

They fought for peace

We asked one crusty World War II veteran what might be a central theme in discussing Remembrance Day. He replied, "It's sometimes forgotten that we were fighting for peace."

A moot point, perhaps. It's one of the many elusive statements of our time that makes no sense, yet at the same time, makes all the sense in the world.

Thanks in part to U.S. President Reagan's unbending anti-Communist attack through speeches, threats and declarations, Canada as a nation has become more aware of our vulnerability in the event of a nuclear attack.

As peace marchers and anti-war demonstrators line the streets of major capitals of the western world, Canada's veterans of previous wars remain in the background, forgotten.

Remembrance Day is a chance to propel us back to another era, to recall the sacrifices that were made by ordinary citizens who fought for their country, who died for their country.

Although Canada has not fought in a major war since Korea in the '50s, the memories do linger. Even now, a majority of citizens have friends or relatives who were touched by war. Entire lifestyles were upset by war years - young men's dreams were wiped out, their children left without fathers.

The sacrifice, the strife, the torment of war is something we never would want our children to experience.

We have our veterans to remind us of their pain, of their fallen comrades, numbering 114,000 dead for all of the wars Canada has fought in.

Let us remember their sacrifices, but let us not dwell on war. In the wake of peace movements across Canada, let us remember that our veterans fought for peace. Let us all work towards that goal.

"Speak not of battles lost or won, but remember those who fought them for you. Speak not of death but remember the dead. Speak not of war, but of glory, our glory, and the glory of our purpose. Speak not of war."
—Liam Laurence, Vermilion, Alberta

Legion 197 remember their fallen brothers

QUESTION: WHAT DOES REMEMBRANCE DAY MEAN TO YOU?

Born in 1902, Syd Morris of Acton has lived through two world wars. "I was 16 when the first World War finished," he told The Herald Sunday as the Acton Remembrance Day parade was assembling behind the Bower Street post office. In 1920, after the war had ended and he was old enough to, he joined the Scots Guard. Mr. Morris' memories of war are not pleasant. "I've had a brother killed in the first world war and 32 relations disappeared in Croydon, England, just south of London," he said. "I don't want to see another war. Remembrance Day means everything to me."

It brings back a lot of memories, bad and good, to Tom Nicol of Acton. "You think of some of the boys you normally don't think about," he said. "I was five years and nine months overseas."

Mr. Nicol left Guelph with 190 other men. Coming back, there were only 12. Not all of them died in the war, however, he added.

"I argue with these people who say sit back and talk peace. You can't do that," he said. "Peace is a wonderful thing and anything

wonderful in this world, you and I have to fight for it."

War just happens, Mr. Nicol said, and it's better to be prepared for it than not. This was the first parade he's marched with the Legion men. Previous Remembrance Day parades he's been in the Acton Citizen's Band.

"It means that I can remember all the fellows lying in France that haven't reached 20 years old," Mr. John Goy Senior said, when asked what Remembrance Day means to him. He said he landed overseas on D-Day, fighting in Normandy,

France. "We would like to honor the memory of our fallen comrades," John McHugh said. "We don't want to see another war."

Mr. McHugh was sent to North Africa, Italy, France and Germany in the Second World War.

"We want to stay in a state of preparedness, though," he said. "We feel that the best way to stay out of another war, yes, remain strong."

James McCulloch of Acton said being a democracy means Canadians can't have philosophical ideas about unilateral disarmament.



SYD MORRIS



TOM NICOL



JOHN GOY



JOHN MCHUGH

Korea tank crews saw the destruction

In many Canadian history books, the Korean War is dismissed in a cursory way, but our country's contribution was far from small.

There were 29,647 military personnel in Korea, 312 were killed, 1,557 were injured.

Georgetown probably had 25 soldiers represented there, all told, said Bruce Collins, a troop sergeant in the Korean War, responsible for four tank crews.

Two locals, Cpl. Ron Edmonds and Pte. Ken Norton died in battle serving with Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, he said.



