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## THE PORCUPINE ADVANCE, TIMMINS, ONTARIO

# Paul Gallico Discusses Marriage And Love

BY PAUL GALLICO

There is really no union or made-in-heaven wedding of the opposite sexes that could not be improved over the long pull, I believe, (that is, once the honeymoon is ended), if the little matter of what luggage is to go along and what and how many bags each is to take along on a little trip could be successful compromised. By this I mean, if we could talk some sense into them to reveal just how many bags, trunks, suitcases, wallets, bedrolls, necessities, satchels and valises they intend to lug with them and then compel them to stick to it.

A gent, for instance, starting off on a vacation trip by motor car, as indeed all of us will be doing before long, it being that well advanced towards summer, knows exactly what he needs, what he is up against, how many pieces and the space they will occupy.

You take myself, as an example, I always travel very light. Being a man, I do not need very much.

There is only the big suitcase for my suits and dinner clothes, the flat valise that contains my changes of underthings and evening and daytime shirts, the large duffle-bag, a convenience I learned in the Army, for sports clothes sweaters, socks, leather jackets, fishing clothes, etc., the shoe bag, the golf bag, the two musette bags left over from France into which go the fishing tackle, all the reels, baits, lures and lines, the case for the fishing rods, the contraption that carries the tennis racquets, balls, white flannel trousers, shirts, sweaters and shoes and, of course, my typewriter and a couple of brief cases, since where go I, there goes my work as well, vacation or no.

It seems to me that this is a very modest list, and just barely enough to get by on for a couple of weeks,

provided I have another small bag for my shaving things, pills, nostrums, lotions, ungents and ointments.

When a fellow gets on in years he doesn't like to wander too far from his medicine chest.

Well, as I say, these are only the bare necessities a man needs and at

that I am giving up a lot of well-loved old shoes, battered hats, frayed sweaters and sweatshirts and broken fishing rods which I am not allowed to take along. Oh, yes, I forgot. There's also the gun-case, and the cardboard box with the gun cleaning outfit, and the little leather book-valise containing my reference books.

But, anyway, I know where I am at, how many pieces there will be and where I will stow them in the old heap. The family crate isn't getting any younger, either. She will hold just so much and no more. You husbands who have to do the packing and stowing in the car know how THAT is.

So now we come to God's fairest to her, "Dear, how many bags are you taking this time," and cannot believe your ears when she says, "Darling, I'm really being very practical. I've got it all worked out. Only the big bag for my evening things, and the two small ones. That's all I need."

Wow! Only THREE bags. You can't believe your ears. This is to good to be true. You make a mental disposition of the space in the luggage of the boiler, and it is actually going to fit. This is one trip you are going to make in comfort. What a woman! What a wife!

Comes packing time. You wander through Angel's territory. There are five bags in evidence, and big one, about the size of a stunted wardrobe trunk. You begin plaintively, "Precious, I thought you said we were taking only three . . . ."

"Yes, I know what I said, Lover, but that isn't how it is. Did you ever try to pack ballerinas? Blame it on the New Look. I just couldn't get everything in."

"Well, this is really all then? Will you have enough with five?"

"Oh, plenty. I really have enough room now. You see they're all big ones."

You see all right. Mentally you repack the car. Obviously it is going to be crowded in the cabin. But there is still time to plan for five instead of three.

It is now the day before departure. Again you stroll through her domain. The five are now eight. There is also a hat box, a fitted crocodile bag, a floppy one that closes with a zipper and three cardboard boxes tied with string.

It's the New Look again, or rather the accessories thereto. The cardboard boxes are things that just came from the cleaners and that won't fit into any of the bags because they are full. If you get tough with her, this is the point where she sheds tears and says, "But, darling, I only want to be well dressed for you!"

The upshot is you have to okay them on her solemn promise that this is positively all.

So what happens? You are about to leave. The car is loaded so that the drip-pans scrapes the asphalt. And she comes downstairs lugging still another bag, replying to your outraged protests, "But, darling, you KNOW I always take this one. This has my things in it. That's why I didn't even mention it."

That's the bag that breaks up the sweetest and most beautiful of marriages.

## Chapleau Airport Canada's Busiest

CHAPLEAU (Special) Men, women and children have joined in the fight to have this settlement of 3,000 people from forest fires which have raged through the north and are within several miles of this point.

But there's no panic in Chapleau. Rather there's a grim determination to fight it out along the fire lines if it takes all summer. Here are some of the things you see in Chapleau:



Stanley Fowler convention chairman is shown at the microphone Sunday evening at the opening ceremony in the Arena. Mayor Karl Eyre welcomed the 1000 delegates to Timmins and Reeve Vic Evans spoke on behalf of the Township of Tisdale. An impressive necrology service followed the presentation of the officers of the Lions International.

## Plant Aphids Are Suckers For Good Sprays or Dusts

Aphids or plant lice are soft-bodied little insects which feed in clusters on the leaves and tender new growth of a great variety of plants. Those on vegetable crops are usually green in colour, but they may be yellow, brown, pink or almost white. One of the most troublesome forms, the cabbage aphid, appears bluish-grey, being coated with a white, waxy powder. This species attacks cabbage, cauliflower and turnips from July to September, wilting and curling the leaves or stunting the plants so badly that they fall to form heads, says W. G. Mathewman, Division of Entomology, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Andre Gide is not only one of France's great writers, but one of her great thinkers. In 1932 he announced that communism was man's greatest hope and Karl Marx was its prophet. Russia promptly hailed him as the world's greatest writer. He was the than that Stalin and Molotov thought of to deliver the funeral oration over Maxim Gorki the Russian novelist. That was in 1936. But, like so many visitors who have gone to Russia with such high hearts and hopes, believing that communism was all that it said it was, generosity and freedom and equality, he found a few weeks was enough. The man whom the Russians dubbed the world's greatest writer was later to write this. "I doubt whether in any other country in the world even in Hitler's Germany thought be less free, more bowed down, more fearful, more vassalized."

## Disillusionment

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