

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

Father's Day is but a pallid imitation of that great commercial orgy known as Mother's Day, but apparently it is with us to stay. Each year father receives gifts that he neither needs nor wants, and before the wrappings have been put away, he realizes the family has put him in hock for the price of said gifts.

I don't know what the rest of you birds want for Father's Day, but I know what would please me most. The most thoughtful gift the family could produce for me would be if they packed a lunch, got in the car, and disappeared for the day.

I find the whole business of Father's Day revolting. The mere existence of such a day is an indication of the new low to which the father has sunk in the family unit. Just a few decades ago, every day was father's day, and there was no fooling about it.

When I was a kid, there was none of this dam' foolishness of father helping around the house. Nowadays fathers scrub the kitchen floor on their day off, and help with the dishes after dinner. In the good old days, father didn't have a day off in the first place, and mother wouldn't have let him help with the dishes, in the second, because she knew her place, and his.

Perhaps it's the increase in his leisure time that has turned the head of the house into a substitute baby-sitter, a domestic menial, a handy walling-wall, and in general, a pale reflection of his dignified, respected male forebears.

Until a couple of decades ago, father worked a six-day, sixty-hour week, but he didn't get ulcers. And do you know why? Because he didn't see as much of his family as the poor, cripple-gutted creature who brings home the bacon today.

Nowadays, father gets a day or half-day off. Does he potter in the garden? Does he go fishing? Does he get away for a game of golf? Would it were so. He is kicked into the street with the children, while mother does what ever modern women do around home, with \$800 worth of labour-saving machinery.

There is nothing more pitiable than the sight of a father, on his day off, wandering forlornly about a supermarket, trailed by two or three little monsters of children, as he does the weekend shopping. When he gets home, he is allowed to put the groceries away, and spend an hour mowing the lawn, before dinner. After he has put the kids to bed, he is supposed to emerge from his chrysalis, as a full-fledged social butterfly, and go off and get all juiced up at somebody's Saturday night party.

No wonder nerves are rubbed raw today. In the old days, fathers weren't particularly concerned with "getting to know the children". They didn't worry about their children liking them. They took it for granted and everybody was a lot happier.

When my Dad got home from work, he didn't have to set the table, run around looking for the kids, then jump in the car and go and get a quart of milk. Nor did he have to "pick up a few things on the way home", because mother looked after her own shopping.

No, sir, when my Dad got home from work, he was greeted affectionately, but politely, and left alone. He retired to HIS chair, with HIS paper, until he was called for supper. During the meal, he was not forced to listen to a 20-minute harangue about the terrible day mother had had. Nor did he have to break up quarrels among the children. Nor did he have to jump up and make the tea because mother was called to the phone and was still there, talking about the bake sale, 20 minutes later.

And on the weekend, my Dad wasn't expected to turn into a party boy. He was tired Saturday night and went to bed. If he felt like going to church he did. If he didn't, he didn't. But he wasn't pestered all day Sunday by kids wanting to go for a swim, or a wife wanting to go for a drive. He made the decisions. If he just wanted to sit on the verandah and recoup for the coming week's struggle, he did.

Usually, we went for a picnic. But there wasn't any nonsense about Dad doing the cooking on an outdoor grill. Mother made the lunch, and Dad would sit on a stump in his Sunday best, gazing with dignity and a certain amount of distaste, at nature. After lunch, he would recline on a blanket, in the shade. He was relaxed, that man.

Another reason for his unquestioned head-of-the-house status was that we didn't argue with him. The most I would dare was an "Aw, Dad . . ." But today the old-fashioned clip on the ear for lippy kids has become a symbol of psychological disturbance or something. Now you have to discuss everything with the brats.

Today's father can get into a 20-minute argument with any kid over the age of 5, at the drop of a suggestion. And come out whimpering.

Picnic Meeting, Lady Curlers Elect Officers

Top officers of the ladies' section of Georgetown Curling Club were re-elected when the annual meeting was held on June 3rd. Mrs. T. A. Dillon was hostess at a picnic at her home, familiarly known as the Martin Estate.

