

Opinion

Halton Hills THIS WEEK

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So young, so brave, so dead

Sunday in Halton Hills, Remembrance Day ceremonies will be held. Pardon me if I inject a personal note. My father served 17 years as a professional soldier with the British army. He joined as boy soldier at age 14 and was shipped to the far East a year later. He fought in the Burma campaign, escaped from the Japs on a freighter, which was torpedoed, floated 28 days in a lifeboat on the Indian Ocean and was the only white man out of 528 doomed passengers to survive when the boat beached. He fled to the jungle, was captured and spent three years in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. He is in a veterans hospital in London, Ont. His ailment? he suffers flashbacks - finally diagnosed by doctors in the aftermath of the Vietnam War. He remembers all too vividly the carnage of war he observed and was an active participant in. I love you dad and I honor your sacrifice.

Colin Gibson

"In Flanders Field"

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.

John McCrae

Their Name Liveth for Evermore Acton Branch 197 Royal Canadian Legion

Killed in action - 1914-1918

Cpl. J.L. Moore
Cpl. Roy Hurd
Cpl. W. G. Brown
Pte. J.D. Burt
Pte. M. Kaley
Capt. T.A. Arthur
Pte. A. Anderson
Pte. F. Elkington
Pte. F. Wills
Pte. J. Fryer
Sgt. Maj. N. Stuckey

Pte. T. Irving
Pte. G. McLeod
Pte. A. Winterburn
Lieut. H.G. King
Pte. A. Gribben
Pte. P. Radford
Sgt. W. Lee
Sgt. P. Godfrey
Cpl. F. Masters
Pte. J.J. Kennedy

Killed in action - 1939-1945

A.C. E.A. Anderson
F/Sgt. K.H. Buck
F/O W.R. Elwood
Pte. John Gibbons
Pte. Wilson Gordon
F/O J.T. Guthrie
Lieut. Rae Hillier
Sgt. Wilfred McCron
Sgt. Wilfred McCron
Sgt. Gordon K. McLellan
Pte. C.H. Webster

Staff Sgt. N. L. McNabb
W/O G.A. Molozzi
Wing Comm. D.G. Morris
GNR. F. Near
L. Cpl. A.E. Perryman
Pte. R. Robertson
L. Cpl. H.L. Simpson
GNR. G.A. Smethurst
Pte. Jack Sweeney
Pte. G.H. Taylor

Post War active service - F/O R. Rolson

Georgetown Branch 120 Royal Canadian Legion

Killed in action - 1914-1918

F/Lt. C. Barber
Pte. W. Loud
Pte. H. Francis
Lieut. E. Leslie
Pte. G. Mason
Pte. J. Presswood
Sgt. W.C. Granger
Pte. G.H. Sleightholme
Pte. H. Hickey
Sgt. J. Moore
Pte. S. Stawicky
Pte. W. King
Pte. J. Campbell

Pte. J. Cowan
F/Lt. C. Somerville
Pte. D. McKenzie
Pte. S. Godfrey
Sgt. James Blair
Pte. W. Phillips
Pte. I. Green
Sgt. Obs. H. Nelle
Pte. G.H. Spires
Pte. P. King
L/Cpl. A.S. Mino
Pte. E. Cornish
Pte. J.E. Kennedy

Killed in action, died while on service - 1939-1945

F/O John Evans
Pte. William Wylie
Cpl. Carl Hyde
Lt. John Bowman
Pte. Jack Kendall
Pte. Harry Dickenson
Lt. Bruce Zimmerman
Pte. John Hemphill
Dvr. Claude Dillon
P/O James Louth
Pte. Harvey Davidson
Pte. Ervine Hilts
F/Sgt. Lawrence Beaumont
Pte. J. Jamieson
Pte. John O'Kane
Sgt. Hubert F. Tost
Pte. William Kay
A/B Victor Millar
Pte. H. Simpson

LAC William Carney
F/O William McLaughlin
Pte. Robert Wylie
Rfm. J. Davis
F/O Norman Baily
Pte. Reg. Blair
Pte. Stanley Dickenson
P/O Carman Sutcliffe
Dvr. George Latimer
Pte. Edward Doyle
F/O William Murphy
Dvr. R. Allen
Pte. Fred Kidd
Sgt. Stewart Maclaren
Tpr. Howard Conn
Pte. John Oliver
Cpl. Hedley Shaw
Pte. Clarence Beaumont

Killed in action in Korea - 1951

Cpl. Ron Edmunds

Pte. Ken Norton

Died while on U.N. service in Egypt - Pte. Chris Dodge

The People's Corner

Canadian Remembrance

Editor's note: Jody Johnson of Limehouse wrote this article in 1988, when she was a Grade 7 student at Stewarttown Public School. Jody is now in Grade 12 at Georgetown District High School.

