdered soldiers. Because I was in uniform, I was to be last. Moreover, I had 7 leaves so to complete the number of victims. It was a very emotional moment....Space was limited and surrounded by trees; it added to the intimacy of the ceremony, of the experience....I have never laid a wreath but, this time, I did. Not only that but, it was a maple leaf, in liberated France.

Earlier during the day, we took part in a number of other ceremonies. Among others, we went to the Caen Memorial where the Foundation maintains a commemorative garden. I really liked the idea of a commemorative garden. It was a "living" monument. Not only did I find it original, it was pleasant to the eye. I thought it was particularly appropriate for our nation.

Kelly Deschênes

June 5, 1998

Today was a day of ceremonies - remembrance for those Canadians who participated in the liberation of Caen and for those who lost their lives at the Abbaye. The first was a brief tribute in downtown Caen to the liberation of the city in 1944. The second, at *Le Mémorial*, featured a formal, diplomatic speech by the Canadian ambassador stressing Canadian and French relations, Canada's role in the achievement and maintenance of peace, the current anti-personnel

landmine initiative, and the 60,000 Canadian soldiers who lay in French soil. The last ceremony, in the memorial garden at the Abbaye d'Ardenne, was the most touching. The ambiance was very personal, with a tremendous community presence that did not cry official pomp and circumstance. Monsieur Jacques Vico, a prominent member of the local community, read a powerful speech on the twenty-one assassinations at the Abbaye followed by touching backgrounds on five of the deceased. General Belzile then read the names of the victims and their ages....The occasion was one of mourning; there were few dry eyes. Members of our study group then approached the memorial in pairs, laying a maple leaf for each of the Canadians killed at the abbey. Lieutenant Deschênes, in his military dress, gave a fitting salute to conclude our contribution to the ceremony. The notes of the last post pounded at my soul as I reflected on the supreme sacrifice made by these brave, disciplined young Canadians. The ceremony was unequivocal in its force; for the remainder of the evening I rested at the Abbaye, feeling depleted both physically and emotionally.



P. Whitney Lackenbauer - Waterloo, ON (University of Calgary)

June 5, 1998

Linda filmed us standing around the pool, and our reflections too. We couldn't see our own reflections but we could see the reflections of the people on the other side of the pool. Optics - angle of incidence = angle of refraction. Perhaps the reflections in the pool are symbolic of the situations where you cannot see yourself or the effects of your contribution from where you are, but others can see you and vice versa. Like the balance of troops in war. The names of every city in France liberated by Canadians carved in stone.



Debbie Ng - Calgary, AB (University of Calgary)

June 7, 1998

Sunday we all took part in examining the assault on Verrières Ridge and even with the help of Brigadier Denis Whitaker and his wife, Shelagh Whitaker. We were unable to offer any better solutions to the problems Canadians faced. Of all of Professor Copp's attempts to drive home this point, I think Verrières Ridge highlighted it the best. That morning we all learned to hate the *Valour and the Horror*.

After an exhausting journey through the operations around the river Orne, we...went into the nearby town of Authie to view the ceremonies there commemorating the liberation of the town. Unbeknownst to me, I was to take part.

Upon our arrival, the mayor of the town came up to us and asked if we would participate. He thought it would be appropriate if I recited a poem in English. My journal entry describes the afternoon, and my feelings best:

Have just returned from the ceremonies in Authie,...the experience will remain with me forever. There were more people at this ceremony than those at the beaches. The MC's speech included the comment that "twice in 50 years the Canadians have liberated France." Our flag flew at the same height as theirs and they sang our anthem in French. Place du Canadien will remain forever special to me because I had the honour to say to the townsfolk:

They grow not old
As we who are left grow old
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning, we shall remember them
We shall remember them.

Stephen Osterberg

June 7, 1998

Today we focused on Verrières Ridge beginning the morning with our second TEWT. The purpose was explicitly laid out by Professor Copp: "In the absence of hindsight, you have an order of battle and time frame, and you should develop an appreciation of Verrières and why decisions were made, as well as develop solutions to problems where possible."

We found this challenge much more difficult than the last. Given our backgrounds, it proved

nearly impossible to work on strategy from a general's perspective. We did, however, have Brigadier Whitaker and his wife Shelagh at our disposal, both of whom have a vast knowledge of military matters. Dealing with planning for two whole corps, involving a bewildering array of units and potential courses of action, left most of us "offering piecemeal ideas that failed to materialize in a coherent plan."

