

0317

# Eyeballs and Eardrums

by BILL WARWICK



Sometimes, out of the blue, someone does something to make your day. That something came inside an envelope yesterday. It was in the form of a letter attached to a piece of poetry. I'm going to use the letter here, but you'll find the poetry in the "Who Cares?" column in Friday's issue. Watch for it, it's titled "Does It Matter?"

Here is the letter: "Eyeballs and Eardrums (March 17, 1993) prompted me to write this letter.

"Bill wrote about the way we mistreat each other and the tragic results of our actions.

"I'm sure we have all noticed some of our young people are out of hand, but have you noticed how some of the grown-ups perform?

"We have senior citizens who make fun of people who are different. Wouldn't you think that by the time we have reached this age we would have enough experience to understand how hurtful these remarks are?

"After I heard a grown man say to the lady next to him 'Pass your cookie to the end of the table. She looks like she'll eat anything,' I wondered how you could expect young people to respect older people, and each other, when these little examples of behaviour are so blatantly provided. When I heard the statement, which was made about me — an overweight person — I thought, 'I'll bet that *gentleman* wouldn't care if I was very obese or very skinny if he was laying somewhere in a back alley and I was the only person to come along to help him.

"All around us we see indifference, bigotry and hate. Our young people learn by examples and some of the examples are the wrong things to learn from. Maybe it's time to start standing up for what is right and put a stop to this behaviour. Mistreating someone is wrong. An insulting remark can ruin a life, no matter if it's directed at someone who is young or someone who is old.

"Did you ever notice that you're lights do not get brighter by shutting off the neighbour's power?"

The letter was written by Dorothy (Edith) Smith, a lady who seems to be able to churn-out poetry at will — good poetry. I went to see her and we had a talk. Although we didn't dwell on the subject of poor manners and disrespect we knew we didn't have to. We moved on to the more positive things in life. I'm sure you will enjoy her poetry.

Surprises seem to come from all angles. The other day, while eating lunch in a public restaurant, a lady came up and said, "Hello . . ." and went on to talk as if I should know who she was. All of a sudden she stopped and said, "You don't remember me?"

I had to admit I knew her but couldn't recall her name.

"Of course you can't," she said. "I met you at a Special Olympics meeting. I'm from Melfort. . . ." She continued, telling me about the recent Special Olympics Winter Games held in Melfort. Her name was Audrey Moss. She was on her way to Edmonton on a tour bus. As she put it they were on a sight-seeing shopping spree.

Gordon Racicot has been telling me about the big variety show in April. It will be held in the Logie Hall. I can't remember the date and I can't remember all of those who will perform, but what impressed me was that there would be more people on stage than would be able to be in the audience. Some of the features I remember are the City Kinsmen Band, the Sweet Adelines, along with several other bands, orchestras, choirs and choruses. See what I mean?

Bill Dewan, the namesake of his grandfather, a man who came West to Battleford in the 1800's, is retiring from the grain business and will be coming to live in The Battlefords. We had a good visit and discussed some things that happened away back in the 1880's. That's pretty good for a couple of Midnight Lakers, don't you think?

The Monday morning walk for most of the Battlefords Cardiac Rehabilitation Group turned into a birthday party complete with cake and all the trimmings. About forty members were there to wish Pat Logan a happy birthday. Win Roberts, Shirley Blythe, Sonia Currie, and Annette Regnier, performed an exotic line-dance — the type you would expect to see on the island of Kandavu in the Fiji Islands. It was just the thing to send Pat onto the first lap of his eightieth year.

And last, but not least, Bill Wheeldon and I gathered the addresses and phone numbers of people out there in some of the major cities west of us and asked them to get in touch with all those who should be coming to the NBCI reunion and haven't been heard from yet. It's what you call 'an extended committee'. They all jumped into the fray. The telephones will be ringing in Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and right here in North Battleford throughout the next few days.

If you're an NBCI'er just give up and send in your registration. If you don't we'll be giving you a call.