

## COMMUNITY CHURCH AUXILIARY MEETS

The Ladies Auxiliary met in the Community Church Hall on October 3rd. The Worship period was opened by Ivy Pattison who also read the scripture lesson. Mrs. F. Anderson accompanied the hymns and Mrs. C. Slomke read an article on the meaning of the church.

Membership convenor Mrs. A. Sinkins presented a Life Membership to Mrs. Eva Haughn in recognition of her many years of service.

Ways & Means Convenor Mrs. P. Kelty announced the Fall Bazaar would be held Nov. 19th and an appeal was made for articles for the Nearly New and Touch and Take tables. The former can be given or picked up by Mrs. L. McCausland or Mrs. D. Broadhurst and the latter to Mrs. D. Briscoe or Mrs. J. Scott. The ladies were also asked to save spray can caps and plastic detergent bottles.

Mrs. L. Hopper spoke on Centennial projects and after discussion it was moved by Mrs. H. Brooks, seconded by Mrs. A. Sinkins that an Historical Fashion Show, Portraits of The Past, would be sponsored on December 2nd. Mrs. Hopper will convene the committee, assisted by A. Sinkins, J. Whiteley and M. Chisholm. Mrs. Broadhurst will convene a supper on October 18th for the church visitation committee.

A church nursery, proposed by Mrs. J. Schritt and Mrs. M. Hickerson will start on Sunday, October 9th. Mothers will take turns supervising, along with help from the C.G.I.T. Volunteer help will be appreciated, also play pens and good used toys which can be left in the church permanently.

Mrs. C. Slomke conducted the program and a skit was presented by Phyl Kelty, Olie Chapman and Olive Martin. A Film strip was also shown.

Lunch was served by Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. Helen Hales and Mrs. Brown.

## JUNIOR HOCKEY EXECUTIVE ELECTED

At a recent meeting the following slate of officers were elected to head up Terrace Bay's junior hockey effort for the season:— president, J. Heenan — vice-president, F. McMillan — Secretary, Mr. Mallais — Coach, Cy Brassard — Manager, Jon MacDonald — Trainer, Ken Rennette and Directors Bill Stachiw sr. Jack Phillips, Gus Drexler, Benny Hayes and Buck Matiowsky.

This will be the first year of operation for junior hockey under the Terrace Bay name. (Cont'd P.13)

## by Bill Smiley

I was reading the other day an interview with a Canadian seaman. He was telling a reporter why he, and so many other sailors are not happy with their lot.

He mentioned a lot of things that seemed petty at first glance: coarse sheets on the bunks; crowded quarters; not enough showers; cheap soap; scanty recreational facilities.

Not much of the spirit of Drake and Nelson and rounding Cape Horn there? Not much. But then the truth came out. These were only the minor irritants, the little, concrete manifestations of a deeper discontent.

A sailor's pay is good, comparatively. Most boats feed their crews well. What really gets the sailor down are frustration, boredom, monotony and loneliness. They suffer from the modern malaise of the spirit that affects many segments of our society.

As I read the article, I couldn't help comparing the sailor's job today with that of the 1930's, when I spent a spell on the Great Lakes.

Today he works a 40-hour week, has a basic pay of nearly \$400 a month, and is protected by a tough union. In those days, he worked a 50 to 60-hour week, picked up a handsome cheque for \$40 at the end of the month, and could be fired if he even looked unhappy.

And perhaps that's why, if memory serves, the sailor of those days was a pretty happy character. He did a lot of grousing, as sailors have done since Ulysses and his crew left Troy, but he also did a lot of horsing around, and took life very un-seriously.

Not many were married in those days. They couldn't afford it. They'd blow their 40 bucks on beer and girls and poker in a couple of days, and then it was penny-ante and practical jokes and "makings" for the rest of the month.

Today's sailor is a much glummer individual. He's more likely to be married and have children. He has a mortgage and insurance and income tax and dental bills, like all the other suckers in society.

Theoretically, he's 10 times better off than the deck-hand of the 30's. He works a whole lot less and makes a great deal more. He is better fed and quartered. He can watch television. He has 10 months away from the old battleaxe and the kids, two months holidays in winter, during which he is paid unemployment insurance.

What's wrong then? Why is he griping, threatening to strike every so often, wishing he had a shore job? It's simple enough. Sailing is deadly dull. For officers and engineers, it's lively enough. They have delicate machinery, decisions, responsibilities, special skills.

But the deck-hand is the Poor Bloody Infantry of the inland seas. His work is often dirty, nearly always monotonous, occasionally dangerous, but hardly ever heroic.

There's no going aloft to reef the mainsail in the teeth of a gale. He's more likely chipping paint. There's no landing at exotic foreign ports, hiring a ricksha and heading for the high spots. He's more likely picking his way across the railway tracks in a dirty dock area, heading for a beer parlour.

He spends most of his waking hours with a crowd just as browned off as he. And they curse and play poker and grouse and watch television crud and brag about the shore job they could have had. Not much for the soul there.

**And he's lonely. Lonely for his family. And maybe he's guilty, knowing it's not a square deal for the wife, bringing up the kids alone.**

And he misses the land. The shady streets of the small town, or the beat and excitement of the city. The green of trees and grass, and the glimmer of brown young limbs on beaches. The smell of lilacs in June, and burning leaves in October.

There's a little of this in the life of the inland sailor. It's clean and fresh out on the lakes. But one Great Lake looks much like another, one canal like the last one, and every grimy dock area exactly like the one you've just come from.

Don't knock the sailor. He has his ghosts, just as you and I.