

Sugar and Spice

Disposed by BILL SMILEY of the Western Echo

For most folks, May is one of the most delightful months of the year. The good wife has her housecleaning pretty well licked and is able to get out and putter in her flower beds. The gardening types are happy as hogs, mucking about in the good earth. The trout fisherman is in that state of feverish excitement that lasts until the mosquitos arrive. The golfer tromps the fairways with springy tread, subliming in the certainty that this year he'll get rid of his slice.

Lucky, lucky people. Around our place, May is the month that turns the nervous system into an intricate maze of high-tension wires, and turns us into gaunt, hollow-eyed remnants of our usual devil-may-care selves. At our house, May is Music Festival month.

Not for us the deep content of working on the land. We taste none of the inner joy of painting the fence, or burning the junk that has littered up the back yard all winter. Fishing and golf are for the sensible people who taught their children to play hopscotch instead of the piano.

No, our lot in May is inner anguish, sleepless nights, easy tears and sudden rages. We could be eating sawdust instead of steaks and I never know the difference. With two piano-playing kids in the house, the Music Festival looms more ominously than World War III, around our place.

I hope you realize that when I say "we," I'm not talking about the kids. They sleep like hibernating bears. They eat like South American piranha fish. Their minds are weighted only by such awesome problems, as: "Aw, gee, Mom, why do I hafta wear a jacket? It's boiling hot outside!"

I've just gone through my fourth annual Music Festival, and so help me, if I have to go through one more, I'm going to put in for the burnt-out pension. And if my Old Lady goes through one more, she won't even need a pension. She'll be in a government institution, or fertilizing the mushroom beds.

It wouldn't be so bad if Fate would keep it's fickle finger out of things. We could stand the stony indifference of the kids to their art, the inner horror as they continue to play their pieces as though they had eight thumbs each, and the mounting tension as the big day arrives. But each year, we get into a slapstick deal that not only turns the sublime to the ridiculous, but takes about one decade off our allotted spans.

Last year, in the Festival hall, just as Kim was getting up to go forward and play her piece, the chair went out from under her and down she went, hitting the floor with the gentle impact of a depth charge. She got to her feet like a punchy prizefighter, the tears starting, rubbed her head, tottered up and copped herself a first prize. But I sweated roughly one imperial quart during that brief episode.

This spring, Hugh was all primed to play at the big Kiwanis Festival in Toronto. For once, he'd practised fairly well, and had his piece in fair shape. So the day before he was to go, he got fighting with Kim, sprained his finger, and it went up like a balloon, along with his entry fee, and about a month of hard labour on the part of his mother. It's the only time I've ever seen him scared. He thought, for a minute there, that she was going to kill him. So did I, and I was nearly exhausted by the time she'd cooled off enough so I could let go of her arms.

Last week, the day before she was to play at the Festival, Kim came home looking like Carmen Basilio, after his last fight with Sugar Ray. She had a lump the size of an egg and the colour of a ripe cucumber under one eye. Seems she'd bumped into Donald Taylor's "dam old hard head" in a mutual dash for the teacher's desk.

Ironically enough, her Festival piece was entitled "Little Mouse." She got quite a bang out of it when I explained what a "mouse" under your eye was. Her mother got a big charge out of it, too. She laughed and laughed and laughed until finally I had to throw some cold water in her face and give her a sedative.

And if there aren't enough natural hazards, there's always the adjudicator at the Festival. Sometimes he's a brilliant, sensible fellow, a thorough musician, who knows the real thing when he sees it, like the chap who gave Hugh a couple of firsts a few years ago. But there's always the danger that he's erratic, thick-headed, and doesn't know his stuff, like the fellow last year, who gave some other kids, obviously very inferior

plane players, first prize, and moved our genius to fourth place.

Ask me to serve on the first rocket crew to the moon and I'll consider it. Ask me to dash into a burning building and rescue the town drunk, and I'll be game. Ask me to go over Niagara Falls in a chamberpot, and I'll volunteer. But please don't ask me to go through another Music Festival.

FARM NEWS HOW TO COMPETE IN THE TURKEY BUSINESS

J. E. W.
Everybody interested in turkeys knows that the U.S. production of turkey meat for the past few years has been well below the consumption level, and that storage stocks have been built up to "market-killing" levels. Prices paid producers are low — in cases, below the cost of production, and yet some independent turkey growers can survive and compete, and expand in the face of such markets. How do they do it?

"Meeting the cost price squeeze in U.S. Turkey Production" is the title of an address that will be given by D. D. Moyer, Extension Poultryman, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan. We think Ontario turkeymen will be interested in that talk, for they are going to face just the same kind of competition, lower prices, the battle for survival, before too long — certainly within the next year or two.

