

RECREATION TOPICS - HOCKEY SCHOOL

The Recreation Association, in co-operation with the Minor Hockey Association, announces a Hockey School to be held at the Terrace Bay Arena, starting Monday, Nov. 21st from 4 to 6 p.m., continuing through until Thursday, Nov. 24th.

All boys in the Terrace Bay area who are playing, or have been playing in PeeWee, Bantam and Mid-get leagues are welcome. Registration fee for the four days, eight hours instruction, is \$2. Those who wish to attend this school are requested to contact the Recreation Office as soon as possible.

Several former local senior hockey players will instruct.

An area hockey clinic will also be held in Terrace Bay on Dec. 1, 2 and 3. This will be for coaches and referees from communities along the North Shore.

BALLET & BATON TWIRLING

Ballet Classes will commence Saturday, Nov. 26 in the large room of the Recreation Centre at 3.00 p.m. Mrs. Ethel Markall of Port Arthur will instruct.

We require at least five more children for the class before lessons can start. If you have not yet registered your child we advise you to do so as soon as possible otherwise we may be forced to cancel the program.

In Baton Twirling, we have not received enough registrations to warrant holding the course with a qualified instructor. However, if there are any girls still interested we could provide instruction by a local girl. Registration fee for the entire course would be \$1 and anyone interested is asked to contact the Recreation Office.

ADULT EDUCATION PROGRAMMES

The Recreation Association will conduct several courses this winter, providing sufficient interest is indicated for the following courses:-

1. Geology for Rock Hounds - learn how to identify and name the common rocks and minerals. Questions on identification, recognition and value, will be discussed and illustrated by an expert, in a language everyone will understand.
2. Gift Wrapping - add beauty and distinction to your gifts by taking this short course. Lessons will be devoted to teaching the skills of a variety of gift-wrapping techniques and methods, with emphasis on new ideas with ribbon, fancy bows, corsages, etc.

Millinery - same type of course as previously held

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THE SPORTS BEAT

By Glen May



Drunks and dumb blondes

It's soon going to be Grey Cup time.

This is the annual clash between Canada's two finest football teams who do battle for a battered chrome chalice. East finally meets West in one gigantic encounter, disproving Rudyard Kipling's theory that "East is East and West is . . .", ah well, you know the rest.

The sole sore point of the Grey Cup festival is the spectators. Many of the observers who obtain tickets aren't football fans and don't honestly give a fiddle who wins. They go so the next time they gather over a bottle of bubbly they can boast about attending the Cup game.

Most of the "real" fans miss the classic and are forced to watch from a sprawled position in the living room on the idiot box. The reason they can't attend is simple: they didn't have the "right contacts" to obtain a ducat or two. All year long they journeyed week after week to their own stadium to cheer their local heroes of the grid-iron. But, when the biggest game of the campaign arrives, Joe Average Fan is left out of the ticket picture.

The Grey Cup contest is switched from city to city across the country each year allowing the faithful followers of the sport the opportunity of seeing the "big one" in person. The plan is excellent, but the result is failure.

Following is a typical scene of what it would be like if you were fortunate enough to have a ticket for the Grey Cup game at Vancouver's Empire Stadium this year. You're sitting about 30 rows up on the west side of the field below the press box and directly behind the bench used by the British Columbia Lions during season play.

At the opening kickoff two couples stagger into their seats in front of you blocking your vision for the next few seconds.

Finally they are seated and you are astonished to see the ball being placed at the kicking team's 30-yard line. You muse: "Must have been some run?"

A few plays later a long pass is thrown and one of the women in front of you turns around requesting a match. As play continues the foursome loudly discuss the past week's social activities and the party planned after the game.

A halfback breaks into the clear pursued by two defensive players. Your vision is again impaired when one of the characters sitting in front turns and jams a flask in your face slurring: "How about a drink pal?"

You notice the couple sitting on your left. The guy's fallen asleep leaving his cute blonde companion on her own. Finally she blurts: "Excuse me, but I don't understand this game. I wonder if you could explain what's going on?"

Just before halftime two nattily dressed types behind you become involved in a stock market argument, and during the shouting a hotdog is deposited, mustard, relish and all, down your sleeve.

This malarkey continues until near the end of the game, which by the way is tied, when suddenly a quick kick in the final 30 seconds results in a winning point. The guy with the blonde wakes up and grabs you by the neck demanding, "Who won?"

With a sick smile you catch your breath and tell him, then scramble quickly out of your seat to avoid being crushed by the heavy drunk who's tumbling down from Row 33.

Eventually you make it to the exit and overhear one of the chaps from the group who were sitting in front of you say: "Wasn't that baton twirler a real knockout?"