

**WRITTEN AND COMPILED**

**BY**

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**FOR MY HUSBAND BOB**

**WITH LOVE**

**2003**



## THIS IS MY WAR STORY

I suppose it should have been written many years ago. But at the time these events happened, the memories were too fresh and hurtful to recall. Then later, establishing a career and family took all of my attention, so thoughts like that were pushed into the background.

No one at home really knew any of the painful details of my experience, and I was glad to forget it. So, the nightmares and bad dreams eventually subsided, and then totally disappeared. I was happy to leave it like that. When I returned from overseas I married my sweetheart, studied long and hard and became a Certified General Accountant. We raised 3 fine sons, Robert, David and Roger.

However, after our boys left home, and a long and successful accounting career, I semi-retired at the age of seventy to our small farm. My wife and I now had more time to sit each evening, review the events of the day, and to reflect on our lives together. My wife had never pressed me for details of my war experience, but now and again, as the years went by, a quiet question would emerge, especially when we heard of the war experience of other men of our generation. I never felt that what had happened to me was anything unusual. My thoughts on the subject ran- " nothing different happened to me - many veterans endured the same hardships as I did, some even worse."

So, now well into my late seventies, after having related the full story to my wife, we decided that at least for the benefit of our sons, we would document the specific period from 1943 to 1945. I reluctantly agreed that perhaps it should be told, since it really was part of our family history.

So, now I have set it down on paper for posterity – my experiences during the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War.

1942 and 1943

I was brought up by my Mother who had been widowed when I was six years old. There was also my sister, and two brothers. We had a great childhood, but as I entered my teens, I realized that I would have to leave home and school to help out my Mom financially.

So I left my home in Nelson, B.C. in 1942 at the age of 17. I signed on as a helper on a moving van, which was headed for Vancouver. Once there I was able to find work in the shipyard. It was a busy place, since there were war contracts to be filled.

I worked there for 6 to 12 months, and it was during that period when I made an application to join the R. C. N. –Royal Canadian Navy. When I got my official acceptance, it was around my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday in early 1943. I went to HMCS Discovery for Basic Training in Vancouver's Stanley Park. Then it was off to HMCS Esquimalt and HMCS Givenchy on Vancouver Island for more Advanced Training.

By the summer of 1943 I was expecting a posting overseas to come through at any time. It was during this period that I met a young woman at a Roller Skating Rink in Vancouver on a weekend leave. From that moment on, I did my darndest to get over to Vancouver at every available opportunity! That Fall was a very exciting and fun time for us, but here was always the knowledge that my posting could come at any time. Which it did. In late December I was given orders to join the HMCS Prince Henry in January, 1944. This ship had been a coastal cruise ship now converted for wartime duty. The Henry was to travel down the west coast, from Vancouver to Panama, then through the Canal to Bermuda.

## 1944 – Overseas

From there we were to go directly to Greenock, Scotland, which is at the mouth of the Clyde River.

I boarded ship about the 4<sup>th</sup> of January - my first sea journey! I was sure kept busy and of course regardless of being seasick or not was expected to do my duty watches. I was assigned the task of ' Helmsman' on a 4 hour on, 8 hour off watch. So, with buckets on the floor on either side of me, I steered the ship and threw up at regular intervals!! During the 8 hours when I could leave the bridge, I was expected to be the ship's News announcer, and do lookout duty in the Crow's Nest.

In case you don't know, the Crow's Nest is at the highest point on a ship, accessed only by a single ladder. One man has to climb up (about 100 feet) and position himself in the nest at the top. The nest is only big enough for one man. It's sides came up to about just under the average man's armpits or shoulders. With binoculars, one can see many, many more miles than from any other place on the ship. However, in rough seas, that nest swings wildly from side to side. Needless to say it is a mighty scary place for anyone unaccustomed to the sea. As a matter of fact, one young seaman got up there and then was scared to death to come down when his duty watch was over. Two men had to go up and help him down.

The Prince Henry had been a cruise ship, but my experiences traveling down the coast told me that this was NO cruise. The stormy seas buffeted us all the way down to Central America. One of our escort ships, a frigate HMCS Port Colborne, was tossed around like a cork. The waves reached 60 to 70 feet high. At times from our deck, you couldn't even see her masthead! We learned later that 5 of her seamen were washed overboard, and knowing that it would be impossible to be picked up in such high seas, 'waved goodbye' to their mates on the Port Colborne's decks.....

We arrived in Colon, Panama and laid over in several places there for about a week. Because of the bad weather, it was determined that the Prince Henry could travel faster and safer on her own to Britain without the fear of submarine attack. Also, it was unlikely that a submarine would attack in these wild seas. The Port Colborne and the other escort ships continued on to Londonderry, Northern Ireland, where a large Canadian naval base had been established .

It is of interest here, perhaps, to learn a little of the HMCS Prince Henry. At the beginning of the war, she was converted from a Canadian Pacific coastal cruise ship in peacetime to an Armed Merchant Cruiser. As time went on she popped up in numerous battles. She saw action in Peru, escorted convoys, for the Americans, in the Aleutians where the fog, fierce gales, and what became known as the "storm factory " of the Bering Sea. As we go along, I'll tell you a few other stories of the action that 'Henry' took part in.

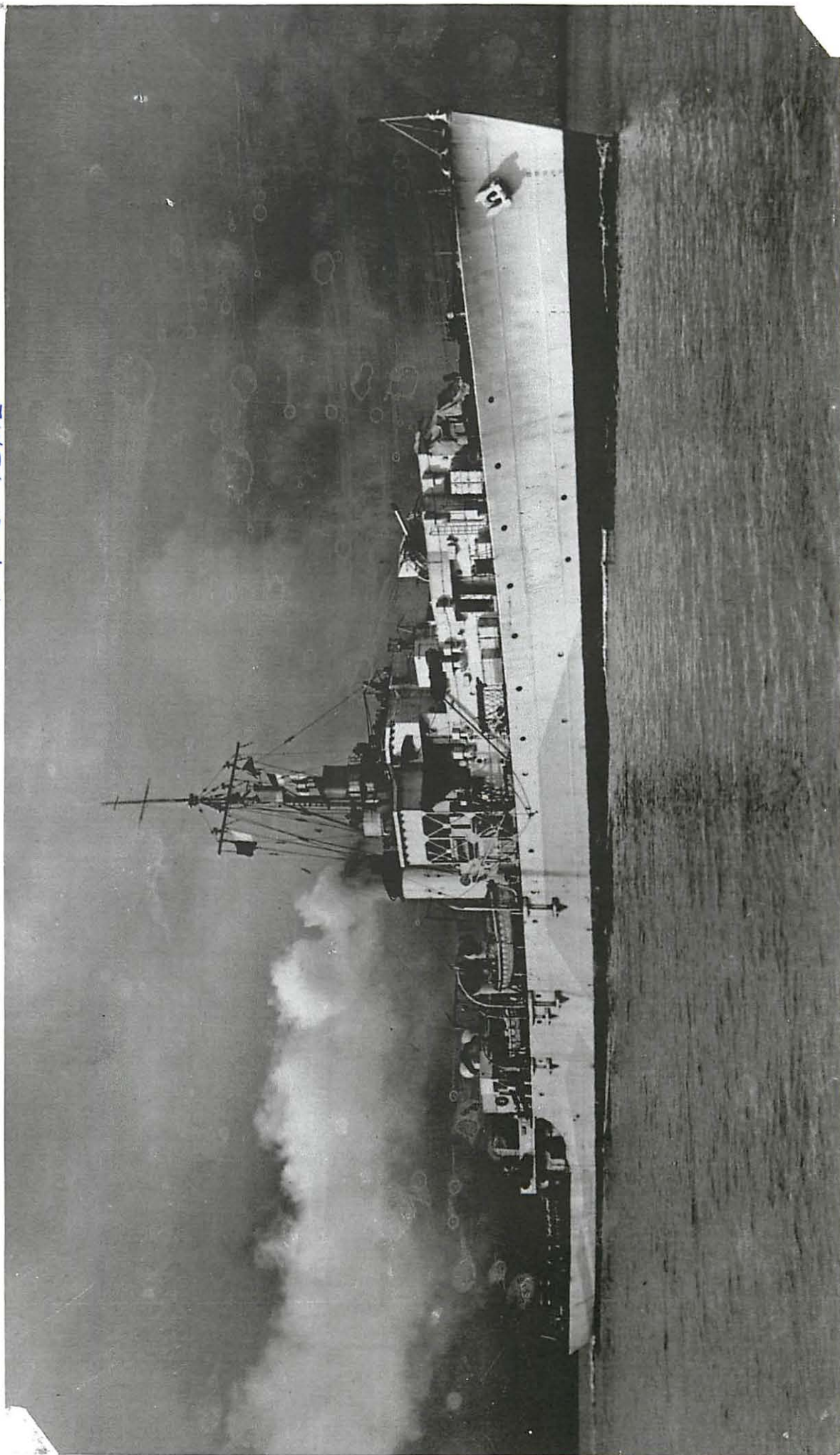
Prince Henry proceeded through the Panama Canal, and on into the extremely rough seas of the Caribbean to Bermuda, where the crew was given some rest and recreation for about a week. After that wild ride down the coast and across the Caribbean, we felt like we had landed in heaven!!! Then, without delay we made our way across the Atlantic Ocean to Greenock, Scotland. With the rough winter seas of the Atlantic, and the speed with which the Henry could travel, our trip was surprisingly uneventful .

In Greenock, we went to HMCS Niobe, which is not a ship, but a manning depot and mail distribution centre, where all Canadian seamen went to receive their orders. Niobe was an old Scottish Castle, commandeered by the British military for war purposes.

