

opinion



Whither they bloweth - the snow goeth

by LYNNE BADGER

A week ago I threw my snow shovel down in disgust and gave up on my driveway. It's not like me to give up but I just couldn't throw the snow over the bank that was three feet taller than I am. Since then the snow blower and other snow "removal" equipment have paid a visit to my driveway. I use the word "removal" because that is what it is supposed to be. The snow at the end of the driveway was not really removed, it was just "moved" about six feet farther back on my lawn. What is left of my lawn in that corner, is now exposed.

As for the banks along the street, they are a little lower but the snow that was removed was not taken away in trucks like other municipalities, ... just blown farther back towards the house. Maybe they think I enjoy the annual job of "sweeping the gravel off the lawn" in the spring. I do not. I also do not appreciate the fact that the plow always plows the same side of the street first resulting in higher banks on my side of the street, and more heavy lumps of snow at the end of the driveway. One day prior to the visit of the snow blower, the ridge at the end of the driveway was three feet wide and up to my knees.

It's not that I object to shoveling snow, it's great exercise and I certainly need the fresh air but it shouldn't be that much trouble to alternate sides of the street. May I suggest that if economics are a problem with regard to transporting the snow away, I could easily give up one garbage collection per week.

The snow banks in this town are a hazard to traffic and pedestrians. It is dangerous to walk or drive out of your driveway and when you come to an intersection and have to pull out to see what is coming, you may find a snowmobile embedded in the side of your car. My apologies to the snowmobiler I frightened the other day as he or she was zipping down Selkirk.

It is too bad that I will not make it home before four o'clock to protect the birch trees in my front yard from the children who stand on the snow banks and hang from the branches. Maybe it will take a child falling from a snow bank into the path of a car before something is done.

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"Practical Love"

by BETH FELLINGER

As once again we approach the season of the year when we forget our heads and our wallets, let us remember how practical love really is. This is a story that was related to me when I was only a child and yet I know it is a story that we can all richly benefit from. For those of you who may have also had this passed on, it's worth remembering again.

A little tyke wandered out of a farmer's kitchen to play in the nearby wheatfield. When his mother discovered his absence she began to search. She could not find him. Nervously she called to her husband to assist. Together, they combed the heaps of wheat, but without success. They called on neighbours to join in the search. No luck.

A call went out to the surrounding teams. Men and women came, people from all walks of life. They went into the fields and beat the sheaves, in their attempts to find the lost child. Still no trace. Finally, one man suggested: "Everybody's going off in all directions. Let's join hands, make one huge circle, spread out, and then close in. We can't miss that way!"

They listened to him. The smith held the minister's hand; the teacher, the bus driver's; the banker, the milkman's. Men and women of many faiths and many ranks joined hands to create one huge circle. They slowly and carefully closed in, until with a great cry of joy, one man reached down, scooped up the long-lost child. When the doctor had finished examining the baby, the father knew, looking at his face, that the child was already dead!

Thus far, the story as it had been told. A true story. But what the father said, as the doctor placed the lifeless form of his child into his arms was not recorded in any newspaper. His words were not news - but they were the sharpest, one-line editorial on life, that would ever be written. And they apply to us all. The father said: "Why didn't we join hands before it was too late?"

Shall we not, as well, save what can be saved? If there are friends we have forgotten, ignored or cruelly hurt, shall we not tell them what they mean to us in ways that they will understand now, before it is too late? If there is a love which we have wasted, lost foolishly, feeding our unsatisfied pride, shall we not express it, giving it to those for whom it must mean so much? If there are hands we should uphold, lives to build, shall we not do our duty, while there is still time.

As we think about this story, remember that Jesus was our example of practical love and He said, "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another, even as I have loved you, that you also love one another." (John 13:34) Why not start today?

After all, "Life is too short to be little."

Arthur Black

Fetish fun



I don't know about you, but I'm feeling increasingly left out these days.

It's the Sexual Revolution. It revolved right over me. I think I've pretty well resigned myself to it now. I accept the fact that there are some erotic byways and *cul de sacs* that I will never dally along.

Things like rubber costumes. Shoe worship. Birch rods. Girls dressed up like 18th century Alsatian shepherdesses. I just don't get it. Any of it.

Heck, I can't even keep-up to the Police Blotter. There was a time when your run-of-the-mill sex offenders fell into fairly comprehensible categories like Flashers, Peeping-Toms and

Dirty Old Men.

Not any more. Herewith three recent "soft crime" stories culled from the newspapers - stories which tell me I'm not only not Where It's At ... I'm not even close to Where It's Near.

The first tale comes from Edmonton, where at last report, police were still searching for a young man who attacked a female store clerk last week.

It wasn't your standard assault. The clerk, who worked in a downtown Edmonton shopping mall, told police she'd been talking on the telephone when an unidentified male attacker sprang at her.

Sort of. What he actually did

was he lunged at her left ankle, ripped off her shoe and ... bit her on the big toe. Then he scuttled away, no doubt to prowl the streets in search of other unsuspecting big toes.

Bizarre? You betcha.

But what's really odd is that the Edmonton police didn't think so. This was the third toe biting they've had in the past year.

The second story is sort of related - anatomically anyway. This story's out of Nashville, Tennessee. They finally put George Mitchell away. George is very close to what you'd call an habitual criminal. He just got out of a correctional institute a month ago where he'd served four years

for the very thing he got nailed for this week. His crime? Footstomping. George Mitchell loves to stomp on women's insteps. He's been picked up more than 40 times in the past 15 years for footstomping. This time they'll likely throw the key away.

May the Lord have mercy on his soles.

Our third story brings us back to Canada - to Winnipeg, in fact, where last week a Provincial Court judge sentenced a Winnipeg fireman to four years probation for his off-hours activities - harassing female students at the University of Manitoba. It wasn't just the harassment - it was the way he harassed them. The

fireman liked to dress up in pantyhose, pink leg warmers and various feminine undergarments, and then go out and bug the women.

I don't know ... toe biting ... instep stomping ... courtship rituals revolving around pantyhose and pink leg warmers ...

I come from a simple, uncomplicated time, when introductions between the sexes were clumsy and bashful, but relatively straightforward.

A time when even a hickey was considered risque.

And if any young punk out there writes in to ask: "What's a hickey?" - I'll scream.