

RE-UNION (from Page 14)

from St. Joseph's Hospital and Otto McCuaig (Mrs. J.E. Thompson) of Toronto, the second from McKellar Hospital in 1918.

All living members of the Woods family who left in 1925 were here, Inez, Oliver, Fred and Harvey from Michigan, Ohio bringing with them Inez' husband "Jock" Prentice who used to be assistant baker in making Scott's famous Golden Crust Bread and of course their own wives.

Mamie Coyne and brother Jack who left in 1914 were back reliving days of Run Sheep Run games played on the west mountain.

Special guests of honor ;during the occasion were Mr. & Mrs. R. McKenzie of New Westminster - Mrs. McKenzie the former Ruth Wadlund, daughter of the first reeve of Schreiber in 1901. Mrs. McKenzie left Schreiber in 1913.

Among the many from the Lakehead were Cam McEwen and Els. Hedge.

At 12.30 Saturday, first day of the re-union, festivities began with a monster parade led by the Navy bugle band of Terrace Bay when honors were given to Mr. & Mrs. Forbes Macadam and Mrs. Manuel McCouan, king and queen, oldest citizens in town; Innes West, oldest native son still living here; Mrs. Percy Sully of Rosspoint oldest living native of Schreiber; Nancy Spillane and Frank Comisso, elected by the high school students as Centennial prince and princess.

Among the many attractions in the parade were a Model T car driven by G. Birch, with his family in centennial attire, three generations of Riley family in car and float with old furniture, a truck load of the famous twins of Schreiber, and the Kinettes busily quilting.

Judges of floats and costumes were Robert McKenzie of New Westminster, Mrs. J.E. Thompson of Toronto and Mrs. George Riley of Mount Forrest.

The day ended with a fireworks display set off on the east mountain by the fire brigade. A monster cabaret dance in the arena, where everyone agreed that they met more people than in all the years they had been returning home.

Sunday, families attended church in costume and during the afternoon enjoyed family visiting.

In the evening a community worship service was held in the high school auditorium with Rev. J.M. Cano, Rev. C.E. Prinselaar, Rev. R.J.S. Inshaw, and Mr. H. Lawrence taking part.

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by **Bill Smiley**

Smileys - to - Expo - Contest

Don't tell me there aren't any creative writers in Canada. The country is crawling with them. More than 100 entries for the Smileys-to-Expo guest column have arrived, and they're still pouring in.

My wife thought all along it was rather an ill-conceived project, or as she put it, "a dumb ideal", and I'm beginning to agree with her. One of the chief hitches is that I forgot to organize some judges. So I'm it.

So, first of all, I must read them all, some twice, some thrice. This is going to absorb about 100 hours, and the whole idea in the first place was that I'd get a holiday. Something wrong there, somewhere.

Secondly, all those who don't win, along with their families and friends, are going to hate me for life. It's easy enough to make enemies without deliberately alienating about 2,000 people.

And thirdly, it's costing me \$25. to acquire 100 hours of work, and 2,000 hostile natives. Sort of silly, isn't it?

However, I dunnit and I'm glad. The Toronto Telegram News Service has kicked in another \$25 and a lot of people have had a lot of fun taking a whack at writing a column.

And I shouldn't complain about its being work. It's fun. Especially delightful is the fantastic variety of both writers and subject matter. The writers are of all sexes and all ages from 16 to 76. And they wax eloquent on everything from pheasants to families, from taxes to toenails.

Thanks, too, for the many warm and friendly personal messages enclosed. It's kind and thoughtful, even though it won't win a prize. What the columns have proved to me, once again, is that there's a great deal of good humor, good spirit, and good intelligence in our country.

The entries vary in many other ways. Some are quietly humorous. Others are sardonic or ironic. Some are dead serious, some angry, some passionate. (Not that way, Mum).

Some were written on ordinary ruled paper, while the breakfast dishes rotted in the sink. Others were immaculately typed, submitted flat in manuscript form, with return envelope enclosed. Some writers want a pen name used, others want their names in big, bold type.

They come from office workers, farm wives, students and grandmothers. Some people submitted as many as three columns. Some are ungrammatical and hilarious. Others use impeccable English, but are dull. Some are religious, others ribald.

One gentleman writes amusingly of his two pheasants, named John and Lester, because he didn't think they'd be around long. Jim Kerr of Red Deer vents his dislike of teachers in no uncertain way. A former student of mine (Hi there, Mary Graham) tells what a character her grandpa is. One entry consists of his first letter home from a lad serving in Viet Nam.

And they come from all over the country, which makes this thing a real centennial kick. Put them all together and you'd have a book. It would be raggedy and uneven, but interesting, and would present a pretty good idea of what Canada and Canadians are really like.

Trouble is, so many of the columns are so good that I'm in a quandary, right up to my navel. I started to make two piles: the good ones and the rejects. The pile of rejects is two inches high, the other one two feet.

Perhaps the sensible thing to do would be to write a guest column myself, under a pseudonym, submit it to me, and declare it the winner. It wouldn't be cricket, but it would save a lot of agonizing over that final decision. Not to mention 50 bucks.

Don't worry, chaps. I'll find a solution. Perhaps what I do with my exam papers. Take an armful to the top of the stairs and hurl them. The one that lands on the highest step gets top mark. Bear with me while I peruse. Hope to announce the winner next week.