Some of the other crew and I left the 'Henry' and were transferred to Middlesbrough, which is a seaport on the northeast coast of England. It was here that I reported for duty on a British Frigate called the HMS Teme.

8 OFFICERS  
133 MEN

H.M.C.S. TEME



## Early 1944- More training and Convoy duty

HMS Teme was one of our many hunting ships equipped with the latest anti-submarine devices.

There was a crew of about 140 men, so the atmosphere was much more relaxed than on the larger ships. I preferred serving on this smaller ship. At a later date, our ship was passed over to the Canadian Navy and became HMCS Teme.

From Middlesbrough, we went north to a place called Tobermory, on the Isle of Mull for much more extensive sea training. This area is west of Northern Scotland near the Inner Hebrides, south of the Isle of Skye and has a very bleak and cold atmosphere. It was here that we all learned what our specific tasks would be and with much practice, learned to do them not just well, but as if our lives depended on it – which it really did.

After this intensive training our ship was one of the many that were assigned to convoy duty on the Atlantic Ocean. Most of the Freighters leaving from Halifax, were accompanied by Escort Groups of Canadian frigates, corvettes or destroyers. An Escort Group consisted of 5 or 6 ships. As sister ships we always looked out for each other.

A convoy would consist of possibly as many as 40 or 50 freighters loaded with all the much needed supplies in the British Isles. All the necessities of life, plus armaments of all kinds. Our ships out of Halifax would escort the convoy to a West Ocean meeting point. Our next Escort Group known as the Mid Ocean Escort Force would then accompany the convoy to what was known as the Mid Ocean Meeting Point. Now, since we were stationed in the British Isles, our Escort Groups would be waiting to meet the convoy at the Mid Ocean Meeting Point, and would see them as safely as possible to their destination.

So these were Teme's orders, to join the countless other frigates and thousands of other sailors in the 'Battle of the Atlantic' to keep the lifeline



to the Allies open for the desperately needed supplies. These convoys sometimes consisted of anywhere from 20 to 100 ships – freighters, frigates and destroyers and corvettes.

This was not a glamorous job, out on watch day and night for the ever submarine predators, in all kinds of weather. But it was very necessary . For D-Day to be a reality and a success, these convoys travelled the 3000 kilometres across treacherous seas all during the war period of 1939 – 1945.

Of course at the beginning of the war, Canada didn't have much of a navy, so there was much work to be done. Young men, like myself, had to be trained on the sea that many had never even seen before. Ships had to be built and improved to provide an effective fighting team. It was a supreme challenge to everyone. But it could be done, and it was, and at great odds. Of course the Germans having started this war were well prepared, so we had much catching up to do.

The Canadian Frigates were all equipped with the latest type of Echo Sounder and what was known as Asdic. This new device, 'Echo Sounder' was a means of investigating possible submarines on the bottom, and was coming into increasing use. It transmitted a sound beam that registered the depth of water on a plot by graphing the time of the returning echo. They found that by running slowly over a suspicious object on the bottom, a trace of its silhouette could be obtained on the plot of the echo sounder. On the other hand, Asdic transmitted a horizontal supersonic beam of sound under water, and upon contact with objects of a certain consistency returned an echo – that well known sound "ping". This was a very high level secret in 1939. So you can imagine the shock, in those early days, to submariners to be the object of 300 pound depth charges!

I remember an incident in Londonderry when we were having Gunnery Drill. Part of the practice was to see how quickly a 6 man crew could bring up the 4" shells from the ammunition locker, in the ship's hold, to the gun deck.

This was done by rope and pulley through an ammunition hoist. Ordinarily this was done like clockwork. However, this one time, the ammunition carrier with the four 4" shells malfunctioned and flew up to the gun deck so fast we couldn't stop it!!!! It hit the underside of the gun deck with a terrible thud and left us with our mouths open. No doubt about it- it was a DUD!! ! Otherwise it would have blown us all to kingdom come!!!! It would have not only finished our ship but all of others that were tied up alongside us. We had to carefully lower the carrier, take the dud off and throw it into the water.

One funny story I must tell you about happened when we were at anchor in Northern Ireland, near the mouth of the River Foyle. Most of our mates were ashore on leave, but some of us had to stay aboard on watch. I was assigned duty watch- keep a lookout for any possible submarines that might sneak up the river from the sea. With a large number of our ships at dock, one blast could do a great deal of harm. However this time I spotted a different kind of predator coming for a visit. It was 2 guys rowing across the river to see if we wanted to buy some eggs. Oh boy, that was great. We never got any eggs, so our mouths were watering for them! Well, we made them a deal. We were to get one dozen turkey eggs and give them 2 packages of cigarettes (worth about .25cents). We said okay, the exchange was made, and the men went on their way back across the river. One of our mates was really hungry for an egg and decided to go right down to the galley and have one. About two minutes later, he hollered up, "hey Morrow, these eggs are ROTTEN". I immediately hailed the guys in the dinghy, but they just picked up speed going home. Well, in my mind this called for desperate measures. I ran to one of the Oerlikon guns and did a short blast over the heads of the two cheats. This notice they didn't ignore. It was a swift about face and they headed back to our ship lickety split. We promptly reversed the deal – no eggs- no smokes!

While at anchor, I was also able to go to a land based shooting range and practice my skills on the Oerlikon gun. I did this as often as I was allowed,



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1945



since it excused me from other boring ship's duties, and vastly improved my skill. I really did enjoy that duty.

When not on convoy duty we were generally tied up at the large Canadian Naval Base that had been established on the River Foyle in Londonderry (Derry to us), Northern Ireland. Here the work of storing, repairing and keeping our ships operating efficiently was done.

While tied up we did get some time off for rest and relaxation, but mostly we were kept busy practicing the important skills that wartime demanded. We were constantly drilling on gunnery, seamanship and boats crew drill. This latter was the one in which I was designated to tie the ship up to a buoy, when we were not at dockside. This could be, not only tricky to do, but downright dangerous, particularly if the water was choppy, or there was very high waves. Those buoys could buck and bounce all over the place! I did this action from a whaler.

So, first we had to learn how to launch a whaler (lifeboat) while the ship was underway. The reason for this was that no ship was to stop at anytime, since this would have made it a perfect target for a lurking submarine. So, once in the whaler, we then had to re-board our ship while it was still moving. These whaler drills were mainly practiced for the purpose of picking up survivors from other of our ships that might be in distress. All this was pretty tricky, but with lots of practice we got very good at it- especially since we knew lives might depend on it.

Actually, all this training, practice and physical conditioning was changing us from a bunch of green kids into men who knew what they had to do to run their ship efficiently and effectively, and then be able to look for the enemy and destroy him.

Although we didn't realize it at the time, all this and similar activity was being repeated on thousands of ships in the waters all around the United Kingdom and the Atlantic Ocean. Not only British and Canadians, but also the Americans were lending a hand. All of the allies were preparing their young men to become a tough and strong fighting force.

Sometimes we would have a 'shoot', involving some of the other ships tied up along side us. We would go out well off shore and have some competitions. For example- which crew could get their whaler off and running the fastest? Or – who could take another ship in tow the quickest? Also- who could hit the set targets the most accurately? I'm pleased to say that our Teme crew won most of the time!

Once, while leaving the Foyle River on our way to meet a Convoy, a strange thing happened. We had just cleared the harbour when one of our mates, while staring out to the water, started pointing and mumbling –m'm'm'm' He just couldn't spit out what he was trying to say. Well, it got our attention when we stared out to where he was looking. It was a great big 'mine'!!! bobbing and dancing along on top of the water! We sure jumped to action pretty quick. First we had to get ahead of the mine and give it plenty of space away from us. Then, after we determined that there were no other ships nearby, we fired on it. Wow! What an explosion!

By early 1944, as our navy had been built up, Canadian ships were providing nearly all the close escort for merchant ship convoys from North America to the United Kingdom. Also, from the beginning of this year many ships were being withdrawn from convoy work in order to go for refitting. This was in preparation for Operation Neptune which was to be the allied navy's role in the big D-Day push. Also the crews of those ships would have to undergo more training. There was much work to be done.

The extra responsibility was handled well by the Canadians, but it was far from being free of difficulty. There was still ships lost and men drowned. Those German submarines were still very busy.

HMCS Teme was part of Escort Group 6, along with Waskesiu, Outremont, Cape Breton and Grou.

Escort Group 9 included HMCS Matane, Swansea, Port Colborne, St. John, Meon and Stormont.

These feisty frigates were a squadron of hunters- submarine hunters!!

In each convoy, the number of ships continued to increase. Soon something like 150 freighters could be in one convoy carrying as much as a million tons of supplies. These large convoys would occupy as much as 100 square miles of sea! By this time there was some extra support given by air cover. Sometimes though, it had to be halted because of poor weather visibility.

The German 'wolf packs' were still a great threat- one submarine alone could carry 20 torpedoes. That meant that escort ships were still vital to the safe journey of the merchant carriers. So you can see that our Escort Groups were extremely busy, along with the Corvettes and Destroyers.

On board ship we kept the vigil with our regular watches which consisted of 4 hours on watch and 8 hours off- meaning that 4 hours were spent with binoculars looking out to sea, in hopes of spotting a submarine up for air. This we did from the top deck of the ship.

The 8 hours off meant that you would be doing your other assigned duties around the ship, or catching a few hours of sleep. This was each man's regular routine around the clock.

Now here's another tricky one for you to wrap your mind around:

Should 'Action Stations' be called (submarine contact made) each person went to their pre-assigned action station. For example: If I was not on watch I would go to my assigned station, which was the 4" gun on the After Deck. However, if I was on watch, I'd stay on the top deck where we did our watches, and go to the Oerlikon gun, and cover it until the man assigned to it arrived to take over, then go to my own station.

