

The Last Word

U.T.U. VS E.T.U.



by LYNNE BADGER

The United Transportation Union is concerned about the replacement of cabooses by End of Train Units known simply as E.T.U.s. The citizens along the North Shore who live on the CPR route should also be concerned, if indeed, the trains passing through this area will not be as safe as a result of the change.

Having seen the videotape prepared by the U.T.U. which graphically illustrated what can happen when dangerous commodities are involved in accidents, most people would be convinced that public hearings are in order before E.T.U.s are allowed to replace cabooses. Following the presentation, however, Bob Churchley pointed out that all the accidents in the film had happened while cabooses were attached, suggesting other things such as the length of the trains should be a safety consideration as well.

Perhaps the Union's thrust is too narrow, concentrating only on the E.T.U.s. They should also inform the lawmakers that the length of the trains limit proper surveillance of the cars and the dangerous commodities such as vinyl chloride and propane could possibly be transported more safely.

My knowledge of how this could be accomplished is non-existent, but I

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario. P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.

MANAGING EDITOR..... Lynne Badger BPHE
ADVERTISING SALES..... Vivian Ludington
ADVERTISING SALES..... Sandy Scollard
PRODUCTION MANAGER..... Mary Melo



DEADLINE: Friday NOON
Subscription rates: \$12.00 per annum (local); \$18.00 per annum (out-of-town). Second Class Mail Registration No. 0867.



am told that the sign designating dangerous commodities is so small that if you are close enough to read it you may not survive to tell anyone else.

I wish the United Transportation Union success in their endeavour to provide safer rail transportation and suggest that if they get the government's attention, they include other dangerous aspects of the transportation of dangerous commodities as well.

Congratulations to Terry Bryson and the others who were responsible for the organizing of the Fall Fair. We appreciated the opportunity to meet residents of the community and let them know what the "News" is all about. Many people found pictures of themselves, family and friends in our "Old Photo Box". Some people would rather not have seen them again, but others, I'm told, were delighted.

The Fair also awakened us to the fact that there are many talented people in the area, most of whom will just fade away and their beautiful handiwork will not be seen until the next fall fair.

I understand that some of these people sell their creations year round but you have to know someone who knows someone etc. The rest of us would like to know where you hide from year to year and I know a great way to tell people about yourself.

Anchor

Rich Men's Brothers

by DUANE PETERS
Holy Gospel Lutheran Fellowship

Remember the movie *Oh God?* Towards the end of the picture God comes into a courtroom to help his reluctant messenger defend himself. Everyone there is unwilling to believe that God is who he says he is and as proof demands that he perform some miracle. So God becomes invisible and leaves the courtroom. After God has departed, the judge decides that everything he had just seen must have been an illusion because, as everyone knows, miracles do not happen.

I mention the movie because I think it illustrates something that the Son of God pointed out to us when he was on earth. In the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, Jesus tells a story about a rich man who died and went to Hell and a beggar named Lazarus who went to Heaven. The rich man fears that his brothers may suffer the same fate and asks that Lazarus be sent to warn them, thinking that they will repent if someone returns from the dead. But Lazarus is not sent because the brothers had already been warned by Moses

and the Prophets and as the rich man is told, if they had not listened to Moses and the Prophets, they would not be convinced even if someone were to rise from the dead.

What is here referred to as Moses and the Prophets we would call the Old Testament. And when we think of a man rising from the dead we naturally think of Christ himself. Christ knew that men would not listen to the Father even after he rose from the dead. Yet he had such love for mankind that he was willing to die for those who hated him and could ask the Father to forgive them at the same time.

Unfortunately, we live in an age of rich men's brothers when people are persuaded neither by the Bible nor the testimony of Christ's resurrection but by their own desires. And if that be their choice then they shall have their reward. Their reward shall come in this life not the next. They have made their choice, so let us hear no one cry foul when justice is done. Now if you are a Christian and your witness is rebuffed do not be troubled because our Lord was likewise rebuffed. But if you are not a Christian the question remains: would you prefer the reward of the rich man or Lazarus?

Arthur Black

Cut and run



I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

An American poet by the name of Joyce Kilmer wrote that, and right away you know that Joyce was a big-city poet. Probably New York or Los Angeles or some other concrete jungle. Nobody living in even a semi-wilderness setting is going to wax rhapsodic over trees. Nah. We know that trees are nasty, pernicious afflictions with a tendency to snafu weeping tiles and fall on station wagons. Why, they're nothing more than overgrown weeds. Mere seedy flophouses for squirrels and bugs and sundry feathered squatters that befoul your turtlewax finish and wake you up before dawn with their noisy domestic squabbles. Trees - bah! Who needs them?

Well, all of us, actually. We couldn't live without them,

thanks to their thoughtful habit of pumping oxygen into the air that we humans pollute with carbon monoxide, dioxide and various other contaminants too mind-boggling to list.

Here's another quote about trees - from another American. A U.S. President, no less:

"European countries ... treat timber as a crop. We treat timber resources as if they were a mine."

... Meaning that we rip and run, with no regard for the future of the forests or the country.

I'd like to say that Ronald Reagan was the American president that said that, but I can't. (Not that Ronald Reagan hasn't been quoted on trees - Reagan's the man who once observed: "If you've seen one redwood you've seen them all.")

But I digress. No, the American

president who made the aforementioned observation about timber was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Nothing much has improved in terms of timber harvest since FDR sounded off, a good half century ago.

Or so the environmentalists tell us. The pulp and paper companies tell a different tale, of course. In their TV ads, the companies come across as a combination of Florence Nightingale and Johnny Appleseed. To hear them tell it, northern Ontario is just one gigantic tree nursery where the companies spend every spare nickel and dime coddling spruce and pine seedlings with one hand while protecting us from the nasty, bungling, Bolshevik conservationists with the other.

How's a rank amateur with no axe to grind supposed to figure out the truth? Beats me. I do

know that when I leaf through history books, I sometime come across old photos of lumberjack gangs whipsawing trees big enough to drive a truck through - some of those behemoths look to be ten or twelve feet across.

And I know that when I drive north on the Spruce River road dodging those southbound logging trucks, they all seem to be carrying loads that barely qualify as timber. Some of those "logs" look like baseball bats with the bark left on. Strikes me that when you've got trucks making a 300-mile round trip to bring in a load of hollyhock stems to the mill, a wood shortage can't be too far around the corner.

But then, what do I know? "Only," to quote Will Rogers "what I read in the papers." Here's something about Easter Island that I read in the paper

recently. You know Easter Island -- that bald clump of rock a thousand miles off the coast of Chile, with the strange, huge, stone statues? Archaeologists have never been able to figure out why the people who erected those statues suddenly disappeared about 500 years ago.

Now, they think they know. They believe the culture ended due to the complete deforestation of the Island "caused partly by the cutting of logs to roll the giant stones into place."

Of course, they were just ignorant pagans. Nothing like that could ever happen here, in the north. I mean, we're too intelligent to waste our time on anything as frivolous as rolling a bunch of stupid stone statues around on logs.

Nossir, We make facial tissue here.