



**SUGAR 'N SPICE**  
By BILL SMILEY

**About garbage and all that**

Summer wanes, and so does the sky, and so do I. How and why do we wane? The summer wanes with sadness and dignity, as in her custom. The sky wanes regularly. And I wane violently.

Some people grow benevolent and kindly as they get older. I just get more violent. I hope I turn out to be an Angry Old Man. And I know I will, if I can just hang on long enough to get old. It's a world to turn anyone, even a gentle, sweet chap like myself, a bit savage.

Don't think that I'm just getting crotchety. I've been crotchety for years. You hear people going around all over Canada saying, "Mv. isn't that Smiley crotchety?" And others replying, "Yes, crotchety is the word. If there's a word for it, it's crotchety."

Mind you, I love the world around me, and up to half a dozen people, and I laugh like a mental case at some of the things I see. But there is a limit to the amount of garbage I can stand being thrown in my face day after day in this year 1969 A.D. That makes me just like the Prime Minister.

For instance. We have so much surplus wheat that we have a national hernia, trying to lift it from here to there. Politicians go white trying to figure out what to do with it. Why don't we give it away? I don't mean the farmer. I mean Canada. Pay the going rate to the farmer and give it away to people who are starving, anyway.

For instance. Our educational system caters to the mediocre, to mass-production of the mediocre, just like big industry. The intellectual elite among our kids who are below average are swept under the rug.

This means our schools are full of fat, lazy kids, who are there only because they don't want to face the lean, cold world. I'd turf out on his or her tail, at 16, every kid who wasn't interested. And I'd let him back in, with generous help, when he became interested.

For instance. Daily newspapers lie daily. Not downright lies. They merely slant, distort and colour the "news" depending on their policy and politics. However, it's a free country, and I guess they're free to lie.

For instance. Television could be a tremendous force for spreading peace and love in the world. What it does is spread jam on cake, and violence on ignorance. With a few notable exceptions, it serves its patrons garbage in a fancy wrapper.

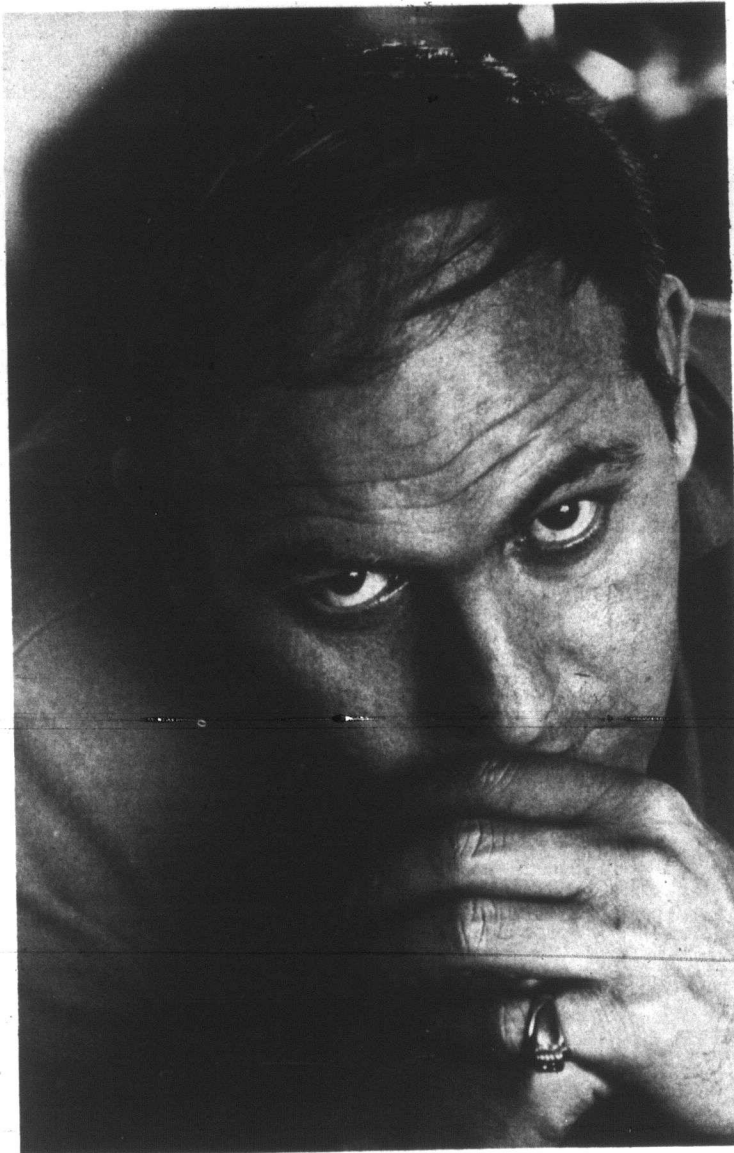
And for all this obscenity the three big U.S. networks last year split over two billion dollars in profits. The CBC which gives us the same refuse, generally came up with its usual deficit. This shows the superiority of Canadian television. Somehow.

