

KEN NUGENT

Publisher

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Contradictory Tories

(The following was filed with this newspaper for publication.) Garth Turner,

MP Halton Peel Dear Garth:

"So all the voters of Halton-Peel would have a chance to say yes or no to proposed changes to the constitution." (Your column in the Independent/Free Press May 27.)

You were obviously referring to the Tory hint to hold a referendum on the constitution in select regions of Canada. A bit windy don't you think, plagiarizing Reform Party policy when not too long ago your leader claimed, on national television, "referenda are not the Canadian way."

I think this talked about Tory referendum is just another attempt to hoodwink the Canadian people. The government already has a national opinion poll in the form of the \$26 million Spicer Commission. I suspect it was shelved because a certain faction in the Tory caucus didn't like the results. The referenLetters

to the Editor

dum the Torys are now suggesting is a farce. A referendum that is "non-binding" is just another waste of taxpayers' money. I'm surprised you support these sleazy tactics. Proof you are no longer our representative, but theirs.

Is it not a bit contradicTORY to take cheap shots at the Reform Party, then turn around and steal their policies.

> Regards, Peter W. Prodoehl, RR 8 Orangeville

Equality?

Dear editor:

One has to laugh at good old Noel - our socialist who now calls his party reformist. Perhaps he

hopes to latch on to some of the flash in the pan popularity of The Reform Party. Dream on, Noel.

Without any shadow of doubt this socialist government is the worst thing that the last election forced on us. Thirty-six per cent, I think of people voted for our masters, to inflict idiotic laws on us.

Equality legislation that will make white male workers to be allowed to have only about 35 per cent of available jobs is great, eh Noel? Funny thing is that most people would say that the most important person to work in most families is the man - historically, that is. Now, however we have social engineers who know better. Need a job better be female, since 50 per cent, under socialist Ontario rules, will be hired.

What you do not say is that the percentage of women in Ontario is about 51 per cent, but of those only 61 per cent were working or looking for jobs. Seventy-seven per cent of males were working, or looking for a job. Good thinking, eh Noel. Must take a genius to figure this out.

> John Shadbolt, Acton Deputy Leader, **Ontario Libertarian Party**

Tarnished badge?

We welcome the OPP investigation into allegations of a Halton Regional Police cover-up. Anonymous letters of complaint usually don't require the need for an outside police force to investigate, but this one implies that in the early 1980s, senior police officers covered up an alleged wife assault involving a Halton policeman.

The OPP, known for its impartiality in these kinds of investigations, will sort out the fact from the fiction. If there was wrongdoing by the Halton police, we're sure the guilty

