

Free Press YOUTH PAGE

fresh tracks by Barbara McIntosh

SCAR-CROW

There's a new game going around called 'Scar-Crow' or 'I've got a better scar than you do.'

It's a universal ice-breaker because hardly anybody manages to escape childhood without at least one scar and most people just love to talk about them and how they got there.

The game is highly recommended for first dates because it takes the place of the inevitable "Where do you go to school?" or "What do you think of the rain lately?" It is also very useful for getting to know strangers at a party, on the beach, or even on the bus.

The rules are simple. Any number of people can play, and there is no limit to the number of scars a player may display (within the bounds of common decency of course). However, all scars must have been in existence before the game began.

A typical game could go as follows:

First player: "My what an interesting scar on your finger."

Second player: "Yeh, do you want to know how I got it? I was whittling up a towel rack at camp one summer and nearly sliced it off - seven stitches and a bandage for almost a month."

First player: "Hey, I went to camp too. See this mark under my knee -- I fell into a canoe in the dark. I could have bled to death."

Second player: "That's nothing. Notice that mark over my right eye. My brother tried to scalp me in the shed. We were playing cowboys and Indians, and the Indians would have won if my mother hadn't come along."

First player: "Speaking of brothers, my older brother tried to rescue me from a bully in grade one and got pushed into a rose bush. He's got an awful mark down his one cheek. I've got nine chicken pox scars."

Second player: "I've only got three. My mother made me wear mitts."

First player: "Have you ever tried to ride a motorcycle in a miniskirt? I did and that's why I've got that lovely round burn scar on my leg."

Second player: "Yeh, well last summer I got thrown off my motorcycle and put my tooth through my tongue. You can't really see the scar but it's still there."

Even after this short session, the merits of the game are obvious. The players have discovered that they both went to summer camp, they both have brothers, they both had chicken pox, and they both have ridden motorcycles. The possibilities are endless.

In the sample game, it would appear that the first player has the edge. However, it doesn't really matter who wins, because the main object of the game is finding out things in common.

Oh, the scars that bind.



SPORTING SHADES, MINI-SKIRTS, and Ship's School maple leaf buttons, the students from Acton District High School await permission to board the Transglobe airplane that will fly them to Europe. The Acton fan club is third balcony from the right.

Seventeen Actonites board Transglobal at Malton, for one-month holiday in six European countries

Malton airport lounge was the typical off-to-camp scene on Thursday morning, with excited high school students loading up with bags, cameras, and guitars, mothers frantically going over mental list to discover forgotten items, fathers chain-smoking and evaluating the situation in little huddles, and family dogs bidding fond farewells - only this time it was off to Europe.

Fifteen Acton students and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martindale, local high school teachers, were among the 150 students from various parts of Ontario leaving for a one-month tour of Europe with the Ship's School Association. Thursday's departure was one of many scheduled for July and August.

Included in the Acton group were twins from Scarborough, a student from Agincourt and one from Peterborough.

The Transglobal plane was scheduled to leave Malton at 10 a.m., but most of the Actonites had checked their baggage by 8:30. Then came the unbearable period when there was nothing to do but wait.

Mrs. Martindale, sporting a bright orange, rose, yellow, and green dress with striped running shoes to match, explained that she was trying to lose that teacher image for the trip.

"I don't understand it," shouted Paul Martindale. "There are at least 1000 parents here, and there's only 150 kids going."

Mothers checked and re-checked to confirm that Hekets, vaccination slips and travellers cheques were in fact. Students got more excited by the second.

"Did I take my pills," asked one girl? "Do I really need four pairs of pyjamas?" phoned another. "You are not going to faint?" teased a father. "Well there's still time," replied a mother sinking defiantly into a lounge chair.

At 10 o'clock they were still waiting. The announcement came that the plane would be late in taking off. The story drifted in that an incoming plane from Glasgow, in the same air lane, was being held up by 55 million hour hand winds. The students couldn't leave until it arrived.

At 11 the group moved into the departure room and by 11:30 began to board the plane. The Transglobal craft is a British-made plane about the same size as a Vanguard. Seven wagon loads of luggage were stowed away in the hold.

At 11:45 fans on the observation platform waved a final goodbye as the plane took off heading due east.

They would be in London Airport shortly before six, their time, about 1:30 our time. They lose approximately five hours in flight.

The students will tour England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria and northern Italy.

On the trip from Acton are Anne Watson, Lorraine Servos, Mario Timbers, Jackie Palmer, Gordon Morris, Nancy Morris, Ken MacColl, Brian Fisher, Sharon White, Bill Black, Bob Bonnette, Gary Dobbie, Robert Lindsay, David Pink, and Elaine Johnson.



"HERE IT IS - la salle du bain for washroom." Bob Bonnette made use of the two-hour delay to brush up his French before the flight, while Ken MacColl was reading (would you believe) The Death of a Navy. (Staff Photo)



ON THE WAY UP, the Acton globe-trotters at Canada before taking off for their one-month tour of Europe from Malton airport. Under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martindale (bottom two steps) took a last look. (Staff Photo)



AFTER CHECKING tickets and baggage, there was nothing to do but wait for Lorraine Servos (left) Ann Watson and Jackie Palmer. (Staff Photo)

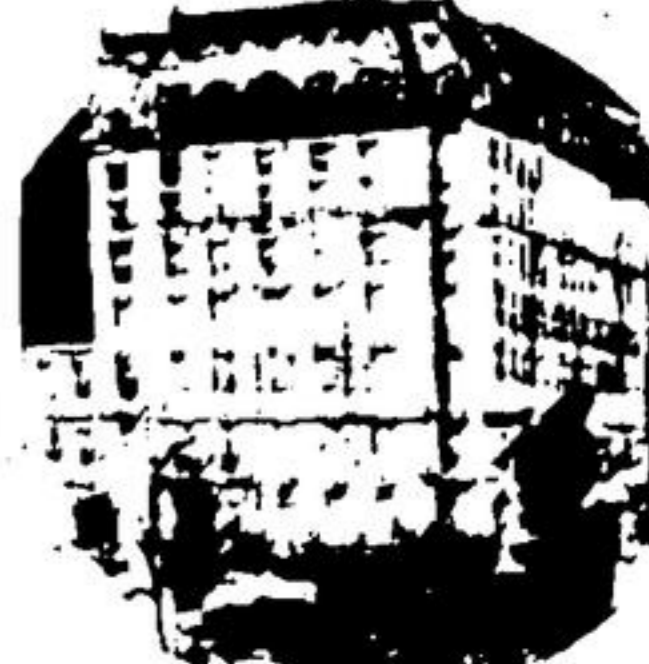


AT LAST, after nearly two hours delay, the Transglobe airliner took off heading due east. (Staff Photo)

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