

**Buckley, Patrick Marshall**  
**Lance Corporal**  
**North Shore (New Brunswick)**  
**Regiment**  
**G.2423**



Patrick Marshall Buckley was born 18 February, 1918 in Saint John, New Brunswick, the son of Frederick Buckley and Clara Mabel Myles. His sister Mary died on 19 November, 1915 when she was only six days old. Frederick ran a coal business in Saint John but unfortunately died in an accident 12 March, 1923 when Patrick was just five years old.

In the summer, Patrick liked to spend his time at Camp Queen County and he was also a member of the YMCA (Young Men's Christian Association). Before he went to Western Europe, Patrick was apprenticed for five years to a tailor at the firm of Eaton in Canterbury Street and wanted to go on working there later.

On 22 November, 1943 Patrick enlisted in the Canadian army in Fredericton, New Brunswick and was placed in the infantry with the North Shore New Brunswick Regiment. In his military papers he was described as having blue eyes, brown hair and a tattoo on his right arm with the word 'mother'. His army training lasted until 30 August, 1944.

Before he left for England, he married Marie Therese Adeline Vautour on 12 August; she came from Lynn, Massachusetts in the USA.



Patrick arrived in England 31 August and two months later, on 28 October was sent to the European mainland.

Once he reached the Netherlands, Patrick was working as a motor cycle orderly. His Regiment took part in Operation Veritable which began 8 February, 1945. In Germany, close to the Dutch border. After the enemy had left the Reichswald, fighting was taking place further south in the Hochwald.

On 2 March, Patrick was carrying documents to a command post between Xanten and Uedem when he was shot and killed by a sniper.

He was buried in Bedburg-Hau in a temporary Canadian cemetery near Kleve, opposite the sanatorium.

NO. <sup>2</sup> G.2483 ✓	Rank L/Corporal ✓	Name <sup>402510 B-240</sup> BUCKLEY, Patrick Marshall ✓
Unit North Shore (NB) ✓	Regt. ✓	Date of death 2nd March, 1945. ✓
Died at Germany		
Cause Killed in action ✓		
Death occurred on strength of Forces H.Q. ✓		405-B-37,201 ✓
N/K Mrs. Mable Myles	Relationship Mother	
Address 44 North Street, Saint John, N.B.		
Remains buried in Germany Bedburg Opposite Sanatorium Cemetery Plot 1 Row 19, Grave 2		
Grave location		

**CHK** **OVER** ✓

Patrick Marshall Buckley was reburied in the Canadian War Cemetery, Groesbeek on 7 September, 1945, grave reference **VII. H. 6.**



**Awards:**

- The 1939-1945 Star
- War Medal 1939-1945
- The France and Germany Star
- Canadian Volunteer Medal and Clasp


Inscription headstone from his family:

“LET PERPETUAL LIGHT  
SHINE UPON HIM.  
MAY HIS SOUL  
REST IN PEACE.”

*Saint John New Brunswick Times Globe*

### Killed In Germany

L-Cpl. Patrick Marshall Buckley has been killed in action in Germany on March 2, while serving with the North Shore (NB) Regiment. L-Cpl. Buckley enlisted in November, 1943. He went overseas in August, 1944, and served in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. The only son of Mrs. Mable Myles and the late Fred P. Buckley, he was born in Saint John; he was a member of the Cathedral Parish and the Holy Name Society. A cloth cutter by trade, he was employed by the Eastern Textile Company at the time of his enlistment. Besides his mother, who resides at 44 North Street, and his stepfather, W. C. Myles, he is survived by two aunts, Mrs. C. H. Phinney of Wellesey, Mass., and Mrs. A. M. Ward, Saint John, and by two uncles, Fred M. Carten, Queens County, and Leo J. Buckley, Saint John County. A pro-burial high mass of requiem for L-Cpl. Buckley will be celebrated this week, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.







## FACES TO GRAVES

Stichting Faces to Canadian  
War Graves Groesbeek

Life story Fred Hulsman, Research Team Faces To Graves.

### Sources:

<http://search.ancestry.com>

<http://www.cwgc.org>

<http://www.veterans.gc.ca>

<http://www.canadaatwar.ca/battles/world-war-ii/>

Operation Picture Me

Joseph (Joe) Goguen Saint John, NB -Youth Delegate 60th anniversary pilgrimage:

Hello. Let me introduce myself. I am Joseph Goguen, Joe to my friends, from Saint John, New Brunswick. Last fall I attended the "Canada Remembers" theme week at *Encounters With Canada in Ottawa*. Supported by Veterans Affairs Canada, the week was full of activities designed to commemorate Canada's veterans and to educate the youth participants on what great things these Canadian heroes have done for our country. This spring I was told by *Encounters With Canada* that I had been chosen to participate in a Veterans Affairs Canada overseas pilgrimage with a number of Canadian veterans to mark the 60th anniversary of Canada's participation in the liberation of The Netherlands. I was to be the youth representative for New Brunswick.

Myself and twelve other youth delegates were asked to research the story of a soldier from my home province who fought and died in the Netherlands. While in the Netherlands, I would make a presentation on the life of my soldier at the foot of his grave in one of the Canadian War Cemeteries that would be part of the pilgrimage itinerary.

