

APRIL MEETING
OF VARENCY W.I.

The Varence W.I. April meeting was held at the home of Mrs. W. E. Craddock, on Thursday, April 12th, with an attendance of twenty ladies and nine children. The President, Mrs. Doughty, opened the meeting by reading a poem "The World Began At Easter" followed by the Ode At Easter. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Several items of business were discussed. The secretary also gave the financial report for the past year which was most gratifying. It was moved and seconded that we send 25 cents a member for Club work. The roll call was well answered with weather sayings. Mrs. Doughty thanked the Institute for their co-operation for the past two years in which she was President. Mrs. J. P. Atherton presided for the election of officers which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. W. E. Craddock; 1st Vice President, Mrs. Roy Belbeck; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Jack Kindree; Secretary,

Treasurer, Mrs. C. Hayes; District Director, Mrs. W. E. Doughty; Directors, Mrs. J. P. Atherton, Auditors, Mrs. K. Parkinson, Mrs. G. Gutter, Card Committee, Mrs. W. McNelly, Mrs. G. Saunders, Flower Committee, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Roy Belbeck; Press Reporter, Mrs. Geo. Saunders. The following standing committees gave reports on the years work: Home Economics, Mrs. Craddock; Community Activities, Mrs. H. K. Saunders; Agriculture, Mrs. Belbeck; Citizenship and Education, Mrs. H. K. Saunders; The new convenor for Home Economics, Mrs. Craddock; Community Activities, Mrs. H. K. Saunders; Agriculture, Mrs. Belbeck; Citizenship and Education, Mrs. H. K. Saunders. The new President, Mrs. Craddock, with a few well chosen words took charge of the meeting with the following program: Motto, "God Made The Country and Man Made The Town" was given by Mrs. Jack Kindree. Topic, talk on "Keeping High Ways Clean and Names on Mail Boxes" was given by Mrs. Mattie Reichel when a white elephant sale will be held. Lunch committee, Mrs. J. P. Atherton and Mrs. Mattie.

RENTON

Mr. and Mrs. Pollard and family of Dundas, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. McCowill. A large number of friends from this vicinity attended the "At Home" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Youmans in Simcoe for their 50th wedding anniversary on Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week. Mrs. Judd will be hostess to the Renton Institute for the May meeting.

Several pupils at S.S. No. 10 are confined to their homes with the measles.

Ticket for the rug was drawn by Barbara Miller with Mrs. Harry Matthews having the lucky ticket. Mrs. Geo. Saunders won the mystery prize.

The May meeting will be held on May 10th at the home of Mrs. Fred Reichel when a white elephant sale will be held. Lunch committee, Mrs. J. P. Atherton and Mrs. Mattie.

Auction Sale
Household Effects and Real Estate

The undersigned auctioneer has received instructions to sell the contents of the late Mary Matilda Jackson, in the Village of Hagersville.

SATURDAY, MAY 27th

1956, at 12:30 p.m. Sharp, the following: 4 Beds, Springs and Mattresses; Several Old Bedsteads; 4-Burner Kitchen Stove; Gas Circulator; 2 Gas Radiant Heaters; 3 Drawers; 6 Cabinets; 6 Chests of Drawers; 6 Walnut Rocking Chairs; Solid Walnut Buffet; Walnut Sofa; Walnut Chest of Drawers with Mirror; Walnut Wash Stand; Walnut Bed; Walnut Day Bed; Several Small Tables and Stands; Several Trunks; Kitchen Cabinet; 2 Kitchen Tables; Sideboard; Quebec Heater; Quantity of Fruit Jars; Pottery; Large Number Picture Frames; Several Oil Paintings; Large Silverware; Several Scatter Rugs; Axminster Rug, 9x12; Several Old Rocking Chairs; Several Old Chairs; Many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS CASH

All articles to be settled for before removal from premises. Auctioneer's decision final in case of dispute.

REAL ESTATE

At 4 o'clock, at the same place, the property, consisting of a 12-room brick house, with 3-piece bath upstairs, toilet downstairs, two building lots, will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. Anyone wanting a house in Hagersville should look at this one. It may be inspected by contacting either John Rushton, phone 616-13, Selkirk, or Richard Rushton, phone 616-12, Jarvis.

Terms: 25 per cent, on day of sale, balance within 30 days.

HUBERT FIELD, Auctioneer.

Phone 620-31, Jarvis.

BRUCE JONES, Solicitor.

For the Executors.

FOR SALE

Quantity of baled hay, mixed; two rows, third litter, due next month.

Apply Montague Bros., phone 601-15, Jarvis, Ont.

16p

THE BIG SING

—in the—
High School Auditorium
WATERFORD

—on—
Saturday, MAY 27
At 8 P.M.

170 - MALE VOICES - 170
Including 5 Outstanding Male Choirs

ADMISSION - \$1.00

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES GUARANTEED

For Dead or Disabled Horses and Cows. Old horses 4¢ per lb.

