

# Denny-Barwell wed in fall



Pamela and Jay Barwell cut the cake at the reception following their summer wedding in Bramalea Baptist Church.

In a double-ring candlelight ceremony in Bramalea Baptist Church, Pamela Denny and Jay Barwell were united in marriage, August 27.

The bride is the daughter of Gary and Donna Denny, Streetsville, and the groom is the son of Nancy and the late Gordon Barwell, Georgetown.

At the service conducted by Pastor Paul Smith and Pastor Hollis Haff, of Pittsburg, Annette Henry was organist and Andrea Stiver soloist.

Escorted down the aisle by her father, the bride wore a white gown with a V neckline front and back, and a fitted bodice topped with petals. Each petal had three pearls attached while the long skirt was overlaid with tiered panels.

Attending the bride were maid of honor Faye Gaiser, bridesmaids Chris Denny, Julie MacDonald and Jody Barwell and flower girl Lindsay Schoenhals, cousin of the groom.

Paul Burroughs acted as groomsman while Mike Farnworth, Dean Jackson and Peter Rembish were ushers.

At a reception for 160 guests at Nobleton Lakes Golf and Country Club, John Malinowsky was master of ceremonies, while Bubby Stapleton toasted the bride and Mike Farnworth toasted the bridesmaids. Paul Henderson read a poem he had written especially for the occasion.

The bride, a graduate of McMaster University in physical education, now attending University of Toronto Teachers College, and the groom a

fourth year student at Ryerson Institute of Technology, honeymooned in Prince Edward Island and are now living in Toronto.

Guests coming from a distance included the bride's grandparents Mr. and Mrs. N. Denny from Midland, and the groom's grandparents Mr. and Mrs. S. Schoenhals, and uncles and

cousins Paul Schoenhals, Mr. and Mrs. M. Schoenhals, Jeff, Lindsay and Susan from Saskatchewan. From United States, Charles and Melda Collins attended from Atlanta, and Hollis and Karen Haff and children Holly, Heather and Matt from Pittsburgh.

Prior to the wedding friends and relatives hosted several showers for the bride.

## Ron Base

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became single once again, he soon realized "that I'm closer to the character now than I ever expected to be." But he wouldn't want to be Tom Coward. "I like to think that if faced with danger I might rise to the occasion rather than duck, as Tom

tends to want to do. Tom tends to find himself a hero almost by accident and he tends to get into situations by trying to get as far away from them as possible.

Ron Base's books have undoubtedly struck a chord with the public. With the release of Splendid, MacMillan Publishers has already requested another Tom Coward novel, hopefully due out later this year or early next.

Leaving behind his job as movie critic is something Base doesn't regret at all. He remembers those years fondly but feels you have to reinvent yourself as a writer every few years. You have to keep trying to do different things.

Novels, as well as television and film screenplays is where Base's energies lie for now. But it was a little difficult when, as a movie critic, he was getting offers to write screenplays "from people whose movies I had to go out and review. And that got to be pretty dicey."

## Winners at bridge club

There was a tie for first place at the Monday afternoon Duplicate Bridge Club this week.

Tied were Mike Lorusso and George Sargent and Harry Arbic and Norma Maynard.

Second place went to Adele Glavick and George Farrow and third to Elsie Whitham and Earl Ryder.

The club meets each week in the Legion hall.

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### A REALTOR'S NIGHTMARE

by Don Parker

My telephone is ringing;  
I spring to its command.  
A farmer says he's calling,  
"Come and list my land."  
I leap aboard my Camry,  
and spur it's horses on;  
Three farms beyond McCauley's,  
the one with terraced lawn.  
The lot has not been severed,  
it's also high and dry.  
The barn though slightly weathered,  
is sound and not awry.  
The house is grand and spacious,  
with gingerbread galore!  
Petunias - bold - audacious!  
Bedeck the foyer door.  
The kitchen is enormous,  
with cupboards all around.  
And windows - all splendidous-  
with potted plants abound.  
The farmer says, "Be seated,"  
and indicates a chair.  
(His tone says he's defeated)  
and takes another there.  
The farmer says, "Millicent,"  
(His wife of fifty years)  
"Please, pour us some refreshment,"  
and tries to hide his tears.  
"My wife and I are finished;  
we cannot work nor more.  
Our life is now diminished; we've  
drawn nigh that shore.  
So we must sell our homestead,  
and buy a house in town,  
Since there is none but son, Fred,  
to whom to hand it down.  
But Fred has moved to Brampton,  
to take a fact'ry job."  
(His wife holds up her apron,  
and stifles back a sob.)  
So show us where to sign, Sir,  
so we may finish here.  
"Tis best we hurry on, Sir.  
Don't you agree my dear?"  
Millicent's back is towards us,  
her shoulders shake with pain.  
And all she can afford us:  
a nod, with facial drain.  
At that the farmer takes up  
my pen to sign the form,  
When something makes him look up.  
(He's heard a raucous storm!)  
The kitchen door burst open!  
"Hey, Dad! Don't sign that sheet!  
For weeks now I've been gropin'.  
I'm home to grow your wheat!"  
With hugs and great rejoicing,  
the fam'ly dance about,  
Their hopes and plans avoicing:  
It's time that I was out.  
Awake! With swear adripping!  
I see the light of day!  
With fishermen comparing:  
The one that got away!

