

opinion

Opinions are to be shared!

by KAREN E. PARK

As most of you have probably noticed, this space is no longer reserved for the "Editorial". An Editorial is defined as "an article in a newspaper presenting the newspaper's point of view; a. pert. "to or written by the Editor."

An opinion is defined as "one's judgment or belief; estimation or formal statement".

It's not that I don't hold an opinion - God forbid! I most certainly do. But now is the time for me to tell you what I would like to see in the "Opinion" space every now and then.

The Opinion can be my views or ideas ... or it could be yours. Everyone has an opinion. It may be concerning the weather. The economy. The town council. The general way that things are run. Whether it's to your liking or not to your liking. It's your place to air your beefs ... your pet peeves. Or what-have-you.

When a "Letter to the Editor" isn't appropriate, use the Opinion column. I don't request that you sign your name to the "Opinion". I do request that you tell me (in strictest confidence) who you are. You may be a councillor. You may be a law enforcement officer. You may be "Joe Blow" down the street.

So. For future consideration, please remember that this is my policy. It's there. Use it. It's your paper!

Due to an influx of "Letters to the Editor", I am making this short. Please note that we welcome "Letters" from the public. Letters printed in this paper do not necessarily express the views of this newspaper or anyone affiliated with this paper.

Letters:

Trailer Park fulfills a need

Dear Editor:

I have been following with interest and concern, your ongoing discussion about the Agua-sabon Falls Trailer Park. While I live in Schreiber, and should perhaps feel disassociated from the problem, I do pass it every day on my way to work and don't find it offensive.

I feel this park fulfills a need in the community. As Chairman of the 1983 Terrace Bay Rod and Gun Club fish derby, I came to realize what a valuable service Joe and Jeanne Marcella and their family provide for community groups in hosting what amounts to outdoor community festivals.

Mrs. Chapman's views notwithstanding, I feel the Marcella family should be commended rather than pillorized for their public spiritedness and the many hours they donate to helping groups like ours with their outdoor events.

Yours sincerely,
P.J. McKeever

Arthur Black

These are bland times

Hey! You! Yes, you — the one who's just kicked off your shoes, uncapped a cold one and settled back to peruse the paper. I've got a question for you.

Do you sometimes feel ever so slightly ... bland?

Well these are bland times we live in. We eat bland food, wear bland clothes and listen to bland music as we drive along in our bland little cars. We lead bland little womb-to-tomb lives wherein nothing much happens and nothing much changes. We walk in twos, fill in the blanks and recite our Social Insurance Numbers to the proper authorities when they ask us for it. We stop on the red, go on the green and try Not To Make A Scene.

Most of us, that is. Thank God there are still folks who don't live cookie-cutter lives.

Larry Capune for instance.

If you wanted to shoot the breeze with Larry Capune, you'd have to fly out to the West Coast, rent a boat and go looking for him in the Pacific Ocean somewhere between Vancouver and Newport Beach, California. That's where he plans to be for the next three months.

Paddling a paddleboard.

He intends to paddle some 1400 miles in the next 100 days. His paddleboard is equipped with a radio and he's packing a supply of peanut butter sandwiches for sustenance. Mister Capune won't be sleeping on the board. He plans to paddle a mere nine hours a day. He'll come ashore at night to sleep on the beach.

This is not his first long distance paddleboard marathon.

In 1975 he paddled some 1650 miles from Maine to Texas. That took him 319 days.

He had a somewhat less successful trip in 1965 when he tried to paddle from New York to Florida. He made it as far as North Carolina, where a fisherman took exception to his presence and tried to blast him out of the water for "scaring the fish".

The fisherman fired nine shots at Capune. Then the fisherman threw his gun at him. Then he threw a wine bottle.

The shots were wide, the gun missed, but the wine bottle clunked Capune right on the noggin. He had to abandon his trip to Florida in favour of a quick trip to the hospital.

Nevertheless he's back at it again, just offshore somewhere between Vancouver and Califor-

nia, braving everything from sharks to sunburn, from pollution to cranky fishermen.

The obvious question that occurs to a non-paddleboarding inlander like myself is — Why?

Why would anybody want to paddle a board from Vancouver to California? Sailing, I could understand. Even canoeing. But a paddleboard? Can you imagine how boring it must be to lie flat on your belly, resting on your chin, paddling your arms like some huge, soft and inefficient turtle nine hours a day for three months?