Prompt service. Phone collect to 215W Cayuga, 120 Hagersville or Hannon 2031.

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HAGERSVILLE, ONT. OFFICE 63W

16p

The Calvert Sports Column
by Elmer Ferguson

• The nicest season of the year is not just for the small ones who believe that there's a real Santa Claus. There is a real Santa Claus for all of us in the spirit of a season, born in the manager, the stranger for whom there was no room at the inn.

Shadow-box with the calendar as long as you can, there comes a day - yesterday, today, tomorrow - when that old Christmas feeling has you and you're in there scrambling around the stores and the flower shops and the like, trying to do some of the things you should have done earlier.

For that strange thing, the Christmas spirit, which materializes out of empty air, has suddenly caught at your heart-strings, just as it caught at the almost dead-and-buried sentimental impulses of Scrooge, and suddenly wrenched him out of his miserable, miserly and unfriendly life to bring joy and happiness to the Cratchits. That's the power of the Christmas spirit, that unexplainable power that has outlasted the centuries, wars, hatreds and privations.

It is a power that has you wishing you could in some way say, "Merry Christmas" once more to all everywhere. Because that is the way it is at Christmas.

Before this week, you were perhaps determined to adhere to a belief that Christmas is for the youngsters only, that you weren't going to plunge into the happy, jostling, madcap of Christmas shopping, that you were going to spend the weekend just as though it was any other weekend.

Don't fool yourself. The spirit of Christmas is "twine to get you" in the end. By Saturday night, you'll probably be wearing white whiskers, and sleigh-bells for a necktie. You may find yourself sending barrels of apples, great bags of nuts and candies to the children's hospitals, the boys' clubs and all the other places that can use Christmas cheer.

We know you're going to do this, or something like this, because the spirit of Christmas is far too strong to be resisted. And too strange to be explained, this once-a-year surge of charity that represents the human heart functioning at its beautiful best.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

Calvert DISTILLERS LIMITED

AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

16p

swallows Diamond chased by Crooks

The case was reported in the newspapers. Within a few days, two attempts were made upon the man's life by thieves who wanted to get the diamond.

Months afterwards, he had an exciting time dodging amateur surgeons who wanted to operate on him. The diamond was never retrieved.

Doctors point out that once lodged in the windpipe or gullet, foreign bodies can cause fatal complications, so swallowers of diamonds should be warned.

When George Gershwin heard her sing "I Got Rhythm" in "Girl Crazy," he told her, "Don't let anybody give you a singing lesson. I'll ruin you." And she's never had a lesson in her life.

She's a regular gun-chewer, her confessor in her breeches autobiography, "Don't Call Me Madam," and many a time she's found herself playing a whole scene with it still parked in her cheek.

The same with "peanut butter" fatty. Comedian Will Howard would hand her large chunks of it and bet her that she couldn't eat it while singing. But she'd go on singing "I Got Rhythm," holding a note for sixteen bars with a big chunk in the side of her mouth.

She likes modern art—some of it—but every time she went to Billy Rose's place and saw his Picasso, they nearly drove her out of her mind. When she heard what he'd paid for one, a still life of fruit, she said, "Fifteen thousand bucks? I could buy a lot of that fruit for thirty-four cents, and eat it besides!"

She tells some merry stories of fellow celebrities. Whenever composer Cole Porter and actor Fred Astaire were together, they'd go on singing "I Got Rhythm," make a five-dollar bet, then start on some topic—anything from Mount Everest to the Dalai Lama. The bet is based on the number of minutes it will take Irving to bring the talk round to one of his own songs. The average is less than five.

One night during the run of "Anything Goes," when she spotted the famous conductor Toscanini out front, she went to her dressingroom, sent a telegram to the show's musical director saying, "Sorry to have to tell you, but your direction was terrible," signed it "Toscanini," and so timed it that it was delivered during the interval.

For the last half of the show the jazz maestro sweated heavily, glared at his musicians, and kept looking back at Toscanini's seat to see how he was taking the music!

During rehearsals of "Du Barry Was a Lady," the director, Buddy De Sylva, engaged a dancer to dance with Betty Grable, who made her Broadway debut in it, and told him, "When you sing the song, 'Every Day Is a Holiday,' with Miss Grable, hold her hand and look into her eyes as if you're really in love with her."

"I can't, huh," said the boy. "I'm in love with a girl named Grable in my home town down in Florida, huh. I just can't do it."

"What kind of a show is this?"

Cur-side vacuum cleaner—Streets in Washington are being cleaned these days by an ingenious device with a tremendous suction for rubbish. It's a Jeep with a six-inch suction hose that sucks up the day's accumulation of litter, chews it in a blender and then blows the pulp into the burp bag at the rear. It decons the gutters about six times as fast as the traditional while-wing with a broom and pushcart.

