

Seniors

The magic of radio still prevails

By MARION HOGAN

On the radio today, someone was talking about a radio station that was started in Antigonish, Nova Scotia by a priest to improve the lives of the local people by educating them about social issues and economics. The station no longer exists for this reason, but I started thinking about the influence radio had on me when I was a child - how it provided entertainment, news and information.

During my early childhood, we did not own a radio. They were around, but because of the depression and scarcity of jobs, my father was unemployed. There were five children to house, feed and clothe and the radio was low on the list of necessities. However, we did have good neighbours who wired their radio to a speaker in our house. We could listen only to the station that they were tuned to but it brought music, news and

chit chat to us. I am sure my mother enjoyed this as she worked about the kitchen.

When we were able to buy a radio, we listened to our favorite programmes. There were soaps, comedies, mysteries, hockey games, world series and plays. We heard our names on the birthday programme and had music played especially for us (and any others who shared the same birthday). Radio programmes were entertaining and educational. We

listened, learned and laughed. Even though there were no pictures to show the plays, we were able to visualize a game of hockey from the description of the announcers. Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, George Burns and Gracie Allen kept us laughing, while The Shadow and other mysteries kept us shaking in our boots. The sounds were realistic and the acting was great.

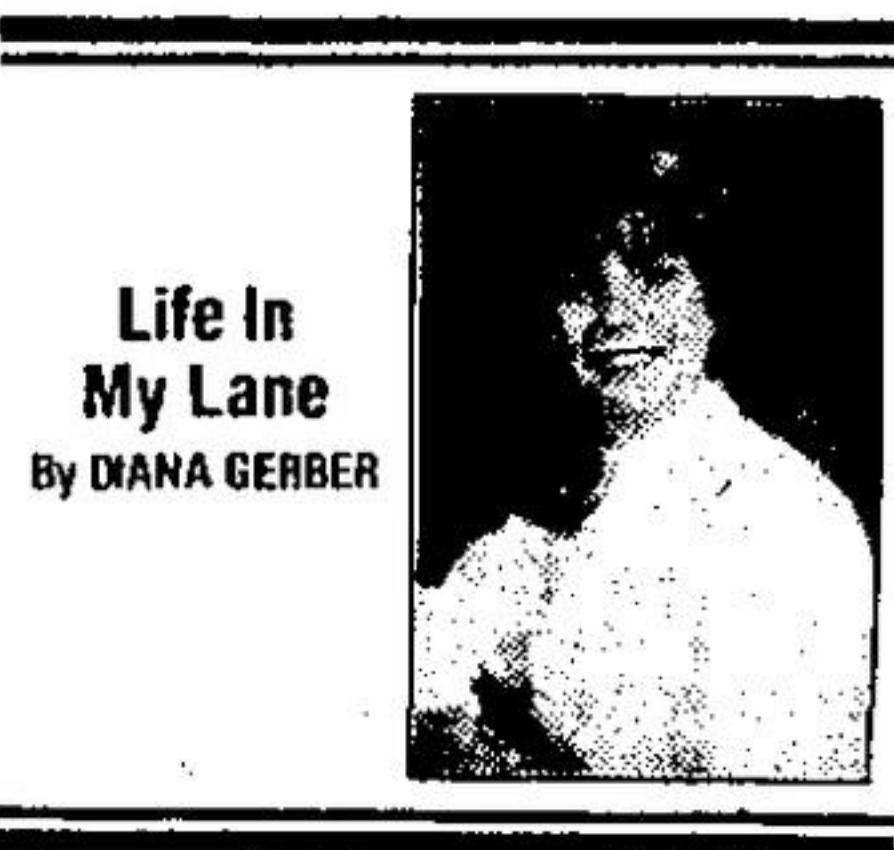
Clothes are not the answer for Christmas

My husband says he has nothing to wear. Christmas shopping should be really easy then, right? WRONG!! Clothes are not the answer.

One of the most popular all-time Christmas gifts is a sweater. However, I, my mother and his parents have all been forbidden to buy any this year for him. Last year, you see, he received in total about seven or eight sweaters. Add these to the ones he already had, and we have a closet shelf stacked to the ceiling.

How about a nice dress shirt, you ask? Well, my husband collects them like other people collect stamps or coins. The problem is, they don't appreciate in value in the same way.

I'm not exaggerating, either. Let me tell you a story about my husband's shirt collection. Before we got married, all hubby's ironing was done by his very generous mother. Hubby dear, at one time, expected me to continue this practice after our nup-



Life In My Lane

By DIANA GERBER

tuals. I, however, had other ideas about this - like sharing this chore which I hate as much as he loathed learning.

After we wed, though, I was employed as a domestic engineer for a short spell. Since I was at home anyway, I handled the housework, including his ironing. It seemed to me then that no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't

keep up to the ever-growing pile on the ironing board.

My mother came for a visit, and since the ironing had added up so, I naturally put her to work. (After all, what are they for, if not to slave for their beloved children?) It took the two of us so long to catch up to the pile that we decided to make a "sleeve-count". His shirts numbered close to sixty. That's right, 60!!

My discovery: I have married the Imelda Marcos of menswear.

How then, you ask, can he possibly say he has nothing to wear? I believe I have, after much painstaking research, found the answer to this mystery of life. I've discovered that his clothes are grey. All of them, grey. Light grey, dark grey, charcoal, striped grey - grey, grey, grey!!

I know what you're thinking, and stop it right now. I've tried

other colors. Brown is apparently a gross colour, pink is too feminine, red, too bright, and although blue is all right, it just isn't him.

Now, some color has permeated his wardrobe since meeting me, but this is a slow, painful process for him. With some previous gifts hiding somewhere in the twilight zone of our closet, I've decided to let him undertake the long and arduous task of easing color into his life alone: I've learned my lesson; his wardrobe is his baby.

I guess the only things left are socks and underwear for Christmas. Boring, but safe. Hubby does his own ironing now. Maybe a backup iron? Better yet, dry-cleaning gift certificates...

I would like to take this opportunity to wish everyone a very merry and safe Christmas. See you all back here, a few pounds heavier, in the New Year!!

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