



Left to right - L.R. McCuaig, returning officer, Thunder Bay Riding, Mrs. Peter Doig, Secretary, and W.J. Handel, election clerk, study list in town hall office.

-Photo by Inez McCuaig



Rev. J.M. Cano, Pastor of Holy Angels' Church in Schreiber, is the director of the Catholic Women's League in this region. The appointment is made by the Bishop, and the position involves considerable travelling about the area to discuss and advise on problems concerning the many C.W.L. organizations.

-Photo by Inez McCuaig

The St. John Ambulance combined brigade, which will be attended by officers from the Lakehead, will hold its annual meeting on October 21 in St. John's Church Hall at 8.00 p.m. The Church parade this year, to Holy Angels' Roman Catholic Church, will be held on the following day.

Mrs. Robert Riley (nee Irene Geary) was honored by her new relations at a party held in the home of Mrs. Robert Winters, where she was presented with gifts. Mrs. Herb Riley of White River was present for the occasion. The formal presentation of the gifts and family's good wishes were presented by Mrs. Wesley Miller and Mrs. Tommy Whitton.



FIRE CHIEF

SAYS:  
DON'T OVERLOAD  
YOUR WIRING SYSTEM

# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



There's an old superstition that things, good or bad, run in sequences of three. I'm inclined to respect it.

During the war, casualties on my squadron always seemed to follow the pattern. We'd lose a pilot today, perhaps two the next day, then none for a week. Then three more.

It happened to me. One day I was shot to ribbons by flak. Had to land at 140 miles an hour. No flaps, no brakes. Fortunately, I remembered a movie. Jammed on throttle, jumped on the rudder, and groundlooped just short of a nasty ditch.

Two days later, I had a bomb hang-up, and had to land with a 500-lb. bomb, fused and ready to go, dangling from my left wing. That was the smoothest landing ever made in World War II. The only thing that was a bit disconcerting was that the control tower made me land, not on the landing strip, but on the grass beside it, so that I wouldn't ruin their runway when I blew up.

The very next day I was shot down.

This business of things happening in threes is still going on. Monday the furnace goes on the blink. Tuesday, your wife gets ugly about the garbage or something. Wednesday, some jerk creases your car in the parking lot.

Even the good things come in threes. And that's what happened to me this week. Three delightful opportunities for the weekend, and I can take in only one of them. Sickening.

First of all, I signed up to help supervise a trip to Expo from our school. This in itself should prove a fairly hairy experience. Can't you see me marching up and down the halls of a monastery in the middle of the night, in my pyjamas and raincoat, trying to prevent boys from being boys, and girls from being girls?

I'd just committed myself to this when old Australian buddy, "Dutch," phoned to remind me that this was the weekend of that ancient and honorable

bash known as the Canadian Fighter Pilots' reunion. Same place, Montreal. And he had booked me on a flight to and from the flesh-pots of that fair city.

I was sorely tempted to withdraw from the kiddies' excursion, go to the wing-ding, and take two weeks to get over it, as usual. But my wife said, "You're not going. You always come home looking like a skeleton." And that was that.

Resigned, and feeling quite noble, I was packing my stuff for the Expo trip, and patting myself on the back for doing my duty, rather than my pleasure, when number three came up. An invitation to be a judge in a beauty contest on Saturday.

This is one I've been waiting for for years. I've judged essay contests, public speaking contests, apple pie contests at the fall fair, and for three years have been a judge for the Leacock Award for humor.

But I've never had a chance to just sit there and gawp at those cute kids, leering inside and pretending I chose the winner because of her talent, rather than the way she parts her chest.

All I can say is, "Shucks!" And all I need now is for Mike Pearson to call up and say I've been appointed to the Senate, provided I can be there Saturday morning to be sworn in.

Oh, I haven't given up entirely. I could go with the kids to Expo, slide over to the fighter pilots' party, skip the bus ride home and catch a plane to the beauty contest.

But I think they'd probably bury me the next day. On the other hand, that might not be a bad idea. I'm not long for this world anyway. Not unless my wife cools it out a bit about going to college.

Last Friday night she came home all fired up about her course. At 4 a.m. Saturday, I was reading the part of Socrates in Plato's Dialogues. And had to rise at seven to get Kim to her bus for music lesson.