Mrs. Jack McGibbon continues as president; Mrs. Sam Mackenzie, and no two ways about it. You kids get away with murder these days . . .

vice president, Mrs. Ernie Curry secretary and Mrs. Alex Blackwell, treasurer.

Jean Riddell is chairman of the games committee, with members Mrs. Harold Wheeler, Mrs. Bob Reeve, Mrs. Trevor Williams and Mrs. John Kennedy. Mrs. Curry is honorary chairman and Mrs. Fred Masterman, as social convenor, has on her committee Mrs. George Mitchell, Mrs. Earl Olsen, Mrs. William Bingham, Mrs. Don Barrager and Jean Mackenzie. Mrs. Sam Mackenzie and Mrs. Dillon will be in charge of prizes.

Reports showed a successful season this year, with 42 members enjoying this winter sport. Jean Riddell officiated at presentation of prizes with Mrs. Curry receiving the Mackenzie trophy for highest points in league games. Mrs. Fred Nelson was second and Mrs. Harold Bailey third.

Other prizes awarded were to Mr. George Mitchell, midway score; Mrs. Pearce Porter and Mrs. Joe Martin, hidden scores; Mrs. John Kennedy, Mrs. Sam Mackenzie, Mrs. William Parker and Mrs. Bob Reeve, perfect attendance and Mrs. Doug Wood, Mrs. Doug Latimer and Mrs. John

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Mathies, lucky draws.

