

EIGHT HOUR DAY FOR SCHREIBER POLICE

At the November meeting of the Schreiber municipal council Reeve Harness announced that effective October 27 Police Chief Keith Scott was placed on an eight hour day and an agreement was made with the Ontario Provincial Police to cover the remaining sixteen hour period. It was also announced that one utility man would take over the school patrol temporarily on the police chief's regular days off. Fire Chief Borutski informed council that members of the Fire Department were not in favor of taking over entirely the driving of the ambulance but he has obtained the names of five men who agreed to be on call. Mr. Borutski will give these names to the chief telephone operator.

A letter of acknowledgment was received from the Department of Agriculture stating that the arena project may be eligible for the maximum grant as provided by the Communities Centres Act. The District of Thunder Bay Home for the Aged wrote explaining that there will be none of the 1967 operating funds expended in 1967 unless they are for operating purposes.

Marathon Realty Co. Ltd. sent a letter in connection with the leasing of land to the township for the purpose of a park. Reeve Harness will look into the disposing of the building on this property.

A letter of invitation was received from the Lakehead Social Planning Council for municipality representatives to attend a meeting to discuss district Welfare Service. Since Council has no problem with welfare it was felt that it would be to their advantage to carry on under the present system.

Fire Chief Borutski's report of the Volunteer Fire Department also included a detailed report of fire drill exercises carried out in all the schools. Council commended the fire chief for the excellent reports.

Water works accounts amounting to \$121.02 and general accounts in the amount of \$2285.07 were passed for payment. Clerk Jarva was instructed to call tenders for the Municipality Fuel Oil supply. It was decided that water rates and discount for 1968 remain the same as in 1967.

The Honourable Jean-Pierre Cote, Postmaster General, has disclosed that the Letter Carriers throughout the country would soon be equipped with an animal repellent spray. This repellent tested in the Vancouver area was found to be a safe, effective means of warding off attacks by menacing dogs. The repellent has been accepted by the public as a necessary preventive action.

Armpits and Yanks

by Bill Smiley

Just a few observations on life in general, this week. I have no particular theme in mind but it will probably have emerged by the time we've finished this chore (me writing, you reading).

It's fashionable to attack the Yanks, so here goes. I think they're giving us a bum deal in merchandise. If I were a politician, my platform would be, "Let's fortify the border!"

Every year, we send them about 80 percent of our best people: artists of all kinds, university professors, engineers. Better known as the Brain Drain. And every winter, we send them our rich people, hundreds of thousands, to bolster the sagging economies of Florida and California. And what do they send us? Draft dodgers.

Deer hunting. A lot of people are against it. Not me. In fact, if I weren't a teacher, I'd take a week off every fall and join the great slaughter of the deer.

Slaughter? There are 10 times as many people killed on the highways as there are deer in the bush. If I thought the species would be wiped out (deer, not people), I'd fight it. But the deer population is increasing, chiefly because there are so many lousy hunters.

I admit that no completely sane man goes deer hunting. Why would anybody go into the woods in the worst weather of the year, wind and snow, rain and blow, to wander through miles of swamp and slash, swale and burn, dragging a dirty great musket and straining his heart to the bursting point, when he could be sitting at home watching a football game on TV?

Why? I'll tell you. Because it's the only place in the world where he can escape from committee meetings, a nagging wife, a shrilling telephone, and rotten kids with personality defects.

It's the only place in the world where he can get back to the primitive pleasures of man: rude jokes around the fire; a sense of companionship that has nothing to do with money or position; the feeling

of battle against the elements; the absence of all stress except the physical; the eating of half-burned meat; the belching and breaking of wind; the dreamless sleep of an animal after a day of exhaustion.

The killing of the deer is unimportant. He has proved to himself, by George, that there's a little juice in the old carcass yet, that he can take it without whining, and that he's liked for himself, not because he can do something for somebody.

This brings us, by a logical association of ideas, to modern theatre. It's concerned with the very same thing: a man trying to prove himself. The deer hunter would laugh at the playwright, and the playwright would laugh at the deer hunter. Each would think the other was emotionally crippled.

I saw a play last weekend that would have made my little old mother's hair stand on end. Even though she wouldn't have understood it. It is called Fortune and Men's Eyes. Some of the language was straight off the walls of a public lavatory.

It's a play that will shock and sicken some people. And perhaps this is not a bad idea. It has pathos and a macabre humor. But lavatory walls are a part of life. There's no sand to put your head in. Only the toilet bowl. And, while this is one way of washing your hair, it is not highly recommended.

This, again by a logical association of ideas, brings us to hair. Hair on head is good. We'll agree to that. The balding man suffers. The balding woman dies a thousand deaths. Hair on legs is good if you're a man, bad if you're a girl. Same with arms. Chest? No question. How about armpits?

Armpits take us back to deer hunters, and deer hunters to draft dodgers, so the circle is almost complete.

And my students, when I give them an essay to write, say, "But sir, what can I write about?" Answer: if you want to be a writer, write.

The reason I'm a bit misanthropic this week is that it's snowing. I hate snow.