Nevertheless, I will not discard this TEWT as a failure. We could not put together anything beyond a very general, last minute plan, but we did learn an awful lot. On the tour we have done a lot of exploring from the ground up, and this provided an occasion to recognize the difficulties in planning at the top. I have new respect for high-level commanders, given the mind-boggling array of considerations that must be taken into account in a time-sensitive and unbelievably stressful environment. In the case of the attack on Verrières, everyone was afraid of a reverse (the Canadians were up against the cream of the German army); this could not have allayed worries in the officer corps.

Whitney Lackenbauer

June 7, 1998

I know that I have black hair and brown eyes, brown of Chinese ancestry, but I am Canadian to the core. I can feel it gazing at a poppy growing wild in the battlefields of days gone, I can feel it rushing through my heart my blood when I sing my dear national anthem O Canada; when I see the vets in silver hair salute their fallen comrades during each clear and triumphant note in the last post. The tears for the losses that have gained victory and the hope of the eternal glory, of peace and liberty at the awakening call of the reveille. I hear it in the rustling fields of gold, of wheat and barley where the blood of fine soldiers was shed. It reminds me of home, the great Canadian prairies.

Debbie Ng

June 7, 1998

First, we drove to Verrières village to attend the small commemorative ceremony for the liberation of the town and to examine this part of Operation Spring. The bugler and trumpeter were there to provide a presence as were dignitaries and little children, all of whom had

little plastic Canadian flags, and made sure that every one of them received a pin. It was quite moving to see a rather pathetic little maple tree festooned with Canadian streamers. A small contingent of our group walked in to look at the silent small chapel. Inside, it was quiet and dark, with high windows of stained glass, and allowed us a short period of quiet before the small children followed us, like a little row of ducks. On the way out, each child took a delighted turn at ringing the church bell. I can't help thinking that "Rocky" (the commander of the Riley's) would have appreciated the joyful din.



French school children mix with members of the Tour outside the church in Verrières.

Standing there, I found it hard to know what strategic importance was attached to this place. But as we walked south down the little farmer's road out into the fields, all of a sudden the whole valley opened up. It became clear that we were on the eastern blip of Verrières Ridge, looking down on Rocquancourt. We walked with Brig. Whitaker, who had joined us, to survey the Ridge and could understand why the Germans had tried so hard to drive the Rileys out of there.

Kate Fitzpatrick

June 8, 1998

I will relate a little story that applies here. We were driving with a map to a place where Terry had been (Point 140) in broad daylight and we weren't being shot at. You guessed it. We got lost. Now imagine the same trip, on foot, pitch black,

flat (no landmarks), foreign country, you are tired, scared and being bombed (sometimes by your own aircraft). It becomes very hard to fault their flawed navigation. As we stopped for lunch in Rouvres we had a lecture from Professor Copp and BGen Whitaker on general issues. We must always remember the human element in war. Our soldiers were citizens, they were trained but were not (for the most part) professional soldiers. They had one priority - to live. They were not fighting to conquer Germany or for the Fatherland. Ideologically they were fighting for freedom, but on the battlefield they simply wanted to survive.

This could mean that sometimes they were bold and sometimes they were cautious. That they were human as well is a point often overlooked by historians. This was the reason Terry felt it was so important to actually walk on the battlefields. We could see first hand and get a better appreciation for the problems they faced.

Sharon Roe

June 9, 1998

Today's touring concentrated on the battle to close the Falaise Gap and cut off the retreating German forces. We drove along the road from Falaise to Chambois, and looked at the actual "Gap." It quickly became apparent that the

rolling territory made actually closing the gap very difficult. Although it was possible to post blocking forces, actually sealing off every defile, especially at night, would have required far more forces than were immediately available.

Numerous stops along the road gave us a really good appreciation for the tactical situation. A stop in St. Lambert-sur-Dives allowed us to visit the site where Maj David Currie won his VC. We took the time to re-stage the famous photograph of Maj Currie accepting the surrender of a group of Germans. The morning's tour left me with the impression that the Canadians did all they could to close the gap, and should not be blamed for the escape of German forces.

Mike Steinberg

June 11, 1998

The afternoon sky was a sober, overcast grey that fit the ambience of the Calais Canadian War Cemetery. Leaving the comfort of the van we walked through yet another testament to the sacrifices made by our Dominion in Northwest Europe. Access to the Calais cemetery was somewhat hidden from the parking lot by a row of evergreens. Emerging around the corner, two beautiful stone buildings, light in colour, flanked the entrance gate. 525 Canadian soldiers and 69 Canadian airmen lay therein.

