

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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## Opinion

### Spring Clean up

Filling this space is one of the things I look forward to most in my job, but it can also be the toughest. Your mind can get full of many ideas and issues, especially between the three of us here.

I've chosen at this time to let out my feelings on the coming of Spring and the mess it can make. Since this is being written on Sunday afternoon, it's obvious from the snow storm outside, that winter certainly provides us a (lovely) white blanket, but hopefully at this time of year the snow falling will quickly disappear and we'll soon see some green grass.

With that green grass will be seen candy wrappers, bottles, papers etc. strewn across our downtown area. All the residents in this area seem to take very good care and pride in their property and in their homes, plus the Town's Council reminds us of spring clean-up in the yard, and provide us with very adequate garbage pick-up. Our business districts should be given the same respect as they too reflect our community to tourists and neighbours.

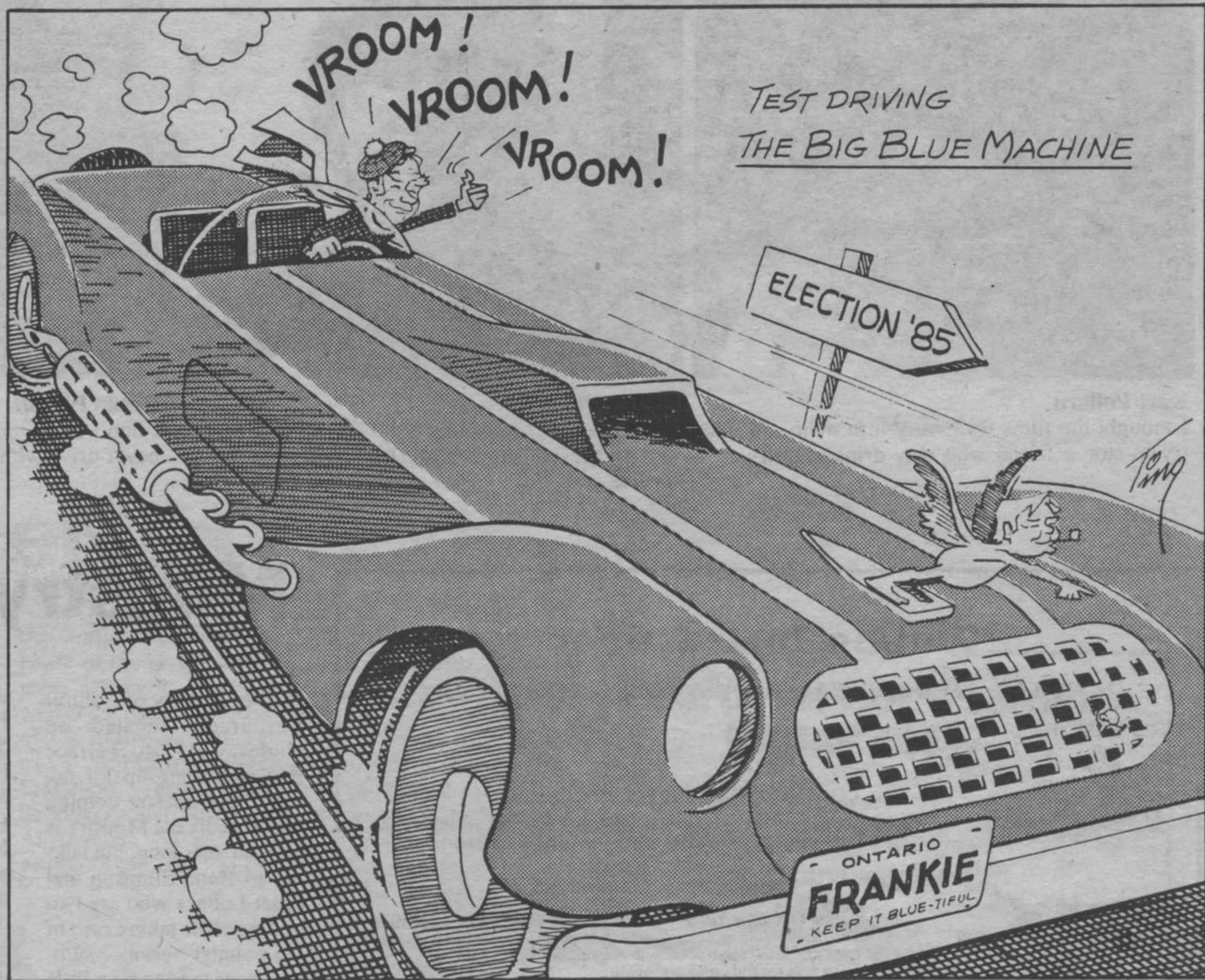
I'm sure the town does their best to control the litter problem and clean it up as soon as they can, but we must not depend on our town's crew for everything, as we cannot depend on all other pedestrians to pick up our garbage. I've noticed smaller children and pre-teenagers coming out of a store in Terrace Bay and throwing their papers and wrappers on the sidewalk. The first time it happened it was so shocking to me that I had to say something; there was a garbage can 2 feet away. The little one was more than obliging to deposit the waste in the container, it was almost like she didn't know what those bins are for.

