

ROSSPORT NEWS

Sherry Bodnar of Fort William is visiting her grand parents Mr. & Mrs. H. Lif this week.

Mrs. Len Ibey is holidaying with relatives in Kenora and Winnipeg.

The teacher for the school term, Mrs. Matchett of Peterboro, Ontario arrived Saturday to settle in and familiarize herself with the school and community before school opening.

Adolph King and grand-son Scotty King of Mac Diarmid were guests of Prina and Eugene Gerow. Scott's parents Mr. & Mrs. Peter King were in Sudbury and Espanola.

Mr. E. Seppala and daughter Mrs. Mary Mac-Donald of Port Arthur spent the weekend with Mr. & Mrs. T.F. Seppala at the Inn.

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Spencer and family are holidaying in Western Canada.

Guests with the Herb Legault family this week were Mr. & Mrs. Dusome, Mr. & Mrs. J. Bussey and children of Fort William.

Mrs. Isadore Ray and children of Port Coldwell are visiting Alfred Ray this week.

Geo. Watt who had been visiting Mr. & Mrs. Felix Legault the past week left Thursday for London, Ontario.

Mr. & Mrs. E. Legault and son Peter left on a trip to Minneapolis and Shell Lake, Minn.

Winner of the prize for largest fish last weekend was Cliff Freeman of Birchwood, Wisconsin. Only one prize was offered, a wrist watch donated by J. Southern of Scheley Distillers.

The Geo. Wardrope Park is practically completed. The ground has been levelled, swimming pool deepened, trees underbrushed, picnic tables set up and two flagpoles up.

Mr. & Mrs. W.G. Marenger of Sault Ste. Marie are visiting relatives at the Forestry Base at Pays Plat.

PORT ARTHUR RESIDENT KILLED NEAR SCHREIBER

The first fatal accident this year occurred Monday morning, August 28 at 7 a.m., 3-1/2 miles west of Schreiber.

A 1966 Chevelle driven by William Terrance O'Leary, 18, of Port Arthur went into a trailer loaded with cement blocks being hauled by a truck owned by the Anderson Block and Tile Company, Fort William, driven by Guiseppe Menna of Port Arthur. Mrs. Yoshiko Joyce O'Leary was killed in the crash. Terrace O'Leary is in Terrace Bay
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by Bill Smiley

The Expo trail

Well, Expo is all they say it is. It's fantastic and fabulous, exhausting and expensive. It's got everything from Saturday night in Hayfork Centre to a round-the-world cruise in your private yacht.

It's true that the line-ups are long at some of the pavilions, but you can easily get around this. Some people put on a walking cast and are ushered to the head of the line. Others use a wheel-chair. Or you can buy a sailor suit. Visiting sailors march straight to the head of the line, wink at the girl, and walk in.

One chap I know spent two hours in a line-up with no strain at all. He was organized. He set up his folding stool, sat down, put on dark glasses to make him think he was in a bar, and opened the quart-size thermos of ice-cold martinis which he had prudently brought along. All about him people were cursing, fainting and wishing they were home in bed. He killed the quart and never did make the pavilion, but he made a lot of life-long friends when he shared his portion, and still claims it was the best party he was ever at.

Another middle-aged friend, whose only normal exercise is walking out to the car, went to Expo with his son, fifteen. The boy is a fiend for organization and had a series of plans and time-charts worked out. They covered 57 pavilions in two days. Thoroughly. Three weeks later, the old man is still limping, clutching his chest in the region of his heart, and you can make him jump two feet straight up merely by uttering the word "pavilion."

One way of getting around smartly, saving time, and giving your dogs a rest is to hire a pedi-cab. This is a rickshaw-type vehicle propelled by a youth on a bicycle. Holds two. And it's only 25 cents a minute. Come now, don't be so cheap. Normally, it costs you forty cents just to climb into a taxi and the surly driver cowers you into tipping him for not helping you with your luggage.

One thing you can say about Expo is that nowhere in the world can you get so much for so little. And so little for so much. The first applies to all the wonderful free entertain-

ment, the sights and sounds. The second applies to liquid refreshment.

Many people feel it's a great pity that these magnificent buildings should simply be demolished when the fair ends. Some think it would make a fine university. Others believe it could become a great international centre for the exchange of ideas and cultures. Something like the United Nations, without the scab-picking and back-stabbing.

Montreal, which had the imagination and guts to create the thing, will probably salvage something. Toronto would solve the problem with dispatch. The whole thing would be knocked down smartly to make a super parking lot.

Whatever happens, I hope they don't take it away until we get there. What's that? You thought we'd been? Oh, no. We're just getting packed at the moment.

You don't have to go to Expo to write a column about it. I could write a book. The country is full of Expo experts who are only too ready to fill you in on everything about it, after spending two bewildered days there. We've been hearing about Expo from friends, relatives, neighbours, and casual acquaintances until we have Czech blown glass coming out our ears.

It's rather amusing to have people who have never seen anything bigger than the county fair dismissing the Russian pavilion as "brittle" or "ponderous," or praising the British pavilion as "subtle" or "wonderfully understated." They've picked up these expressions from the critics and are going to use them even if it makes you throw up.

Everything we've heard about it has been contradictory, from the availability of lavatories to the price of meals. However, that's life, that's people, and that's probably Expo.

Today we leave. We're all set. My wife hasn't slept for two nights and has a blister on her heel. Kim has a fallen arch. I have a vicious corn on the ball of my foot. But never mind that. It's the spirit that counts. And ours are very low.