

ROSSPORT NEWS (continued)

George E. Paradise of Sioux City, Iowa has arrived for his annual visit with Mr. & Mrs. J. Spillet.

Evolde Luisis and family of Detroit, Mr. & Mrs. L. Ellis of Columbus, Ohio and the J.J. Taylor family of Detroit Michigan are holidaying here.

The Centennial Committee met Monday evening to make final arrangements for their tea and antique display in the Community Hall Sunday afternoon July 16. Decorations were discussed and convenors for the various projects appointed. Canadiana articles such as quilts, driftwood, crochet, knitted articles etc. are to be displayed also. Members will wear Centennial costumes and visitors are asked to wear theirs if so desired. A hundred notices and invitations to former residents have been mailed. Arrangements were made for pastry to be made.

The Community hall directors committee had charge of the Dominion Day sports program. All prizes were in cash and each child received treats of ice cream and pop.

The program was from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Official starter was Felix Legault. Judges were Eugene Gerow, Peter King, Tom Yandon and Romeo Bouchard. Treats were distributed by Mrs. E. Gerow. Cashiers were Mrs. Yandon and records were kept by Mrs. Ibey and Mrs. Testori.

Races of all kinds, a shoe scramble and leap frog were enjoyed by all the youngsters.

ROSSPORT FISH DERBY GETS UNDER-WAY

The 30th Annual Rossport Fish Derby got off to a good start over the holiday weekend. Again this year the Derby will run for two months - July & August with weekly prizes given for Lake Trout caught in Lake Superior.

The prize for the current week is a fly-in Fishing Trip donated by Weiben's Flying Service and the big draw prize this year is \$1,000.

Hauling a boat and trailer on busy highways increases the hazards of driving. The added length and weight requires earlier decisions and more time to implement them. It takes longer to stop and more room to manoeuvre, so keep your speed down and leave more space between you and other traffic. Stop at regular intervals to check running gear.

SPORTS BEAT**By Glen May****The golf widows**

The loneliest person in the world each weekend from Spring to Autumn is the wife of a golfer, or as we have come to know them today in this age of motorized caddies, golf widows.

From Friday night until the late news is aired on television Sunday night the little ladies are left to fend for themselves. About their only solution to the problem is to take up the game and join hubby touring the links.

At the start this usually works out peachy keen, but when the initial "thrill" wears off on both sides it's separate ways again. Naturally the little lady doesn't have to return to the vacuum cleaner and kitchen sink. Ah no, she can continue to join the other gals for a match or two, or perhaps, take a job in the clubhouse serving cocktails.

However, there's just no way for a husband and wife to enjoy the luxury of being together for golfing weekends as a steady diet. For some inexplicable reason the comradeship becomes about as compatible as a bikini on a pregnant woman.

About the only hope for a golfing widow is rain, snow, hail or a sand storm. Then, and only then, do they see their husbands. And they can join their mate for a quiet afternoon sitting unnoticed as hubby watches a golf match on TV. Conversation is limited as she is only spoken to when food and drink is required.

If she wants to chatter she is politely told to shaddup!

She is transformed into a little child which should be seen and not heard.

When golf ends on TV the little lady gives a sign of relief and is overjoyed at the prospect of again joining the human race. Ha! After earnestly combining all of her culinary powers she prepares a meal fit for a sultan, but her Arabian

Shiek is nowhere to be found. Panic.

After reconotoiring the entire area she decides to make one last patrol of the backyard. Success. Well, not really. As the medium-well steaks simmer to a black color she begins to implore hubby to put down his three iron and come inside to eat as supper will be ruined and he looks like an idiot wearing hip rubbers and a raincoat standing under the family elm.

This verbal barrage by the Mrs. uncovers a flaw in the normal rhythmic swing and a disasterious hook sends the ball rocketing off the tee in the wrong direction. It wasn't scheduled to be hit. The plan called for a few practice swings with the three iron attempting to duplicate Arnie Palmer's method.

A loud tinkle of broken glass. A look of anguish. The next door neighbor is climbing over the fence. Good friends are about to become bitter enemies. Money exchanges hands.

And who gets the blame? Yep, you guess it — the little lady. If she hadn't opened her big yap at the wrong time it never would have happened, etc.

Sunday and the sun shines. Wife awakes to find her mate missing. A search party isn't necessary as a glance at her watch reveals her man should be around the fourth green.

In the cool of the evening her weary warrior straggles through the front door bellowing for something to eat.

A wry smile creases her face as she heads to the refrigerator and places a plate full of food on the table. He looks at the meal — jolted — suddenly aware of an important fact.

In the true manner of a loyal sufferget this golf widow has revolted in the only way she knows. Saturday night's dinner late Sunday night. To succeed is to fight.