

**Lost Mail**  
by Helen Olson

We do hear all the stories about mail being found stored in people's apartments and the like. When I was a little kid, the mailman, Mr. McGregor, got soused one day and delivered the mail without sorting it first, which meant he would pick a piece of mail out of the back seat, roar off to somebody's house and put it in their box; then pick up the next piece, and so on. He came ripping to our place about five times. I can still see his funny green coupe backing down the road to our mailbox and then tearing off again. Anyway, at the end of the day, he dumped what was left in a ditch. No one phoned the authorities, however, so he kept his job. Some one did rescue the mail. It made for quite a bit of discussion at Gillard's store and at a number of dinner tables in the community, including ours.