



By Wendy Thomson

Come winter, I retire to the house, going out as seldom as possible.
If the weather is exceptionally cold, I build a roaring fire, sit with mending or something, and watch out of the corner of my eye, the snow, sleet, and wind, doing their dirty deeds on the other side of the

That way, I can be very detached about it all. It's winter — a lousy one at that — and the snow, ice, skidding, sliding, and getting stuck are all part of it.

Being so snug, warm, and detached, I'm at a loss to see why so many men seem to take the fact that they're stuck, so personally. It's interesting to sit inside and watch men pit themselves against the elements - the battleground being the road going over a small hill to the south of us and up a gradual incline to the north (and sometimes our driveway, as

Tantrums on road The tantrums that are being thrown out on the road this year are spectacular! Men who probably are fairly good-natured ordinarily, seem to go into a real tiery at the night of a deep drift or an toy slope, and charge it

vigorously. After the snow settles and the driver climbs out of the ditch to marvey the situation, the battle is on. This usually involves much swearing, many strained muscles, and about an hour's work. I think that if it were me, I'd take one look and decide I'd rather pay for a tow-truck.

In fact, the only woman I saw stuck out here, came right in, asked us to pull her off the road, sat and had ton, talked, and watched two other cars get stuck, then walked on home. No fuss, no

bother. Still, there must be something behind the men's attitude - like Man trying to prove his superiority over both The Elements and also Mechanical Contrivances? I can't get that involved with the weather to resent it so much.

Cars go whonk

A while ago, our stretch of rosc was blocked by drifts (and by the cars and trucks that had taken a run at them and gone whonk). To go to a euchre one night, I walked the half mile to the corner where my ride waited. The wind was against me, and I gasped and wheezed with each step, but on returning, two hours later, I found that the wind had died and the moon was out. In the air was

the stillness that only a winter

night sometimes has. I didn't hurry home, but dawdled along, stopping now and then to watch cornstalk shadows on the snow, or to listen to dry leaves clacking against their I used to like walking, winter

nighta. Years ago, my cousin Astrid, and I passed hours of our Christmas visits talking and tramping for miles through the fields around Unionville, in the moonlight. I did the same in Oakville while it still had fields and woods. After Gord and I moved here, for a while I again found pleasure in that magical sullness. Then, somehow, I forgot

go, but the cold was numbing and I hurried up the lane. The kitchen light was on and the kettle humming when I opened the door, and crept shivering and blinking into the light.

Growling Gord Gord, shivering likewise, growled, "What are YOU so cold for ... The truck's in the ditch and I had to walk home!" Snarl,

I couldn't help but smile at the picture the two of us must have made wending our way home on foot, at the same time - Gord coming the half mile up the road, wading through knee deep drifts (snarling like something demented, probably, plotting his revenge). And there was me, traipsing bemusedly DOWN the road, thinking long ago thoughtssmiling sweetly at the moon.

The next day, it was man against the elements again. It could have been quite funny, if It had happened to somebody else. To start the tractor (to go pull the truck out), Gord dampened my fire in the fireplace, ran an extension from an inside plug through the hole in the back of the grate, and plugged a heater in, outside. The tractor rad was drained, the guck (smoking vigorously) heated on the stove in

Armchair trip to Osaka taken

Mrs. C. Allan, Churchill Rd., Acton, was hostess to the Greenock W. I. when they met the evening of Feb. 9 for their regular

Twelve members and alx visitors were present in spite of the cold and stormy weather. Mrs. A. Gates presided. The Mary Stewart Collect, and the

opening ode was sung. For moditation a recording of the singing of the Lord's Prayer was enjoyed.

Show articles

Roll call for this the 'International' program was answered by the showing of An Article from a Member Country in A.C.W.W. Many beautiful articles were shown from Holland, Germany, British West Indies, China and Japan.

It was decided not to send a delegate to the Officers' Conference in Guelph in April. A committee was named to arrange for a fund-raising project. A quilt is to be quilted in the near future.

Mrs. Gordon Johnston will assist Miss E. Pearen in leading the girls in their club Dressing up Vegetables. The meetings will be

held Mondays after school. Mrs. G. Leslie assisted by Mrs. R. Sinclair were conveners for the International program.

Many "hellos"

Mrs. C. Altken gave a reading "How do you say Hello" which was very amusing as she described the many forms of greeting from the different countries.

Mrs. R. Sinclair attired in a lovely Japanese gown read a poem "Little Maiden of Japan."

Following this she introduced Mins Sue Jackson of Guelph, quest speaker for the evening. Mins Jackson took the ladies on an arm chair trip to Osaka, Japan, as she showed beautiful colored alides she had taken last summer on her trip to Japan. She told many amusing incidents of

Mrs. G. Loslie on behalf of the Institute ladies thanked Susan and presented her with a small

A lovely lunch was served by the heatess and assistants Mrs. C. Aitken and Mrs. E. Winter. The March meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. G. Leslie.

I was reductant to let the feeling Smith - Bryant wedding vows

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at Streetsville Baptist church on Jan. 30 when Julie Ann Velvet's oat pall, then poured

It wasn't till around noon that Gord got to the truck, only to find that it was already unditched and neatly on the road. (Our thanks to someone.) But he'd forgotten the keys. Still he could tow it home. However, in turning around, he put the tractor in the ditch, and had to walk that stretch of road again, to get the keys to start the truck to pull the tractor out.

Back down the road, into the truck, hitched to the tractor; almost had it out and the truck ran out of gas. Siphoned gas from the tractor into the truck, got both going and headed in the right direction, (son Jim driving the tractor). Halfway home, the

tractor ran out of gas. Finally, at long last, everybody and everything arrived home. Surprisingly, Gord wasn't in too bad a mood. Maybe it was because that round of the battle DID go to him. More or less.

Bryant, daughter of Mrs. Arnold Wamboldt, and the late Mr. Wamboldt, Streetsville, became the bride of Edmund Roy Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith, R. R. 2, Acton.

Given in marriage by her brother, Graham Wamboldt, the bride were a full length gown of pink nylon and carried a bouquet of pink and white roses. Attending the bride was matron of honor Mrs. Violet Wamboldt, sister-in-law of the bride, also gowned in floor length pink nylon and carrying a bouquet of pink and white roses.

Best man was Harold Rivers, cousin of the groom.

Reception follows

Officiating at the wedding was the Rev. Sylvester assisted by Rev. Cooper. During the signing of the register Miss Sharon Butes played several selections on the piano.

The reception was held at the Band Hall, Acton. Following a brief honeymoon the couple are residing at R. R. I,

Brampton.

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