

# Lest we forget



A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT FROM THE COBOURG DAILY STAR AND PORT HOPE EVENING GUIDE



*Lest  
We  
Forget*



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**Lest We Forget**

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*Evening A Guide*

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# Remembering my father

When I read that the paper was requesting stories of the war and it's heroes I immediately thought of my dad. On second thought I decide that it was probably better if I did not bother.

This paper had run an article about him a few years ago on the anniversary of Dieppe as he had been a Dieppe veteran. It wasn't like him to want to be centred out and so I thought he's had his turn to be recognized.

However, I reconsidered when I read your last appeal and I agree that the children and students of today have to know what Remembrance Day is all about.

My dad passed away last summer (97) and he would have been pleased that the youth of today would learn and understand the history of the wars that Canada has fought.

As a teenager in the 60's I was quite aware of the perils of war. The Vietnam War was not a popular war. Occasionally I would speak with my dad about this difference between his war and



the one that was being fought then. We talked about how the world and weapons have changed. He would sit and speak to my sister and I and tell us his war stories. Sometimes he would also speak of them to one of my friends. It was always with reluctance as he wanted us to know that he didn't want to dwell on himself.

I belonged to a youth group at the United Church at that time and we convinced him that this would be a good topic for our Remembrance Day program. With a lot of arm

twisting he agreed but only if he could do it from our home. So that is where the meeting took place in our family room in the 60's.

We sat listening to him, youth of the anti-war generation riveted by his stories of Hitler, concentration camps and Dieppe and prisoner of war camps in Germany and salt mines and Red Cross parcels (which he credited with saving his life).

He showed us a hand carved pipe that a German guard had carved for him and he spoke of the friendship that they had devel-

oped. He also spoke of the attempted escapes and the chains they were put in after.

The stories of the long march at the end of the war as the Germans tried to hide them to prevent their release. During this march they were starving as they no longer had the rations they had while in the prisoner of war camps. They were eventually released and in very poor health and lousy.

My dad was in hospital in England for about 6 months after the war. He had suffered a major leg

wound at the Battle of Dieppe (he was a radio operator). This wound had never healed for the 3 years that he was in prison camp.

Was he bitter about all this? No.

He told us it was his responsibility to protect and defend his country. He considered it a privilege and an education.

I know that he would be embarrassed that I was writing about him but I know that he felt strongly about educating our youth about freedom. A person's right to vote was paramount to him and he told us that people had fought to keep this a free country so we could have a say in our government. This reminded us, as we grew old, was our responsibility, to vote.

As one of the youth of the 60's, I easily could have denounced the war. The understanding that I derived from Malcolm Lemmon, my dad, made a difference.

He is gone now but not forgotten.

Lest we forget.

BY SHIRLEY K. MITCHELL (LEMMON)

We will never forget their sacrifice

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**"IN FLANDERS FIELD, WHERE POPPIES GROW..."**  
**LET US NEVER FORGET, WHAT WE LOST,**  
**NOR WHAT WE WON**  
**THE MANAGEMENT & STAFF OF**  
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# My very first Canadian

When I wear my poppy on Remembrance Day, I think of four Canadians, Barney, Ed, Joe and Jim. I had no chance to get to know Barney and Ed really, as they were both shot down and killed.

I never met Joe. He became very ill while stationed in England, and died. For some years after the end of the second world war my mother and I would cycle over to the cemetery where he is buried and lay a poppy wreath on his grave in remembrance of all three of them.

Jim had known Joe, and it was he who told us about him. This story is about Jim Fraser, who came home to Canada safely and is "My very first Canadian."

I grew up in an English market town called Evesham in Worcestershire, and during the War the monitoring department of the BBC was evacuated from London to a mansion named Woodnorton, just outside the town.

Of course accommodation had to be found for the staff, and we had two secre-

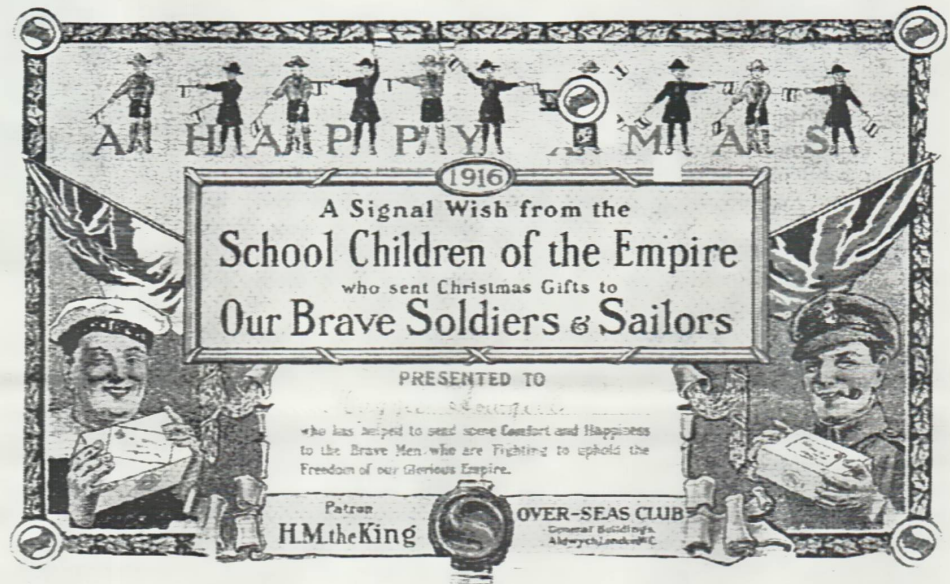
taries staying with us. As you can imagine, my mother was not exactly overjoyed when she was asked to put up a young Canadian Airman when he was on leave!

Fortunately for us, she was eventually persuaded and whenever he came to visit us he used my bedroom and I slept in my parents' room.

When "Mr. Fraser" first came to stay, I was four and he was nineteen. At that time, I had no idea what kind of work he did, and it wasn't until much later that I found it was all to do with radar.

