

# Sugar and Spice

Disposed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

The Ides of March are past at last  
But whether you can say it's  
Spring  
's another thing!

The 17th of Ireland has come  
and gone. The equinox (from the  
Latin equus-horse, and nox-night;  
loosely translated—nightmare) is  
upon us. Tomorrow, or the day  
after, or maybe six weeks from  
now, I'll be Spring.

One cannot help but admire the  
dour reluctance with which Can-  
ada relinquishes her clutch on the  
National Season—winter. Spring  
is greeted with all the enthusiasm  
a new potion for everlasting life  
would arouse at an undertakers'  
convention.

And that's as it should be. You  
can't gambol in the woods like a  
Botticelli maiden, just because it's  
the 21st of March. Not unless you  
are able to gambol in goliathes.  
Come to think of it, some of those  
Italian primaveras would have  
looked better in goliathes. Foot like  
a hand, some of them had.

Maybe the jonquils are lovely  
in Paris, and the first crocus has  
inspired a letter to The Times, in  
England. Maybe the chinook has  
breathed lushly on Red Deer,  
Alta. Maybe in such tropical On-  
tario centres as Blenheim or Til-  
bury there is a hint of intoxica-  
tion in the air. But I'll wager that  
in Renfrew, and Atikokan, and in  
Bracebridge, there'll be nobody  
running around in his bare feet

on what the calendar claims is the  
first day of Spring.

Poet T. S. Elliot, the Edgar Guest  
of the eggheads, opined that "Ap-  
ril is the cruellest month." Maybe  
so. But I doubt if he'd have been  
so dogmatic if he'd every taken a  
stroll in the True North Strong and  
Free some "first day of spring" in  
one of those March zephyrs that  
would freeze the brains of a brass  
monkey.

For any honest, thin-blooded Can-  
adian, March is 31 days of pure  
misery. He's just about at the end  
of his tether, anyway, after a gruel-  
ing, four-month, toe-to-toe slug-  
fest with that capable heavyweight,  
Old Man Winter. He's punchy, still  
in there only through sheer fight-  
ing instinct. So what's he supposed  
to do just because March 21st is  
the first day of Spring? Peel off  
his long-handled underwear, stick  
a daffodil behind his ear and  
launch into Mendelssohn's Spring  
Song?

Not likely. It's much more prob-  
able that he'll contemplate the  
occasion with the gloomy despair  
of a toper trapped into a tea party.  
For March is a month to try  
men's souls.

The body, racked by a success-  
ion of bouts with the flu, is call-  
ing feebly on its last reserves—  
and getting no answer. The ward-  
robe is a wreck. The mind is a  
morass of income tax evasions,  
monstrous fuel bills, and the cer-  
tain knowledge that the muffler  
and tailpipe on the car are eaten  
through.

Domestic life is at its lowest  
ebb in March. The kids, have hot-  
ebb in their rubber boots, which  
does not prevent them tracking in  
enough dirt to fill the St. Law-  
rence Seaway. Their zippers are  
shot, their buttons are few and far  
between, and they have only one  
mitt left. Their winter clothes are  
so shabby their parents ignore  
them in public, hoping other peo-  
ple won't know whose kids they  
are.

Their mother is like a caged  
leopard. Her nerves are rubbed  
raw from mopping up pools of wa-  
ter, looking for people's hats, and  
listening to the syncopated  
thump and rumble of the stoker.  
She's sick to death of prying, frox-  
en sheets off the clothesline. Her  
skin is becoming dried out, and  
the housecleaning looms like some  
fearsome monster. It's wise to  
tread softly, and in wide circles,  
around her.

Mind you, I'm not down on  
Spring, as such. Give me a burst  
of sunshine, a balmy breeze, and  
a sight of green grass, and I'll be  
quick as the next fellow to get  
giddy and run off with a widow,  
or whatever you're supposed to do  
in the Spring.

But when I know that the pile  
of ashes in my collar is four times  
the size of the coalpile, and there's  
almost a foot of snow on my front  
lawn, and I'm catching my seventh  
cold of the winter, please, if you  
value your life, don't come up to  
me on March 21st and say bright-  
ly: "Well, first day of Spring, eh?"

## YORK WEST M. P. TO SPEAK AT BEST RALLY

Next Tuesday evening, the local  
Progressive Conservative Associa-  
tion are holding a monster rally to  
meet their candidate, Sandy Best,  
who represented the P-Cs in the  
last parliament at Ottawa.

In an announcement from local  
headquarters, it was found that

the date of the rally will be this  
coming Tuesday evening, March  
25th, in the Legion Hall, at 8:15  
p.m. sharp. All local residents are  
cordially invited.

That very popular master of  
ceremonies, Vince Mountford, has  
volunteered to come up and with a  
number of fellow entertainers, put  
on a real show. This will be of  
real interest to the many who at-  
tended last June, at the last Con-  
servative rally as the crowd thor-  
oughly enjoyed his show, particu-  
larly the songs he had written spe-  
cially for the occasion.

