

# LIEUT. KEITH D. FARIS PAYS SUPREME SACRIFICE IN ITALY

## Refused Promotion and Apparently Safer Task To Answer Call of Duty with Famous British 8th Army in Italy

The toll of war has sacrificed a life which embodied all that was fine and noble and has brought a great loss, not only to his family and friends, but also among those to whom our fighting men will look for sane judgments in all the troublous days still to come, by the death in action in Italy of Lieut. Keith D. Faris on May 24. Lieut. Faris not only possessed a rarely beautiful Christian character and most pleasing personality, but also was gifted and trained for leadership. His character, his able mental reasoning, and his education made him one unusually qualified to be a leader among our soldier men, both before and after peace. With his family a wide circle sincerely mourns the giving of this noble life, even though those who knew him best know that he gave himself willingly, fighting to preserve for the world all things which he held most dear.

On Wednesday afternoon last, May 31, Mrs. W. G. Faris was notified that her son, Lieut. Keith D. Faris, was killed in action in Italy on May 24. Lieut. Faris was born on "Maple Farm," Scotch Settlement, the second son of the late Mr. William G. Faris and Mrs. Faris (the former Bertha Strong), and, after completing his education at S. S. No. 4, West Gwillimbury, and Bradford High School, he attended Toronto University, where, as here, he proved himself a brilliant student, graduating in honour classics, one of the most difficult courses at the University, with first-class honours in 1934. The following year he attended Ontario College of Education and spent the summer of 1935 in Quebec Province, taking a course in oral French. Here again he excelled, winning the Lieutenant-Governor's medal for highest standing. Keith joined the staff of Rockcliffe Park School, Ottawa, in the fall of 1935 and taught there until his enlistment with the 71st artillery battery in the spring of 1940. While waiting for his battery to be recruited to full strength he spent the summer of 1940 and until early winter of 1941 at home, doing his part in the war effort by assisting with farm production at home.

In September of 1941 he went overseas. In England he was chosen for educational instruction work and in this work he was offered a promotion to the rank of captain, but, feeling that only by active service could he serve as his conscience de-

manded, he refused promotion and comparative safety. In December of last year he went to Italy, where the artillery battery in which he was an officer was immediately attached to the 8th Army and he had served with that Army in its magnificent campaign during the past six months. Only three weeks ago The Witness published Lieut. Faris' fine letter in which he completed his description of the beauties of Italy by saying, "beautiful scenery, yes, but I'd gladly trade it all for a small slice of good old Simcoe County." There is no doubt the preferred slice of Simcoe County would be his beloved home, "Maple Farm." Keith Faris loved his native county, its people and its standards of life—loved all so much that he willingly gave himself that they might be preserved.

Lieut. Faris possessed a very pleasing voice and when at home he gladly assisted in the choir of his home church, the Scotch Settlement Presbyterian. Here, too, during student days he taught his class of boys in the Sunday School. When removed to a larger sphere these activities continued and during his years in Ottawa he was a member of the Dominion United Church choir and was president of the Young People's Union in that church. Interested and actively participating in all that was worthwhile and wholesome, he was a keen badminton player during his years in the Capital, belonging to one of the city's clubs.

Mr. W. G. Faris, father of Lieut. Keith Faris, passed away in January of this year. Surviving are his mother and two brothers, Gordon, superintendent of the Rural Power District of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission at Brampton, and Murray on the Faris homestead, "Maple Farm."

"Is it well with the lad?"

—Yea, it is well—

Tho' deep in our hidden hearts we know that with him "all is well," That nothing we could do, or have done

For him, can equal this that death Hath won for him—not all the joys That earth could give him, can come

Anigh the joy of heaven to him— Yet the mortal in us craves him mortally,

And naught shall still that craving Till on some glad day we too shall Slip this clinging clay, and find him There, awaiting us upon the heavenly way.

—Oxenham.