

It's nice to be the normal one in the family

Who knows? This could be the last post, the song of the swan, taps, as it were.

On returning from a short trip eastward to the land of my birth, I discovered — by reading the paper! — that the sheet you now hold will, by this time next week, have eclipsed itself, will be no more, will be a late sheet.

The best kept secret since Pearl Harbor (and everybody knows that wasn't a secret at all). I've a good mind not to give Barclay the Twinkies we picked up in Rochester and forgot to declare at the border and almost got locked up for. Pshaw!

So what happens to me? To this venerable column? Like I say — bad grammar and all — who knows?

I started out with the Journal, the DJR then, back in '73. I think; quit in a fit of pique, transferred to the Beaver for a session of Front Rows, then, underappreciated, returned, after a false start or two to the OJR. Now it looks like we got no choice but to leave it to Beaver.

Seems to me they could have com-

promised a little on the name, made it something that at least had a semblance of preserving the JR whether it be O or D. How about Beavercored? The Record Beaver? The Oakville Beaver's Journal? Or, to be absolutely accurate and fair: The Oakville Once Daily Then Thrice Weekly Now Twice Weekly Journal Record and Beaver. I know it's a long handle but we could call it the TOODATTWENTWEEJORECANBEAV for short. Go ahead, try it on. Not bad, eh!

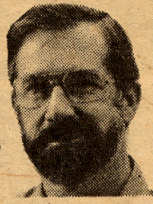
Well, nothing for it but to wait and see now. And hope for the best; whatever that is.

Old haunts

Had a good time in Roch, un-

Off the top

by Richard Moses



aware, of course, that the very ground was being cut out from under me back home. I tell you, it don't pay no more to leave, even for three measly days. Nosed around the old haunts, got lost, ate at McDonald's, bought a dozen cans of white hullless popcorn which you can't get in Canada and generally had a fine time getting the cousins together and gamming with brother Dave and his wife Carol.

Funny how things come out. I recall when we were kids, Dave and I, how he, two years younger, had contrived never to have to make his bed, an ordinal rule around the parsonage. He tucked the covers in so tight around the edges that he could just slip in from the top at night and

ooze out in the morning leaving a pristine, wrinkleless plain. He was about 15 then and, in a moment that was just right, it came out that now, at age 45, he still does the same thing! Carol says it is quite something to watch the geezer, knees up under chin, sitting on his pillow and preparing for the nightly slide. He was grateful for the onset of cool weather as it had been a bit hot to be sleeping in a cocoon and now he could retuck and retrench, so to speak.

Sailing hat

All I can say is, it's nice to be the normal one in the family, unless you count wearing my sailing hat to bed and heck don't everybody do that?

It was awkward and abashing trying to own up to the fact that one of the great Western nations has no post office right now that anyone cares to speak of (except for the big guys of course, who, you may have read, have had special arrangements made for them by the P.O. for "priority mail").

On the other hand it was indeed nice to see on returning that "Nudie Norm" was getting just a little of his back, even though, I was appalled to note, the former Beaver seemed determined to escalate the fracas with cries of To Arms — or maybe To bums, or perhaps in this case, Two Buns! (Well, a bun is the lowest form of wheat and you can't get much lower than this whole affair).

We also learn that Norm likes Sanford and Son, he says with a note of pride. Maybe one of the questions asked by cubs from the new TOODATTWENTWEEJORECANBEAV at next election time should have to do with TV viewing habits, dramaturgy or, what the heck, just ask 'em about the place of the bum in Oakville life.

The Centre
The Oakville Centre for Performing Arts
Box Office call 842-2555
130 Navy Street, Oakville

The Oakville Centre and Nil Productions

present Ira Levin's

DEATHTRAP

with Jack Creley and Robin Ward
featuring Barbara Hamilton

July 14-26

"A gripping mystery-comedy"
Tuesday thru Sunday at 8:00 p.m.
Bring a friend free!

3 for 2 tickets on
Wednesday matinee, 2 p.m.

Summertime Special

Pick-up and delivery

Oakland Auto Cleaners
Every Monday

'til end of August

\$5.99 includes Wash, Wheels, Windows, Vacuum & mats

HRS: Mon.-Fri. 9-4 Sat. by appointment only
Phone 844-7864 Ext. 271

"A competitive Employment training program." across from H. Salt Fish & Chips

"For those who care about their cars"
Oakville
53 Bond St.

St. Christopher medal on dashboard gives motorists feeling of security

By MARY SMITHBOWER

I guess one of the busiest saints — next to St. Nicholas, whose busy season is confined to one period in the year — is St. Christopher, the saint whose job is to protect motorists, from their own folly, and from the misguided antics of other motorists.

Many drivers who would deny having any faith or religious affiliation, have a St. Christopher medal or statuette on the dashboard. It gives them a feeling of security — a sort of spiritual seat-belt.

When he was first given the job, it was to look after travellers, and it must have been relatively easy. He guided them to right paths, protected them from robbers, and staved off disasters, both natural and those of their own making. He is most commonly depicted, with

Was it a miracle — or mere coincidence — that helped save the lives of three family members on St. Christopher's Day?

staff in hand, and a child on his back, fording a river swollen with flood waters.

