

MINOR HOCKEY NEWSPeewee Game Results

Mustangs - 5 January 27
Thunderbirds - 2

Goals for Mustangs scored by D. Bajkiewicz, R. Sitko, J. Farrell, G. Chepelsky and R. Brend.
Goals for Thunderbirds scored by J. Graham and J. Legault.

February 3

Cougars - 7 Thunderbirds - 3
Goals for Cougars scored by P. Ojavee (3), A. Vanderkam, T. Kostiuk, V. Hirt and J. Zwir.
Goals for Thunderbirds scored by R. Regis, E. Theriault and J. Legault.

Teen House League Game Results February 1

Comets - 3 Jets - 2

Goals for Comets scored by D. Edmunds, J. Ojavee, and K. Turner

Goals for Jets scored by B. Brend and L. Legault

February 3

Comets - 4 Flyers - 3
Goals scored for Comets by J. Ojavee (2) and D. Edmunds (2).

Goals for Flyers scored by G. Fedorak, D. Gresdal, and T. Desaulniers.

RECREATION FLYER - by D. Courtemanche

Next session of the Art Club is on Thursday, Feb. 8th when the subject matter will be still life in oils and tempera paint.

The Community Programs Division of the Ontario Dept. of Education have obtained the services of Mr. Harold Norrington of Toronto to provide the leadership for an Art Workshop (Drawing and Portraiture) in Terrace Bay on March 22, 23 and 24th. It is expected that there will be small registration fee to cover this special workshop.

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Last weekend a very successful table tennis tournament was held at the Recreation Centre. Star of the tournament was Robt. Rochon who displayed exceptional ability and coordination in winning most of the events and prizes. He won the singles 13 to 15 years and singles 16 to 20 years and, teamed with his brother Claude to win the senior doubles. In the singles senior competition Mr. Peter Vanderkam was the winner. However, Robert Rochon has challenged Mr. Vanderkam to a match to determine the singles senior championship. The date for this match will be announced later.

It is hoped that anyone wishing (Cont'd page 11)

by **Bill Smiley**

Beautiful dreamers

We had quite a discussion in class the other day about dreams. School kids have a natural reluctance to revealing their inner selves, especially to teachers and parents, but after we got warmed up, I was wishing I'd had a tape recorder. It was fascinating. It removed barriers.

The whole thing was sparked by a short passage of poet Dylan Thomas's recollections of childhood, in which life is as jumbled and unreal as a dream. It ends, "The memories of childhood have no order, and no end."

Thomas dreamed, Later in life, that he could fly, as a child. I've had this dream many times, and I waken from it feeling wonderful, but then a terrible sadness comes over me as I realize it was just a dream.

Some of the kids have had the same dream. It takes different forms. Some flap their arms until they gain altitude, then just sort of glide. Mine is always the same. I take a long, running broad-jump, and by sheer will power, keep my feet from touching down again. I never get more than 10 inches off the ground, but I'm flying, swiftly and easily and surely, swooping around obstacles and absolutely free of the surly earth.

One boy admitted a recurrent dream in which he is at bat in the World Series, bases loaded, a home-run needed to win the game. Seventy thousand people are screaming, "Come on, Dan! You can do it." Then comes the sick realization that the mob is his mother, shaking him and saying, "Come on, Dan! Come on, Dan! Time to get up for school."

Same chap confessed to a dream that would fascinate Siggie Freud. He was buying a new pair of pants. Tried them on, took them off for the tailoring, came out and found his old pants gone. He walked all the way home with no pants, and wasn't the least bit embarrassed.

A girl confessed that she often dreams that she is the centre of things, a big Broadway star just about to launch into the greatest musical in history,

with every eye on her. She is the girl least likely to be a great star, though a delightful person who will make an excellent nurse, a grand wife and mother.

Another girl has nightmares about big dogs who are always going to eat her. Still another dreams of cowboys and Indians, and she's always the cowboy. And by golly, she looks like a cowboy. She's long-legged and laconic, a Grade 12 Gary Cooper who needs only a hand-ruled Bull Durham smoke to complete the image.

Another boy dreams that he has had a sword run through him, but doesn't feel a thing. From there we get into the business of whether or not you can feel and smell and hear in dreams, whether they're in color. Then we get into the theory that if you have a nightmare, and actually hit bottom at the end of that fall; or that the monster catches up with you, you'll die because your heart will stop.

This kid came up to me to-day and said, "Sir, last night I dreamt I fell six storeys and I hit bottom, and I didn't die."

"Did you bounce?" I enquired, "or did you unconsciously spread your wings and land gently?"

"Nope, I landed hard, but I just lay there, all sort of spread out, but not hurting and not dead. I was trying to jump into a puddle and I missed it."

"Glad you're still with us," I countered, "but you've ruined one of our theories." He was delighted. He was the one who has the sword run through him about once a week, and doesn't feel a thing. Another teacher's theory squelched.

Dreams are great; I'm all for them. Even nightmares are good for you. You can wake up with pounding heart, in a cold sweat, scared out of your living wits, but what can compare with that relief, that glorious comfort as The Thing gradually fades, and you realize that you are alive and it is warm and safe and snug in your own bed.

The only thing that is boring about dreams is when other people try to describe theirs.