

ROSSPORT NEWS

Mr. & Mrs. John Baxter from the Albany River are visiting Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Bouchard.

Mr. & Mrs. Mac Hubelit left Sunday to make the Lake Superior Circle Route visiting relatives and friends enroute.

Philip Foisey visited his wife in Sudbury over the weekend.

Toi Seppala Progressive Conservative candidate for Thunder Bay Riding started his tour around the riding Wednesday, September 20 with Mrs. Seppala accompanying him. They made trips to Shebandowan, Quetico, Raith, Savanne, English River and Whitefish Lake. He reported an excellent response towards continuing John Robart's Government.

Hall Directors Committee met Sunday in the school. A satisfactory report was heard on a recent bingo. It was noted that improvements were made on the hall kitchen, new roofing on the building and a new entrance platform and steps. Two flags are flown on a new flag pole. The flags were donated by Mayor Laskin of Port Arthur.

Mr. & Mrs. R. Gerow and family of Fort William visited relatives here over the weekend.

The Isadore Ray family of Coldwell have moved to Pays Plat section on the C.P.R.

Lenard Ibey is a patient in Terrace Bay hospital. Mrs. Ibey is visiting friends in Terrace Bay.

Mrs. Leo Conway and family of Red Rock are visiting relatives here.

Jos. Moses has returned to Heron Bay.

Mrs. J. King of Port Arthur accompanied her two grandsons here over the weekend. They are LSSW2 Jas. Johnson of C.F.B. Esquimalt C and Paddy Johnson of Port Arthur.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Douglas of Beardmore and Mrs. Arthur Douglas and daughter of MacDiarmid spent the weekend with Mr. & Mrs. C. Todesco.

CHURCH GROTTA DEDICATED

Before Mass Monday evening, Father Cano blessed the statue of St. Berchman standing in a grotto made of mauve amethyst stone from Rossport area. The statue is encircled with blue lights that remain lit all night and has a bronze plaque on the front stating the name and year the church was built. A procession, led by altar boys carrying the cross and holy water font, first communion class in white dress, members of the Altar Society carrying lighted candles and school children and parishoners left the church.

(see Page 16)

by Bill Smiley

The sweetheart of . . .

Some people take a beating and skulk away to lick their wounds. Not me. Like Dief, I believe that, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

Just to digress for a moment, didn't you admire the old leader's courage during that convention? Though he was caught in a web of his own creation, he had enough guts to die fighting, politically, rather than find for himself a soft spot to land on his last flight. And the mixed metaphor spotters can go to work on that one.

Back to business. You can't say I'm not game. Two years ago, I launched one member of the family into a university career. He went into orbit, tottered around in the stratosphere, ran out of fuel, fizzled, and sank, though not without a trace.

That was son Hugh. He did pretty well in high school. Scraped through first year college. Changed courses in second year. Lasted till late November. One day, after listening to a particularly putrid lecture — and you have no idea how numerous they are — he turned to a class-mate and said, "That's it. I can't take any more," walked out, and hasn't been back since.

After wintering in Mexico and other southern climes (during which he lived on grass for a three-day stretch) he came home for a while, with a busted finger. The pianist. Left in mid-summer, to get a job. A month later we had a card from Cape Cod, where he was about to get a job cutting fish, whatever that is.

Silence. This week we had a letter. He had a job at Ben's Delicatessen in Montreal, hoped to nail down something at Expo, and was planning to enroll at University of Mexico. Some time.

Undaunted I'm about to launch another missile at the university. Kim is too young to go, I wouldn't go back to University if they paid me \$100 a day, and there's only one other member of the family.

You're right. The Old Battleaxe is going to hack and hew her way through fourth year Honor English. She hopes.

Why? We marked our 21st anniversary the other day. Or, rather, the day after the other day, because we both forgot. And don't think that won't cost me. You'd think that, like most women, she'd be quite content to keep my nose to the grindstone and enjoy life.

The answers are several. First, she's one of those exasperating people who like to finish something they've begun, even if it's two decades later. Ridiculous, but that's the way she is.

So why didn't she finish her course in the first place? Well, to put it in the vernacular, she got a bun in the oven. The bun turned out to be our first-born. She struggled bravely to carry on at lectures, but decided that the bun, (now spelled bum), was more important than the Romantic Poets and the Modern Novel.

Secondly, the idea has been percolating for several years. She has too much intellectual curiosity to sink into the familiar morass of teas and bridge and curling and gold and gossip.

Thirdly, the kids are out of the shell. The son is a young rooster, the daughter a healthy chick. The days of diapers, bottles, Hallowe'en costumes and helping with homework are over.

And fourth, there's the economic factor. She has listened to me groan and crunch out of bed in the morning. She has taken a long, hard look at the bags under my eyes, the bulge under my belt. She has heard me hacking in the morning, wheezing after one flight of stairs. It's good insurance to have a college degree that will get you a job when Midas kicks the can.

She doesn't know it, but the minute she graduates, I retire.

So, it's Josephine College, off to lectures, full of ideals and worries about the mess she'll come home to every weekend.

There are only a few things that trouble me a trifle. I hope she isn't arrested in one of those student demonstrations. I hope she doesn't fall in love with a freshman. And I hope I can run that blasted washing-machine.