For instance. There are two laws. One for the rich and one for the rest of us. And any lawyer and any policeman knows it. If you're a dumb kid from Newfie, or an Indian who got drunk, you can rot in jail for a month or two before your case is even heard. If you're a middle-class doctor or businessman, and you have the money and the right connections, you're home free and everything is hushed up.

For instance. Poverty. Twenty million people living in one of the biggest countries in the world, with enormous natural resources. And millions living in sordid, squalid poverty.

For instance. The Church. Again with a few notable exceptions, it does not face life. It wrings its hands, or washes them, Pilate-fashion. You don't see many preachers charging into a finance company and brandishing a whip these days, do you?

For instance. This column is about garbage. And I just remembered this is garbage day and I forgot to put mine out.



**CATHALDO COURSI**

**Portraits by window light**

By BERT HOFERICHTER

Would you like to make portraits like this one yourself?

Well, all you need is a window, a camera, and an eye that knows a picture. Previously we talked about flash for inside use on people and flash as a fill-in for outside use. Let's talk about no flash — just plain old every day window light.

You will note the warmth and flattering quality of this type of light on the subject's flesh tones. By window light I mean the light entering the window from an overcast or open sky, but not direct, harsh sunlight.

The use of window light for portraits is not a new discovery. Painters have been using this most natural form of light for centuries. Before the use of floodlights and speedlights came into being, most studios depended entirely on north light from huge windows and skylights.

Window light is the most natural light in the world. You can tailor it to your individual requirements. A very bright day means strong shadow areas. If you want a dramatic or moody portrait of your subject then this is your cup of tea.

This week's photo of Mr. Cathaldo Coursi was taken in a living room which faces east. It was taken in the afternoon when the sun was overhead and not direct. A very compact collapsible reflector with a gold-colored surface was used as a fill on the left side of the model.

This, as you can see, helps lighten the otherwise deep shadows. A meter reading was taken from the shadows area of the face and exposed for it accordingly. The right side was burned in (more exposure) when the print was made.

In a case like this when in doubt, expose for your shadow area rather than the highlight area of the face. With careful developing in Rodinol the highlights will retain good details.

The camera was a Rolles 66 SLR with Plus-X professional film and developed for 14 minutes in Rodinol. Exposure was a 1/15 at F4.



**Flying in formation**

All except tail-end Charlie. The little fellow who brought up the rear of the formation was about six inches out of line and his wings flapped upward while the others pumped down.

Answering the laughter of the spectators with a "Quark, quark, quark!" they continued bravely on in the direction of the shoreline grandstands to the tune of considerable applause.

Viewing that display, I was moved to remark to the family, "Well, I guess Man has learned to fly faster and better than the birds."

To which statement son Steven replied, "Yes, but not as economically. You can buy a lot of birdseed for the amount of jet fuel that was used up here today." And I couldn't argue with that.

**FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD**

The wife says wasps taste something like chicken, which isn't surprising, since she ate one while munching on chicken.

We were having some chicken while returning from Malton where we watched the air show take off and land Sunday afternoon.

A hungry yellow-jacket was buzzing around making a nuisance of himself and each of us took turns in trying to shoo him away.

"Gee, I don't know," she said. "... like chicken, I guess."

"You'd probably have to eat a whole fistful of them without chicken in order to tell," said Judy.

"I didn't know that wasps like chicken," said Steve.

The air show at the CNE was impressive.

The Blue Angels were fantastic as such groups go and the stunt flyers were entertaining. They could make their light little planes do everything except lay an egg.

But it was the British display that stole the show — not so much because of the nimble little interceptors that could apparently turn on a dime, but because of the huge, delta-winged Vulcan which, despite its immense size, could be stood on its wing like a Spitfire or shot nearly vertically into the stratosphere like a CF-105.

The Vulcan is a big, beautiful bird. Too bad it's obsolete like most of the aircraft we saw.

Following a precise tight-formation display of the Blue Angels there was a sudden lull in the action and all eyes turned in the direction of the island runways to see what was coming up next.

**TIGHT FORMATION**

They weren't disappointed. Three little black ducks — or maybe they were white ones that got a little grimy in the harbor — came sailing past the spectators in 1-2-3 formation just like the U.S. Navy Phantoms, each scoop-shovel bill tucked neatly beneath the wing of the one up front.

"It's the first time I've ever heard of anybody biting a wasp," said Keith Woodward.

Eleanor said nothing. In fact, she hardly spoke at all over the next couple of hours.

The wife took a bite of chicken, chewed, winced and swallowed. She looked cross-eyed for a moment then said, "I think I bit the inside of my cheek."

Probing a finger along the inside of her cheek, she withdrew a tiny needle-like appendage and sat there staring at it.

It was unmistakably the business end of a wasp, and I said so.

"But — where's the rest of it?" she asked, turning a lighter shade of pale. "How'd it taste, Mom?" asked the kids.

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