



The Last Remembrance

She stood looking at the white cross beneath the spruce trees. Many times in years past she had come here and visited this last shrine to a beloved brother. This had been their favorite tree. It was here they had shared secrets. They had always been close friends, sharing their hopes and dreams. Now they were all dead under that white cross.

Kevin had teased her mercilessly, but she had only laughed. He had been several years older than she, but they had been inseparable buddies. There had been no little girls living close by. As a result she had become quite a tomboy.

She looked wistfully down to the valley where they had raced across the meadow. She could still see him standing there triumphantly, with his blue eyes laughing, and his blond hair blowing in the wind, his lithe frame graceful and poised ready to jump onto his pony and gallop away.

He had loved the crocus blooming in the early spring, the robin's nest in the crabapple tree, and the swinging bridge across the gurgling stream.

They had gone fishing down the river in the summertime. They had rolled up their blue jeans and waded to the old rowboat. Mom had always packed a delicious lunch. They had spent several hours in solitude and quiet, not having to talk to understand. The golden silence enveloped them like a halo as they drifted lazily down the river.

In the autumn they had walked through the forest, exploring nature and sharing their discoveries. They had never discovered whether the woodpecker they had called 'Charlie' stayed all winter or not.

by Senior Essay Winner, Lois Bergen, Carrot River High School Saskatchewan.

In winter they had gone sleigh riding. They had harnessed their two shaggy ponies to the sleigh, and had a fabulous time swooping over the snowdrifts.

They had grown up together. He had a 'hot rod' in his early teens. How proudly they had roared around the town on Serby.

Times had changed and years had passed. She had gone to college and he had joined the air force. She had never formed a close friendship, and always had looked forward to holidays at home. Then there was the war.

He had been anxious to get into the war so that he could have a share in the intimate conversation, remembering their youth and their wars, which Grams and Dad had indulged in.

Then he had gone overseas. He had written letters, and when they stopped, she had panicked. Then her fears had been confirmed. She was sure he would have died bravely, fighting till the end. There never had been anything cowardly about him.

Several years had passed since that fateful day when the family had received the formal letter stating that Kevin was reported missing in France. She turned away and a sob wracked her weary and tired body. Those days were gone. Only memories — painful memories — remained to torture her. There was pain in remembering but a sad joy too. The years would pass by, but she would not forget him. He had never been selfish. He had always shared his happiness, feeling deeply and sensitively. He had been the most perfect brother any girl could ever have; intelligent, kind, and understanding.

The pain was still there, the emptiness, the loneliness, overwhelming her emotions. She seemed devoid of feeling except for the hollow and continuous pain of remembering, indeed, life had passed her by.

Now she was no longer young. Every November 11th, she would pay this last tribute to an unknown soldier, her brother. The pain of remembering would tear her mind apart. The tears rolled down her furrowed cheek.

Wrathfully she hurled the defiant words: "He fought for his country, he died for his country; what did his country give to him?" In her hollow echoes of her memory she knew the answer. A simple answer, but so coveted. While he had lived he had been free. Now he had passed his freedom to the people he loved and to the many people who could never thank him for his sacrifice.

She lifted tearful eyes to the heavens and realized the truth. It was God's will that Kevin had left this earth. She could only pray that she would find the same peace that he had met.

"For men must fight, and women must weep." Yes, she and many others had wept and were weeping.

This November 11, as you see the crosses, think of Kevin and his contribution to his country. Think of the poppies growing on the graves of the soldiers in Flanders' Fields, who fought valiantly for what they believed was right. Remember the unknown soldiers who gave their lives for your freedom. Have they died in vain? What do you owe to the Kevins of the world?

are needed are killed at our expense in the public pounds?

It is a strange kind of humanity which demands the killing of pound animals and yet is untouched by the suffering of sick humans and animals.

Yours very truly,
D.G. Sinclair, DVM, Ph.D.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Dented Fender More Than Hallow'en Prank
Sir:
Hallow'en, the way it is.

Hallow even, the evening of the 31st of October, so-called as being the eve or vigil of All Hallow's, or All Saints, which falls on the 1st of November. The festival dates from ancient days when the Druids of Britain, Ireland and France, lighted bonfires to acclaim the Sun God and drive away the ghosts and witches. It was the Roman festival in honour of Pomona, goddess of fruits and flowers.

It is, in Georgetown, to drive in a red 1964 Pontiac and throw an empty bottle onto my parked car, causing a dent in my fender.

I would like to thank the editor of the Herald for allowing me this space and I would also like to thank the unnamed gentlemen in that red 1964 Pontiac for that beautiful dent in my fender.

J. Layman.

P. S: Eggs or tomatoes wash off.
Another salt secret makes fireplaces work better and more safely. Get a roaring fire going, then throw in a handful of salt. Enjoy the pretty yellow flames while the salt cleans out accumulated soot and helps prevent dangerous chimney fires. It's a double secret.

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BEFORE GOING back to Ottawa for the opening of the second session of the 28th Parliament, I was talking to the owner of a small manufacturing business in Georgetown who told me he had never been before.

SUCH A REMARK is music to the ears of a person in government. But having learned, I hope, to try and listen I waited for his next remark. He wasn't entirely happy he told me because he just didn't have time to think and plan.

I THOUGHT how this very same thing applied to me over this past year. When the first session ended in July I hopefully thought that I would have some time to sit down and take a good look at the performance of the government and appraise its actions and policies in relation to the country as a whole and particularly in relation to Halton.

