

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

Every year about this time, I have an affair, whether my wife likes it or not. I fall in love and let the chips fall where they may. I have my September Affair.

In movies and novels, that title means that a man, or woman, falls in love in the fall of his, or her life. It has a sweet, nostalgic note, with a touch of sadness in it.

But I've had a September Affair since I was a sprout. Every year, I fall in love with the month of September. And it is sweet and nostalgic and a little sad. And achingly beautiful.

As a tyke, it meant coming home from two months of wild, free running about at the cottage, one of a big family. We were sun-burned and beam-biscrubbed and just a couple of jumps ahead of the gopher or the ground-hog, socially.

What a thrill to be home! Flip a light-switch, flush a toilet in the big, old house with the high ceilings and cool rooms, after eight weeks of grubbing it.

And, then, the magic of modern living re-discovered, it was out into the streets to find the "kids" and race around in the glorious September evenings, playing Run, Sheep Run, and Redlight and Hide and Seek. Mothers called, but nobody came. It was the first fascination with the September Affair. Our mothers seemed to sense it did let us have a last fling before life became serious and lutuna dimmed the lamps.

As a teenager, working five hundred miles from home in September, I had my Affair. There was churning yearning to get back to school, friends, football and the interrupted romance with the brown-eyed girl. It almost hurt physically.

As youth, there was the headiness and tension of going off to college, a big word, in September. A strange and frightening place. A small town boy in a big puddle. New people. New manners. New everything. A September Affair.

And at college, first year, there was the wrenching affair with a South American wench. Sybil. We met by chance and it was wrenching because she had to go back to Rio in four weeks, and I was really gone, and I knew I'd never see her again, and we wandered in the soft September dusk, hands clutched, and my heart turned over in its grave.

Then came the war years and there were a few memorable Septembers. One on the Niagara Peninsula, with the grapes and peaches lush, and the thrill of knowing I had passed elementary flying school and could put the white "flash" of a pilot in my cap.

One in England, hot and hazy and languorous after a cold, wet summer. And the weekend leave in London, twenty years old and a pretty girl on your arm and death lurking in the wings, and caring not. Too fast it went.

One in Normandy and jump to Lille, and jump to Antwerp and life every day on a tenuous, white-hot wire, and the beautiful weather and the terrible daily appearance of Paddy and Mac and Taffy and Dingle Bell and Nick and Freddy.

And that long, hot September of 1945. Home. Alive. Unreal. Really unreal: the family, the places, the peace, the boredom, and then the silly young people back at the university. But the September Affair with the trees and the cool blue sky and the long dark hair and yet another pair of brown eyes, browner than ever.

And the next September. Marriage to the brown-eyes and a wonderful week at the old cottage in Quebec, with this strange woman. Canoeing and swimming and me teaching her how to cook. And she's just as strange today, twenty-

two years later. And just as brown-eyed.

And a lot of Septembers since, golden and blue, with the last breath of summer in the green trees and the first kiss of fall in the cool nights, and the magic that makes me fall for the ripe charms of that ripe lady of the year, September, oozing with plenitude, gorged with the fruits of summer, yet awakening with a sigh to the brisk business ahead.

I have a bad crush on the lady.

SMILE

The old riverboat captain was bragging to one of his passengers: "Yep, I guess I really know this river like the palm of my hand. There ain't a sand bar on it that I ain't familiar with."

Just then the boat ran aground with a sloshing lurch. "See," said the captain calmly, "there's one of 'em now."

Prep Juniors for Tractor Club at Georgetown Fair

The 4th and last regular meeting of the Halton 4H Tractor Club was held at Mac Alexander's farm on August 22nd. Fortunately, there was a lull in the rain shortly after 8 p.m. and Mr. Neil, McLaughlin, club leader, took advantage of it to give a demonstration of traction related to draw bar height and wheel slippage, with the assistance of Mr. Alexander's sons Bill and Ernie, and Don Brander.

Due to the arrival of dark and more rain, the group retreated to the stables to discuss measurements taken during the demonstration; the calculations used, a condenser, Nitadam hifced, distance travelled, and wheel circumference, members found the percentage of power lost due to wheel slippage. Also air pressure of tires, and general tips to achieve optimum tire life was discussed.

Last but not least Mr. McLaughlin filled members in on the requirements of the Tractor Club Achievement Day, to be held at Georgetown Fair. Ted Brown thanked the Alexanders for their generosity in having the meeting at their home, and in the club president's absence, Doug Stokes, the vice president, closed the meeting.

GLEN WILLIAMS

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bell have moved from the village to the Williams' house on the 10th Line.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Barth and Mrs. L. E. Barth of Port Williams visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Oliver of Mount Dennis.

The Squirts ball team put out Claremont last night in the best of three series winning one game in Claremont and one game at home to win the series best of three.

Mr. Bill Klassen, Main St., is at present on a business trip to Europe. We hope he will not be travelling in the trouble spots there. The closest will be Athens and Vienna.

Mrs. Bill Klassen attended the golden wedding anniversary on Sunday of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. David Thiessen of Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hunadele, Prince Street, have returned from a delightful holiday in England and Ireland.

—Mrs. Cecil Barth

Georgetown People Guests At Bethel Church Wedding

Bethel United Church at Dromquin was the scene of a summer wedding recently, when Margaret Doreen Ball became the bride of Allan Ross Wark. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ball of R. 2, Hornby, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Wark of 17 Burnet St., Oakville. Both are teachers with the Oakville Board of Education.

Rev. Keith Hawkes performed the double ring ceremony, amid standards of ferns and arrangements of white gladioli, white mums, pink carnations, and aqua tinted baby mums. Lloyd Werner, organist, accompanied sisters Miss Ruth Maxon and Mrs. Wilma, Ella as they sang The Wedding Prayer and This Is Our Day.

Maid of honour was the bride's sister, Velma Ball. The bridesmaids were Marlene Ball, Norma Jean Ball and Lynda Chamberlain, cousin of the bride, while Melanie Wark, niece of the groom, was flower girl.

The father of the bride gave her away. The groomsmen were Murray Wark, brother of the groom, while ushers were Rob-

ert Wark, Leslie Wark, brothers of the groom, and Bruce Pickering, cousin of the bride.

Following a honeymoon in

the Bahamas, Mr. and Mrs. Wark are now residing in Oakville. Honoured guests at the wedding were the bride's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chamberlain, Ottawa; of-town guests were present from Detroit, Michigan; Longley, B.C.; Ottawa, Barrie, Waterloo, Stratford, Woodstock,

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