

Corporal Peter Bain (1882 to 1976).

My great-grandad Peter,
Was a Corporal in World War One,
In the Trenches, he fought,
With his comrades, against the Hun.

He saw his mates killed,
He saw his mates maimed,
But, he was one of the lucky ones,
Because, he made it back home.

I remember his laugh,
I remember his smile,
He was ninety-three,
But, I was only a child. (12-years old).

He, like many others,
Never spoke of the horrors he saw,
He never mentioned it once,
Not a word, nothing at all.

He looked only to the future,
Choosing to forget,
Preferring to shut it all out,
No time for regret.

Thank you grandad, for your valour,
For us, putting your life on the line,
You're my hero of the Great War,
And your heart lives on in mine.

Stan Bruce

23rd September 2018.

This poem is obviously about my great grandad Peter, who served as a Corporal in WW1. He wasn't like most of the young men who served because he was 32-year old when war broke out, and had five young children. Yet, he still found the need to enlist and do his duty. Perhaps he did it for his children. He lived to the grand old age of 93-years. Aged 90, he still cycled, and he and his bike on his 90th birthday (1972) appeared in the Fraserburgh Herald, when he was photographed at Fraserburgh Harbour. He said his long life was due to having a wee dram every night, which he reckoned kept his blood thin.



Peter Bain on his 93rd birthday.

Peter Bain

Born: 17th November 1882.

Died: 30th March 1976.