

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Do you know a Jr. Citizen?

Since 1981, the Ontario Junior Citizen of the Year Awards program has recognized the achievements of outstanding young people who have demonstrated bravery, acts of kindness, compassion or determination and make a positive contribution to their communities.

Once again this newspaper, and all other community papers across Ontario, are looking for nominations of individuals who might deserve this award.

Exactly who qualifies for such an honor? Well, the possibilities are endless. Past recipients have included young people who contributed to community life, while coping with a physical or psychological limitation. Other recipients have volunteered their time and energy in community service, or responded unselfishly in a moment of crisis or emergency. Others might combine many of these characteristics and are honored because they truly exemplify the characteristics of a "good kid." They are the helpful and courteous kind of young people you find in each community.

You are invited to contact this newspaper for a nomination form if you or your organization has a nominee in mind. Information and forms are also available from the Ontario Community Newspapers Association at 905-844-0184. Deadline for entries is October 31.

Today's Junior Citizen is tomorrow's community leader. Do you know one?

Bush parties are not welcome

Dear editor:

The peace and quiet of our rural neighborhood was shattered on Friday, Oct. 7 when we became the unsuspecting and unwilling "hosts" of a bush party.

To the uninitiated, this is when hundreds of teenagers descend on a pre-arranged rural location to drink.

After spending till 1:30 a.m. Saturday persuading the last of some 200-300 young people to leave and, again, Saturday evening discouraging would-be partyers, we, the residents of this formerly quiet, private road would like to share some thoughts.

First, we appreciated the initial effort early Friday evening by two plainclothes officers who, forewarned by inside information from Georgetown High School, attempted to stem the tide by stopping all vehicles, confiscating alcohol and laying various charges.

Second, when these officers left and the floodgates opened, we would like to thank Halton Regional

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to the Editor

Police for their prompt response to several calls for assistance from residents. Three officers, aided by several homeowners, succeeded in clearing the bulk of the kids out in a relatively short period of time. They remained in the area to round up stragglers.

Some questions remain unanswered, however. If the police knew about this party beforehand, why were residents not notified and why didn't more officers come earlier to stop it before it started? Perhaps the advertised "hosts" should be called to task as well.

Our third thought is for the parents of our young "guests." Since several residents interacted with both police and party-goers, we

were later struck by a common fact. The vast majority of these kids were too young to drive let alone drink.

How did they get way out in the country?

Amazingly enough, adults drove them out!

And, since the party was at no one's home, these kids were simply dropped on all our doorsteps. We talked to them and we know.

Shame on all you parents who allowed this to happen. We even called taxis for some of your children.

Did you think they were going to sing campfire songs and eat marshmallows?

Our final thought is for the young people themselves. You know who you are. Our road is a private one. We know who belongs here and who does not.

We are on alert and will not allow this to happen again.

You are not welcome here.

From a neighbourhood of concerned families



The story must be told, over and over again

I've always enjoyed movies, although I rarely see them in a theatre.

Like many people, most movies I see are on video tape, and the biggest screen I see them on is generally 26 inches across.

Such was the case recently, as my wife and I rented the newly released Schindler's List, a true epic about how a shrewd WW2 industrialist, Oskar Schindler, managed to save the lives of more than 1,100 Jews who were condemned to die in concentration camps.

I'm sure most are familiar with the movie; it received numerous Academy Awards last year, and is considered to be quite an accomplishment in the business.

I'll agree. Although a little long, (more than three hours) and takes two separate video tapes to contain it, I was impressed with the depiction of the Jewish people's plight and their suffering at the hands of the Nazis.

The story of the treatment of the Jews during the second war has

been told over and over. I recall studying it in high school, complete with all the details how people were dealt with and the indignities they endured.

So the graphic content of the movie came as no surprise.

But that movie did illustrate something for me I hadn't noticed before.