He was one of the people who installed radar in aircraft and showed the crews how to use it. Later on, he also helped to erect radar towers wherever they were needed. Jim, as we soon started to call him, was stationed at an aerodrome not far from Evesham, so we saw him quite frequently, and I soon became very attached to him.

I know there were times when he found me a real nuisance, but there is one in



particular which he has often reminded me of. Having grown up beside a lake, he really needed to get out on the water and offered to take me boating on the river Avon.

I had only been out in rowing boats or punts, but somehow Jim managed to find a canoe. Unfortunately I didn't know how to behave in one, and stood up! When he threatened to throw me in the river, I sat

down in a hurry!

I had made up my mind that I was going to marry him when I grew up, and I didn't realize what was going on when he started whistling "Her name was Mary" all the time! Mary turned out to be a vivacious red-head who was waiting for him to come home.

After the war, Jim returned to Canada and he and Mary got married and had two children. Our fam-

ilies stayed in touch over the years and when I came to this country to teach in 1963 I spent my first Canadian Christmas with the Frasers. There were many more visits after that, but that one is particularly vivid in my mind.

Jim and Mary recently celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary, and yes, we still keep in touch!

SUBMITTED BY: VALERIE SMITH, PORT HOPE

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## A walk on the beach

Shore lines and beaches are very special places. As Canadians we can lay claim to some of the best beaches in the world. The list is endless. From rugged Vancouver Island shorelines to the romantic beaches of P.E.I., not to mention the entire Arctic shoreline, including Hudson and James Bay, we are blessed with unparalleled beauty.

Walking the cliffs of Grand Manan in N.B. or the shoreline at Long Beach on Vancouver Island is an experience not easily forgotten. Invariably you pick up a few stones from one of these special places and put them in your pocket. Some time later when you have the pebbles back home, you wonder why. The pebbles and stones with their original colours and shapes reflect the unique geological roots that over time have allowed you to visit these special places.

Not all of our beaches are in Canada. One beach that we claim at least a spiritual ownership is in the North of France where the Arques River empties into the English Channel at the resort town of Dieppe. We have sort of owned this beach since the early dawn of August 19, 1942.

Don't ask how we paid for it.

In the evening of August 18, about 5,000 troops, mostly Canadian, boarded 237 ships in five ports along the English Channel. It was essentially the first major amphibious attack of World War II. The United States Marines had landed at

Guadalcanal August 7 but this was much different. For this attack to be successful, absolute tactical precision was required combined with air and sea cover. As it turned out it was an unmitigated disaster.

By 9 a.m., only a few deadly hours after the attempted landing, approximately 1,900 Canadian infantry were captured and would be POW's for the next three years of the War. Worse still, approximately 1,000 young Canadian men died miserably on the beach.

Other than incredible bravery and outstanding heroics by the navy, army and air force, everything else was a disaster. Calgary's 14th Army Tank Regiment was the first unit of the Canadian armoured corp ever to go into battle let alone enter an amphibious attack under intense fire. Tanks that were not immobilized by the stones of the beach so-called "bellying" were heavily damaged by the German artillery from the surrounding cliffs.

When disabled, the tank crews stayed to provide cover for the retreating soldiers and as a result only a few tank men were able to return to the boats. The rest either died or were captured on the beach.

Hitler's Fortress Europe was to prove impregnable on August 19. Nevertheless, extremely valuable lessons were learned.

Acknowledgement of the major Canadian contribution and losses was slow to be realized by the UK press. By September 8, Churchill himself,



And the hills were alive with the sound of music? These hillbillies all grew up and went to school in Cobourg.

stated in the House of Commons, "the military credit for this most gallant affair goes to the Canadian troops who formed 5/6 of the assaulting force."

While visiting the south of England last November, I expressed interest in taking the ferry from Newhaven to Dieppe. Newhaven had been one of the major ports of departure in the late evening of August 18, 1942.

A few Brits asked me if I had lost a father or an uncle on the beach. I explained to them that I had not but that I was a Canadian and wanted to walk on the beach. My father, in fact, was a physician in the Royal Canadian Medical Corp and worked at Basingstoke Neurological Hospital from the spring of 1942 to 1945.

Some of the worst Canadian spinal cord injuries were admitted and partially rehabilitated there before being transferred back to hospitals in Canada. Canadian Neurosurgeon,

Harry Botterel, developed major breakthroughs in spinal cord therapy from the lessons learned at Basingstoke.

Like Ben in Timothy Finley's "Stones", I too had to pick up the stones from the beach. Some ended up in my windbreaker and a few even found their way into the hands of friends whose fathers never returned from WWII.

You don't have to go to the Canadian cemetery in Dieppe to sense the formidable loss that occurred that day in 1942. You just have to feel the stones as you walk along the beach. In the background you hear both British and French accents, but regardless you just know that the beach is Canadian and that every stone is part of our heritage.

Today we remember and salute the Canadians who made the ultimate contribution in the bleak early morning hours of August 19, 1942.

— SUBMITTED BY: RICHARD JOHNSTON



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# CANADIAN TIRE



## PORT HOPE

*To honour them is to remember them*

In the shadow of the cross there lies  
The remains of a war torn man,  
Who gave up his life and liberty  
In defense of his homeland.

He travelled far and fought so hard  
To gain freedom for us all,  
And with him went a million more  
To answer the battle's call.

They fought their conflicts in the air  
On the land and on the sea,  
They fought, they died, they gave their all  
They faced their destiny.

Those that did not return from war  
Never their lives the same,  
They'd waken in the dark of night  
Feeling their comrades' pain.

The battles once that raged in Hell  
For them are relived each night,  
They'd say a prayer at the break of day  
To give thanks for the morning light.

Though the cannons now in silence sit  
And the bullets fly no more,  
Let's never forget the price that was paid  
By those who fought in the war.

Now bow your heads in silence  
And for them give thanks in prayer,  
For had the battles they not fought  
In freedom we'd not share.

To honour them is to remember them.  
— D.F. CHAMBO



We want to thank the people who died;  
We want to thank the people with pride;  
We want to thank the people who fought;  
We want to thank the people who did not;  
We want to thank them all for freedom!