Travellers nowadays can usually make it to the nearest Holiday-Hilton when beset by darkness or blizzard, and travellers by plane are under the protection of their own patron saint, so that St. Christopher's ministrations are concentrated on those travelling by car — and that's enough to keep him busy at all hours and in all circumstances.

In bad weather, the highways are usually jammed by a series of accidents. In good weather, the highways are likewise jammed, by people going to their cottages, or on vacation. In rush hours, the highways are jammed — this is beginning to sound like a broken record. In the early hours of the morning, the saint has to deal with the drivers who like to think that a clear highway is an

opportunity to practise the skills that make Gilles Villeneuve et al so rich and famous. When their delusions of grandeur are heightened by drugs, or more than .08 of alcohol, St. Christopher must long for an easy assignment, like looking after riot squads, or the people who defuse bombs.

In addition to his protective duties, the saint often lends a helping hand, in other difficulties, such as on a cold winter morning, when the engine groans, and protests against being asked to get mobile. When nothing I try seems to work, I say, "St. Christopher, I can't do it — it's your turn!", and with the next try, I'm on my way.

I'm almost sure he produced an instant road once, when my car, caught in a massive traffic jam, started to boil, and there was no shoulder to turn to — except his. Suddenly there appeared a road into the Dofasco parking lot, which gave both me and the car a chance to cool off, and

also averted a three-mile backup behind me.

I am further convinced that he intervened on one unforgettable occasion, when, by all logic, our daughter and son-in-law and our new grandchild should have been statistics in the Monday morning list of casualties.

Elaine and Bob had done their laundry up at Bob's mother's, and were returning home with their daughter Janie, who had entered this world by caesarian section just 15 days previously. Their little Renault was sifting along happily at 50 mph, when a driver on the shoulder, having started his motor, suddenly, without signalling, made a U-turn in front of them. Bob braked, veered, and miraculously missed the other car, but the little Renault rolled over three times, and came to rest about 12 feet from an embankment. Laundry was thrown all over the car, and when Elaine recovered her equilibrium, she couldn't find Janie.

In spite of her frantic efforts, she was afraid to move, in case she should step on the baby. Crowds of people seemed to spring up out of the ground but they seemed to be moved more by curiosity than by any urge to help. The police were questioning Bob, and the driver who had caused it

all had driven off, quite oblivious of the devastation.

Then, out of the crowd, stepped a quiet man, who took Elaine in hand, and calming her down, assured her that they would find the baby. The back window had blown — outward, fortunately, and the tiny passenger was propelled through the opening. With reassuring words, he and she looked for, and found, Janie — lying unhurt on some soft turf!

"We'll take her to the hospital right away for examination," the quiet stranger said, after they had found no visible injuries on the tiny little girl. Further examination at the hospital revealed no other damage than a small bruise behind the ear.

"Are you breastfeeding her, or is she on the bottle?" he inquired, as he was driving her home. "I'm nursing her," replied Elaine. "Then you will be too upset to nurse her for a little while," he said. "We have a new baby at our house just the same age as your baby. We'll stop on the way, and pick up a couple of bottles of formula. There is nothing," he hastened to add, "that can possibly have a bad effect on her."

And so, with his air of quiet competence, he brought Elaine, with her precious bundle, to her home, and with reassuring words, settled her down to wait for Bob to return. She was still, however, nervously overwrought, and though she thanked her benefactor with deep gratitude, she forgot to ask his name, and she never saw nor heard of him again.

This happened on July 25 — the day on which the feast of St. Christopher occurs. I think there was more than coincidence involved.

Mary Smithbower is a freelance writer who frequently contributes articles to the OJR.

BOSLEY
SEE BACK PAGE

THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF OAKVILLE

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING on July 23, 1981
To consider proposals by:
Owner:
Genstar Eastern Development
The Council's Planning and Development Committee at a public meeting in the Town Hall, 1225 Trafalgar Road (at White Oaks Blvd.) commencing at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, July 23, 1981 will consider proposals by Genstar to change the zoning of two blocks of land.

- a) from townhouse to single-family dwellings;
- b) from apartments to townhouses.

The two blocks are located north of the Queen Elizabeth Way approximately midway between Fourth Line and Dorval Drive. Representations for and against the matter will be received at the meeting.

D.W. BROWN
Clerk,
Town of Oakville
1225 Trafalgar Road,
OAKVILLE, Ontario
L6J 5A6

FLOOR COVERINGS
from
LAKESHORE
Specializing in
• Broadloom • Tile
• Sheet Vinyl • Hardwood
LAKESHORE FLOOR FINISHERS LTD.
1764 Lakeshore Rd. W.
Clarkson 822-1684

INTERLOCKING PAVING STONES \$1.00 SQ. FT.

Pressure treated wolmanized railway ties and lumber. Also new creosated railway ties, no. 1 Merion & Kentucky sod cut fresh daily. All items fork lift delivered & placed where you want it.

JULY SPECIAL Free 'Do it yourself' Instruction Booklet
order before July 30

HAMILTON SOD, TIES & PAVING STONES
HIGHWAY NO. 6, R.R. No 1 MT. HOPE,
389-9050 389-4810 679-6196 679-6537