

**CENTENNIAL TEA** (continued from Page 14)

Tea was poured by Mrs. Bill Stefurak and Mrs. Lawrence Tremblay, also wearing period gowns. The \$30. raffle was won by Mary Lou Karns, the ticket drawn by J.P. Tessier. The door prize went to Mrs. Stefurak - Anne Bailey drawing the ticket.

Servitors were Mrs. Harry Shack, and Evelyn Fournier, Cathy Bottomley, Cathy Stokes, Shiela McParland, Marilyn Cook, Dale Sisson, Barbara Stefurak, Brenda Lalonde, Colleen Cosgrove, Anne Marie McGrath and Mary Speziale. Kitchen helpers were Mary Lou Karns, Betty McGuire, Reta Pellegrino, Diane Singleton, Lola Scott, Rosemary McParland, Anne Marie St. Jean, Noreen Needham, Mrs. Martyn Ryan and Mrs. Lloyd Small. The bake table was attended by Susan Dimmery and Rosemary Speziale. The novelty table was attended by Mary McGrath and Maureen Campbell.

In the past two weeks the local detachment of O. P.P.'s patrolling 5,363 miles on highways and roads report no fatal accidents, no thefts, or breaking and entering. They issued three traffic charges, 16 traffic warnings and one criminal charge in the week of February 12 to 18. In the week of February 19 to 25 one motorist was arrested for impaired driving, three motorists charged under the Highway Traffic Act and 14 others warned regarding equipment on their vehicles. Drivers are warned to use care and attention due to icy conditions on highways prevalent at this time of year.

From the funds of the Schreiber Welfare Agency which they administer, one transient was given funds to continue on his way from Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William; four men from Vancouver enroute to Montreal were given assistance; and three transients aided in the form of meal tickets.



COUNCILLOR CACCAMO MAKES PRESENTATION TO NEW YEAR GIRL.

**by Bill Smiley**

**I rest content**

Just the other night we had a talk at our Honor Banquet which left me rather perplexed.

It was an interesting, at times exciting, address by one of our Captains of Industry. No less than the President of one of our biggest producers of processed foods. A big cheese, one might say, in the vernacular. American owned, needless to say.

Perhaps I should explain what the Honor Banquet is. It's an occasion when the students who have obtained 75 per cent. or more the previous year are honored, along with their parents. Again, needless to say, it is dull.

There's nothing much to say except that these kids are in the top 25 per cent., which even they can figure out. And the "banquet" runs more to potato salad, a bottle of milk at each place, and cold cuts, than it does to Falernian wine, Lobster Thermidor and Baked Alaska.

But it's a gesture, anyway. The athletes get a banquet, with cups, trophies, letters and heartiness. The kids in drama and music get applause when they perform. Least we can do is honor the bright and industrious.

Trouble is, they don't get a chance to show, at the banquet, how bright and industrious they are. Instead, they get a Guest Speaker. This would be enough to keep me from making the Honor Roll. And apparently my daughter feels the same, as she didn't make it this year.

Second problem is, the Guest Speaker feels he must inspire the kids. It's a tough audience. A hundred-odd kids, their proud parents, and about 100 teachers and spouses. I know whereof I speak. I was Guest Speaker a couple of years ago. What kind of a talk do you give?

Well, this chap, with the best intentions in the world, scared the wits out of the kids. If I'd been on the Honor Roll, 17, in Grade 12, I'd have walked right out of there and started swilling booze or gobbling sugar cubes loaded with LSD.

This fellow was an honest, hard-hitting, 105 per cent. capitalist, and I admired him for it. I don't like pussy-footers. But his talk was obviously aimed at a sales convention, with some concessions to the kids.

First, he painted a horror picture of the world they would take over: population explosion; starvation; it's all yours kids. A few commercials here, about the food company.

Then he outlined a frightening pair of alternatives: produce or you're out. And he explained, with a certain amount of pride, how ruthless an executive like himself has to be, when someone is not up to scratch. (I'm probably being unfair. He is noted as a tough, but fair man).

He talked about hitting with a sledgehammer, rather than a feather. He talked about choosing goals and pursuing them fiercely. He said that if you got up Monday morning, and hated the thought of going to work, you should switch into something else.

He talked about money: giving statistics for annual earnings depending on education, from elementary to college degree. Teachers perked up a bit here, when he said \$11,000 for a university degree, and they average about \$7,000.

The point is that everything he said was eminently sensible. If you happened to be a salesman bucking for sales manager or vice-president.

But his talk troubled me. Change the terms slightly, and what do you have? It was against everything I believe, and try to teach. (And don't be surprised if you hear I've been fired!)

I don't believe, for example, in efficiency, and having a clean desk, except in a general way. That is, doing your job.

I would find it extremely difficult to say: "Baxter, your sales are slipping. You're fired."

There's nothing in this world that I hate doing more than going to work Monday morning. The only goal I have ever pursued fiercely is my wife, when I fell for her. And she's been pursuing me fiercely ever since.

There's room for people like us, friend. Today I received the supreme accolade. Another teacher who uses my room told me the girls of 10L (and they are no Einsteins) said: "Mr. Smiley looks nice. But he sure has an untidy desk." I rest content.