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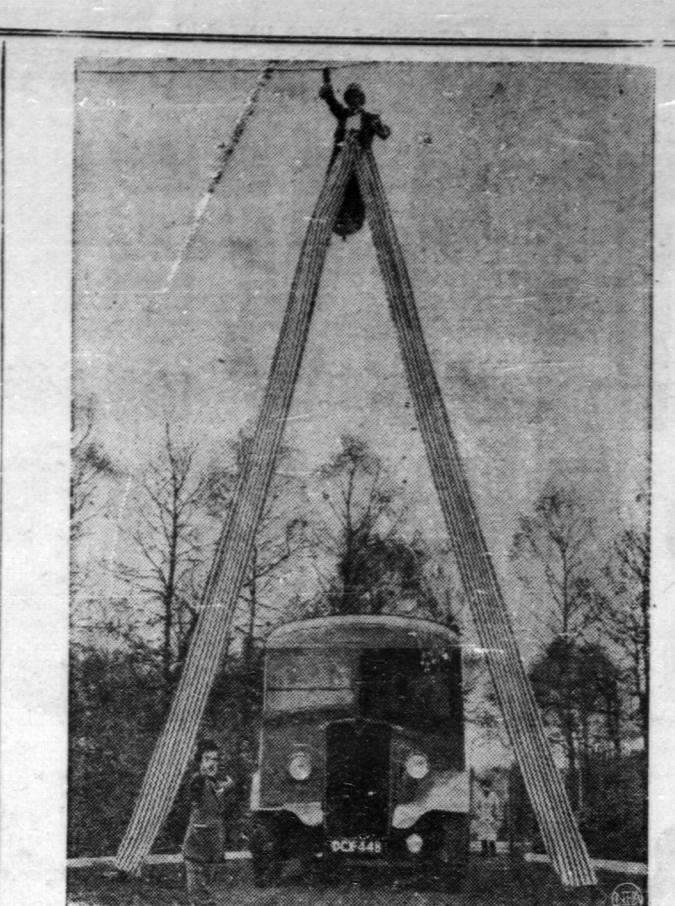
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COMIN' THROUGH - A midget clown directs "traffic" between the legs of stilt artist Henry Lewandowski in Ascot, England. Photo was taken during rehearsals of the Bertram Mills Circus. Lewandowski's stilts are 34 feet high.

She Has a Trumpet
In Her Throat

Ethel Merman, U.S. star of "Annie Get Your Gun," "Call Me Madam" and other big hits, has a trumpet in her throat.

She was born with it, she says, and ever since the age of five she's been selling it for all she's worth. When she was a baby and people in the next room or down the street heard her they'd say, "That's Ethel."

The description of it she likes best is "a doll from Astoria with a trumpet in her throat." Whenever she felt throat trouble coming on she'd go to Dr. Stuart Craig, who'd say, "I can't even see your vocal chords. They must be somewhere down in your calves."

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other functions in motion. The robot moved like a man through the rhythm of signals. It could even speak through a loud speaker, answering questions "heard" through microphone ears. Its eyes consisted of photocells lit by electricity.

It wasn't the only robot murderer. In 1946 another, constructed by a young Milwaukee engineer, had in its head and body 200 small electronic valves which enabled it to perform various acts. When the inventor, in the course of his experiments, wanted to adjust a screw on its arm, the complicated apparatus failed and the robot crushed its maker, who was rushed to hospital with serious internal injuries and died on the way.

In 1951 Bristol Polytechnic students built out of metal scraps a robot which they christened "Dynamo Joe." They taught it to ride a bicycle through the streets, turn corners, move its head right and left and wave to passers-by.

A light-club proprietor received about \$150,000 for "relays" of his jazz band comprising three jazz-playing robots. They rose ghost-like from their seats, pushed their cheeks, rolled their eyes in ecstasy, moved each finger to play their instruments—guitar, drum and trumpet—and bowed at the end.

The shape of things to come, the probable effects of automation on employment and leisure, are outlined in this informative book about devices that almost "think" for themselves and have actually piloted a Skystrider across the Atlantic and landed it on sound-wave remote control.

It is also the Chief Examiner. He closely studies their performance, and if their work is of high standard, he will present them with certificates stating them to be fully trained charmers, and qualified to dispense medicines and suggest charms against snake-bite, in the ordinary sense, they react to the vibrations of any tune, so long as it is played on the traditional pipe.

Snake-charming has become more of a religion than a profession with the people of Mithabhar. They style themselves "protectors of snakes," not public entertainers.

At the time of its capture, a snake is "promised" its release on a certain date—and the promise is always kept. Until then, while it is in the charmer's service, it is treated as one of the family. Its venom is very mild.

Many snake-charmers become very fond of their snakes, and will take them everywhere with them.

Once a year, they go in procession to pay their respects to their Swami, the Grand Master India, who claims to be over a hundred years old.

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