



# Canadian “Poppy” Quarters

CANADA’S SUSPICIOUS COIN

## General Information

- First minted in 2004 in honor of the Canadian holiday Remembrance Day
  - This is the Canadian equivalent of Veterans Day, used to honor Canadian soldiers.
  - Held on November 11<sup>th</sup>, the day that marks the end of World War 1
- They feature the red corn poppy in the middle
  - The official symbol of Remembrance Day
- 28.5 million minted
- The first colored coin made for circulation in the world

## The Story

- The first coin was discovered in the cup holder of a rental car.
- US Army workers travelling in Canada found the coins suspicious and filed confidential espionage report with the government.
  - The worried contractors described the coins as "anomalous" and "filled with something man-made that looked like nano-technology
  - Under high power microscope, it appeared to be complex consisting of several layers of clear, but different material, with a wire-like mesh suspended on top."
- The confidential accounts led to a sensational warning from the Defense Security Service, an agency of the Defense Department, that mysterious coins with radio frequency transmitters were found planted on U.S. contractors with classified security clearances on at least three separate occasions between October 2005 and January 2006 as the contractors traveled through Canada

## The Truth

- Upon close examination, the contractors determined that the coins did not appear to be electronic in nature or have a power source,"

- The supposed nano-technology actually was a conventional protective coating the Royal Canadian Mint applied to prevent the poppy's red color from rubbing off.

# In Flanders Fields

by John McCrae



In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

