

The Oakville Beaver

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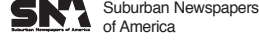
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A HOT RUN: A group of local runners with Connors Runners, under coach and Oakville chiropractor Dr. Stephen P. Connor, ran in the Cleveland Marathon on May 20. Pictured with *The Oakville Beaver* in front of the fountain in Public Square in downtown Cleveland, are, from left, Audrey Brown, Iona Laird, Lauri Green, John Johnston, Margaret Davey and Vicki Brown. Audrey, Iona, Lauri and Margaret ran the full marathon, and John ran the half marathon. Vicki was a support person. Temperatures were said to be scorching on the day of the run.

Letter to the Editor

Memory of Coronation Day

By Dominik Kurek

OAKVILLE BEAVER STAFF



Thomas Sawyer

When a *Toronto Star* article asked people to submit letters about where they were during the Queen's coronation, Oakville's Thomas Sawyer was glad to recount his own luck.

He was at the coronation representing Canada, watching the entire parade go by.

The retired chief petty officer was one of 120 Royal Canadian Navy members representing the country at the ceremony. He said he spent more time marching during the navy's time in England than he ever has during his 50-year career.

"They divided the group into street liners and marchers. I was lucky. I was elected a street liner, that way I saw the whole parade. The street marchers, all they saw was the guy in front of them," he said. "I saw every person in the parade."

The parade, of course, included the passing of the then-newly crowned Queen Elizabeth II. Aside from the Queen, there were many other dignitaries. As impressive as his position was, Sawyer says he was more worried about not looking like a fool than being a spectator.

"I was more interested I didn't pass out and drop my rifle," he said. "It's a natural fear." The navy officers were also paraded on the Buckingham Palace grounds and presented with Coronation medals.

Editor's Note: The following is a copy of the letter filed with The Star, and copied to The Oakville Beaver, by Laine Ruus on behalf of her husband, Thomas A. Sawyer.

Naval officer recalls marching

A few days ago an article appeared in the *Toronto Star* with respect to the upcoming Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II. It asked, "Where were you on Coronation Day?"

For me, the answer was easy. As part of the 120-man Royal Canadian Navy contingent, I had trained at the Royal Army base in Pirbright; I have never marched so much in my 50 years of service. A few days before the actual coronation we moved to tents in Kensington Gardens where the contingent was divided into marchers and street liners.

I was lucky in being chosen as a street liner and manned a position in front of Canada House, thereby seeing every part of

the parade as it passed. Most impressive in the parade, besides of course Queen Elizabeth herself, were Queen Salote of Tonga, and the Gurkas; I have never seen so many Victoria Crosses on so few people.

On the following morning, we were all paraded to the grounds of Buckingham Palace and presented with the original Coronation medal.

It is ironic that, to my knowledge, not one member of the original contingent has ever received a follow-up celebration medal, in either silver or gold.

**Laine Ruus on behalf of her husband,
Thomas A. Sawyer, CPO, RCN ret'd.,
Oakville**

A surprising riff on surviving an invasion of the punk people

It was an *Almost Famous* moment. Hopefully you're aware of this wonderful Cameron Crowe movie wherein an aspiring, young writer skips high school for a chance to follow a fictitious band on tour and document the experience for *Rolling Stone* magazine — in particular the scene where the boy's mother, a distraught professor, brilliantly played by Frances McDormand, randomly announces to her class: "Rock stars have kidnapped my son."

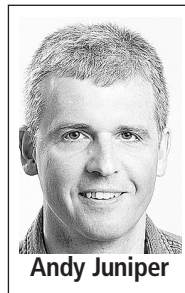
Last weekend, I found myself ensconced in one of Oakville's excellent eateries — a little distraught and distracted, in self-imposed exile from my own home — announcing to those around me: "Punk-rockers have taken over my home."

It began (as countless stories begin) with a call from Scott, our second son.

As background, you should know that Scott is a punker. He loves punk music, communes online with the punk community, and twice a year, he attends festivals in Gainesville, Fla., and Montreal.

Through this love and these links, he's formed fast friendships with like-minded punk people across North America. Now and then, one of these friends arrives on our doorstep.

Well, this time Scott was calling to announce that not one, but



Andy Juniper

rather, four of his friends had formed a band, left their homes in North Carolina, and were touring in our neck of the woods.

Oh, and he was wondering if the guys could crash at our house for a night, or two.

Honestly, we weren't over-the-moon with the idea — we're in the middle of seasonal madness and a renovation — but we acquiesced.

As my wife said: What's the worst that could happen? To which I rationally replied: Hey, these guys are punkers — probably nihilist anarchists with spiky hair and razorblade adornments: we could well be murdered in our sleep.

Soon after we OK-ed the sleepover, our son raised his request.

He wondered if the band could play a set on our downstairs deck. Oh, and to make the set worthwhile — I mean, what's live music without an appreciative audience? — could he throw a party?

Because we're pushovers who can't seem to say 'No', we acquiesced. As my wife said: What's the worst that could happen? To which I rationally replied: We could be forced to listen to horrible music,

our house could get trashed, and we could well be murdered in our sleep.

To spare our innocent ears at least a portion of the pain, we decided to go out for a really long dinner. Our hope was that by the time we returned, the revelers would have retreated, the house would be cleaned, and the punkers would be in their pajamas.

Imagine our shock when we returned at the late hour of 9:30 p.m. and the party was still pulsating, and the music still blaring.

Imagine our further shock when we listened to the band (Ascetic Parade) playing and came to but one conclusion: Hey, these guys are good. And imagine my shock the next morning, as I served up coffee and talked to band members about life, love and the pursuit of the righteous riff that these young men are educated, articulate, and admirably passionate punkers pursuing a dream.

In other words, they're cool dudes. Is 'cool' still a term? All in all, it was a sweet, successful weekend. We played innkeeper to some great guys, we hosted what was by all accounts a rocking party and, unexpectedly enough, we were not murdered in our sleep.

Andy Juniper can be contacted at ajjuniper@gmail.com, found on Facebook at www.facebook.com, or followed at www.twitter.com/thespottjesters.