There is a town by-law that states no person shall throw, place, or deposit any refuse or debris on private property, etc., etc. and the fine is up to \$1,000.00. Well the Police can't be everywhere chasing after these offenders, and I don't suppose they are going to fine a youngster, so again it's up to us to educate the children and think twice ourselves before we think it just too inconvenient to carry trash a few feet to the waste bins.

The world is not a garbage can, let's keep the North Shore beautiful this spring, and always.

### A Thought for the Week

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more clever than others.  
*La Rochefoucauld*



## Letters to the Editor

### Loyal Order of Moose

Dear Editor:

In reference to your article in the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News regarding the Loyal Order of the Moose dated March 20th, 1985.

I would like to correct several of the statements mentioned.

Some may feel this is petty, but as a Loyal and believing moose member, I do not feel so inclined.

First of all we are not a chapter, we have a charter with a constitution and by-laws.

Secondly I feel insulted to be referred to as people of the moose we are Brothers of this great

fraternal organization and should be addressed as so.

The Loyal Order of Moose was founded in 1888 in Louisville, Kentucky, it's a fraternal organization limited to male persons over 21 years of age, of good moral character and who believe in a Supreme Being.

There is also a Ladies Auxiliary, a strong support system for the Brothers.

I must add a note regarding the travelling to Mooseheart or Moosehaven. It is general knowledge that the Districts keep in touch in hopes that each year a

group would visit mooseHeart and mooseHaven, so that our members and visitors can see what our organization is all about, and take pride in being a member.

Now regarding the statement which states: "with someone for a sponsor and \$20.00 in your pocket you can become a member."

Well, let me correct you on this, first of all you have to be invited to join, be of good character, 21 years of age, and yes you need a sponsor, and \$20.00 with your application. There is also an investigation committee, and only on their

recommendation and theirs only can anyone become a member, if they are accepted by the membership. Becoming a Moose member with a sponsor and \$20.00 is not and I repeat is not a formality.

I would hope that the members do not feel the same as was stated in the article if so I will be making every attempt as District President to change their views.

Thank you.  
Sincerely,

**Gary Boyer**  
President, District 7  
Ontario Moose  
Association

## Arthur Black

### Giant Giants



Let's see now ... Sudbury has the giant nickel ... White River has the giant thermometer ... Wawa has the giant Canada Goose ... Kenora has Huskie the Muskie which is a giant you-guessed-it ... Dryden has the giant stuffed moose ... Thunder Bay of course, has the Sleeping Giant.

Have I missed any? No doubt, I'm sure that somewhere in the north of this province a majestic outsized raven overlooks the passing winnebago. Or maybe its an overgrown brush wolf. Or a huge fiberglass blackfly.

What is it about life in the North that compels the human component to erect these colossal roadside icons?

Well, whatever it is — disease, condition or syndrome — it is catching. A quick trip to Minnesota

reveals an epidemic of architectural giantism run amok.

Take a drive with me, for instance, through a place called Blue Earth (you heard me — Blue Earth. Would I make up a dumb name like that?). A drive through Blue Earth is one of your Born Again Experiences. You well may think you have died and been born again.

Into a television commercial. For there, bestriding the burg of Blue Earth, wearing that familiar dopey grin and his leafy leotards is ... The Jolly Green Giant.

No kidding. He's green and he's huge. You can see him for about ten miles along the I-90.

Still reeling from the less-than-religious experience, you might stumble into the town of Rothsay, Min-

nesota and look heavenward to see a huge (as in two-storey) Prairie Chicken casting a beady, reinforced-concrete eye on you. What kind of town seeks to immortalize in sculpture a dumb fowl like the Prairie Chicken? I dunno. An inner voice that I like to think of as my Guardian Angel told me not to stop in Rothsay.

Not to even slow down, in fact.

But a somewhat similar apparition ambushes the unwary visitor to Vergas, Minnesota. Only this time it's a loon. The Long Lake Loon, the Verganites call it. There's an added attraction with the Long Lake Loon: it floats. Just like Ivory Soap, although it's way too big to fit in your bathtub.

This flirtation with architecture of the grotesque has slopped across the

state border into neighbouring Wisconsin. In the town of Hayward, Wisconsin, it is possible to walk through, have your picture taken in — hell, even buy and eat your lunch in ... Well, in a giant fish, actually. They call it the Walk In walleye, but Americans call everything with fins a walleye. This looks more like a Muskie or maybe a northern Pike.

All I know for certain is that the Hayward, Wisconsin "fish" is big enough to blot out the sun. It makes Kenora's Huskie the Muskie look like an overly ambitious guppy. If the Loch Ness Monster was this big, the Scots would put a chainlink fence around the Loch and forget the whole thing.

When you think about it though, the north isn't the only area that gets

into titanic sculpture. There's Mount Rushmore with its giant profiles of U.S. Presidents. Disneyland features an enormous Mickey Mouse. And all over the northeastern states you'll find monuments (in varying degrees of monumentality) dedicated to Paul Bunyan and Babe, his Blue Ox.

Ah, but Minnesota's climbed on that bandwagon too — in a matter of speaking. Not far from the town of Kelliher, Minnesota you'll find a huge rectangular mound of earth, about 30 feet long, dotted with tiger lilies.

And sporting a plaque. This is, you'll be told, where Paul Bunyan was buried. The plaque reads, fittingly enough:

"Here lies Paul, and that's all."