—SUBMITTED BY: KRISTEN MASTINSEK  
GRADE 5 TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

A medal worn on the chest of a man,  
One material thing left from bravery's stand.  
The blood of the young, the souls of the  
brave,  
Marking the cross, grave on grave.

His head is bent for the friends gone by,  
In a lonely tear and a stifled cry.  
Remember the soldier, both here and above,  
For he gave up his life for the country we  
love.

— ALISON DANKMEYER  
STUDENT CDCI WEST GRADE 12

Sadness,  
Freedom,  
Death,  
Crying,  
Sorrow,  
Fear,  
For our Freedom!  
Thank you soldiers.

— SUBMITTED BY MICHAEL VOSBURGH  
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fought for our freedom  
more than we could give.  
*Thank You*

# *Flying Instructor's Lament*

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?  
How did you help us win?  
Circuits and bumps and turns Laddy,  
And how to get out of a spin.

Woe and alack and misery me,  
I trundle around in the sky,  
And instead of machine-gunning Nazis  
I'm teaching young hopefuls to fly.

Thus is my service rewarded,  
My years of experience paid,  
Never a Hun have I followed right down,  
Nor ever gone out on a raid.

They don't ever let us go crazy,  
We have to be safe and sedate.  
So it's nix on inverted approaches  
They stir up the C.F.I.'s hate.

For it's oh such a naughty example,  
And what will the A.O.C. think?  
But we never get posted to fighters  
We just get a spell on the Link.

So it's circuits and bumps from morning 'til  
noon,  
And instrument flying 'till tea.  
Hold 'er off, give her bank, put your inder-  
scart down,  
You're skidding, you're slipping, you see.

As soon as you finish with one course,  
Like a flash, up another one bobs,  
And there's four more to show 'round the  
cockpit,  
And four more to try out the knobs.

But sometimes we read in the papers  
Of the deeds that our students have done,  
And we're proud to have been their begin-  
nings,  
And shown them the way to the sun.

So, if you find the money and turn out the  
planes,  
We'll give all we know to the men,  
'Till they cluster the sky with their triumphs  
And burn out the beast from its den."

—This anonymous piece of poetry appeared  
about 1943 in a number of places: The R.C.A.F.  
magazine "Wings"

The Trenton Station newspaper "Contact" and  
a number of B.C.A.T.P. Station circulars

SUBMITTED BY: GORD COLBORNE EX. R.C.A.F.  
FLYING INSTRUCTOR

## **Soldier**

Stupendous, soldiers  
Original, ominous  
Loyalty, lives  
Daring, Dangerous  
Integrity, intelligence  
Exhausting, expert  
Religion, remember

BY KYLE FRIEDRICH  
GRADE 5 STUDENT AT  
TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

## **No Regrets**

They wore their uniforms with all their pride  
They marched together, side by side  
Soldiers stood proud and tall  
Thousands died to save us all  
Finally the war came to an end  
But all broken hearts you could not mend  
So on November 11, never forget  
The soldiers that fought had no regrets

SUBMITTED BY: ROXANNE SAUVE

## **Poppies**

Poppies are pretty  
Poppies are red  
They grow in graveyards  
Where the soldiers are dead  
So as you can see, poppies  
have more of a reason to be red.

SUBMITTED BY: HOLLY RIBBLE  
GRADE 5 TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

## **Remember**

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow.  
Where all the dead soldiers lay in peace.  
During World War I, thousands died.  
In World War II, thousands died.  
They saved our country.  
We should be thankful for what they did for  
us!


SUBMITTED BY: KALLAN EINARSSON  
GRADE 5 TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

# **CANADIAN TIRE**



**COBOURG**

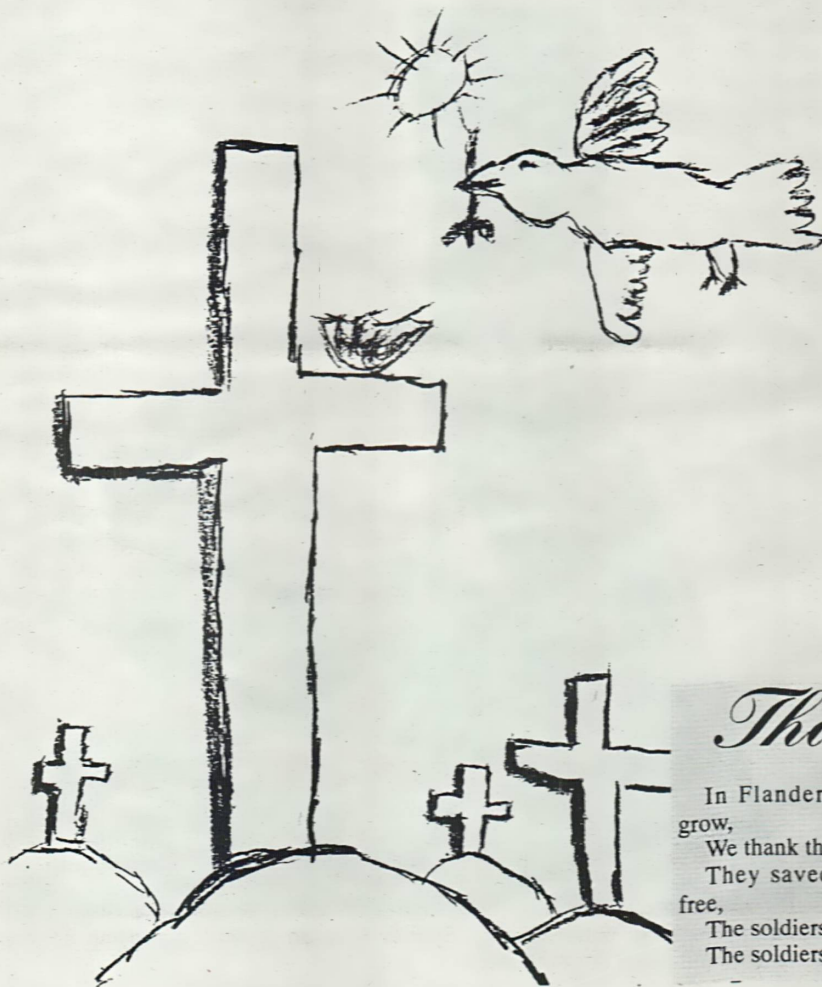
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# Remembrance Day



