

# Real Estate MARKETPLACE

Wednesday, May 30, 1979

## Eden Mills

### Hawaiian weekend

by Mrs. W. MacDougall  
The Brownies enjoyed the long weekend at Camp Corwin. It became the Island of Hawaii and they ate Hawaiian food—pineapples, coconuts etc.

They made their own grass skirts out of plastic as well as leis and did some hula dancing. They had a visit from the Hawaiian queen complete with costume who was Mrs. Ann Chesworth (still on crutches from her broken ankle).

At one of the ceremonies a burnt offering of a pig made out of paper was made. Brownies are ending on Thursday until fall.

Mrs. Stephanie Turowski spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Turowski.

After a tasty pot luck luncheon at the annual spring cleaning, the Presbyterian Women held a short business meeting. The treasury showed a nice balance from the booth at the auction sale of the late Mrs. J. Stevenson. A new vacuum cleaner is to be purchased for the church and the donation from the Frankow baptism luncheon is to be used to have the bowl in the christening font re-silvered. The meeting closed with prayer by Rev. Doehring.

The 117th anniversary of the Eden Mills Presby-

terian Church was held on Sunday conducted by the Rev. Carrie Doehring who also sang a solo. The choir was delightful with their special music and Steven Blacklock added his touch of trumpet.

Mrs. Rita Scriven of Acton spent the weekend as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roger MacDougall.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rinehart enjoyed a lovely day at the Patchell Reunion held at Guelph Township Park, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Lockett and Bob were guests at a Jack and Jill party in Palmerston in honor of Brenda Lawson and Tim Elliott who are planning their marriage for June.

Miss Cindy Currie from Ingersoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Currie (formerly of Eden Mills and Acton) was feted at a bridal shower hosted by Mrs. Terry Hamilton of Guelph. Guests from the village were Mrs. Ron Markell, Mrs. Joe Lasby and Heather, Mrs. Wm. and Mrs. J. Gilbertson and Mrs. G. MacDougall.

Mrs. Anna Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. Alma Wettlaufer of Guelph, attended Open House at Belwood grocery store honoring the owner, Mrs. Jean Bryan who has been in business there for over 40 years. Over 400 people registered for this happy occasion.

## Ospringle

### Brenda Bruce receives degree

by Doris Fines

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bruce and Bradley attended the convocation at the Ontario Teachers Education College, Toronto, on Thursday, May 17, when their daughter

Brenda received her Bachelor of Education degree. Dr. Bette Stevenson conferred the degrees. The OTEC choir, with the Toronto Brass, gave choral selections on the program, of which Brenda is a member.

Brenda Bruce is presently employed with the students awards branch at the Ministry of Colleges and Universities at Queen's Park, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Don Hannon from Grimsby, visited with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Howard. Other visitors were Mrs. Marion Carter and Mrs. Ross Kirkpatrick of Paris.

A group of parents sold

plants to raise money for the Creative Playground at Ospringle school. The response was overwhelming, and was appreciated wholeheartedly.

Mrs. Max Schotsch was organist at her nephew's wedding last Friday at Warren. Mr. Schotsch, Heidi and Michael also attended the wedding of Michael Labine and Colleen Halverson.

The Erin and Ospringle Youth group of the Presbyterian church went on a weekend retreat to Crief Hills for their last meeting. There were ten members in the group with their leaders Mr. and Mrs. Russell White and Mrs. Vernon Stewart.

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First houses

The first two houses built on Bower Ave., were those of Eli Snider and Thomas Moore, according to Acton's Early Days.

**FEATURE HOME OF THE WEEK**



**Want a QUALITY home?**

*We have a four bedroom, 2 storey home in Georgetown's Park area featuring natural pine trim and doors, a large ground floor family room with brick fireplace, ground floor laundry room, big yard with private deck for summer suppers. Call Stephen P. Saxe, L & S Realtor. Sales representative Wendy Saxe, 877-2219.*

## Smiley's ebullience erases depression

There are a lot of depressed people in the world, for one reason or another: illness, mental or physical; poverty; insecurity; unrequited love; hemorrhoids—you name it.

