

Arena Schedule - cont'd from page 13

7:00 - 8:00 Bantams

8:00 - 9:30 Commercial League

Wednesday, March 3rd -

1:00 - 3:00 Matinee Skating

4:00 - 9:30 Figure Skating

The Arts and Crafts Guild of Schreiber will start Copper foil tooling on March 1st.

Craft materials range from 50¢ and up.

For further information phone 824-2613.

THE BILL SMILEY COLUMN

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY OFF MAKES

By Bill Smiley

Sometimes I feel nothing but pity for those timid wretches who scurry to southern, warmer climes at the first fall of a flake. They have betrayed one of the greatest aspects of the Canadian character - the stubborn, tenacious stupidity that makes the rest of us endure through the winter.

This last week has been a grand one, and let me hear no old-timer snorting contemptuously that "The winters ain't what they used to be."

It started off ordinarily enough - colder than a tax collector's heart. In mid-week things warmed up, figuratively. Out of the west came a howling blizzard, winds gusting from 40 to 60 m.p.h., snow that cut like a razor-blade, and a wind-chill-factor temperature of 60 below zero.

Somehow, it was all fun. I got up, looked out the window, and saw nothing but white. The house was creaking and groaning like an arthritic climbing a rope ladder.

Didn't even put on my long underwear. Took a look at the cat, whose green eyes balefully threw back, "Just try and throw me out in that, buddy." Didn't. Plunged out the back door in great spirits and sank to the navel in snow.

Made it to the garage because I knew there'd be no cabs on the road. The darn car started. Then the big decision. With the eye of a com-

puter I judged the snowbank. Decided to use the bombing attack. Closed my eyes and sent her backwards at full bore. Wound up like a stranded whale: four wheels in the air, body sitting high and dry on the snowbank.

Did I quit? Not on your life. A savage, gleeful mood took hold of me. Shovelled, wept, called upon the Lord in no uncertain turns. Nothing doing. Commandeered two high-school boys coming by. One had his nose frost-bitten right back to his cheeks. Put him in the car, at the controls. We rocked and shovelled and shoved, and made it.

Crept to school through the white rage of the storm. Felt triumphant. What a peaceful place. There were 140-odd kids (and they had to be odd to walk it on a day like that), and 50-odd teachers (same comment). Normal numbers, 1300 kids, 80 teachers.

We enjoyed the best "school spirit" in years. We felt like a doughty band of the chosen. The kids played games or received tuition. The teachers joined them in the games, or gave tuition.

Unfortunately, the weather cleared a bit next day, and routine resumed. However; all were cheered by the principal's announcement that the lieutenant-governor had been visiting the county and had declared a school holiday for the following day, Friday.

Won a curling game Thursday night on the last shot. This somewhat made up for losing my car keys in the

swirling snow just before I left for curling.

Things remained on the up-swing. Long, luxurious sleep Friday morning. There's nothing sweeter than sleeping in on a day on which you'd normally be working. Found the keys (my only set) by a minor miracle.

And it's been going well ever since. This morning it was 32 below, but one of those perfect winter days: bright sun, smoke curling up like musical notes from all the chimneys, snow crunching, eyes watering, lungs hacking.

Don't tell me Canada isn't a great place to be in winter. It is. Unless you have enough money to get out.

I have a friend, in his seventies. Captain Dalton Hudson, retired Great Lakes captain. He's a salty raconteur, a frightening opponent

at bridge or poker, and a deadly billiards player. But he is living refutation of my last statement. He could go to Florida.

