

LEGION NOTES

by Les Clark

This Sunday is the big parade in Kitchener to open the convention, and we hope that Georgetown will see fit to at least send their color party. We should think in a branch as big as ours there will be a few in attendance.

Voting strength for the convention, is made up on the basis of branch strength on December 31, 1958. In this case, with no delegates going from town, we will vote the proxies, unless other delegates decide to go at the last minute. The executive gave instructions as to how they are to be used, in the event that there are no delegates.

A trophy is being given in memory of the late Jack Fry. This is very appropriate as Jack as a very keen competitor and took part in all activities. Carman Copland is the one responsible for this and we think he deserves a big hand for it.

With Smith and Stone's on holidays, many of our members have

taken off for the vacation lands. Our steward, Dave Bowman, is also on vacation, and his spot is being "amplified" by Jim 'Pearshape' Bradley. Seriously, Jim seems to be doing a good job of it.

With the advent of 'Scotty' Patterson to the ranks of the automobile owners, we guess we're the last one in Georgetown without a car. Scotty figured there were only two of us left, so that leaves only the writer. So if you see a Lark getting down the road, better watch out, it could be John behind the wheel. And take it from us anything might happen. We can recall a night, almost ten years ago when Gob Collier parked his car in front of our apartment, and a number of members were there, solving the problems of the world in general and branch 120 in particular. Our John was missing, and someone said he had gone out to sit in Gob's new car. Next we heard was Gob yelling "stop, John, stop, please!" John still swears the car started itself, and fortunately, stopped at the first hill it came to. At least that's the story we were expected to take as gospel.

Pleased to see our friend 'Knobs' is enjoying his vacation. He is currently holding down that comfortable bench in front of the the Bank of Commerce. When asked why he

ASK ANNEXATION OF 3,200 ACRES
Brampton council has approved a recommendation from the industrial and planning committee that a bylaw be passed to apply for annexation of approximately 3,200 acres of township lands. The application to the Municipal Board will request only annexation of lands listed in the engineering report accepted by council last month.

The report, compiled for council at a cost of \$7,000 recommended immediate application for annexation of lands to meet the requirements and growth of the municipality for the next 20 years.

Solicitor Wilbert West has been instructed to inform the Municipal Board at the hearing that the municipality is asking for annexation of only those lands listed in the report, but would welcome annexation of additional lands.

Applications from property owners for consideration of annexation of lands not contained in the report have been pouring into the council chamber since publication of the report.

Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by BILL SMILEY of the Wharton Echo

A newspaper article suggests, that in view of the changing needs of national defence, the Canadian fighter pilot will soon be dead as the dodo, as extinct as a sailmaker's apprentice.

If it's true, and I suppose it is, I'm glad. The Canadian fighter pilot had a brief but glorious history in two wars. It is better for the species to vanish with its glamour intact than to degenerate, with the rapid change in aerial warfare, into a mere adjunct to a push-button.

A peculiar breed, the fighter pilot was panned, almost by accident, during World War I. Pilots doing reconnaissance patrols started taking pot shots at each other with revolvers. Next thing you know, the sky was full of death-or-glory types fighting incredible duels, creating fantastic legends.

It was about this time that the fighter pilot began thinking he was a hot shot. With the Poor Bloody Infantry bogged in the mud and being slaughtered by the thous-

ands, the newspapers of the day looked around for something colorful to relieve the grim reality of the annihilation.

Suddenly the fighter pilot found himself the darling of the press, the toast of the folks at home! Unable to assimilate the carnage of the front lines, the public imagination fastened on this gallant, dashing knight of the air, forever tacking insuperable odds, running up his score of kills, and generally presenting a romantic picture of war.

All this adulation was not sought by the pilots. They were brave, but not braver than the rest of men. They were skillful, but no more so than a good artilleryman. But they were young, and human. Placed in the limelight, they adopted a certain swagger, a consciously casual dress, a slightly swashbuckling air, and gradually, the opinion that they were an elite among the uniformed hordes. They never got over it.

The whole business was accent-

uated, between the two big wars by a great deal of romantic tripe written about them, and eagerly devoured by school boys, of whom I was one. Ah, it was heady stuff, the white silk scarf; the brandy bottoms-up; the empty glass dashed into the fireplace; the gallant little Spad climbing into the dawn to meet the Hun.

