



Smiles and tears were inter-mingled at the Winnipeg airport this morning when Cpl. V. E. Carter arrived home from four years in a Jap prison camp to attend the funeral of his father who died Tuesday. Pictured above, with Cpl. Carter are his wife, his mother and five-year-old son, Tommy.

## Vet Flies Home— for Funeral

### Grenadier Rush from Troopship After Father's Death

A scene involving such a tangle of emotions that even spectators were undecided whether to be happy or sad was enacted at Stevenson Field this morning.

Flown through Red Cross auspices from San Francisco to Winnipeg, Cpl. V. E. Carter, liberated Grenadier, came home to meet the fact his father was dead.

Four years ago, Cpl. Carter left with the Grenadiers for Hong Kong. Early Tuesday morning, he was one of the thousands who lined

the decks of an American troopship and cheered wildly at the dim outline of San Francisco.

At the same time in Winnipeg, his sorrowing family had given up an all-night watch over a sick man's bed. Cpl. Carter's father was dead.

Tuesday afternoon the corporal was waiting to board a troop train that would take him to Canada and finally to Winnipeg when a man in the uniform of the Canadian Red Cross handed him a telegram.

It advised him that his father had died suddenly at home.

At the Red Cross office in San Francisco, machinery had already been set in motion. A passage aboard a United States Air Lines plane had been booked and would fly the corporal to Vancouver. In Vancouver the Red Cross office was already trying to clear space aboard the T.C.A. plane that would leave Wednesday night. Before Cpl. Carter arrived, the reservation was confirmed.

In Winnipeg a 5-year-old boy bounced out of bed, shrieked: "Let's go and meet Daddy." This "daddy" was a man he did not remember seeing. Tommy was eight months old when his father left for Hong Kong.

On the way to the airport, they picked up Tommy's grandmother. Tommy couldn't understand why she was crying. "Grandma hurt?" he asked his mother.

At the airport Tommy continued his chant. In three minutes everyone knew that a little boy was meeting his father. Fuzzed people watched while a solemn—some of them crying—group of relatives collected quickly. Then the word spread that the returning soldier's father was dead.

Then they understood the mother's smile for the little boy and her attempts to comfort her mother-in-law.

Cpl. Carter was first off the plane

and left on a run for the waiting room. Tommy was in his arms in a moment. His wife and mother rushed toward him at the same time, and he almost dropped Tommy as he tried to embrace them both at once.

Everybody had put on a smile for a moment, but it was a bare moment that his mother managed her's. Then she burst into tears. Still holding Tommy, he patted her on the shoulder, whispered a few words and she smiled again.

In 10 minutes Cpl. Carter was out of the airport and on his way home. This evening he will visit Thomson's funeral home, where his father's body lies. Tomorrow he will attend the funeral.

Walter Earnest Carter, 64, had been ill for some time, but took a turn for the worse only about a week ago. He leaves, besides his widow and son, two daughters, Mrs. F. E. Ellerbeck and Mrs. W. C. Smith. The funeral will be held Friday at 2 p.m. from Thomson's chapel. Burial will be in Brookside cemetery.