boom  
bang  
is all that is heard in the midst of war.  
gun shots, people crying  
the terrifying quiet of silence.  
people lie with fear,  
so wet, so cold  
the deathly sight of soldiers dying  
others stuffing their faces with food  
when they get the chance.  
the anger burning within them.  
guns  
fighting  
death  
sadness for those who died.  
now caught in the arms of the ending war.  
proud heroes marching down with sorrow,  
but at the same time relief,  
fills the homes around the world.  
we will remember!!

BY BRENDEN WARD, GRANDSON OF RAY AND DOROTHY WARD OF COBOURG AND THE SON OF MRS. CORPORAL PHILIP J. WARD AND JERI, COURTESY REG WARD INSURANCE SERVICES LTD.

## *Thank you soldiers*

In Flanders Fields where poppies  
grow,  
We thank the soldiers for their souls.  
They saved our lives and made us  
free,  
The soldiers cried and so do we!  
The soldiers were so very brave,

They saved our lives to this great day.  
Many families were broken apart,  
Many families had broken hearts.  
Poppies line each soldier's grave,  
To remind us of the lives they saved.


SUBMITTED BY MICHAEL VOSBURGH  
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**REMEMBERING THOSE WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM**

# "He should have had his shirt on"

— AUTHOR UNKNOWN

When a "Cobourg boy in the services came into the limelight" in an issue of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* September 27, 1944, all Gunner Sydney Hinman's Cobourg mother could think when she first saw his picture after 3 years absence was, "he should have had his shirt on". This is according to his son, John Hinman.

Eighteen when he went overseas with the First Canadian Survey Regiment, Sydney trained at Petawawa.

Until his untimely death, October 24 this past month, he was one of only 2 surviving members of his regiment.

According to the *Globe and Mail* article, he was in the services for three years when that photo was taken. "He has been in Italy since December with the First Canadian Survey Regiment and with our other local boys as seen a lot of fighting." His job was to "spot and record the activities of enemy guns".

His son John quotes his father as saying that "we were just a band of guys".

Indeed, he adds somewhat wistfully, he thought of his time overseas as "the best years of his life."



The best years of his life- A picture of John Hinman's father Gunnar Sydney Hinman at work surveying enemy activities in 1944 from the top floor of a bombed out Italian farm house.

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# A daughter's memory

At a recent dinner party, the subject of World War II came up and I was amazed when I felt an immediate flashback thinking of my father's return to Canada after being a Prisoner of War in Hong Kong for four years.

Vividly, I recalled being awakened early in the morning by my mother, and being dressed to go by train from Saskatchewan to Winnipeg where the troops were to come. The next scene is in the train station, standing with my grandfather while my mother, sister and grandmother go off looking for my father.

We stand in a huge crowd of people and suddenly I am swept off my feet by a very tall man (I was only six years old). A photographer captures the moment I remember seeing my father for the first time. I know the colour of my coat and hat — I feel the rough texture of my



14 BTY. - CHURCH PARADE OCTOBER 1939

dad's army uniform. He is a total stranger.

Years later, after I was married and had children of my own, I began typing the diary my father kept during his imprisonment. It allowed me to appreciate what he had gone through during those

camp years.

And, it was an opportunity to see my parents through a different set of eyes, to wonder how I would have coped with separation from my husband for that long, and what it must have taken to become a family again for both of them.

Had my father's diary been discovered while he was captive, he probably would have been killed. With the help of his friends in camp, he managed to write almost daily and then bury sections of his

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11

Lest  
*we*  
Forget



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SIMPLY THE  
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LIMITED

Port Hope

“We remember those  
who fought  
for our freedom.”

# Still thinking of loved ones

The landing craft stops, the door opens wide And down the ramp our soldier strides With a rifle over his head he wades towards the shore He takes 10 or 12 paces and a bullet enters his head He cries out in pain And the blood comes like rain.

Only 18, and he dies in such gore before he reaches the shore.

Even if he were the only one

I would pause to pay my respect.

The paratrooper stands up as the red light comes on.

One thousand feet up and he's thinking of his family he left behind.

His loving wife and his children so small

There is fear in his heart as he exits the door.

His chute blossoms wide as he floats through the sky

But he dies in the air before he touches the ground.

Even if this father were the only one

I would pause to pay my respect.

The plane leaves England, it's Germany bound

It drops its bombs and turns around.

The crew on board are heading for home

When an enemy craft hits them a blast.

So close to home and his second mission will be his last.

This Flight Engineer is thinking of family far away His wife and his two children he sees waving And crying as he fades out of sight.

From the train station at home he has said his last goodbyes.

He lies in a grave in Holland with the rest of his crew.

Age 32 and so much left to do.

Even if her father were the only one

I would pause to pay my respect.

They told him to join the Navy and see the world He would pass through

ports and see pretty girls

All the oceans of the world he left behind

An old salt he became while still in his prime.

Now he longs for family and friends at home.

But alas, his

ship by a torpedo is hit.

To his family this telegram came.

We regret your son is missing in action and presumed dead.

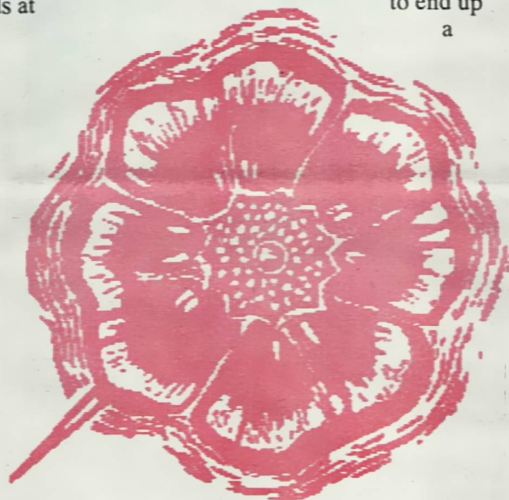
Even if her son was the only one

I would pause to pay my respect.