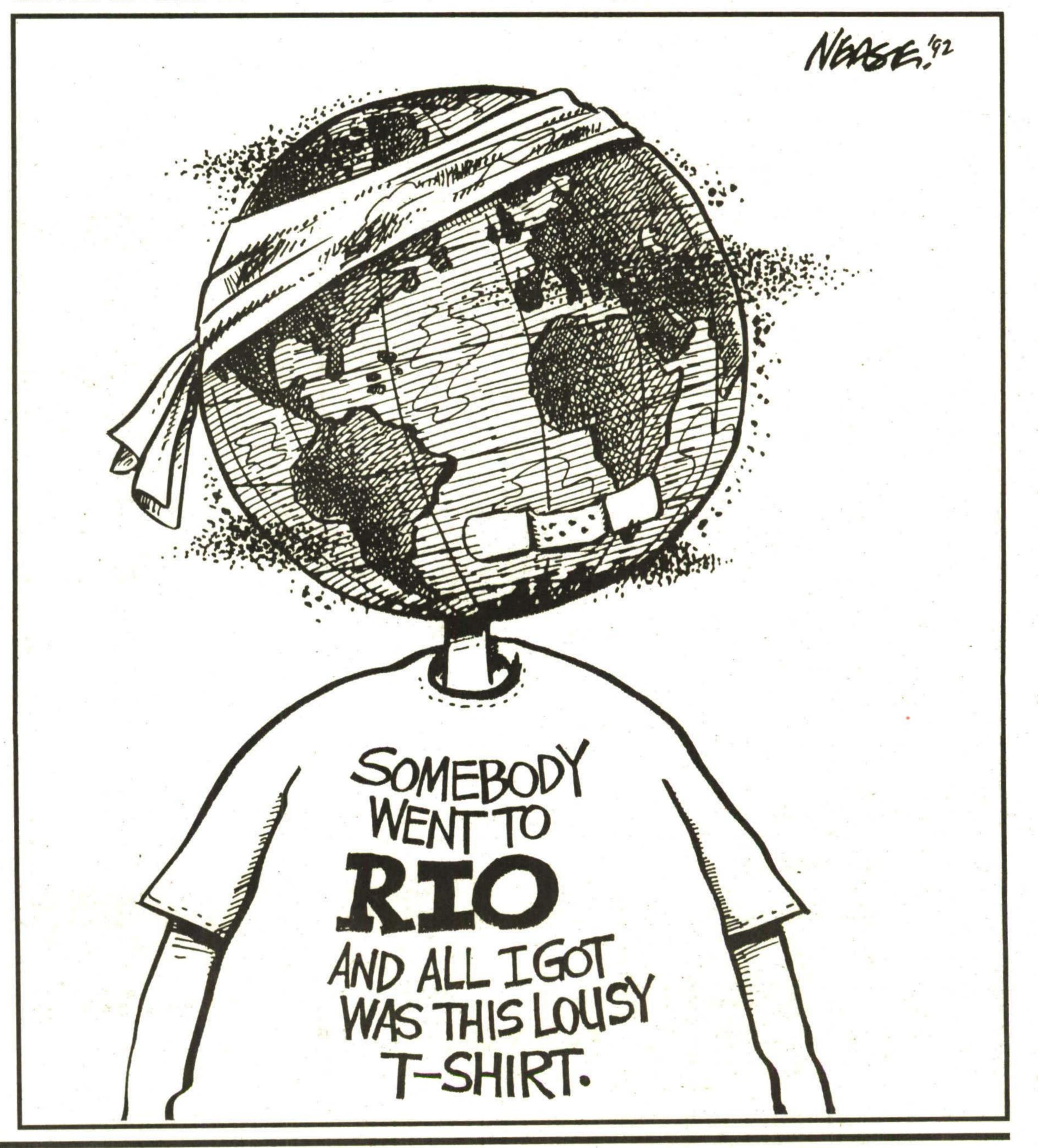
were get their judgement day.

Obviously Halton Hills councillor Pam Johnston feels she has valid concerns with the state of the Halton Regional Police Service. We suggest, however, that both she and the police service's top brass and the police board members sit down and discuss it openly. To lay an anonymous letter on the desks of regional councillors five minutes before a meeting is to begin, without any discussion, is not the way to right a grievous concern.

We have one of the most progressive police services in the nation and we'd hate to see its image tarnished in any way.

The Halton police service has made tremendous strides in the past five to 10 years to reach and serve all members of its community. For instance, it has formed citizen committees, implemented the neighborhood beat patrol and strengthened its children's programs like DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education). Late last year the service focused on domestic violence and every member of the police service received a day long training, in addition to regular training, on this issue.

So the public will get the answers it needs on this incident. But let's remember it is one, alleged, incident. In our society people are innocent until proven guilty and just as true, a good police force's record should not be tarnished by one, alleged, incident.



Remembrance Day comes twice a year

I always observe Remembrance

Day twice a year.

The official date, of course, is November 11, when we all don our poppies and remember those war dead from the world conflicts over the years.

But at my home, there is another unofficial Remembrance Day. It's celebrated the day the poppies

bloom. Early every summer, we have a gigantic flower bed of poppies, which bloom in all their orange and crimson glory. They usually burst out around Father's Day.

As I write this, these poppies are in the midst of all their beauty

right now.

So why should I observe Remembrance Day twice a year just because some wild red poppies bloom at our farm?