Sometimes, whether sound asleep in my hammock, sleeping on my lifejacket on the mess deck, or on a companionway, 'action stations' was sounded. Suddenly I'd wake up and find myself at my assigned station and wonder how I got there!! I'm sure this happened to my mates also. That illustrates how this had been drilled into us. All this kind of training saved lives.

When on convoy, no one was allowed to have a shower. You remained dressed all the time, although you were allowed to change your clothes. A general bathroom rule was – make it as brief a stay as possible. For sleep, I took my hammock (mick we called it) and found a quiet spot on one of the upper decks, out of the weather, and curled up. That way if your boat took a hit you'd have a better chance of survival than if you went down below to the mess deck. Ordinarily, when in dock, we slung our 'micks' down in the mess.

Our meals, were generally pretty poor. They weren't high on taste, and yet none of us lost weight nor got too heavy. I think, considering everything, we all were in pretty good condition. There was not much meat, few vegetables and little to no fruit. The odd time we did get some fresh fruit, just biting into, say, an apple, made our gums bleed. So, I guess there was a little scurvy, much like C. Columbus' crew!

One day when I had a few days leave, I dressed in civilian clothes, and went down to the Irish Free State. I believe it was Dublin, where I found a nice restaurant, and treated myself to a really nice meal.

#### 1944 Operation Neptune – Naval contribution to the D-Day Invasion of Europe

In late April, naval activity accelerated even more than usual. On the Isle of Wight (in English Channel), HMCS Prince Henry and HMCS Prince David, just recently converted to 'landing ships', now carried Assault Landing Craft – Henry to carry 8 and David to carry 6. There was also three Canadian flotillas of large Infantry Landing Craft that would eventually cross the Channel under their own power. Exercises and intensive training took place that spring on a very large scale.

Nineteen Canadian corvettes were marked for invasion duties. So, after intense training periods for all the men of those ships, a battle exercise

was planned for them off Larne, Northern Ireland. It lasted 72 hours and everything was thrown at them in this mock attack. Many corvette men, later in the summer, figured that the battle exercises had been the most exciting part of the invasion!

Then, too, 16 minesweepers were gathering at Plymouth and Portland (both in the Channel), after their meticulous sweep of the areas east, west and south of England. Theirs was one of the most dangerous, and most exacting exercises of any group of ships. Even if they missed one mine, a whole flotilla of ships to follow them could be heading for disaster.

Meanwhile, our frigate Escort Groups 6 and 9, just off convoy duty, were preparing now to leave Londonderry and move south to their appointed Neptune base. Also, nine destroyers were on route south to be in Plymouth by the end of May.

Of course, on land, assault divisions of the armies were gathering in the south of England. By nearly the end of May, there would be 6000 ships of all kinds, gathered along the west, south and east coasts from the Bristol Channel to the Thames River, all with their specific jobs to be done. This included ships from Britain, Canada and the United States.

By now, many Captains held their invasion orders. Others would receive theirs by special couriers, at set hours, within the next few days. As soon as the orders arrived on board, these ships, too, were sealed. No man, except on an official mission and with a signed order from his Captain, could set foot ashore.

The first line of defence was to be an outer screen of patrols blocking the entrance to the English Channel, and taking in a very large section of the sea westward, north into St. Georges Channel, and south along the area covering the Bay of Biscay. This was to be known as Operation CA. There would be 40 ships assembled into 6 Escort Groups, 2 of these Groups were Canadian which included Escort Group 6 and Escort Group 9. The area we were charged with covered 56,000 square miles! At a much later date, a Captain of a German submarine, stated in a book written in 1955,



that “out of the group (of submarines) sent to attack the invasion fleet, there was hardly a single U-boat that had not either been sunk or crippled beyond repair.” This of course did not include the “snort boats”, which did allow some relief for the crews to get a breath of fresh air without surfacing. When the warning came through to the German U-Boat crews, that the enemy had such super air activity, they soon had a motto for the invasion “He who surfaces is sunk”.

In late May, HMCS Teme was ordered to a location off North Wales. We tied up to a buoy in Moelfre Bay. About this time, all the ship’s company was given Will forms. This tipped us off that something big was up! Also, each day we got up, there was a greater number of ships in the bay.

Eventually, it became a very large mix of Frigates, Corvettes, Sloops, Motor Torpedo Boats, Destroyers, Minesweepers, and also Mine Layers. Then late one night, around June 5, we “upped” anchor and left for an unknown destination. Excitement was running high!!! As we progressed, we learned that our job would be to help prevent German Submarines from entering the English Channel. We were to be partners in Operation CA! This was on June 5, when Operation Neptune would start in earnest.

#### 1944 – JUNE 6, 1944 D-DAY

On June 6 the HMCS Teme proceeded down the coast of England . We started our patrol as we past Land’s End. We crossed the west entrance of the English Channel and proceeded into the Bay of Biscay. This particular area was well known to be where Germany’s largest Submarine base was located. There was no possible way to get at those ships, either through bombing or shelling. The reason being that the submarines were sheltered in pens of concrete –the walls and ceilings of which were 14 feet to 18 feet thick! The Germans were expecting an invasion so brought

many of their subs from their other operational areas, and held them in readiness here in these pens.

Our orders were to patrol on the fringes of the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel, along with many other of our ships. If through sonar we made a contact, we would release 8 or 9 depth charges, which were then rolled on rails over the stern of the ship. Sometimes, if the sonar 'ping indicated something below, up to 20 depth charges would be released. Simultaneously, 'hedge hogs' were fired from amidships action stations, port and starboard sides. They only exploded on contact. All the while, we were moving and listening to the sonar which was sometimes broadcast all over the ship. Consequently, when the 'ping was heard and repeated ping, ping, ping- excitement rose among the crew. At the same time, other of our ships in the immediate area, were notified if at any moment contact was made. A number of times we remade these runs, in order to prove that a hit had been made, looking for positive evidence that could be seen on the surface of the water.

This action on our part continued as an on going order. With our group was a British Aircraft Carrier called HMS Tracker. This vessel had multi purposes. It carried planes to drop bombs as needed, but also fighter aircraft. These aircraft also lent some air protection to our flotilla. Also, they could sometimes locate submarines, and even detect any enemy ship on the surface.

Very early one morning there was considerable submarine activity in the vicinity of the Aircraft Carrier. The Group Commander designated our ship HMCS Teme to close the gap between the Aircraft Carrier and us because an undersea contact had been made between Tracker and Teme. At about that time Teme detected a submarine in the vicinity of the Tracker, and we were ordered to give her all the protection possible. **It was about 2:00 am on the morning of June 10. This was 4 days after D-Day** and the fighting was still going hot and heavy in every sector. All crew were on full alert at action stations. The primers (timing mechanisms) on all depth charges had

been set, ready for use. Teme then picked up the submarine contact. The bridge ordered 'full speed ahead' in order to get into closer range. As the sound contact became much louder and clearer, we proceeded to attack. We signalled the Tracker that we were proceeding with the attack, and for it to turn hard to port (turn left). In the heat of battle, Tracker turned not to port but to Starboard (turn right).

This order resulted in putting Tracker on collision course with Teme.....

I was on the aft gun deck, amidships. I had removed my life jacket and had placed it on top of the ammunition locker. There was no room for everyman to wear a life jacket within the confined area of the gundeck. In a matter of minutes, an order came from the bridge - "stand by to ram". On that order each man was to lay flat on his stomach or back. Since I didn't have my life jacket on, I ran to get it - but at that moment Tracker struck Teme amidships. It hit with such force, I was catapulted off the gun deck and on the way down hit the outer wire railing of the deck below, and was then again catapulted off that wire into the wild waters below.

After the carrier hit the Teme, our twin propellers continued to function for a short time. The suction from the propellers dragged me down and my body was tossed furiously around under water like a cork. Since I must have been down a long distance, it also must have taken some time to come back to the top. I began to think that I wasn't going to make it. I just couldn't hold my breath any longer. Then, suddenly, the force of it all shot me out to the surface, behind our ship. I rolled over on my back to catch my breath, rest a bit and get my bearings. I must have swallowed a lot of oil because I almost gagged trying to get it up. Meanwhile, of course unknown to me, around about this time, our Captain had issued the order to "Abandon Ship".

Eventually, I figured out where I was in relation to the ship and immediately started to holler for help. Moments later I saw some of my mates throwing me a heaving line. I attempted to catch it as it hit the water, but was unable to do so. And fortunately for me too, when I realized that

what they were really doing was disarming the depth charges, pulling out the primers, changing the setting to "0" so they had no explosive power, and throwing them overboard.

From past experience, our trainers had told us of ships sinking, where the primers had been set but not neutralized, and when the ship sank, the depth charges ignited and exploded, killing men that probably were still alive in the water.

At this time, when I realized what had happened, I felt that my present situation was quite hopeless. I was not alarmed or afraid. My immediate thoughts were that if I didn't survive, my poor Mother would be devastated (she having lost her husband some years before). I believe that gave me some incentive to fight for survival.

In the confusion that took place on board ship after we were rammed, and the 'abandon ship' had been given – the order was rescinded. Fortunately for some of our crew, the later order was not heard, and they had proceeded to cut loose the Carly Floats (Cork Life rafts). One of the Carly Floats had been lowered to the water on the port side of our ship. Other of my mates in the water, clinging to the side of this life raft, heard me calling for help. One of my best friends among them recognized my voice and said "hey, that's Morrow, we better go and get him". They were reluctant to pick anyone else up because they thought there was already enough men on the float, but, by then I had seen the raft and swam over to it. Two of my mates decided to help me onto the float, but when they heaved me up onto it, I disappeared down the center into the water again! In their hurry to release the life raft from the the ship, they had cut the center webbing free, because it had caught up on some obstacle. Anyway, when I surfaced, I grabbed the edge of the float and lay over it. By this time the others were all sitting around in a circle. There was room for about a dozen men, but in this case there was only about eight of us.