D. BELL

B. COLLINS

The Korean War differed from World War II because the battles in the far east weren't as mobile. In Korea the lines were static, with patrols going back and forth from the 38th parallel, he said.

Mr. Collins stayed in the Canadian army after World War II. A crew commander of a tank in Lord Strathcona's Horse regiment, he left for Korea in 1952, leaving behind his wife Virle and a young daughter.

"It was a different experience I wouldn't miss, but I wouldn't volunteer again," he says grinning.

The country is very beautiful, but it was pretty well smashed up by the time we got there," he said.

The south Koreans were good people, "honest as the day is long," but they had suffered tremendously, he remembers.

BELLY WOUND

It was particularly disheartening for Mr. Collins as a young father to see Korean children in various states of deformity. In Taegu, he recalls a 4 year old boy with a weeping belly wound from shrapnel, scoop to pick up a cigarette butt and use the tobacco to blot the wound.

On leave in Japan Mr. Collins

visited Nagasaki, (the site of an atomic bomb explosion six years before. There was just a pile of rubble, with miles of radioactive land fenced off. You could still smell the stench of the dead, he said.

As support for the infantry, the men manning the tanks had their share of hair-raising stories. One time Mr. Collins had been given a replacement tank with a water cooled engine. One of the crew forgot to check the coolant and the five member tank crew became stranded in the middle of a battlefield close to dusk.

Mr. Collins eventually scrambled to the nearest rice paddy and refilled the tank with water.

SCARY

Another scary moment occurred when the Chinese infantry came and tried to harass the armored Strathcona regiment. The commander ordered the tanks to fire against each other to scare off the intruders.

Mr. Collins was injured in battle, hit by artillery while in a bunker near his tank. He was sent home on the same plane with Georgetown Steve Clayton who was also severely injured. Mr. Collins has had 12 operations on his legs, but he still walks with a limp.

Delrex Boulevard resident Dave Bell joined the Canadian armed forces at age 18 after serving in the reserve army in Toronto. He was working for Loblaw's at the time, but he decided to try the army as a permanent professional.

After training in Petawawa, Ont. he went to Fort Lewis, Washington where he joined 8,000 Canadians receiving intensive instruction.

Sailing for Japan in March 1951, Mr. Bell was assigned to the 54th transport company where he was transferred to Korea. He hauled ammunition into the front lines, surviving road mines and American planes dropping Napalm close by.

Even though there are still tensions between North Korea and South Korea, Mr. Bell feels the south wants to remain non-communist more than the south Vietnamese did during the Vietnam war.

Mr. Bell has no regrets about his experience, even mentioning that he should have made the army his career.

Lest We Forget



Veterans march past the Glen Williams cenotaph Sunday.

'Our country needed us, to protect our way of life'

I'd be lying if I said I understood why Fred Harrison enlisted 43 years ago. I may never understand what would drive a man to leave a loving wife and two infant children, to risk his life in a war half way round the world defending his ideals.

I'd be lying if I said I could accept, or justify, the pain of having my young son killed in action, protecting the Canadian way in Lebanon, Grenada or Southeast Asia.

But I can see that there's some kind of ironic, if not downright hypocritical, connection here. I can't help feeling that it's because Fred Harrison enlisted 43 years ago that I won't lose my son on some foreign battlefield. Remembrance Day always leaves me feeling a little confused, a little shameful, and a little sad.

DROVE AMBULANCE

Harrison, 73-years-young, enlisted with the famous 48th Highlanders in June of 1940. He drove an ambulance at the front when the Allies invaded Sicily in 1944. He was decorated for "action beyond the call of duty" - for rescuing wounded soldiers from the battlefield



Staff Comment

By GERRY TIMBERS

"Tut", as Harrison is known to family, friends, and fellow members of the local Legion Branch 120, talks about the death and destruction of World War II in an almost business-like, matter-of-fact way. He doesn't blink when he tells you of the buddies that died beside him in a field in Italy. "You lost friends, and you felt it internally, but you went on. That was the ballgame," Harrison said to me. "During that moment of silence on Remembrance Day, I'll think about what I went through, and who I went through it with. I'll think about the ones that didn't return."

