

## Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo



**NU FASHION  
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TR. 7-3911

Main and Mill Streets

By Bill Smiley  
I don't know what you're going to do with yourself on Thanksgiving Day, October 13th. Maybe you are going to get in that final game of golf. Maybe you're going hunting. Maybe you're going to visit relatives, eat a vast turkey dinner and sit around, stultified, watching television. Maybe you're going to get drunk or married, have a baby or fall in love. I don't know what you have in mind.

But I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to spend the whole day being thankful. The golf course, the rainbow trout fishing, the partridge-hunted woods may beckon, but I won't be interested. I'm just going to sit around all day, shaking hands with myself and giving thanks.

Why? Because it's my 14th anniversary. On October the 13th, fourteen years ago, I was 8,000 feet in the air. I was young, cocky, slightly scared. I was moving at 220 miles an hour. I had a date with a Belgian girl in Antwerp that night, to look forward to.

A few minutes later, a 40-millimeter shell, a very hot, very hard chunk of metal about the size of a cucumber, passed through my vehicle about four feet in front of my nose, taking with it certain fairly essential parts of my engine.

In the deafening silence that followed I had about sixty seconds to commune with myself, and anyone else who was interested. I called on the Lord, in no uncertain manner. I don't know whether He was interested or not, but a very short time later, I was standing unharmed, in a ploughed field somewhere in Holland.

Of the eight pilots in my flight that day, only one other is alive. Six were blown to bits in midair, or hit the ground at a speed of over 500 miles an hour, or were burned to death.

And that's why I'm going to do a little quiet thanksgiving on October the 13th. I'm going to give thanks that I'm alive. Being alive, you, know, is not so bad when you just simmer down and think about it. At times, life seems like nothing more than a vast series of irritations, miseries, troubles and sorrow. But until they can offer me something better, I'm going to enjoy every minute of it.

Next Monday, Thanksgiving Day, I'm going to spend a little time thinking about the six who won't be hunting, golfing or eating turkey. Oh! I'm not going to sit around and brood about them, or mourn over their "sacrifice." They'd be the first to snort with disgust if they caught me at any such nonsense.

I'll think about them fondly, and smilingly. I'll remember all the good times we had; the roaring nights in the pubs, the wild escapades, the girls we loved. I'll

remember each one as he was, a young, careless, laughing pilot, full of the juice of life.

Nick the New Zealander, with his strange and wondrous oaths. Dave, the Canadian, of the poker-faced humour. "Dingle" Bell, the very young Englishman with the very young moustache. Paddy Moran, the arguing Irishman. Taffy Evans, the wild, blond Welshman. Jack Fraser, the tough, sardonic Scot from Inverness.

Not for them the growing older, the teeth going, the hair receding, the body issuing warnings of strain. But not for them either the deep delight of a golden autumn day, the satisfaction of raising children, the pleasure and companionship of marriage.

That's why I'll be thinking about them, a little, on Thanksgiving Day, in the midst of my private thanksgiving for being alive and well and having a family and so many of the good things of life.

And if there's a beaker handy, I'll tip it to their shades with the old toast: "Tough til, types." And they'll know what I mean.

## FALL FAIR PRIZES

### FLOWERS

#### Potted Plants

African violets, Mrs. Wellington Wilson, 21 Union St., Mrs. A. Cole Gueph, Edith Baumgartner, Albert St., Mrs. F. J. Murray, Norval, Cecil, Georgetown W.I., Mrs. Doug Esmond, Norval, Ashgrove W.I., Coleus, Marilyn McDonald, David McDonald, Mrs. Oscar Locker, Rockwood, Ashgrove W.I., Fuschia, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. E. White, R.R. 1, Geranium, Spencer Wilson, Norval, Mrs. W. Wilson, Keith Webb, Norval, Esquising W.I., Begonia, Mrs. Oscar Locker, Plant-in-bloom, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. William Norton, R.R. 1, Ashgrove W.I., Chrysanthemums, Keith Webb, Norval W.I., Mrs. E. White.

#### Cut Flowers

Asters, Norval W.I., Mrs. William Norton, Spencer Wilson. Bouquet of asters, Mrs. William Norton, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. J. S. McLean, Streetsville, Dahlias, Mrs. E. White, Mrs. William Norton, Ashgrove W.I., Largest dahlia, Mrs. William Norton, Silverwood W.I., Norval W.I., Stocks, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. John Awrey, Orton, Gladioli, Mrs. W. Wilson, Norval W.I., Georgetown W.I., Cosmos, Mrs. W. Wilson, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. E. White, Pansies, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. W. Wilson, Esquising W.I., Single petunias, Mrs. W.

