

SCHREIBER (Cont'd from page 15)

The winners were Mrs. J.D. Bryson, first, Mrs. J. Bryson, second, and Mrs. J. Corbett, third.

THE CATHOLIC GIRLS CLUB

The Schreiber Catholic Girls' Club celebrated the Yuletide Season with a banquet in the Guild Hall attended by 67 people. Mrs. Steve Petrushak was a guest at the dinner. Colleen Cosgrove was chairman for the evening and welcomed Darlene Desmoulin as a new member.

The money doll was offered as a draw prize by the Schreiber Catholic Girls' Club, was won by Colleen Ryan, the lucky ticket being drawn by Toni Tremblay.

Colleen Cosgrove presented gifts to four girls who, having reached the age of eighteen, must leave the club. They were: Mary Lou Karns, Giselle Chicoine, Sharon O'Brien and Teresa Le Blanc. Colleen also, on behalf of the girls, presented a crystal cream and sugar set to Mrs. Petrushak in appreciation of her services as sewing instructress when they made their Centennial gowns. Mrs. Petrushak thanked the girls and said she had enjoyed teaching such an eager class.

Mrs. Lou Karns and Mrs. Sam Maronese assisted with the kitchen arrangements.

REV. J.S. INSHAW OFFICIATES BAPTISM

Karen Margery Morrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Morrill of Fort William, was baptised in St. John's Anglican Church in Schreiber on December 26 by Rev. R.J.S. Inshaw of Nipigon. The baby is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morrill of Schreiber and of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Holland of Fort William. She is also the great granddaughter of Mrs. Pearl Sisson of Orillia, Ontario. Sponsors for Karen were Miss Jo-Anne Holland and Mrs. Pearl Sisson, godmothers, and Warren Morrill, godfather.

Following the service, thirty guests were entertained at a buffet luncheon in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morrill. Among those attending the baptism from out of town were Rev. and Mrs. Inshaw, Mr. and Mrs. D. Holland with Jo-Anne, Mr. and Mrs. I. Cocks, and Miss Sharon Jarva of Fort William, Miss Phyllis Holland (Cont'd on page 13)

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

**We get letters**

Teachers get some pretty funny notes from parents; explaining the absence of a pupil. Usually it's because the harassed mother or father stabs down anything at the last minute, as the kid, heading for the door, and already late, screams in dismay; "Oh I gotta have a note."

Thus you get such things as, "Please excuse Jane's grandmother for being absent due to her illness." The baffled teacher finally figures out that granny had the 'flu and Jane had to stay home and look after her because Mom can't miss a day at the shoe factory, because that's the only way she can muster enough money to buy Jane some decent clothes so she can go to school, so she can be a real whiz and help out Granny and Mom.

Sometimes the notes are not so funny. "Please excuse Jim for being late as he had to appear in court this morning for drunk and disorderly, but it was the other guy's fault."

Well, teachers aren't the only ones who receive sad and funny letters. The rest of the column will be made up of sentences taken from actual letters received by the Toronto Welfare Department from applicants for aid and assistance.

They may explain why English teachers look so stunned so much of the time. The sentences will be in quotation marks. The comments will be whatever comes to mind.

"I am very annoyed that you have branded my son illiterate as this is a lie. I was married to his father a week before he was born." She didn't mean illiterate. She meant illegible.

"In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory." Really, what could be more satisfactory?

"Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life." And good luck to you, Missus. There should be a lot

more of that type of positive thinking in the world.

"Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the Clergy." No comment.

"This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?" What, indeed? It's certainly time somebody did something. Or stopped doing something.

"I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is dead." Now there is a sentence of which Hemingway would be proud. Not a syllable too much or too little. The emotion is retrained. Note that she said "glad", not "delighted".

And here's one with the same theme, but a different twist. "Please find for certain if my husband is dead, the man I am living with can't eat or do anything until he finds out." There's drama for you. There's tragedy. Think of the poor devil, starving to death, unable to smoke or drink or pick his teeth or pull the fluff out of his belly-button.

Here's another that shows a nice respect for bureaucracy. "In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope." And they thought The Pill was a big deal!

Another mom writes, "I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why?" There's a beautiful logic there somewhere, if you could just put your finger on it.

"I haven't any children as yet as my husband is a bus driver and works day and night." But think of all that overtime.

And finally. It sounds like an old chestnut, but teachers actually get notes like this. "I want money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor."

This is Medicare?