

# The Distaff Side

by d. h.

SURE, AND I'd planned to do one of those Pepys passes things, Irish-style, today. Mainly so I could start it out "Up, begorra . . ." But the muse left me there.

And it's just as well. Such a shenanigan surely would give that venerable English diarist, Samuel Pepys, a turn (in his grave). And then it might not go so good with the editor either.

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IN OBSERVANCE, however, here is one half-Irish item: Bo (Mrs. Ernie) Wonsettler is a specialist on Irish-Italian spaghetti dinners. She's evasive about the recipe. "It's just like Italian, except it has Irish ingredients," she says. Like blarney, perhaps?



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IF IT HASN'T been figured out at your house yet, here's how it is: The vanilla ones are Girl Scout cookies; and the chocolate ones, Boy Scout cookies . . . courtesy of our home team on boy-girl matters.

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DAVE RINTOUL is one of those fabulous fathers you hear about occasionally. Not only can he do most anything around the house for his children, but he knows where everything belongs. He can find his own clothes, and those of his children. He knows what dresses belongs to what daughters and whether they button up the back or front or tie on the side. What a boon that must be to wife, Millie, who is in the hospital now with the fifth little Rintoul.

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ANOTHER FATHER doing extra duty on the home front is Joe Jangula. His wife is ill in the hospital, and he has five little ones to do for. The one task that stumped him was combing Sharon's hair, but now that is being taken care of by her second grade teacher at St. Mary's school.

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TEEN-AGERS have all kinds of troubles. It's important to have an easy-to-remember name; but then if it's too easy, like Smith, how're you going to be sure the fellow won't give up before he figures out what Smith number to call to get the Smith girl he had in mind? At least that's the complaint of Doris Smith, daughter of the W. Lee Smiths.