

Smiley and wife plot about his retirement

People keep on asking me, "But what will you do when you retire?" It's always asked in the same, rather petulant way, suggesting that I will immediately become senile, die of sheer boredom, or succumb instantly to some unknown disease.

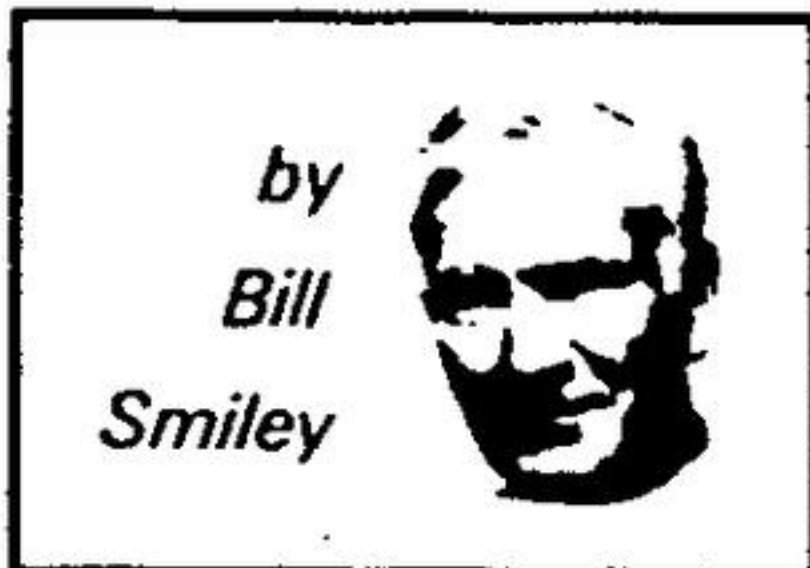
These ideas are gross canards, implanted in people whose retirement is far in the future, often by Jewish writers who have an overwhelming sense of guilt because they put their old man in a nursing home when he interfered with their life-style. They didn't dare try to put their mothers away.

In the first place, it's none of their business. Maybe I'll grow a beard, get drunk for three months, take a 20-year-old mistress, never wear a tie again, and write dirty poetry.

Maybe I'll turn into a clay-footed pillar of the community, serving on committees, running raffles, trying to teach young hoods that a past participle is more important than a past bank hold-up, and attempting to beat the toughest game in town—Death.

Maybe I'll cultivate my own garden, as Voltaire suggested. Perhaps I'll do all the things my mother tried (tried is the key word) to prevent me from doing: swimming on Sunday, hanging around the poolroom, drinking anything but tea (she had a few drunken uncles).

Maybe I'll kick up my heels entirely: go around barefoot; use a lot of four-letter words; never change my underwear; leave my wife in pitiable financial circumstances; buy a raincoat and go



flashing in the park.

Before you call in the Mounties, take a deep breath. I'm not likely to do any of those things, or only a few. It happens in novels, but not often in real life. I'll probably just go on being Bill Smiley: confused, angry, happy, lazy, hopeful, pessimistic, sweet, sour, greedy, generous, stupid about some things, bright about others, a good grandfather, a lousy husband, a so-so father, an illiterate scholar, an observer of the trivial—you name it; I've got it.

The possibilities of retirement, of course, are boundless, and fascinating. My wife is scared stiff, because I'm difficult enough to dominate on weekdays, let alone the forever that is retirement.

On the very rare occasions when we exchange heated words (three or four times a week), I have the trump card. I merely say, "O.K. You take your blank house and your blank car and your blank blank bank account (that requires a careful tongue) and I'll take my pension and move into a boarding house."

That usually makes her trot out into the kitchen and start making a pumpkin pie or something. She knows the boarding-house is right across the street, and all I'd have to do is pack a bag and my typewriter, and there I'd be, fifty yards away, watching as she sank into genteel poverty, unable to pay the gas bill, the taxes, the plumbers and electricians and TV repairmen and all the other ghouls who haunt us.

But I think she's planning counter-measures. It's a bit like the Russian KGB and the U.S. CIA. We respect each other, but we plot. She's been buying tools hand over fist, and can repair practically everything except her husband. She's talking about taking some music pupils again (a secret source of income?)

Well, to get back to retiring. When I look across the street at my neighbor, cutting grass or shovelling snow, or patching his roof, I don't worry about dropping dead three weeks after I retire. He quit teaching about twenty years ago and could probably wrestle me to the ground with both hands tied behind his back.

Another neighbor climbs high ladders and fixes things while I cower at the foot, holding the ladder. He's retired. Another plays golf while I sit on the back lawn, contemplating the birds and my arthritic foot. He's retired. Another retired teacher, two blocks away, skis in the Alps for four months in the winter while I plod through the snow to teach, for the twenty-second time, that Macbeth would have been a pretty decent sort if his wife

hadn't been so greedy.

And, of course, what it all boiled down to is that I'm not even retiring, which confounds mine enemies and friends alike. I am merely ceasing the teaching of school.

When the war ended, I retired from being a fighter pilot. When I'd had enough, I retired from the weekly newspaper business. Now that I've had a bellyful of teaching, and all the trivia that goes with it, I am not retiring, but beginning a new career.

I plan to write. Not letters, which I never seem able to get around to. Not Harlequin romances, though I think I could rattle off some good ones, if my sense of humor didn't get in the way. Not great fiction, dealing with little people re-discovering great truths, sprinkled with symbolism and sensitivity. Not penetrating poetry, though I can rattle off a pretty dang good poem, on order.