Jessie Hayes the war bride

The day Jessie Hayes got married, there were streamers across the streets, bonfires blazing on the tops of hills, and much singing of songs. The war was over.

May 11, she'll have been married 38 years to Gear Hayes of Georgetown. Jessie was 22, the eldest of three daughters, when she married the Canadian with the Lorne Scots.

From a little town in Scotland called Blaneville, she came and lived in the tiny Canadian village of Glen Williams where she raised six children together with Gear.

"We met Nov. 9, 1941," she smiled, referring to a scrap of white paper on which was scribbled all the important dates of so long ago, compiled with the help of Gear. "My husband remembers everything," her blue eyes crinkled.

Sitting in the dining room of the McGibbon Hotel that has been named "Jessie" for her, Jessie chatted about the war years and her arrival in Canada as a war bride.

"I was a bus conductress then, collecting money from those who rode the buses," Jessie recalled. "It was a job that a man had done before."

"We had to work a lot of shifts because there wasn't anybody else to do them," she said. Once darkness came, the thick black blinds would be pulled down over the windows of the buses travelling to and from Glasgow and the Ballfron depot.

Jessie had quit school when she was 13 and went to work in a large home where she learned to cook, scrub floors and set tables. She was doing this kind of work when she was put on the buses.

Gear ended up in Blaneville because of his friendship with Jessie's cousin's husband. On leave, the two soldiers came for a visit and things clicked.

"I remember he was very quiet. He was my type because I was quiet too. We got on good," Jessie said. "We used to go to the shows on his leaves or the dances."

"My parents really liked Gear from the very beginning. He was just the guy," Jessie said. Her dad was a plowman in a castle, and during the war was a home guard, responsible for the water works.

The Lorne Scots were sent to Sicily in June 1943, and it was from there that Jessie received her engagement ring, a ring bought by Gear's mother in Canada and sent to him in Sicily.

The couple were married in Scotland in 1945, three days after the war



Staff Comment

By ANI PEDARIAN

was declared ended. The bridal bouquets were sweet peas and fern, and the ribbons were fibreglass ribbons from the parachutes.

The honeymoon only lasted three days, with Gear having to return to Holland May 14, and his next leave not until the end of September. Jessie kept her job on the buses and applied to come to Canada.



Four months later, the couple were settled in a house in Glen Williams and Gear was working at Ablett's Paper. After Heather and Peter were born, Jessie felt homesick.

"I think it was just to let my parents see my kids. They didn't have any other grandchildren," she said. "Gear put the house on mortgage and packed me and the two kids on the train to Halifax. It was a long journey."

Once in Scotland, the homesickness wore off and after a month Jessie was writing her husband, asking him to bring her home.

"All my children have seen their grandparents. I took them all there," Jessie said, pleased. "I went home last year and my dad died at the age of 90. They never wanted to come visit. They didn't like the airplanes."

A long-time resident of Canada

return." **DIFFERENT PLACE**

The world was a very different place in 1939. That's how Harrison explained his actions to me. There was never any question, he said, that he would do his duty. If need be, he would die for his country.

"Our country needed us," Harrison explained. I could tell by the way he said it that he didn't expect I'd understand, but that he expected I would accept that he had done the right, and honorable thing.

"My country needed volunteers to protect our way of life, the best in the world. It was expected that every man that was physically able would protect his country."

That was the statement that left me a little confused. It was the next thing Harrison said, though, that left me feeling a little ashamed, and a little sad.

"My God, when it ended, I said to myself, 'That's the last of it. Forever.'" The first trace of emotion became evident in his voice.

"But the way they're talking now..."

Vets support Cruise testing in Canada

now, with children nearly all grown up and six grandchildren besides, Mrs. Hayes has no regrets about being a war bride and becoming a Canadian.

"It's been a good life. I've enjoyed it, and I can't say I was ever sorry for coming," she said.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of three articles by Ani Pedarian profiling war brides in Halton Hills.