He was strong, tall and handsome when he went off to war

A volunteer of his country to protect our shores

His tragic fate was to end up a



prisoner of

war.

Three long years as a captive he endured.

He came home broken in health, mind and spirit.

But loving care restored all three.

Now he is gone, died an early death.

Robbed of life because of his patriotic zeal His family and friends know why he passed away They re-live it all on this special day.

When you see the veterans on parade You wonder why November 11 is such a special day.

The Army and Navy and Air Force men

Paying tribute to their fallen friends.

The mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers

Still thinking of loved ones in graves far away.

So in respect will you join us as we pray With a moment's silence on this special day?

—Written by Korean veteran George Charles of Cobourg.

Dedicated to the memory of his wife's father R65638 Sgt. Seibert N. Hall, Flight Engineer, R.C.A.F.

Sgt. Hall, along with a multitude of others made the supreme sacrifice during World War II. He died Apr. 3 1943.

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*"In honour of those who served  
our country,*

**WE REMEMBER"**

## A Daughter's Memory

FROM PAGE 9

journal in various places around the camp.

At the end of the war, he and his friends recovered all but about six months of his writings.

Growing up, I had heard some of the stories. But details of life in a POW camp are not things you share with daughters — and there were now four of us — two girls pre war and two post war. My dad wasn't even supposed to be with the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

He had joined the "209

Saskatchewan", where his father had been an officer.

He also persuaded two other friends to go to Winnipeg because it looked like the Grenadiers would see action sooner. (He said periodically his friends would chase him around the camp saying "If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't even be here!!). He was thirty, a married man with two children and had the firm belief that if your country needed you, you served.

As I typed the diary years later, the stories of camp life started to become part of my history too. He didn't dwell on the atrocities - he just confirmed them.

Because all of his pictures and his personal momentos have been taken by his captors, he attempts to keep track of time by writing an account every day. He describes months of tedium, the food — or lack of it, the work parties where he believes it's better to be doing something than just sitting (he worked on building the runway for Kai Tak Airport), of sickness and all the tropical diseases that all of them suffered.

At one point he wonders why letters aren't coming to him — not knowing that the Japanese have not allowed any mail or parcels to the prisoners as yet.

From my vantage point years later, I know that my mother and other family members are writing but having their letters returned.

My father believes he has been forgotten — my mother doesn't know if he is really alive and a prisoner. At the end of July in one entry, he realizes that it is his 12th wedding anniversary and he has spent a third of his marriage in this prison camp in Hong Kong.

Of me he complains that I haven't written any letters to him. He's forgotten that I am too young

to have learned to write. Receiving mail when it finally comes, is a wrenching experience.

He's disciplined himself to manage living in the camp day to day — but when he receives a letter, he has to relive the fact that he's away from his family, his friends, his country, and he really doesn't know how it will all end.

My father lived to the age of 81, and the number of Hong Kong Vets diminishes each year. We read periodically of the attempts to compensate them for years of hardship and slave labour — to no avail. I have very strong feelings on the subject. Not only was there no recognition of the circumstances of Hong Kong, I grew up never seeing an account of the Hong Kong war experience in the history books of this country, probably because it was such an embarrassment to the Canadian government.

In later years, my own children found a brief description in a high school text.

There is a "paper trail" in my family — my father's diary, my mother's letters were returned to her and kept — the telegrams to say that my father first had been killed in action and then later, that he is a prisoner of war.

And then, when my father died five years ago, my son found his army duffel bag underneath the

basement stairs of his home. In it were the letters he had received during his four years away.

Each of the four daughters has a copy of the diary that I typed. It helps piece together some of the stories we heard when other veterans would stop and visit with my dad.

Because he was older and they were mostly 17, 18, and 19, they looked up to him in camp. Years later, I think they hoped he could help them put their lives together again.

Some never did, I understand. It wasn't until after the Vietnam war that Canadian doctors realized many of the prisoners in the Pacific area carried germs and parasites that they wouldn't have recognized in 1945. But the men were sent out of the hospitals, told to pull themselves together and get on with their lives.

For my sisters and I and for our children, our family letters are a touching reminder of those grim years.

Yet growing up and in the years when my children were with him, I never heard my father denigrate the Japanese people. What happened to him was war and it is war that makes people cruel and inhuman. It's a lesson that on November 11 we won't forget!

SUBMITTED BY: SHELAGH PURCELL



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# A tribute to my grandfather

I have always cherished this photograph which my maternal grandfather, Brigadier General Major, gave to me.

It shows him in the foreground, as a company Major after one of the battles at the Somme in September 1917.

From Toronto, he enlisted in the 48th Highlanders regiment in August 1914 and went overseas with the 1st Canadian Division in October of that year.

His regiment was named the 15th Battalion and formed part of the 3rd brigade and fought in the 2nd battle of Ypres in April 1915 where he was gassed.

A month later he was wounded at Festubert, a battle in which he was awarded the Military Cross for bravery. He was granted leave to Canada to recuperate where he

returned with the 92 Battalion and transferred back to the 15th Battalion and fought in the Battle of Vimy Ridge in April 1917.

He was subsequently wounded again at the capture of Hill near 70 near Loos in August before moving to Coucelette near the Somme. He was demobilized in 1919.

At the outbreak of war in 1939 he reenlisted and served in various capacities in Washington and overseas, retiring in 1946 with the rank of Brigadier General. He was awarded A.C.B.E., the Legion of Merit from the U.S. Government and Cloud Banner with Collar and Sash from the Chinese Government as well as earning the Efficiency Decoration.

Though he was a very quiet man who never spoke about either war, it was obvious he was very proud of



his contribution to Canada.

