

SCHREIBER (cont'd)

photo by M. Furlonger



l to r: W.E. Collinson, Mrs. Inez McKeivitt, John Scott, A.V. Pearson, Cal Claypole

17th ANNUAL CPR CREDIT UNION MEETING

W. E. Collinson chaired the 17th annual meeting of Schreiber CPR Employees Credit Union recently and welcomed guests.

In the various reports presented by committees, a continuing growth was evidenced with an increase in shares and membership which now stands at 245.

The board of directors recommended that a 5 per cent dividend be paid on shares and a 15 per cent interest rebate made to all borrowers in good standing. It was accepted.

L. R. Tremblay presided for the election of officers. Elected were W. G. Gerow for one year term to board of directors and returned were Mrs. Inez McKeivitt, F. V. Harness and W. G. Wilson. W. G. Furlonger was re-elected to the credit committee and continuing members

are W. E. Collinson and H. Spikula.

Leo Godin was elected to the supervisory committee for a three year term joining C. Sparkes and L. R. Tremblay.

Acting on the delinquent committee are W. Wilson, C. Sparkes and H. Spikula.

President Mrs. Inez McKeivitt urged members to make the fullest use of the benefits of membership.

C. Claypole, CUNA representative and J. Scott, Lakehead Chapter, spoke on various aspects of credit union work.

Draw prize winners were A. Slater, J. Scott, A. Power, C. Claypole, L. Hiller and G. Nicol.

Following the meeting dancing was enjoyed. A cold plate lunch was served.

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Hurry home, honey

I'm beginning to realize what a widow with children goes through. It's tough being both a momma and a poppa. I'll be glad when my wife finishes her college course, gets home, and can fight it out with Kim on the old basis, no holds barred, recriminations aplenty, ferocious threats, and tears enough to wash the kitchen floor.

Last weekend I nearly gave my wife a heart attack. After spending most of the weekend screwing up my courage, I gritted my teeth, took a good, stiff pelt of Walker's Special Old nerve tonic, and announced gravely:

"Dear, I've got something to tell you about Kim. Now don't get all upset. Everything will probably work out for the best."

"She's not!", she shrieked. Oh, my God!"

"I'm afraid she is," I said, sombrely. "But you've got to face the facts. You can't keep a kid in the nest forever. These things happen in the best of families. There are some things in this day and age that we may not approve of. But

Well, with hindsight, I'll admit I was pretty stupid. But after my wife had flown three times around the living-room, without ever lighting, it emerged that we were talking about different things.

She thought Kim was pregnant. All I was trying to do was tell her something even worse, that Kim had, after giving me a real feminine, logicless, charming con job, joined a "group." She's been invited to play the organ and sing in one of those shouting, belting, deafening groups that are driving every adult over 30 out of his little old square mind.

This is just a sample of the troubles I have. My wife thinks that classical music is it, and groups are for the well-known birds. Kim thinks a young person is missing a vital, terribly important experience if she doesn't ever belong to a group. I think — well, never mind.

But my point is that in the good old days, Kim and her mother would have fought it out, with frequent appeals to me from each side, and both sides ignoring my rational compromise. Now, I have to take the decisions, lay down the law, designate "getting-in" hours, and try to force the kid to eat some breakfast.

Not to mention cheering her up when she's down, cooling her down when she's all uptight, telling her to pick up her clothes, and roaring at her to put the lid on the jam bottle and put it away, after breakfast.

And she'll read this column and say, "You don't like me, do you Dad? I'm just a nuisance to you. I wish Mum was here."

And I'll say, "Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Did it ever occur to you to do the dishes? I wish Mum was here too. She'd straighten you out, you little bum."

And she'll say, "Oh, you think I'm a little bum, eh? Well, thanks a lot. That certainly makes a person feel wanted."

And I'll say, "Bum, schlum. Get the carrots ready for the stew and then get at your homework."

And she'll snap, "That's all you think about. Carrots. You're getting more like a school-teacher all the time. Pompous and arrogant."

And I'll shout, "You get upstairs and get at your homework and stop being so lippy or I'll give you a thick ear."

Knowing I wouldn't dare, she flounces out, goes up and works off her repressions with the guitar and a couple of shouted freedom songs. And I work off mine by getting the carrots ready and inviting her down to dinner.

But we get along fine. She knows her place — head of the household, and I know mine — foot of the household.

I'll be glad when Mum gets home. At least she knows a head from a foot, which is something in these troubled times.



CENTENNIAL PROJECT

Since crocheting is a favorite pastime of Mrs. Forbes Macadam of Schreiber, she chose this for her Centennial project and in the photo at left displays one hundred pot holders in a variety of design and colour which she recently finished.

photo by...
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