CONCRETE GRAVEL
BUILDING SAND
ROAD GRAVEL
FILL AND TOP SOIL
STONE WORK

Tom Haines

Glen Williams - TR. 7-3302

CANADA'S NUMBER ONE ORANGE DRINK

ORANGE Crush

introduces 3 exciting new Crush flavours

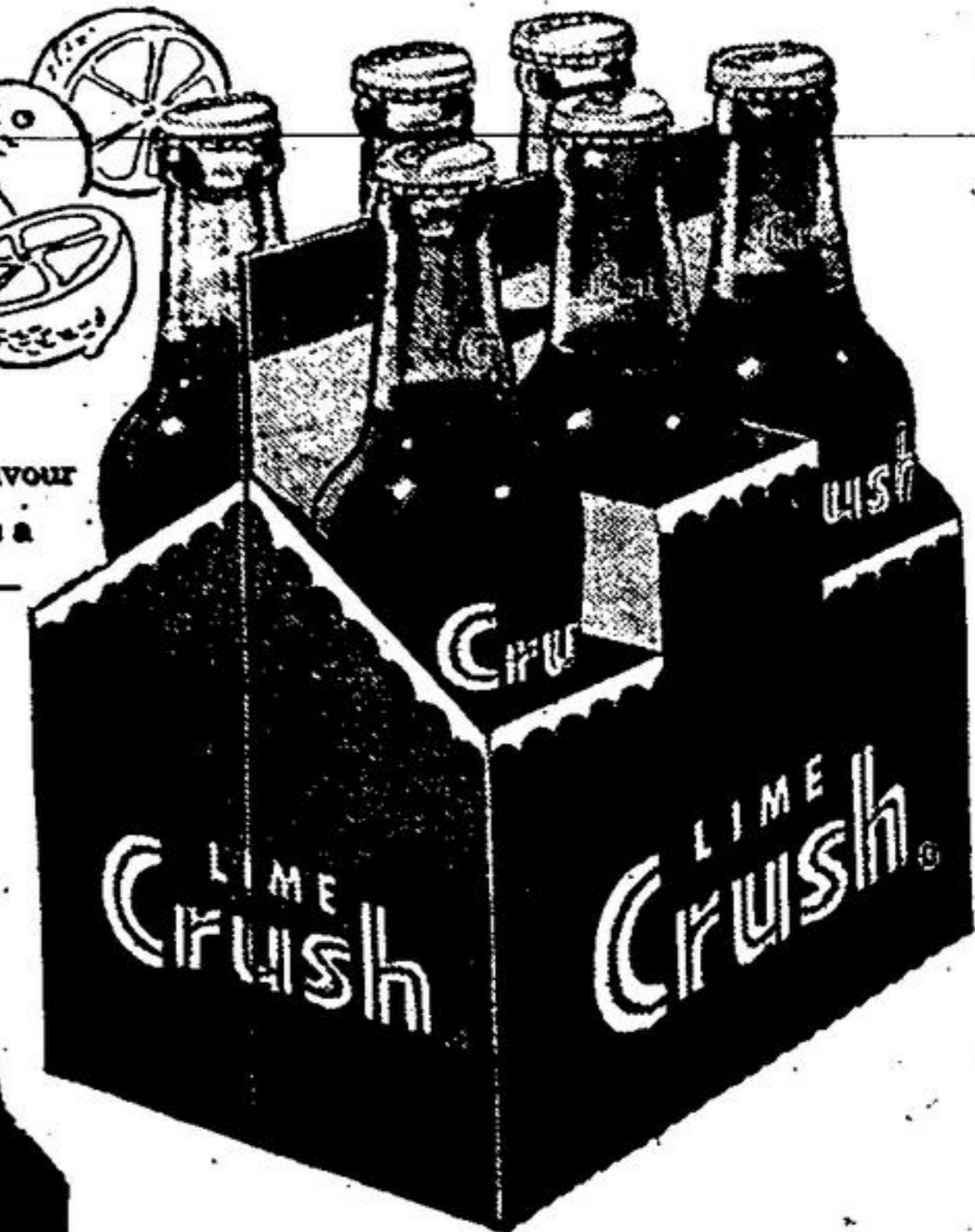


NEW!
GRAPE Crush

A new Crush sensation!
Satisfying as the taste of juicy, plump grapes—Grape Crush, made only by Orange Crush, tastes like a grape drink should taste.