Remembrance day is special to my family not only because of those, like my grandfather who fought in both wars to preserve the

freedom of generations to come, but because it also marks my grandfather's birthday.

*By Kathleen Armour, Port Hope*

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who made the *supreme sacrifice*  
to keep us *free*.



# IGA

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# A tribute to Earl Holm

It was deeper red than the rest of his shoulder... and it had a big dent in it. I guess I was probably about seven or eight, when I was finally told that this was a scar.

Dad had been wounded while serving as a soldier in WWII...somewhere in France. He was lucky to still have his arm, I was told.... but it never meant that much more to me.

As an adult, I still had little, if any, real understanding about what war was. Soon after becoming a mother, I remember watching *The Deer Hunter*, a horrific and very graphic story of the war in Vietnam. It was then that it all started to sink in. Those soldiers were real people...someone's child...father...brother...husband.

My father had been through a war. What had it been like for him? What had it been like for his parents and siblings? I started to ask him questions about the war when we were together. Those conversations always became animated as his mind would



shift back to a time that none of us were part of. He spoke of his friends in the army...the good times and camaraderie they shared. There were funny stories to listen to...and some that were not funny at all. His face and voice would change according to the story.

I do not know a lot of what my father remembers...perhaps I should ask more questions while he is still here to tell me the

answers. He doesn't volunteer these stories. Often they are pulled out in conversation...There was a battle one day and when he crossed the field afterward, he said he didn't look down, but just kind of made his way through the bodies that were strewn across the rugged terrain, to meet up with the rest of the survivors from his regiment.

His injury came from shrapnel, small pieces of metal and other sharp

objects that were put into bombs which are made for the sole purpose of injuring and killing, in other words, debilitating an enemy. The bombs were being dropped...and the soldiers were dropping! Dad knew he had been hit in the shoulder. "When I stood up, I wasn't sure that my arm would get up with me!" It was a bad wound, but his arm was saved. He was one of the lucky ones.

Although I am grateful

that his war days ended the day he was wounded, he was not happy to be leaving the battlefield. He never wanted to be in a hospital, while a war was being fought. He wanted to be out there with his comrades, fighting for the peace that we have known since.

His shoulder still has a nasty scar. Arthritis has set in so that he has little use of these days. But dad rarely complains. I guess that must be an outcome of war. Who would ever complain when they were lucky enough to leave a war with all their bodyparts? Or better still, their lives?

I am very proud of my father and the sacrifices he made to protect our country. Remembrance Day should stir deep feelings in each of us as we remember those people who gave so much so that we could live in freedom.

Our lives would be so much different had they not had the courage. Thank you, Dad!

SUBMITTED BY  
LOUISE WELDON,  
PORT HOPE



## *For the Fallen*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them*





COBOURG & PORT HOPE

# Dear dad,

*This letter is written to Sam Domenico, from his daughter Joey Baxter.*

Dear Dad,

I've always wanted to tell you why Remembrance Day is so special to me, but as you know sometimes I tend to be somewhat emotional. I find it easier to put my thoughts down in words, so these are especially for you.

I am so proud that you fought for our country. It is because of you and other men and women that we have such a wonderful country to live in. You are an important part of our history, we owe our lives to you. You never asked for praise or rewards, you simply did your duty, and you did it so well.

I can't imagine my world with war or my children having to fight, although I'm sure that would be proud to do so, as their Grandpa has been such a great example.

You were so young and brave, you truly are a hero. What must have been going through your mind as you and your buddies signed up to fight for our freedom and that of the world. I can see your smiling faces as you marched off to war. I see them each time I hear our national anthem, but I especially see them on Remembrance Day. I also see the horror and the sadness particularly in



the faces of families who lost someone dear to them.

Your job was driving a Sherman Tank across those battlefields of Europe. God was looking after you and chose to get you home, safe and sound and for this I am so thankful.

Thank you for being such a brave soldier, and thank you for being such a kind and loving father. You're the best!

Love, Joey XOXO

*P.S. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all war veterans and their families, for the great sacrifice they made for all of us.*

## Growing up fast

Don MacKinnon packed a lot of action into his short stint in the service. Enlisting at the age of 16 with the Royal Montreal Regiment in March 1942, he was quickly put into a new parachute regiment whose initial task was to demolish a heavy water plant in Norway that was integral to nascent German atomic power plans.

Trained as a commando in Montana to jump from planes, climb mountains, do ski warfare, demolish enemy positions, and make amphibious landings, he was to join other Americans, Canadians and Norwegians in the covert operation to take out the plant.

That top secret event never took place. Instead his group was involved in operations in the Aleutians (near Japan), Italy (Cassino, Anzio and Rome), as well as in the Cote D'Azur in the south of France.

It was during the winter line fighting in Italy in 1943 near the town of Cassino with his regiment heavily involved in removing German troops from mountain tops, that he lost his leg to an artillery shell.

His initial recovery took place in England during a 2 month stretch, (he was in a hospital bed during D Day) and then he was shipped home via the Empress of Scotland July 4, 1944. He was nineteen when he returned to Canada.

Once back in the country, he stayed at the Montreal military hospital Ste. Anne De Bellevue for a year recuperating.

During that time in the Canadian hospital, a wartime artist painted a large oil that was to come into his possession by happenstance.

In 1945, it was on display in the Montreal Museum of Fine Art where his aunt saw it and, of course, she couldn't resist. She gave it to his mother as a present. And his mother presented it to him.

The picture now hangs in the foyer of Don's home that is located in Port Hope where he and his wife have lived for the past two years.

The retired executive is currently helping out the Northumberland branch of the Navy League of Canada.

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# Always remember

Remember  
Poppies grow in Flanders Field.  
Remembering soldiers who died at war.  
The young men who gave their lives.  
Who died and suffered more.

The way they fought with guns and bombs.  
The enemy ready for attack.  
Planes ready to fire.  
But the soldiers were there to fight back.

Poppies grow in Flanders field,  
With row and row of poppies there  
The field is a carpet of red flowers  
Remembering the soldiers lives who cared.

