

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Tragedy: Part One

We went through a "beach village" last weekend, on our way to visit the grandparents. You know the sort of place: perhaps 83 year-round residents, and once the weather warms, about 10,000 par-boiled foreigners every weekend and all through July and August.

It's not my cup of tea, but such a resort has something. There's a carnival excitement for the teenager. And for family groups and the middle-aged, it means getting away from the city, yet not having to cope with the wild, frightening silence of the real country.

Sun and sand and sky at these places are magnificent. So are some of the bronzed, bikini-clad goddesses wriggling past the penny arcades and shooting galleries.

But it isn't these things that give the beach village its atmosphere. No, it's a compound of other things that make them fascinating.

There are the wonderful smells: hamburgers frying; stale beer; gasoline fumes; fish; faulty septic tanks.

There are the fresh-air sounds: eight thousand gulls fighting over garbage; the squeal of tires and vroom of exhausts as the punks scatter kids like quail; the whine of power boats beheading swimmers.

And of course there are the sights. Here the pen falters. Words alone cannot convey the impression of that pink, pot-bellied man in the purple sport shirt, that lavish lady whose slacks match exactly her orange hair.

Nor do the beach villages neglect the sense of touch. There's the stove-hot, sticky asphalt underfoot. There's the cool thrill of bare feet on some kid's dropped popsicle. There's the satisfying crunch underfoot of a half-eaten bag of potato chips.

I'm not knocking these places. They have their own charm, like zoos. At any rate, there we were, heading for this beach village, which lies across our route to Granny's. And suddenly they started to batter past us, in pairs, in threes, in gaggles of five or six: the motorcycle gangs. There were at least three different ones, with such names

as The Marauders across the backs of black leather jackets.

"Oops. Looks like a rough weekend at the beach," says I. My family was enthralled, just watching them fly by, black jackets, cowboy boots, dark glasses.

We stopped in the village to buy something. The invasion was on. They were everywhere. The storekeeper groaned when I mentioned it, "I sure hope they don't start nothin."

We got a closer look. My wife was appalled. She'd never seen such a collection of females in her life. Greasy hair, dirty clothes and a built-in chip on the shoulder. I guess it's difficult to stay dainty on the back of a motorbike, but they did look like a jam of tarts from a Glasgow slum.

The men were equally interesting. You could tell them from the girls because they hadn't taken off their leather jackets to expose every inch of legal flesh.

They were obviously into the beer already, but they weren't having any fun. They weren't relaxed; they were tense. They didn't walk; they swaggered. They didn't laugh; they sneered. Big, burly brutes, dirty, long-haired. I must admit they gave me a small, cold chill down the back.

Nothing happened. We weren't beaten up or insulted. We drove off, glad we weren't staying there. Next day, I heard there'd been quite a rumble at that village.