Good practical talks and discussions will be featured each afternoon, from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., in the auditorium at Western Fair Grounds, London, when the poultry and turkey men will be able to visit the largest industry show ever staged in Canada. Over sixty exhibitors featuring the latest in poultry equipment, large feed displays, the newest in drugs and antibiotics, moving pictures, cooking demonstration, even a giant chicken barbecue one evening, free parking — all this for the price of one dollar for you and your family.

Never has the poultry industry in Canada attempted such a large get-together — a complete industry show and conference for poultry and turkey men. If you are engaged in the production of eggs, heavy chicken, broiler or turkey meat, you will not want to miss this three-day exhibition.

Remember the dates, June 18, 19 and 20 — the place, Western Fair Grounds — the event, an all-industry poultry and turkey con-

99th Birthday Brings Memories For Active Brampton Resident

A Brampton nonagenarian and a close family friend of the George Ward family of Georgetown, Mrs. Anne Woodill, was interviewed by Bea Evans of the Conservator recently.

"Here is Mrs. Evans story on this fine Peel county lady:
How does it feel to be ninety-nine years old? It's a lot of nonsense making all this fuss over a mere birthday: they come every year," said one of the most extraordinary women I have ever talked to, namely Mrs. Anne Woodill, who celebrated her 99th birthday last Wednesday at her home on Mill St. S. Mr. and Mrs. Woodill celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1940, and 10 years later their Diamond Wedding Anniversary.

To grow old gracefully and enjoy life to the fullest is something we all hope for. Mrs. Woodill has done that in years but in mannerisms she has not nearly attained the age the calendar says she is.

Mrs. Woodill received her guests in an attractive black dress with white trimming, and a beautiful corsage of white carnations and gold ribbon. During the afternoon and evening many friends and her family enjoyed the birthday party with her. Pouring tea were two of her daughters, Mrs. Cecil Robinson of Toronto, and Mrs. Arthur Guardhouse of Weston. The house was filled with gift bouquets and many, many birthday cards.

Anne Fleming was born in 1859, at Elders Mills in Vaughan Township, the daughter of the late John and Mary Fleming. On Sept. 22, 1880, she married William Woodill, and lived on their farm on the 6th Line, Malton Airport Road until they retired in 1923. Then they moved to their home on Mill St. S., Brampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodill have nine children; eight of them are alive today. Robert, the oldest son, died some years ago; Mrs. Nelson Hewson, Brampton; Mrs. Arthur Guardhouse, Weston; Mrs. Oscar Armstrong, Mono Road; Mrs. Herman Cowtan, Brampton; Mrs. Wilfred May, Bolton; Mrs. Cecil Robinson, Toronto; Albert, who lives on the family homestead, and Allan who lives in Cooksville. She has 17 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

In 1923, when they moved to their home in Brampton, it was well out of town. Since that time

RCMP BOUND FOR WORLD FAIR



A sugar maple tree which left Montreal by Trans-Canada Air Lines Super Constellation for Brussels travelled on the same aircraft as these eight RCMP officers. TCA inaugurated service to the Belgian capital April 2. The Mounties are, reading bottom to top on the left: Sgt. M. S. X. Theriault, Ottawa; Const. Bruno Toews, Toronto; and Const. Herbert Hosiwshchko, Yorkton, Sask. Reading bottom to top on the right are: Cpl. O. R. Aubry, Valleyfield, Que., and Consts. Henry Eckert, Brooks, Alta.; J. L. Godin, Toronto; Paul Rodrigue, Montreal, and Wilfred Frank Toronto.

many changes have been made. Mr. Woodill died 15 years ago.

During her lifetime Mrs. Woodill has lived under five monarchs, seen the results of three wars, and watched Canada become a nation. Many of the new inventions do not attract her: she has only been to the movies twice in her whole life, does not like TV, but enjoys a ride in an automobile. She is an avid reader and listens daily to the radio. One of her most cherished possessions is the new radio the family gave her for her birthday.

The Woodills are regular church attenders, and every Sunday morning Mrs. Woodill may be seen in her pew at Brampton Presbyterian Church. So sure of her attendance is Rev. W. Weir that his son Fred called Mrs. Woodill two weeks ago to tell her there would

be no morning service owing to trouble with the furnace.

Bringing up nine children and attending an invalid husband has not left Mrs. Woodill much time for many outside activities. However, her hands are never idle, and last year she crocheted three beautiful covers for the buffet, besides always having a pair of socks on the go. In the summer her garden claims most of her attention, and during the winter many rare specimens of African violets may be seen blooming in the window.

A great reader, a deep thinker, a marvelous homemaker with a keen sense of humour, and generally a wonderful citizen of Brampton was 99 years old last week. May she continue to enjoy good health and all the good things in life.

