

News and views

By LORRAINE

It is called trouble prone and if you haven't been there you will simply never understand it. I suspect however, that everyone at some time in their lives has found themselves in odd situations unwittingly and often it is how one handles oneself at such a time that determines whether or not he will be a continual victim of circumstances or outgrow it.

If you are such a person these situations can be difficult to handle with poise and sometimes it is even worse attempting to live them down, especially if friends or relatives are continually reminding us of our idiosyncrasies.

"Trouble prone" says your grandmother knowingly, and you immediately proceed to slip into the mud puddle. "Can't remember a thing" so you forget your mitts in the school bus. "He'd lose his head if it weren't attached to his shoulders" says the harassed mother, so you once again forget everything that is normal to remember. "He'll fall flat on his face", murmurs the critical father, and his son slides onto the school stage after tripping on the mike cord.

How much of what happens to us is what has been ingrained psychologically by some unwise or overattentive adult. It's rather like sitting on an egg - if you wait long enough it's bound to break.

In our house we have one lad who repeatedly drops a dish, cracks a window playing ball, and seemingly plays havoc with just about everything he touches. The truth is however, that he simply tries harder to please people by doing more things and the law of averages is that he will, naturally, get into more difficulties. No one ever learns anything well until he has erred a few times and it's a known fact that the method of trial and error produces the greatest results whether it is in the scientific field or just plain raising children.

Most of us can remember times when they have energetically hurried to help someone in distress, only to have a situation backfire. Like trying to separate two small children in a street fight and having both of them turn at once and gang up on you. Or running through the snow to help some little old lady retrieve herself from a fall, only to slip on the same ice and slide directly into her backbone.

The absent-minded professor bit is not beyond self-identification either. Have you never been so engrossed in a novel whilst walking along the street and banged into something to which you mutter embarrassedly a hurried, "excuse me", only to look up and find yourself confronting a tree or lamp post?

I had occasion recently to attempt to foster new friendships at a village afternoon tea. While assisting two ladies in moving to another table I unwittingly inverted one of their parcels, releasing an exceptionally juicy cherry pie which splattered colorfully all over the floor.

Helpful? A dubious suggestion!

Although I had had the best intentions, the end result of that calamitous situation was that one dear little lady had to go without her cherry pie as all the others had been previously purchased; I used up extra energy plus a box of kleenex in cleaning up the remains; and, although the church auxiliary made a little more money on some other culinary investment that afternoon, I had to forfeit the 75 cents cost of the pie plus a certain aplomb.

All this because I had merely attempted to be a friendly joe at a tea table.

I have a friend who is always finding herself in disastrous situations without explanations. She can relate a lifetime of stories wherein she was continually in predicaments such as being the only one at the Confirmation Altar whose head gear became crooked under the Bishop's hand as he blessed her during the service; or falling down a series of steps in front of a packed audience at the high school auditorium; and this same young lady was the very one whose bridesmaid stomped on

Cave exploration topic speaker at scout dinner

Fifty-five cubs, scouts, venturers, rovers, and their dads sat down to a delicious cold plate dinner last Wednesday evening at the Rockwood Town Hall.

Looking particularly sharp in their uniforms, the spirited group chatted as they consumed, laughing across the table as one lad spilled the tomato juice and someone else the sugar. Father and son, father and boys, were arrayed down the three long tables set up for the occasion, and the head table boasted such celebrities as John Clark, the newly appointed regional director of the district cub and scout organization, Rev Ken Cardwell, the recently established St. John's Anglican Church rector, Akela Mae Swackhammer, and a few of the young cubs and scouts.

Mr. Clark introduced by the master of ceremonies, Robbie Meek, expressed his pleasure at being at the dinner saying that he represented the provincial commissioner who was not able to be on hand but who had, nevertheless, sent his regards.

