

SCHREIBER FASTBALL CLUB MEETING MAR. 28TH

The Schreiber Men's Fastball League will hold an open meeting on Sunday March 28th at 7:00 p.m. in the Schreiber Legion.

All those interested in playing, coaching, umpiring, serving on the executive or assisting the league in any manner are urged to attend.

The new league executive will be elected at this meeting.

Player and fan interest in the league has risen considerably in the past few years. As a result of this, expansion of the league from three to four teams will probably be discussed. The feasibility of erecting bleachers at the field will also come in for discussion, as well as the possibilities of holding an eight team \$700.00 (approximately) fastball tournament.

The leagues method of choosing all-star teams for tournament play has come under fire in the past so a solution to this problem will probably be sought.

Many other subjects will undoubtedly be brought up so if you are interested in voicing opinions please attend this important meeting.

It can also be pointed out that any new players wishing to join the league are more than welcome.

The league would particularly like to see more players from Terrace Bay.

When the executive is chosen and plans finalized for the coming season we will endeavor to keep our fans informed of league happenings through this paper.

GLAZED BANANA PIE

1 package (3oz) Jello Jelly Powder,
Orange or Lemon Flavor.

1/4 cup sugar

1 cup boiling water

1 envelope Dream Whip Dessert
Topping Mix

2 Bananas, sliced

1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled.

Dissolve Jello and sugar in boiling water.

Add cold water. Set aside 1/2 cup for glaze.

Chill remaining Jello until slightly thickened

Prepare Dream Whip as directed on package.

Fold into thickened Jello and pour mixture

into baked pie shell. Chill until set,

but not firm. Then arrange sliced

bananas over pie filling and pour

reserved 1/2 cup Jello over top.

(if reserved Jello is too stiff to pour, place container in a pan of hot water until it is syrupy). Chill until firm.

ONLY HALF THE LIST
OF SMILEY'S TROUBLES

By Bill Smiley

March is a time for madness in this country. I have lain on the grass with a girl in March, studying for exams. And I have waded through snow up to the belly-button, in the same month. This is enough to make Canadians a bit more psychotic than other nations.

March is as unpredictable as a pregnant female, as precocious as an eccentric old man. "Mad as a March hare" is no flight of the imagination. You don't have to be a hare to be mad in March.

All you have to do is look at the body of your car, at what the salt and sand have done to it, and you get mad.

All you have to be is a mother with soaking, muddy small children tromping in and out, and you get mad.

All you have to do is total your fuel bill, and you know you are out of your mind to live in such a clime.

All it takes is a note from a friend in the south, who asks how high the snowbanks still are, and says he expects to come home about the first of May.

All you need to do is think of next month, and realize that the average Canadian gives up a third of his income in taxes, and you can go right around the bend.

Our nerves are stretched to the snapping point by the rigour of the last four months, and it doesn't take much to break us. Even a little thing like forgetting to get your car license plates before the deadline, or forgetting to pay your hydro bill in time for the discount, can make the most stable of us crack and go roaring after the nearest person with the nearest blunt instrument.

I haven't quite blown a gasket yet, but I can feel the pressure building up. My wife has been off her oats since Christmas. Having two kids in University is like walking around with two large leeches clinging to

you. Half a dozen people want me to speak to a similar number of completely dissimilar groups all over the geography.

I have a hundred letters to write. My boss is bugging me for a detailed plan for a new workroom for my department, and I couldn't design the interior of an outhouse. I'm in charge of two public speaking contests and two essay contests, both with looming deadlines.

The cat did it again on the floor last night and is going to the glue factory if it happens once more. The C.N.R. has phoned five times to tell me I owe them \$1.09, which was their mistake in the first place. The guy who shovels my drive, with his plow has put his rates up fifty per cent.

I have sixty essays, seventy-five tests, and one hundred and thirty exam papers to mark. I have stubbed the second-littlest toe on my right foot and the nail is dangling by a painful bit of gristle or something.

I missed two crucial shots and lost out on the big prize in the last curling bonspiel. The lock on the bathroom door has been gone since Christmas and people keep getting locked in, instead of locked out.

So, all in all, if you hear a small "POP" one of these days, it won't be the wax in your ears cracking. It'll be little, insignificant me.

There. I know there's nothing more boring than other people's troubles. But I've got about half of them off my chest. And you must feel better to know that someone in the world has as many troubles as you.

And of course there are some things on the black ink side of the ledger, too. There's the "winter break" as they now call what used to be the Easter holidays. A whole week in which to do nothing but mark exam papers.

There's the prospect, in about six weeks, of getting the leeches off my back (and into the unemployment lines).

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