

# The Last Word

## Come and get the pictures.... Please!



by LYNNE BADGER

We are house-cleaning at the "NEWS". We've found issues of the Terrace Bay News from the early days and have copies on file of the Terrace Bay Schreiber News since 1979.

Cleaning up is taking a long time because of the reminiscing that is going on. I have been living here since 1979 and find it remarkable that so much has happened in those few short years.

There used to be a small community of 30 odd house trailers between the cemetery and the mill. All that remains are a few poles and fire hydrants providing evidence that it actually existed. I just missed having my first child in the old McCausland Hospital. Now there are modern townhouses and apartments on the site. There are still new houses being built in the subdivision and there are plans for more development in this week's council report.

There I go reminiscing again. I'm really looking forward to Schreiber's Centennial. I plan to research its growth. They tell me it hasn't changed much but I don't believe that!

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Back to the house cleaning ... I have an abundance of photographs in a box, some that were in the paper and some that were taken and not printed and I have an aversion to throwing things out, particularly if someone else might want them. So, if you have had your picture in the paper in the last year and want the original, come and get it. There is no charge unless you want reprints. We also have a large number of pictures on file that were sent in by people to publicize events or for birthday congratulations, weddings etc. Come and get them soon.

If, on a future occasion, you supply us with photographs, they return to us the day after the paper comes out and can be picked up at that time. For those of you who have never visited us and don't know where we are, we are in the basement of the Post Office, lovingly referred to as the "dungeon", and we have two entrances. One is between the Post Office and the Liquor store and the other is in the rear of the Post Office facing the swimming pool. Drop by sometime!

A note to the man who brought in a letter to the editor when I was out. I will print the letter if you will spell your name for me. Thanks.

# Anchor

## "Tend that for me"

The first words in the Bible are: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (Gen. 1:1). John 8:23 - "Ye are of this world, I am not of this world." John 18:36 - "My kingdom is not of this world." Eph. 1:21 - "Not only in this world but also in that which is to come."

I would mention some factors to give an idea of the immensity of God's power, influence and kingdom, and in spite of man's achievements, how puny we really are.

Suppose we make a model of our universe - the distance from earth to sun is 1/4" - a dime would cover the orbit of the four inner planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. Neptune would be 14" across (its orbit) and the nearest star? One mile away!! The centre of our star system or galaxy would be 6,000 miles away.

Space travel is at about 4,000 mph (approx.). If we travelled at the speed of light - 186,000 miles per second - to Alpha Centauri it would take us 4 1/2 years, or to Sirius, the brightest star, it would take 8 1/2 years!

Travelling at 100 times the speed of light it would take 300 years to reach the Milky Way, the centre of our galaxy. At 10,000 times the speed of light, 1,860 million miles per second, it would take five years to reach the edge of the galaxy (within the Big Dipper there are 50,000 galaxies as seen from earth). Even at 1,000,000 times the speed of light it would take two years to reach Andromeda and in 25 years we should not have left our galactic neighbourhood. The Milky Way by example of size of our universe is 587 million, million miles in diameter. (Information taken from "Our Awesome Universe").

Father, where shall I work today?  
And my love flowered warm and free.  
Then he pointed me out a tiny spot,  
And said, "Tend that for me."

I answered quickly, "Oh no, not that for me!  
Why, no one could ever see  
No matter how well my work was done;  
Not that little place for me."

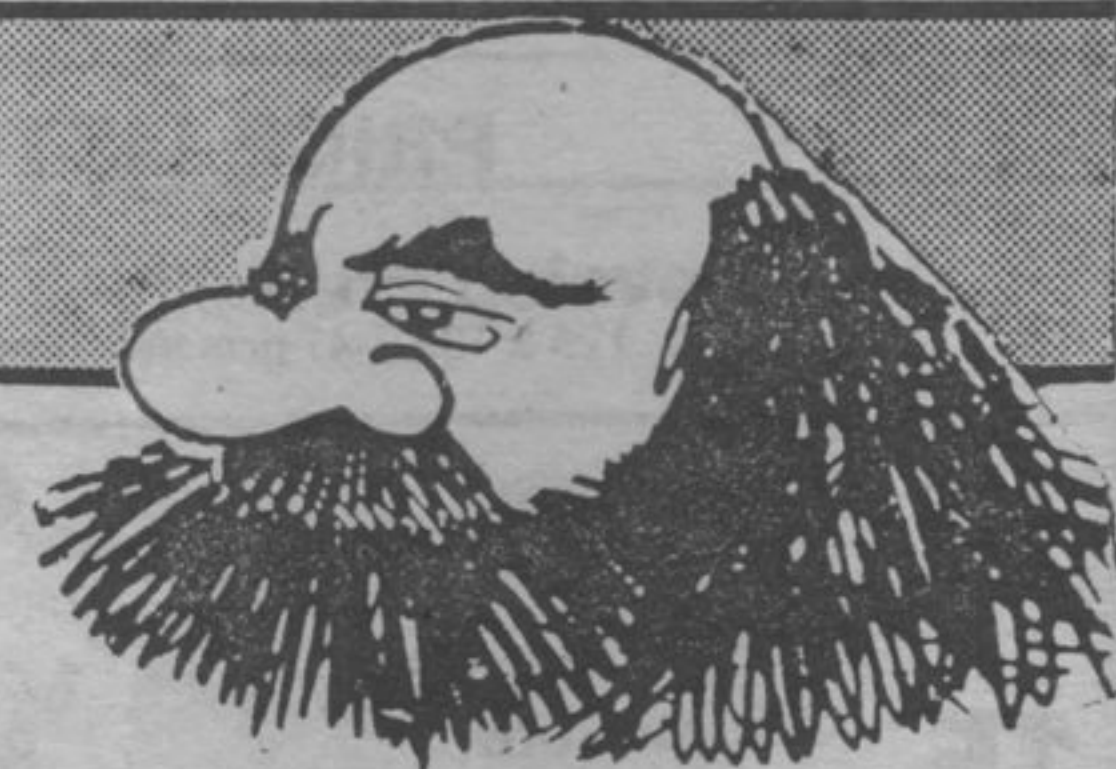
And the word he spoke, it was not stern,  
He answered me tenderly:  
"Oh little one, search that heart of thine,  
Art thou working for them or me.  
Nazareth was a little place,  
And so was Galilee." (Unknown)