The rows of headstones stood out starkly against the green, green grass, their dusky tone matched by the sky above. Reading the names and messages is as difficult as always, but my soul is fatigued today, perhaps by the weather. Sharon and I took charcoal rubbings of one of the gravestones on wax paper; mine came out quite clear, especially the maple leaf, and I may frame it when I return to Canada. Hunched over I look around me. The power of these landscapes is still remarkable. In my sorrow I still feel so proud at what these gentlemen accomplished in years gone by. I am pleased that the cemetery is surrounded by small pine trees, for it gives me a sense of home. If they cannot be buried in Canadian soil back home, this is as proper a place as any. I cannot see beyond the evergreens at the back of the cemetery, the sky rendering all else a peculiar grey. Like the Second World War, the clouds seem so far away yet so close to me. I feel strangely alone. Before leaving this ground I utter a prayer that we, as Canadians, continue to visit these memorials in the future as the war becomes more and more a piece of the past, so that the memories of those who fought are never isolated from our collective experience as a nation.

Whitney Lackenbauer

June 12, 1998

Over a lunch of Belgian cheese and ham, in idiosyncratic English, Mr. Van Landshoot told us of his motivation in taking on this project [Canada Museum]. As he was speaking, Uncle Dave (LCol David Patterson) whispered to us that only last year he had to have an interpreter, which shows how committed he is to his project. He told us that his father had told him on his deathbed and for the first time of his involvement with the Belgian resistance, hiding people from

the Gestapo, sabotaging Luftwaffe planes. He made his own promise to do something to remind the Flemish people of their debt to their Canadian liberators. One day he realized that he had to do more than just lay flowers at the cemetery and decided to try and build a museum. He described how in order to get the museum built, he had to go private to escape bureaucratic ineptitude. More sinister, though, was the opposition of those who didn't want the wartime story told. Neo-Nazis and former collaborators even offered to buy him off and thus silence the account of their involvement.

Kate Fitzpatrick

June 15, 1998

As I passed the lists of all the Canadians buried with no known grave at the Groesbeck Cemetery, I reflected on the fact that this was our last cemetery. The visits never got easier. We still all went off on our own. It had rained the night before and was still drizzling; the maple trees hung low over the graves, and the rain kicked up mud against the markers. It smelled like earth, shifting. It struck me that every one of these cemeteries has been a garden - places of *trahison* and yet of rebirth. Yet, maybe because of the dead, the cemetery seemed very alive. How beautiful it and all of them were, how, like the secret garden, the roses kept on growing. The idea of returning to dust would be less threatening if we could say we were returning to greenery, to a garden. To places so well tended. And freedom grew out of them as well.

Kate Fitzpatrick

June 16, 1998

Last night, we had the most wonderful farewell banquet. Many toasts were proposed and sincere speeches made.

We have all been thrown together to endure/enjoy these happy three weeks of studying our Canadian military history, our glorious past and victorious conquests, through the thrill of strategic planning and heart breaking visits to war cemeteries. I feel the greatest sense of compassion and duty calling out to me as we all stood up to make a toast to our fallen comrades. We will remember them.

Debbie Ng



Kelly Deschênes briefs members of the Study Tour on aspects of a Normandy battle.

June 17, 1998

I can honestly say that it was one of the most profound experiences of my life. We could all read about war but seeing the battlefields and the graves made it more real. First, I learned to appreciate these soldiers and their sacrifices. I don't think that I will ever take my freedom for granted again. It came at such a high price. We were taught so many lessons. I think the primary one was that war has a human element. We must never forget that these soldiers and commanders were human beings with human frailties. That, of course, leads into the second lesson; be very careful when second-guessing the decisions taken. We were not there; we can never know what exactly these commanders were thinking. Finally, it is our duty, as the next generation, to keep these lessons alive. We must teach the next generation what we have learned so these sacrifices will not be forgotten. I don't think that will be too difficult. The experiences of this trip will remain with us forever.

Lest we Forget

Sharon Roe

June 18, 1998

This trip has been a real learning experience for me on several levels, many of which I had never considered when I applied in February. When I was asked to consider what the trip had to offer me personally I had no problem creating a list of things I was sure the selection committee wanted to hear, specifically the academic benefits that could help me as a teacher and researcher. Yet during all of this I never thought of what I could give back to the trip or the foundation. This idea first crossed my mind when I sat down

with Serge Durlfingler the morning that we were preparing to leave for Europe and he explained how the foundation saw each one of us selected as an investment towards the preservation of the memory of the Canadians who served in Europe. After spending the last three weeks living and working with eleven "crackerjacks" that Canadian universities have produced today, I strongly believe this year's investment will pay handsome dividends.