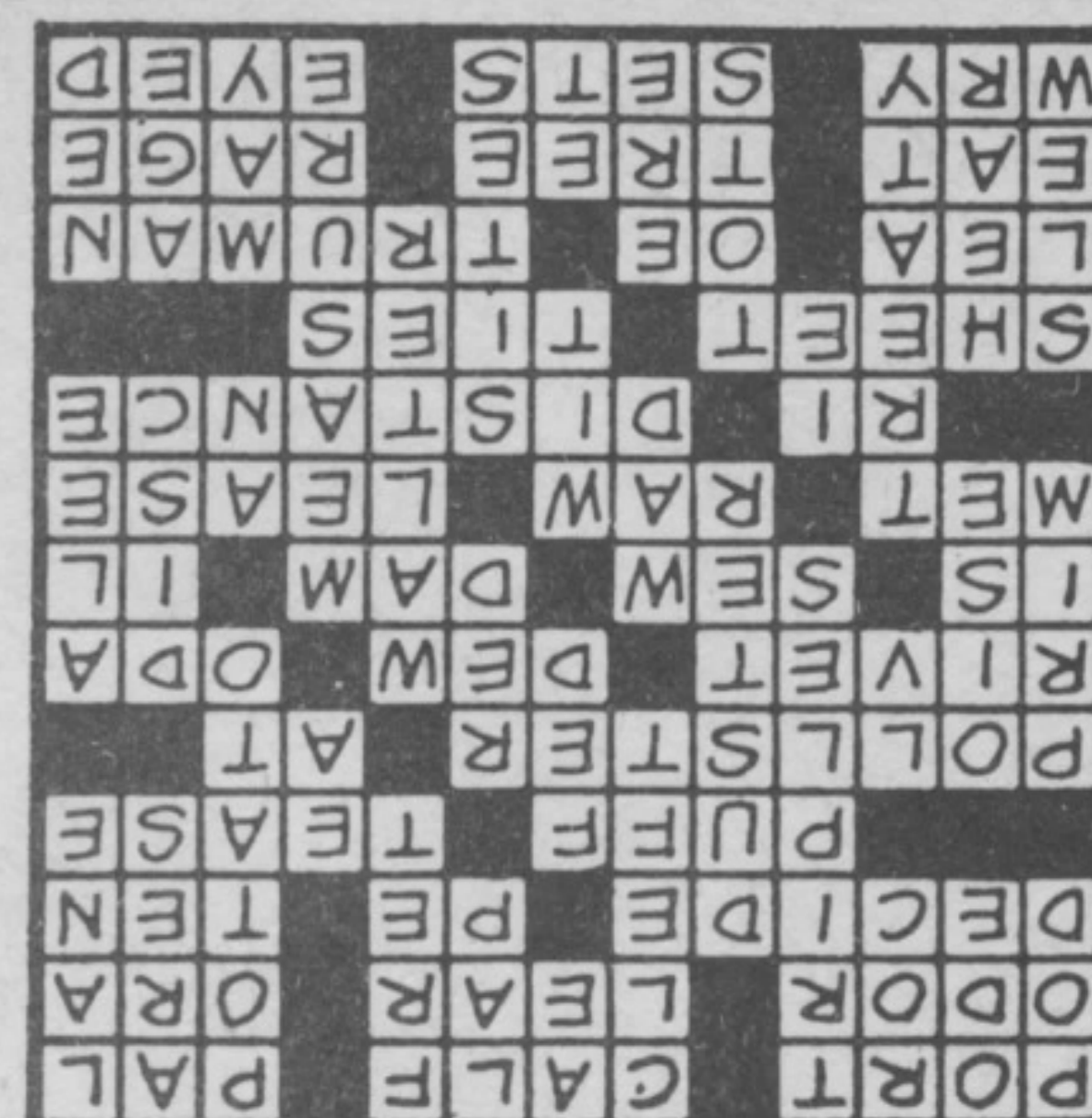
On the way home, over the same route, we were wondering whether they had left. There didn't seem to be any sign of them. Then we turned a corner. There was a big crowd in the middle of the road. A policeman waved us by. On the pavement were two bodies, covered with blankets. But you could see the cowboy boots sticking out. A greasy-haired girl crouched, stroking the face of one of the young men lying there.

I don't know whether they were dead. I don't think so, because nobody seemed hysterical, and the cops were calm, even indifferent.

It was rather like watching the last scene of a tragedy, when you'd seen only Act I and then had to leave.