I started this project by selecting from a lengthy list of soldiers that served and died over in Holland. This was an easy choice since there was only one name on that list from my home town of Saint John, New Brunswick. I did not know what to expect as I set out to unravel the story of Patrick M. Buckley. One of the first things I did was to look for any information I could find on the internet.

The first Web site, the Canadian Virtual Memorial, had some valuable information that I knew would come in handy so I thought that I was on a roll. However, that turned out to be the only Web site that had any information on him. I could find no picture of this soldier, but there was a picture of his tombstone. On the tombstone it read: Patrick Marshall Buckley, his rank, Infantry, and the date of his death, March 2nd 1945.

At the time this image didn't mean much to me on a personal level. I printed the picture off and kept it by me whenever I worked on anything related to the project. The more I looked at it the more information I wanted to know about this individual. It bothered me that a man could travel half way across the world, fight for his country and all that anyone knew about him was the day he died, except for maybe his family. I was now on the hunt for that family. What kept me going throughout this project was the thought that if this was my relative, wouldn't I want whoever was doing the research to look under every rock and leave no stone unturned. For the next few weeks I made contact with several veterans' groups and local legion branches. My search resulted in all dead ends so I decided to attempt to find a relative who could tell me about the man who became a soldier.

I determined that the best place to start my search was the phone book. I opened it up to the B's, found Buckley and went right down the list, starting with A Buckley. It almost seemed like no one knew who this man was. I got through calling about twenty-five different families. A few people said that they heard of the name but that was about it. I got a little frustrated so I went straight for people with his name, Patrick, as a given name. I saw a Patrick and a Marshall Buckley. I called Patrick and he told me that he was no relation. I then called Marshall and his response was he was named after a friend of his father. Twenty-seven calls and two and a half hours later and I am right back where I started. I peeled the phone away from my ear and called it a night.

The next day after school when I got home I saw Marshall Buckley on the caller ID of our phone. I called him back and he said that he thought about it after my father called him asking the same question. Unknown to either my father or myself, we had called the same person. I did not know that my father and Marshall knew of one another. I, myself, knew Marshall to see him, from being around the hockey rinks in the past, but I did not put the face to the name. He said he had asked his mom about the relation between him and the soldier I was doing the project on. He had to wait to hear back from his father, who was in the hospital at the time, to see if there was any connection. Later that night he called again and confirmed that he was named after Patrick Marshall Buckley. This was such a relief to me, knowing that I could get a start on this project that I had been eagerly working on and getting nowhere for so long. We scheduled a meeting where I could meet with him and his father.

When I went over to their house, I brought the picture of the tombstone that I had been looking at for some time now. It now had so much meaning to me. Physically I was not getting any closer, but now I could feel a connection with this person I had never met in my life.

This is the story of Patrick Marshall Buckley, as told to me by his cousin James.

One of the first things you notice when you look at the man's tombstone is his age. It says he died when he was twenty-seven. That gets me thinking only one thing, he wanted to enter the war. I don't mean he was looking forward to it, but he wasn't afraid to serve his country. The way I came to this conclusion was that I found out that when he enlisted he was underage. He definitely was not twenty-seven when he died. He was much younger, just out of high school would be a more appropriate age for this young Canadian hero. He enlisted as did most of his friends and not many of them were left behind when the Second World War began. One of his buddies that signed up with him was Joe Richards. Fortunately he returned and went on to live a full life after the war back in Saint John.

Before leaving for war Patrick was an apprentice as a tailor at Eaton's company on Cantabury Street. His job was making suits, and if there was no war this would have been his profession of choice. He lived up on Hazel street and frequently swam at the local YMCA. He was a very well respected individual who regularly attended church. At home he was very close to his mother. His father was a coal handler and to get to work everyday he would jump on the train. One day he fell and didn't survive the fall. Patrick was an only child who loved to spend his summers at his camp in Queens County. He also had a girlfriend but her name was not known.

On March 2nd, 1945, he was delivering a message on a motorcycle to a command post when he was stuck down by enemy fire. It was a sniper's bullet that was the end of Patrick Marshall Buckley. Now he is buried in Groesbeek Canadian War Cemetery in Holland. He would never get to touch Saint John soil again, never to return home. I was also shown a photograph of Patrick which finally gave me a face to put with the name.

Now, whenever I look at that picture I have mixed emotions. On one hand I'm sad because he's another one of the war dead left behind, but on the other I am happy to have discovered so much about Patrick. I now realize that when the war was going on, the people signing up were kids like me, not even out of high school and sent off to defend a nation. I feel a sense of responsibility to tell Patrick's story over and over again. Nothing I do will ever pay off the debt I owe to him, but at least I can tell his story. And not just his story but all the stories of so many others. As the youth of Canada, we should take it upon ourselves to make sure they live on forever. This is only one story, of one man, there are many more to be told, and every one is just as fascinating and they all hit home for all of us.

In closing, I learned a lot about Patrick Marshall Buckley, but I also learned the importance of keeping the stories of Canada's veterans around for years to come. This experience will live with me forever, as will a piece of Patrick. Even though we never met, I am sure we would have been good friends. Thank you Patrick for what you have done for me. Even in your passing so many years ago you have taught me more than you'll ever know, and for that I am eternally grateful.

Joe Gougen - Youth Delegate  
60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Netherlands Pilgrimage  
May 2005

\* Do you have a photo of this soldier or additional information please contact [info@facestograves.nl](mailto:info@facestograves.nl)