"I'm not doing it for the money," says Capune.

Well I guess not. Paddleboarding is not one of your more popular spectator sports and I



doubt very much if the Goodyear Blimp will be covering his trip.

Nope. Capune says he's doing it "to show young people they can do something different and more gratifying than smoking pot."

Uh huh. Well personally I consider paddling a board through 1400 miles of ocean a dubious alternative to getting ripped. In fact the whole exercise sounds the kind of pipe-dream a terminal dooper might come up with. But whatever else is true about Larry Capune, bland he ain't.

Nutty as a fruitcake maybe, but not bland.

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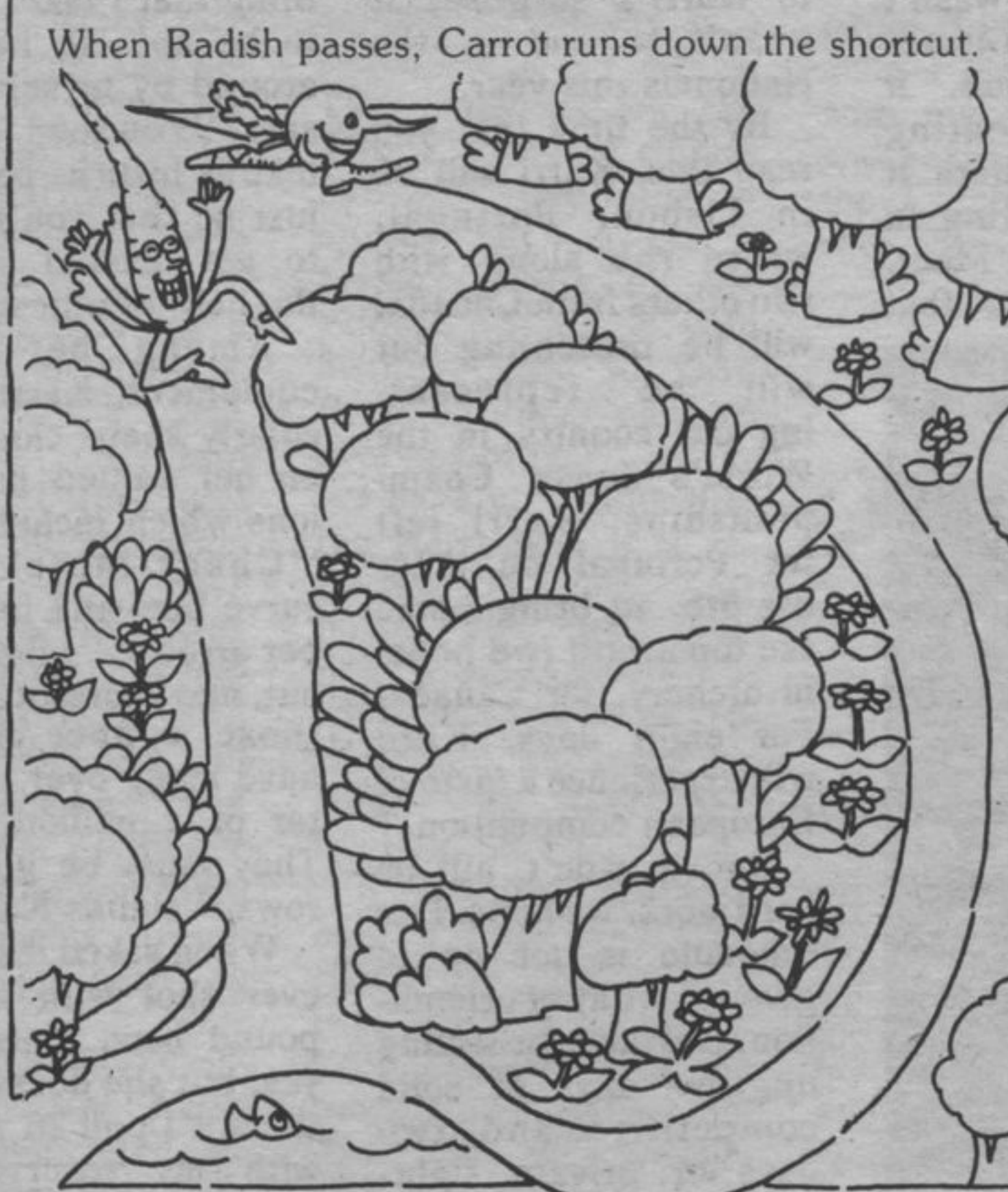
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Hole in the Fence

No. 3 Carrot cheats

When Radish passes, Carrot runs down the shortcut.



