

# St. Andrew's United Church

SERVICES HELD IN  
**HARRISON PUBLIC SCHOOL**

STUDENT MINISTER: MR. DOUGLAS BROWN  
CHURCH SERVICE: 11.00 A.M.  
SUNDAY SCHOOL: 9.45 A.M.  
Beginners, Nursery and Infant Care during the 11 a.m. Service



## LEGION NOTES

by Les Clark

Well, we must admit, last week just wasn't our week . . . at least not in a reporting sense, at any rate. First in our Rotary news, we have Steamboat appearing in a minstrel show when he's really resting quietly in the north country and in Legion Notes we have Jim Murphy host to a real bang-up evening at Branch 120 last Thursday night, instead of which just for a change he served crackers and cheese, instead of the usual cheese and crackers.

Ah, well, maybe this week will be a better one!

The meeting Thursday evening was a poorly attended one, but quite interesting.

The president, Harvey Gafvin was in the chair, with secretary Day and treasurer Thompson in their places.

Minutes of the last meeting in March were read and confirmed, and minutes of executive meetings were read also.

Various committee reports were given, and they included entertainment, bingo and sports. Sports chairman Gob Collier gave a very excellent report on sports and he mentioned the various tournaments that were on tap.

Under general business the regrets of the members were expressed at the serious illness of a charter member Mrs. T. F. Grieve and hope that she would recover her health soon.

The visit of the governor general, Vincent Massey, was dealt with at some length by the president as were a number of routine business items.

It was decided to cooperate fully with the Hospital gala night, and arrangements have been made to have the fireworks display on Saturday evening, May 23 in the park. Town Council is cooperating again this year and splitting half the cost of the fireworks . . . \$500.00.

The branch treasurer was instructed to order a flag for the Park School.

We regret indeed the necessity of writing about the serious illness of our sick convener and Poppy day chairman, Mrs. T. F. Grieve. It came as quite a shock

# Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Whistler Echo

I started thinking about busts while I was watching Brigitte Bardot, the little French sex-pot, in a film the other night. That may seem like a silly thing to say. It's like saying you started thinking about music while you were watching an orchestra play. But it was merely a coincidence.

And just to get things perfectly clear, I don't mean busts of famous men, done in plaster. I mean busts on ladies.

The horrifying part of it was that I started thinking about busts in a clear, cold, analytical way.

As I say, I was watching Miss Bardot snaking her way through a movie in which I'm sure was treated in the boisterous Gallic manner so-startling to us titillating Anglo-Saxons.

It was my first view of the young lady. I understand she is the second citizen of France, after General De Gaulle. Certainly her pictures appear in the paper more often than his. And I'm here to tell you she is definitely better looking than the General, though somewhat shorter.

I'm not blaming Mlle. Bardot for my lapse. She was all she was cracked up to be. She giggled her behind, and jiggled her before, to the best of her ability, and she has a lot of ability along these lines.

No, the fault was mine, not hers. After watching her for a few minutes with some interest, I became first embarrassed, then mildly disapproving, then bored, then just plain sleepy.

About halfway thru' this process, I had sense enough to say to myself: "Boy, either you're ready to be put out to pasture, or you need a dam' good spring tonic."

as she had attended bingo as usual on Wednesday night, we understand. Mrs. Grieve has been probably the branch's most indefatigable worker over the thirty years she has been a member, as a matter of fact, since its inception. We can't think of no one who would do the job as conscientiously as she has, and indeed in the many facets of Legion work she has always been ready and willing to serve.

May you recover soon, and we know we express the wishes of all those whom you have helped over the years in your duties as sick convener, indeed of all the branch, in that you may speedily be back home and restored to health.

This could be readily called the tale of the "raising of the Standards" or some such name. And we are quite aware that we shouldn't tell it on the boys, but it's too good to let pass.

Some time ago after a number of complaints about the disreputable shape the branch flag had been made, by the weather, the boss instructed the caretaker to hoist a new one. Now, as any one knows, the war's a long time ago, and memory not being what it might be, Walker (former army), called in the air force (Norm Marchmont) for top level conferences as to how you put it up and which end was which, so to speak.

