

BY BILL SMILEY

No Expo For Me

We've been talking about it for a long time. It would mean a major upheaval in the family. But it's two against one, and this is a democracy. Unless, of course, your wife happens to constitute the minority.

Today I applied for an exchange teaching job, for one year, in the United Kingdom. I must be out of my mind, but I did.

Daughter Kim is all for it. With the adventurous spirit of the young, and their complete lack of participation in all the work involved, she glows at the prospect.

After all, England is the land of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the highest mini-skirts.

England, as the song says, swings like a pendulum do. That's for Kimbo.

She'd like nothing better than to spend a year abroad. Not acquiring a broad education. Never! She looks upon education as small boys do upon washing: the squarest and most useless thing foisted on the young by stupid, loving parents.

No, what she'd like to pick up in England is a Carnaby st. wardrobe and a Liverpool accent, so that she could knock the local kids dead when she comes home. The "mod" look of Carnaby is bad enough, but the dialect of the Liverpoolian is surely the ugliest in the world, outside the pure Hottentot.

What she doesn't picture, and I haven't the heart to tell her, is the truth. If the deal goes through, a year from now she'll be wading through the fog in Little Muddling, or climbing the cliffs on the Isle of Mull, complete with rubber boots, raincoat and sou'wester, approximately 3,000 social miles from the England and London's West End.

My wife blows hot and cold. One week, when things are particularly obnoxious around here, she's fairly keen. She sees a snug cottage, with vines and a cozy fireplace, shining brass, and an English garden out back. She envisages a jaunt into London every week end, for piano lessons, concerts, lunch, and the theatre.

The next week, she's been talking to someone who has just spent a year there and was

half-frozen for 12 months. Or she says flatly, "If you think I'm going to leave my comfortable home, treasured piano students, and all my friends, to go and live in some cold, clammy dump among a lot of strangers, etc. etc."

Sometimes, she wavers, and asks me what England is really like. The trouble is, I haven't been there for over 20 years. About all I can do is describe some first-rate pubs, and tell her how easy it was to lose your girl in the fog or blackout, unless you clung to her. Somehow, these descriptive gems don't fan her ardor for the trip.

As I said, no one in his right mind wants to spend a year in the U.K. I know I'll come home either riddled with rheumatism, or in a wooden box with a sheen of fog on it.

And it isn't sentiment. Admittedly, there are a few old pubs I'd like to re-visit. But they've probably changed into raucous road-houses that serve martinis instead of half-and-half, and the waitresses are insolent pups instead of buxom barmaids who called you "Luv", or "Ducks."

And there are a few old girlfriends I'd like to re-visit. But a friend of mine did this last year, taking his wife along. Somehow, he said, there was a lack of rapport. And they were all so old. And, even worse, they thought he was old.

And I sure as heck don't want to go and stand on some deserted, dilapidated air-drome and think of the old days. Old runways are for the birds, who make much better landings on them than I ever did.

No, what sparks my desire to go away for a year is none of these. It is the thought of spending the whole of Centennial Year in Canada.

Now, I love this land. But the idea of an entire year of having Expo rammed down my throat, of watching municipalities solemnly snip the ribbon at such sparkling centennial projects as the new public lavatories, or the new parking lot, makes me want to throw up.

And what better place to do that than the U.K., where I must admit I have done it before, on a number of occasions, after an evening of warm pints of bitters.

SCHREIBER NEWS - (cont'd from Page 14)

Mr. & Mrs. Lester McCuaig in Atikokan with Mr. & Mrs. Chal. McCuaig; Spencer Wilson of Sioux Lookout and Stewart Wilson of Marathon with Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Simon; Mr. & Mrs. Peter Minoletti and Peter Jr. of Fort William with Mr. & Mrs. Innes West; Mr. & Mrs. John Didych of Fort William with Mr. & Mrs. Gerry Fisher and Mrs. & Mr. Harold Fisher; Mr. & Mrs. Jim McCuaig of Fort William with Mr. & Mrs. A.B. McCuaig; Mr. & Mrs. Ray Cote Mr. & Mrs. Barry Harper, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Weaver and daughter Billie all drove to North Bay to attend an RCAF ball with Flt. Sgt. Herb Foss and Mrs. Foss.

Mrs. E. Oulette is visiting in Montreal and will see Mrs. J. St. Pierre in Nicolet.

Mrs. Geo. Lehto and daughter Doris were in Prince George, B.C.

St. John's girls Auxiliary held their regular meeting January 8 when Heather Tremblay was elected Vice-President and Karen Glad, Treasurer. The girls planned a Centennial Tea for January 28 from 3-5p.m. Price 50¢. It is to be held in the Church Hall.

ANGLICAN AUXILIARY MEETING HELD

The Anglican Womens' Auxiliary at the regular January meeting made plans for their Shrove Tuesday Tea but this year the event will be held February 4 from 3-5.30p.m. in the church hall with Turkey paddies being served.

Mrs. J.D. Bryson gave an interesting paper on the life and work of Roberta Tilton founder of the Womens' Auxiliary.

Convenors were asked to have reports ready to present at the annual vestry meeting. Mrs. Bruce Lidkea was welcomed back after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. A.C. Rigelsford presided and Mrs. J. Corbett was lunch hostess.

ROSSPORT NEWS

Mr. & Mrs. T. Seppala have returned from Port Arthur where Mr. Seppala was a patient in hospital.

Mr. & Mrs. M. Hubelit and Mrs. Dan Gerow left Monday for Port Arthur owing to the death of an uncle and former Rosspport resident, Mr. Frank Gerow. Mrs. Eugene Gerow and Mrs. Herb Legault also attended the funeral.

Miss Joyce Mushqush and Ronald Lanigan have returned to Ottawa.

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