

DUQUETTE-MACLEOD NUPTIALS (from Page 13)

Hamilton, Mrs. C. Semple and Mrs. Kathy Mc-Millan.

Out of town guests included, Mr. & Mrs. P. Caron, Mrs. K. Creighton of Kenora, Mr. & Mrs. G. Robinson of Buckingham, Quebec, Mr. & Mrs. H. Ballard of Moose Lake, Minnesota, Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie, Wawa; Mr. & Mrs. W. Colborne, Port Arthur; Mr. & Mrs. L. Morin, Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Moroney and family of Port Arthur; Mr. Evander Nicolson, Port Arthur.

ROSSPORT NEWS

Holiday visitors to the village included Mr. & Mrs. Alf Bull and family of Kenora with the Len Ibey. Mr. & Mrs. Armand Huard and family of Marathon with the Romeo Bouckards, Mr. & Mrs. Tony Minoletti of Port Arthur with the Peter Testori family, Adolph King and Scott King of MacDiarmid with Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Gerow, Mr. & Mrs. W. Greer of Port Arthur with the Dave Mushqush family, Mr. & Mrs. J. Nemeth and family of Manitouwadge with Bob Wesley.

Mrs. Len Ibey has returned from a holiday with relatives in Winnipeg, Kenora and Red Lake.

Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Legault and son Peter have returned from a holiday in U.S.A. Peter has remained at the Lakehead enrolled in Hillcrest High School for the coming term.

Sven Lif of Red Lake visited his parents Mr. & Mrs. Herb Lif.

Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Hubelit of Wawa spent the holiday weekend with his parents Mr. & Mrs. M. Hubelit and camped on Wilson Island.

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Spillett were Lakehead visitors this week.

Miss Maxine Hubelit has returned from a holiday at Sault Ste. Marie and Wawa.

Mr. & Mrs. R.T. Kenney returned Saturday to Terrace Bay where Mr. Kenney is principal of St. Martin's School.

PARK DEDICATION (from Page 12)

Assistant Chief Ranger Ken Bowlier of the Dept. of Lands and Forests, Hon. Geo. Wardrope and Mrs. Wardrope.

Mr. Kenney referred to the new park as a diamond in the rough but praised the Department of Lands and Forests, Department of Highways and Junior  
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by **Bill Smiley**

**Me a hippy?**

Every so often I experience an overwhelming urge to throw everything to the winds, run away, and become a middle-aged hippy.

Those kids have the world by the tail. With the rest of us, it's the world that has us by the tail, and does the twisting.

Think of those lucky bums. No taxes, no insurance premiums, no shaving every morning, no handing over a buck and a half for a haircut.

The hippies have abdicated from a society that has no reality for them, a society in which they see precious little love and honesty and a great deal of hate and hypocrisy. They have said, "Include me out," and in many ways I don't blame them.

So let them grow their hair and beards. Let them have love-ins and smoke grass and give each other flowers and refuse to work. They're harmless compared to many people and things that are highly respected in our society.

But after the first, fine, careless rapture of seeing myself among the hippies, the cold wind of reason blows and I know I couldn't make the scene.

Oh, I could let the hair and beard sprout, get some purple pants and hide behind a pair of shades. I could look the part. But I'd never fit in. I don't have the hippy attitude or mentality or whatever it is. And it's all the fault of my parents.

They brain-washed me with a lot of Victorian cliches and puritan maxims that made me the warped, inhibited individual I am today. You know the sort of thing. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A stitch in time saves nine.

Pure poppycock, most of it. Fortunately, our own children have not allowed themselves to become indoctrinated. Try that rolling stone thing on Kim and she just hoots and points out how many million records the Rolling Stones made this year. The only "Stitch in Time" she knows is a rock-n-roll group by that name, and she thinks they're great.

My parents injected a lot of other hair-brained ideas into my innocent little skull. They

convinced me that you should do an honest day's work for a day's pay. That gives you some idea of how old-fashioned I am.

They said you should face your responsibilities, not run from them. That's another reason I'd never make it as a hippy. I'd be completely out of tune.

They believed in helping people who needed it. My mother must have fed 2,000 hoboes during the depression. My father lost his business because he kept on giving credit to people who could never pay their bills.

They believed that you bore your troubles as best you could and did not inflict them on others. They told us, many times, that if you couldn't say something nice about a person, you shouldn't say anything about him.

They detested the idea of charity and fought tooth and nail, and successfully, to keep from going on relief. My mother sold home-made bread and Avon products, took in boarders and tourists. My dad, who couldn't sell air-conditioners in the Congo, took a series of humiliating jobs as a salesman on commission, fighting it out with younger, brasher men and selling almost nothing but his pride.

They believed in God and law and order and absolute honesty. They believed in neighborliness, but also in minding your own business. They believed in the family, in total abstinence, in good manners.

They believed in paying your bills and sweated agonies when there wasn't the money to do so. That's one thing that didn't rub off on me, thank goodness. I pay them, eventually, but I don't sweat in the interim.

And to tell the truth, I'm afraid a lot of the other things didn't take with me. I did have some resistance. But a lot of it did. Now, how could anybody be a hippy with a rotten upbringing like that?

So don't worry. If you come across a middle-aged hippy with a flower over his ear next time you're in San Francisco or Vancouver or Yorkville, I'm sorry, but it won't be me.

I was ruined by my parents.