HMS Tracker, meanwhile, was manoeuvring to extricate herself from Teme. She had almost cut Teme in half- leaving only about 11 feet untouched. The

superstructure was a mass of twisted and torn metal and debris, and when we in the water first saw Tracker, she was moving astern to pull away from Teme. But then we saw her start to go forward, and much to our dismay we realized she was heading straight for us!! All of us on the float started wildly searching for the paddles. We could only find one. I remember hearing one of our men frantically praying to the Lord to please help us in our need. Whether that was the source of our help, I don't know, but miraculously the second paddle appeared floating nearby our Carly Float! Also about this time, a lookout on the Tracker spotted us in the water, and immediately the carrier was ordered to stop and we were able to pull along her starboard side. Tracker then lowered a Jacobs Ladder down the side of the ship, so that we were able to reach it. Now at this juncture I must point out that a British Aircraft Carrier is not nearly as large as an American Aircraft Carrier. However, if you have ever looked up to the deck of any Aircraft Carrier from the water below, you would say "How on earth can I ever climb up to that? It must be the height of a ten story building." That's probably what was going through the minds of most of us on that float. It sure was going through mine. While laying on the float I had been throwing up- mostly oil, so I wasn't feeling like going on a long climb, but there was no choice in the matter.

One of our mates on the float had a broken leg and was in absolute agony. So we all agreed that he must go up first. He proceeded to climb, but every rung of the ladder caused him to cry out in great pain. However, he bravely kept climbing up to the top. The men then selected me as the one to go next, probably because I was so sick from the oil I had swallowed and was constantly throwing up. I made my way slowly to the top. I had shed all my clothes in the water, and was covered with black diesel oil from head to toe. So, when the rescue crew reached for me, I slipped from their grasp and just about fell back down into the water. Fortunately, I was clinging to the top rung with one hand and was able to avoid a near fatal fall back down into the water. My rescuers realizing what the problem was, had a

blanket brought to them, and they then quickly wrapped it around my body and pulled me aboard. The rest of the men on the Carly float followed me up and on to the safety of the aircraft carrier. All during this time I was throwing up, as a result of the oil I had swallowed while in the water.

We were all taken to 'sick bay'. The man who had the leg fractures was taken care of, and I was cleaned of all oil and bathed. All of us were soon put to bed.

A very short time later, from the loud speaker, we heard the call to 'action stations'. We were told that the reason for this was that some German Bombers had been sighted and that Tracker could be one of their targets. So according to orders, all water tight doors were closed, including those of the sick bay deck. This meant that if the ship were hit by enemy action, we would have no avenue of escape. Our only way out would be if Tracker allowed the handle on the water tight doors to be released, in order to allow our escape if need be. No doubt among us survivors, the thought was 'holy shit', did we just escape one wreck only to be caught on board another, possibly about to be bombed by German aircraft? However, to our great relief, this did not happen to us but we had all heard of just that sort of thing happening.

Tracker, having been damaged in the collision with Teme, turned and headed for home, and a drydock in Belfast, Ireland.

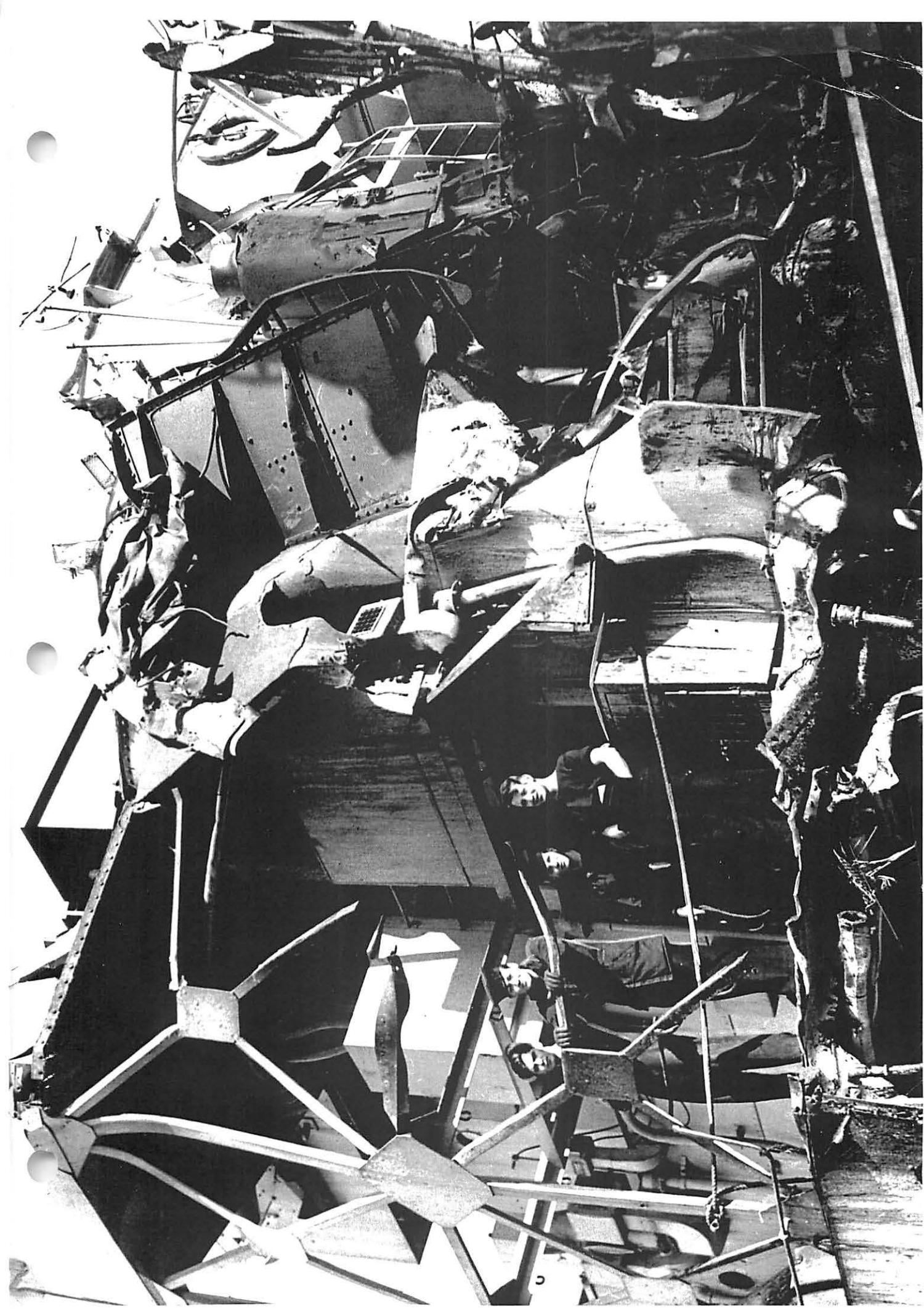
On our first night in Belfast, the Tracker's officer of the day allowed all of us survivors to go ashore. I was fitted with a naval uniform (of sorts). We were given some money to spend, so we went downtown and headed for the nearest Irish Pub!! (Where else?). By law the Pubs had to close from 4pm to 6 pm. So come 4 o'clock we left the Pub and headed back to the ship. But, when we attempted to take a streetcar back to the drydock where Tracker was taken for repairs, the streetcar conductor refused to let us on. He said we were too noisy and boisterous. No doubt he felt we were somewhat inebriated, and some of us more so than others. Now this posed a real problem -- a long way to go and no transportation. Anyway we

BRITISH AIRCRAFT CARRIER

RAMMED HMCS TME  
JUNE 10, 1944  
4 CREW WERE KILLED  
8 SURVIVORS PICKED UP BY  
TRACKER



HMS TRACKER



"PART OF TENSE WRECKAGE"



## Robert Morrow Survives Sea Ramming



AB. ROBERT MORROW

Able Seaman Robert Morrow, aged 20, son of Mrs. Margaret Morrow, 1024 Latimer Street, was among survivors of the Canadian-manned frigate Teme when it was rammed amidships and almost sliced in half by an aircraft carrier. The ramming took place in the Bay of Biscay during sub-hunting operations of Canadian and British escort groups. It was announced from Ottawa Wednesday.

## Ram Canadian-manned Ship

OTTAWA, Feb. 1.—(CP)—The Canadian-manned frigate Teme was rammed amidships by an aircraft carrier and almost sliced in half while operating with sub-hunting Canadian and British escort groups and Royal Navy carriers in the Bay of Biscay.

Damage to the Teme, one of the Royal Navy's river class frigates which has been manned by Canadian personnel, has been

repaired and she now is back in operations.

The damaged ship was taken in tow by the Canadian frigate Outremont and reached harbor safely by what her commanding officer, Lt.-Cmdr. Douglas Jeffrey, D.S.C., of Quebec, later described as a "miracle."

The carrier loomed out of the darkness on the Teme's port side. Navigation light aboard the Teme were immediately switched on and the carrier swung about.

