

Our Opinion

The night after Christmas

by Vance Crichton

Twass the night after Christmas and boy what a house
I felt like the devil and so did my spouse
The eggnog and turkey and candy were swell
But ten hours later, they sure gave me . . .
The stockings weren't hung by the chimney with care
The darned things were sprawled on the back of a chair
The children were nestled all snug in their bed
But I had a large cake of ice on my head

And when at last I dozed off in a nap
The ice woke me up when it fell into my lap
Then for some unknown reason I wanted a drink
So I started in feeling my way to the sink
I got along fine till I stepped on the cat
I don't recall just what occurred after that
When I came to, the house was flooded with light
Although under the table, I was high as a kite

While visions of sugar plums danced in my head
I somehow got up and then went to bed
Then what to my wandering mind should appear
But a miniature sleigh with eight tiny reindeer
Then the sleigh seemed to change into a red fire truck
And each reindeer turned into a bleary-eyed buck
I knew in a moment that it must be St. Nick
I tried to call out but my tongue was too thick
When the old devil whispered and shouted with glee
While each buck pawed the earth and looked daggers at me
Then he called them by name and the names made me shudder
When I heard them I felt like a ship without rudder
"Now eggnog, whiskey, cocktails and candy;
Now fruit cake, cold turkey, cocktails and brandy;
To the top of the house to the top of his skull
Now whack away, crack away, with thumps that are dull

Then in a twinkling I felt on the roof
The prancing and and pawing of each cloven hoof
How long this went on, I'm sure I can't say
Though it seemed to me and eternity plus a long day
And finally the night after Christmas had passed
And I found that I really could think straight at last
So I thought of New Years a few days away
And I've made a vow no tempter can sway
I am sticking to water and don't even need ice
For there's nothing as tasty and nothing as nice
The night after New Years may bother some guys
But I've learned my lesson and brother I'm wise
You can have your rich victuals and liquor that's red
But what goes to my stomach won't go to my head
So a big happy New Year to you and to all
I'm back on the wagon and (shhhh) hope I don't fall

submitted by A.H. Morris



Golf is a four-letter word

I'm going to warn you right off the top. If you don't care for four-letter words, you'd better turn the page right now.

This column is devoted to one of the dirtiest four-letter words ever to dog-paddle up to the surface of the semantic cesspool known as the English language.

Still reading? Okay, you asked for it. This column is about golf. I know, I know . . . it's not exactly ideal golfing weather, what with the greens being covered with a half foot of white and kids playing hockey on the water hazards.

But the kind of golf I want to talk about goes on year-round, rain or shine, blizzard or drought, day or night. I'm talking about miniature golf.

Has anyone ever come up with a dopier way to make us while away our excess leisure hours? Can you imagine Alexander the Great or Mary Queen of Scots creeping avidly along a swatch of indoor outdoor carpeting? Chipping feeble shots off garden gnomes and plastic palm trees? Driving their balls deep into sand traps the size of bathmats?

Well, perhaps Mary Queen of Scots. The lady was an avid golfer. In fact, legend has it that she was out swatting a few balls just days after her husband died.

But that's not callous. That's golfers.

There is the story about the golfer who was out on the course with his wife and he came to his ball lying about 60 yards from the fourth hole. Trouble was, there was a huge barn between the ball and the hole. He was about to play around the barn when the caddy said "Hold on. I believe you could hit you ball through that barn window and clean through the open door on the other side. That should put you right on the green!"

Well, the golfer teed up and let go with a blistering drive. It went screaming through the barn window, caromed off a hay baler, ricocheted off a barn beam and came straight back out hitting the golfer's wife right between the eyes and killing her instantly.

Ten years later, the same duffer—older, greyer, sadder and widowed, but still golfing—found himself exactly the same situation: 60 yards from the fourth hole, lying in the shadow

of the same massive barn.

His caddy said: "why don't you try hitting your ball through that barn window there? It'd go right through the open door on the other side and put you right on the green!"

The sad old golfer dropped his iron, fell on his knees and began sobbing uncontrollably. The caddy rushed over to comfort him. "What's the matter?"

"Ten years ago my wife and I were right here" groaned the golfer between sobs, "I had the same shot . . . and I triple-bogeyed the hole!"

But hey, I digress. I wanted to talk about miniature golf. I especially wanted to try and figure out why it's so popular.

