

SCHREIBER NEWS (continued)

and will make whistle stops enroute to Nipigon where an evening meeting will take place in the Elks Hall at 8 p.m.

Murdo Martin, M.P., N.D.P. Timmons and Doug Fisher, former M.P. for Port Arthur have indicated they will be in the riding to assist in the campaign.

C.W.L. MEETING

The regular meeting of Schreiber Catholic Women's League was held in the parish centre with Mrs. Norah McGuire presiding.

Father J. M. Cano gave some of the highlights of the recent provincial CWL convention and Mrs. Harry Shack, diocesan president gave a full report on it. Father Cano was elected diocesan director.

A special meeting for executive, conveners, and group captains of the CWL will be held on Sept. 25 at 8 p.m.

Two new projects were undertaken for this year — to adopt a boy from Ecuador who wishes to become a priest and

to send financial assistance to a destitute family in India.

Missions in Guatamela are also supported monthly by the League. Plans were begun for the Christmas bazaar and tea to be held Nov. 15 in the guild hall from 3-5 p.m.

The CWL regional meeting will be held in Marathon on Sept. 27 at 8 p.m., with all members invited. Those going are asked to contact Mrs. McGuire or Mrs. Lorraine Huard.

It was decided to send a letter petitioning two Lakehead dairies for more frequent milk deliveries in Schreiber where the present service is considered unsatisfactory.

Reeve F.V. Harness, J.D. Phillips and E.G. Caccamo accompanied by their wives were in Sioux Lookout last week attending a Convention of North-Western Ontario Hydro.

Mr & Mrs. Cyril Smith of Kenora are visiting Mr. & Mrs. Harry Martinsen.

Mrs. Harry Shack, Regional Diocesan President is in Montreal attending a National Convention of the Catholic Women's League.

LADIES AUXILIARY HOLD MEETING

Mrs. Jeanette Gunter and Mrs. Maybelle Furlonger were appointed to the nominating committee (with one other yet to be named) at the regular meeting of the ladies' auxiliary to Royal Canadian Legion branch 109. Mrs. Bobbie Winters presided.

It was agreed to continue the Saturday snack bar if all members will assist.

Tentative plans were made for a cabaret evening on Halloween. An invitation was received from the auxiliary of

branch 183 at Marathon, to attend their birthday party on October 5.

Capt. H. Tilley of the Salvation Army sent a most appreciative letter acknowledging the canvass for funds made by the auxiliary.

Peter A. Laushwa, zone commander wrote inviting an auxiliary member to attend a zone meeting in Marathon on Sept. 23 when the appointment of a ladies' sport zone officer will be discussed.

by Bill Smiley**Bravo Stratford!**

I wonder how many people, including English teachers, ever sit down in this rat-racy world of ours and read a play by Shakespeare? Or anybody else for that matter.

I'm sure the number of persons on the North American continent who do this for the sheer joy of it, annually, could be counted on two hands and two feet. And I wouldn't be among them.

The only people who read plays are producers, directors and actors, who read them for obvious reasons, and high school students, who read them because they have to.

Plays are not written to be read, but to be seen. Just as operas are written to be heard, and houses built to be lived in, and cars built to rust and women built different from men.

That's why I enjoy so much our occasional visit to the Stratford Festival. Suddenly, a soliloquy becomes not something you had to memorize in school, but a real man baring his tortured soul before your naked eyes.

Suddenly a turn of phrase or a shrug brings tears to your eyes. Or an unexpected belch draws a wave of laughter. Or an old cliché like, "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse," becomes a wail of mad anguish that has you bolt upright in your seat.

This year we wound up our summer with a real bash of play-going at Stratford. It was great. Even Kim, the 16-year-old cynic, admitted, "I really dig that Shakespeare."

Fourteen years ago, my wife and I saw a production of Richard III, with the great Alec Guinness starring. It was the first season of the festival, when the theatre was a huge tent, rotten hot in midsummer. But it was something new, colorful and vital on the Canadian scene. We were thrilled.

This year, we saw the same play, with British actor Alan Bates playing the emotionally and physically warped Richard. There's a handsome theatre, air-conditioned. The festival is no longer something new. But

it's as vital and colorful as ever. And it's still a thrill.

Despite a fairly solid lambasting from the drama critics, the festival is having a solid smash this year at the box office. Which merely goes to show you how much attention anybody pays to drama critics, outside of New York.

It also shows, I think, that the festival is more than just a theatre. For the real drama buffs, of course, the play's the thing. But for thousands of others, it's a sort of pilgrimage to an exciting annual event. Not even Will Shakespeare could fill that theatre night after night, year after year. People come for the music, the modern drama, the art exhibits, and the whole involving atmosphere.

Things have changed a lot since that first year we attended. No longer do you have to stay in a private home where the landlady is not only a kook but plastered, as ours was. Motels have mushroomed, but it's a good idea to reserve.

No longer do you have to sit on the bank of the Avon, paddling your feet in the water and drinking gin and tonic out of a thermos. Now you can paddle your feet in the broadloom of any of several good bars.

No longer do you sit down to a good meal prepared by the Ladies' Aid, for a dollar and a quarter. Now you can take your pick of some fine restaurants. But the price isn't the same, I'm afraid.

Yep, the festival has changed, and so has the town. Some people yearn for the good old days, but I think everything has improved about 400 percent. One big bonus is the lengthened season, which gives thousands of high school kids a chance to see Shakespeare alive and exciting.

And that's the way it should be. Long live the Festival. It was a great idea nobly conceived and executed. It's a source of real pride to see something in Canada that does not flop, but flourishes.