



Mrs. Freedom takes a relieving break from her everyday duties of business woman, housewife, mother, etc.

Photo by Darbot Productions

My Favorite Room.....

By AGNATE NINGAM

It wasn't hard for Myrtle Freedom to respond when she was asked what her favorite room was -- "it has to be the one room that provides me with solitude and comfort, away from my eight children, househusband, ex-husband, and my mother-in-law."

From just viewing this magnificent room with its fine porcelain tiles, the thick wooden door, and the exquisite mirror, I could believe her. Mrs. Freedom's favorite room is her very favorite sitting room in which she has calculated how her day will be spent and what she must complete the following day. She, also, at times has even worked out her meal plan for the week while enjoying a cigarette and bourbon after a long-day at her office. The room is her Bathroom.

It is here that she first conceived the idea of starting up a business that has grown into a fastly flourishing one which caters to the needs of every family by supplying toilet paper and designer floral ornaments for tubs. It was here that she first entered labour for her first child and it was here that she conceived her last one while enjoying an amorous evening with her second husband in the tub.

Many women have preferred their living rooms and kitchens for that "oh, so cozy ambience" that comes from the sunlight streaming through their opaque windows and turning the room into a golden glow of a soft autumn evening while the cool, crisp autumn winds whistle softly through the eaves, but not Mrs. Freedom.

"My room," said Mrs. Freedom, "is what I always dreamed it would be. It provides me with the very necessary basics and allows me to relieve myself of the everyday duties." She was raised in a family of twenty-two children, fifteen cats and ten dogs, that all shared the same outhouse on the outskirts of their homelot in the backhills

of Southern New Brunswick. Now, with a flourishing enterprise at the tips of her fingers that is wiping the profits, she afforded herself the luxury she once vowed as a little girl she would one day have. Her own bathroom that she shares only with those who are truly close to her - her husband and children; all animals are kept outside (occasionally that means her husband as well).

She first began designing her room in the 1970's when she started working as a counter person for a McDognuts. Her paychecks went towards supporting her current family and whatever else was left was put into her beaverbank for her room. She travelled through every Zellers, K-Mart, and Woolco until she had enough royal purple tiles to complete her room. In the years that followed she obtained the antique washtub and basin from one of her husband's ex-lovers and the mirror was handed down from her childhood outhouse to her own personal room. She has devoted timelessly to the development of her ideas in the creative patterns that adorns her tub and sink - the permanent toothpaste stains, the golden copper stain of the faucets, the rich brown molding of her toilet, and the fur-lined drain of her tub.

After a tour of her room with a description of how she has toiled to produce such a comforting, homey effect she sat upon her throne and proceeded to tell me how often she had retreated here to work out her problems, to think of her future as she flushed, and to wonder how she had ever achieved such success in a woman-eat-woman world of toiletry design.

"I often would sit here and just listen. To the creaks and groans. I don't know if I'm getting older or if the plumbing's going again. But, I would just sit here, listen, and think about what it means to be a woman, a mother, just another person in this cesspool of a world. I often wondered if I was appreciated, if I would be missed

if I just up and got sucked down the drain. And then, the children would bang on the door with their baseball bats crying for me and my husband would complain that if he didn't see me that instant he would just go crazy without me, and I knew then that yes, no matter how special my room is, I was special to them; this room is something I MUST share with my loved ones because they need me as much as I need it."

She smiled then as she considered this thought and how happy she seemed. To a woman who had everything every woman desired - a home filled with people yelling for her, a full-time job as mother, designer of toilet paper, and entrepreneur, a voyageur into a new art - it just wasn't enough. She needed to design

that special room to relieve her of her anguish, her sorrow, her anger, and her bladder. Above her toilet hangs her university degree, her special commemorations of volunteer work, her award for Mother of the Year, her award for Business Woman of the Decade, and her children's eight birth certificates but the one that means the most to her is wrapped in soft tissue of floral design - her personalized toilet tissue that symbolizes no matter how much bull is thrown at her she can wipe it away and still smile.

As the fluorescent light flickered and tap dripped, I realized what a truly unique woman she was and what this room symbolized for her. Mrs. Freedom's bathroom is, indeed, Mrs. Freedom's pad of comfort.

Coffee Grounds Magic

Helda Grumbleburg from Blue Mountain has been creative all her life. A well known sculptress on the Canadian art circuit, Helda has carved a niche for herself in an industry in which it is difficult to become, and remain unique.