Draw a red line to show the race track route Radish followed.

Draw an orange line to show Carrot's shortcut. Colour the picture.

In today's story, Carrot finds that cheating gives him problems.

"Now that Mushroom has gone, what shall we do?" asks Radish.

"I will race you down to the pond," says Carrot.

Radish can't believe his ears.

"Why does he want to race me?" he wonders. "Carrot knows I am going to win."

Although Carrot can jump really well, Radish is the best runner in the garden. In fact, Radish runs so fast, he always wins first prize in the Big Race. The Big Race is held every year for the best runners from every Garden.

"Okay," says Radish. "We'll race down the path. On your mark, get set, GO!"

Off they run.

Radish does not know that Carrot has a trick up his sleeve. "Hah," Carrot thinks, "I'll cheat and take the shortcut to the pond. Radish will be surprised when I beat him."

Carrot sprints ahead of Radish.

"He's always fast at the beginning," thinks Radish, "but soon he'll be tired and I'll pass him."

Carrot rounds a bend in the path and hides in a bush. When Radish passes, Carrot runs down the shortcut. After a while, Radish thinks to himself, "Hey, I should have caught up with Carrot by now." He runs faster than he has ever run before, but he still can't catch up with Carrot.

Radish arrives at the pond all out of breath. Carrot is sitting there waiting for him.

"I beat you," Carrot says proudly.

Radish falls to the ground gasping and shaking his head in disbelief.

That afternoon, Radish still can't understand how Carrot has beaten him.

"Maybe Carrot took the shortcut," says Potato innocently.

"What shortcut?" exclaims Radish.

"The one through the trees," answers Potato.

"So that's it," thinks Radish. "Carrot cheated me. Well, I'll get even with him."

Radish spends a long time trying to find a way of getting even with Carrot. Then he goes to see him.

"I've got good news for you, Carrot," Radish says. "You are going to take my place in the Big Race."

"Oh, no," thinks Carrot. "Now I'm really in trouble."

Radish tells everyone that Carrot is going to run in the Big Race. They are all excited.

"Oh, Carrot," says Beet. "We'll all be cheering for you. We'll all be there to see you win."

As the day of the Big Race draws nearer, Carrot becomes more and more desperate.

"I will not only lose the race," thinks Carrot, "but everyone will laugh at me. What am I going to do? If only I hadn't cheated, I wouldn't be in this mess."

Then he decides, "I have no choice. I'll have to pretend I'm sick."

A few days before the race, Carrot stays in bed.

"What's wrong with you?" asks Radish.

"I don't feel very well," Carrot says.

Radish knows that Carrot is only pretending to be sick.

"That's too bad," says Radish, "because we're all going swimming in the pond today."

Poor Carrot. He can't go swimming with the others.

The next day, Carrot is still in bed.

This time Radish says, "Too bad you're still sick, Carrot. We're all going to Tomato's birthday party today."

Carrot misses out on the fun once again.

On the day of the Big Race, Radish runs over to Carrot. "Get up, Carrot. Today is your big day. Everyone is waiting to see you race."

"I can't," says Carrot. "I still don't feel well."

"Oh, dear," says Radish. "I will have to run in the race instead of you."

Poor Carrot has to stay in bed for the third day, while everyone has a great time at the race.

Radish wins first prize, and everyone cheers him.

The Hole in the Fence, a 132-page colour illustrated storybook published by Health and Welfare Canada, was developed in cooperation with provincial alcohol drug commissions/foundations. It is available for \$4.50 through local bookstores or by sending a cheque/money order payable to the Receiver General of Canada to: Canadian Government Publishing Centre, Hull, Quebec, K1A 0S9.

A family guide to this preventive drug education and living skills program contains story resumes, colouring pictures, home crafts and discussion ideas. It is available free, on request, from The Hole in the Fence, Box 8888, Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3J2.

Egalement disponible en français sous le titre "Mes amis, mon jardin".