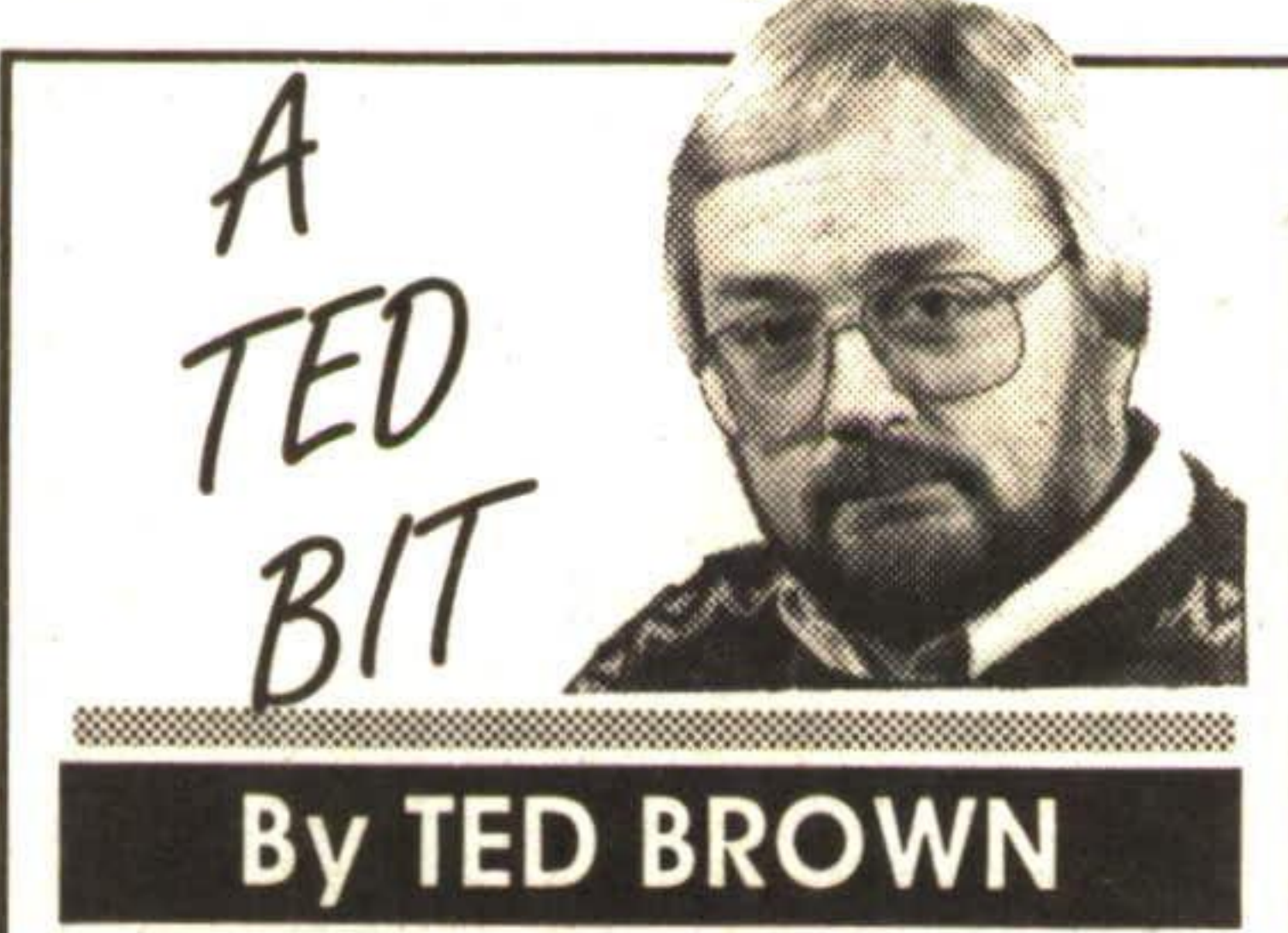
And not about the history of the holocaust, or the atrocities suffered by the Jews.

No, it showed me how little knowledge my children have about the history of that era.

My wife and I watched it Saturday night with no interruptions, just like in the theatre.

And my older daughters, (ages 13 to 16) watched it Sunday afternoon; (it's simply too graphic for my eight-year-old to handle.) I stayed nearby to explain anything they might not understand.

When the wealthy Jews were ousted from their beautiful homes, my kids didn't understand they were walking away from everything they



had amassed during their lifetimes.

They didn't realize the Nazis basically walked in and took over their homes, complete with furnishings, without any compensation or concern.

At one point, a clerk cataloged jewelry items confiscated from the Jews, and a container of human teeth was dumped on the table.

"That's gross! Why are they counting them?" one of my kids asked.

"Because they're full of gold." I replied.

"So why take their teeth?"

"Because the Nazis wanted the gold fillings. During wartime, gold is

power."

When the women of the camp were subjected to "physical assessments" to make more room, their children were taken away in trucks; my girls were curious.

"Where are they taking them?" they questioned.

"To concentration camps," I replied.

"Is that good?" they asked.

By that time I was dumbfounded.

I asked myself if I had been delinquent in educating my kids in the facts surrounding the holocaust.

"Girls, concentration camps were places they killed people; gassed them and cremated them in large furnaces," I explained.

"But why? What did they do? They're just little kids!"

They were beginning to understand.

In the movie, when the war was over, Oskar Schindler addressed the 1,100 Jews he had saved by moving them to his munitions factory in Czechoslovakia. My girls couldn't understand why he had to run. He

had helped those people, yet he was considered a criminal.

I explained how during a war, right and wrong aren't easily defined, and Schindler was assumed to be a criminal, simply because he owned a munitions factory. Although the factory was totally unproductive, he was regarded a criminal.

When the movie ends, and reverts back to color format, the actors and the actual people they portrayed walk down a path to pay homage to the grave of Oskar Schindler.

My kids were impressed. They could see the actors actually represented real people who were alive today because Oskar Schindler cared.

Today, more than 6,000 Jews owe their existence to the courage of Oskar Schindler; quite a contribution to mankind.

And today, my daughters also have something they never had, before viewing that movie.

Now they understand why the story must be told.

Over and over again.