No. None of that derivative stuff for me. I'm going to write the messages on greeting cards. I hear there's good money in it, and any idiot could improve on what is now offered. The difference is that mine will be personalized. And they will be twenty bucks a throw.

How about this for a sympathy card, on the death of a loved one? Sorry I couldn't be with you when I knew you had a special yen For more hi-jinks with good old Dave With Abner cooling in the grave.



Four year old Tom Oliver smiles as he tries to touch one of the many butterflies and moths on display at the library. The Royal Ontario Museum in cooperation with the Outreach program have provided the exhibition called Flights of Fancy for the month of January.

NEW POSTAGE RATES IN EFFECT AS OF...

JAN. 15

For your convenience clip out this rate table for future reference.

The following is a selection of postage rates which will apply, as of January 15th, 1983, for the delivery of Canadian and International mail.

Complete information on all postage rates is available at your local post office.

MAIL FOR DELIVERY WITHIN CANADA

Special Services		
Certified Mail*		\$1.06
Registered Mail*		\$1.96
Special Delivery*		\$1.06
*Plus applicable postage		
Parcels (to 30 kg)		
Local Delivery (2 kg)	1st Class	\$2.60
	Parcel Post	\$1.38
Vancouver to Winnipeg (2 kg)	1st Class	\$4.77
	Parcel Post	\$1.91
Halifax to Montreal (2 kg)	1st Class	\$3.60
	Parcel Post	\$1.70
Ottawa to Toronto (2 kg)	1st Class	\$2.97
	Parcel Post	\$1.59

Non-standard letter rate (0 - 30 g) 37¢
 This rate applies only on metered and permit mail that does not include postal code or meet postal standards (eg. size). All letters bearing postage stamps and all standard letters remain at 30¢ until the 15th of February, when the rate will be 32¢.

MAIL FOR DELIVERY TO THE U.S.A.

Letters, postcards and greeting cards (0 - 30 g) 37¢

MAIL FOR DELIVERY OVERSEAS

Airmail letters, aérograms and postcards (0 - 20 g) 64¢
 Unsealed greeting cards — airmail (0 - 20 g) 48¢
 Unsealed greeting cards — surface (0 - 20 g) 37¢

FEB. 15

The following postage rate will apply as of February 15th, 1983

Standard letter rate
 1st Class Letters (0 - 30 g) 32¢

A variety of rates apply to different types of mail. You can have complete information by contacting your local Postmaster or Sales Representative.

CANADA POST CORPORATION Canada

TOWN OF HALTON HILLS
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NOTICE

PARKING
 Parking of a vehicle on streets between the hours of 12:00 midnight and 7:00 a.m. for a period of time longer than three consecutive hours, is prohibited by-law. As on street parking hinders snow clearing operations, please comply with the requirements of this by-law.

AUTHORITIES MAY HAVE VEHICLES TICKETED OR TOWED AWAY AT THE OWNER'S EXPENSE

SNOW CLEANING
 Placing of snow or ice on streets in a manner as to obstruct or encumber is prohibited by-law. As improper snow and ice cleaning can be a serious hazard, please comply with the requirements of the by-law so as not to create a hazard.

AUTHORITIES MAY HAVE THE SNOW AND ICE REMOVED AT THE PROPERTY OWNER'S EXPENSE.

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 Town Engineer

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Friends-in-Deed
Enjoy Yule tour

by Trina Noel

We held our last meeting for 1982 on the evening of Tuesday November 30. After the business matters were taken care of member Linda Smith showed us her holiday slides from a trip to England taken last August. We found them very beautiful and interesting and thanked Linda for sharing part of her trip with us. A lunch was served by a couple of our helpers.

On December 7, we held our Christmas party at the home of Herb and Anne Dodds. For supper Chinese food was catered from the Royal Cafe and we enjoyed all sorts of delicious desserts made by Anne Dodds, Mary Daigle and Tim Horton. Donuts in Georgetown. We even had a visit from Santa Claus who brought presents for everyone and helper May Hoare gave each of us little Christmas stockings that she made herself.

A cheque for \$400 donated by Acton High School was given to our president Ruth Courtney by student Daryl Johnson towards the cost of a new wheelchair for one of our members. We all are very grateful for the help to our handicapped group. We all thanked Anne and Herb for having us at their house.

Monday December 13 was Christmas light our night around Acton and Georgetown for Acton members, and Wednesday evening December 15, was for Georgetown members. We travelled by Activan and driver Don Brown gave us a lovely tour.

Our first meeting for 1983 will be held on Tuesday evening, January 25, in the library of M.Z. Bennett school, Acton.

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Plan to attend our Dinner Meeting of interest to small firms
JANUARY 19, 1983, 6:30 p.m., ORION RESTAURANT, BRAMPTON
 Mr. M. Cole-Hamilton, I.A.P.A., will speak on "First Line Supervision - Responsibility and Accountability" sponsored by
NORTH-WEST SECTOR, NORTH-WEST METRO DIVISION INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT PREVENTION ASSOCIATION
 For further information on this and other events please contact Mrs. Nora Jackman - 965-8888

I.A.P.A. Annual Conference, April 11, 12 & 13, Royal York Hotel, Toronto

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REFUSE PICKUP

Due to the closing of the Regional Landfill Site in Oakville at the end of December, 1982, the Town has established new routes respecting refuse pickup commencing in January 1983.

Refuse pickup by Town forces will still be the **SAME DAY** in your area but may be at a **DIFFERENT TIME** than normal.

Please ensure your refuse is set out for collection by 7:30 a.m. on your normal day.

Compliments of the Season
 R.C. Austin, P. Eng.
 Town Engineer