

# FREE

ONE INDIVIDUAL or GROUP PORTRAIT

IN

## LIVING COLOUR



Mom, Dad or all the Kiddies may be photographed as a group — **FREE**

**PARENTS:** We've arranged to have a nationally recognized professional photographer at our store on the dates shown below.

You can have each member of the family photographed in several poses, and pick any one of them for your free portrait. We only ask that all children be accompanied by a parent.

### DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY

to get a living colour portrait you will treasure always. Several poses are taken and low cost additional portraits are available for those who wish them.

It's our way of saying "Thank You" to our many regular customers, and "Welcome" to everyone else. Incidentally, we believe these photographs are really something special. They're beautifully posed portraits — not snapshots. And don't forget they'll be in *living colour*, so dress the children in bright colours.

AVAILABLE ONLY AT .....

# ROBINSON STORES

PHONE 825-3891 TERRACE BAY, ONT

ONE DAY ONLY

**FRIDAY**  
**AUG. 14 th.**  
**9:30 — 5:30**

ONE DAY ONLY

## THE BILL SMILEY COLUMN

Summer floats by, as aimless as a cloud. Nothing seems to get done, but we seem to be doing something all the time. Last week was no exception.

It's nice to live like rich people once in a while, be it ever so temporary. We used to do it once a year when I was in the newspaper business. We'd go to a convention in some exotic place, stay in a posh hotel, hobnob with such exalted people as public relations men, and indulge in such sybaritic delights as breakfast in bed.

It's hard to come down from filet mignon and baked Alaska to hamburg and butter tarts, but we always felt it was worth it, no matter how long it took to pay back the money we'd borrowed to make like millionaires.

This is against the puritan ethic, but I've never regretted it. I've seen too many people postponing a real spree of a holiday trip because they've needed a new lawnmower, or had just bought a new vacuum cleaner, or simply had to trade in their car. And then, when everything was finally right for the trip, Dad discovered, to his horror, that he had to have all his teeth out. Or Mother suddenly needs a hysterectomy. And the trip fades into never-never land. Sad.

Never take my advice about anything, but 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' isn't a bad idea. Don't wait until you're too old and stupid and crippled with arthritis to stoop for a rosebud. And besides, there aren't that many rosebuds left.

Last week we had a couple of days of gathering rosebuds. As usual, it was balm for that lacerated secret little corner in most of us that knows we could have been wealthy and successful and rich if we'd just had a break.

We spent two days at a beautiful lodge in Ontario's Haliburton Highlands, just south of Algonquin Park. It's incredible country: rock, woods, and lakes everywhere.

The lodge was everything it should be for one of these escapades. Handsome lounges, huge stone fireplace, magnificent chandeliers, courteous and unobtrusive help, and a sweet, pretty and even competent waitress for our own table. And lots of rich people around. That's essential.

It wasn't a swinging place. No bar, no entertainment, and, thank heaven, no organized games and such. Just a place to lie around, swim or fish or play horse-shoes or walk through the woods, eat like a hog, and wonder what the poor people are doing.

We had a cottage overlooking the lake, with a big fireplace and everything else but the kitchen sink, an item most women are quite happy to be without on a vacation. Privacy, peace and luxury, the perquisites of the rich.

First night at dinner, met an old friend from College. Was rather aghast when he told me he'd recently married Susan Kee, daughter of another old College friend. He's more than twice her age. "Dirty old man", I thought. Was even more confused when he introduced his 8-year-old son. Finally remembered he'd gone into the ministry. What he meant was that he'd performed the marriage ceremony.

Next day, into town for a seminar on Creative Writing at the Haliburton School of Fine Arts. Naturally, the school was overlooking a lake. There's hardly anything else you can overlook there.

Everything I know about Creative Writing might fill the back of a business card, but had an enjoyable afternoon with about fifteen ladies ranging from about nineteen to — well, you know. They didn't get much out of it, but I thoroughly enjoyed boasting, telling them how I handle my wife when I call her the Old Battleaxe, and some of the hazards and rewards of writing a weekly column. (By the way, girls, I've thrown out two perfectly good paragraphs from this column.)

After the seminar, a visit to the Haliburton Echo, a warm welcome come from editor Berkeley Fair, his wife, and his son Creighton, and a whiff of printer's ink.

Back to the lodge for a swim, dinner, canoe jaunt, and a long lively evening by the fireplace with friends and some pretty unusual conversation.

Hard to climb into the battle-scarred '67 Dodge and hit the long trail home. Depressing to get there and make your own hot dog for dinner. Horrible to see that pile of bills and hear the phone ringing. But worth it.