She crashed into the frigate on the afterside of the bridge, plowing from the port side one foot beyond her keel. A sheet of flame flashed as the two ships came together, then quickly died down.

started walking, and after 5 or 10 minutes, we came across a bicycle store that rented bikes. Seeing the kind of shape we were in, the storekeeper too, refused our request for rentals. We continued on foot, and the rebel that I am said "I'm going back and get one of those #x!!x/ bicycles!" And I did. I took one off the rack outside the store and took off. Three or four of my mates did the same thing. Off we went, weaving our way along the street. We came across one of the crew off the Tracker, and he begged us for a ride. So he hopped on the cross bar of 'my' bike and after an unsteady start, we were on our way again. At one point I found myself steering the bike in the streetcar tracks. Well, it wasn't long before we lost the tire off the front wheel!!! We pressed on regardless. What a sorry sight we guys must have made. We did eventually get back to Tracker which was now in place in the drydock, with work about to begin. As we approached the gangplank we saw some of the crew on Tracker's deck waving to us. We, in our happy state, waved back. We zipped over the gangplank and on to Tracker. Well, when the guys on board got to us they said "are you crazy bastards trying to get killed all over again. We weren't waving to you, we were signalling to you NOT to cross that narrow gangplank –about 24 inches, riding those bikes. If you had fallen you would have killed yourselves! The gangplank is about –50' from the bottom of the concrete basin!!

I knew that the store owner would be after us, for the theft and cost of the bikes, but I believe that the powers that be on the Tracker explained to him our situation and probably made good to him his loss. I hope so, anyway. In the meantime the HMCS Outremont, one of our sister ships, was assigned the task of towing the wreckage of Teme, to drydock in Cardiff. By six in the morning, Outremont had Teme in tow and was struggling away from the scene of the disaster on the 200 mile trip to the Wales. The frigate HMCS New Waterford brought our Escort Group up to strength in order to continue the patrols in place of HMCSTeme.

Finally, HMS Tracker was advised that HMCS Teme was now in drydock, so our group of survivors was now fitted with proper naval gear, given travelling funds and instructed to report to Teme in Cardiff. No special transportation or means of travel was specified. It must be noted of course, that at this time the whole country had many survivors from all the armed services as a result of the D-Day Invasion on the French coast for a good two weeks. The uncertainty of the location of many of these survivors meant that the onus was on them to find their own way back to their respective ships, barracks or air field bases. Chaos was the name of the day.

We set out from Belfast as a group, heading for Cardiff. Of course along the way we found that transportation of all kinds was working to capacity. So we had to take our turn when space on a bus or train was available. Sometimes there was only seats for 2 or 3 of us, and so our group got split up. Those that were in a hurry were given the first priority. My friend Roy Carlson and I were more inclined to take it slow and just enjoy the beautiful weather and our journey back to the ship.

My mate and I arrived at the drydock in Wales 2 or 3 days after Teme had been towed in. The first order of the day was to take care of our mates who had not survived the ramming. They had been trapped below decks in the stokehold/engine room. The wreckage was so great in that particular area that shipyard workers had to first go in and free up mangled and twisted metal that blocked our entry. When they were through, Carlson and I were asked to retrieve a mate whom we had known and chummed around with.

It was a very sad time for us seeing him with his curly hair all saturated with black oil. We carefully wrapped him up in the sheet of bamboo that was provided and carried him to the waiting hearse. Others of our mates looked after the other men who had not survived the collision. A few days later we all attended their funeral. Then the crew of the Teme set about to help clean up the ship so that it would be ready for major structural repairs. When that work was finished some of our crew were left on board,

But most of us were drafted to other military bases, or other Canadian warships. We later learned that after the Teme was fully repaired she was sent back to sea for convoy duty and other naval patrols. Within one month after returning to wartime duty, HMCS Teme was once again put out of action. She was torpedoed by a German submarine. Teme did not sink, but once again was towed back to drydock to be repaired. Sadly to say, but some of our original crew, who had remained on the ship after it was first repaired, was lost in that last action.

When we were finished our duty in Cardiff, summer was just about over, so Carlson and I then left to make our way to HMCS Niobe, which was our Canadian Naval Military Base in Greenock, Scotland. We remained there awaiting new orders. During this time I was in and out of hospital trying to get over the effects (throwing up) of all the black engine oil I had swallowed while in the water. The rest of the time I was put to work in the naval office, checking men in and out, whether on leave or on to other sea duties. Eventually, I was assigned to HMCS Port Colborne, which was docked in Londonderry. I made my way alone from Greenock to Glasgow, caught a midnight Ferry to Stranrere, Northern Ireland, and went by Bus to Londonderry, and boarded the Port Colborne.

#### 1944 Post D-Day Operations- the Convoys continued

Here, I will take a quotation from "The Far Distant Ships", since this description says it much better than I could:

'Winter closed in and the convoys, still routed around the tip of Greenland two thirds of their voyage in icy Arctic darkness. The monotony and the routine peril of each journey took on a macabre character. A man knew that if his ship were sunk his chance of life was one in 100! The freezing cold of that black water washing back along the side would kill him in five minutes. Rescue ships, especially fitted out with 'life lines', for taking on survivors and

caring for them were still an unfilled need. The magnificent Canadian life jacket, worn like a coat and equipped with lights, flares and a whistle, were only now available to some ships, including Port Colborne.

As the ships ploughed on, sleet and frozen spray sheathed them from stem to stern, and coated the guns and depth charges a foot thick. Waves washing over the decks, congealing as they came, formed ice more rapidly than it could be chipped off. Sometimes it made a vessel unmanageable, and occasionally capsized it by sheer weight.'

This will give you an idea of what some men had to take on as their regular job. Some of our Canadian ships were on this route throughout the whole war.

We went on regular sea duty which meant Atlantic patrol /convoy duty. During one of our patrols, I was the lookout on the Oerlikon Gun deck on the port side. This was a beautiful, clear sunny day. I was looking toward the sun, and suddenly I saw an immense ball of fire in the distance – a few miles away. Within seconds I heard the sound of a tremendous explosion. We were later informed that it was an ammunition ship that had received a direct hit by a torpedo. We were told that there would be no survivors, so no attempt by our ship was made to investigate, since we were much too far away. With our convoy duty, we traveled the Atlantic to meet incoming convoys and thus relieved our escort ships from Canada, who were then able to return to Canada in order to escort the next convoy of freighters carrying the needed supplies of war. After the freighters were unloaded in Great Britain we in turn had to escort a convoy of these ships back to the halfway location on their way to North America for reloading.

At other times we to join a convoy in Scapa Flow, just north of Scotland. We would spend one or two days there. Scapa Flow was a very large

British naval base, where very large ships were anchored along with many others ships of all sizes- Frigates (as the Port Colborne), Destroyers, Sloops, Light and Heavy Cruisers and Battleships. This was the starting up place for forming convoys going to Canada, also Murmansk and Archangel in Northern Russia. As a point of interest, a German Submarine Commander by the name of Gunther Preen followed a British Ship into the bay of Scapa Flow. Here, there were submarine nets at the entrance to prevent enemy submarines from getting into the bay. The submarine commander followed very closely behind a merchant freighter entering the bay while the nets were open. Upon entering the bay, he saw the British Battleship 'Royal Oak' - one of their largest. Preen fired 2 or 3 torpedoes, sunk it and quickly exited the bay- scraping the nets as they were closing and escaped out into the open ocean. Gunther Preen became a great German hero when he returned home. Now the British knew what had happened to the Royal Oak! While we were in Scapa Flow, some of my mates and I went to see where all this had taken place.

Not too much later, Gunther Preen was back with the 'Wolf Pack' as they were known in the Atlantic, trying to pick off as many allied freighters as he could. Eventually an allied ship made contact with his submarine and sunk it. Subsequent German records confirmed this sinking.

Later, our ship became part of a convoy that took us to Murmansk , Russia. This is in a very cold place to the north, not too far from the Arctic Ocean, and close to the Berents Sea. Better check your Atlas for that one!

1945

In the spring of 1945 while in Londonderry, we were ordered to join a convoy headed home to Canada. On the way we traveled north towards Iceland where we experienced some extremely cold weather. We were kept very busy at this time chipping the ice from the ship to prevent build-up to the point where it could have turned over. We were all well bundled up

during that time in what we called "Zoo Suits", and were able to discard these special suits when we turned toward Canada. In due time we arrived with the convoy in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Most of these ships were coming back for more supplies. Some of them were carrying British wives of Canadian servicemen.

Some of our crew were promised 30 days leave at home if we volunteered for duty in the Pacific Theatre of War. I was anxious to get home and see the family and my girlfriend, so I was among those who volunteered. From Liverpool, we then were sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we boarded the train to take us across the country to Victoria, B. C. We were allowed to stop at any town along the way where we lived. This was with the understanding that we would report at a specified time in Victoria to our naval base HMCS Givenchy. Our journey home on the Canadian Pacific Railway took a full 7 days, because of the very many stops along the way. This was an old train, with slatted wooden seats, so it wasn't what you would call plush. Sleep was almost impossible. Our travelling companions on our way across the country, were many of the English War Brides- some with babies. They were dropped off at various locations across the land which their Canadian husbands called home. Some of the places where the train stopped were very remote spots, and sometimes no one was there to pick them up. Some of the women cried and absolutely refused to leave the train. I suppose they couldn't have imagined how really rural these areas were. We all felt sorry for them, but encouraged them by saying that maybe it would be better than they thought.

Finally we arrived in Nelson, B. C. – my childhood home

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT FOR IT  
FREEDOM HAS A TASTE  
THE PROTECTED WILL NEVER KNOW

## EPILOGUE

I was welcomed home with open arms from all my family. It was wonderful to see each one of them after so long.

On top of that my sweetheart was there too! Wow – what a homecoming. Within days, Stacie and I became engaged and visited among our friends and neighbors. We travelled down to Vancouver- Stacie to go back to work and I had to report to HMCS Naden and HMCS Givenchy - our west coast naval base in Esquimalt (nearby Victoria).

The war in the South Pacific was still raging and I was expecting that my orders to be sent down there would soon come through. I hadn't told my family or Stacie that I had volunteered for the Pacific war, so as the days went by I became more concerned. So around mid-July I suggested to my girlfriend that we should plan our wedding for the end of the month. It was rather short notice, but it all worked out quite well.