Because those poppies came from seed from the original poppies from Flanders Field, in

France. There's an interesting story

behind those red flowers.

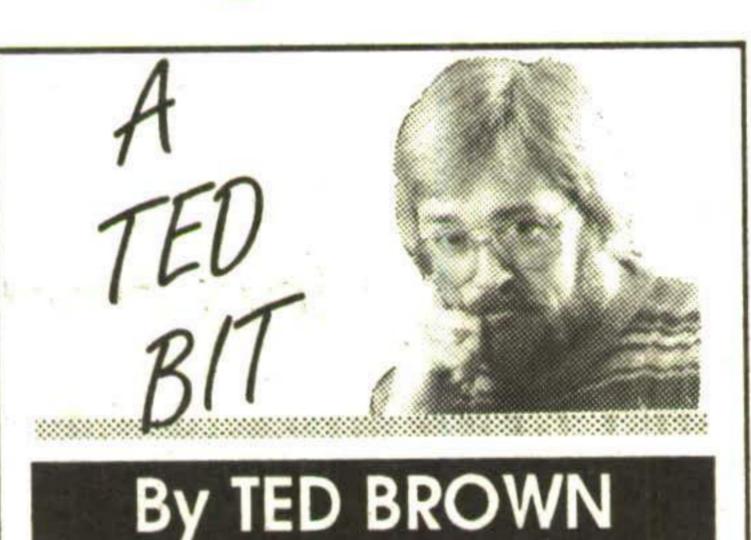
Many years ago, a young Fred Brown, just in his late teens, left to defend his country in a faraway place called France, during World War 1, the 'war to end all wars.'

Enlisting late in the conflict, he saw limited action, but experienced the war-torn areas of Europe and, no doubt, lost a great number of friends and comrades in the muddy trenches of France.

After the conflict, Fred Brown returned to Limehouse, and returned to his quiet sedentary life as a farmer, married his sweetheart Grace, and raised a son, who, in turn produced three grandchildren for Fred and Grace.

I'm one of those three grandchildren.

A few years later, after the war wounds of Europe were beginning to heal, a friend of my grandfather's, Bert Smethurst, also a veteran, took a trip to France, to revisit the country he too had fought in, where he had lost so



many comrades on its battlefields.

In his travels, Bert visited Flanders Field, and saw the white crosses, row on row,' as he paid tribute to Canada's own war heros.

And he looked at the poppies. As he viewed the flowers which grow wild amongst the stark white tombstones, he picked a couple of blooms, which were withered and dried up, and shook the seeds out of them, into an envelope.

Upon returning to Canada, and back to Limehouse, Smethurst dropped by to visit my grandfather, and tell of his travels, as war veterans often do.

In the midst of the conversa- liant blooms. tion, Bert produced a small envelope, and handed it to his friend.

"Fred, these are poppy seeds Flanders Field," he explained, "Why don't you plant them somewhere and see if they'll grow?"

My grandfather often told me how he had looked into the envelope with a dusting of pepper-like seeds lining the bottom. He didn't really hold much hope for them growing in any flower bed in Canada, after they had been stuffed in a pocket and transported across the ocean.

But he sprinkled them in an old flower bed, already growing wild with orange lilies, as his old friend had requested.

The following year, he was surprised to find a tiny patch of spindly, wiry plants growing where he had sprinkled the seeds.

And as the weather became warmer, those few plants eventually exploded into a handful of bril-

When I was a little boy, there was a small patch of these poppies sprinkled among the orange lilies. But over the years, the poppy patch has spread and now is several times bigger than the first little bunch that grew back in the 1920's.

Of course, after the poppies had their brief moment to bloom, they dried down and reseeded them-

selves annually. And every year, we cut those wiry stems off with the lawn mower, only to reappear again the

next year. But as they make that brief annual appearance, they remind my family of the story of Bert Smethurst, his trip to France, and my grandfather throwing those pathetic little seeds into the orange

In our own little way, we have our own small bit of Flanders Field, blooming brilliantly, growing in our yard.

And we remember.