Thus we may see our role in the great universal plan of life and salvation, to tend our little spot in the heavens. As the poem says: Nazareth was a little place, and so was Galilee. This world of ours called "Earth" is but a speck in our universe, but God is mindful of our wants and needs. Let us all try to follow his plan to our utmost abilities. Matt. 6: 9, 10 - "...Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

Peter Monks, Branch President  
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

# Arthur Black

## Olympic horror show



Call me subversive. Call me unpatriotic. Call me a spoilsport and a cynic and a mugwump. Call me what you want, I still say there is one place on this planet that a team of trained weight lifters could not drag me to this summer.

El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles. Also known as L.A.

I know, I know ... the XXIII Olympics are about to kick off there, and that should be sufficient to whip every person-jack of us into a frenzy of flag-waving and rah-rahing ... but I just can't get into the spirit of it.

Not in Los Angeles. I mean, the Olympics are supposed to be about physical excellence. Can you imagine a burg less dedicated to physical excellence than L.A.? The air is unbreathable, the people inhospitable and the roads

unwalkable. Go for a stroll through L.A.? If the muggers didn't get you, the loony drivers would -- and that's if you lungs didn't succumb to smog, first. The British equestrian team is even bringing oxygen masks for its horses.

In normal times Los Angeles is tough enough to handle, but it promises to be a real horror show when the athletes hit town next month. Transportation is the big problem. Every Los Angelino considers it his/her/its God-given right and patriotic duty to drive a car. Everywhere. The city has no subway or even bus system worthy of the name.

Every day the Freeways of Los Angeles feature traffic jams that make a bad day on the Trans Canada look like the main street of Moose Factory at 4 a.m. Business executives take their

razors along when they travel the freeways of L.A. -- no telling how long they'll be tied up.

And that's without the Olympics. Try to imagine this funhouse when 275 thousand visitors start funnelling into the city every day.

Boy, are those sports fans gonna pay! Oh, they got a bit of a break from L.A. hotels, which have pledged not to hike their rates for the duration of the Games. (And why not? Every hotel room in L.A. had been booked for three years anyway). But the three major car rental companies -- sensing a certain gold mine of last-minute desperation -- refused to make such a pledge. They intend to gouge every flag-waving sucker for all they can get. Already they've doubled their prices. Can you imagine what it will cost to rent a car in L.A. once the Olympics

begin?

And even if visitors can afford to rent a car, their troubles have only begun. The organizers of the 16-day extravaganza have just three little words of advice for anyone who's coming to town: Take The Bus.

Or else what? Here's George Broder, a spokesman for the L.A. Olympic Organizing Committee: "If you want to drive ... you can do that. But you'll have to get off the freeway farther away, you're going to have to park on a front lawn or in a private parking lot. You will have to pay significant amounts of money, and you'll still have a mile and a half walk to The Coliseum."

Ah ... about those "significant amounts of money" queried a reporter ... just how significant? "Parking alone," said the Committee Spokesman, "could cost as

much as \$100 a day."

A hundred bucks a day! For parking!

Don't get excited about the bus service either. It could end up costing \$50 for a round trip for a family of four.

Too rich for my blood. I wish our Canadian competitors all the luck in the world, but I'll be monitoring their progress from the TV in my living room, not from a car radio somewhere on a grid-locked Santa Monica freeway while locals steal my hubcaps.

Maybe I'm being unduly pessimistic. The XXIII Olympics may turn out better than I fear. Perhaps we'll even emerge from it with a whole new event.

Olympic Survival. Gold medals all 'round, for every spectators who makes it out of L.A. alive.