We had a lovely small wedding, and it all went off without a hitch. We had decided that we would go by bus to California. It was a super time and a real change for both of us. While there, a real exciting turn of events took place. The US dropped the Atom Bomb on Japan and within three days, the Japanese surrendered. The war was over!! Everyone was ecstatic – great joy and happiness was everywhere. That night we went to a very large ballroom in Los Angeles for dancing and dinner. How pleased we were when a table of American sailors at a nearby table sent over a beautiful corsage for Stacie. It really was a time to remember. I of course, breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that my time of service would soon be over.

When we returned home it was back to work , and of course for me it was now a question of when I would get my discharge. I did get stationed in Vancouver and put to work until that day came along. I received my discharge documents in February 1946.



A civilian again, and now ready and eager to go out and make something of myself in the post World War world. Thanks to my wife Stacie, I was successful in every way – 3 great children, a Certified General Accountant's degree, development of a successful public accounting practice. Financial success and all that goes with it.  
Most important of all- a very happy marriage.

R G Morrow

Some of the places where our ship tied up:

Archangel, Russia

Barry , Wales

Bay of Biscay, France

Brest, France

Cardiff, Wales

Glasgow, Scotland

Greenock, Scotland

Londonderry, Northern Ireland

Middlesbrough, England

Murmansk, Russia

Orkney Islands, Scotland

Scapa Flow, Scotland

Tobermory Isle of Mull, Scotland

# CGA magazine

FEBRUARY 1984 FÉVRIER



This year's winner of  
the John Leslie Award

## Bob Morrow, FCGA

CGA-Canada décerne le prix  
John-Leslie à Bob Morrow, FCGA

# Tireless CGA

CGA-Canada honours Bob Morrow, FCGA, with the John Leslie Award for his undying devotion to the Association and small-business rights.

# Un CGA infatigable

CGA-Canada décerne le prix John-Leslie à Bob Morrow, FCGA, en reconnaissance de son éternel dévouement à la cause de l'Association et à celle des droits des PME.

By/Par Alison Arnot

**A** wise man, whose name is long forgotten, once told a young Bob Morrow, "To earn more, learn more." And this motto has been the driving force behind the eventual success of the impressionable young man, now 75 and still advising small businesspeople as well as friends on how to make their money grow.

Sitting in the Vancouver office of Morrow Marsh & Co., the public practice firm he shares with Roy Marsh, CGA, and his two CGA sons David and Robert, Morrow tells of his pride in choosing the CGA Association as the conduit for his learning. "Because of CGA, I was financially independent by my mid-forties," the elder Morrow states triumphantly, adding that the experience he gained from watching and putting into practice the business and financial successes of his clients allowed him to find the same success. "Investing in real estate provided me with some healthy returns. I learned from the experiences and advice given to me by my real estate investing clients. I also learned some key lessons from my own experiences."

And this wealth has been shared — through the unconditional support, both emotional and financial,

**U**n jour, un sage au nom depuis longtemps oublié a dit à Bob Morrow : « Le chemin de la richesse passe par la connaissance. » Cette devise a finalement conduit le jeune homme impressionnable d'hier à la réussite : aujourd'hui âgé de 75 ans, Bob Morrow conseille toujours amis et exploitants de PME sur les moyens de faire fructifier leur argent.

Assis dans les bureaux de Morrow Marsh & Co., le cabinet d'expertise comptable qu'il partage avec Roy Marsh, CGA, et ses deux fils, David et Robert, également CGA, Bob Morrow ne cache pas sa fierté d'avoir choisi l'Association des CGA pour guider son apprentissage. « Grâce à l'Association, je suis devenu financièrement indépendant à la mi-quarantaine », affirme fièrement le vétéran, ajoutant que l'expérience acquise en observant les succès commerciaux et financiers de ses clients et en s'en inspirant lui a permis de connaître le même succès. « Le placement immobilier m'a fourni de généreux rendements. J'ai beaucoup appris des expériences de mes clients qui investissent dans l'immobilier et des conseils qu'ils m'ont donnés. J'ai également tiré des leçons importantes de mes propres expériences. »

he's given all three of his sons (Morrow's third son, Roger, is an RCMP officer in Red Deer, Alberta); through the invaluable advice and tips he's handed freely to clients unable to pay; and through the tireless volunteer time he's donated to the Canadian Federation of Independent Business (CFIB), Canadian Airlines, CGA-B.C. and other organizations, committees and causes.

So, in recognition of his contribution to the Association and the small-business community for some 50 years, CGA-Canada presented the John Leslie Award for 2000 to Robert G. Morrow, FCGA, (better known as Bob) at the EXACT 2000 national conference held in July in Quebec City. David Morrow, CGA, and Robert F. Morrow, CGA, nominated him for the award. Robert says they suggested their father "because of his outstanding service not only to the Association, but also to the business community.

## Rags to Riches

Bob Morrow's story is truly a rags-to-riches tale. His father died when he was just six, leaving his mother to raise four children on her own in Depression-era Nelson, B.C. Morrow left home at 15 to work and help support the family. He came to Vancouver and then joined the Royal Canadian Navy at 17, serving overseas in Great Britain during World War II. The war in Europe ended, and all allied forces were preparing to go to Japan. Morrow had returned to Vancouver from Europe before joining the war in the Pacific. Faced with the perils and heavy casualties expected with the invasion of Japan, he proposed to his then girlfriend Stacie. "In the event that something did happen to me, I wanted somebody dear to me to receive something from the horrible war," he says.

"We planned our wedding and were married in about two weeks," Stacie Morrow adds laughing. "He took the same kind of stance he takes on just about everything. When he decides that something's got to be done, he goes to work on it." The young couple's married life seemed charmed from the start. While they were honeymooning in Los Angeles, the war ended.

Morrow was now 20 years old, had a young wife, a Grade 9 education and very few employment prospects. At the time, the CGA Association permitted veterans with junior matriculation equivalency entry into the program of studies. Morrow put in 17-hour days, studying and working full-time, in order to receive his junior matriculation equivalency and then his CGA. He entered the CGA program in 1947, receiving his designation — the 75th in British Columbia — in 1951. "I owe so much to CGA," he says. "Because of CGA, I was able to make my professional future what it is."

But Morrow is quick to point out that he also owes his career to his wife. "After we were married and I was discharged from the Navy, I had to begin making plans for the future," he says. "It was my wife who suggested an accounting career. It was entirely her idea ... I would never have become a CGA without her support."

The CGA student had been working as a junior accountant for the Vancouver CGA firm Davenport, Clarke and Co. while studying, but months before receiving his designation in 1951, the confident young man set out to establish his own public practice firm. The firm grew and had several incarnations over the next 42 years until, in 1993, it became Morrow & Co., which, with 16 employees, was one of the largest CGA firms in the province. Morrow retired from the accounting practice in 1998, only to start up a new firm three months later with his sons and Roy Marsh, CGA.

Cette richesse, Bob Morrow l'a partagée en apportant un soutien inconditionnel, à la fois moral et financier, à ses trois fils (le troisième est agent de la GRC à Red Deer, en Alberta), en dispensant gratuitement des conseils et des suggestions inestimables à des clients incapables de le payer, et en travaillant inlassablement à titre de bénévole pour la Fédération canadienne de l'entreprise indépendante (FCEI), les lignes aériennes Canadien, CGA-Colombie-Britannique ainsi que d'autres organismes, comités et causes.

C'est pourquoi, en reconnaissance de 50 années de contribution à l'Association et à la communauté des PME, CGA-Canada a décerné le prix John-Leslie 2000 à Robert G. Morrow, FCGA, (plus connu sous le nom de Bob) à l'occasion du congrès national EXACT 2000, qui s'est tenu en juillet à Québec. David Morrow, CGA, et Robert F. Morrow, CGA, l'ont proposé pour la récompense. Selon Robert, ils ont suggéré leur père « en raison des services remarquables qu'il a rendus non seulement à l'Association, mais encore à la communauté des affaires ».

## De la misère à la richesse

L'histoire de Bob Morrow est un véritable conte de fées. Il a tout juste six ans lorsque son père meurt, laissant sa mère seule pour élever quatre enfants à Nelson, en Colombie-Britannique, en pleine crise économique. Morrow quitte la maison à 15 ans pour travailler et aider sa famille. Il arrive à Vancouver puis, à 17 ans, s'engage dans la Marine royale du Canada, faisant son service en Grande-Bretagne durant la Seconde Guerre mondiale. La guerre en Europe se termine, et toutes les forces alliées se préparent à partir pour le Japon. Entre-temps, Bob Morrow est retourné à Vancouver en attendant de s'embarquer pour le Pacifique. Conscient des dangers et des lourdes pertes que pourraient entraîner l'invasion du Japon, il demande à Stacie, sa bien-aimée, de l'épouser. « Si un malheur m'arrivait, je voulais qu'une personne chère à mon cœur puisse retirer quelque chose de cette guerre », confie-t-il.

« Deux semaines plus tard, nous étions mariés, ajoute Stacie Morrow en riant. Bob s'est comporté comme dans presque toutes les situations : lorsqu'il décide que quelque chose doit être fait, il se met au travail. » Dès le départ, la vie du jeune couple semble bénie des dieux : alors qu'ils sont en voyage de noces à Los Angeles, la guerre prend fin.

