

**SCHREIBER NEWS**

Mr. Caccamo noting that this is the 18th cup presented said that the Centennial which the baby is to receive had not yet arrived. Mrs. R.W. Turner presented a gift from the Kinettes after which Mrs. Harvey McCanna, president, Mrs. Ken Williamson and Mrs. Harvey Stephenson, presented the beautiful array of gifts donated by local merchants. After Mrs. Borutski had thanked the members for the party, and for the individual gifts they each brought, tea was served from a table centred with a centennial cake made for the baby by Mrs. Jack Corbett.

**ROSSPORT NEWS**

Mrs. M. Lostracco leaves Thursday to reside with her daughter Mrs. Lang in Schreiber.

Mrs. Anne Todesco was a business visitor to Port Arthur this week.

John Zurba of Port Arthur made a business trip here Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Langtree were Nipigon visitors on the weekend.

Over the weekend the sportsmen of the village were off to their favorite lake or stream for trout. Most of them had a successful trip.

Wm. Schelling had a crew of men on the weekend cutting the annual ice harvest. In former years the men used teams of horses to scrape the snow off the ice and cut the blocks by hand hauling it up the ramp to the ice house by block, tackle and horse power. Today the operation is completely mechanized. A bull dozer is used to clear the ice of snow, the ice is cut by a machine and loaded on trucks by an overhead loader and taken to the ice house where it is packed in layers of sawdust.

Mrs. A. Rouble entertained the Five Hundred Card Club Wednesday evening with prizes going to Mrs. Hattie Yandon, Mrs. Joyce Yandon and Mrs. Prina Gerow. The hostess served refreshments.

The school board meeting was held Sunday evening with full attendance of trustees and Secretary. A water safety instruction course will be given to the school children in June before school closes for the term. A report was given on school supplies received. Property in arrears of taxes was discussed. The water supply received an excellent report.

Jack Spillet and Chas. Todesco curled in the Knights of Columbus and Masonic Lodge members friendly bonspiel in Schreiber on Saturday.

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**SUGAR AND SPICE -- By Bill Smiley****Canvassers gripe me**

I don't know whether it's the weather, but certain species proliferate in this country with the rapidity of rabbits. One is the chairman of committees. There's one for every snowbank in the nation. Another is the guest speaker. There's one at the bottom of every barrel. And another is the canvasser. In some smaller communities, there are more canvassers than non-canvassers.

A canvasser is a weak-willed person who can be talked into asking other people for money for a "Good Cause," or even, more popularly, a "Worthy Cause." The number of Worthy Causes in this country is only exceeded by the number of backboneless birds of both sexes who allow themselves to be put on the list of canvassers.

And I know whereof I speak. In my day I have canvassed for the blind, the retarded, the resort owners, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and eleven other Worthy Causes. About the only thing I haven't done is sell cookies for the Girl Guides.

And I've hated every minute of it. The trouble is that the average Canadian citizen heartily detests the handing over of cash for an intangible. At heart he's a generous soul. He knows the Red Cross does good work, that something should be done for the blind and that we need a school for retarded children.

But he can't eat them, smoke them, drink them, or even attach them to his car. Therefore, the fellow who will fling down a ten in the liquor store as though he grew the lettuce, will dourly, head shaking, peel of a couple of thin one-spots for the Sally Ann. The housewife, who buys her weeds by the carton, will spend 20 minutes looking for two quarters for the Cancer Society.

And I know just how they feel. I'm the same.

Some day, somebody is going to rap at my door for a Bad Cause: a free crock a day for alcoholics; a clinic for potential pool players; a home for unwed fathers. And I'm going to hand over \$20 cash without quivering an eyelid.

This preamble, as you have probably gathered, is because I got suckered once again into canvassing for a Good Cause.

This time, it's a community swimming pool. A year-round

pool, already. There's a good-sized lake within the town limits. We live on the shore of the biggest fresh-water bay in the world. Six miles away is one of the Great Lakes, with miles of safe, sand beaches. But the kids have to be able to swim in the winter.

Next summer, I'll probably be canvassing for a summer ski hill, with artificial snow. For the kids.

Maybe it was the sheer audacity of this campaign that grabbed me. This is no picking up \$800 for the blind, or \$500 for the crippled children. They want over a quarter of a million. The resultant campaign is a combination of The Night of the Long Knives and the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

**What it amounts to is \$30 for every man, woman and child in town. Non-realistic, you say? Nonsense. All it takes is enough canvassers, and they will cove the citizenry into coughing up.**

My first night out was a typical. Six calls to make. First place, nobody home. Second place, no such address. Third place, a response. A chap on shift work tottered down, in his pyjamas and snarled the party I was seeking lived next door. Called on him. "Wouldn't give you a plugged nickel," he said, "but my wife said she'd give two bucks."

At the fifth place, I rang and rang. No answer. I looked in the window. The householder was lying on the chesterfield. There was an empty glass beside him. I threw snow at the window. No response. I kicked the door four times. I left.

But I struck it rich at the last place. Caught both husband and wife at home. A very modest home. Gave my sales pitch with fervor, enthusiasm and sincerity. They admitted they had five kids, agreed they would use the pool, and looking a bit troubled, but game, pledged \$50 a year, for three years.

Returned, triumphant, to make my report. "Oh, yes, good old Jimmy," chortled an old-timer on canvassing. "He pledges for everything, from church to paying his taxes. Has been on welfare for two years. Can't hold a job more than a week."