

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Try This On Sadists

A good many people, decent, kindly, warm-hearted in most respects, have a morbid streak. They get a big vicarious bang out of the gruesome or the gory.

Eyes glinting, voices lowered, they discuss with relish Aunt Sadie's cancer of the liver, the weekend accident in which a pillar of the community smashed his pelvis while heading for the city with his mistress, or Uncle George's advanced dropsy.

It's a shame, then, to disappoint these people when there's a chance to add a little color to their lives. This week I had that chance. I cut my foot rather badly. Nothing serious, but enough to give me a good heavy limp.

It happened on the weekend, and Monday morning I was ready for them. The first eager enquirer caught me just inside the door, as I arrived for work. What was it? Bad fall and a broken ankle? Hopefully. Arthritis getting unbearable? Coily.

No, no, nothing as simple as that, I assured her. I explained that my wife and I had been practising our karate on Saturday night, as usual. Growing bored with smashing those big dents in the refrigerator with the sides of our hands, we'd decided to try some footwork. I'd launched a jump-kick at my wife's teeth. She, a real karate expert, had stuck out her tongue, and it was so sharp she'd opened a four-inch gash in my foot. Four inches deep, that is.

I don't know whether the lady who'd asked believed me. I just walked off and left her standing there, mouth open, eyes slightly crossed.

The next enquiry came from one of those loudmouths who like to embarrass one in front of a group. He tried. Loudly. "Whada do? Get drunk and fall down the cellar stairs, ho-ho?"

Not at all, I told him calmly. I'd got drunk, been locked out, slept in a snowbank all night, wakened with a frozen foot, and had had to have three toes amputated. I asked him if he'd like one as a souvenir, but he didn't seem too keen.

The next customer was a malicious old bat who looks like the

flower, but in reality is the serpent under't. "Been fighting with your wife again? It's about time she put her foot down. On yours, hee-hee."

"Well, we weren't exactly fighting," I told her. "I had the shotgun out and was just trying to scare her a little, just in fun, when the darn thing went off and blew a hole in my foot the size of an orange. Wanta see?" She turned green and started to sway, so I left her.

A fourth interrogator, a young lady who loves trouble — other people's, that is — came up to me, eyes glistening, and solicitously hoped it was nothing serious. I said not really, just a few severed tendons. Never be able to wiggle my toes again, but lucky to get off so easily. "After all, it was a 30-foot drop."

Gaping, she pursued, "What in the world happened?"

"Nothing much. I fell off the roof and landed on one of the iron spikes in the front porch railing."

"But what in the world were you doing up on the roof, in the middle of winter? You must have been out of your mind!"

"Oh, no, not really. I was just trying to get my wife to come down out of the tree." And that shut her up.

As the day went on, I told other vultures that: A Greyhound bus had stopped on top of my foot and didn't move until the lights changed; the foot had been burned beyond recognition by a faulty electric blanket; that my daughter had been helping to chop kindling for the fireplace, missed, and lopped off all but my littlest toe.

Getting my coat in the cloakroom at the end of a pretty interesting day, I heard two female colleagues, unaware of my presence, reconstructing the accident.

"Drunk as a billy-goat, they say, and climbing a tree after black squirrels, with a shotgun."

"No, no. I heard he'd gone after his wife and kids with the axe, and dropped it on his foot." I limped off. Quietly. Triumphant.

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A GALA EVENT

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FESTIVAL - ICE FISHING DERBY

with the deadline at 4 p.m. There is no entry fee and prizes will be awarded for the largest fish caught in each species. People participating in the Derby should bring their fish to the Athletic Field on Sunday for final weigh-in at 4 p.m.

TERRACE BAY ARTS CLUB

The Adult Study Lounge in the Recreation Centre will be open throughout the week and will feature a large display of paintings by our local talented arts people. Members of the Art Club will be on hand to conduct tours of the paintings.

SNOW FESTIVAL PARADE

- A parade of floats will start from the High School at 1:30 p.m. and will proceed down Hudson Drive onto Simcoe Plaza, where a short top will be made for judging. It is expected that 14 floats will take part. The Sea Cadet Band from the Lakehead, consisting of 65 members, will lead the parade. This same group will stay over and will also perform in the evening at the Arena. Local Sea Cadets and Wr enettes and Major-ettes will also march in the parade, along with a host of comic characters to add to the gaiety. People watching the parade will be asked to stay on the side-walk area and not to interfere with the procession.

C.P.R. RADIO & T.V. PERSONALITIES

The popular Jerry Isherwood and Marion Vickruck (ladies commentator) will be in attendance for the Festival on Saturday. They have expressed extreme interest in our festivities and will provide wide publicity to the events of the weekend.

ARENA ACTIVITIES

- - On Saturday, Feb. 5th a wide programme has been planned for at the Arena and will start at 6.30 p.m. The opening number will be a performance by the Lakehead Sea Cadet Band, followed by the Terrace Bay Men's Chorus who will sing several numbers. At 7:30 Jennifer Wilkins the talented professional figure skater from the Lakehead, will perform several numbers.

The feature event for the evening will be an Exhibition game between the Lakehead N.H.L. pros versus the Terrace Bay SUPERIORS at 7.45. The Lakehead team will travel here by bus for the weekend and will include many familiar faces--men who formerly played hockey here--Edgar LaPrade--Pentii Lund--Kayo Kowalchuk--Lee Fogolin--Steve Black-- "Fat" Watson and many other well-

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Mrs. D. Plourde of 12 Pine Crescent, holder of ticket No. 382, was the lucky winner in the Kiwanis Suit of the month draw.

ART WORK SHOP - FEBRUARY 18 - 20TH

Mr. Paul Page will be in Terrace Bay Feb. 18-19 and 20th to conduct a drawing course. Paper, conté and other supplies may be purchased on the course but individuals must provide their own drawing boards. Registration limit is 20 so register now. Call the Recreation Office for further information.