



Ray Kenney delivers the Introductory Remarks at the Official Opening of the Rossport Community Hall.

# Terrace Bay Schreiber News

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## GRANDPA AND ME



BY MARK TURRIS

### Editorial

#### Community with spirit

The ceremonies for the re-opening of the Rossport Community Hall did not just mark the renovation of a wooden building. They also marked the rebound of an entire community.

Since the mid 1970's when the Rossport Inn foundered, the community has picked itself up and reversed what many saw as a slow decline. The inevitable death they saw for all small communities in the decade when big was better, and the biggest was necessarily the best of all.

Instead the people of Rossport have built themselves a major water system, the Inn will soon be operating again, the Hall has been re-built, and there has been a steady population growth reflected in the construction of some of the most interesting homes in the area.

These achievements have come about because people were not prepared to calmly accept whatever "general opinion" decided was in store for them. Through hard work, determination and the will to work together the people of Rossport have defied "general opinion", and have decided their own fate for themselves. The determination to do so was an Act of Faith in themselves and in their neighbours. An exercise of the small town virtues that seemed dead ten years ago, or at least out-dated.

Rossport is a reminder in a world in which everything sometimes seems pre-determined, that we are still the masters of our own fate - if we want to be.

### Northern Affairs

## Foreign land sales

by JANE E. GREER

In the late 1920's disreputable sales people discovered Florida. What they found was eternal sunshine and miles of uninhabited swamp. They sold these damp lots sight-unseen to thousands of unsuspecting consumers throughout the world. The great Florida land swindle came to a screeching halt when people showed up for their long-awaited vacations or retirement only to find their piece of paradise submerged in 10 feet of water. Everyone thought the publicity surrounding the Florida land swindle would put an end to this type of con. Not so, only the location has changed, the latest being Arizona because of its rejuvenating climate.

Take steps to protect yourself: If you're being pressured by a salesperson to buy a piece of property you

haven't seen, say 'no' until you've consulted a lawyer about the contract and are satisfied that the location and the property is what you really want. Your best defense is to go down and see the property yourself.

Be wary of accepting invitations to free dinners where foreign land sales are being discussed. While it's true you're under no obligation to buy, resisting the high pressure sales tactics may be difficult.

Before such developers sell property in Ontario, they are required to file and have accepted a prospectus of the property with the Ontario registrar of real estate and business brokers. The prospectus gives precise details about the property. After it has been filed, the property is inspected to ensure the prospectus provides an

accurate description. If everything is in order, the developer receives a certificate of acceptance. Every prospective buyer must get a copy of the prospectus.

Read it carefully before signing a contract. You should, if at all possible, also visit the property first. Remember, a certificate of acceptance doesn't mean the property has government endorsement or approval. Value judgements are left to the buyer. The government's role is to ensure that all the facts are available to you so you can make an informed financial decision.

For further information on Foreign Land Sales contact your nearest Northern Affairs Office, located on the lower floor, Peninsula Building, 2 Gilbert Street, Marathon, Ontario (229-1153) or Zenith 33160.

### Arthur Black

## Weathering heights



"The weather belongs to us all, doesn't cost us anything and it's about one of the few possessions we can afford."

I don't have to tell any Northwestern Ontarian that the above quotation was not written recently by anyone from these parts. It was actually penned by Ma Murray, the great and feisty editor of *The Bridge River - Lillooet News*. Bridge River-Lillooet is in British Columbia, where I assume people enjoy the kind of weather someone might like to brag about.

Lately in Northwestern Ontario we've had the kind of weather you couldn't give away at a garage sale.

I don't know what it's doing overhead right now, as you read this. But as I write it, it's doing what it's been doing for

at least a week. The sky is the colour of a coal miner's underwear and the rain is plop, plop, plopping on the picnic table in the backyard.

So far, it's been a cold, clammy and altogether crummy spring. It's the beginning of June and the trees are only half out. Last week — last week! — there were snowflakes in Geraldton, and the people I see every day are developing facial tics and beginning to show a lot of white around their pupils.

I think they're terrified. Terrified that we're in for a repeat performance of last summer.

Remember last summer? Of course you don't. We didn't have one. Last summer was cancelled. Rained out. If Noah had lived in Northwestern

Ontario last summer he could've had a LIP grant for his basement project.

Hell, he could've built the boat in my basement. I had enough water down there to float it.

Ma Murray's right about one thing, though: the weather doesn't cost us anything. And that means we can't buy our way out of it. About all you can do when the weather is lousy, is look around and find someone who's got it worse. Enter Great Britain.

April 16 was a lovely day in England. The sun was shining, the birds were cheeping, British commuters left their brollies in the broly stand.

On April 17, it rained. It rained on the 18th too. And the 19th and ... well it

rained for the rest of April. Every day. Farmers fields disappeared under water. Cricket games were cancelled. So were horse races.

The British were soggy, but not suicidal. After all they remembered the old rhyme — April showers bring May flowers, right?

Wrongo. Not this year. In Britain it rained the first full week of May. It also rained for the second full week of May.

By the third week a London bookie was offering five to one odds to anyone who wanted to guess when London might enjoy two straight days of sunshine. The bookie was cleaning up.

On the morning of Tuesday May 24th the sodden citizenry of the British Isles

awoke to yet another sky of grey and gloom — but suddenly, about 10 a.m., an unfamiliar body appeared in the heavens. The London Times tentatively identified it as a planet known to the ancients as "the sun".

Marvel of marvels, it didn't rain that day. Or the next day. The bookie paid out 500 pounds to 10 lucky bettors. He was smiling as he did it.

Britain came through 37 straight days of rain — and survived. That's what I keep thinking of when the weather in Northwestern Ontario begins to get me down.

The Saga of Soggy Britain. It's a marvellous topic, really. Or was until I checked the forecast for London tomorrow. Cloudy, showers.