Wilson, Jean Hunter, Norval, Ashgrove W.I., Double petunias, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. William Norton, Ashgrove W.I., African marigolds, Georgetown W.I., Reg. Williams, Stewarttown, Norval W.I., French marigolds, Mrs. W. Wilson, Georgetown W.I., Mrs. Fred Armstrong, R.R. 3, Salvia, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. W. Wilson, Reg. Williams, Geranium, Norval W.I., Spencer Wilson, Ashgrove W.I., Roses, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. W. Wilson, Silverwood W.I., Single rose, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. E. Miller, R.R. 1, Ashgrove W.I., Nasturtiums, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. W. Burt, R.R. 1, Esquising W.I., Snapdragons, Mrs. William Norton, Esquising W.I., Mrs. W. Wilson, Large zinnias, Mrs. William Norton, Norval W.I., Mrs. Fred Armstrong, Pom-pom zinnias, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. William Norton, Mrs. E. White, Dining table centre, Mrs. W. Burt, Jean Hunter, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. F. J. Murray, Anita Pratt, 14 McIntyre Cresc., Basket of cut flowers, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. W. Burt, Reg. Williams, Mrs. Oscar Locker, Corsage, Georgetown W.I., Mrs. Vern Archer, R.R. 3, Ashgrove W.I., Chrysanthemums, Ashgrove W.I., Mrs. W. Wilson, Silverwood W.I., Phlox, Ashgrove W.I., Jean Hunter, Mrs. W. Wilson, Christmas door decoration, Georgetown W.I., Mrs. A. Cole, Ashgrove W.I., Thanksgiving mantel basket, Mrs. W. Burt, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. Fred Armstrong, Basket of flowers, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. Fred of gladioli, Mrs. F. J. Murray, Armstrong, Mrs. W. Burt, Basket, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. W. Burt.

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### Auxiliary President Mrs. Ted Clark Scout

The 2nd Georgetown Boy Scouts ladies' auxiliary held their regular monthly meeting September 24th in the parish hall of St. George's Anglican Church.

After the business meeting the chair was taken by Rev. Kenneth Richardson, who conducted an election of officers. The following ladies were elected:

Mrs. Ted Clark, president; Mrs. Stan Barkhouse, vice president; Mrs. J. Tyner, secretary; Mrs. Horace Bell, treasurer; Mrs. Thomas Parry, social convener; Mrs. K. Rundle, program convener; Mrs. Jim Schofield, sewing and visitation convener; Mrs. I. D. Williams, Mrs. Frank Evis, Mrs. Ralph Banke, Mrs. Jack Meades, phone conveners.

The auxiliary has extended an invitation to all mothers of boy scouts or other interested persons to join the auxiliary, which meets on the fourth Wednesday of every month at 8 p.m. in the parish hall of St. George's.

### Notice To Creditors

IN THE ESTATE of John Alfred Evans, gentleman, deceased.

All persons having claims against the Estate of John Alfred Evans, late of the Town of Georgetown, Gentleman, who died on or about the 27th day of August, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of November, 1958, after which date the Estate will be distributed with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice, and the undersigned will not be liable to any person of whose claim she shall not then have notice.

Dated at Georgetown, this 30th day of September, A.D., 1958.

Florence Beatrice Evans, Executrix of the Estate of John Alfred Evans, by her Solicitors, Dale, Bennett & Latimer, Georgetown, Ont. 10-15

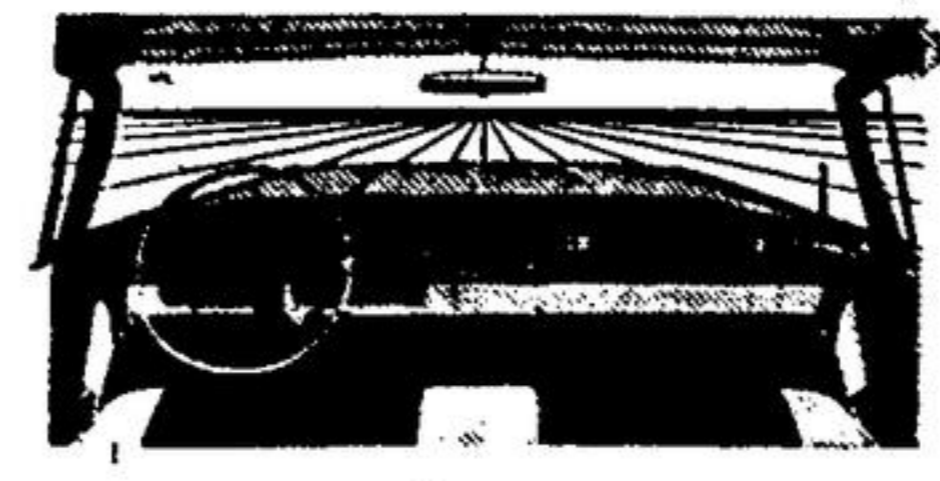
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