

Crystal Kusik Honored - cont'd from page 17

W. Mullins and G. Walsh. The Gift Table was attended by Mrs. Gary Drake and Mrs. Bruce Gordon, and the guest book was circulated by Lori Drake and Janice Parajds.

C.G.I.T. BANQUET HELD IN SCHREIBER

Seventy-two mothers and daughters enjoyed the turkey dinner served in the United Church hall in Schreiber. The banquet was attended by both Schreiber and Terrace Bay C.G.I.T.

Sharon Smith proposed the toast to the queen, Grace was said by Rev. Husser and introductions to head table guests were made by Nola Fummerton. Judy Richardson gave the toast to the Mothers, with Mrs. Graham responding.

A program followed the dinner, with a skit entitled "The Case of the Mutilated Uniform", roundly applauded.

Shown in the photo below by I. McCuaig, are the Schreiber C.G.I.T. leaders - left to right: Mrs. James R. Smith, Mrs. T.P. Whent, Nola Fummerton and Mrs. P. Christie.



Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Figliomeni are happy to announce the arrival of their chosen son, Jamie Dominic on May 28th, a brother for Cheryl.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE

Kay Stefurak presided for the June meeting of the Catholic Women's League. Mrs. Nora McGuire gave the Spiritual reading. Mrs. Mary Shack reported for the Catholic Girl's Club, that Ann Marie McGrath, Cathy Bolan, Cheryl Karns and Cathy Bottomly had volunteered to act as ushers at the confirmation ceremony, to be held in late June.

Darlene Guillet was accepted as a member,
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SUGAR AND SPICE
by Bill Smiley



Me and Charlie

How would you like to be 17, spring-time, and sick? Well, my daughter doesn't like it much, either. She's been cooped up in the house for about six weeks, while the sun grows warmer, the grass greener, the leaves leafier, and the juices of 17-year-olds course through their blood-stream.

Mononucleosis. Never heard of it? Neither had I, until it entered our domain. It was as remote as malaria, hepatitis and jungle mouth. But it seems that everybody I meet has a niece or granddaughter who has had it. These people almost invariably tell you that it takes about a year to get over it.

Then there are the others, who don't know anything about it, except, and they chortle, it's known as The Kissing Disease. I have been told this at least eight times a day since Kim came down with the scourge, and the next person who uses the term, even if it's a sweet, little, old gray-haired lady, is going to get a punch right in the nose. I'm absolutely certain that my daughter has never kissed anybody in her life except her dear old Mum and Dad. Well, fairly certain.

Picture a caged tigress, eyes burning with yearning for a good bite out of some of that life walking by the cage, and you have Kim. The picture the same tigress toppling over on her side and rolling up her eyes until only the whites are showing, and you also have Kim.

It's a most peculiar business. It seems to occur to those who become run down, physically and emotionally. A lot of college students incur the thing in the Spring, when the pressures are heavy, exams are looming, and they are generally pooped.

Some of my best friends have suggested that Kim was in a weakened condition from eating my cooking all winter. This is a dirty lie. She put on weight.

One of the frustrating things about it is that there's no medication or cure for it, except time and the body's natural resilience. I would suggest that, if your body has no natural resilience, if you can't touch

your toes, you're a candidate. Put that in your throat and lump it.

Perhaps the worst thing about Kim's condition is that her sleeping schedule is all out of whack. She can sleep until 2 p.m., and about nine o'clock at night begins to come alive and pads around the cage until the tiny hours, switching lights on and off, flushing things, and playing records. Gets to sleep at five a.m. and is dead for 12 hours.

However, that's enough about mono. Just wanted to give you the symptoms, in case your kid has it. Normally in Spring, we tip-toe among the tulips. This Spring, we tip-toe around the tigress.

This is not enough. My wife is about to undergo an operation, and even though she hasn't had it yet, she's an expert. She has talked to about 20 women who have had it, and entertains me with gay little details about ovaries and uteruses and stuff daily. Usually at meal hours.

Every time the phone rings she breaks into a cold sweat and palpitations. I called from work at lunch-hour the other day, to ask whether it was worth-while coming home for a corned-beef sandwich, and she almost fainted dead away, thinking it was the hospital calling.

She has her bag packed, her pyjamas washed, and her will made. She washes her hair every day, in case she's called. Her legs are raw from shaving them every day.

Some people tell her she'll be a year getting over it; others, three weeks. This makes summer plans rather uncertain. I'm seriously thinking of setting up a nursing home. Limited, of course, to post-operative cases and kids with mono. I'll be an expert, and might as well cash in, if I have to do the cooking and housework anyway.

I guess I shouldn't kick. I haven't the gut to keep a dental appointment. I am turned to stone at the sight of a hypodermic needle.

But it looks like a tough summer ahead for me and President de Gaulle.