

ROSSPORT NEWS (continued)

Lesley Milks, assistant to Municipal Engineer, Fort William was present. Discussions were heard on conditions of the streets in the village and possible repairs to be done. This was tabled for a later date. The executive was re-elected - T.F. Seppala, president, Kay Paulmert, Secretary-Treasurer, C. Todesco and Pat Auger, directors.

SCHREIBER NEWS

Mrs. Dick Sheedy of Petawawa spent a week with her sister, Mrs. John Spillane.

Mrs. J.D. Bryson is in Terrace Bay Hospital.

Mrs. Laureena Nase has returned to St. John, N.B. after a visit with her daughter Mrs. R. Turner and family.

Barbara Foster was the guest of Miss Doris McParland last week.

Mrs. Reg. Yates is a patient in the Port Arthur General Hospital.

Mrs. George Cataford has returned after a holiday in Boston, Mass. and cities in Eastern Ontario.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE SHOWN SLIDES

Fourteen members attended the November meeting of the Schreiber Women's Institute with Mrs. H. McCanna presiding.

Members answered roll call with postage stamps for the recording secretary and card secretary's use. Motto for the day was "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You".

A donation was made to the Canadian Save the Children Fund. Following the meeting Mrs. Joe Campbell showed slides and gave an interesting talk on a trip to New Zealand which she and Mr. Campbell made last winter to visit their daughter and son-in-law Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Miller.

Mrs. J.D. Bryson thanked Mrs. Campbell. A penny auction was then played convened by Mrs. Ken Williamson and Mrs. Keith Nesbitt.

LARGE CROWD ATTENDS C.W.L. BAZAAR

Mrs. D'Arcy McGuire received guests at the Christmas Tea and Bazaar held by the Catholic Women's League with an unusually large crowd attending.

Mrs. Russell Campbell was dining room hostess and Mrs. Edgar LeBlanc was in charge of the money.

Servitors wore Centennial costumes and were  
(continued on Page 13)

# SUGAR AND SPICE

By Bill Smiley



## *This is not my fault*

Oh boy! I know every man leads a life of quiet desperation, according to Thoreau. I'd settle for that, if mine were even quiet.

This has been one of those days that make me wonder how the hell I can be the sweet, gentle person I am underneath.

It started at five a.m., when the Old Lady's alarm clock failed to go off. She had checked it four times between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m., switching on the light and waking me up each time. At 4.45, she settled into a sound sleep and woke with a great lurch and a scream of dismay at 5.30. She takes off for the city at 6.

Scrambling. Tea and toast. Eyes like rubbed by sandpaper. Turned on the outside light. Six inches of fresh snow, first of the year. More scrambling, for winter boots, long laid away in some hidey-hole.

Shoved her into the snow and tottered about from 6 until 8.30, having cups of tea, shaves and anything else that was reviving. Off into the blizzard with Kim. No snow tires, naturally. Was going to put them on this week.

Taught all day. Committee meeting at 3.15. Department heads' meeting at 3.30 until 4.30. Column to write but went around to the garage to get the snow tires on. Three hundred other people had the same idea.

Home at six. Two kids (that useless Hugh's home) sitting listening to records, with the breakfast dishes in the sink. Blew up. Got the dinner organized and a few home truths off my chest.

But no rest. Out into the bleak night for another meeting at 7.30. Lasted until 10. Accomplished? Zero.

Home at last for peace, quiet, relaxation. Kim hit me the minute I got in. A proposition. She's been asked to play the organ with a rock group. It seems the in thing for groups these days is to have a girl in them. She'd also sing.

No catches whatever. Except that she'd have to buy an or-

gan for \$150 and spend about 20 hours a week practising. Nothing to it. She has a hundred in the bank from summer earnings. She could easily borrow the other \$50 from the bank.

Brief lesson in economics. "What do you have for security?" She wanted to know what that was. I explained that if you have \$5,000 in government bonds, the bank will lend you \$50. Maybe.

The only assets she could think of were: her bicycle, leaning against a tree in the snow in the backyard, unriden for three years, a portable record-player with a broken arm; a guitar that was worth \$40 in its hey-day, ten years ago; and "her" piano, which I pointed out was owned by her mother.

"But do you know how much this means to me, Dad?"

"Yes, and now get to bed."

Lip stuck out about three inches, she remembered to inform me that her mother had called while I was out, and wanted to talk to me. It was 16 hours since I'd seen her.

Since my wife went back to college, my phone bill looks like the national debt of Egypt. But I called her. Fortunately, she was in a terse, taciturn mood. Talked for only 20 minutes.

Went off at 11 p.m. to attack the column, while Hugh was brewing up a little snack for himself consisting of onions, cheese, beans and salami, all in the same pot.

Got a couple of hundred words of soggy prose down, and he came up and interrupted me, for a chat about his prospects. Which are nil.

Worked until two, and I might just as well have been watching television, or sleeping, because it turned out to be a lousy column, as you have just discovered.

Just to top off the day, checked the closet and found I didn't have a clean shirt for tomorrow. Said, "Gosh darn it," and hit the sack.