



DOWN BY THE OLD Mill Stream was where the now fabled 130-year-old Goudy privy once stood. Remains of the old mill now straddle the Black Creek which once was the sole source of power for a thriving Limehouse industry. —(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Last week I had a rare chance to do something I've wanted to do, and I seized it with both hands and my tongue.

I was speaking to the Vimy Branch, Royal Canadian Legion, at its annual observance of the battle of Vimy Ridge. The Vimy branch is unique in that nearly all its members are ex-officers of the Canadian armed forces.

On the program for the banquet was printed a list of the executive and the past presidents. It contained a bounty of Brigadiers, a confusion of Colonels, a mess of Majors, a wedge of Wing Commanders and a scattering of Squadron Leaders. Senior officers. Sitting ducks.

Ever since my days as a fledgling fighter pilot, I've enjoyed a firm conviction that there is no possible way anyone can pound anything into the head of a senior officer.

Here was a golden opportunity to prove my theory, and I sailed into it with gusto. I didn't use a phoney survey or a lot of statistical facts, but personal experience, and I let them have it with both barrels.

As a flying student, I first ran into the obtuseness of the senior officer. This wing commander, the chief flying instructor, nearly had a stroke because I'd tried to land from one end of the runway while another

student was trying to land from the other. How was I to know the wind had changed 180 degrees since I'd taken off?

During advanced flying training in England, a similar occurrence deepened my conviction. I was coming in to land, every sense alert and my mind dallying with a 72-hour pass and a chubby Land Army girl. Some fool down on the runway started firing red flares.

I went around again and again he did it. I had checked the windsock carefully this time, so knew it was his fault, not mine. On my fourth approach, I did the usual cockpit check and no red flares went up.

I rolled to a stop and the squadron leader was standing in his jeep, his face a sort of mulberry shade. And once again the insensitivity of senior officers was displayed. Not only did he call me a stupid clot who should be sent back to Canada in a strait-jacket, but the dirty dog cancelled my weekend pass. And all because I'd forgotten one little item on my first three approaches: putting my wheels down.

Then there was my squadron commander in France. I was his No. Two and we'd made a dive-bombing attack, firing our cannon as we dived, which was our wont, not to hit anything, but to bolster our nerves. He shouted something on the

way down, but I thought it was something silly like, "Hammer the Hun", so paid no attention, closed my eyes, as was my wont, and squeezed the tit.

When we landed, he was in a terrible flap because I was the only one who had dropped his bombs—on the wrong side of the bomb line.

I thought it was damn poor navigation on his part. I think what really bothered him was that I'd shot off a bit of his wing on the way down.

Then there was the ridiculous squadron leader in flying control who made me land with a hang-up. In those days a hang-up was not some trivial emotional disturbance. It was a fused bomb, dangling by its tail from your wing.

I tried to get rid of it over the sea. Nothing worked. Hopefully, I suggested, "Shall I bail out?" His reply: "Don't be silly. We need that aircraft". Pilots were cheap, aircraft expensive.

One bounce on landing and it would be meat, me, all over the landscape. And I was always known as Two-Bounce Smiley. Did you ever see a mouse with kid gloves on, walking on eggshells? That's the way I landed. But what hurt was that he wouldn't let me land on the metal air-strip, as he didn't want it torn up when I blew up. I had to land on the bumpy verge beside the strip.

Just a few of the examples I gave to the senior officers in my audience of the bone-headedness of senior officers. They took it well, because, of course, they didn't understand. I offered to step into the alley, afterwards, with any senior officer. Provided he was over 80. Two ancient brigadiers had to be forcibly restrained.

History at every turn in Israel

The bus roared along the coastal plain to Haifa, which sloped from the Mount Carmel heights to the sea. It was a bright sunny day much of the way and at Haifa we saw the gold topped dome of the world centre of the Baha' faith, then on through Capurium where Christ drove the money changers from the temple.

We paused in Haifa, near the Israeli aid centre where 1,500 students from other countries receive instruction to implement technical assistance to 74 countries. As young as Israel is, it recognizes the value of sharing its knowledge and contributing to the development of its neighbors.

Along the way the purple lilac-like Jacob's tree brightened the route. Land in Israel, we were told, is generally owned by the state and leased to the farmer for 49 years. This avoids speculation.

On through the valley of Sebulon, through the hills of lower Galilee and into Nazareth, we rushed through the city, passed the Church of Annunciation where God is reported to have announced to Mary she would conceive Jesus, past Mary's well to the heights which overlook the whole city.

Sites in the Holy land are difficult to pinpoint. Quite frequently the Roman church has marked one spot as biblically significant in Jesus' life and the Greek Orthodox marks a spot immediately adjacent. The result is that generally there are two churches at each site. On past the mountain of Transfiguration, Mount Tabor, and Cana where Jesus made his way to the

sea. At Tiberius, around the Sea of Galilee (the only fresh water body in Israel) we toured the residential and industrial area and saw across the Sea of Galilee the Golan Heights, often referred to in news reports of the troubled Middle East.



