



## Castor Earl Who wears the plants in the family

The missus and her plants! Sometimes I'd like to plant her. That woman's just so all-fired crazy about greenery, you'd think she were kin-folk to the Jolly Green Giant. She just don't have a green thumb; her whole body's green, like that Hulk fella on the television.

Every which way I look at our house, I'm lookin' at another bush of some kind. There's small ones, big ones, some with flowers, some with none...and that's just in the bathroom.

Sometimes, I start in from the barn with the scythe in my hand figurin' I might have to hack my way through the front door, the foliage is so thick.

It seems like the missus spends half her life with those plants, waterin', prunin', pluckin', even talkin' to them. They get more attention than I do.

I gotta confess that I talk to them to but not the same way the missus does. Where she's always billin' and cooin' and tellin' them what great little plants they are, I tell them exactly what I think of them... when she ain't around, of course.

I give them such a blast sometimes, it makes their leaves curl. When the missus comes in, she can tell right off what I've been up to.

"Earl", she says. "Have you been givin' the plants a talkin' to

the little fellas. They must need water or somethin'."

You know what really bugs me about the plants? It's all the fussin' they need.

I mean, I just can't understand the likes of it. The plants need store-bought dirt when we have a whole yard full of good black soil, most of it nicely fertilized by the herd. The lad who ever thought of baggin' dirt and sellin' it in the stores must be laughin' all the way to the bank.

The missus got the plant itch quite a few years ago. She started with one, an figurin' it might get lonesome, she got another, then some busy-body gave her another, and before you knew it, the place was crawlin' with them.

She's got all kinds now. Why she's got a rubber plant with leaves so big, you could wrap four of them around four wheels and use them for car tires.

But I got an awful scare one time. The missus was off for a few days on one of her dang women's libber conferences and I was worried there could be trouble with the plants because I had sounded off to them real fierce. Only the missus can control them when they're upset.

I could hear the plants kind of hiss'n' back and forth to each other and sort of wavin' their leaves in some kind of sign

language. I wouldn't swear to it, but I'm sure some of them were pointin' at me.

I was walkin' through the kitchen when all of a sudden-like, this long, scraggly plant that crawls along one of the beams dropped down and wrapped itself around my neck. Well, I'll tell you I was scared. I struggled for a good five minutes with it puttin' the pressure on my wind pipe, tryin' to strangle me for sure.

Just when it looked like I was a gonner, I managed to reach the butcher knife on the kitchen counter and cut the dang thing in two.

There sure was a ruckus when the missus got home. She didn't beleive my story at all about how all the plants was out to get me and figured that maybe I'd went over to the hotel and had one too many with the boys.

Well, I admit that I'd taken a few nips for medicinal purposes but that had nothin' to do with it at all. Those plants are after my hide and that's all there is to it.

The missus moved what was left of that scraggly plant into the bedroom to keep a close eye on it and make sure it recovered from, like she describes, me tryin' to murder it.

She don't know it, but I sleep with the butcher knife under my pillow every night.



**PRESCHOOL DIRECTOR**

Shirley Arnold, a Russell resident for the past two years, has been appointed director of the newly-opened cooperative pre-school at Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Metcalfe. Mrs. Arnold is former director of the Merivale cooperative pre-school. The Metcalfe pre-school has programs mornings and afternoons, Tuesdays and Thursdays. for children 2½ to 5 years old.

## Greely Grist

With Barbara Overall and Mel Tomkins

Around this time of year, there's a carnival in most of the villages of the Ottawa Valley. We think one of the best is the 10-day Greely Carnival which always attracts large crowds.

The carnival got underway in weather so mild, some of the events had to be rescheduled. But better conditions were soon to come, delighting carnival chairman Margaret Quinn, vice-chairman Dick Wells, and other members of the committee.

The rink was busy every night with broomball and other events. Other activities included dancing to the country and western music of Lyle Dillabough and his group; the senior citizens carnival dinner when Violet Grubb and Clinton Armstrong were crowned senior Carnival Queen and King, a teeny-bopper dance, and euchre drew large groups while a \$100 bingo jackpot was split between Erma Armstrong and Ralph Tomlinson. There was also a Monte Carlo night.

The volunteer firemen prepared a delicious pancake breakfast which was followed by a day of girls' hockey, snowmobile drag races, skate, snowshoe, and slush races, free sleigh rides, all wrapped up with a dance featuring music by Helen's Selection. But that wasn't all. There were pancake races, log-sawing, and other events including a pot-luck supper with senior citizens as guests.

The festivities were brought to a close following an amateur show. The master of ceremonies invited everyone back for Carnival 1980.

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