



G.H.S

Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
Veteran's Day

11 November 2003

As we approach this day of remembrance -- which seems mostly to be an excuse for department-store sales these days -- as I do on Memorial Day, I read aloud a poem that I remember Mr. Kirschner reading quite eloquently. He remarked that it was probably the main reason A.E. Housman was not considered for Poet Laureate of England.

1887

From Cleve to heaven the beacon burns,
The shires have seen it plain,
From north and south the sign returns
And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright,
The dales are light between,
Because 'tis fifty years to-night
That God has saved the Queen.

Now, when the flame they watch not towers
About the soil they trod,
Lads, we'll remember friends of ours
Who shared the work with God.

To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The saviours come not home tonight:
Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia, tombstones show
And Shropshire names are read;
And the Nile spills his overflow
Beside the Severn's dead.

We pledge in peace by farm and town
The Queen they served in war,
And fire the beacons up and down
The land they perished for.



Allen R. Kirschner
1930-1994

'God save the Queen' we living sing,
From height to height 'tis heard;
And with the rest your voices ring,
Lads of the Fifty-third.

Oh, God will save her, fear you not;
Be you the men you've been,
Get you the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the Queen.

I can still remember him reciting that last line -- emphasis on "God," followed by a dramatic pause.

Here's to you, Jeff, Joey, Leroy, Eric, Louie, Don, Peter, and John.



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