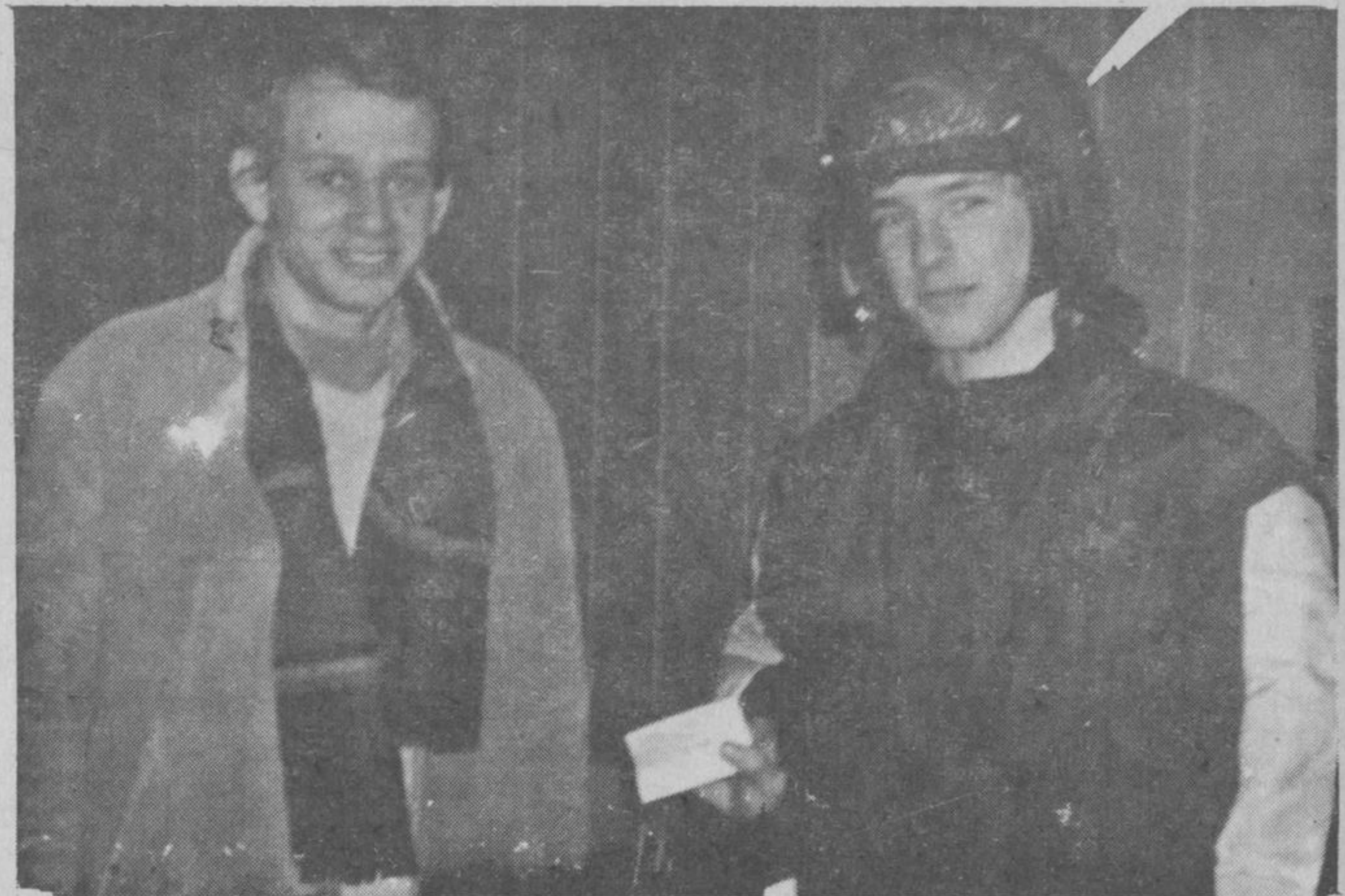
And he does. In spring he pilots a yacht to Florida, comes home and fishes here in summer, returns to fetch the yacht in fall, and says, as he stomps off into a blizzard, pipe clenched, "Holy old Hughie, who'd want to live in Florida in the winter, when you can live here?" A real Canadian.

And to top off the week, a pleasant and warming letter from Mrs. Mary Bellavance of Lake Lenore, Sask., who claims, "I still think you ran into a door to get your black eye...keep up the good work."

I didn't, Mrs. B., but I'll try.

The Argyle Syndicate

Photo below - John Lumley with lucky ticket holder Wally Fisher. who won a ski-boose raffled by the Grade 8 class. Photo by M. Lundberg.



Left to right - Pat Jones, Danny Godin, E. Daykin M. Hakanen and Mickey McFadden.

