

Shower held - cont'd from page 12

table and the circulation of the Guest Book. The pourers were Marg Santerre, Dorothy Plourde and Dorothy Kenny and Laura MacDonald. Mrs. C. Dakin, Yvonne Leclair, May Mallais and Barb McMillan were in charge of the kitchen arrangements. Misses Sharon MacDonald, Shirley Phillips looked after the Tea Tables. Photo by Marg Lundberg.

From left to right: Lynne Moores, Carol McLeod, Kitty McLeod, and Mrs. MacDonald.



**"APE HANGERS" AND SIDE SADDLE PASSENGERS ARE ILLEGAL NOW!**

In case you've forgotten during the winter while your motorcycle was in storage, new safety regulations came into effect in Ontario last October 1st. Because unusually high handle bars can hinder a driver's control of his bike, they must now be no more than 15" above the uppermost portion of the seat provided for the operator when the seat is depressed by the weight of the operator. The new Ontario Department of Transport regulations aim at passenger safety too. A passenger may ride on a passenger seat behind the driver only if it is securely fastened, if there are foot rests and if the passenger sits astride the seat with feet on the foot rests. Sidecars are still permitted.

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**SUGAR AND SPICE**  
by Bill Smiley



We used to have a superstition in my air force days about things happening in three's. Everything would go along well for a week or two, then the roof would fall in. We'd lose three pilots in one day.

Or one pilot would have three extremely hairy experiences in a row: a bail-out, a crash-landing, a fire.

It happened often enough so that you began to believe in it. In war-time superstitions tend to become principles. It happened to me. One day I was hit by everything but the kitchen sink and came home with 32 holes in my aircraft, including one about 18 inches in diameter, and just two feet from my seat. I had to land without flaps and brakes. Nothing much left except a chewed-up piece of metal, almost useless, and a white-faced pilot, almost equally useless.

Next day, one of my bombs developed a hang-up and I had to land with the thing, detonated and ready to blow, dangling under my left wing. This didn't improve my morale much, either.

People started avoiding me. The third day I was shot down and taken prisoner. Met Paddy Byrne of Dublin, one of the few survivors of my squadron, in a London subway station after the war, and he told me the boys were running a pool on when I'd get it.

But that was in the old days, when men were men, and boys were terrified. At least I was. However the war was peaceful compared to present days. Now things don't come in three's, but in sixes and sevens.

Same pattern. Things go along OK for a while and then the gods clobber you with everything they have.

The other night, for example, Kim and I were preparing for one of our exotic dinners. It was a peaceful, domestic scene. She was playing the piano. I was right on top of the dinner. The rainbow trout were crisping nicely, the baked potatoes were baked, and I was just giving the canned corn that extra little stir that makes it so delicious, when the doorbell rang.

It was our neighbor. The one on the left, where the bank robbers were caught last year. It was about 30 degrees outside, and his internal temperature was around 212. He wanted to use the phone. He was about to kill the man on the other side of his house because he was needling him. He phoned his Mom asking her to come and stop him.

It's rather difficult to avoid hearing this sort of thing when you are five feet away, poking the potatoes and flipping the fish. Anyway, two hours and a couple of beers later, I hadn't had my dinner, but my neighbor had and he was cooled out enough to go home to bed.

Well, that's the way things went all week. Next morning I almost murdered myself, putting out the garbage. The cans are in a little stoop, with a lid over it made of two-by-fours. I pushed back the lid and started to wrestle out one can, which was frozen to the bottom, when the damn lid fell, clunked me on the forehead almost knocking me senseless. Dripping blood, I staggered off to work.

That weekend I was caught in one of those last-kick-of-winter storms and died a thousand deaths, creeping through wind and snow and drifts, a four-and-a-half-hour trip that normally takes two hours.

Had a fight with my daughter, which she won. My wife is having an operation. My piles are screaming. The back-yard, because we didn't get the leaves raked last fall, looks like Hiroshima. Ten people want me to have a committee meeting about nothing. We had a cloud-burst and my cellar's full of water. Half the light bulbs in the house are burnt out and you need a ladder to replace most of them. I nearly cut my entire upper lip off when I slipped on soap while shaving. And I haven't paid or even thought about my income tax.

I wonder whether they take old guys back into the air force, where things only happen in three's.