

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE - Cont'd from page 21 ...

Contests were run and winners awarded prizes. Mrs. Joe Campbell and Mrs. Russell Macadam read several amusing poems and articles.

There was an exchange of gifts and lunch was served by the hostess and her sister, Mrs. Fred Harness.

ROSSPORTTOWN TOPICS

Camilla and Herb Legault were Lakehead and Nipigon visitors during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Ibey have returned from Thunder Bay.

Rev. Father E. Bortignon of Port Arthur celebrated Mass here Christmas Day.

Manlio Todesco of Manitouwadge visited C.W. Todesco and family on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Jack Campbell was a Lakehead visitor recently.

Mrs. Josephine Gerow has left for Thunder Bay for the winter.

Mrs. Laura Goodfellow of Port Arthur visited the Seppala family over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Legault and family of Terrace Bay were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gerow.

Miss Colleen Kenney has left to resume her studies at Kingston, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Legault have returned from a holiday spent in Toronto.

Miss Camilla Todesco returned to Windsor after holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Todesco.

Floyd Harnden has returned to Geraldton after a Christmas holiday here.

Mr. and Mrs. R.O. O'Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilde with their families have returned after spending the Festive Season with relatives in Eastern Ontario.

APARTMENT FOR RENT - 2 bedroom apartment, living room, kitchen, private bath and private entrance; heated and furnished. Phone 824-2351.

Most of the world's radium comes from Canada and the Belgian Congo.

The mullet has a gizzard like a chicken.

# THE BILL SMILEY COLUMN

Thank goodness for work and routine. They're the best therapy there is in the neurotic world we live in.

The highly-touted "holiday season" should be enough to make a great many people agree with me.

Looking back, I predicted a quiet holiday. And it started out all right. Kim came home from college a couple of days early, quite happy, just like her old self. But each day her face lengthened as she sorted the Christmas mail. Nothing for her. Day after day.

Her secret desire, of course, was a message from the loved one, who is spending the winter up around Hudson Bay somewhere. Nothing. She alternated between reviling him and glooming about the place.

The day before Christmas, it came - long letter, so personal that she would read only bits to her avidly-interested mother. And the thing that really killed her was that in the same mail she received an equally ardent letter from a young man she's been seeing at university, "Just to pass the time until Joe gets home." She chortled at the irony of it all.

Gentle grandad arrived and we settled in to spend a quiet Christmas Eve. All serene. Then comes a phone call from son Hugh, from some god-foresaken village in deepest Quebec. He and a friend had been in a car accident. The car was a write-off, but they were both alive. (They weren't even supposed to be coming home for Christmas.)

They arrived the next day, all racked up and bruised and abraded and cut. The only thing that hadn't been damaged in the accident, it seemed, was their appetites. They got through about eight pounds of our nine-pound goose.

Then there was a round of X-rays of chests, calls to insurance adjusters, and confessions that some people had six essays overdue, that others had an exam right after the holidays and hadn't done a tap of studying and that others were out of a job.

This was all very good for my wife's nerves. Combined with the general slobbiness of the young people - they all

smoke makings and there's tobacco all over the floor; they eat and drink coffee in a continuous process for 24 hours and never wash a dish; their clothes are draped all over the house; and the hi-fi goes at a brain-shattering decibel count - all this made her come down with what seemed like stomach 'flu but to me was a break-down.

She threw up regularly. She couldn't eat or sleep. She had no energy. She snarled. She whimpered.

As a result, I was busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger. Talking to Kim about her love life. Assuring Hugh that he wouldn't die, even though every time he coughed it was like an arrow in the chest. Calling the doctor. Getting Alex in touch with insurance people. Telling my wife to get off her tail and give me a hand.

And I cooked everything from the Christmas goose to the New Year's ham. And washed dishes until I couldn't bear a TV commercial about the beautiful hands you have if you use Ivory soap. And didn't have time to watch TV anyway. And would come down in the morning to read my paper and find that the young gentlemen had seized a section each and were immersed in it and their third cup of coffee.

But the worst thing of all was the complete lack of privacy. I am not anti-social, but I do need an hour or two a day to escape from people, read, think, sleep.

The only privacy I had was when I locked myself in the bathroom, and then my wife would be shrilling from her bed, "Are the dishes done? Who's going to vacuum the rug? There are four loads of washing in the basement!"

The only other private moments were when I went shopping. And baby, I didn't hustle through the supermarket. I strolled like a tired tortoise, enjoying every voluptuous moment of it.

All in all, it's wonderful to be back to work.

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