So after some very harrowing moments, up she went to flutter gallantly in the breeze . . . in distress. The end result, Harry Hale, driving by to work about 7 a.m., very coolly phoned the writer, to ask if we were aware there was someone in distress down at the Legion. Fortunately we contacted the gentlemen responsible right away and they promised to fix it. Rumour has it they finally located one of our local Scout troop, who explained to them how you tell "right side up" and up she went . . . right side up!

11 a.m. roll around and along strolls the steward and enquires "Who's dead?" as he sees the flag fluttering right side up . . . but at half mast!

We had an excellent district meeting in Brantford last Sunday, with some five members attending from town. The zone was well represented.

Under the heading of deathless prose . . . Sunday at Brantford district meeting during lunch a discussion was taking place in front of quite an attractive recruiting poster of three Belgian models and three Canadian soldiers at the Belgian Fair. We heard some of the boys discussing the various merits of the female population of each of the European countries they had visited. Harry Howard, when asked his opinion about it, I don't know anything about it, I was too young then to go out with girls!

The big rifle shoot is this Friday night in the armoury, with the Lorne Scots shooting against branch teams. There will be in all some six teams competing, and there will be shooting for all who wish to attend. It starts about 7.30 and we hope that a lot of the members will turn out for this event. There's fun for all and refreshments will be served, so be there.

It's pretty disturbing to a chap who has leaped his way through the burlesque houses of Detroit's Woodward Avenue in the neighborhood of Scurry Miller, eaten peanuts in the pit at the Casino in Toronto, and ducked out for a drink between rounds of pure art at London's Windmill Theatre, to realize that he is blushing slightly at the sight of a young lady who is not only not there in person, but has all her clothes on.

It is chilling to think that perhaps the young sap has been boiled down to an old fudge. When you know that you're supposed to be sitting bolt upright, wide-eyed and electrified, it hurts to know that you are slumped in your seat, mouth pursed, head shaking and tongue almost tut-tutting, in disapproval.

It is downright disconcerting to find that you are craving for a smoke in the middle of a big pash scene. It is disgusting to have to give in to it and go to the back of the theatre to light up, just when the young temptress on the screen is launching into a discreet striptease.

And it is dismal to learn that you have nodded off, and your wife is digging you in the ribs, just at the point where the celebrated Miss B is making a monkey out of the censors.

It was about this point, rudely awakened and rather crabby, that I started thinking about busts. Don't ask me why. What's with this bust craze, anyway? Mammals of mammoth proportions create headlines every time they take a deep breath. High school kids practically break their backs trying to stick their chest out an extra inch.

So who's impressed? Other girls, maybe? Not men. Men have been marrying women for thousands of years, and busts have nothing to do with it. In fact, back in the twenties, when I was a kid, busts were frowned on, and still they married them.

Let tenderness, humour and sympathy show in your face, let goodness and pity and love shine in your eyes, and you'll get your man faster than if you had the biggest bust this side of Bail.

Busts cause nothing but trouble. I remember a girl I knew in college. Her name was Betsy. She had a vast bosom. I always called her Busty to myself. One night I was dancing with her. We were talking and I inadvertently called her "Busty" instead of "Betsy." Know what happened? You got it, Mac. She busted me. Right on the nose.

And maybe that's why I've been a little psychological about busts ever since.

### Notice to Creditors

IN THE ESTATE of Egbert Charles Reed, deceased.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Egbert Charles Reed, late of the village of Norval, in the county of Halton, who died on or about the 23rd day of December, 1957, are required to file their claims with the undersigned before the 10th day of April, 1959, after which date the estate will be distributed.

Dated at Toronto this 9th day of March, 1959.

Lang, Michener & Cranston, 50 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

Solicitors for the Administrator

### Notice to Creditors

IN THE ESTATE of Earl Brant Swackhamer, Gentleman, deceased.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Earl Brant Swackhamer, late of the Town of Georgetown, Gentleman, who died on or about the 13th day of March, 1959, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of May, A.D. 1959, 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 he shall not then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown, this 22nd day of April, A.D. 1959.

