

Manuel McCouan of Toronto and Earl McCouan of Windsor have been home visiting their father Manuel McCouan Sr., who is in Terrace Bay Hospital.

Mrs. Jim Smart has left for a two month visit in Leslie, Fifeshire, Scotland. This is her first visit back home since she came to Canada 19 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Shantz, nee Gloria Taylor, of Revelstoke, B.C. visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris and other old friends this week, enroute to Expo.

Mrs. Wilfred McLaughlan and son Mitchell have returned to London after spending a month with Mrs. McLaughlan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCuaig.

The Royal Canadian Legion will hold Open House and serve tea on Sunday afternoon, July 2, as part of the Schreiber re-union program. They are also entering a Float in the parade.

Following community worship in the high school on Sunday evening, Reeve F.V. Harness will give the civic welcome to the visitors and several presentations will take place and various boards will be presented.

The prizes for the best picture taken during the event will be \$25 for the best group of six photos, \$10 for the second prize in this category and \$5.00 for the best single picture.

ROSSPORT NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Tim Rowe (nee Peggy Walton) of Port Arthur were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gerow, enroute to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon.

Dr. G. Harold and Wm. Borsum of Appleton, Wisc. are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. Seppala.

Mrs. Peter Testori, Mrs. E. Gerow and children spent the weekend with friends at MacDiarmid.

Mrs. N. Shingler of Port Stanley, Ont. and Mrs. S. McNaughton of St. Thomas were here last week on holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Huting of Peconica, Ill. accompanied by Mrs. Ethel Ball of Oregon, Ill., arrived Sunday on Vacation.

E. Clark of Winnipeg, H. J. Spence and J. Ward of Ottawa and B. A. Demas of Regina, Sask. were business visitors here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cote of Nipigon spent the weekend with the Ray family.

Gerry Bouchard left Sunday for White River where he will join the Dept. of Lands & Forests depot.

John Agamay of Longlac visited the Mushqush family over the weekend.

By BILL SMILEY

The annual sucker play

Tranquillity is the most evasive thing in the world. At least, it is if you have a family. There must be a few rich, happy bachelors who can put their feet up, read a book and take a trip without becoming involved in several hundred irritations.

Every spring I go through the same routine, and I can't understand why an intelligent man can be so stupid and suckered annually. All it proves to me is that experience teaches you nothing, contrary to the old saw.

Each year, May beckons like a beautiful maiden clad in the flimsiest of draperies. Every year I pursue her, panting (or puffing). And each year she turns out to be an old bat garbed in potato sacks, with a wart on her nose, falsies, and bad breath.

The worst of the Winter's grind is over. And I look for green leaves and a warm breeze, for a soft rain and a warm sun, for a little cool fishing and some hot golf, a little puttering in the yard. Nothing, wild, colorful or exotic. Just a touch of tranquillity. And every May it eludes me with the ease an eel would elude an elephant.

Mostly, it's the Old Lady's fault. Like many women, she begins to see all that shabbiness, in the yellow Spring sunlight, and acts accordingly. For a solid month, I've been looking at drapery material, wallpaper and chesterfield covering. Saturday night, I'd had enough. I told her flatly that I didn't care if she decorated the whole house in pink and purple, but to include me out.

Then I get a one-hour lecture, citing various neighbors and brothers-in-law, on my short-comings as a husband. So I finally tell her which of the materials I detest. And then she tells me what rotten taste I have.

And I bridle. Yes, I literally bridle. It's quite a trick. I tell her I like the chesterfield as it is. We've only had it 16 years. I ask her what's wrong with the drapes we have? I refuse to admit the rug needs cleaning. And then, as they say, the fat is in the fire, sputtering in all directions and burning painfully when it hits.

And I stomp out into the backyard, quivering with rage, and fear, and glare at the "compost heap"; a pile of old leaves and stones I didn't get raked last fall. And she stomps right after me and glares at me. And I stomp right in again and blurt defiantly, "Well, have it your own way, dear."

That's the only way to settle that. And I thought everything was cleared up and I might get a smidgeon of tranquillity. What a hope. Our prodigal turned up the next day, and we had to kill a roast of beef. And I was expected to take him aside and have a "good talk" with him and "straighten him out."

He was tanned and fit, with a beard that makes him look like a minor prophet. Had just had a pleasant six weeks, bumming around Mexico and the Southern states. Worked for his keep, here and there, from selling fruit in a market to being a servant for a wealthy couple. He's 19.

Had broken a finger, Indian wrestling on the beach at Acapulco. A Mexican doctor set it, badly, and it has to be rebroken and reset.

How do you have a "good, straight talk" with a kid who just grins, listens to the blast, and says, politely, "Dad, I have all my life to go to college and settle down to a job and raise a family. What's the rush?" What, indeed?

It offends my puritan upbringing, the whole protestant ethic of hard work, and the capitalist-materialist outlook of our society. But I can't help a sneaking agreement with him.

I've been hacking away for 20 years, and have wound up with a couple of kookie kids, a kookie wife, a car owned by the bank, a good-sized mortgage and a job that is draining my life away, drop by drop. What, indeed, is the rush?

Oh, well. Now the family has decided we're going to Expo, and there goes the last hope of a modicum of tranquillity. And what the heck! Tranquillity is for old guys. And I ain't an old guy, he said shakily.

There's always next Spring.