



BILLETS URGENTLY NEEDED

The B.C. Beefeater Band - 75 high stepping performers from Vancouver with the fabulous Jester Majorettes Corp. will perform in this district on July 18th in Schreiber Arena.

Billets are needed for the group and any one who can help are asked to contact Jim Cummings in Terrace Bay or Gino Caccamo in Schreiber.

No admission is charged for this worthwhile performance but a silver collection will be taken to help defray their expenses.



No matter what the argument may be about life jackets for pleasure boats, one thing experts agree on - a life jacket lying in the bottom of a boat will seldom save lives. Use good judgment - be safe!

AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

Lend me your house

I'm deeply hurt. I've been waiting, eyes shining, cheeks glowing, mind agog, to see who was going to invite us to stay at their place while we visited Expo.

Nothing. Not a whisper. Not a murmur. Not a wire. Not even a long-distance call, collect.

Everybody else I know has a deal, of some kind. This one has relatives who are going to turn over their apartment for two weeks in August, when they go on vacation. That one is going to stay with her mother's uncle's cousin's son while his wife has her fourteenth child in hospital.

Another friend has a brother who is a big buyer for a big department store. The brother has been offered a suite of rooms at a posh motel for a week, by a big supplier of things to the big department store. Both brothers are going, with their wives. This is known as public relations. We'd even settle for some private relations.

The Telegram, which dispenses this column, has not said: "We'd like you to take your family to Expo for a week. All expenses. Do a couple of columns from there." No, all they've said is, "Your column was late again last week."

Pierre Berton is going to spend two weeks with his family, at Expo, in his boat. I haven't even got a rowboat, and if I had, I don't think we'd make it before freeze-up.

I must be fair, and admit we've had a couple of invitations to park our trailer, via Christmas cards. One was from my sister, who is about 100 miles from Expo. The other was from old buddy Gene Macdonal, who is only "an hour from Expo," probably as the jet flies. Only trouble is, we don't have a trailer, and I don't suppose there's one left for hire in the whole country. Next year will be a great year to buy used trailers.

Now, I haven't anything grand or glorious in mind. All I was thinking about was some-

body who perhaps has an apartment in Montreal and a chalet in the Laurentians. If they were at the chalet, we'd be perfectly happy to look after their apartment in the city. And if they wanted to come back to the mug and muck of the city and Expo for a week, in all that heat, we'd be delighted to let them have the apartment, while we looked after the chalet.

What could be fairer than that? It isn't as though we wanted to come busting in on our relatives in Montreal, even if we had any, and say, "Sorry we couldn't make it for the last 12 years, but we just couldn't resist coming to see you this year, for a Centennial Year reunion. What? Every room in the house is rented all summer? Well! Money is thicker than blood, obviously."

No, that's not the idea. Not at all. We don't want to impose on anyone. We just want a quiet little place, preferably air-conditioned, that will sleep three (maybe four, as Hugh still had his hand in a cast), with free parking, not more than ten minutes from Expo, with maid service. Free.

Nothing elaborate. Nothing ostentatious. Just a simple little place to lay our heads and cook our meals and make lunches and burn holes in the chesterfield and have all OUR relatives in. Just something like home.

We wouldn't stay all summer, you know. Kim has to be home Sundays to play the organ at church. And Hugh has to be home every two weeks to have his finger re-broken, reset, re-cast in a cast. (I think he's found his life's work.)

Besides, my wife doesn't want to go to Expo. She shudders at crowds, heat, sore feet. She says she wouldn't sleep a wink. She says we can't afford it. (That's what she said last summer, an a week later we were on a plane for Vancouver. Our fly-now pay-later plan will soon be paid for.)

Oh, well, if nobody wants us . . .