

A look back

The honeymoon was over, all too soon

Will you bear with me a moment or two while I tell you one more sheriff story?

It's about a bride that didn't make it through the honeymoon. When she came down for breakfast on the first morning with her new husband she asked for separate checks. It was at this point that things were put asunder.

Maybe she was disappointed, or disgusted I don't know and I didn't ask.

One thing I do know, she was determined to get all the wedding gifts out of her mother-in-law's house where they were stored.

The new bride arriving home alone and her new adversary locked horns on the doorstep. Permission to enter to retrieve the gifts was denied and the war was on.

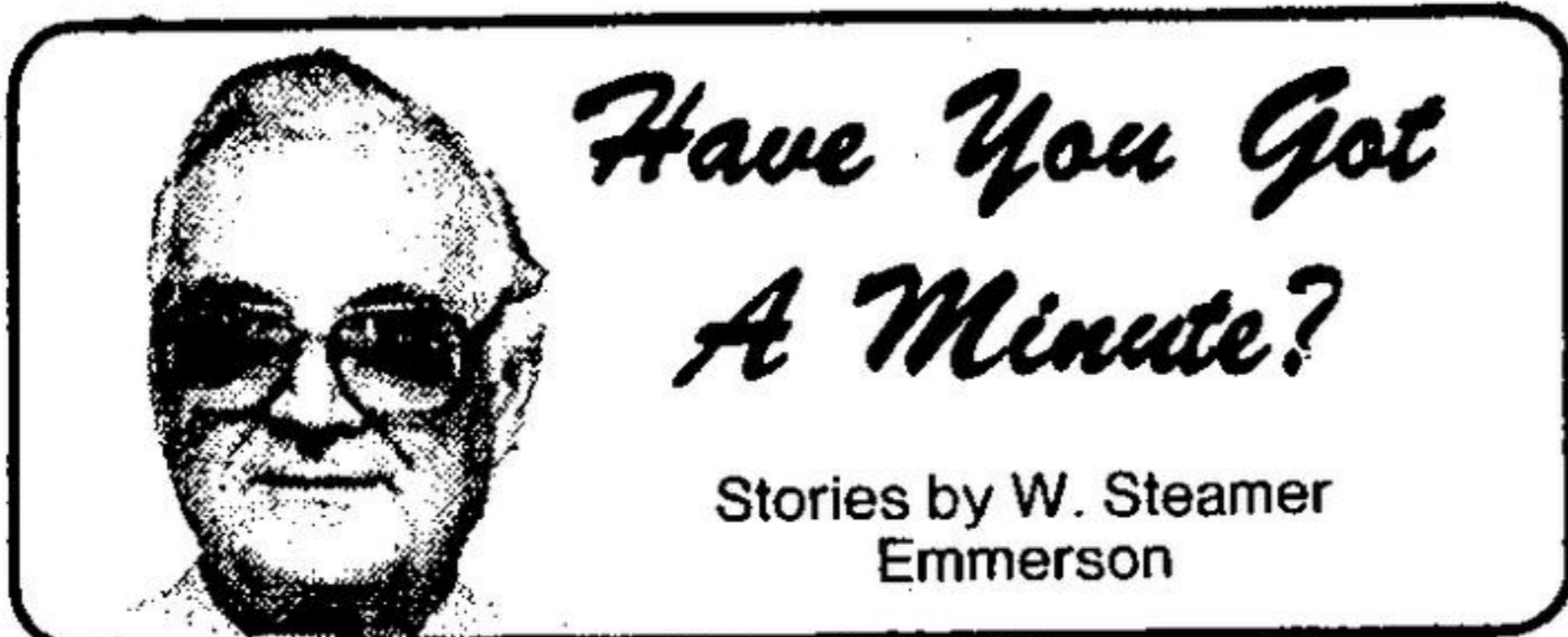
Her lawyer had a Writ of Delivery issued directing the sheriff to deliver up the goods described and to hand them over to the plaintiff.

If I had known that writ was going to be my assignment that morning I would have booked off sick.

Her marriage licence really became my hunting licence, and heavens to Betsy I was about to become a big game hunter for the day.

This wasn't going to be resolved over a cup of tea and a piece of wedding cake.

One old fellow at a wedding reception said the wedding cake was the most dangerous food a



Have You Got A Minute?

Stories by W. Steamer Emerson

couple could eat. He was dead right.

I took a uniformed officer along just in case.

With the document in my hands I went over them carefully. My plan was to grab the carving sets and table knives first. There was the usual expected wedding gifts, toasters, coffee maker, tea kettle, carving set with a penny inside, blenders, pillow slips, double size sheets, curtains, cutlery, T.V. set and on and on. All these gifts were to help the happy couple start up their first happy home.

Picture this as Sophia would say on The Golden Girls.

I was being commanded to enter into the lion's den. There was one lion chasing me into the cage and another lion inside about to eat me alive.

There is an old joke that says the lions were so fierce that when the tamer went into the cage with his chair he didn't get a chance to sit down.

I was about to be the lion tamer with no chance of sitting down.

With me was the uniformed officer to "keep the peace." He was young and a rookie. He gained some experience that day let me tell you.

