



L. to R. - Mrs. K. Davis, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. R. Winters, Mrs. Steel. Back - Mrs. H. Nesbitt, Mrs. B. Luke, Mrs. V. Rigelsford, Mrs. Lillian McBride. Photo by Inez McCuaig.

LEGION AUXILIARY HOLDS BIRTHDAY DINNER

Mrs. Jean Banks of Port Arthur, president of N-Waterntion Ontario and Manitoba Council, Mrs. A. Steel, Fort William, District Representative, Mrs. D. Coupal, president Terrace Bay Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. Lillian McBride, representing White River Ladies Auxiliary, were guests of honor at the Schreiber Ladies Auxiliary (Br. 109) birthday dinner.

The meal was again served most successfully by members of the Legion--Jack Winters, Frank McKenna, Bill Collinson, Hobden Spikula, Joe Caccamo, Borden Ross and Frank MacDonald, assisted by David Gunter of Terrace Bay.

Grace was said by Mrs. Annie LeBlanc and the Toast to the Queen by Mrs. V. Rigelsford. Mrs. Bobbie Winters, president, introduced head table guests, her officers and then the Terrace Bay delegation, Mesd. L. Bougie, D. Ballentine, Y. LeClair, J. Mercier, L. Steel, S. Benko, A. Daley, P. Jones, M. Duriez, J. Fisher and S. Dakin.

The huge cake for the occasion was made by Mrs. Rigelsford and frosted by Mrs. Winters. Gifts were presented to Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Steel by Mrs. Helen Nesbitt.

Following dinner a question & answer period was held, most pertinent addressed to Mrs. Steel--under what provisions are associate members acceptable? Mrs. Steel felt a firm decision on this would be made at the coming convention and advised auxiliaries to wait until this is done.

Following dinner a social evening and dance was enjoyed with additional guests. Among these were Ken Plourde and Norm Campbell (continued P. 17)

BY - BILL SMILEY

Modern Ponce de Leon

Did you read in the papers recently about some drug, developed by a Rumanian lady doctor, which keeps you young? Apparently it works wonders. Old Konrad Adenauer, who packed it in not long ago, well into his nineties, was a regular customer.

Wish I could get my hands on some of that stuff. In fact, don't be surprised if you learn that I'm off to Rumania this summer. It's appalling what they expect us old guys to do these days.

When I was 30, I knew I couldn't keep up the pace much longer, and looked forward to life beginning at 40. When I hit 40, I found myself running faster than ever, still in circles. Now I'm wondering whether they let you out of the rat race at 50, or whether you just keep going until you run all those other rats into the ground or fall flat on your foolish face. Dead.

Trouble is, there are always new young rats joining the marathon, which makes it rough on us mature rats, even though we've got our second wind.

It's not the regular work week that gets me. No. I come from hard-working peasant, puritan stock, and know that you have to work hard to get rich and/or to heaven. It's the other week piled on top of it that makes me come out an 80-hour loser, red-eyed, surly, frazzled and fractious.

It's when they expect me to be, in addition, as a bonus, a culture vulture, a social butterfly, a dedicated community worker, a fine husband and father, and a general handyman, that I rapidly become a dam' old grump, as my daughter succinctly puts it.

Last week was a doozer, and not untypical. Monday, rush home, write column, then straight off to music festival. Sat on hard chair from 7.30 to 11.30 p.m., when daughter played. Worth it, when she took highest mark in the festival, but had sore bum all next day.

Tuesday, taught my own classes and gave guest lecture. Grade 10 is "doing" the invasion of Normandy in history, since I was the only available living relic of the battle, was asked to tell them some

highlights. Like how our air force bombed our troops at Caen. Like how my squadron dive-bombed a German bridge three days in a row, 60 tons of bombs, three aircraft lost, and never knocked a chip of concrete off the thing, though we did kill a lot of fish in the river below.

This is known as living history and I had to do an encore the next day with another grade. A pack of "old sweat" lies, but they ate it up. It wasn't in the book.

After school, acted as judge in speaking contest. Wednesday night, final concert of music festival winners. Kim picked up an armful of silver cups, which helped ease another raw rump from three hours on wooden chair. Thursday night, Library Board Meeting. Friday afternoon, presented prizes to winners in speaking contest. Friday night, school band concert, with daughter playing drums and another hard chair. Pain in rear slightly eased by post-concert party which produced pain in head.

Saturday, Open House at school. English department display in my room drew much attention. Ketchup on floor indicated last scene of Hamlet, which we did in the fall, and small pile of ashes on floor indicated remains of Saint Joan, which we finished last week. Visitors deeply impressed with new realism in teaching of English.

Saturday night, fought all evening with wife and daughter. Latter wanted to go to teen dance, despite fact she had trouble staying awake because of afternoon and evening rehearsals all week. To every one of which I drove her and picked her up.

Spent all day Sunday looking for receipts to send with income tax return, one week late.

Here it is Monday and column night again. And the lawn isn't raked. And tomorrow night I have to play for the Russian Billiard Championship of the curling club, which closed three weeks ago.

And hours to go before I sleep. And hours to go before I sleep. Please pass the Rumanian Gerovital or whatever.