LOOKING ACROSS the port of Tiberius to the Golan Heights in the misty distance, you get an idea of the strategic importance of that rise of land, so often referred to in current

The Golan Heights had been held, until the six day war, by the Syrians and from those heights they could conveniently shell Tiberius.

I photographed the clouded valley on the Sea of Galilee where the incidents of the



news reports. Shelling of Tiberius by the Syrians occupying the Golan Heights stopped when Israel occupied the area during the Six Days War.

Free Press Editorial Page

Highway 25 never the same . . .

Highway 25 from Acton to Ospringle, once a singularly pretty drive through roller coaster hills, has been transformed into a wasteland.

The tree-lined avenue which once grew spreading maples, tall elms and other varieties of trees, has gone the way of the dodo bird — extinguished by the march of progress.

Widening and improvements to the highway from Acton to Ospringle saw many of the lovely trees chopped down and consigned to the flames. Much of the beauty of the road is gone, wiped out by our insatiable demand for new and better roads, to whisk us from one spot to another, sometimes to glimpse the beauty we extinguished on our own

threshold.

Don't blame the Department of Highways, don't blame the government. We can't blame anyone but ourselves. We demand better roads and we get them.

Highway 25 from Acton to Ospringle will no longer be as pretty, no longer shaded, but we'll connect with Highway 24 much quicker on a ribbon of asphalt instead of a mixture of oil and sand that heaves in the Spring, setting pot-hole traps for unwary motorists.

It is the trees we are concerned with, growth that took a century to attain full stature.

Does the Department of Highways

have a policy for replanting trees they take down?

They do. The Department replaces at least one tree for every one taken down although, of course, they are not necessarily located in the same place, an official told the Free Press. The Department plants about 50,000 trees and shrubs each year, the same official declared.

Unfortunately, it will be many years before the trees grow to shade size. By then most of us will be under the roots.

Future generations will benefit, though, unless they have to have bigger and better highways and the cycle revolves again.

Trend to smaller cars . . .

The car business, which generally is an accurate barometer of economic conditions within the country, notes that buyers are favoring smaller, lower-priced cars this year, with a trend away from the regular and more expensive models. Some dealers report 40 per cent of their sales are compacts and sub-compacts and acknowledge there is a large per centage of the small car market going to the imported cars, referred to as sub-compacts.

There is one perplexing note as the swing towards smaller and less expensive cars becomes pronounced. Buyers are demanding more options so that often the small car becomes as expensive as its bigger brother.

Some dealers feel this can be explained by the feeling customers have that they can spend more money on the smaller vehicles because they will be cheaper to operate. This accounts for the tremendous success of the Japanese cars, Toyota and Datsun, on the market. They have features which customers would have to pay

extra for on the larger model cars and consequently could not afford.

Faced with an increasing number of models and a better range of prices, car buyers are also becoming more selective. They consider many things before making a choice. One paramount consideration is the increasing congestion of the province's roads and the resultant scarcity of parking space. In many cases a smaller car gets the nod from buyers because it is easier to maneuver and park.

The tremendous amount of publicity about air pollution has also influenced potential buyers into investigating claims that small cars pollute the atmosphere much less than larger models with bigger motors.

But above all price is the factor which influences many people to choose a harsher small car ride as against the larger, more comfortable ride in a regular-sized model. Many buyers prefer a new small domestic or imported model in preference to a used

larger model with its uncertainties. The new large model is well beyond their pocketbook.

Auto manufacturers in this country noted the trend to smaller vehicles several years ago, launched by the tremendous success of the Volkswagen, which people took to their hearts like family pets, despite its shape, cramped interior and noise. They created small cars such as the Pinto, Vega, Cricket, Gremlin and their ilk which won back a percentage of the market imported cars were beginning to dominate.

It will be interesting to see where the trend ends. There have been periods of economic uncertainty in the past where the trend has been to choose smaller cars as against the larger models. On each occasion, however, with the return to economic stability, larger cars have returned to dominate the market.

We would bet that that day is over and we will see an increasing lean towards smaller cars by the majority of car buyers in this province.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press Thursday, April 26, 1951.

Your full support for the Jack Kentner Jr. Family Fund is solicited. Piggy banks will be located at business places. Committee chairman Sammy Brunelle; vice-chairman Orville Brown; executive Ray Mason, Lorne Masters, Sanford Shantz, Harry Holmes, secretary-treasurer W. Middleton.

A benefit hockey game was played between Milton Co-Ops and Georgetown Raiders.