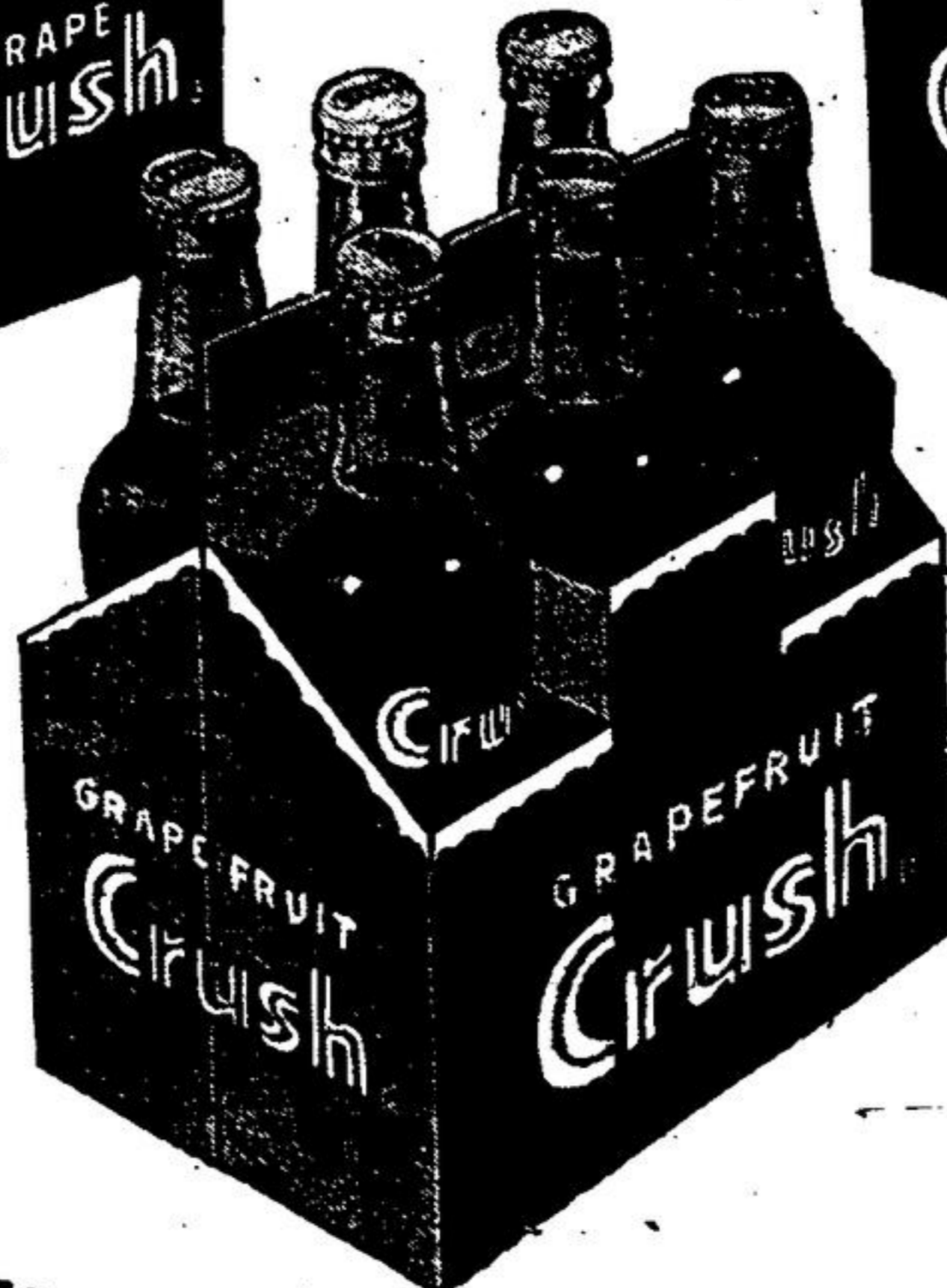
NEW!
LIME Crush

With all the tingle of fresh crushed lime, the thrilling flavour of real fruit. Lime Crush—as a drink a wonderful discovery—as a mixer—superb!

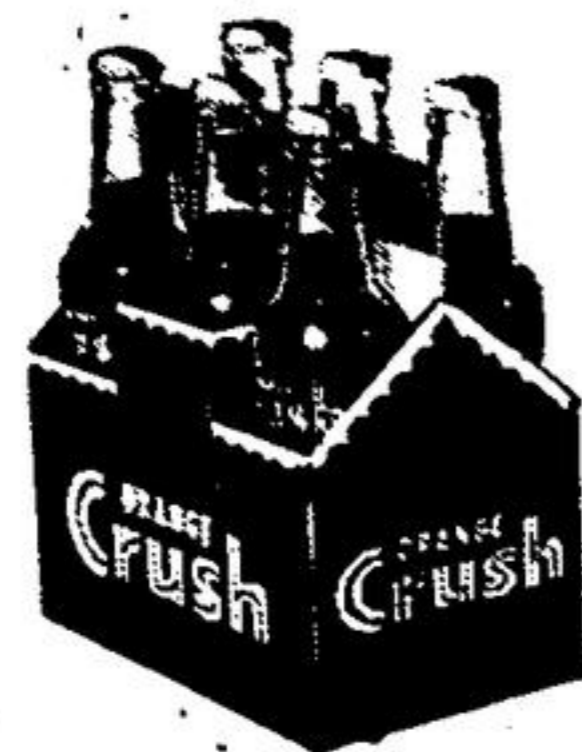


NEW!
GRAPEFRUIT Crush

If you like the tang of real fresh grapefruit you'll love Grapefruit Crush. A sharp, zesty drink that's truly different. Marvellous as a mixer too!



SIP A SMILE... RELAX A WHILE
ENJOY A REFRESHING Crush



When you ask for Crush
insist on the genuine Crush

ITS GOODNESS BEGINS WITH FRESH ORANGES

SPECIAL
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OFFER

HALF PRICE OFFER.
TAKE THIS COUPON TO ANY ORANGE CRUSH DEALER
*Buy one hand-pack of Orange Crush at regular price—get a hand-pack of any other CRUSH flavour for half price.

*Limit: One offer per family.
This offer is valid only on the purchase of one hand-pack of Orange Crush at regular price. It does not apply to other Crush products. Offer good only in Ontario. Crush products are sold by authorized dealers only. Offer subject to change without notice.

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