Also the local executive feel es-  
pecially honoured to have with  
them speaking on Mr. Best's be-  
half, none other than John Hamil-  
ton, MP for York West, and one  
who is recognized as one of the  
ablest of Prime Minister Diefen-  
baker's galaxy of rising young  
lieutenants. Mr. Hamilton, only  
44 years old, was first elected as a  
P-C in November of 1954, at a  
by-election in 1954. Re-elected at  
the last general election, he has  
been much in demand as a speak-  
er throughout the country. He  
returns from an extensive speak-  
ing trip throughout the West the  
day before his coming to George-  
town. A lawyer by profession, he  
graduated in 1939, with honours.  
Mr. Hamilton is married with two  
children. He is a Queen's Coun-  
sel, practicing in Toronto. On the  
outbreak of the last war, he joined  
the Armoured Corps as a private,  
was mentioned in despatches, served  
in Northwest Europe with the  
third division, and was dis-  
charged a Major at the end of the  
hostilities. He is a member of the  
Kingsway United Church.

The local association feel very  
fortunate in having Mr. Hamilton  
at their meeting, as he is among  
the most sought after speakers in  
the country. He is also parliam-  
entary assistant to the minister of  
labour, the Hon. Michael Starr.

Their will also be lunch served  
and an excellent opportunity to  
meet Conservative standard bear-  
er Sandy Best and Mr. Hamilton.

### THE MAIL BAG

#### SUGGESTS GET-TOGETHER FOR POLITICAL ARGUMENT

Georgetown, Ontario  
March 17th, 1958

Dear Mr. Editor:  
As John St. is not too far from  
Queen, I suggest my "opposition"  
should come over some night and  
perhaps we can finish one argu-  
ment before the Tories change their  
story again. The saga of the dis-  
appearing surplus is really some-  
thing.

I don't think the Liberals were  
too badly "whipped" last June,  
sir, or we would not be having this  
election at all. And your memory  
must be really bad if you have for-  
gotten already how fast a certain  
telegram came all the way from  
England to tell the minister of  
finance to keep his mouth shut.  
I would call that a "whip" all right.

Certainly the Liberals were in  
power at the time of the Suez  
crisis. What has that to do with  
Mr. Diefenbaker turning our ar-  
med forces over to U.S. command  
two years later. Without even  
calling parliament into session?

In my first letter I used the  
"giveaway" of our armed forces  
to prove that Mr. Diefenbaker does  
not practice what he preaches. He  
blamed the Liberals for fostering  
American influence and turned  
right around and handed them  
more influence than the Liberals  
ever did.

And I differ with him complet-  
ely when he says it was the Amer-  
icans who stopped the "shooting"  
war. They wanted it stopped al-  
right, but they did not know how  
to do it and make it stick until Mr.  
Pearson came up with his proposal.  
Please! The whole world was grate-  
ful! That is not an argument  
which brings me full circle to what  
I originally tried to say. That, ha-  
ve become lost in a welter of trivial  
argument.

Because of the honour and pres-  
tige brought, not only to himself,  
but to Canada and Canadian states-  
men, by Mr. Pearson's achievement,  
he is known and respected by all  
nations. Mr. Bulganin does not  
care if he is a liberal or conserva-  
tive but he knows that Lester Pear-  
son of Canada, is the man, who  
came up with the right answer in  
the right place at the right time.  
Mr. Diefenbaker has no such pres-  
tige or respect. Nor has he the  
knowledge and experience neces-  
sary to deal safely and adequately  
with foreign powers.

Therefore, Mr. Pearson is the  
best man to look after our inter-  
ests at the Summit conference.  
And, because Canada, is the only  
country in the world, geographic-  
ally, right-between Russia and the  
U.S. we must be at that confer-  
ence and we dare not send any-  
thing less than our best.

Now about that 586 million dol-  
lar surplus. Is the writer sure that  
was there? If so, he had better tell  
Donald Fleming and Ellen Fair-  
clough. They are saying it never  
was. I am quite sure it isn't there  
now, at any rate. After a vote buy-  
ing spree like the Tories put on,  
there cannot be much left for the  
unemployed. Or, are there any  
unemployed?

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. A. A. McDonald,  
22 Queen St., Georgetown.

Have you made your donation  
to the Easter Seal campaign? If  
not, do it now.

## IODE Entertains for Basic English Class

The Countess of Strathmore  
Chapter of the IODE entertained for  
the New Canadians after the  
closing of their basic English clas-  
ses which have been held in the  
evening at the Georgetown High  
School. The social evening, which  
was held in the Wigglesworth School,  
opened with the placing of the  
standard and the singing of the  
Queen. Mrs. Yeoman placed the  
flag and Mrs. James Evans accom-  
panied at the piano.

Mrs. Leslie Clark, the regent,  
welcomed the basic English stu-  
dents and friends numbering around  
fifty. Mayor John T. Armstrong  
spoke words of welcome to the stu-  
dents and other guests. The enjoy-  
able program which followed inclu-  
ded songs by Tommy Schenk and  
Mrs. Clazence Kroll, accompanied  
by Mrs. Richard Vandenberg. Di-  
anne Greenwood delighted every-  
one with her Gypsy dance as did  
six little girls, Janie Bouskill, Val-  
erie Kitchin, Jane Ann Inglis, Joy  
Haines, Christine Earl, and Dianne  
Golden when they danced the High-  
land Fling. Dutch folk songs by  
three little Dutch girls were also  
very much appreciated, the girls  
were Dinie Kalsbeek, Janie Janssen  
and Greet de Kleer.

Two games were played and Mrs.  
Langebeck and Mr. Pankentin thanked  
Miss Florence Luke and Mr.  
A. Dobson their teachers. A deli-  
cious luncheon concluded the even-  
ing. Mrs. John T. Armstrong, Im-  
migration and Citizenship convener  
planned the evening, assisted by  
Mrs. Edwin Hall and Mrs. Robert  
Reichardt.

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