A benefit dance is being arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Dunn for this Saturday night in the town hall.

It must have been quite a celebration when General MacArthur came home. A balloon with the general and the wording "Welcome Home MacArthur" landed on the farm of W. A. Coulter, R.R. 1, Puslinch.

The April meeting of Rockwood W.C.T.U. was held at the home of Mrs. Orlando Joffille. Mrs. A. K. Thomas conducted the clip sheet, "Alcohol Education in the Schools: What do we Expect."

Born — To Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wolfe, their fourth son.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 5, 1921.

Messrs. Johnstone and Co. have added a fine new motor hearse to their undertaking equipment. Mr. Johnstone made his first trip with the new hearse to St. Catharines last Friday where he conveyed the body of the late William Hipple, Mr. Moyer's father. This entailed a journey of 140 miles.

Mr. Fred Blow who has conducted the Acton Machine Shop for the past five or six years has taken into partnership Mr. Hartley Harrison.

The Honor Roll of the Schools — Lists the Pupils Who "Got Their Names In" — (partial list) — Sabra Nelson, Ray Agnew, Frances Hurst, Earl Cooper, Marie Mowat, Martha Orr, Laird McDonald, Marguerite Ryder, Jessie Anderson, Nellie Hall, Jean Barber, Minnie Blair, Marie Lantz, Madelon Gibbons, Charlie Landsborough, Campbell Currie, Elsie Lasby, Meryl Grindell, Clifford Precious, Ivy Precious, Mildred Hollinger, Laura Hall, Helen Ostrander, Lillian Perry.

The trout fishing season opened on Sunday but of course all Acton fishermen refrained from going after the elusive ones

till Monday. Trout are said to be very plentiful. Mr. Neil McNabb, who is always one of the first to get a catch, brought a couple to tempt the sick in the editor's household.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 16, 1896.

(The Free Press reported world news 75 years ago.)

The House of Commons sat last week continuously for 129 hours—the longest on record. (Details follow). Sir Charles Tupper moved the adjournment.

The New York Journal published the self-written confessions of murderer H. H. Holmes. The article, with numerous illustrations, fills three pages of that journal.

The number of students receiving instruction in temperance and hygiene in the Public Schools of Ontario has increased from 33,926 in 1882 to 101,406 in 1894. The tuition from this text book must have a salutary effect upon the rising generation. Considerable maple syrup has been brought in this week.

Eggs are already down to 10 cents. Henderson's pond was free of ice on Monday—four days earlier than last year. A considerable number of our citizens went to Toronto yesterday to attend the Horse Show.

The New York Herald contains an account of a wonderful gun invented by a Montreal man which, it is said, will make war impossible if it is adopted by all nations. It will discharge 280,000 shots a minute.

A new Irish land bill has been introduced in the British House of Commons.

Conflict and Contrast

BY JIM DILLS

Jim Dills was one of 18 weekly newspaper men from five provinces selected for a two-week study tour including Israel, Cyprus, Germany and England. He writes his observations and conclusions in this series.



loaves and fishes occurred, where Jesus prayed in the synagogue at Capurium, and the Mountain of Beatitudes where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mountain.

We whisked along past the ruins of Roman baths, just at the edge of the road outside Tiberius and later crossed the Jordan as it flowed from Galilee to the Dead Sea. The dimensions of the Jordan are unimpressive because I doubt it was any wider than the Sixteen as it flows through Milton. At Ein-Gev fish restaurant we ate St. Peter's fish taken from the Sea of Galilee. The head was on and the eye cast a glassy stare but this fish was excellent.

Further along to Gesher kibbutz on the Jordan border where we saw the shelters constructed for children in danger from fighting and shelling which occurred close to the Jordan-Israel border. The children's quarters were well below ground and children had been required to sleep underground for the past three years. It was only in the past few weeks that it was possible for the children to begin sleeping above ground, many of them for the first time.

South now along the Jordan River with kibbutzim dotting the route, until we reached the recently held Jordanian

territory where no development was indicated. Barbed wire and watchtowers told their story of defence along the way.

At Jericho we passed the Arab refugee camps and the area where Jesus spent 40 days in the wilderness. Bougainvillea was bright in Jericho and we rolled on through the barren desert hills of Judea to Jerusalem.

That night I walked with a friend to the Walling Wall in the old city of Jerusalem. Most of the streets in the old city were silent as it was the Jewish sabbath. History spoke from the narrow cobblestone streets as we passed David's Tower, under the stone arches and along by the walls of the old city itself.

But Jerusalem is not just history, it is history in the making too, and a morning visit to the Hebrew University where Richard Oestermann proudly told us about the world's largest Jewish institution of higher learning was indicative. Surroundings were modern and architecture impressive.

In 1969-70 the university awarded 21,554 degrees. Emphasis is being put on the

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