



TELEVISION PERFORMER AT REST

Marc Baillon, 13, of Russell, is relaxing here but usually he's a pretty busy guy. Marc will begin taping sessions in mid-August for another season of a highly-rated children's television show produced by CTV. The show, which is known in its one-hour local version as You Can't do That On Television and in its half-hour network format as Whatever Turns You On, ran for 16 weeks last season. It will begin its second season this fall, featuring Marc and six companions in a variety of skits under the direction of host Les Lye. Marc, the son of Alex and Yolane Baillon, says he would like to pursue a television acting career. (Photo by Rowsell).



The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

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Meg's foot kept time to the swish of the car tires on the hot asphalt. She pressed a little closer to her grandpa. They were on their way to Thompson's campgrounds. This was where the family clan gathered, especially on weekends.

Meg had heard many stories of campfires and cornroasts of the big cream colored hound Duke making his stately patrol from site to site...and her blood thrilled. There was the hope that uncle Johnny would be there with his bagpipes.

The radio crackled. Grandpa tilted his head to catch the announcement.

"All campers are requested to curtail their campfires due to drought conditions in this area."

"Oh Gramps", said Meg "does this mean us?"

"Yes Meg, the woods are very dry, we really need a good rain. Well here we are."

Loud hellos greeted the pair. Willing hands helped settle the camper in a good shady spot.

Then it was off, up the lake to fish for Grandpa, while Meg got reacquainted with various aunts uncles and cousins. Grandpa and Uncle J.H. showed for supper bringing two fish ready for the pan.

The evening conclave was a little quieter than usual as they sat around without a fire. Meg joined

in the singing and dancing. She glowed at the applause when she and Grandpa did a few steps together to a tune from the pipes. Uncle John was there and announced that on Saturday evening there would be special guests the Cameron Highlanders.

Meg went to bed a happy girl, waking to the sound of rain on the roof. Peering out she saw Duke shift from his vigil beside the camper. Turning drowsily she thought, "everything's copcetic as Poppo Leo Walter would say".

Morning brought the usual chores, a dip in the lake and a big breakfast. Then into the boat for a tour of the lake and maybe, catch a fish.

"Grandpa, what is that boat towing?" called Meg.

Grandpa's keen eyes looked ahead. "Why child dear, that's a dog swimming. It's pretty far out, it must be following that boat. Listen! I hear something.

"I hear it too" said Meg. It sounds like crying. Steer over toward that big stump. Yes sir, there's a pup clinging for dear life."

"Here boy, come on fella," they called...and the little black pup trusted the friendly voices and lunged off his precarious perch toward the boat.

In his excitement, the wee dog went right under the boat, surfaced on the far side and was swung

dripping into the boat by Grandpa's strong arm. His shaking thanks resulted in a good shower for Meg and Grandpa.

Hurrying to catch up with the boat ahead, they saw the larger dog give up the battle, saw her crawl up on the beach where she lay panting heavily.

The dogs owners were amazed to hear of the swimming feats and turned back to rescue her at once.

It looked like a clear case of mother love, with mama dog following her foolish pup in losing swim after his master. But all's well that ends well, and everyone soon dried out in the hot sun.

Ringed around a blazing fire, the beautiful strains of "Shanandoh" filling the air, happy and contented folks sat back. The little babes Tracey and Amanda were tucked in fast asleep. Perfume of the seasons first corn mingled with the scent of woodsmoke and pine trees. Young John and Shanandoh gave way to the Highlanders marching airs. Someone added the sound of spoons and a banjo gave a lilt to the old favourites.

Meg sank breathlessly into her chair after a hearty polka. Her hand sought and found old Duke's head.

Her head lifted as her eyes searched out the beautiful star studded sky—the velvety blackness softly enfolding her entire world.

Her great expectations had come alive.

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4-H'ers study outdoor living

During the months of June and July the 4-H club of Russell Village learnt all about outdoor living. The members of this group were Helena Bols, Patricia and Mary-Ann Nyenkamp, Trudy and Wendy Ackterektee, Lisa and Kathy Romme. We would like to thank our leaders Mrs. Joan Laviolette and Coby Bols.

During this course we went for a hike in Larose forest and learnt many new exercises on how to act safely on a camping trip. A good time was had by all.

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