Helda is an artist with a difference. "It all began when I won a coffee perculator at the Blue Mountain Bingo back in '79," she relates, "I noticed the beautiful colours of the coffee grounds - their texture and consistency really caught my artistic eye. I couldn't bear to throw them out." Yes, while other artists are content to dabble in ceramics and clay, Helda uses coffee grounds.

Every pot of coffee means a new inspiration for this innovative person. She gathers the grounds daily and collects them in a cardboard box which she acquired at the Blue Mountain Foodland grocery store. "Decaffeinated seems to work best for larger sculptures," she says confidently. "The grounds mold easier." As for smaller creations, the young woman notes that "the finer the grounds, the more realistic the art."

In a few short months, Helda should be finished an exhaustive project she undertook to

commemorate 1988 as the 50th anniversary of the Blue Mountain Bird Watching Association. "It's a 20 foot high Speckled Starling - feathers and all." She's sculpting it completely out of coffee grounds.

For this tremendous task, Helda has chosen Maxwell House decaffeinated coffee. The feathers are what takes the longest, all 15,000 of them. "I can do 10 an hour - it's become second nature to me," says the housewife and mother of two. "How fast I work really depends on my twins Shnitzel and Streudel. If they are active then I don't have much time to work on my art. But if I do one or two hundred (feathers) a week, then I'll meet my deadline easily."

Watching her mold the brown grounds into feathers makes it apparent that Helda Grumbleburg truly does love her work. Does the smell bother her? "Not really," she replies; "you get used to it. My husband Berger affectionately calls me 'his little coffee bean'. He has

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Wheatsperm

Sexual Beauty Aid
Aids Multi-Beauty Problems

By HEATHER HORSEMENUIR

Dr. P. N. Wiper of Los Angeles, California who has been conducting extensive research in the area of nutrition, has made a fascinating discovery resulting in the birth of a new product.

Accompanied by her associates Grabballs and Yelle, she discovered that the male sperm has a high nutritional value. She has proven that four cups of semen from a young, healthy male can constitute a person's daily requirements for protein intake and act as facial mask for tightening up skin. "It's the rejuvenating drug of the century," she stated "it can do miracles for wrinkles and instantly puts a smile on your face as you seen the immediate results." It was, also, proven that the components of the semen, apart from the sperm, contain lubricating particles which act as a bowel stimulant producing a laxative effect.

"Can you imagine what a relief this will be for older people who will still be able to get it, without paying an extreme amount for the service?" she said. "We've already had hundreds of calls requesting as

much as we can supply."

As a result of this amazing discovery the semen was crystallized into a water-soluble form and dubbed "Wheatsperm". Many elderly people have inquired as to when it will hit the market. Dr. Wiper's reply was "as soon as we can get enough young male volunteers who have lots of energy and oysters, because the supply must meet the demand."

Dr. Wiper and her associates have enjoyed doing the research and to ensure high quality wheatsperm Dr. Wiper insists on testing every specimen before letting it leave the warehouse. She claims she owes it to her children to do the best job she can!

Wheatsperm will be available sometime in June so watch carefully at your local grocers and brothels for your first bottle. Consequently, Dr. Wiper is accepting applications from any males, age 16 to 25 with no physical ailments.

Send resume to:
Dr. P. N. Wiper
Head Nutritionist
Textical Hospital
Los Angeles, California
USA 696969

Tea Time Tizzie

By TOULOUSIA TOOTS

The tea time tizzie took place at our Ladies of Saint Moody Blues Lounge on Wednesday evening at 8:00 p.m. Such topics as crochet, an afghan party, a statistical analysis of voter participation, and structural designs of a new satellite were discussed. Abigail Mudwinger motioned that the formal meeting adjourn to an in-camera session and the Kodaks were pulled out for a slide show of a Montreal trip to a strip show. Louise Lanskie motioned that we move onto more pressing topics at the end of the slide show and the topic turned to that of alcohol awareness. All agreed that they were fully aware of the effects of alcohol in society and a committee was

struck to investigate the effects of intoxication; the committee suffered minor lacerations and one concussion resulted in Mary Deepe being hospitalized for the evening.

Husband Abuse was the next topic of conversation and ideas were put forth of how to abuse a husband while still maintaining a societal image for the sake of the family. All notions were confidential and held as such.

Refreshments were served at 9:30 and a thank-you note was signed for the local brewery supplying such. Ava Guzzie motioned to adjourn to the Cozmo and participate in the local scene to observe the radical behaviour of youths today and to experiment on the sexual behavior of young men towards older women. All agreed and taxi bus was called.

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