

Ladies Curling Bonspiel - cont'd from front page

followed by a social evening at the club lounge with live music provided by Stanley Spadoni and Tony Commisso.

Prizes for the three events were presented at the end of the 'spiel on Sunday evening. Winners were:

**A Event - 1st prize - Schreiber rink**

F. Caccamo, skip, J. Johnson, M. Phillips, and S. Krystia - (as shown in photo from left to right)



**A Event - runner-up - Wawa rink**

V. Switzer, W. Piashashi, M. Burry, J. Gibson

**3rd - Wawa - H. Paul rink**

**4th - Fort William - H. Reith rink**

**B Event - 1st prize - Terrace Bay rink**

A. Latour, skip; C. Cvitkovich, M. Liebrock and A. Osmar. (as shown in photo from left to right)



**B Event - runner-up - Terrace Bay rink**

Peggy Wellings, V. Gresdal, P. Phillips and M. Dashkewytch

**3rd - Schreiber - J. Gellert rink**

**4th - Fort William - H. Williams rink**

For winners of the C Event see page 12

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# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



## Smiley at the movies

Took about 300 of our senior students to the movies first thing Monday morning. They looked forward to the outing, a change from the classroom. It was quite an experience.

There were about 500 normal, noisy teen-agers in the theatre, altogether. Normally this is asking for bedlam. Modern kids, conditioned by television, are equally inclined to laugh jarringly, mockingly, at scenes of horror and scenes of poignancy. Brutality and violence are their daily bread.

But after the reels began spinning on Monday morning, there weren't any laughs. When the lights went up, there was none of the usual horse-play. There were 500 shaken, subdued and in some cases stuned teen-agers.

The film was "The War Game," a short British movie. It depicts, in a matter-of-fact documentary style, what would happen if a nuclear exchange broke out.

No excruciating detail is spared. Blatantly anti-war, it is a bitter satire on our society and man's stupidity. The film is crude, the message blunt, and the effect harrowing. The BBC banned it as too shocking to be shown to the public on television.

It's all there: the public ignorance; the government apathy; the triggering incident; the profiteer who sells sandbags at an exorbitant rate; the man with two bomb-shelters and a shot-gun to keep others out; the little boy whose eyeballs turn to jelly when he see the flash; the ordinary family crouched, like terrified animals, under the kitchen table; the fire-storm that destroys everything in its path; the grotesque burned faces; the people shocked into idiocy; the break-down of law and order.

Carefully juxtaposed with pictures of children whimpering with pain and shock are the calm, pompous statements of bishops who say we must learn to live with the bomb, and a jovial nuclear scientist who explains how many millions will be killed.

What's the purpose, you may

ask, of subjecting well-fed, bourgeois teen-agers to such an experience. Well, it's rather like shock treatment. It makes them wake up, examine their values, think about the world and the part they must play in it, rather than what they'll wear to the dance Friday night.

We talked about it later. They thought it shouldn't be seen by children, but that everyone else in the world, on both sides of the fence, should see it.

They tried to explain why there is comparative silence these days about the Bomb and fall-out, compared with the obsession with it, and the wave of shelter-building, that occurred a decade ago.

We discussed the moral implications of shooting people who wanted to share your shelter. Of the police in the film shooting victims of burns who had only a few hours to live, and those hours in extreme agony. Of what they, themselves, could do about it all.

Some of them were shaken out of their cosy, conformist little sox. Others were overwhelmed by a feeling of futility. And some were filled with a fury at the idiocy of their elders, who had allowed this to happen. And others were just plain scared and wanted to know what preparations we were taking for such an eventuality. And a few believed that man could prevail and overcome the evil.

We ranged from Vietnam to hippies and escapism, from morality to the instinct for survival, from whether they would rather be Red than dead to what they would do if the Yanks decided they must take over Canada, for their own military safety (Most of the boys would fight, take to the hills).

I think it was good for them. The world of the future is theirs and they can't go on blaming us forever. See the film yourself, if you can. But take a paper bag if you have a weak stomach.