BY JUSTIN JANAS, GRADE 5

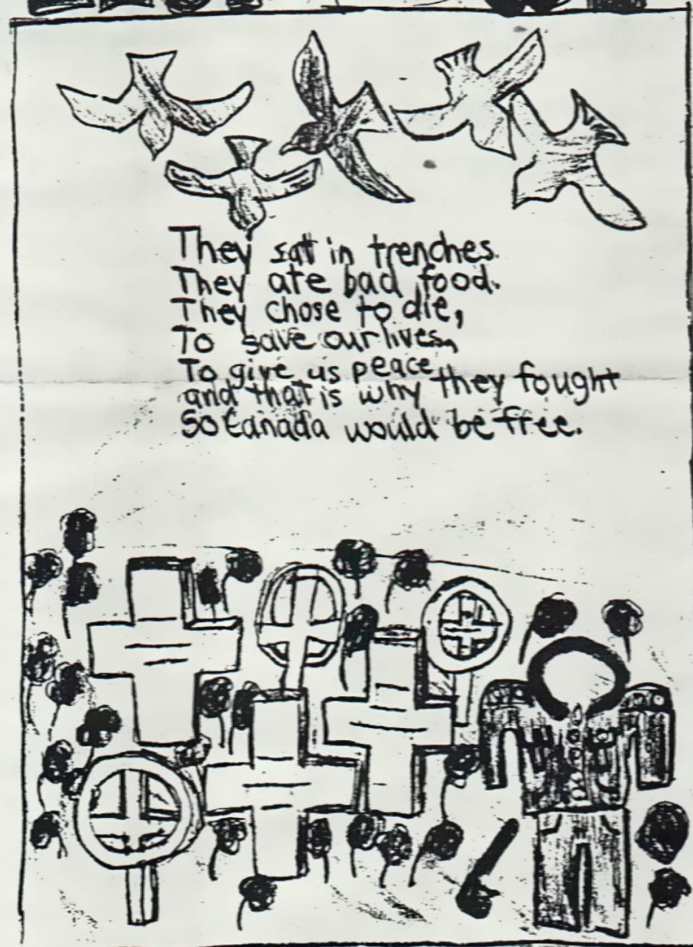
Lest we forget  
They sat in trenches.  
They ate bad food.  
They chose to die,  
To save our lives,  
To give us peace  
And that is why they fought  
So Canada would be free.

BY CAMILLE STOPPS, GRADE 5

Veterans  
Victory, violence  
Emotional, energy  
Trustworthy, tough  
Excellent, exciting  
Reality, reasons  
Achievements, abused  
Nerves, nurses  
Strength, service

Thanks for serving our country  
BY DANA EVANS, GRADE 5 STUDENT,  
ALL SUBMISSIONS FROM TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

**LEST WE**



Camille Stopps  
Grade 5  
Terry Fox Publ Sch

**FORGET**



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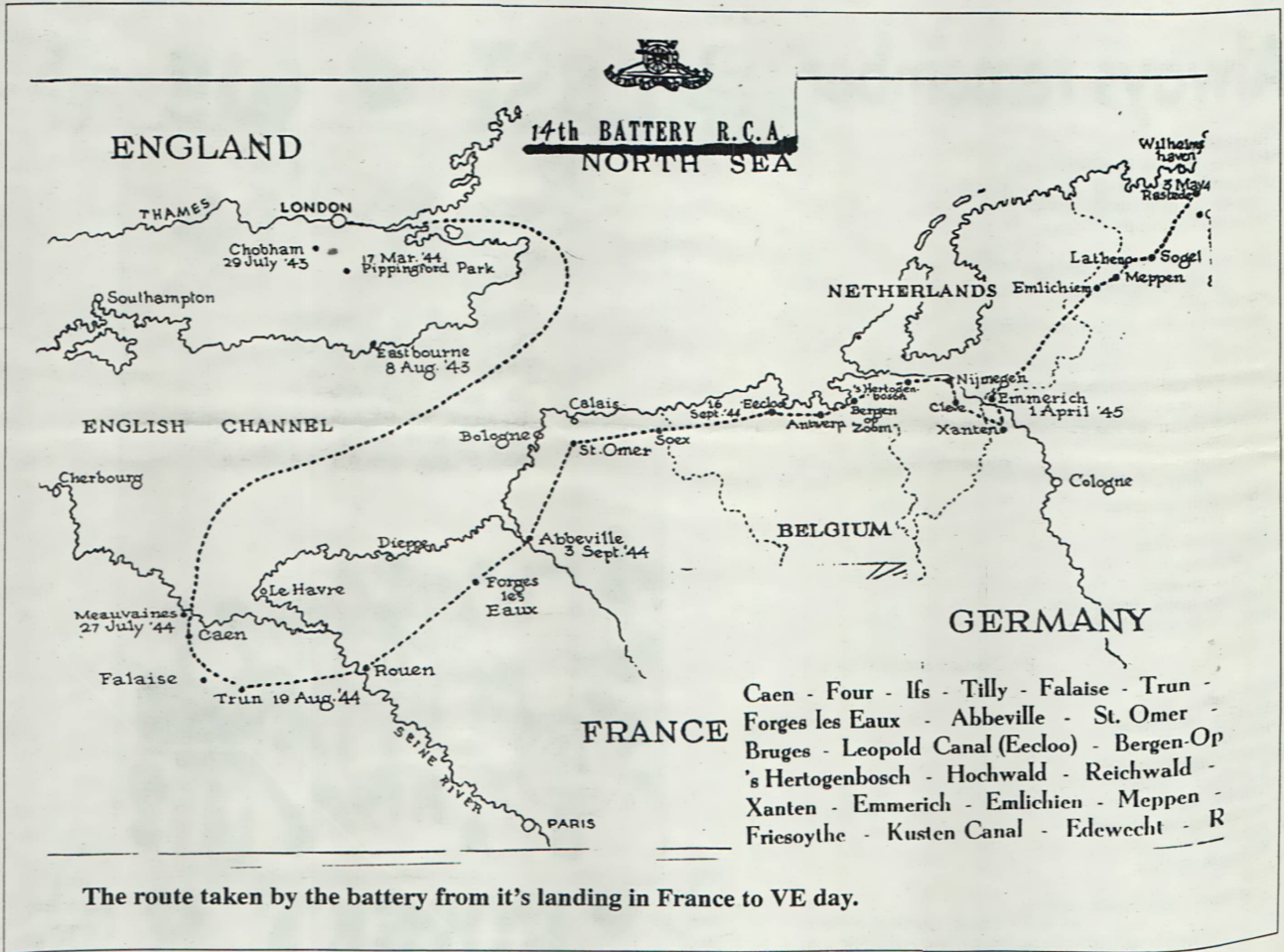
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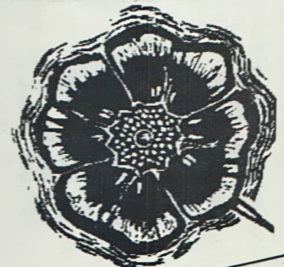
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# A letter to mother