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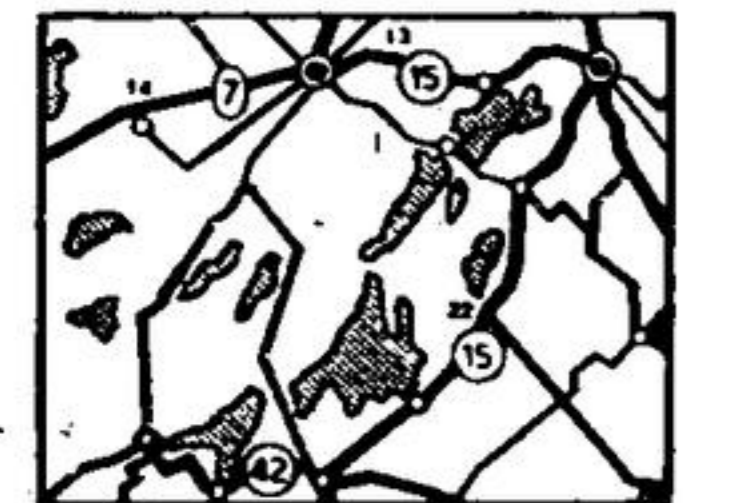
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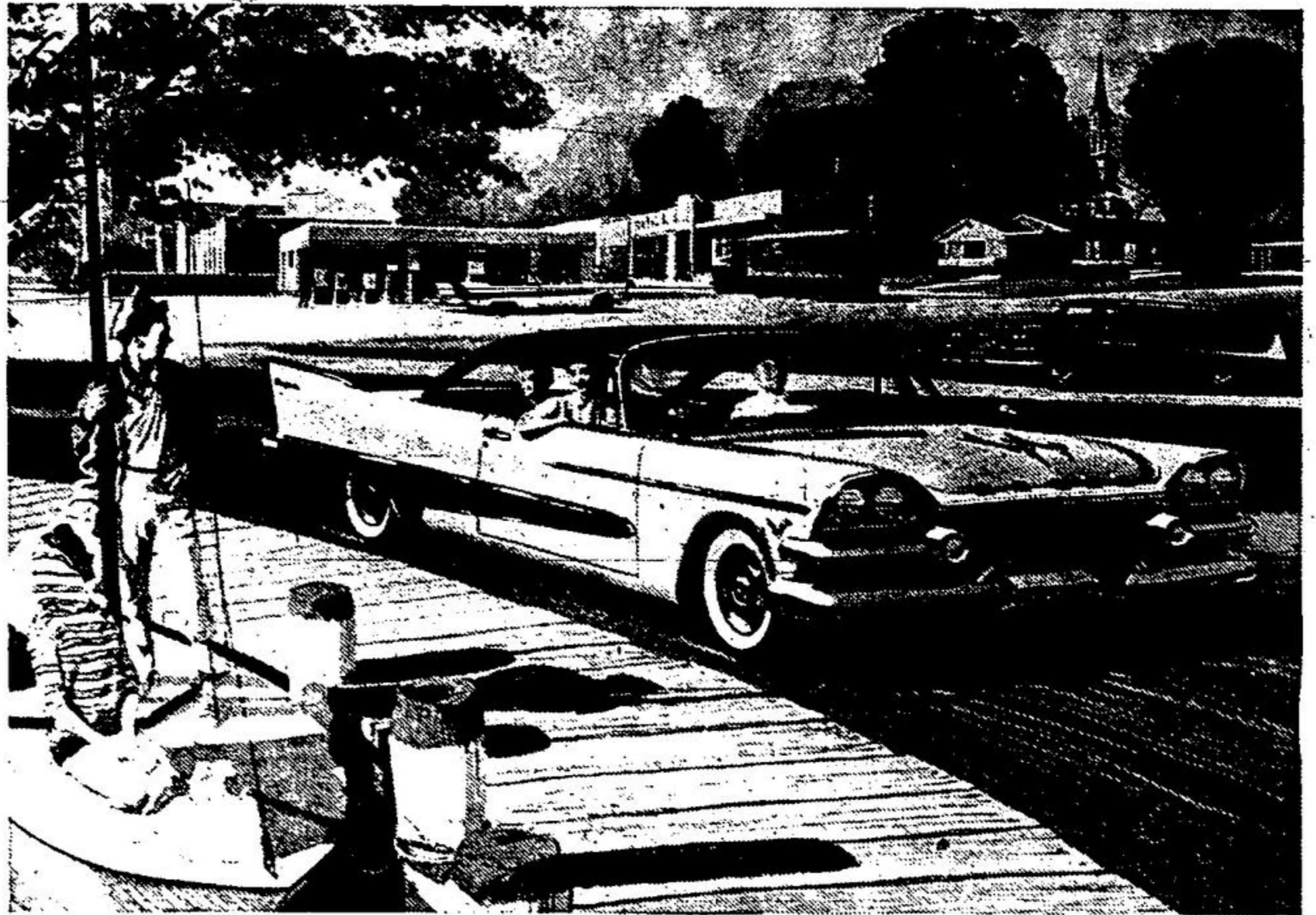


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