WHILT'S JANUARY.

On the heels of the smog comes the snow. Without warning, the blissard blankets 32 counties; worst hit of all is Lincelnshire, where towns and villages are out off - even by telephone. Poles are uprosted by high winds and the weight of snow.

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Here's one newcomer who takes a very poor view of the world he's arrived in. For the farming community, it's a time of anciety and hard work; livestock may be stranded in smoulrifts, and even when they're safe, feeding is a problem. If fooder stocks run law, getting fresh supplies over showbound roads may not be easy.

To add to their troubles, many places find themselves without electricity - a serious matter for the modern farm, where so much equipment is power-driven.

In a few days, we've had a record smog, countrywide snow, and them, (with the threaw) the threat of floods and gibes. To cap it all, a very small carthquake in Leicesterahire. All we want now is a heat wave.

Heatwave or blixmard, it's all the same to the tough guys - and girls - of the Montreal Polar Bear Chub. Their idea of fun is to sweat it out for half an hour in a steam bath - 190 degrees Fahrenheit - and then to run through sub-sere cold for a bathe in the St. Lawrence River.

Of course, someone has to shop a hole in the ice first but there are always plenty of bystanders willing to help, if not to join in.

The Polar Bears say it relaxes the muscles - though it looks more like a sort of short out to rigor mortis. No, I think i'd rather stey unrelaxed.

And when the blood's just about ready to freeze - back to the old steam bath!