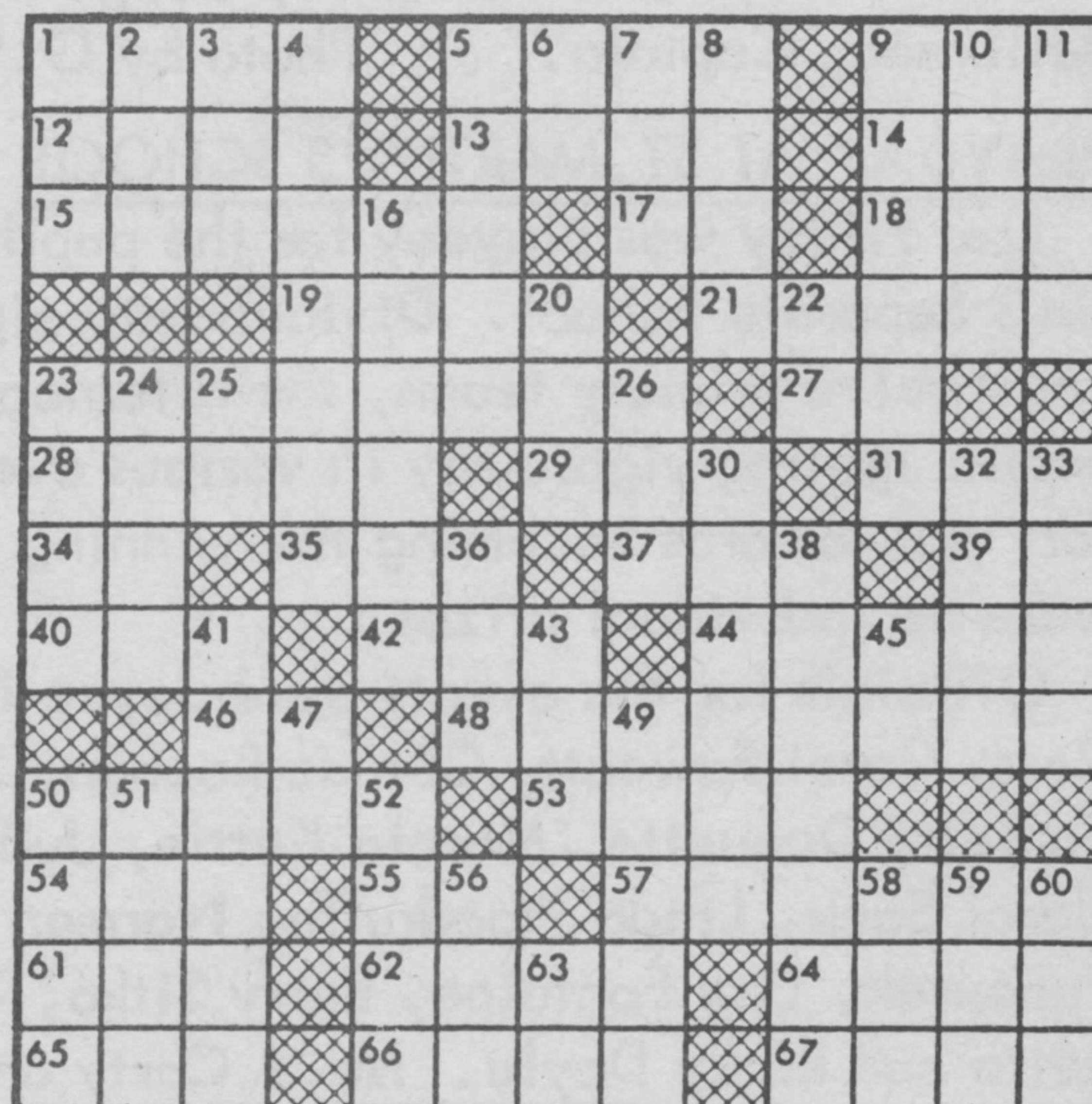
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- ACROSS**
- Harbor
 - Young cow
 - Crony (colloq.)
 - Aroma
 - Shakespearean king
 - Anglo-Saxon money
 - Determine
 - Hebrew letter
 - Number
 - Short blast of wind
 - Plague
 - Public opinion researcher
 - Near
 - Metal fastener
 - Condensed moisture
 - Room in harem
 - Exists
 - Stitch
 - Obstruct
 - Prefix: not
 - Encountered
 - Uncooked
 - Rent
 - A state (abbr.)
 - Space between two objects
 - Article of bed linen
 - Cravats
 - Meadow
 - Faroe Islands whirlwind
 - 33rd President
 - Dine
 - Woody plant
 - Rant
 - Contorted
 - Places
 - Looked closely
- DOWN**
- Seed container
 - Poem
 - Fabulous bird
 - Three-base hits
 - Fissure
 - Diphthong
 - Once around track
 - Part of violin
 - Vegetable
 - War god
 - Path
 - Polisher
 - Gave food to
 - Babylonian deity
 - Punctilious person
 - River in France
 - 25-55 (Roman number)
 - Communist
 - Man's name
 - Metal plate
 - Toward the sheltered side
 - Small lump
 - Determine length



SOLUTION

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 41-Fact | 52-Small children |
| 43-Intellect | 56-Before |
| 45-Indefinite article | 58-A month |
| 47-That is (abbr.) | 59-Mature |
| 49-Locations | 60-Man's nickname |
| 50-Killed | 63-Latin conjunction |
| 51-Listen to | |



well organized leagues can be formed and maintained in future seasons.

Honourable mention went to the man who was the backbone and a driving power the past season, Buck Matiowsky, without whom the faithful few might not have sustained their own enthusiasm.

A special vote of thanks went to the ladies who, throughout the season, had turned out in support and who prepared the banquet. Mr. Adamo regretted that a Professional was not available for the banquet and said that in all honesty he had not expected such an excellent turnout. Kenny Turner gave a vote of thanks to all the executive and coaches before the banquet ended.

LUCKY BOY

Flyweight Teddy Kostiuk was winner of the draw for an autographed hockey stick.

The whole Toronto Maple Leaf team signed their names for the lucky winner.



Photo by G. Whiteley

MINOR HOCKEY (Continued from page 1)

He mentioned the expanding opportunities available to players but said nothing could come of it unless there is support to bring young players to the standard of performance they will need to take advantage of future opportunities. He stressed that all parents should attend meetings so that strong and