The bride, constable and yours truly showed up at the front door and the battle of the sexes began. Red seals, badges, uniforms didn't mean a thing to the mother-in-law. She called on the rest of the adult family to resist at all costs.

To make matters worse, no one in the family spoke English. The sign language being expressed back and forth between the daughter-in-law and her hostile mother-in-law left little doubt in my mind that a peaceful solution was impossible.

Their gestures certainly could be considered inappropriate in polite circles.

Finally a son was located who spoke English well and was level-headed. Through all the shouting and the gestures the young policeman said "I wouldn't want your job for all the tea in China."

The son explained to the rest of

the family, in their language, and reluctantly they allowed us into the bedroom.

There in the beautiful boudoir was stacks and piles of gifts with the appropriate cards of love, devotion and best wishes.

The lions were still growling and giving the odd roar as I examined every gift to make sure it was described properly on the writ.

As I carried out my duties it dawned on me, good grief, I might be the person to serve the Notice and Petition for Divorce. What a happy thought. At least divorce is one way of getting rid

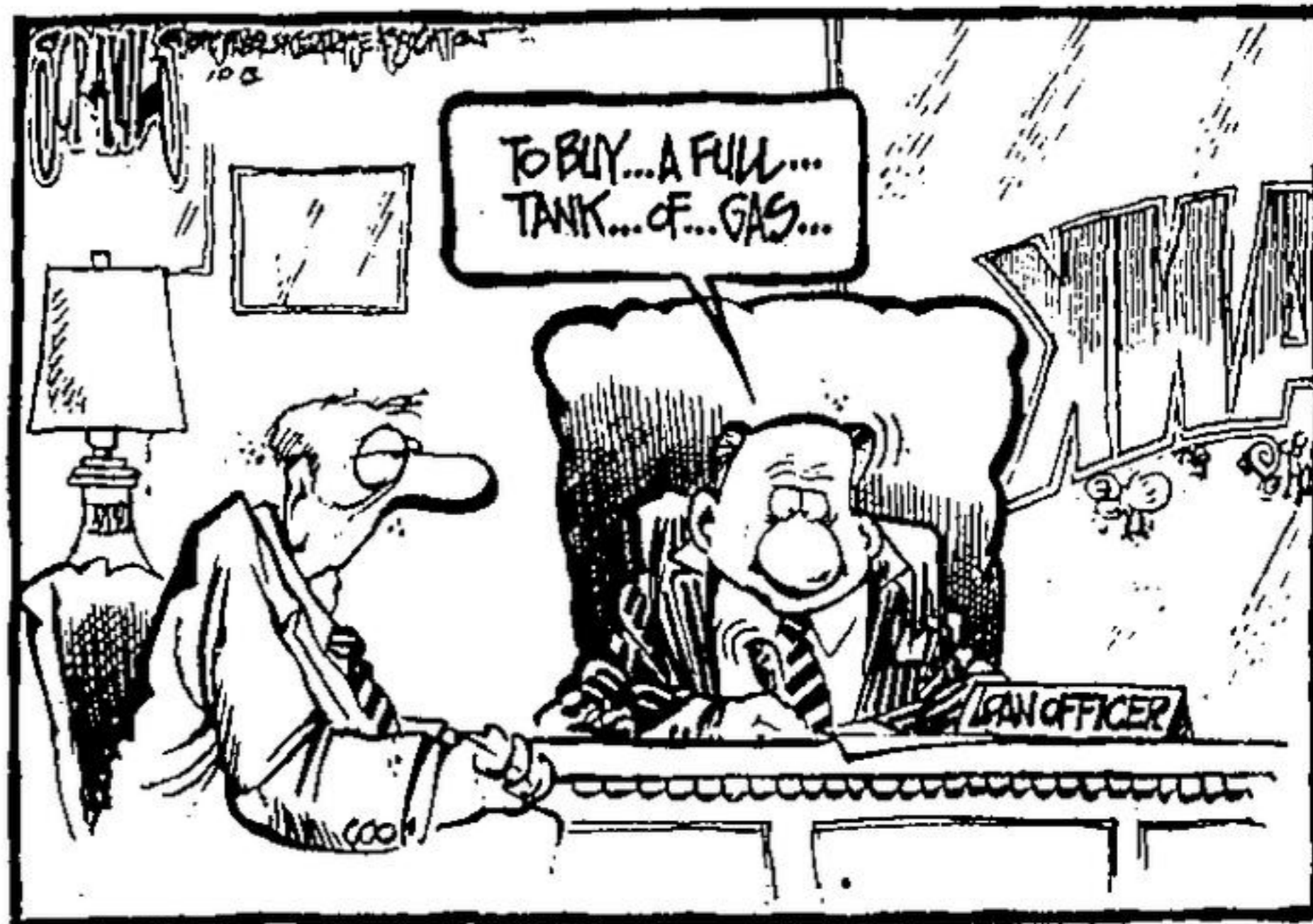
of an in-law.

Leaving the house I thanked the son for acting as the interpreter.

The bride with all her gifts in tow couldn't resist one parting shot at her mother-in-law.

I asked the son what she said and he replied with a smile, "She told my mother she was going to give her son a gift that will last forever - a divorce!"

I look at the weddings now with a jaundiced eye. If they leave the church together it's a good sign. If they return together from the honeymoon they have a fighting chance.



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