

# LABOUR DAY

## BOWLING

### TOURNAMENT



Prizes Galore

SPONSORED BY THE TERRACE BAY  
BOWLING ASSOCIATION

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BOWL, CALL ONE  
OF THE FOLLOWING:

B. COLEMAN  
D. GAGNON

W. KURYLO  
M. SIMMER

## MOONSTONE LANES

# BOWLING

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN BOWLING THIS COMING SEASON, AND YOU'D LIKE TO ENTER A TEAM OR JUST PUT YOUR NAME IN, CONTACT THE FOLLOWING CHAIRMEN:

MIXED LEAGUE - TOM POLLARD

LADIES EVENING - PEGGY REGIS

LADIES AFTERNOON - PAULINE

MOON

MEN'S LEAGUE - NICK COMMISSO

- OR LEAVE YOUR NAME WITH

BILL MOON.

TERRACE BAY BOWLING ASSOCIATION

**SUGAR  
AND SPICE**  
by Bill Smiley



## Organized living

It's customary to look forward to the end of holidays with a mixture of wistfulness and despair. They were too short; the weather was rotten; the kids all had the skitters; and you hate going back to that job that you hate.

But quite a few people go back to the routine of everyday, organized living with something like a sigh of relief.

Basically, men like work. They are not cut out for more than a couple of weeks of the gay, abandoned life of camping, swimming, fishing. These are treats to look forward to, and to look back on. But, like many of the other treats in life, they lose their flavor if taken in large, continuous doses. Even a kid gets sick of ice cream if he gets it at every meal for a month.

So the boys tote their sunburned carcasses back to the job, and fall, reasonably happy, back into the comfortable round of daily work, the casual friendships with fellow-employees, and the good, long, lazy mooch around on weekends.

For the ladies, end of holidays is often sheer delight. Especially those with school-age children. No more cuts and scrapes to look after. No more summer 'flu to cope with. No more panic at the beach when Jimmie disappears for a few minutes. No more huddling in a tent while the rain pours down.

What joy to get everybody out of the house in the morning! What bliss to sit down with a quiet cup of coffee and taste the pure pleasure of privacy! What exquisite ecstasy to know that nobody is going to burst in with a, "Hey, Mom, Billy just fell off the porch on his head."

Like many another, I don't mind the end of holidays at all. Two months of muddling and piddling around degenerates almost any man to the level of a beachcomber.

Looking back each year, the sum total of my holidays fails dismally to impress me. Long,

glorious days of fun in the sun. My foot! This summer was no different. I went fishing once in the bass-infested waters of Georgian Bay, fished all day, and caught a cold. I broke 100 in golf. Once, I poured several hundred drinks for visitors. Not a glorious record of achievement.

It's the things I didn't do that makes the impressive list. I didn't go on that canoe trip up north. I didn't jog for an hour every day to get in shape. I didn't go to the Stratford Festival. I didn't take off on that swing around to see all my old friends in the weekly newspapers. I didn't make that trip to Quebec City to see son Hugh. I didn't read War and Peace. The list is endless!

That's why the opening of school in September finds me almost eager to abandon this life of sloth and meet the challenge of all those young faces in the classroom. And challenge is the word for some of them. "I defy you to teach me anything."

But there are other things that make the opening of a school a pleasant occasion. Fellow-teachers are all brown and keen and friendly. By November they'll be gray and harassed and surly, but that's all right.

There are the new teachers, wide-eyed with alarm and confusion, who ask desperately, "But where do I send these forms? What do I do with the locker money? How do you teach a poem? Who do I see to resign?"

There are the first staff meetings, those symposiums which sparkle with the wit and eloquence of a grocery list.

But first and foremost, there are the thirteen hundred students, brown of face and limb, mini-skirted to the hilt, friendly, happy and excited as they greet old class-mates, make new friends and head for another milestone on their trek through life.

Don't ask me in February, but in September, I like it.