So when the next war came along, every Canadian youth worth his weight in War Aces or Wings, wanted to be a fighter pilot. The very small proportion to make the grade naturally assumed that they were The Chosen. They believed, without any evidence, that they were very special people, a cut above a bomber pilot, three cuts above a naval officer, and at least six cuts above a pongo, or army officer.

This attitude was infuriating to others, but like all snobbery, rather pleasant if you were one of those doing the snobbing. Fighter pilots were a closet-knit company, despite the fact that they were widely scattered. They kept tabs on their friends through the constant changing of squadron personnel. They lived aloof from other fighting men, sought the company of none but their own, they

had their own private language, almost incomprehensible to others.

They even looked alike. Top buttons undone, no buttons polished, hair worn long, hats bashed in, uniforms slightly shabby, and a moustache, if possible, the bigger the better. They affected silk scarves while flying, and wore half Wellington boots. Their interests were flying, beer and women, in that order.

Looking back, they were a collection of rather foolish young men, with little to recommend them except a certain skill at guiding a few hurtling tons of metal through the air, and the ability to aim and fire guns at objects in the air and on the ground.

Yet they WERE romantic, however realistically we look at them. They had a flair for living. They had the dash and spirit of cavalry, Laconic Cossacks, they were. And they were likely the last fighting men the world will see, to seek out the enemy and engage him in single combat.

They were not braver than other men, but they had a great pride. Typically, even their deaths, and they died in their hundreds, were dramatic; tumbling down in a ball of fire; blown to bits in midair; cleaving deep and straight into the cold sea; smashing hard and true into the earth.

If the Canadian fighter pilot is on the way out, let's not shed any tears over him. Let's just be glad he was around when he was. And if that stoutish, balding, fellow, pushing forty, happens to tell you that he was a fighter pilot, don't feel sorry for him. He had his day, and it was a good one.

LIMEHOUSE

Roughley Family Host To Presbyterian Picnic

The annual Sunday School and congregational picnic of Limehouse Presbyterian Church was held on July 11th with lunch at noon in Limehouse Memorial Hall and sports at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roughley afterwards. The events started with a treasure hunt for all.

Race for girls 8 and under: Beryl McEnery and Elaine Turner; boys 8 and under, Carl Sinclair and Allen Hube; girls 10 and under, Lillian Brown, Beryl McEnery.

Boys 10-and-under, Stanley McEnery, Allen Hube, Girls 12 and over, Mrs. Wm. Turner, Mrs. J. Crichton; Boys 12 and over Peter Glynn, Fred Gishy.

Three legged, Lillian Brown and Robbie Roughley, Brian Hube and Kenny James. Wheelbarrow, Marie James and Harry Brown, Mrs. Crichton and David Roughley; Balloon blowing, boy, David Roughley; girls, Lillian Brown.

The wives of men, who predicted an easy nail driving contest won over their husbands. At 4 o'clock all enjoyed plenty of watermelon.

At the close Mrs. Gishy was surprised by a gift of a Bible Readers' Encyclopedia and Concordance from the teachers and pupils of the Sunday School.

All declared a more enjoyable time than when the picnic had been held miles from home.

Halton Plowman Visits Manitoba, Trip is Prize

Two outstanding plowmen, Geo. Dixon, R R 4, Georgetown, and Ivon McLaughlin, R R 2, Stouffville, recently had a two week all expenses paid motor trip to Manitoba.

The trip was the prize they won at the International Plowing Match at Chrysler, Ontario, last fall, as winners of the Esso Champion's class, for tractor plowing. They were accompanied by a trip manager, Alex Black of Guelph.

Mr. McLaughlin was the winner of the gold medal in Esso Champion's class, sponsored by Imperial Oil, while George Dixon was runner up. This class is open to all plowmen who are winners of Esso Special classes held locally at Ontario Plowmen Association branch matches. Mr. Dixon began plowing at the International match in 1946, and that year won 1st prize.

Their motor trip took them to various agricultural colleges, and Dominion experimental farms in northern United States and Canada, and they participated as guests in the Manitoba Provincial plowing match at Portage la Prairie.



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