



PEACE ROSE CHAPTER EASTERN STAR OFFICERS INSTALLED

Officers of the local chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star were installed recently in a ceremony at the Masonic Temple of Highway 7 at Georgetown's western limits. In the front row from left are: Mrs. Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. Marguerite Spielvogel, Mrs. Bernice Fogal, Worthy Patron, Herib Preston Jr., worthy Matron Mrs. Irene McMaster, Frank Harvey, Mrs. Dorothy Calder, Mrs. Wilhelmina Mack. Back row, Mrs. Marguerite French, Mrs. Agnes Holmes, Mrs. Grace McConnell, Mrs. Jean Garbutt, Mrs. Jean Grace, Mrs. Margaret Lawson, Mrs. Marjorie Preston, Mrs. Mary Lawson, Mrs. Marguerite Buchanan, and Mrs. Evelyn Moseley.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Interesting Train Trip West—and Those Rockies

Dear Sir: Enclosed with this letter is a very small parcel which came to me with the compliments of the CNR for you and your staff providing you live up to their requirements, which is not to set the world on fire.

It all happened this way, my sister Edith who recently lost her husband had promised to visit her sons in Vancouver, she has a hearing problem and in conversation with her I said, "Now, if you had been going by train instead of by air, I would have gone with you."

Edith promptly took me up on the idea and in no time I had bought the tickets and we were on our way via the CNR.

It was right then that things began to happen and it just kept riling up till we arrived back home 3 weeks later.

At the Union Station we had to wait about 2 hours for the Super Continental train. It left about 5:30, so we went for a cup of coffee but Edith insisted on a meal since she was convinced that we would not eat till the following morning.

We had only been on our way a little over an hour when the water called us to dinner in the dining car, poor Edith had to over-indulge in a second meal.

That over we retired to our roomettes to relax for a while and investigate our home for three days and four nights. All the comforts are contained in these very small roomettes, a wardrobe complete with hangers, a wash basin, little cubby holes for hair brush, tooth brush, etc. Wash cloth and towel was provided and where was the bed, why just pull out that drawer and you were all ready to slip into bed, lovely.

There was even that little stool for convenience and privacy. We decided to go to bed early and rise early to see as much as possible of the country. First you zipper up the curtain, and pull out the bed but you soon discover you are slightly overweight for that small space between the bed and door. Oh well, if you open up the door and keep the zipper curtain closed you can still make it. Fine, but you did not count on a sudden lurch of the train which could launch you into outer space probably right at someone's feet in the corridor.

You clutch frantically at that very convenient door handle and hang on till you feel safe, then close the door, what comes next?

Oh yes. Where did I see that very important stool of convenience, why right under the end of the bed.

Better roll the bed back again and start our bedtime preparations all over again. Practice makes perfect, and we would soon learn.

Next morning we headed for the dining car at the first call for breakfast. How nice to be waited on and served with bacon and eggs, etc. Gone was the desire for our diet sheet, we were going to live it up.

All went well till we rose from the table to make our exit. Our train suddenly decided to do the bucking bronco act, sister Edith almost landed on the lap of the gentleman across the aisle.

As for me, I was headed for the door clutching that pretty

red dining car chair. No use the porter was waiting to get me loose.

Oh well. It would not have suited the decor of our roomettes, that was done in blue. So we bumped our way back to our quarters convulsed with laughter, now I know why the elite travel by air, it is just impossible to stand on one's dignity travelling by train.

Anyway, sailors have to find their sea legs so it would just take a little practice. False hope. It happened again the next day. I was on my way out of the dining car and a smiling coloured porter opened the door for us when once again the bucking bronco act and I found myself clinging to that gentleman's red jacket to the amusement of sister Edith who had somehow retained her equilibrium.

At the station in Vancouver we were met by Edith's two sons and their families. Then a drive through Vancouver, over the Lions bridge and home for Thanksgiving dinner. As we sat down for dinner we all joined hands and Tommy Mac gave me the privilege of saying grace.

Tommy's wife Verna was a perfect hostess. She took us all around the beauty spots, such as Capilano dam, Stanley park, etc. and we went by ferry to Victoria and visited all the bargain centres, we went by car to the foot of Grouse Mountain where the cable car goes up to the top of the mountain. But since it was getting late we decided to leave our trip by cable car for the next day, alas. Rain oh well that will give us an excuse to visit again.