*The following was submitted by Cobourg resident Rick Jones, the grandson of 17-year-old Canadian sapper Herbert Jones who wrote this letter to his mother June 14, 1916.*

I have just a few lines of especial interest to tell you. It is about an attack which the Canadians made on the morning of June 13 at 1:30 against the 119th Wurtenburg Regiment.

At 10 o'clock on the night of the 12th I went up the trenches with my officer, and at 12:45 one of the most intense bombardments ever known on the British front opened up on the German front line trenches.

My God, what a time the poor devils must have had — a time that I should not want, you can bet.

When the bombardment eased up our bombers went over and bombed them while in the dug-outs. Two hundred Germans threw down their rifles and came running over No Man's Land towards our trenches. Only 15 of them reached us, and they were taken prisoner. Gee, weren't they happy!

They were pretty nearly all the same age as myself. One of them said he had been in the army

three days only. Our officers gave them cigarettes.

One case that struck me was a German straggler that came as a prisoner. The sergeant-major had put him in the same room as me in an old house, and put a guard over him.

Well, this is the treatment he received of our boys: a drink of rum, some tea, two slices of bread and jam, as many cigarettes as he wanted, one of the boys gave him a pipe and tobacco, then covered him over with an overcoat; then Fritz went to sleep for a couple of hours.

If I ever get taken prisoner and I get as good treatment as that, I won't kick. It is all right a fellow saying, if I ever get a German what I wouldn't do to him.

Well, that is all right, but they are human beings like ourselves, and your heart softens when he is a prisoner. He said the war will finish in September.

Mother, I and the other fellows certainly did feel glad when we saw this German chap so happy. The trenches at present are about half full of water and are in a dreadful state. Fritz seems to be getting it hot all over — up at Verdun and the eastern front and right here.



## Poetry corner

### Remember & War

Remember times, long ago.  
When people simply  
Did not know.  
If thier husbands,  
Would ever show.  
Times of good,  
And times of bad.  
And it made people,  
So very sad.

### WAR

Crosses, crying  
Veterans, dying  
Poppies, people  
Churches, steeple  
Trenches, bombs  
Helmets and guns.  
Why was there war?

BY KATIE BURNHAM  
GRADE 5  
TERRY FOX PUBLIC SCHOOL

**CANADA REMEMBERS  
LE CANADA SE SOUVIENT**

THE COBOURG  
POLICE SERVICES  
WISH TO THANK THE  
VETERANS FOR THE  
SACRIFICES MADE







# Remembering Our VETERANS

Remembrance Day November 11<sup>th</sup>



1111 Elgin St., Cobourg

# Lest we forget

No never let us forget means inhumanity to man.

I was nine years old when World War I started. The hunger was hard to take, everything rationed. The two biggest disappointments in my life were growing up having to go out each morning from 6am to 8am for a jar of jam and being told they were all sold out, and the other the night the YEL-FRELEW was brought down.

The lights were ordered out, air raid tonight. Father would not let us out of bed, this happened in the north of England.

Another night my sister was shook out of bed, the German submarines bombarded WOST HANTLEPOOL my grandmother lived on the North shore she got shrapnel in her eye.

A dead brother that left home at eighteen to join the army and who we never saw for two years. He was in Russia during the revolution and stayed in the reserves until he got the call all during the second world war.

My husband in the army was on duty also in Russia during the revolution serving on a submarine for eight years.

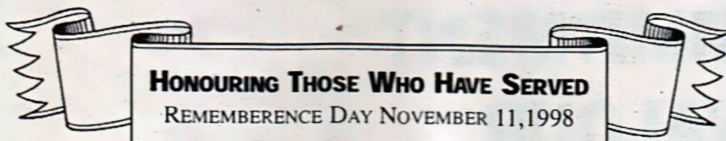
A dead sister in the infantry, now they are all gone. I am 93 in Legion Village and I still say never let us forget the young men and women who died for their country.

I am a member of Branch 133, God bless the Legion.

I am not very literate so do what you want with this letter, but make sure I get my memories back.

SUBMITTED BY: MISS MARGARETTE HUGUES, COBOURG

'God  
bless  
the  
Legion'



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## *A Time To Remember*

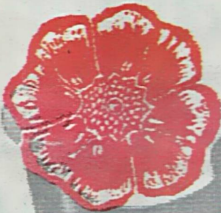
### IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY JOHN MCCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row in 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



## *Armistice Day Parade*

Wednesday, November 11th, 1998

Fall in at Legion - 9:50 a.m.

Parade Moves Off - 10:00 a.m.

Service and Wreath Laying at the Cenotaph



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## *Armistice Dinner*

Wednesday, November 11th, 1998

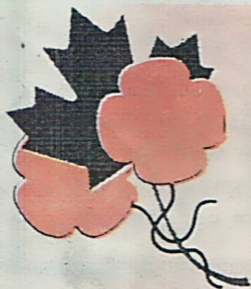
Legion Hall

Dinner 6:30 p.m.

Tickets \$5.00 each

Entertainment follows in the North  
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