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## Sugar and Spice

by Bill Smiley

Watching television is all right, I daresay, a first-rate movie makes an enjoyable night out, and for good pleasure. It's hard to beat a good book. But for sheer emotional wallop of an evening, there's nothing to touch cleaning out a bureau drawer.

About every two years, we have one of these orgies at our house. It usually starts when my wife is looking for something important. Like the pattern for the dress she began making one winter. Or the cherished clipping in which it states that she came first in Grade 6, once upon a time.

She starts rooting around and cussing mildly in our document drawer — a big dresser drawer crammed with old love-letters, receipts, losses, insurance policies, recipes for dill pickles, membership cards for the year 1953, single earrings of every design, newspaper clippings, odd shoe-laces and photographs. — hundreds of them.

Pretty soon I hear yelps of dismay, snorts of outrage, and choruses of amusement. Grumblingly, I join her, ostensibly to make sure she doesn't throw out some of my important keepsakes, like my German compass, that doesn't work, but in reality to find out what all the fun is about.

For approximately 89 seconds, we work systematically, sorting the junk into piles, to be discarded or saved. Then I catch her trying to throw out a perfectly good picture of a girl called Wendy, a corporal in the W.A.F. whom I used to know. She retaliates by pointing out the fellow in the class picture who was crazy about her. A most undistinguished-looking adolescent, in my impartial point of view.

From there on, it's every man for himself, and within a few minutes, we have about twelve different piles of stuff around us. "You don't want this old junk, do you?" she sniffs, holding up a dance program, year 1939, with the name of a girl called Sylvia, written in every second space. "Oh, don't I, though!" I retort, snatching it and putting it carefully on a special pile, though I can't even remember Sylvia's last name, let alone what she looks like.

"Why don't you throw those mouldy old letters out?" I suggested, as she sits there, a big bundle of them in her hand, gaz-

### THE MAIL BAG

#### REPLIES TO LETTER ON PEARSON'S QUALIFICATIONS

Georgetown, Ont.  
February 28th, 1958

Dear Sir:  
I cannot let go unanswered the letter under the heading "Says Pearson's World, etc." in last week's paper.  
As most dyed-in-the-wool Liberals the writer's thinking is somewhat confused even to the point of contradiction.  
First of all, I can find no fault with the dictionary meaning of the word "leadership." However, the writer infers that the Prime Minister has no ability in this field and is even prone to whipping. The only "whipping" I can recall was administered to the Liberal party last June when Mr. Diefenbaker "led" his party to victory.  
The writer mentions Mr. Pearson's "world leadership" at the time of the Suez crisis. If she followed closely government and other reports the writer would know that even Mr. Pearson himself admits that the idea of a U.N. police force was not his alone, but the work of many, including opposition members. He was but the instrument through which it was implemented.

As for the bit on the conflict itself. Again if the writer had read the reports she would know that England and France entered Egypt not to grind either Egypt or Israel under heel, but to save from possible destruction the Suez Canal, which is their lifeline to the far east and their oil supply. The shooting ceased on U.S. insistence, not Mr. Pearson's.  
The contradiction I mentioned earlier comes in that paragraph. In her previous letter the writer blamed the Conservatives for turning our armed forces over to U.S. command. Now she says "where would we have been with our army, navy, air force, under U.S. command. I might point out that the liberals were in power at the time of the Suez affair, not the Conservatives.

To conclude: one does not have to look far to find proof of Liberal overtaxation. That \$500 million surplus they boasted did not come about by selling Nova Scotia, hering to Texas.

Yours Sincerely,  
G. G. Standish

—This is the time of year when you should check on your printing requirements and be ready for the rush of spring business. The Herald will be pleased to help you.

ing dreamily at the wall. "Wouldn't you just love me to!" she taunts, opening one and reading some a nauseating passage from some lovesick jerk, who signs himself, with unbelievable corn: "your lonesome, loving George."

Then we get looking at pictures of the kids, when they were little, and are torn between tears and laughter. We linger over one of them, in swimming in their bare bottoms, fat, dimpled infants, and our thoughts go with awe to the two great, rowdy school children in bed at the moment, exhausted from chasing and pummeling each other, upstairs and down for a solid hour-before bedtime.

And we find a snap of ourselves, on our honeymoon. We look at it, look at each other, and shake our heads in disbelief, and in sorrow. "Never mind, dear," she reassures "you look much more intellectual with a higher forehead," and gallantly I reply: "Your certainly have a lot more character in your face now."