Bob Morrow a alors 20 ans, une jeune épouse, 9 ans de scolarité et des perspectives d'emploi pour le moins limitées. À cette époque, l'Association des CGA permettait aux anciens combattants qui possédaient l'équivalent de la Junior Matriculation de s'inscrire au programme d'études. Bob Morrow se met donc à étudier et à travailler à plein temps, 17 heures par jour, afin de décrocher l'équivalence de sa Junior Matriculation, puis son titre de CGA. Il s'inscrit au programme de CGA-Canada en 1947 et reçoit son titre — le 75<sup>e</sup> délivré en Colombie-Britannique — en 1951. « Je dois tant à l'Association, dit-il. Grâce à elle, j'ai pu décider de mon avenir professionnel. »

Bob Morrow s'empresse cependant de rappeler qu'il doit aussi sa carrière à sa femme : « Après notre mariage et mon retour à la vie civile, j'ai dû commencer à planifier mon avenir, dit-il. C'est ma femme qui a suggéré une carrière en comptabilité. C'était entièrement son idée... Je ne serais jamais devenu CGA sans son aide. »

Durant ses études, le futur CGA travaille comme assistant chez Davenport, Clarke and Co., un cabinet de Vancouver, mais en 1951, plusieurs mois avant de recevoir son titre, le jeune homme plein de confiance décide de fonder son propre cabinet d'expertise comptable. Dans les 42 années qui suivent, le cabinet s'agrandit et connaît

## Morrow Lifeline

Bob Morrow's involvement in organizations, committees and causes is far too extensive to provide in detail here. Following is a list of just some his associations.

Member and Director of Canadian Council for Fair Taxation	1970/71
Founding member and director of Canadian Federation of Independent Business	1971-96
Member of Small Business Tax Council for the preparation of taxation briefs at the federal and provincial levels of government	1970-72
Canadian Federation of Independent Business representative for annual world small and medium-sized business symposiums	1974-90
Past member of various CGA national and provincial association committees	1974-90
Chair of CGA-B.C. income tax committee	1979-81
Member of Economic Advisory Council of the City of Vancouver	1985/86
Member of executive committee, Property Tax Task Force, City of Vancouver	1994/95
Member of Royal Commission on Education, Province of British Columbia	1987/88
Member of the British Columbia Income Tax Committee consisting of members of the B.C. Bar Association, CICA and CGA-Canada	1980/81

## Parcours de Bob Morrow

Les activités de Bob Morrow pour divers organismes, comités et causes sont beaucoup trop nombreuses pour être détaillées ici. Voici donc une liste de quelques-unes des institutions auxquelles il a été associé.

Membre et Directeur du Conseil canadien pour une juste imposition	1970-1971
Membre fondateur et directeur de la Fédération canadienne de l'entreprise indépendante	1971-1996
Membre du Small Business Tax Council pour la préparation de mémoires de fiscalité aux niveaux fédéral et provincial	1970-1972
Représentant de l'Ouest canadien aux symposiums annuels mondiaux des PME	1974-1990
Ancien membre de divers comités de CGA-Canada et de CGA-C.-B.	1974-1990
Président du comité sur l'impôt sur le revenu de CGA-C.-B.	1979-1981
Membre du conseil consultatif de l'économie de Vancouver	1985-1986
Membre du comité de direction du Property Tax Task Force, Ville de Vancouver	1994-1995
Membre du Royal Commission on Education, province de la Colombie-Britannique	1987-1988
Membre du British Columbia Income Tax Committee comprenant des membres de la B.C. Bar Association, de l'ICCA et de CGA-Canada.	1980-1981

Morrow's work has always been a family affair. Stacie Morrow had been working as an optician and then at Sears Canada, helping to finance her husband's studies. When Morrow established his own accounting practice, she worked with him.

"We worked well together," Stacie Morrow adds. "He's a good man to work for. I think most of his employees would say the same thing."

Morrow doesn't take on engagements any more, but simply reviews problems and provides the wisdom of his years to his partners when needed. "He's a good source for technical advice, particularly in the tax areas," says Marsh, adding that someone with 50 years of experience has insight on practical matters not found in a textbook.

His sons and partners have carried on his customer-focused, almost old-fashioned approach to public practice. "Bob Morrow has always been extremely conscientious in looking after his clients. He takes it upon himself to seek out the best advice available, either through his own firm or through other experts," says tax lawyer Craig Sturrock, of the law firm Thorsteinssons, who has advised Morrow in complex tax planning for some of his clients. "If clients are in financial trouble or if they are starting out, he'll stick with them or help them

plusieurs incarnations jusqu'en 1993, lorsqu'il devient Morrow & Co., qui, avec 17 employés, est l'un des plus gros cabinets de CGA de la province. Bob Morrow prend sa retraite au printemps 1997, pour fonder, trois mois plus tard, un nouveau cabinet avec ses deux fils et Roy Marsh, tous CGA.

En fait, le travail de Bob Morrow a toujours été une affaire de famille. Stacie Morrow travaillait comme opticienne, puis chez Sears Canada afin d'aider à financer les études de son mari. Lorsque Bob Morrow fonde son propre cabinet, sa femme se met à travailler avec lui. « On travaillait bien ensemble, ajoute Stacie Morrow. Bob est un bon patron et je pense que la plupart de ses employés diraient la même chose. »

Aujourd'hui, Bob Morrow n'accepte plus de missions: il examine simplement certains problèmes et fournit à ses associés la sagesse de ses années d'expérience. « Bob est une bonne source de conseils techniques, particulièrement en fiscalité », affirme Roy Marsh, ajoutant que 50 années d'expérience permettent à son associé de résoudre bien des questions pratiques qui ne figurent pas dans les livres.

Ses fils et associés perpétuent cette approche presque démodée de l'expertise comptable, centrée sur le client. Bob Morrow a toujours

get on their feet again without any hope or expectation of financial reward," Sturrock adds. "He's a consummate professional, and his sons have inherited that."

These thoughts are echoed by Judge Bryan Davis, a client Sturrock introduced to Morrow. "I have known Bob for about 15 years," Davis says. "He does his job, but he's also kind, he's caring, he's compassionate, and he has integrity."

Most Morrow Marsh & Co. clients are small-business owners and individuals needing advice on taxation and personal financial planning.

"[The firm] is a small business. We're advising people on the sorts of things we do ourselves," says Bob's son Robert F. Morrow.

## Advocate for Small Business

Bob Morrow became an advocate for small-business rights as one of the five founding board members of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business (CFIB). In 1969, CFIB founder John F. Bulloch established the Canadian Council for Fair Taxation to fight the federal government's White Paper on Tax Reform. This tax reform would have seen small businesses taxed at 50 per cent, while large corporations would be taxed at about 25 per cent after accounting for capital incentives. As a founding member and director, Morrow played an active role in this council, whose efforts were successful in having the White Paper withdrawn.

"I firmly believed that the economic well-being of Canada was going to depend to a very large extent on the success of small and medium-sized businesses," Morrow says. "Which has proven to be correct. They're the largest generator of jobs in Canada. Can you imagine where those companies would be if they had to pay the higher rate of tax?"

This initial fight grew into more lobbying efforts on behalf of small business and the establishment of the CFIB in 1971. Morrow was the accountant behind the numbers and technical research that supported the Canadian Council's, and later the CFIB's, arguments. He travelled all over British Columbia and back and forth to Toronto without compensation, lobbying on behalf of the CFIB. Bulloch says of Morrow's devotion to the CFIB cause, "That's his nature. He sees injustices ... and he just gives his time."

For his tireless efforts and longevity, the CFIB granted Morrow life membership in 1996, upon his retirement from the board of directors. "Everybody wanted him to stay on because he loved the federation so much and worked so hard," Bulloch says. "He's been chairman of every committee of the board. He's just really one of the real builders of that organization."

## Keeping Canadian Flying

Small businesses aren't the only underdogs Morrow has fought for. At an age when most professionals would have been enjoying retirement, Morrow took the failing Canadian Airlines under his wing and tried to keep it aloft.

When Canadian was experiencing dire financial difficulties in 1992, a group of pilots asked shareholder Morrow to help them in their efforts to keep the airline in business through lobbying the government for financial support. He prepared a detailed financial analysis, looking at the costs to all levels of government as a result of lost tax revenues and the increase in employment and social insurance claims if the airline were to go under. The bottom line was in the billions of dollars. Morrow provided the hundreds of hours of research, calculations and government lobbying required in this effort on a totally voluntary basis.

été extrêmement consciencieux lorsqu'il s'agit de prendre soin de ses clients. Il s'occupe personnellement de rechercher le meilleur conseil possible, dans son propre cabinet ou à l'aide d'autres experts », affirme le fiscaliste Craig Sturrock, du cabinet d'avocats Thorsteinssons, qui a conseillé Bob Morrow au sujet de planifications fiscales complexes pour certains de ses clients. « Si un client a des problèmes financiers ou s'il débute en affaires, Bob ne le laisse pas tomber mais l'aide à se remettre en selle, sans attendre ou espérer de rétribution, ajoute-t-il. Bob est un professionnel accompli, et ses fils ont hérité de cette qualité. »

Le juge Bryan Davis, un client que Craig Sturrock a présenté à Bob Morrow, abonde dans le même sens : « Je connais Bob depuis environ 15 ans, dit le juge. Il fait son travail, mais il est aussi gentil, attentionné et compatissant, en plus d'être intègre. »

La plupart des clients de Morrow Marsh & Co. sont des propriétaires de PME et des particuliers qui ont besoin d'être conseillés en matière de fiscalité ou de planification financière personnelle. « Notre cabinet est une petite entreprise. Nous conseillons les gens au sujet de choses que nous faisons nous-mêmes », affirme Robert F. Morrow, fils.

## Défenseur des PME

Étant l'un des cinq membres fondateurs du conseil de la FCEI, Bob Morrow est devenu un défenseur des droits des PME. En 1969, John F. Bulloch, fondateur de la FCEI, établit le Conseil canadien pour une juste imposition afin de combattre le livre blanc du gouvernement fédéral sur la réforme fiscale. Cette réforme vise l'imposition des PME à 50 %, tandis que les grandes sociétés seraient imposées à environ 25 %, compte tenu des incitatifs. En tant que membre fondateur et directeur, Bob Morrow joue un rôle déterminant au sein de ce conseil, dont les efforts pour contrer le livre blanc sont finalement couronnés de succès.