## Memories were made...

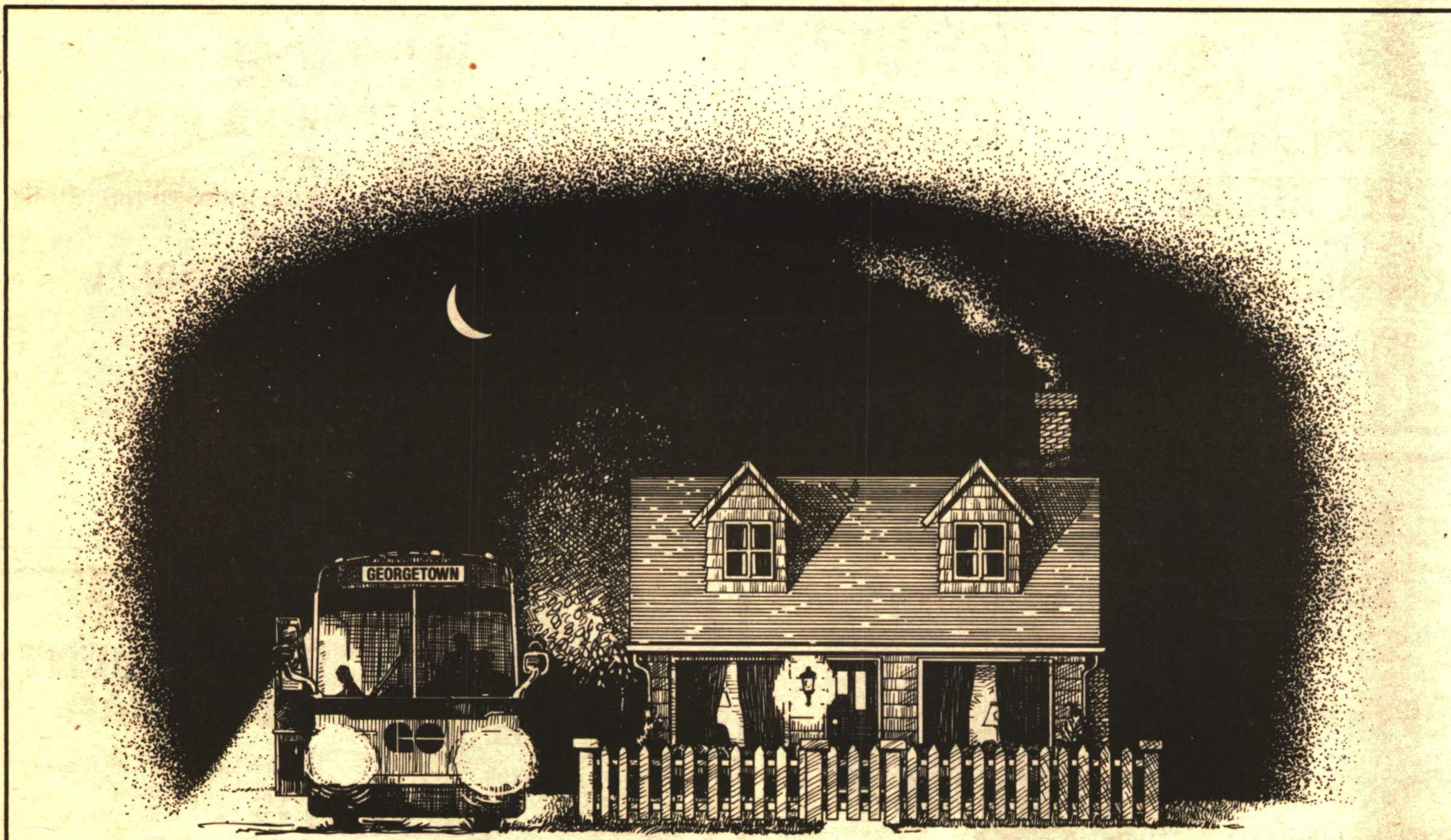
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parliamentary decision to get a train to stop.

Those were the days my friends. Small towns eventually got artificial ice as new arenas sprouted up everywhere. For two decades

amateur hockey flourished. When it shrivelled up a lot of the small town spirit shrivelled with it.

Equipment got more sophisticated, safer and affordable but we doubt there's as much fun



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