It is one of these grey and cold November days. A gust of wind swirls up the leaves on the edge of the pavement and there is the smell of snow in the brisk air. A young brownie stands alone with her thoughts. She is dressed entirely in brown except for a brightly colored scarf with beautiful orange maple leaves.

The young brownie watches as the Remembrance parade passes by. Somehow, this is a very different parade from others she has observed. There are no balloons, no smiling clowns, no decorated floats with whimsical characters.

The flags are first and are held proudly as they are carried from the church. The November wind catches the colors and the red Canadian maple leaf unfurls against the grey sky. Behind the colors come the pipers and the aging veterans wearing their medals of silver and bronze. They are proud men and women in their berets and blazers and blood red poppies adorn their chests. Their lined faces seem to tell stories of heroism and pain, of memories etched in sorrow and battlefields filled with mud. They are no longer the naive young men marching enthusiastically off to war. Now, their steps are slower and their numbers much fewer.

The veterans move on and the young brownie feels drawn to follow the parade as it proceeds to the cenotaph in the heart of her town and she listens to the names of the young Canadian men and women who lost their lives in two World Wars and in Korea. She hears the lonely call of the bugle and bows her head in silence. She watches as the brittle wreaths are laid at the foot of the memorial and she now begins to understand the meaning of Remembrance Day.

The young brownie has grown older now and she has experienced many more Remembrance Day parades. As time goes by, she notices the ranks of those who survived the horrors of Passchendale, in Flanders, the pebbled beaches of Dieppe and that hill in Korea have become thinner. Sometime in the next century, she thinks, there will be no veterans left. She wonders if Remembrance Day will also be forgotten.

I no longer wear my brown uniform with its brightly colored scarf, but I feel it would be a mistake to forget the lessons of the past, for they have value in the future.

Hope for the future

By Eileen Ross.

Remembrance Day conjures up painful memories of loss and anguish. For those of us in high school, Remembrance Day means less because we can't possibly imagine the heartbreak the effects of war have had on people.

We have not had to go through the pain of losing someone close to us, or being part of a world war ourselves.

Ideas and a sort of symbolism are embedded in our minds that generalize the feelings and events about war.

Students at Georgetown District High School were asked about what Remembrance Day means to them.

Cindy Lawrence 18, OAC. "I think of poppies and the many people who died."

Jen Richards 17, Grade 12. "I think about all of the people who died."

Sara Hillman 17, OAC. "I think of armies and the medals people received."

Suzanne Nixdorf 17, Grade 12. "I think about what life was like for my grandfather in the war and the friends he lost."

(Name not given) 17, Grade 12. "War, cemeteries and poppies."

Denise Egerton 19, OAC. "I think about all the soldiers who died in wars and their families grieving for them."

I don't think a lot of people my age (17) can fully appreciate what went on during the world wars, for which I am grateful.

To me, Remembrance Day is a day to think about the brave and selfless people who laid their lives down for their country.



Jack Brassley was killed in action while serving with the 1st Royal Tank Regiment in 1942 in Libya. He was buried at Bengazi.

A brother remembered

I walked through the corn-
fields
One bright sunny day
And there at my feet
A red poppy did lay.

I remembered my childhood
And the stories I'd heard
Of men called to battle
When war was declared.

One was my brother,
He never came back,
My mother's only son.
His name was "Jack".

How they fought to bring
freedom
To lands far and wide,
But the price was so bitter
And the conflict hard

Was it worth all those tears
And Heartaches untold?
Is the world any wiser
Or am I just growing old?

I looked down at my feet
Where the poppy did lay;
It looked so fragile
And so far away
Till the sun came out
With a brilliant light,
And the poppy lifted its head
To that heavenly sight.

I suddenly knew,
It had not been in vain.
It was all worthwhile,
The tears and the pain.

I am alive! - And so are you
Let's all pull together
And see it through,
Remembering those
Who died for you.

In loving memory of my only
brother, who was killed on
active duty in Libya in 1942,
1st Royal Tank Regiment
Poem by Ada Ward (nee
Brassley)



The Lorne Scots formed the Honor Guard in Wageningen Holland, in front of Hotel de Wereld where German staff agreed to surrender terms offered by Allied General Foulkes.