

HELP ME, I'M GETTING OLD!



I'd better face it, I've reached that part of the aging curve where physical attributes are in the declining stage, and it's starting to bug me. A few months ago the woman who was filling in the details on my hunting license application filled in "grey" for colour of hair. "Hold on a minute", I cried, "my hair isn't grey." She looked at with scornful tolerance as though I'd refused to answer the age question, and asked, "OK, what colour should I enter?" When I replied, "Brown", she snickered as though I'd tried to check into a motel under the name John Smith. The clerk at the TD Bank, on the other hand, must have taken some kind of course on customer relationships because when she was filling in a form that had the same question, looked me in the eye and asked, "What colour is your hair?" When I responded unhesitatingly, "Brown", she appeared to take my answer at face value. I looked at the form later when I signed it, and saw that while she had asked me the question out of a desire not to be offensive, she had nonetheless felt obliged to be accurate, and entered "Grey". That's preferable public relations, but duplicitous.

Actually, the barbershop is the only time I see my hair as the colour it really is. As the hair falls down on that little sheet the barber folds about you, I'm appalled to see that it's an awful colour of...how can I describe it?.....well, grey. I told the barber that it must take an inordinate amount of skill and training to be able to cut only the grey out of a full head of brown hair. If I had a dog with that colour of hair, I wouldn't let it outside for fear it would get lost or be set upon by other more other dogs.

It's not just the hair, of course, there are many other signs of aging. I get a good feeling for the passage of the sun at five A.M. because I no longer make it all night without a pee break. Diane is used to this. When I'm careening along County Road 17 at 100+ kilometers an hour, she'll look at me and say, "Gotta go to the bathroom, do you?" She knows. The puckering strength

seems to have gone the way of the brown hair. This helps one to explore the community more thoroughly than before though, as shopping malls and restaurants are scouted out for possible pit stops. This is probably one of the major inhibitions to county tourism. Bicycle and car tourers have no option but to locate thickets and abandoned buildings behind which they must furtively slink. Have a little sympathy the next time you spot what appears to be a trespasser

skulking about your hedge..

Body parts begin to droop and sag. Did you know that your earlobes get longer as they give up the fight against gravity? Also the nose, and for men of course the stomach. Actually, I prefer to refer to my gut as my "Molsons Muscle", because I've worked for years with brown bottles of suds to put it into it's present shape.

And, there's the nap. I get real drowsy around five PM. A day of retirement can be extremely taxing so I can very easily take a nap after lunch, and have no problem sleeping late in the morning. I'm like one of

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