He congratulated the boys for the turnout and then gave a brief resume to the younger lads as to the potential of continuance in the scouting field, outlining particularly the summer schedule in store for the boy scouts and rovers. He referred to a "boy scout only" trip which the North Peel district, South Peel district, and Hamilton scouts could attend, to be held this summer in northern Michigan, U.S.A.

"Cave trips" said Mr. Clark, "are being lined up for the venturers and, for the 'rover scouts only' a two-day, 500 mile car rally which would be held soon for which the winner

would be rewarded with a 21 day, all expense trip to Britain with free accommodation and a car at his disposal."

He touched briefly on the objectives which were, he said, internationally recognized. He then invited all those interested in the field of scouting to call him about any difficulties whatsoever, saying that he would be glad to be of assistance.

Robbie Meek then called on Grant McKee who thanked and gave praise to the ladies in the kitchen who, said Mr. McKee, "are always there to do the work in the background."

Frank Schneider, chairman of the Rockwood Cubs and Scouts was also insistent that the "ladies in the kitchen" who do all the work should be recognized. "They are the ones who make these things possible," said Frank. "And if they weren't so easy to get along with, the cubs and scouts couldn't keep going."

A quick look into the kitchen showed Mrs. Evelyn Dales cutting up some of the 21 pies which she had made by herself; Alice Nichol, Lois Tosh, Mary Meek, Hazel Hamilton, Molly Webster, Jessie Gellatly, and Leona Kingsbury were all preparing and serving the tasty repast under the organizational abilities of Audrey Bilton, the president of the cub and scout mothers' auxiliary. Congratulations were well deserved.

Robbie Meek then introduced guest speaker Rev. Cardwell who gave an excellent insight into the caves of Virginia and the Rockies, with slides taken inside the caves also including some from Renfrew County in Ontario, near Ottawa. Mr. Cardwell, who majored in geography at McMaster University before entering the ministry, had taken along several pieces of equipment required for such cave explorations and before showing the slides he explained to those present how the various utensils and clothing were used in the science of speleology. A helmet and special wellies boots adaptable to cave climbing were only part of his gear. "We have certain mottos for underground enthusiasts," said Ken Cardwell, "one of which is that we do not destroy anything underground, e.g. stalagmites and stalactites. So, we do not take a hammer with us unless absolutely necessary for scientific reasons. Take only pictures and leave only footprints."

Although Mr. Cardwell's topic dealing with the science of cave exploration was obviously a new one to the majority of the audience present, it was certainly one which created interest. He gave reasons for the underwater caves and underground waterways and said that one could easily remember to differentiate between stalagmites and stalactites by just remembering that the

"mites" go up and the "tites" hang down.

He also said that one of the most important rules about cave explorations was "never to go into one alone but always with someone experienced and usually at least three or four others." As he showed the slides his interested assemblage asked questions.

After the discussion had been completed Frank Schneider thanked Mr. Cardwell for his program presentation and the ladies for their tremendous contribution towards making the cub and scout father and son banquet a pleasurable affair.



GUEST SPEAKER at the Rockwood father and son banquet, Rev. Ken Cardwell tucks into the delicious meal before acting as guest speaker. With him (right) are Chester Meek and son Robbie and John Clark. (Photo by Lorraine)



READY FOR SERVING and then cleaning up after the banquet last week are Mary Meek, Molly Webster and Evelyn Dales. Evelyn made 21 pies for the happy event. (Photo by Lorraine)

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AMONG THE 55 at the father and son banquet Wednesday were Tom Gellatly and son Jim. (Photo by Lorraine)

Rockwood News

Fire snuffed out by caller's boot

A two o'clock fire alarm rung in last Sunday afternoon drew attention from springtime outdoor villagers who hurried to the firehall to see where the fire was. It turned out to be just a false alarm, however, turned in by a concerned north township resident when he saw smoke emanating from a pile of grass near his barn. Minutes later he realized it was not dangerous, snuffed it out with his boot, and then hastily called off the brigade.

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