



SUGAR and SPICE

by Bill Smiley

I love to sing. Just as some crows do. Have you ever stopped and felt a pang of pity for that crow who was trying to get a little vibrato into his "Caw-aw-aw"? I have. I know exactly how he feels.

There are strong, rugged men throughout the British Commonwealth today who turn pale and shudder every time they remember my trying to get through such intricate melodies as "Knees Up, Mother Brown", or "There Was An Old Monk of Great Renown."

There are tenors and altos and sopranos and contraltos, and all sorts of other singers. I sing bass.

As a lover of singing, and the possessor of a bass voice, I am particularly obnoxious at pre-Christmas parties where everyone, after a few belts of orange juice or something, start warbling beautiful descants to the carols.

I just caw away at them, and they all come out sounding much the same: Good King Wenceslaus comes roaring out on a Silent Night, decks the Herald Angels with Bows of Holly and goes back in for another bash at the wassail bowl.

After a lot of thought, I've decided that it's the words that are wrong, not my voice. I know the first line of all the great carols and Christmas songs, but after that, I just sing, "Ho Ho Ho and Yah Yah Yah and Some-

thing Nice and Something Else."

New words; that's what we need. We must remember that these lovely carols were written, for the most part, by people who didn't realize that Christmas was going to turn into the biggest cash-register-ringing season of the year.

They were monks and priests and reverends and musicians who thought that Christmas was a time of joy. They weren't with it. They didn't even know that the turkey was a sacred bird. They didn't know that an atom-bomb toy was just the thing to make sparkle the eyes of your little boy. Or that a necklace of real pearls was just the thing to make sparkle the eyes of your big girl.

And that's why I decided our carols and Christmas ditties had to be brought up to date, with words that relate to the 1960s. Thus, we'll remember the words better, and won't have to fill in with stuff like, "Di Do Dee Dah Dee Dum Dum."

These songs are both sacred and secular. But enter into the spirit and you'll see how important the up-dating is. Now, I haven't the time, energy or talent to write complete versions. I'll just give you the first verse. Then you're on your own, and the whole family can join in the game.

All together now. The first is in the tune of "Jingle Bells." From there on I won't give you



LATE AUTUMN

a clue. And don't mind the odd spot where the stanza has a few extra words. That's half the fun. Jungle all the way. Oh, what fun it is to shop On a mad December day.

★ ★ ★
God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
You'll have your Christ-

mas bills all paid
By the 24th of May.

★ ★ ★
Good old Stanislaus
looked out
At the Czechs all beefin'
And the Russ all bodin' all about.
Deep and Crisp and even
a little ashamed of themselves.

★ ★ ★
Hark, the Herald's ads all

sing,
Big, fat gifts are all the thing.
Don't be scared to ask for lots,
Cheaper junk will please the tots.

★ ★ ★
Oh come, all ye faithless,
Hopeless and on acid,
Oh come ye to Yorkville
And worship the grass id.

★ ★ ★
Deck the dolls with poi-

son ivy
Then you won't be tempted to
Get all warm and sort of live-y
And end up in a cold, domestic stew.

See what can be done?
"We Three Kings of Orient Are . . ." What rhymes with "are"?
That's right. "Car," not "camel." Go to it.

The Spider's Web

By EDWARD BELITSKY

I feel violently ill each time I hear such statements as " . . . and if you want to do something to prevent those poor, starving children from dying every three seconds, push your member of parliament into doing something about it. Suggest you are willing to pay additional taxes so that these poor people might eat."

I, for one, have had my fill of taxes right up to here. If these persons want to do something tangible for the people of Biafra, Vietnam, India, China, or any other place, I say "Bravo!" and "Good for you."

There is nothing in the world to prevent them from taking half of their next week's grocery money, buying a money order at the nearest post office, putting it in an envelope, sealing it, affixing a

stamp and mailing it directly to some organization that looks after such things.

They may do it every week if they so wish.

And if their guilt complex is such that people must know of their good deeds, let them tell everyone. Do it in public. Call the press and radio.

But let them not try to force me through government taxation, to do their good deeds for them. I am perfectly capable of being charitable on my own, thank you.

Good deeds are voluntary, never compulsory, and only an idiot would suggest further taxation on top of the proposed two percent on food, higher taxes on income and additional turns of the screw on other commodities.

The modern trend to compulsory benevolence

is a kind of sickness psychoanalysts are hard put to properly define and categorize.

Since when has the policy of handouts to sick countries done such societies any good? All this sort of charity does is further postpone the necessity for such cultures to grow up in a hurry as fully self-sufficient nations.

"What about the hundreds of thousands that are dying right now?" they shoot back at you with devastating reasoning.

Unless you are willing to feed, support and care for them permanently, does it make that much difference if they survive until next week?

Only the kind of mentality that is terrified at the prospect of death would come up with this type of reasoning. But I'd venture to guess that

death is not nearly so important to a Biafran who's lived on the brink of it all his life as it is to a nice, well-fed suburbanite, wallowing in his own affluence with nothing but a fat guilt complex to spoil it all every time he completes a 10-course dinner.

All these people who are horrified at the idea of thousands, even millions of people being relieved of their misery at the rate of one every three seconds surely do not believe in any kind of God recognizable to thinking people.

Throughout the ages of recorded history — so long as Man has inhabited this sphere, Death has served as everyone's ultimate friend at the moment when life within the body each occupied became impossible.

You and I will get out turn, too. There will come

a time, albeit only a moment, when we will individually count The Grim Reaper as our only friend, come to relieve us of our suffering.

Life can be good. But only when there is room to live as our bodies require. The moment when life turned bad in medieval Europe because of overpopulation, The Grim Reaper came in the form of Smallpox. Another time he came as the bubonic plague and people nicknamed him "Black Death."

Have we become such materialists that we think of ourselves only as blood, flesh, bone and — nothing else?

Where, oh, where, have all of our religious teachings gone? Is there nothing left except those who would quiet their own consciences by compelling others to take part in their good deeds?

Okay, let us reason along your lines. So you want to do good deeds because you feel you might acquire considerable merit for doing so. Very good. Do like I suggested. Take half of next week's food allowance . . . etc.

If, on the other hand, you are successful in forcing the government into forcing everyone to do it, who will acquire the merit, other than Pierre Elliott Trudeau?

I have this gnawing doubt that they might not recognize compulsion up there, either. And when, at long last, your corpulent soul makes its grand entrance, you might be disappointed.

You might not feel too well, sitting there on Cloud No. 3 watching the PM sail majestically by on Cloud No. 9.