I think we brought back a goodly chunk of Vancouver in the way of souvenirs and plants, etc. and it is only fair to warn my neighbours that it is possible that some day they may awaken to find a palm tree growing out my rooftop and a lovely bunch of cocoa-nuts on the front lawn. Meanwhile things were still getting out of hand, even when we got settled at Tommy Mac's home. For instance.

There was the day we visited Capilano Canyon and the park with its dam high above the canyon walls. I just had to take a few snaps from down below, so down three flights of steps we went, the real test came when I realized that we had to climb up those steps to get to the top again, Verna went up first and I have a good shot of her waving us on from the platform of the first flight of steps.

It looked so easy from the top but before I had gotten very far I was wishing they provided Alpine ropes or at least an escalator. Then there was the day we went to Burnaby and looked for bargains in Simpsons Bargain Centre.

Edith saw a special on ladies shoes. I had just bought a new pair so passed up that one, but when we got home and exhibited our wares one of the girls (Verna's daughter) said "But gran, you can't wear those." Oh yes I can said Edith and slipped her foot into the right shoe. Fits perfectly.

But what about the other one asks her granddaughter?

The other shoe was about 2 sizes smaller. Oh for the candid camera on that one, Tommy came up with a new name for us The Bobsey Twins.

We gave them all a rest for one evening when Norman and Gwen (Edith's youngest son) came over to take us out to their home for supper. Norman is something of a celebrity, on fishing that is.

His name is recorded in the Hall of Fame. Complete with his picture and his catch, trout, steelhead. He lives, eats and sleeps, fishing.

His room all down one side is fitted with work bench and plastic boxes piled one on another with material in a gorgeous array for making fish flies. Poor Gwen has to settle for an adjoining room, no room for her. But Gwen takes it all in her stride. After all, who wouldn't be proud of a man whose name is in the Hall of Fame?

We spent a most interesting and pleasant evening with them. The time came all too soon for our return trip home and both families turned out to see us off at the station.

Now, to get back to that very small parcel. Compliments of the CNR. There is no need to get bored on the train, there is the observation car which gives a wonderful view by day. There are books and games for the little ones, and in the evening there is free bingo in the dining car.

After promising Edith I would relay the numbers called we dropped in for a game. Sister Edith got the prize the second time around, then she copied the prize the next time around her prize an ashtray and a train game.

I was never lucky. We came to the last game in which all the numbers on the card had to be filled, I had just one number left the caller asked how many ladies had one number, I was one of nine and hope began to rise.

He placed 3 balls in the pot and said "Now the lady with the middle number gets the prize." I suspect it must have been the booby prize. Well at least I had won a prize. What was it? A full box of penny matches. Compliments of the CNR.

Since I don't smoke I decided to share my loot with some of you who do. Providing you obey the rule. Don't set the world on fire.

This Thanksgiving was truly the happiest of my life, I have

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Most of what doesn't get done in this world is caused by time flying, clocks running — and men standing.

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seen the grandeur of those magnificent mountains, the Rockies. From the window of Verna's kitchen is a beautiful view of Grouse Mountain. Their home is just at the foot of that mountain, there are days when the top is totally obscured by clouds that hang in the air sometimes like a veil.

It reminded me of the history of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the desert and how Moses their leader went up the mountain and received the Ten Commandments from God.

There are those who scoff at that record, calling it myth, and fables, etc. and the only time

they utter the word God is in blasphemy. To me, the recorded word of God is very real and I see his hand in all the wonders created for us today. In the beauty that is all around us if we would but open our eyes to see.

With God's help I shall return again to Vancouver, I want to visit in the public aquarium watch the performing whales and dolphins. Yes, I intend to take that sky ride to the top of Grouse Mountain and perhaps bring home another load of interesting items from B.C.

Katherine Corlano

Wasp Attacks Judge But Justice Served

It's not often that provincial judges are physically attacked in their courtrooms. But Judge M. J. Cloney was attacked last week by a wasp. All summer, wasps have been darting around the old courtroom, doing little else but making those on trial, their lawyers and police a little edgy.

Judge Cloney is the first casualty and here a large red mark on the right side of his face where the insect stung him.

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JUSTICE
Justice must be carried out and the judge asked for a can of insecticide to destroy the nest of wasps which was pointed out to him in a light above the judge's bench. No insecticide was forthcoming and the judge continued hearing cases.

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SNOWY DAZZLE
Super-White Gloss Enamel
3.19
Quart

For sparkling trim inside or out, this is a happy choice! Produces a high-gloss porcelain-like finish with a long life and low odor. A joy to work with. 1/2 pint is 98¢ and the gallon size is \$10.98

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