It's difficult for me to understand depression since I have a natural tranquility, and sometimes even a spot of ebullience. This is either from genes or good luck, and I'm not bragging about it.

Sometimes, when I feel a bit of ebullience coming on, which is almost every day, I have to take something for it, just as the depressed person has to take an elevator pill to get out of the gloom.

If I come down in the morning feeling fairly ebullient, I take a small downer to get me down with the normal level of misanthropy. I pick up the morning paper.

This depresses me sufficiently that I can get through the day without driving my colleagues and students silly with sheer cheerfulness.

If my ebullience starts to build up during the day, after several brilliant lessons, the solving of some teachers' frantic problems, and the crafty evasion of the latest edict from the administration, I have to take something to cool me down when I get home from work. So I pick up the evening paper.

This depresses me sufficiently that I can go to bed without chuckling myself awake at the folly of mankind. If the evening paper doesn't cool me out enough, I listen to the late news and go to the sack with the dense gloom that ensures sleep, the only escape from it.

There's nothing to quiet your jolliness like some of these items. "Board To Fire 214 Teachers," when your only daughter, with three degrees and two children, is in her first year of teaching, and bound to be one of the casualties.

by  
Bill  
Smiley



And when I'd got to school, buzzing with ebullience, the kids would likely cheer lustily, instead of rolling their eyes and groaning when I announced we were going to learn some goody ole grammar. That cheer would disturb the rest of the school for the whole day, and I'd be on the carpet for upsetting the learning system.

In the teachers' staff room, I'd be a menace. If I shouted at the shuffleboard, "Jolly good shot," or "Well done, sir," instead of the usual "Don't miss. Don't choke. Don't be light," I'd be a moral leper.

If a teacher came up to me, sobbing on my breast about some real or imaginary problem, and I burbled away cheerfully, instead of putting on my phony, grave expression of concern, she'd probably think I'd gone senile overnight.

And if I came home and walked in the door and didn't issue my usual sigh-groan, "Holy Cheese, what a day!", my wife would know I had.

This is when I must pick up that evening paper. If I didn't, who knows what wild extravagance my ebullience might lead us into: having somebody in, going out for dinner, attending a movie, making love?

There's no end to the iniquities into which good cheer and jolliness can lead one. Personally, I think people caught singing or whistling to themselves on the street should be locked up. They're liable to start a dangerous trend in this country.

Therefore, as a non-depressant, I couldn't do without the media. They are the only thing that protect me from messing up my life and those of everyone I know by being happy.

I make a deep obeisance to them, with my back turned. That sound you might hear is the breaking of wind. I may be vulgar but I'm happy.

Or this one: "Cancer Dooms Miners." "Lung cancer deaths among hardrock miners are almost double those of men in other jobs." I knew this 35 years ago. So did the mines. So did the government. So what has been done in the interval?

How about, "Food Costs May Soar." That's about as startling as reading, in November, "Winter may come." They have already soared out of sight. The headline should have read "Rocket" instead of "Soar."

There's nothing to take the extra ebullience out of a fellow like news stories that tell us Canada's nuclear plants are not all that safe, or that the country is 60 zillion or something dollars in debt, or that your property taxes are going up 10 per cent this year.

No, I don't know what I'd do without the media. I'd probably spring out of bed in the morning, singing gaily, "Here hath been dawning - Another new day. Think! Will thou let it Slip useless away?"

I'd probably come chortling downstairs and cook up a big breakfast of bacon and eggs and real coffee instead of my usual tea and peanutbutter and jam sandwich. My wife doesn't eat anything. And leave her a dirty big mess in the kitchen to clean up.

Then I'd sail off to school, so happy with life that I'd be gawking around at the wonders of nature and probably run over somebody's beloved dog.