



“This poem was written by my son Timothy Beckerley for VE75. The ‘Jack’ mentioned in the poem is his uncle, captured in Singapore aged 19. Glad to say he lived until he was 90.”

Patricia Beckerley, Winton Friendship Club

The Best of Us

The little ships that came over the sea
Salvation from that war torn beach
The Spits and Hurris defended our land
‘The few’ in Churchill’s speech
Through Africa, Italy and Burma as well,
The enemy fought us tooth and nail
In Africa convoys and the ocean grey
Our naval lifelines could not fail
We braved the skies over Germany
And took the battle to his home.
The D-Day landings were freedom’s call
And the seeds of victory were duly sown,
For they were and they are the best of us.

When Ken was lost in a flamer
And his Lanc hit the cold North Sea
When Lennie got the chop in Casino
From a German para in a tree,
When Jack was captured by the Japs,
And barely survived the war,
When Johnny’s ship was torpedoed,
And it sank to the ocean floor,
When Ted lost his leg in a minefield
And tried to hold back the tears,
And Mike lost his mind to the carnage,
And was never the same for years,
For they were and they are the best of us.

So we give thanks for this victory in arms
On land, in the air and the sea too.
Memorials are full with the names of the dead,
While those still alive are so few.
For the comrades lost to battles long gone,
A lifetime ago from today,
Our veterans mourn and remember their friends,
And salute from the ranks of grey.
So the world was saved from tyranny,
By these heroes brave as can be,
But never forget what they sacrificed,
So you and I could be free.
For they were and they are the best of us.