

DUNCAN-O'BRIEN (continued)

A crown of pearls held her bouffant veil of tulle and she carried a semi-cascade of yellow roses in wedding bell style.

Attending the bride were her two sisters, Miss Sharon O'Brien as bridesmaid and Mary Lynne O'Brien as flower girl. Their similar floor length gowns were of lace over taffeta in gold with scooped neckline. A large rosette and streamers of gold satin trimmed the front of the bodice and they wore matching shoes. Their head-dresses were matching rosettes and pearls trimmed with fly-away veils and they carried nosegays of white carnations tipped with blue. At a breakfast in the Guild Hall, J.P. Guina the bride's godfather, proposed a toast to the bride. A reception was held in the Town Hall in the afternoon. The bride's mother received in a navy two piece silk knit suit, pink and gold hat, complimented by a mink stole, navy accessories and pink carnation corsage. The bridegroom's mother wore a beige wool knit suit with hat and accessories in brown with a corsage of yellow roses.

For a honeymoon in the United States the bride travelled in a two piece jade green wool suit, pink and black feathered hat and black accessories. Her corsage was of pink carnations.

The couple will make their home in Red Lake.

Prior to her marriage the bride was entertained at a shower in the Guild Hall arranged by friends, by Mrs. Victor Costa at a kitchen shower and by her parents at a dinner party. The bridegroom's parents gave a rehearsal party.

Out-of-town guests were Donald McGuire, Demerco Centre, Quebec, Miss Cathy O'Brien, Pembroke, Mrs. Helen Duncan, Mr. & Mrs. E. Jessiman, Oakville, Ontario, Mr. & Mrs. Leo Bryar, Marathon, Mr. & Mrs. Lorne McBride, Terrace Bay, Mr. & Mrs. Casey McBride, White River, Mr. & Mrs. J.C. Paske, Mr. & Mrs. Theo Ryan, Port Arthur, Mrs. Joe Potvin, Miss Pat Potvin, Mrs. Frank Holland, Fort William and Stan Lif, Red Lake.

UNITED CHURCH WOMEN MEET

Plans were made at the November meeting to hold a Centennial Festival on December 2 from 2.30 to 5 p.m. in the town hall. Members are asked to wear Centennial gowns. There will be a bazaar table.

Mrs. John Spillane presided for the meeting and Rev. E.C. Prinselaar took the devotional period.

A donation was made to the John Milton Society for the blind. Mrs. Oscar Niemi, sewing convenor, reported orders being received for (see Page 13)

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Life do go on. Always the same, and always different. Bits and pieces make up the patchwork quilt that covers our nakedness.

And bits and pieces of a typical weekend will make up this column. I'm no richer or poorer, sadder or happier, wiser or otherwiser. Just a week older, with a few more patches. Some red, some black, some yellow. Making a motley.

Kim was badly shaken when a friend of hers, a 16-year-old girl, was killed an hour after she was talking to her. The child's neck was broken. The boy driving didn't have his license, had little experience, hit an icy patch, and couldn't cope. One young life snuffed. Pointlessly, uselessly.

This is hard to take when you're young; and my daughter took it hard. And it's pretty hard for an ordinary muddle-headed man to explain that God is too busy to go running around preventing every auto accident and catching every little sparrow that falls, regardless of the old hymn.

Nearly cracked up myself on Saturday. Burling happily along the highway when we ran smack into a stretch of wet snow, with no warning. Everybody on the brakes. Thought I was going to mount a Volkswagen in front of me. Decided to go around him, rather than over. Took a beautiful four-skid sashay, during which two other cars passed me, one on each side.

Heart stopped thudding after I'd passed two cars in the ditch. Turned to Kim, who's learning to drive, and said coolly, "Did you notice that technique for getting out of a skid? Just turn the wheel into the skid." She gave me a long, hard look that she has learned from her mother, and snorted, which she has also learned from the same source.

We were on our way to spend the weekend with the Old Lady, at her pad in the city. What a peculiar feeling to enter a strange apartment building, go up an elevator, walk along a hall, knock on a strange door, and have your

own wife answer! It seems almost indecent or something, as though you had a kept woman.

But three or four hours later, after you've got down to fighting over finances, apologizing because you haven't got the storm windows on yet, and promising that you're going to help Kim with her Latin, things are right back to normal.

And it's difficult to prolong that sinful feeling that you're keeping a mistress when you go to bed with a woman, and there's a great lump of a daughter sleeping on the floor, an air mattress and a sleeping bag, two feet from you.

That air mattress allowed me to deliver one of the last great puns of my life. I knew this cute gal on our staff had a mattress. We talked about me borrowing it. And the other day, in the staff room, I asked, in loud clear tones, "Miss S... Could we get together on that mattress?"

As all heads swung toward us with fascination, I waited to see whether she'd slug me, or laugh. She laughed. So did the others, but some of the old ducks rather nervously.

My wife has a nice little apartment, but one weekend in it nearly drove me up the curtains. There's no place to hide and read, or look at yourself in the mirror, or cut your toenails. Except the bathroom. And you can only stay in there so long. At home, there are all sorts of nooks and crannies for looking at your navel, or picking fluff out of your belly-button.

Well, 24 hours of telling her she could pass the year, if she'd stop worrying. That's like telling Niagara it could be a nice little trout stream if it would stop falling.

And home, with Kim driving, and me twitching. And column to write and lessons to prepare and Hallowe'en candy to be bought. And that fearsome washing machine still to be tackled.

Think I'll have a snort and go to the coin laundry.