Jeff Rivard

General Thoughts

I learned an incredible amount over the course of the three weeks, but the things that made the greatest impressions were not the details of the battles, but the emotions I experienced in the cemeteries and at the graveyards. As a soldier, albeit an amateur one, I found the strategy and tactics fascinating, but they simply did not compare to the human element. In the past I had always approached the study of military history as a rather cold collection of dates, tactics, generals, weapons and material. The tour brought the human element into focus for me. I don't believe that my values have changed; I would never advocate appeasement, and I still believe that a just war is better than a bad peace. I am not ashamed to admit that I cried many times during the tour, especially in the cemeteries. Maybe if our politicians and diplomats were to experience the same things, they would avoid the follies of the past that cost so many good men their lives. I know the preceding statement is not an original thought, but it is one that needs to be re-stated. Although I don't pretend to have all, or even most of the answers, I do know that the only sure way to dishonour the memory of those

who served and fell is to forget their service. That being the case, it is vital that the Battle of Normandy Foundation continue its good work.

Mike Steinberg

Logistical questions remind me just how complex war can be. This lesson was driven home during our TEWTs. Although we were only charged with the defense of two villages, Putot-en-Bessin and Bretteville l'Orgueilleuse, the task proved quite challenging. There were so many variables to consider: effective range of the 17-pounder anti-tank gun; where to position each company; where the enemy would approach us. And how would we prevent our precious M-10 tank destroyers from being destroyed? Could any human endeavour be more complicated than battle? In my personal experience, I have only trained at the squad level, and I thought that coordinating a twelve man ambush was difficult. How could General Eisenhower possibly have kept his head with so much responsibility at the strategic level? This is something I will never be able to fully understand.



Andrew Iarocci - Brantford, ON
(University of Western Ontario)

For me, the chance to finally visit my uncle's grave site was the highlight of my trip. It is difficult to convey the full intensity of my feelings, because I had been waiting so long for that moment! When I was driving towards the town of Holten I couldn't stop thinking about my family and how I would want them to see this beautiful countryside, to realize that his sacrifice was not in vain.

I quickly made my way to his tombstone so that I could really believe that was it, this wasn't just something I talked or read about but this was really my uncle Roger. And the first thing that I could say was that I made it, I was here, at that moment all of my family was with me and I knew that this was who I was! As strange as it may sound, I wanted to hug that stone with everything I had so that somehow he would know I was there to see him. I couldn't stop touching the granite stone and his name carved in it, and as I read the inscription out loud: "To our son that will never be forgotten" I realized that he never will be. Respect had always been very important in my life. Both my father and

grandfather taught me to believe in myself and to make the Collin name proud. Well, while sitting in front of my uncle's grave I understood fully what that meant! I knew that this trip was only confirmation of who I am and why I had concentrated all my efforts towards the study of Canada's military heritage. It would be cliché to say that it was a revelation of sorts but it was definitely a sense of completion. A closure both for the trip and for having accomplished my goal of better understanding my grandfather and his brother's wartime experiences. I can honestly say I will never forget this incredible experience.



Patrice Collin - Hull, QC
(University of Ottawa)

How striking it was to have warm, evolving non-traditional relationships with teachers, mentors and fellow learners. To see the world from perspectives (the collectors, the Generals, the artists, the engineers, even the military historians) so different from my own, and to appreciate the tentative, but communal kind of appreciation that emerged from such different expectations and goals. To understand how much one's whole sense of self has a part to play in learning and teaching. And despite all the sharing, to know that each one of us took a Study Tour that was completely our own...

How being with these young men who could have been the boys overseas made me appreciate how our society tends too easily to devalue and denigrate their energy, their exuberance, their camaraderie, and their openness to respect. Crudely put, their usefulness or worth. Growing up around boys, brother, cousins, buddies, I had never been in awe of them. But if we emphasize the anima only (as we are encouraged to do), we are in danger of losing a lot. We wouldn't have won that war without them.

Even while valuing these young men, I fully acknowledge that the lure of this experience was the opportunity for me as a woman to study the most male activity, war. Imagine how odd a female military historian would have seemed only 25 years ago. While I am not at all sure I would want to cross this threshold, it is reassuring to know that this door is open. I feel that women should study war because they will ask new questions.