

opinion



What a way to go!

Editor's note: This article is re-printed with permission by Editor - Marty Sisk of the Nipigon Gazette.

Because of the importance of the context of her Opinion column, I wish to share it with you, the readers.

This young couple and their three bright adorable children are on holiday. They are travelling across Canada by tandem bike and hauling their children along behind them in a little cart. They couldn't have picked a better summer or a better country to see.

I have to admire these people who decide to cross the country on foot, bike, skateboard, or what have you. They are adventurers and survivors. They will experience the whole vast country of Canada with nothing but sheer will power and guts. It must take guts to get on that bike at the bottom of a long hill and start pedalling. It obviously takes a lot of will power and drive.

Although I admire them all, I draw the line at hauling the kids along behind in a tiny wee cart. Just imagine the thrills and chills they experience, say on a hill like Kama or Suicide Hill just west of Nipigon, when a couple of semi's meet each other! How many motorists have held their breath and silently prayed and/or cursed while passing such bikers on the road?

Just how strong is the little cart they are riding in? If the kids take a spill, will their helmets protect the rest of their bodies? If they land on the pavement face first, what then? Maybe they are strapped into that little cart. If so, will it hold up if they hit the shoulder at the wrong angle?

After two months in that little cart I can't imagine the kids being anything but bored and cramped. And they are only half way across the country. Another two thousand miles to go! At the time this couple stopped outside our office, there was a pair of babies rubber pants drying on the back of the cart. Do they have diaper pit stops? What about recreation? How long can kids watch the scenery go by without a little stretching and running around? The trip could be an exciting educational adventure, but how many of you remember trips you took while still in diapers? Not many I bet. Maybe I'm wrong and the three of them are just pleased as punch about the whole thing, but I doubt it.

This is a free country and nobody can stop an able bodied adult from crossing the country if he wants to, whether it's on foot, by plane or car. I wouldn't want it any other way. But what about the little ones? We have seatbelt laws now to protect ourselves and kids in car accidents. Why not a safe vacation law stating that children are not to be taken on dangerous trips which could have a detrimental affect on their future health and happiness.

I think it's time someone spoke up for the kids involved in these trips. So far this summer there has been no less than four couples pass through town on bikes with their kids in carts behind them. It's catching on and there's bound to be more. I hate to say it, but I think they might just as well strap their kids into a tin can and send them over Niagara Falls. It sounds just terrible but the danger to their lives on the road in a little cart can't be much greater.

What do you think?

Arthur Black

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Hole in the Fence

No. 7 Potato gets punished



"Potato is going to run off with my ball," cries Pea.

Can you find the one who really took away Pea's ball in this picture?
 When you do, colour him green.
 Colour the ball pink and purple.

In today's story, Potato finds that life is sometimes unfair.

The following day is bright and sunny. Pea and Bean are having a great time playing with Pea's new ball. Everything seems just fine until strolling towards them comes Cucumber, followed closely by Potato.

"Oh, what a nice ball," says Cucumber. "I want it."

"It's mine," says Pea. Cucumber grabs the ball.

"Watch this," Cucumber says to Potato. He kicks the ball way out into the field.

Potato feels sorry for Pea. "That's not very nice," he thinks. "I'll go and get Pea's ball for him." Off he runs.

"Waaah," cries Pea. Meanwhile, Mr. Cauliflower arrives. Cucumber sees him, and runs away.

"Tut, tut. Why are you causing such a fuss?" asks Mr. Cauliflower.

"Potato is going to run off with my ball," cries Pea.

"Stop," shouts Mr. Cauliflower, just as Potato picks up Pea's ball. "Bring that ball right back here, young man," orders Mr. Cauliflower.

"That's what I'm doing," says Potato, bringing back the ball.

"Liar!" says Mr. Cauliflower.

"But, I..." begins Potato.

Mr. Cauliflower doesn't listen. He hits poor Potato and says, "This will teach you never to steal Pea's ball ever again."

Poor Potato. He hasn't stolen Pea's ball at all, but he gets punished anyway.

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, KIA 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".

Great balls of misfortune



You ever feel sorry for yourself? The next time you find yourself thinking times are tough and that you've got a lousy deal in the Poker Game of Life, I've got a few words of advice:

Check your cards again and thank whoever you pray-to that you were not born Jerry Lee Lewis.

Yeah. The Killer. The man who gave us "Great Balls of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and a dozen other rock and roll classics. He was born in Ferriday, Louisiana, in 1935 and he's been rocking and bopping ever since.

And I can't for the life of me figure out how.

Last week, Lewis got the latest crosscheck in his pub-crawl through life. His wife Shawn was

found dead in her bed. She was 25 years old. They'd been married for two and a half months.

That would be enough of a jolt to lay most mortals low, but old Jerry Lee's had more lumps than that.

Just a year ago his ex-wife (they were separated) drowned in a friend's swimming pool. At about the same time, Jerry Lee was on life-support systems in a nearby hospital, all but dying from a critical stomach infection.

That was just a few months after a doctor had made headlines across North America by testifying in court that Lewis was addicted to amphetamines.

Maybe he was. Lewis had a few things to forget. Like his teenage son, who was killed in an automobile accident back in 1962.

Even that wasn't the beginning of hard luck for Jerry. It started out 'way back in the '50s, when he signed a contract with Sun Records of Memphis. Jerry Lee probably would've been a superstar, if Sun hadn't signed another Hillbilly Unknown at about the same time.

Chap by the name of E. Presley.

Still, Jerry Lee didn't do too badly. He played an incendiary piano and he could sing well-enough too. Every once in a while he'd throw his piano stool across the stage or walk on the keyboard, just to make sure the audience was paying attention. And they were. By the late 50's they were buying his records as fast as he could cut them. Lewis was going on world tours. While

he was touring England, a British reporter decided Mrs. Lewis might be worth a story. He did some checking. Turned out Mrs. Lewis was a cousin of Jerry Lee, as well as his wife. It also turned out that she was 13 years old.

Jerry Lee Lewis became an overnight has-been. Preachers railed at him from the pulpits. Contracts were cancelled, record sales slumped. One record executive told Lewis that he would never perform in public again.

The record man was wrong. Lewis went back to the dives and the honky-tonks where he had started and worked his way up again.

And he made it. His records are selling very well. In the last few years he's even become a cult figure. One of the last of the

original Rock n' Rollers. Even if you don't like his style, you've got to give him points for durability. One of his latest album titles says it all: "The Killer Rocks On."

Indeed he does. Indeed he does. Though God knows how.

On the 29th of this month, Jerry Lee Lewis will be 48 years old. He'll probably celebrate by beating a piano half to death in a honky-tonk somewhere.

Or maybe he'll spend it quietly on his farm in Nesbit, Mississippi.

Why don't you send him a birthday card? He could use it.