

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Two Ways Of Life

It seems to me that, despite the inroads made by easy communications and transportation, the ancient mistrust between rural dweller and city dweller is still very much alive. Each feels that the other is out to skin him at the first opportunity. Each expresses it in scorn for the other's way of life.

"I wooden live in the siddy if ya gimme the whole lousy mess on a silver platter," snorts your smalltown neighbor.

This statement, echoed from coast to coast, is usually followed by a bitter diatribe against "city living." High rents, crippling taxes, heavy traffic, smog and unfriendliness come under the gun. Cost of living draws comments like, "Costs ya a buck every time ya blow yer nose."

And what does the smug suburbanite think of the country? "Ya, I KNOW it's nice in the summer up north there, but wuddaya do all WINTER in that dump?" There's no use in pointing out that you do exactly what he does: work, play, bring up your family, try to pay your bills, and get so soon old, so late, smart.

On most matters, I take a stand. But in the denunciation of the other fellow's mode of life, I take two stands.

The first is gentle agreement with my smalltown friends. I go along with the belligerent argument that the city is no place to live; that I'd hate to battle that traffic everyday; that living is cheaper in a smaller centre; that our air is a lot cleaner; that it's wonderful to live within five minutes of fishing, curling, golf and friends.

And when I'm listening to some old buddy who lives in the city and loves it, I nod sagely when he declares the city is an exciting place to live; that it's wonderful to take in all the shows and concerts; that it's grand to go out for an exotic meal in a fascinating place, with go-go girls and stuff; that the small town doesn't provide the same cultural opportunities for your kids.

Privately, I chuckle at both points of view. Both are full of contradictions.

The city fellow claims there's

no privacy in a small town. Every old biddy in town knows your business. The smalltown chap explodes, "Privacy! How can you have privacy in the city when you're stuffed into a crowded apartment building, or living on a two-by-four lot beside people you don't like who have horrible kids?"

The smalltown fellow raves about the mythical "rat-race" in the city. And goes out and roars around in service clubs and fraternal organizations and athletic clubs and church groups at a rate no city rat could stand for a month.

The myths multiply. The city stands for culture. And in a city of a million, theatres are half empty, concerts play to small crowds, good restaurants go broke, a few hundred attend art exhibitions.

The small town stands for recreation and good living. And in a small town, one-tenth of two per cent. of the population is revelling in that fishing, hunting and so on that's at the front door. The rest are doing what the city folk do: drink, chase women or men, or sit around watching the slop on the moron machine.

When we drive to the city, as we do almost every Saturday for the daughter's music lesson, the whole business is brought into perspective for me, on the unlikely site of a four-lane highway.

Down to the city, on one stream, pour the thousands of smalltown folk going in for a day to shop, take in a show, suck up some fast culture.

Up from the city, in the other stream, pour the thousands of people going north for the skiing or the fishing or the swimming or the scenery.

They don't even wave to each other. If it's so great at home, why don't they stay there?

And do you know what they say when they get home after the weekend? "Boy, it's nice to be home. It was a great weekend, but I sure wooden wanna live in the (city-country)." Please underline the right word.

Toronto Telegram News Service



MRS. LEGAULT HEADS ROSSPORT ALTAR SOCIETY

St. Berchman's Altar Society met in Mrs. Lespaneski home at the Forestry Depot for the annual meeting and election of officers. Following prayers president Mrs. Herb Legault reported on the spring tea and sale. Secretary Mrs. Eugene Gerow read minutes and correspondence and the treasurer reported on the year's fund raising and expenditures which showed \$1079 raised - \$998 spent and \$79.94 left to begin the 1966-67 activities.

In the president's summary she listed purchasing a statue, color glass windows, a Holy Water Font and Sacrament Table, new cement walk, candles and church supplies purchased, church cleaned and altar linen once a week--a general church cleaning in Spring and Fall--Get-Well and Mass cards mailed, bingo and penny auction prizes donated by members, confirmation and first communion classes taught, graveyard and church grounds cleaned and landscaped, fence painted, Christmas Hampers, windows painted, fuel oil purchased, flowers for altar, floor covering and new linen. All this was done by eight women and financed by ten money raising projects. Mrs. Legault thanked the members for their co-operation and Mrs. E. Gerow moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Legault for her capable leadership and guidance.

It was decided to make plans for the next project at the June meeting.

Election of officers took place with the following results:- President, Mrs. H. Legault for fourth year. Vice-president, Mrs. Mac Hubelit - Secretary, B. Lespaneski and Treasurer Mrs. Felix Legault - 4th term. The auditors are Mrs. Todesco and Mrs. Lespaneski--re-elected.

Following closing exercises the hostess served luncheon.

Lorne Molinski has returned from a business trip to Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Mushqush with Joyce and Ron Lani-gan spent the weekend in Geraldton.

John Douglas of Webbwood is visiting his sister, Mrs. C. Todesco.

The Lighthouse maintenance boat, the Nokomis, was here over the weekend while servicing the Battle Island light and shoal markers.

Mrs. H. Legault, Mrs. Len Ibey, Mrs. Tom Yandon with Naomi and Wayne left Tuesday for Port Arthur.

Mrs. Chas Todesco was at the Lakehead this week for medical attention.

If you think a woman driving a car can snarl traffic, you ought to see a man pushing a cart in a supermarket.