

The Last Word

Penalty for Females



by LYNNE BADGER

Molly has been the victim of discrimination. She is 6 months old, lives at our house, is reasonably quiet and well behaved for her age, and she seldom leaves the yard on her own. Molly is a Black Labrador Retriever and being a member of the canine species requires a licence to reside in Terrace Bay. She has a little metal tag now that makes her a legal citizen but I was told that had she been male or spayed, the licence would have cost less.

Molly has been discriminated against because she is female and we would like to her to produce at least one more generation of her breed. Come to think of it, I am the one who has been discriminated against because as the owner, I chose a female dog and I had to pay the higher fee.

Anchor

Ecumenism

by REV. BILL LEGRAND

A Catholic friend of mine once said, "Ecumenism only works as long as we are sensitive to our differences." This remark contains a profound truth, for we are all called to know and experience Jesus Christ in our own way.

Over a coffee, a Pentecostal friend spoke of Christ's oneness in diversity. "How dull the Gospel would be," he exclaimed, "if we all dressed the same way, used the same liturgies, prepared the same prayers and experienced the same gifts."

During a theological discussion, a Greek Orthodox colleague of mine at Seminary stated that, "the Church of Jesus Christ is Catholic (i.e. Universal). Our demonationalism destroys the spirit of Catholicism, when it becomes exclusive and unbending."

Having grown up with Anglican parents, Baptist grandparents, Catholic cousins and a United Church brother and sister, I experienced the ecumenical spirit in a close and intimate way. While loyal to my Anglican tradition, I came to find enrichment in Baptist hymns, United Church expressions of congregational freedom and Catholic tradition. At times, we Anglicans, with our churchmanship as Anglo-Catholics (loosely known as "high church") and Evangelicals (loosely regarded as "low church" or "Protestant"), need to appreciate ecumenism at its most enduring level - a capacity to share, learn and grow together. However, Anglicans, like other Christians, can ill afford to be insensitive to the beliefs and traditions of others.

Most institutional churches have tried to tie down Paul's "Body of Christ" to mean a church (sometimes theirs). Unfortunately, Paul was far more pastoral than theological in his letters. His image of the "Body"

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If there is to be any monetary penalty, it should be given to those owners who do not care enough about their pets to keep it in a confined area. Not only do they not care about their pet but they obviously care little about their neighbours. I understand that there are fines levied against owners whose dogs are found at large but this does not seem to deter the owner of the beautiful hound with the big floppy ears or the roaming little dog who the kids call "Pitou."

I realize that dogs do escape. Molly has run off on two occasions but there are some who are "at large" at all times. Terrace Bay has a Dog Control Officer and I have called him on two occasions. Perhaps if more people called when dogs violate their property, the situation could be improved.

It was reported to me recently that a man was knocked over by a roaming dog. An immediate call to the Dog Control Officer may have prevented another occurrence of the incident.

As for dogs on leashes who violate public and private property, I think a "pooper scooper" bylaw would be very difficult to enforce. On the other hand, there are very effective methods of letting owners know that you are not pleased. Ask around. I've heard of several instances lately that were quite effective.

While I'm on the subject of roaming pets, I personally would like to see cats confined in yards and on leashes because they have done just as much damage to my garden as dogs have done to my lawn.

Arthur Black



Amateur offenders

Habitual perusers of this space do not need to be told that I have a morbid fascination for...well...crooks, actually.

I don't mean the big-time hoods, you understand. The Genghis Khans and the Jesse James's, the Al Capones and the Don Corleones are interesting enough in their "spectacularity" as Howard Cosell would say ... but they aren't the type of miscreants who catch my fancy.

Nope, the crooks I like are the ones who did their unlevel best to embark upon a life of crime but didn't...quite...make it.

Such as Tim Hyatt, aged 28, of Orlando, Florida. Tim made the big time recently. Had his picture splashed across the front pages of newspapers all over North America. There's Tim, standing in a barber shop, the barber's towel still around his neck. his arms

thrown wide in a "Who, me?" gesture. Tim has just had a shave. A large shave. This was a prudent move on Tim's part because -- coincidentally enough -- just a few minutes before his appearance at the barbershop, a nearby bank had been robbed. By a man who looked an awful lot like Tim Hyatt -- except that the robber sported a large bushy beard.

There is one other important component in this cheery newspaper photo of Tim Hyatt down at the local barbershop: an Orlando police constable with a .38 Smith & Wesson pointed firmly at Tim Hyatt's belly button.

Great idea, Tim -- rob a bank while you've got a full beard, then nip into a barbershop for a quick shave while the cops comb the

streets and alleys. Trouble is, you really hafta nip. Somebody followed Tim Hyatt from the bank to the barbershop, then called The Law from a pay phone while Tim was under the hot towels.

Nice try, Tim. We're sending you a consolation prize. A bottle of Mennen Skin Bracer.

Then there's the bogus gypsy fortune teller who was making a nice living shaking down the superstitious in Toronto's Yorkville area this summer.

The way she worked it was, as soon as she hooked a patsy, she would peer into her crystal ball, start to tremble and inform her 'fish': "You have a curse on you. Your aura is blue!" Fortunately, the fortune teller went on to explain, the curse could be overcome by the generous and

repeated application of crisp \$20 bills. Anywhere from three to five of them usually did the trick.

The crooked crystal gazer used her line for the last time just last week. Her final customer had a "blue aura", all right. He was Sergeant Philip Wilson of the Metro Toronto Police Morality Squad. Madame LaZonga was subsequently charged with fraud.

Sergeant Wilson had a better time of it than the police constable who recently flagged down a car for running a red light in Vancouver. Cops are used to hearing inventive explanations, but this guy's excuse had a special flavour. The driver admitted he'd run the red light, but added: "I can do that, because I'm King of England." The constable obviously no monarchist, handed the driver a ticket. The driver refused to sign it. Instead the driver

reached back into the rear seat of his slightly banged up and decidedly unmonarchical Chrysler and pulled out...

...a Seal. A Royal Seal. With which he punched the ticket, hit the starter and wheezed royally back into the Vancouver traffic. The police officer found himself holding a traffic ticket bearing the Royal Seal of King Leo.

At last report, the Superintendent of Motor Vehicles of British Columbia was urgently seeking an audience with King Leo. The reason? Well, certain concerns have been expressed to the effect that His Majesty might be too... ummm...mentally preoccupied with Affairs of State to safely drive the Royal Carriage along B.C.'s highways.