

The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

Tim takes a fit Meg takes the trophy

Meg eyed the shiny park table. She ran her hand over the newly varnished surface. Good! It was thoroughly dry - not at all tacky. Glancing up at the sky, she walked around the table - it would never do to let the sun blind her at a critical moment.

Quivering inwardly with excitement, Meg flexed her fingers. She hoped they would be using copper-toned jacks to-day. Somehow they seemed to be a bit more warm and friendly than the stiff steel-clad jacks. Yes it would take more than the loss of a toe to keep Tom down.

Oh! oh! here it is; four beeps from the whistle, calling all jack players to assemble. "There are sixteen entrants" said the supervisor. "Please draw your numbers and pin them on securely".

Oh no! Meg stared at her badge. Number thirteen. Oh well, someone had to draw it; and then it dawned on her - Friday the thirteenth! Boy; would Tom ever laugh at that! Meg smiled to herself and determined to play well. She certainly could not let any old superstition get the best of her. Meg shrugged and wiggled her shoulders. It had been a long three quarters of an hour.

She had survived the first two eliminations. The sixteen contestants had dropped to eight on the first round; and now to four in the second. If she could only win this round, she would be in the playoff. Maybe the champion.

Rubbing her hands, Meg reminded herself to be careful. She had almost dropped her handful of jacks doing eight over the sty last time. Straight gathering, sweep to the pen, had gone

well, - even though she seemed to have had a lot of towers. Even one tower three jacks high! There always seemed to be more towers when jacks with ball tips were used; as to-day; rather than the straight smooth spike ones. It was getting really ticklish doing "pig over the sty".

"Hurrah; hurrah for you Meg," crowed Tom at her shoulder. "You made it. It's just you and Heather now. Once more will do it."

Meg settled back. Made herself relax; after all it was just another game. Reaching to sweep in fours, she managed to keep tight hold of them as a horrible scream pierced the air.

Looking up, Meg and Heather saw people running toward the big Oak tree past the swings. "It's Tim O'Brian", "He fell out of the tree". "What's wrong with him?" "Why is he thrashing around like that?"

Suddenly Meg knew. Tim O'Brian was an epileptic. Falling out of the tree must have knocked the wind out of him and sent him into a seizure. She had seen this happen more than once.

Pushing her way through the crowd, she looked down at Tim.

Yes, it was a seizure; and look at all those kids crowding around. Meg knew this was wrong. Tim needed all the air space he could get. The four adults were staring helplessly.

"Can no one help him?" cried Meg. "He should be held, and he needs something to bite on."

"You do it Meg" said the supervisor Amy; "and tell us how to help."

Picking up a short piece of tree limb; and asking Amy to help - she threw herself astride Tim, pressing down on his shoulders with her hands.

Amy held Tim's head and placed the limb between his teeth.

Tim suddenly went limp and lay quietly for a couple of minutes. Amy wiped his face with a cool damp cloth someone had fetched.

"Thank you Meg, thanks a lot" said Tim, as he got up and dusted himself off.

Heather appeared at Meg's side. "I wonder what will happen now?"

"Well I left the table" said Meg, "so I guess you win by default".

"Oh no!" exclaimed Heather "I left the table too. Do we both lose out?"

"No" said Amy, who had heard every word. "We shall judge it an unavoidable intermission, and start in again where we left off."

Happy smiles appeared on the faces of Heather and Meg.

Ten minutes later, Meg's smile was broader still; as she was declared the new "Jack's Champion" and was presented with the trophy. Number thirteen was not so bad after all.

Mum arrived to pick her up at exactly the right time - after the pop and hot dogs!!

Waving and calling goodbye to her chums, Meg sank back against the car seat. She was on her way home - her new home. There was sure to be lots of adventure waiting for her. Perhaps at the beach. Yes, learning to swim was bound to be an adventure.

Horticultural Teenage Competition (14 and over)

to be held August 19, 1978
at the Anglican Church Hall

1. Scrapbook: Make a garden scrapbook of 10 pages completed.
2. Animal: Make an animal from vegetables and flowers.
3. Seeds: Make a picture from seeds.

TEENAGE COMPETITION (14 and over)

Prizes: 1st \$2.50, 2nd \$1.50, 3rd \$1.00 (unless otherwise stated)

1. A Table Centrepiece; for a teenager's party.
2. A Flower Arrangement: commemorating the Commonwealth Games. First prize donated by Charles Ogilvy.
3. A Miniature Arrangement: not to exceed 4".
4. Illustrate a son: Exhibitor to choose title - carry out theme with flower and accessories. Card and title to be shown.
5. An all white dinner table arrangement; greenery permitted, candles may be added. First prize donated by Yolande Baillon.
6. A Christmas Door Decoration: Flowers and vegetables used in this section need not be grown by the exhibitors but arrangements must be made by exhibitors.

SPECIAL: Donated by Simpsons Sears, \$10.00 value to contestant with the most points.

The Horticultural Queen will be chosen based on the highest points in the garden and arrangement competition.

The Queen will be crowned on August 19, 1978 at the Horticultural Tea. Time: 2 to 4 p.m.

For information please phone either: Mrs. Yolande Baillon, 445-5215; Mrs. Ada Latour, 445-2856; Mrs. Lois Rombough, 445-2884.

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Card of Thanks

We would like to express our sincere thanks to relatives, friends and neighbours for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement of a dear husband, father and grandfather; Shirley Charles Rombough.

For the floral tributes, cards, memorials to the Canadian Cancer Society, and the Canadian Bible Society, thanks to Pall Bearers, Russell Legion Branch, Excelsior Unit of the United Church.
The Rombough Family

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