



**ROYAL CITY  
REALTY  
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OUR STRENGTH IS OUR PEOPLE

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I have been in the Home Improvement business in the Halton Hills area for 10 years and have now expanded my experience into the Real Estate Market.

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# Ode to November— glad it's over

I don't know anyone who has written an "Ode to November." It is just possible that some idiot in Florida or California or Portugal, or the West Indies, has done so, because that is the month their oranges, grapes, or sugar-cane achieved their finest flavour.

Long gone are Thanksgiving, the glories of autumn foliage, the bright yellow sun of October.

Instead, there are the withered fields. There are the black, accusing branches, like witches' fingers, of the stark and naked trees. There is the first snow, turned to dirty slush.

Fittingly, November has no holiday. The only thing near it is Remembrance Day, a day of mourning, of remembering old slaughters and young men caught in them.

There are the first obscene Christmas carols, the first phoney Santas, the intricate arrangements of coloured lights, to remind us that if we spend, spend, spend; buy, buy, buy, we are supporting those two great edifices of the western world, Christianity and free enterprise.

November, for most Canadians, is a time of fearful, tentative waiting, shoulders metaphorically hunched. Waiting to see what The Lord has in store for us.

There is no promise in November, no hope. Only more of the same for the next five months. Grey, greasy, unyielding, November grips us to the bone with its certainty that we have sinned, and now we are going to suffer.

Even with modern heating and lighting, with the tranquilizers, of television and frozen dinners, and no trips to the backyard John necessary, November makes us cringe.

Probably it's a legacy from our pioneer ancestors. I can't help thinking what November meant to them. The closing in of days. The black of the morning. The wet chill of the air. The worry about enough hay for the beasts, enough wood in the woodpile, enough salted meat for the winter, enough spuds and turnips in the cold-cellar.

It was no time for watching the Grey Cup, or the Dallas Cowboys, on a Saturday afternoon.

It must have been a time of frantic scrambling for those pioneers. Chinking the draughts between the logs. Cutting wood like mad. Slaughtering and smoking and "putting down" food for the long bitter days ahead.

There was no running over to the supermarket for a few bags of flour, a bag of sugar, and eight cartons of margarine. It was a siege ahead that could last seem-

by

Bill

Smiley



ingly indefinitely, with no relief force just over the horizon.

It must have been especially frightening for the women. For those long, dark months ahead, they would be virtually locked in their cabins, with almost no social intercourse outside the family. Endless days of preparing hot meats, knitting warm clothes, with no company after the children were bedded down except that of a sullen, exhausted husband.

For the men at least, there was some escape; the daily chores, the battenning down of hatches against the coming storms, perhaps a trip to the village for supplies, the tending of animals.

As we turn up the thermostat, flip on the lights, or flush the toilet, we should remember, with a touch of awe, what November must have been like for our grand and great-grandparents.

Now, I know not everybody will agree with me. That's as should be. For aficionados of curling, November means the opening of a new season, with the alap of brooms, the conviviality of the bar, the urge for competition beckoning them out of their cosy homes into the dark, cold night.

For the skiing crowd, November does hold promise. They sniff the air like beagles, cheer like children when the first flakes fall, and generally irritate the rest of us.

It's even a rather exciting time for merchants. They anticipate the jangling of cash registers, the pushing of hot, sweaty mobs through their aisles. It enables them to blot out for a brief time, the doldrums of January that lurk ahead.

And of course November holds no fears for the deer hunters and those idiots who stand in icy water to the waist, trying to catch one last big rainbow trout. "Best time of the year", they chortle heartily.

But for golfers, boatsmen, and most old people, November could be left right off the calendar.

For sailors on the Great Lakes, and at sea, it is a month fraught with discomfort and even peril, with storms howling out of the northwest.

You may have gathered that I don't like November and I'm glad it's over.



**ROYAL CITY  
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**Barbara  
(McMullen)  
Glenn**

Call Me  
Personally

Res: **853-0923**

Bus: **877-5296**

**Barb's Home of the Week**



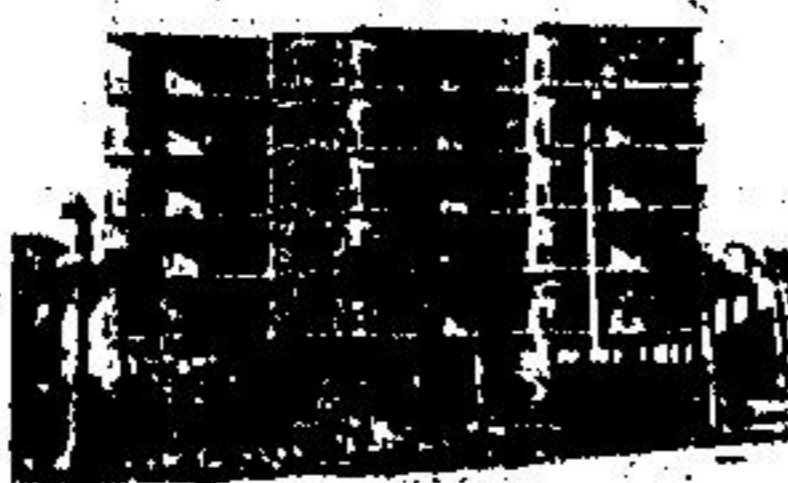
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