Talk to veterans about disarmament talks and the Cruise missile and you'll virtually get a unified answer. Most agree they'll not see total disarmament in their lifetime. Support of the Cruise and testing in Canada is justified, they say.

Bruce Harley, a member of Legion Branch 120 in Georgetown remembers England's Neville Chamberlain. "Those who pushed for peace gave in to strength," he said. An adversary won't start a war if they have no chance of winning, he said.

The Cruise missile is just a symbol and like many different weapons. NATO countries have to pull together for peace, he said.

The Cruise missile is something we must have for protection, says veteran Harry Brown. "People who have never been in a war don't know what it's all about," he said. "I'm a firm believer you have to be on guard against the Russians," he said.

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Bombardier missing overseas

Next time we see Sgt. "Abbie" Kemshead in town, we expect he will be wearing these new badges, distinctive for the Canadian Parachute Corps. Abbie recently enlisted with the paratroopers and will soon be on his way to Georgia for training.

Gnr. L.G. James (Bud) has been promoted to the rank of Lance Bombardier. He is stationed in Newfoundland.

Another district young man W.O. George A. Molozzi of Acton has given his life while with the R.C.A.F. overseas. His death marks the third casualty among Acton boys on active service, although George was the first native born Actonian to make the supreme sacrifice.

Seaman Alex Mackie is spending his furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mackie of Terra Cotta. Seaman Mackie saw action in Algeria and is a survivor of a tanker torpedoed 500 miles from Halifax and after being in the water for five hours was rescued.

Official word was received on Monday by Mrs. James Louth that her husband Flight Sergeant William James (Jimmie) Louth is missing after operating overseas.

Jimmie has been taking part in air raids over Germany and enemy held territory for some time and has thirty trips to his credit.

He was a Bombardier on a Halifax Bomber in the famous Iroquois Squadron, and participated in the large raid over Berlin along with nine other Canadian Squadrons.

One of Georgetown's various boys to take English brides since going to England and the second one of his family to do so, Pte. William Arnest Tennant, of the Canadian army, was married to Mora May "Noni" Burgess.

It was a joyous homecoming for Rflmt Joe Stamp on Tuesday, when he arrived back in Georgetown after having been in the front lines of the Italian campaign with the Princess Pat Light Infantry since last September.

He said fighting amid dirt and blood and filth was beyond our comprehension. Most of his pals were killed at Ortona.

A third Georgetown home was saddened in as many weeks when the news was received Monday that Pte. John William Hemphill had died of wounds in Italy. Two days previously his wife had received the news that he was dangerously wounded, suffering multiple shell fragment wounds in the abdomen as well as compound fractures of both thighs. He leaves his wife, the former Norma McCartney and two small daughters Viola and Betty.

Pte. Nelson Handy of Glen Williams was among those mentioned in a news despatch sent from Italy, which appeared in a Toronto newspaper last week. He was with a company of the Irish Regiment which crossed the Lamone River in assault boats and rafts, taking the Germans by surprise in a night attack.

Pte. Handy has been overseas since 1941, originally belonging to the Lorne Scots and has been in Italy for over a year.

Word was received this morning that Pte. Hedley Shaw, serving with the infantry in Holland, is missing presumed killed in action. Pte. Shaw, a popular Georgetown merchant before enlisting, was proprietor of Shaw's Feed, Grain and Seed store. He had been overseas less than six months.

War's tragedy struck another Georgetown home again this week, when word was received Wednesday that Bill Kay had died of wounds received in action Feb. 20.

Only recently Bill received special mention for bravery when his small group raided a canal in Belgium and took 70 German prisoners.

the HERALD

Home Newspaper of Halton Hills - Established 1866

A Division of Canadian Newspapers Company Limited
45 Guelph Street, Georgetown L7G 3Z6, Ontario

PAUL J. TAYLOR, Publisher and General Manager
DAVID ROWNEY, Editor
BOB LIGHTBOURN, Advertising Manager

PHONE 877-2201 Second Class Mail Registered Number - D943

Page 4 - SECTION A, THE HERALD, Wednesday, November 9, 1983