« J'étais convaincu que la santé économique du Canada allait reposer en très grande partie sur la réussite des PME, affirme Bob Morrow. C'est exactement ce qui s'est passé : elles sont à l'origine de la plus grande création d'emplois au Canada. Pouvez-vous imaginer où en seraient ces sociétés si elles devaient payer le taux d'impôt plus élevé? »

Cette première bataille aboutit à d'autres efforts de lobbying pour la cause des PME et à l'établissement, en 1971, de la FCEI. Bob Morrow était le comptable derrière les chiffres et la recherche technique qui étayaient les arguments du Conseil canadien et, plus tard, ceux de la FCEI. Il a voyagé partout en Colombie-Britannique et a fait des allers-retours à Toronto à ses frais, faisant pression pour la cause de la FCEI. « C'est dans sa nature, il voit des injustices... et il se met tout simplement au travail », précise John Bulloch au sujet du dévouement de Bob Morrow.

Lorsque, en 1996, Bob Morrow démissionne du conseil d'administration, la FCEI fait de lui un membre à vie en reconnaissance de ses efforts inlassables et de sa longévité. « Tout le monde voulait qu'il reste; il aimait tellement la fédération et il travaillait si dur, affirme John Bulloch. Il a été président de chaque comité du conseil. Il est vraiment l'un des architectes de cet organisme. »

## Maintenir Canadien en vol

Les PME ne constituent pas les seuls opprimés pour qui Bob Morrow s'est battu. À l'âge où la plupart des professionnels profitent de leur retraite, il a pris sous son aile les lignes aériennes Canadien, en difficulté, et a lutté pour les maintenir en vol.

Lorsque Canadien éprouve de sérieuses difficultés financières, en 1992, un groupe de pilotes demande à Bob Morrow, actionnaire de la société, de les aider à garder la compagnie aérienne en exploitation en



the Salmon" plaque to express their thanks to those who "swam against the tide." They presented this plaque to Morrow in 1994.

Through his efforts on behalf of Canadian, Morrow became the quotable source, appearing on CBC Radio and national television in interviews concerning the impact of the airline's possible demise. Even recently, as Canadian eventually merged with Air Canada, he was receiving calls from the media looking for commentary on the situation. And his commentary is not favourable. "When you have a monopoly situation, you're going to have to live with the results of a monopoly, and that's what we're experiencing," he says, pointing to news reports of high prices and poor service from the newly merged airline. "The government is going to have to do something to prevent the abuse by Air Canada of its monopolistic position," Morrow says, adding that any government effort can't interfere with free enterprise. He sees the solution in encouraging Canada's smaller airlines to compete.

### Provincial Involvement

Morrow's journey from childhood poverty to professional and financial success is not unlike the journey his provincial association took in the same 50 years. Morrow is quick to point to the defining statistics. In 1951, prior to his becoming a CGA, there were 69 members and 244 students for a total of 313 members in the province; recent figures for 2000 show that there are nearly 6,500 CGAs and 5,200 students for a total of 11,700 — an increase of more than 3,750%. CGA-B.C. has grown steadily into a financially robust organization, with newly acquired offices and a staff of 52. Morrow has been directly involved with the provincial association throughout this growth.

When Morrow was first employed at Davenport, Clarke and Co., Harold Clarke was secretary of CGA-B.C., and part of Morrow's duties was to maintain the association's books and records. Later, Morrow's own firm marked taxation assignments for free. Morrow wrote the association's *Income Tax Handbook*, published nationally in the 1970s, gave seminars on taxation, and he was always on the budget committee as well as other provincial board committees.

"You knew if Bob had the time to do it, it would be done," says Gerry McKinnon, CGA (Hon.), former executive director of CGA-B.C. "Not only was he knowledgeable, but he was presentable," McKinnon adds, saying that the association "used" Morrow in its recruitment efforts, professional development and taxation forums. Morrow also advised the association on its decision to purchase its own office building.

McKinnon is quick to point out that no matter what public event Morrow was attending, be it for CGA-B.C., world conferences with the CFI, or any of the many other councils and committees he took part in, "Bob always let it be known that he was a CGA.... He stood up with justifiable pride."

In recognition of his efforts on behalf of the association, CGA-B.C. awarded Morrow life membership in 1981. This followed the fellow designation CGA-Canada gave Morrow in 1975.

### Lifetime Career

So will Bob Morrow ever retire? "I would rather burn out than rust out," he says with a smile, pointing out that his fight for fair taxation continues. His most recent lobbying effort was to increase the non-taxable automobile expense allowance. "As a result of my letter to the Revenue Minister (in 1996), the *Income Tax Act* has been changed each year to reflect what a just and fair allowance should be," he says. "I send a follow-up letter each year to the Revenue Minister as a

et sur des chaînes de télévision nationales au sujet des conséquences d'une fin possible de la compagnie aérienne. Récemment encore, alors que Canadian fusionnait avec Air Canada, il recevait des appels des médias désireux de connaître son avis sur la question, lequel n'est d'ailleurs pas favorable. « Une situation de monopole signifie qu'il faudra vivre avec les conséquences d'un monopole, et c'est ce qui est en train de se produire », commente-t-il, indiquant les tarifs élevés et le service médiocre de la nouvelle compagnie aérienne rapportés dans la presse. « Il va falloir que le gouvernement fasse quelque chose pour empêcher Air Canada d'abuser de sa position monopolistique », affirme Bob Morrow, ajoutant que tout effort du gouvernement ne devra pas interférer avec la libre entreprise. Il pense que la solution est d'encourager les petites lignes aériennes canadiennes à la concurrence.

### Activités provinciales

Le chemin de Bob Morrow d'une enfance pauvre à la réussite professionnelle et financière ressemble à celui emprunté par CGA-C.B. au cours de ce même demi-siècle. Bob Morrow connaît bien les statistiques : en 1951, avant qu'il devienne CGA, la province comptait 69 CGA et 244 étudiants, pour un total de 313 membres. Cette année, l'association compte près de 6 500 CGA et 5 200 étudiants, pour un total de 11 700 membres, une augmentation de plus de 3 750 %. CGA-C.B. a connu une croissance régulière et est devenue un organisme financièrement autonome, qui possède ses propres bureaux et emploie 52 personnes. Bob Morrow a joué un rôle direct dans l'association provinciale au cours de cette croissance.

Lorsque Bob Morrow travaille chez Davenport, Clarke and Co., Harold Clarke est secrétaire de CGA-C.B., et Bob Morrow doit, entre autres tâches, s'occuper des livres de l'association. Par la suite, le cabinet de Bob Morrow corrige gratuitement les travaux de fiscalité. Bob Morrow rédige le *Income Tax Handbook* de l'association, publié dans tout le pays dans les années 1970. Il présente des séminaires sur la fiscalité et siège au comité du budget ainsi qu'à d'autres comités provinciaux.

« On savait que, si Bob avait le temps de le faire, il le ferait », affirme Gerry McKinnon, CGA (Hon.), ancien directeur général de CGA-C.B. « Il s'y connaissait, et en plus il faisait bonne impression », ajoute McKinnon, qui précise que l'association a « utilisé » Bob Morrow dans ses efforts de recrutement comme dans ses forums de perfectionnement professionnel et de fiscalité. Bob Morrow a également conseillé l'association sur sa décision d'acquérir son propre immeuble à bureaux.

Gerry McKinnon souligne que, quel que soit l'événement auquel Bob Morrow assistait, que ce soit pour CGA-C.B., pour les conférences mondiales de la FCEI ou pour les nombreux autres conseils et comités auxquels il a participé, « Bob s'identifiait toujours comme un CGA; il affichait une fierté justifiée ».

En reconnaissance de ses efforts pour la cause de l'association, CGA-C.B. a fait de Bob Morrow un membre à vie en 1981, six ans après le titre de « Fellow » que CGA-Canada lui avait décerné.

### Carrière à vie

Bob Morrow prendra-t-il un jour sa retraite? « Je préférerais m'user à force de travailler plutôt que de rouiller », déclare-t-il en souriant, précisant que son combat pour une juste imposition se poursuit. Son plus récent effort de lobbying visait l'augmentation de l'allocation pour frais d'automobile non imposable. « À la suite de ma lettre au ministre du Revenu, en 1996, la *Loi de l'impôt sur le revenu* a été modifiée chaque année pour tenir compte d'une allocation juste et équitable,

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reminder to check the current year's cost to operate an automobile and request that the allowance be adjusted accordingly."

"People retire because they dislike what they're doing; they want to do something else," says Robert F. Morrow. "He enjoys being around us, conversing with us on all sorts of different issues."

"It's impossible to keep him out of the office. He still turns up in the morning before we do," Marsh adds.

David Morrow echoes their thoughts. "If he's not working here, he's working at home.... He'll never retire."

His long-time friend and associate John Bulloch sums it up best: "The burning desire to do the right thing doesn't go away just because you get older."

After all, Morrow does have it good. For the three days a week he spends in the office, he stays at his condo in Vancouver; the remaining four days of the week he works on his 10-acre hobby farm in South Surrey, B.C. And he and Stacie spend two months of the winter at their condo in Maui.

Who could dream of anything more? Well, not Bob Morrow. When he and Stacie were first married, Bob told his wife that his dream was to have a house in the city, a house in the country, a place in the tropics, and his own business. "He designed his own life," David Morrow says, "and he's living the life he designed." Indeed, who could dream of anything more? cga

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**Alison Arnot** is editor of CGA Magazine.

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