WELL, I HAVE had time to think but strange to say I did not have all the time I had expected. Instead the summer turned into a period of great activity but I must say it was enjoyable activity. I visited every part of the riding and was able to take time and discuss government plans and achievements as well as talk to many people about personal and community problems which related to the federal government. It is surprising the number of such problems which do arise and they involved four special trips to Ottawa for discussions with various departments.

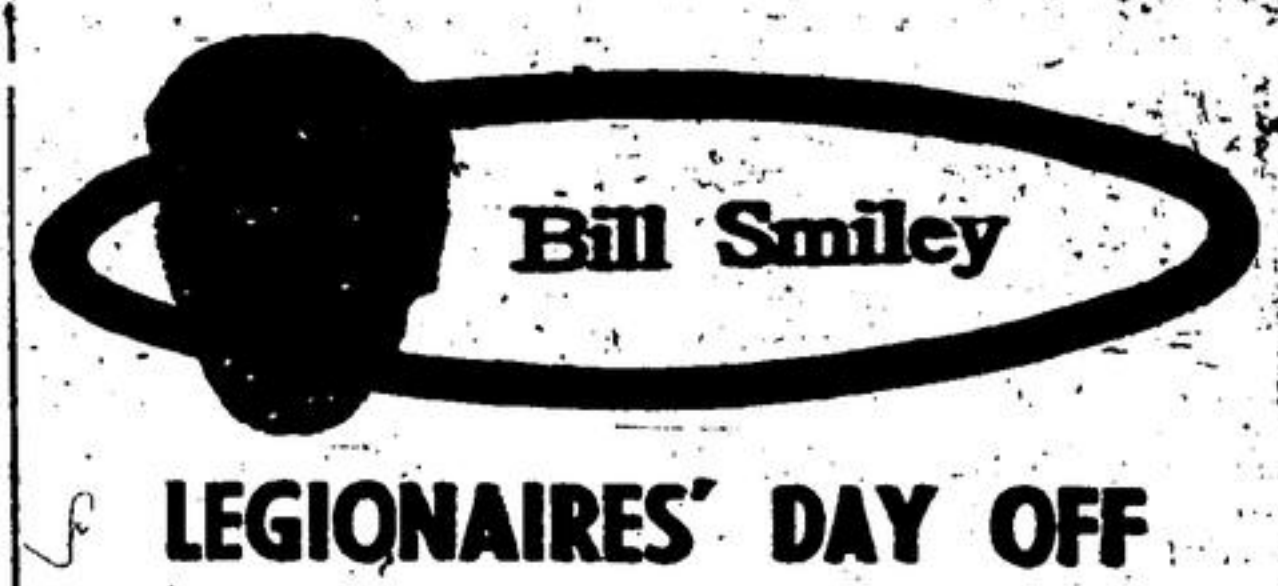
Looking ahead there is much new legislation coming up. Although it was not all spelled out in the throne speech I expect to see many bills introduced that will be controversial and evoke much discussion because they will be new and bold forward steps. It should be remembered that Mr. Trudeau must make the Just Society more than a slogan or mere empty words.

THE BIG PROBLEM facing the government and the people of Canada is inflation. The Prime Minister has already spoken on inflation as has the Hon. Mr. Benson, Minister of Finance, and we are going to hear much more about inflation from a great number of people both inside and outside of parliament. Along with the question of inflation we are going to hear much on the war on poverty which should be rated as a major priority.

BUT AS SOMEONE has said we cannot win the war on poverty with inflation raising the cost of living at every turn. It is like trying to fight a battle with damp ammunition.

I AM PLEASED to announce, on behalf of the Government of Canada, the approval of a federal loan in the amount of \$90,575 to assist in the construction of a six unit housing project for families of low income in the town of Acton.

Thank you,
Mrs. Elizabeth Nardo



There's nothing more boring than listening to a group of old sweats talking about 'The War,' unless you yourself happen to be an Old Sweat, as we old sweats are called. Then, it's fun.

This year, I was asked to speak at two different Remembrance Day banquets. I was unable to accept either and was genuinely sorry about that. There's nothing like a crowd of old sweats lying their heads off on Remembrance Day.

Don't think of it as a bunch of middle-aged and elderly men sitting around all day, bleat, 'remembering' their 'fallen comrades' lugubriously.

Oh they do that, but it takes place in the morning, at the cenotaph, at 11 a.m., when the guns stopped firing in World War I and the stunned survivors looked at each other and every man alive could scarcely believe it.

And there's nothing lugubrious or mournful about the ceremony. There's a certain pride as the oldsters step out in something resembling their old quick march. There's a poignancy as the colors dip and the Last Post sounds. There's a contented face, and a few tears in the two minute's silence. But then there's the triumphant, jaunty sound of Reveille.

And off they swing, purged once more, and ready to get down to the serious observance of Remembrance Day. Back at the Legion Hall.

A few of the smart ones, the timid ones, and the wife-scared ones go home for lunch, but most of the old sweats have planned to make a day of it, even though they might need plasma the next morning.

I don't mean it's an orgy. Far from it. But it is a shucking off of the daily rut and routine, a once a year get-together, where you can retail old stories with fresh embroidery, and laugh a lot, and recapture, momentarily, the feeling that you are 20 again, not 50 or 70.

Psychologists, we rans' wives, and other non-old sweats may well look down their noses and call the whole thing childish. Of course it is. But there's a bond there (and it doesn't matter which war you were in) that you can't find anywhere else.

It's not nearly as childish as...

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