Somehow this doesn't hit quite the right note, and there is a little frost in the air, so we go on sorting. Soon we're absorbed again. She is reading with intense admiration an old English essay for which she received a mark of A-plus. I am contemplating wistfully a ten year old snap of myself in which I had a vast fighter-pilot's handlebar moustache, and an evil glint in my eye.

Two hours later, we are still at it. It would go on all night, but invariably she hooks with glee: "Oh brother! listen to this!" and reads, with infuriating elocution, a purple passage from one of my old love-letters to her. I get a cold chill down my spine, a red face, and brusquely mutter something about getting "this blasted mess cleaned up, I've got work to do."

We fill a large carton with discardable stuff. We look at all the little piles we've sorted so carefully. We look for strings to tie them into separate bundles. No string, we look for paper bags, to bag them separately. No bags. So we throw everything back into the drawer. And invariably, there's more than we started with, and we can scarcely get it shut.

### LEGION NOTES

by Les Clark

Last Friday night was the first annual Legion "Old Sweats" Night and we feel it was a huge success.

The Old Sweats seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and so did the rest of the branch. There was an excellent group of guests from out of town branches, a number of former associates of both Bill Roney and of Col. Cousins.

The affair started with a welcome by the president Harvey Garvin, who then asked the writer to act as master of ceremonies.  
Special guest was Harold Eaton, of Newmarket, who is first vice president of the Legion in Ontario. He spoke at some length and of great interest to the people who were present. He then proceeded to present Bill Roney a medal for meritorious service for his services to the Legion, in particular 120 Branch.

The portrait of the first president, Col. Cousins, was then unveiled and we think everyone was impressed with the very beautiful way it was draped and displayed by the artist.

The district commander, Hugh Lamb then presented each of the vets of the war of 1914-1918 with a tie as a slight memento of their services to the branch.

The balance of the evening was spent in dancing and lunch was served by the W.A.

Everyone present reported an excellent time.

Particularly nice was the fact that two of Bill Roney's brothers, Foster and Chick were able to get there. Also his old commanding officer, Col. Lister of Oakville, was on hand as well as a number from surrounding branches who knew him. We would like to add our congratulations to whoever on the executive looked after getting these people there. They did a fine job. We don't know just who it was, as unfortunately since the New Year, we have only been at about one full executive meeting, due to other Legion commitments, and we were not at either the January or February regular meetings, so most of the arrangements about that night were mostly what we got second hand. But certainly the custom should be carried on each year, possibly in different form, but it would add to the social life of the group immensely.

Frank Connely and Lorne Cross went to Hamilton on Saturday (no, not THAT place) to a sports meeting for the district. The boys are doing a conscientious job on their zone sports and we think they deserve a big hand... and we know it's not an easy job with the amount of sports they have.

## Mrs. R. T. Paul President-Local Council of Women

The Georgetown Local Council of Women held its regular meeting on Friday, February 28th at the home of Mrs. R. T. Paul, Mill Street. After consideration of various items of business and correspondence Mrs. Floria Nodwell, as convener of the nominating committee, presented a slate of officers for 1958 and the following ladies were subsequently unanimously elected to office—President, Mrs. R. T. Paul; 1st vice-president, Mrs. R. H. Jones; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Arthur Reeve; treasurer, Mrs. A. M. Nielsen; corresponding secretary, Miss Hettie Lawson; recording secretary, Mrs. Muriel Adams; press, Mrs. Clarence Hayes.  
Mrs. Paul then called upon Mrs. Jack Kerr to come forward and in a few well-chosen words presented her with a gift from the Local Council in recognition, of

her faithful services to the organization as its president during the past five years.

An informative article dealing with the Civil Status of the Canadian Indian was read by Miss Hettie Lawson. As a special feature of the afternoon's program Miss Ruth Evans gave an informal account of her recent trip to Europe and the British Isles which she illustrated with the colour slides she had secured enroute.  
Mrs. F. W. Johnson expressed the pleasure of all present to Miss Evans and thanks to Mrs. Paul and the tea committee. A social half hour followed.

### FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE TOURS ALLIANCE PAPER MILLS

The February meeting of the Friendship Circle of St. John's United Church on February 24th, took the form of a tour of the Alliance Paper Mills. The members returned afterwards to the church for lunch and a short business period with the president, Miss Charlotte McCullough in the chair. A number of new members were welcomed at this meeting.

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