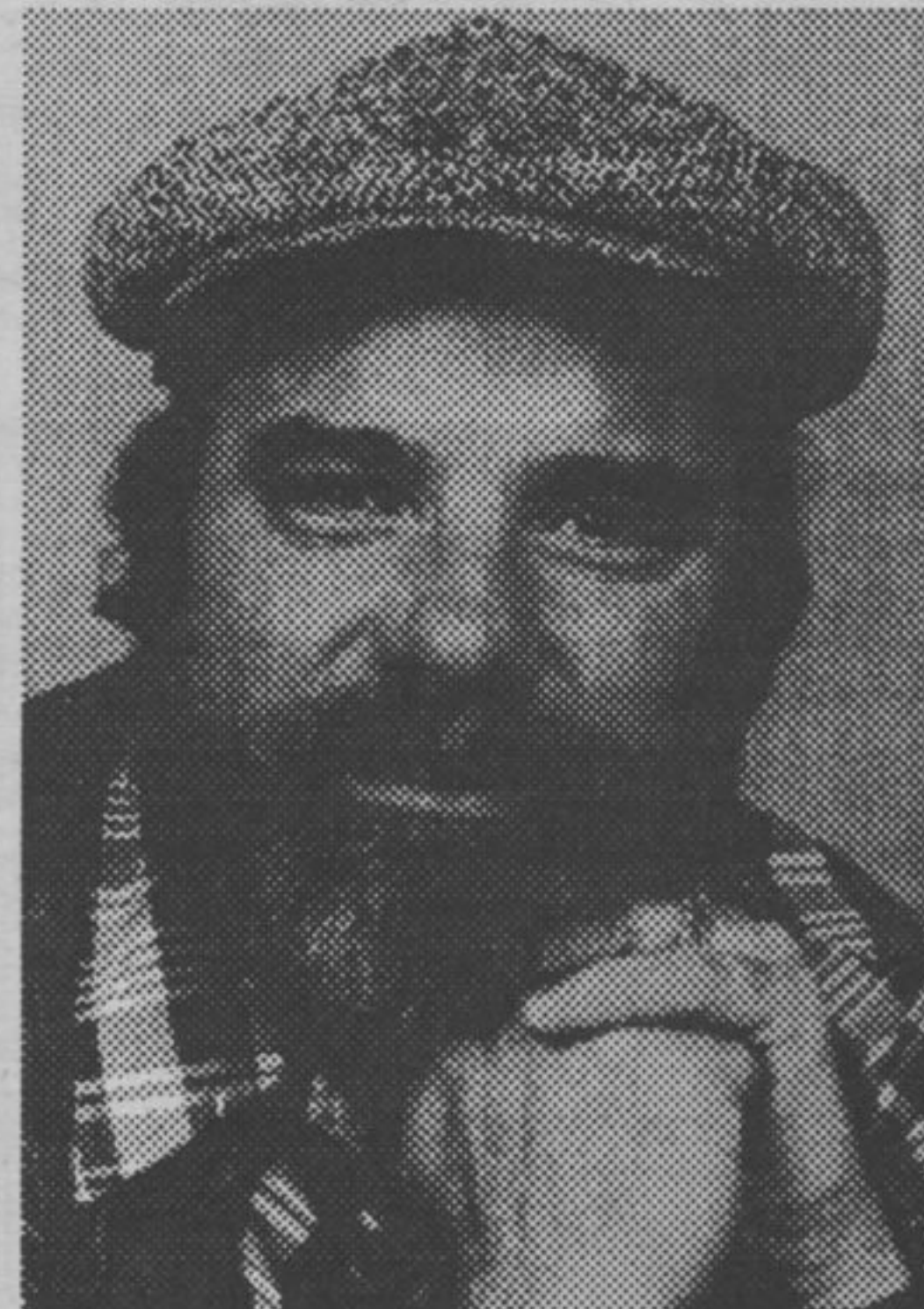
The game was invented back during the First World War at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. A landowner by the name of James Barber thought it was too hot to walk a full 18 holes, so he called in some workmen and had them lay out a shrunken course on his front lawn. The madness spread. By 1930, you could find 4 million North Americans hunched over their putters on miniature courses around the country. The game's just

celebrated its 75th birthday and it looks like it's more popular than ever.

So what's the attraction? Well, it's easy to be good at Miniature Golf. You can play with your kids, your granny, a war amp—anybody. You don't have to be a youngster either. There's a guy in Myrtle Beach who regularly beats the cleats off all comers on one of the towns 50 miniature golf courses. He is 93 years old.

Old duffers need mini golf for the day when real golf gets too hard. You heard the story about the two oldsters, Eddie and Moe, who played as a team? Eddie, 76, could drive like a pro, but his eyesight was bad. Moe 81, couldn't hit worth a darn, but his eyes were as keen as an eagles. So Eddie tees up and smacks a beauty. And Moe shades his eyes as he watches the ball soar. "Did you see that Moe?" asks Eddie. "Yeah" says Moe, "Real good". "Well", says Eddie, "Where did it go?"

Moe pauses and then says "I forget."



Arthur Black

The Nipigon-Red Rock Gazette and the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News are members of Laurentian Newspapers Limited, 158 Elgin Street, Sudbury, Ontario P7E 3N5 (705) 673-5667 John Thompson, Vice President



Members of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association and the Ontario Community Newspapers Association

EDITORS Cindy Laundry Darren MacDonald OFFICE/ADMIN. Clara Dupuis	ADVERTISING Ad. Manager Linda Harbinson Ad. Consultant Cheryl Kostecki	PRODUCTION Production Manager Heather Michon
---	---	--

GEN MANAGER...Linda Harbinson PUBLISHER...A. Sandy Harbinson
Local offices are located at 145 Railway Street, Nipigon, Ontario P0T 2J0, (807) 887-3583, fax 887-3720 and Highway 17 & Mill Road, Terrace Bay, Ontario P0T 2W0, (807) 825-3747, fax 825-9233
2nd. class mailing permit 0867

One year subscriptions are available by contacting your local newspaper at one of the addresses listed above. Rates are: Local Seniors \$12, Other local \$18, Outside 40 mile radius \$29, USA \$38. GST must be added to all subscription purchases.