

book, *The Old Man's Boy Grows Older*, a 302-page offering that sold for \$4.95 in 1961.

The other night in a downeast cabin, I ran out of reading — I'd rather be without food than my daily newspapers — and sitting on the nightstand next to my bed, Ruark's book.

What a piece of writing by this once-great newspaperman. He captures the reader's heart, produces a real gem of wisdom, warmth, nostalgia and philosophical common sense in *The Old Man's Boy Grows Older*.

I doubt that you can find Ruark's book today, but the message is so strong, I cannot help writing about it.

The Old Man — Bob Ruark's grandfather — has passed on, but his memory lingers, and lives on as the boy grows to maturity and takes his place in the world.

THE SCENES change during the course of the maturing process, but parallel scenes of the past stir up vivid recollections of the Old Man's wisdom, his humor and companionship to help guide the boy in meeting his obligations, his problems and responsibilities.

"I was moved to think again, for the first time in many a year, of just how hell-conscious a small boy can be and of that frightening span of two or three years when I was sure I was going to hell for telling a lie or for cutting Sunday school or for saying damn, and of how I was sore stricken with the enormity of eternity. These severe strokes of conscience

the old fear of the wrath of God, and a chilly finger runs up and down my spine."

BOB RUARK'S typewriter fairly sang and blazed when he wrote of himself, a boy growing older and older by the dawn of each new day.

"But as a boy grown old I do not seem to be lonely in this appraisal of things not being like they used to be. The weather's changed, and everybody talks about whether or not it's the atom bomb's fault.

"The safari business is booming, and is patronized largely by old boys with prominent veins and potbellies, men trying to torture themselves into a misty remembrance of things past.

"You never see any bluebirds any more, and the red-headed woodpeckers have joined the dodo. Things are definitely not the same as when I was a lad, and if you asked me right smart how many miles I walked to school through snow I would probably top the Old Man and say, 'Twenty.'

HE CONFESSED this to be a boy's lie because all the time he had a bicycle and the schoolhouse Ruark attended was just around the corner.

"It wasn't red either," he wrote in *The Old Man's Boy Grows Older*. "That was the color of the seventh-grade teacher's hair at just about the time the birds and the bees took on a slightly different significance. Come to think of it,

Ken Irving is not one to retire

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After Spud Express, Jillana produced Speedy Money, (4) 2:05; Speedy Cash, (4) 2:05.3; Time Express, (4) 2:08; Jolly Good Time, who clocked at 2:04.1 at Scarborough and has since been racing at St. John.

After six straight studs, Jillana foaled three fillies. The first was Speedy Jill, by Nansemond. She had a three-year-old mark of 2:04.1 on a one-half mile track and was a dominant factor in the 1978 stakes program, earning in excess of \$18,000.

Next came Most Happy Jill, daughter of Most Happy Fella, who marked a 2:08 at Topsham as a three-year-old.

The third filly was by Most Happy Fella, Most Happy Jillana. Injured as a two-year-old, Most Happy Jillana is back in foal to Nansemond and training for the Maine circuit this year.

Making the scene this year is another Harold J. colt out of Jillana, Spuds Shadow, who looks promising to the Irvings. Jillana has produced another yearling, by Nero, called Nero Power and just recently delivered her ninth stud colt in 12 consecutive yearling offsprings. This last one by Precious Fella was born at the Dana Irving Farm in Pennsylvania. Jillana is currently booked to Scarlet Skipper, one-half brother to Nansemond, Isle of Wight, South Hampton and Richmond. Scarlet Skipper is by Meadow Skipper.

Ken Irving established himself in his chosen field, not without developing some detractors from his accomplishments, but the veteran Aroostook County horseman says, "You have to have a little ice water in your veins to survive in this business."

And now another Irving is making his presence known on the harness scene, Ken's grandson, Scott, who has been training the last few months at Cumberland and is now stabled at Bangor Raceway. Scott has the same quiet temperament as his grandfather and the Irving chain will continue unimpaired for years to come.

Ken Irving last sat a sulky eight years ago, covering the Northern Maine Fair oval with Speedy Money in 2:15. This gentle horseman still visits the barns on a regular basis offering advice to those who are eager to receive his expertise. . . . a veteran craftsman who will never retire.

An adventure in good reading and for this one night in camp anyway, I did not miss getting my hands on the day's latest newspapers.

LITTERBUGGING: Since the bottle bill took over and swiftly showed the way by partly cleaning up our state, very little has been said here on the need for outdoor people cleaning up their litter. But we're showing signs of going back to some old habits.

In the last month, several campsites and lunch grounds we've stopped at have been terribly abused.

Litter can spoil fishing, hunting, boating and picnicking. Surprisingly enough the litterbugs are fishermen, hunters, campers and picnickers.

Let your conscience guide you and please leave the beautiful spots of our state even more beautiful by picking up the rubbish.

Remember: Do carry a travel-trash bag or container in your boat or car for proper disposal later; do prevent the discharge of oil and gasoline into waters where they will kill fish, animals and plant life; do clean up all picnic and camp sites; do report any case of stream pollution to city, town or state authorities; do not be a trail-blazer, leaving an unsightly path of refuse over hill and dale across the State of Maine or for that matter, anywhere else.

INSIDE MAINE: For the fourth year, the International Backpackers' Association is recruiting volunteers to work during the summer of 1980. Volunteers are needed to work in U.S. National forests in northern U.S., Montana and Idaho. Yearly the forests seek volunteers to help build, clean and repair trails. Additionally, some work involves building fire control units, erosion control, studying wildlife habitats and other phases of land management. For detailed information, write the IBA, P.O. Box 85, Lincoln Center, Me. 04458 . . . Rae Jean and Bob

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