

Rosspport - cont'd from page 16

The new school term has started with Rosspport children being transported to Schreiber Public School. The brick school here closed, no sounds of children laughing and playing on it's grounds, no sound of a bell ringing or children calling to and from school. The village seems deserted without the little people moving around.

Visiting with Andre Nicol at his island cottage recently were his mother, Mrs. M.A. Nicol of Manitouwadge, his sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. MacCormack, Nicole, Karen and Natalie of Ottawa, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Mooney and son of Callander, Ontario visited the Todesco's enroute to Thunder Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Todesco, Charles, Charlene, Jo Anne and Laureen have returned to Sarnia after visiting the former's parents.

George Watts have returned to London after holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. Felix Legault.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schelling have returned to Windsor after holidaying with the William Schellings.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Legault and Peter holidayed in Northern Michigan and Powassan, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Hubelit were Lakehead visitors during the week.

Mrs. Anne Todesco is home from Terrace Bay Hospital.

Ronald Legault has returned to the Lakehead after a holiday at his family home here.

Joyce, Agnes and Peter Mushqush have returned from Pickle Lake to resume their high school studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gerow and Cathy have returned from a holiday with the Peter King's of the Forestry Department, Chapleau.

Peter Gerow spent a week visiting Danny Legault at Terrace Bay.

Miss Camilla Todesco has left for Windsor following a vacation at her parent's home here.

MINOR HOCKEY MEETING

The Schreiber Minor Hockey Association will hold their meeting in the Legion Hall, Schreiber, on Sunday, September 20th, at 1:30 P.M. D.S.T.

All interested in Minor Hockey please attend.

SCHREIBER MINOR HOCKEY ASSOCIATION.

BILL SMILEY'S COLUMN

In a burst of blind fury, I made my wife get off her tail and go with me on our Big Trip, in the last week of holidays.

It had started out, back in May, as a leisurely trip to the British Isles. It shrank like a dowager on a crash diet.

There was no formal opposition, just a lot of little feminine tricks, something like the Chinese water torture. Drop after drop. Insomnia, nothing to wear, can't afford it, who'll cut the lawn, absolutely must have the so-and-so's for a weekend. You know the gamut.

By mid-July it was a trip across Canada, with a trailer. Looking up friends and relatives, not driving too far in a day, enjoying the camaraderie of the trailer camp.

By mid-August, it was a mad dash to the Maritimes. But Kim was home and, "We can't leave her alone" (and she didn't want to go with us, after just having been there).

Well, spilt milk isn't much use. We finally made it. Left on a Thursday afternoon, and got home Sunday evening. How's that for a Big Trip?

However, perhaps it was worth waiting for all summer. It was different. We bought a Coleman stove, as we planned to cook along the way. Anyone interested in a brand-new Coleman stove that has never even been lit?

And, of course, we bought food here and there, to cook on our new stove. Arrived home with two huge boxes of groceries. I swear I had 12 meals in a row of bacon and eggs and beans. No mean fare. But we've still got two weeks' supply.

We just drove until we felt like stopping. North and north. And we wound up spending a couple of days in a cabin on a lake and loving it.

It was a run-down, old-fashioned tourist resort. We got one of the deluxe cabins. No bell-hops, no broadloom, no TV, but a real washroom, with running water. In fact, the water

was running all over the floor, from a leak or something, when we checked in.

Strangely, my wife loved the place. At home, she's a psychotic emptier of ashtrays, sweeper of floors and maker of beds. At the cabin, she cheerfully walked around in grit up to the ankles, and actually chuckled when the Trans-Canada train went by three or four times a day, rocking the cabin like a cradle.

For a couple of days we forgot about pollution and population-explosion and other such poppycock. It was enough to wrench the door open, look at that great, clean lake 20 yards away and wonder what the rich people were doing. Sunshine and sand and bacon and eggs and beans.

Evenings were just as paradisaical. Campfire until midnight, then into the hut with the little gas stove sputtering cosily, a novel, a nightcap, and no phone ringing or car door slamming to indicate callers.

We had a special treat on Friday night, when the proprietors held a dance. The rock band made the railroad train sound like a muted whisper. We didn't go to the dance, but it was just like home, when Kim has a record on.

But idylls must end. Third morning, woke to a wild wind, a driving rain coming in around the front door, and the worst storm of the summer in full flight.

Drove the long way home in rain that was worse than a blizzard, with sundry morons tail-gating, cutting in, passing on corners and hills and over the white line, when you couldn't see the front of your car. Shaky.

Things didn't improve. They just got back to normal. Discovered daughter engaged to fine young chap who had two cents. Literally. I know it's hard to believe in this affluent age, but he had two (2) cents cash when he proposed.

ART CLUB MEETING

The Terrace Bay Art Club will begin their fall activities on Thursday, September 17th in the Art Club Room of the Recreation Centre at 8:00 p.m.

Members will work on still life in oils.

Terrace Bay Art Club.