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## Sugar and Spice

Required by BILL SMILEY of the WILSON Echo

There are several signs that you are getting on a bit. One is when you have to put your foot up on a chair to tie your shoe laces. Another is the first time some living doll saunters past and all you wonder about is what's-for-supper.

It's true, you know. We feathers bed their existence until they think that's the way life is supposed to be. Then we are horror-stricken when they bump into life in the real and make a mess of the encounter.

Oh, we mean well. But that's no excuse for robbing our children of their chance to become rugged individuals by wrapping them in cotton wool.

We figure that with a smattering of psychology picked up from magazine articles, we can save them from all the anguish we experienced as kids. We try to treat them as intelligent human beings. That's the first big mistake. First thing you know they're liping you all over the place, and you have to revert to treating them for what they are — noisy, obstreperous crafty small animals.

We stuff them with orange juice, milk and cod liver oil, so they'll have good teeth and sturdy little bodies. Then we let them eat candy until their teeth are rotted, and crouch in darkened living rooms watching TV until their eyes are shot and their little bodies stunted beyond recovery.

And the way we pamper them in sports is disgusting. Most of us, for example, learned our hockey the hard, but pleasant way — on a river or pond we'd shovelled off ourselves. Eaton's catalogue for shin-pads, 14 men to a side, and the devil take the small ones if they couldn't look out for themselves.

But what do we have today? The little punks are treated like visiting royalty. No changing their skates by a bonfire at the edge of the pond. Heated dressing rooms. No shovelling snow. Free ice time at the rink. No picking up sides and playing until your long underwear is clinging like an onion skin. No, no. Now they have referees, coaches, managers and benches to sit on. And the kids who can't play too well do a lot of sitting. Because "we want the team to win, now don't we fellows?"

Nowadays the kids are outfitted

from head to toe like real hockey players. They make trips out of town to play other teams. Some body buys them a feed after the game. Nicot. You bet, it's nice. But is all this mollycoddling producing any better hockey players or citizens? Not so you'd notice.

We don't want our kids to be an awkward and unaccomplished as we were, so we give them swimming lessons, figure skating lessons, dancing lessons, music lessons. But we neglect to give them lessons in decency, respect for their elders, simple courtesy, integrity, and a lot of other things equally or more important.

As a result they turn into accomplished, selfish, ill-mannered teen agers, and we simply can't understand how it happened, when they've had "such a nice upbringing and so many advantages."

Because we haven't the gumption to say "no" and suffer the inevitable whining, we let the kids wallow in trips — comic books, crummy TV shows, third-rate movies, fifth-rate Preasley — then complain that the schools are terrible. They don't seem to absorb any thing at school these days at all.

This could turn into a diatribe, but it won't. I feel sorry for the kids. I think they're exchanging the real for the synthetic, without ever having a chance to know the difference. How many youngsters today, for example, know the thrill of hoarding every nickel for months, to buy a cherished baseball glove? It's much easier to put the pressure on the old man.

But I feel more sorry for the parents. They bust a gut to give their boy or girl all the things for which their own tender souls ached at one time. What the former turns out to be an insolent, useless, young punk, and the latter a sneaky little tramp, their horror is only equalled by their disbelief.

Mind you, not all kids get this life-at-the-Ritz treatment, and not all parents have their heads stuck as deep in the sand as those described. There's no nonsense about pampering kids around our house.

Like Saturday afternoon, for instance. In hearty, matey, father-to-son, tones, I suggested to Hugh that we shovel the walk together. Together, mind you, not telling him he had to do it. "Can't," he says, "gotta go to the machine. Where's my quarter? Then I gotta go to Charley's to watch TV. Rog Rogers. 'C'mon Dad, gimme the two bits."

My own dad would have just pointed at the snow shovel, and I'd have spent the afternoon making it fly. I pointed to the clock and said: "Say, you'd better get going, or you'll be late," and handed him the quarter. No nonsense around our house about pampering.

Like Sunday afternoon, when I was having a little snooze, and Kim thumped me on the stomach till I woke up, and said: "Daddy, will you go uptown and get me a comic. I read them all and I haven't a thing to read and Hugh won't play with me, will you Daddy?" giving me that big-brown-eyes look that would have melted the heart of the late unlamented J. Stalin.

In answer to the often-heard question:

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<b>Tomatoes</b>	<b>2 for 35c</b>
Betty Crocker or Brownie Mix	pkg.
<b>Date Bar</b>	<b>35c</b>
Delicious Spread — Nucoa	1 lb. pkg.
<b>Margarine</b>	<b>29c</b>
Brisk Winter Beverage — Lipton	pkg. of 60
<b>Tea Bags</b>	<b>79c</b>
New Javel — Old Dutch	64 oz. btl.
<b>Bleach</b>	<b>39c</b>
Free Face Towel in every box	
Blue or White 5c Deal	big box
<b>Breeze</b>	<b>37c</b>
Dr. Ballard's Champion	15 oz. cans
<b>Dog Food</b>	<b>2 for 25c</b>

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Sweet — 5 lb. bag **39c** Juicy

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Firm Texas White large head

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V8-6

CHEVROLET

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STEWARTTOWN

INSTITUTE SEES MOVIES OF PETERBOROUGH, N.Y.

Junior W.A. meeting was held at Mrs. Bally's home last week. Carol Devereaux chose "Jesus loves me" for the opening hymn and conducted the worship service. A letter of thanks was read for a baby's layette donated to a mission. Ineka Kouslag read the minutes of the last meeting, seconded by Shirley Greenwood.

The January meeting of the Esqueving Women's Institute met at Mrs. Bally's home Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Bally of Islington were present and showed pictures of their summer holidays at Peterborough last summer; also of a business trip to New York when there happened to be quite a few parades on. The pictures took the place of the usual meeting. Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Appelbe were hostesses for refreshments. The next meeting will be at Mrs. R. Harris' home, Wednesday, Feb. 13. Topic "Citizenship." Roll call "Where I would like to spend my vacation."

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. E. Sanford and Bill were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford Sunday afternoon.

The thermometer was at zero all day Sunday — till 4 p.m. and then started to fall lower.

Visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood last week were Mr. and Mrs. G. Greenwood, Sr. of Niagara Falls.

Happy birthday to Kenneth Hodge whose birthday came on the 14th of January, 11 years old, nearly twins.

Birthday good wishes to Kenneth Grant, 11 years Sunday, 30th January.

Hurry! This is your last opportunity to get your 1957

## BOXED CHRISTMAS CARDS

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