

## ROSSPORT NEWS

Alex Zwaresh returned Friday from a holiday in Vancouver.

Mr. & Mrs. Tom Yandon, Wayne & Naomi Yandon, Mrs. Hattie Yandon were Lakehead visitors last weekend.

Mr. & Mrs. Herb Lif spent the weekend in Atikokan.

Mr. & Mrs. R. Bouchard have returned from Toronto.

Mrs. W. Schelling left Sunday for Duluth, Minnesota.

Mrs. Mary Boudreau of Timmins is visiting her daughter Mrs. Dan Gerow and other relatives.

Mr. & Mrs. P. Testori are visiting friends at the Lakehead.

John Posin of Longlac is visiting relatives at Pays Plat Mission.

Vincent Nokanagos of Beardmore is visiting his parents at Gravel.

Mr. & Mrs. Ben Lespinski and daughters Nancy and Carol have returned from a week at Expo.

Len Ibey has returned from Terrace Bay hospital.

Mr. & Mrs. Bill Hubelit were Port Arthur visitors Thursday and Friday.

World Wide Communion Sunday was observed in the Rosspport Union Church Sunday afternoon at three o'clock with Rev. E. Prinselaar officiating.

Mr. & Mrs. T.F. Seppala left Monday for Manitowadge, White River, Marathon and other points in the Thunder Bay Riding for the Provincial election.

Harry Bain left Monday to spend the winter months at Dawson Court, Port Arthur. He was accompanied to the city by his son and wife, Mr. & Mrs. N. Bain.

The local Library Committee in conjunction with the Northwestern Regional Library System will hold a program of films, display of books, paintings, sculpture and recordings in Rosspport Union Church on Thursday, October 12 at 8 p.m. Lunch will be served.

A coffee party was held Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. & Mrs. C.W. Todesco for the Liberal candidate, Raymond Rudiak. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rudiak, his parents Mr. & Mrs. D. Rudiak of Marathon and campaign manager Geo. Pile.

# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



## My college co-ed

If you think it's tough trying to get a son or daughter ready for college, cooled out, and settled in, you should try it with a wife, who hasn't been there for 20 years.

It's an exhausting experience, emotionally and financially. All the kids want is that you should take all their stuff down, help unload it, press a large sum upon them, and disappear back to Hicksville, so you'll stop embarrassing them in front of their new class-mates.

With Momma it's not that simple. First comes the tremendous decision itself, comparable to Moses making up his mind to lead the "Children" back to the Promised Land. There are surges of confidence, but they are outweighed by sudden despairs.

"My brain is rusty. I'll never make it. They've probably lost my files. There'll be a rule refusing people over 30. The course is most likely a lot harder now. I'll feel like a fool with all those kinds in mini-skirts and eye-shadow." And so on.

You patiently point out that: rust can be removed; any half-wit can pass fourth year; universities never lose anything, except the letter you wrote them last week; she's more mature and the course will be a snap; she's better-looking now than she was in third year, away back.

Thus bolstered, she sends off the application. Nothing happens. Fear and frustration mount. So father has to write a letter in his inimitable style, with force and firmness. Straight back comes the good word.

This is the real crisis. She can't believe it! She's accepted. It's no longer castles in Spain. And the real panic begins.

"It's ridiculous. I can't leave you and Kim alone. You'll burn the house down. You'll forget to put out the garbage. You'll die of malnutrition. We can't afford it. You can't get along without me." And so on.

This, of course, is rank cowardice. She simply is afraid to get her feet wet in the big, cold world from which, like all

housewives, she has been sheltered all these years by guess who.

So she goes to visit her mother for three days, as a sort of trial run. Comes home and is a bit dashed to find the house still standing, garbage out on schedule, lawn cut, kitchen tidy and Kim and I living like Oriental potentates.

She had to save face and go through with it, but not before trying one more gambit. It was impossible financially. There was no way we could manage it.

Father points out that, with judicious borrowing, we can keep one of the family going to college. Since Hugh is no longer there, and in fact has a splendid job laying carpets, it might as well be she. This produces half a day's tears of mingled rage and grief over Hugh's quitting.

It also produces a guilt complex. She vows that nobody has ever lived as cheaply at college as she will. She's going to pig it in a grubby little room. All she needs is a sleeping-bag, card table, hot-plate and electric kettle. She'll walk miles to save carfare, hitch-hike home on week-ends.

Hah! Have you tried to rent a cheap little room lately? Father took mother to the city, and while she registered at the college, poured an ale and pored over the classified ads. Best he could find was a room, share bath and kitchen, at \$20 a week.

It wasn't bad. But there was a stumbling-block, as usual. The other inmates were college girls, and the landlady had an iron rule that no men, except her own husband were allowed inside the front door. She was inflexible. So was I. I'd planned to pad down with the old lady the odd weekend, saving the price of a hotel room.

To cut a long story to ribbons, the shabby little room first suggested has grown into an apartment, furnished. And I wouldn't tell my closest friend, let alone my banker, what the rent is.