Armand Brant Swackhamer, Administrator of the Estate with the Will annexed, of Earl Brant Swackhamer, by His Solicitors, Dale, Bennett and Latimer, Georgetown, Ont.

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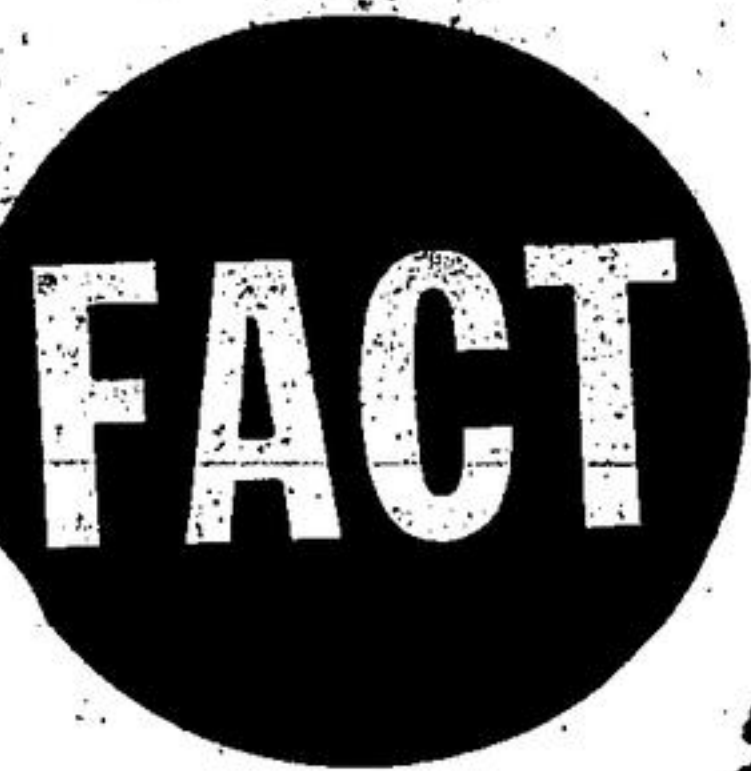
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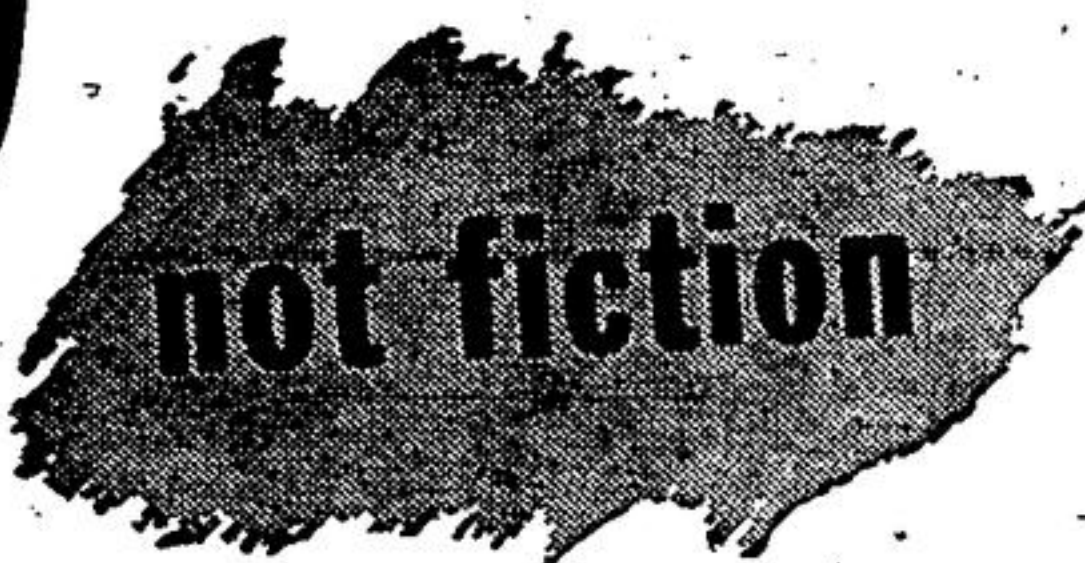
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