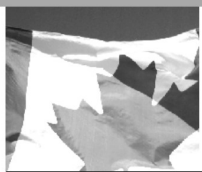


# Brian MASSE

M.P. Windsor West



WINDSOR WEST UPDATE

November 2012

**BRIAN MASSE—YOUR VOICE IN OTTAWA**



“Without freedom there can be no ensuring peace and without peace no enduring freedom.”

~King George VI at the dedication of the National War Memorial (Ottawa, May 21, 1939)

## CONTACT US!

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Dear Friends,

As in the past, I am sending these special Remembrance Day stories to help our community honour our local heroes. This year we remember the 200th Anniversary of the War of 1812. As well, I have highlighted the 95th Anniversary of the Battles of Passchendaele, 95th Anniversary of Vimy Ridge and the 70th Anniversary of the Dieppe Raid to ensure that each year we share new stories of importance with our community.

Further, there are several ways that we can ensure that we pay special tribute to these war heroes with, for instance, wearing a poppy which has been a clear symbol of commemoration since the immediate aftermath of the WWI. Reflection in silence for two minutes is also a common way of remembering on November 11th of every year. These minutes, although short, provide us opportunity to think about the past, our heroes lost and returned, and those who serve today.

Another way to remember is to visit the numerous war memorials that have been erected in the city, country and worldwide that are in many instances the only memory that we have of many soldiers.

I would like to send a special thank you to all war veterans of Windsor. Please take the time to thank our veterans, and remember them and our lost heroes not only on Remembrance Day, but every day.

Ultimately, I encourage everyone to participate in this year's Remembrance Day ceremony held at the cenotaph in City Hall Square at 11:00 a.m., on November 11, 2012. I hope to see you there.

On the back side of this newsletter you will find the story of one of our local veterans that pays tribute to their time in the Services. This story is just one sample of Veterans stories from our community. I am sending different veterans' stories to different neighbourhoods within my riding. If you are interested in seeing these other stories, please do not hesitate to contact my office or visit my website: [www.brianmasse.ca](http://www.brianmasse.ca)

*This November 11, 2012 at  
Windsor City Hall Square Cenotaph  
at 11:00 a.m.*

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# STORIES FROM OUR LOCAL HEROES

## Stan Scislowski

(Perth Regiment of Canada,  
Italian Campaign of WWII)

Stan Scislowski arrived overseas in 1943 in the Perth Regiment of Canada and soon found himself in Italy. He served in the Italian Campaign from 1943-1945 and was part of the liberation of Italy from German occupation. One of the moments Scislowski remembers most is when

he was trying to pull a friend to safety amidst gunfire and mortar flying around them. He fell to the ground, exhausted and expected to die when four Italian men, one in his forties and the other three in their sixties and seventies, came running out of their own shelter to bring him and his friend to safety. They saved his life. Since the war, Scislowski has been invited back to Italy many times to be honoured. He is not only a dedicated volunteer at the Windsor Historical Society Veterans Memories Project but also the author of the book, "Not All Of Us Were Brave."



***We must remember. If we do not, the sacrifice of those one hundred thousand Canadian lives will be meaningless. They died for us, for their homes and families and friends, for a collection of traditions they cherished and a future they believed in; they died for Canada. The meaning of their sacrifice rests with our collective national consciousness; our future is their monument.***

***~Heather Robertson***

### *Night Guard at the Front*

The night is long, and darker than a dark  
I had ever known before.  
Fear rises in me and grows with every trifling sound.  
This dark hole in which I stand,  
I fear will be my grave before the gray coming of the dawn.  
The tall stack of hay behind me, I'm afraid it,  
Might be the torch that sears my flesh,  
And when the flames die down,  
Will leave nothing but my dusty ash.  
Fear, greater than all the fears my young life has known,  
Takes hold of every single fiber and sinew  
Of this supple and virile body of mine.  
It grows and grows and I'm afraid will consume me  
As I stand all alone in this forbidding dark.  
The hours creep slowly by, one by one,  
And as daylight finally comes  
I find I'm only a shell, still pulsing, though empty,  
Empty of what it takes to be a man,  
The brave soldier I had always expected to be.

*~Stan Scislowski, Windsor, ON*