

# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



## It's A State Of Mind

Spring is not a season. It's a state of mind. To Browning, writing in Italy, it was, "Oh, To Be In England, Now That April's There." To Botticelli, it was delicate, long-legged ladies in long nightgowns, scattering petals as they danced. To Beethoven, it was lambs gambolling to the notes of the shepherd's pipe.

But in these parts, it's a time of agony and ecstasy, depending on what age you are, and what you are up to.

Ecstasy for little kids. Off with the snowboots, and snowsuits hurled into a corner. Out into the wonderful world, from so long ago they can scarcely remember: wading puddles, building sinky rafts, shooting marbles; skipping; picking pussywillows. And lovely, brown, soft, silky, sludgy, slimey mud everywhere. Heaven.

It's ecstasy for the young in love. For the first time in five months they can hold hands, bare-handed, on the way home from school. They can hang around the girl's back door, or the corner, for an hour, talking inanities, joyous in the certainty they won't freeze to death.

Could anybody be happier, and cockier, than the young mothers in spring? Trim girls last fall, they wheel their prams down the street on the first sunny day, three abreast, pushing honest taxpayers into the gutter, as they display with utmost pride those miracles they produced during the winter. They are women this spring.

For our senior citizens, spring brings another kind of happiness, a quiet, deep one. They have been dicing with death all winter. They have suffered loneliness and pain and despair. That first balmy day of spring warms their old hearts and their old bones. It's a promise of life, renewed, which they need badly.

I think farmers and sailors are happy in the spring. For the former, it means another eight months of back-breaking labor with small return. For the latter, it means back to work often dull, often dirty, and the loneliness of absence from families. But both are ready for it, after being underfoot all winter. It restores purpose to life. A man who isn't working is only half a man.

For the housewife, spring is

combination of the agony and the ecstasy. There's the agony of choosing the right paint and wallpaper, the ecstasy of attacking the house like the Assyrian coming down on the fold.

Gardeners are happy. Gloves on, they go out in the back yard and joyously muck about. They squall over the first crocus, inhale with delight the rotting stench of long-buried earth, plan glorious gardens in the mind's eye.

Golfers are giddy with gladness. The last streaks of snow are still under the pines. The course is muddy, the wind chilling. But the first day the flags are up, they're out there. You see, this is the year when they will slice not, nor will they hook. They feel it in their bones.

Anglers are snooping the countryside, looking for new beaver dams, checking last year's choice spots. Opening day is still not here, but they're dreaming of that first speckled beauty, caught on the first cast. Merchants are optimistic. People are coming into the store for something besides keeping warm. Building booms, and the carpenter, electrician, plumber, bricklayer, feel a surge of hope after a slow winter.

Where's the agony, then, if everybody is so happy about spring? We've run almost the whole gamut, and nobody is suffering.

What about the university student? There are hundreds of thousands of them. They are chewing their nails, pulling out their beautiful hair in handfuls, sweating cold with fear. Outside beckon the sun and soft wind. Inside beckon blear-eyed grind, despair, guilt.

And what about the ordinary, middle-aged codger like me? Bursitis behaving badly in the cruel winds of April. Income tax looming like an iceberg. House needs painting. Backyard looks like an exhibition of Pop art. Car on its last legs. Christmas presents not yet paid for. Hairline receding rapidly. Harder and harder to get out of sack in morning. Kids getting more difficult.

For us, spring is for the birds. And you should hear the little stinkers, about five a.m., just when we're finally falling into a sound sleep.



TERRACE BAY BOWLING ASSOCIATION

WIND-UP DINNER & DANCE

MOOSE HALL -- JUNE 4, 1966

MUSIC BY ROY CORAN

GET YOUR TICKET FROM YOUR TEAM CAPTAIN

WEDNESDAY - MAY 4TH

8:00 P.M.

SCHREIBER TOWN HALL

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20 BINGOS AT \$10.

1 BINGO 1/2 PROCEEDS

1 BINGO \$50 JACKPOT

1 BINGO \$100 JACKPOT

Admission - \$2.00 per person

Sponsored by Schreiber Kinsmen Club.

HELP KINSMEN HELP KIDDIES !

Plan to attend.

CARD OF THANKS - We would like to express our heartfelt thanks to all our relatives friends and neighbours for their gifts, cards and good wishes on our Silver Anniversary. Special thanks to our daughters, Marg. Gerow, Kitty Whittton, Mavis Slater and all who helped to make our Anniversary such a happy one.

Eirene and Fred Harness.

FOR SALE - 1958 Plymouth two-door hardtop. V.8, Power Steering, Power Brakes, new Battery, good tires, no rust. Phone 3658.

Men are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.

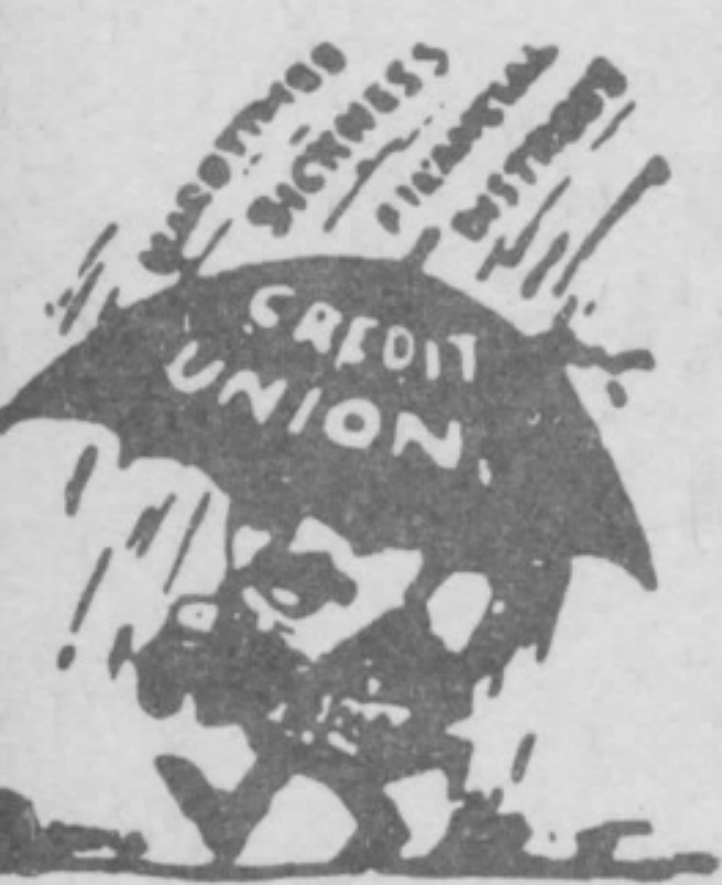
## Terrace Bay Community Credit Union Limited

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