

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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.

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## Opinion

### Welcome Tourists

I am very optimistic, no doubt about it, Spring is right around the corner. Soon the highways, the train stations, the bus stations and the airports will be bustling with summer traffic. It would be interesting to know how many people travel through our towns on this stretch of the Trans-Canada highway.

There are some who say they would like to see the highway rerouted. They are concerned about traffic and pedestrian casualties, and rightly so.

It seems the Department of Highways just can't work fast enough to maintain Highway 17. I'm told some parts of the road that have been newly paved are in worse condition than parts with pavement 25 years old, but that is not my point.

Since we do have the highway in our yard why don't we do what we can to benefit from its travellers. There are not that many souvenir shops in this area, but with a demand the merchants would more than likely supply. Why not a tasteful sign on the side of the highway upon approaching the turn-off to White Sand Lake. The Lake is a gorgeous spot, a spot that out-of-towners, especially foreign visitors, would like to see. The same could be done with Jackfish Lake. Promote suitable camping and picnicking. There must be a few people around interested in making a little money renting boats and camping necessities. Remember going to Jackfish to ride the horses?? These two lakes are perfect examples of the beautiful lakes that fill our province.

Tourists who happen to spot the Lakeview Drive street sign in Terrace Bay, take a quick turn down the hill looking for the rest stop or scenic lookout. It would be nice to have a little more obvious landmark pointing the way to the mouth of the river. It's a nice big beach and can provide many hours of exploring, not to mention the Terrace Bay Golf Course which is a great way for golfers and non, to stretch their legs and take in fresh air. The course is picturesque and gives visitors a real feel of small community life in Ontario. I forgot to mention the Aguasabon Gorge. Someone thought enough of that place to record it as a picture post card, why not let the passersby in on the secret?

I've looked through friends' photo albums in Vancouver documenting their road trip across Canada. There I saw Terrace Bay Beach and the Imperial Motel parking lot. They were inquisitive enough to tour Terrace Bay and have fond memories that will last their lifetime.

Not only may these suggestions give us a boost financially, but it could be very rewarding, opening up our small part of the world to those brave folks travelling our highways. It will make us feel proud, realizing that we really are a special part of our country.

### A Thought for the Week

THE GREATEST REMEDY FOR ANGER IS DELAY.  
SEECA

## Arthur Black

### Speeding again?

Could you stand one more look at Speeding Excuses?

I know ... I know. This will mark the third time in as many months that I've written on the subject. And that looks bad. It looks suspiciously like a columnist who is flogging a dead horse — or in this case, running on empty.

Well, not true. The fact is, there seems to be something about Creative Lying Under Stress that appeals to the felon in all of us. Particularly when it pertains to outwitting the Boys in Blue, it seems.

It all started innocently enough around the beginning of the year, when I told the story of the habitual speeder who avoided tickets by means of a dead bee. The guy kept

the extinct insect on his dashboard. Whenever The Law pulled him over, the guy would come on all full of Aw Shuckses and profuse apologies and point to the little striped corpse. He explained that he must have 'inadvertently' sped up while he was trying to swat that damned bee.

It worked like a charm until a more-cynical-than-average policeman demanded a closer inspection of the bee. He discovered a cadaver in a state of near-mummification. It was obvious even to a non-entomologist that it had been many moons since this bug buzzed anybody's windshield. The guy got a ticket.

Well, that little tale was the start of the flood. Seems like everywhere I went thereafter, someone was pull-

ing me aside and bending my ear with their favourite Beat-The-Speeding Ticket scam.

At a dinner party one night, a lady told me how her sister-in-law not only got away without a ticket, she didn't even get the standard lecture. The speeder told the officer she was speeding because she really had to get home quickly because she had ... well ... diarrhea. The officer almost gave her a police escort.

Some of the best Speeding Ticket stories came from the other side of the notepad. A constable of my acquaintance told me some of the lame cop-outs he's had to try and keep a straight face through.

There was the fellow who said he'd been holding a cup of coffee between his legs and it had spilled, causing

him to accelerate.

As well it might.

Some speeders thought that trying to get a pizza home before it cooled was a reasonable excuse to put 'er to the floor. And then there was the guy with the bag of potatoes in the trunk.

The guy said that he'd just bought this bag of potatoes, see. Only there were some rotten ones in the bag, so he was rushing home so he could remove the rotten spuds before they spoiled the rest.

Not hard to see why a lot of policeman opt for early retirement.

But I guess my favourite Speeding Excuse — better even than the old Dead Bee gambit — came out of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Officers there gave hot pursuit to a speeding car that failed to pull over. After a tense few

minutes, the lights and the motor died and the car coasted to the shoulder. With drawn guns the cops converged on the vehicle to discover ...

... a chicken ... at the wheel.

Actually it was a man in a chicken costume. The man admitted somewhat sheepishly that he'd been on his way to a Costume Party and his chicken foot had become wedged in between the brake and the accelerator. The only way he could stop the car was to turn off the key and let it coast to a halt.

Sure enough, it took two officers grunting and straining to pluck the chicken foot free.

They let the driver off without a ticket of course.

Cop would have to be a real cluck to book a bird like that.



## Letters to the Editor

### War Widows Easter

Dear Sir:

As a war widow Easter has always had a very special meaning for me.

Like many of your readers who have lost the ones who have meant the most to them the message of Easter - new life, hope and renewal has been a great comfort.

May I share with those readers a way I found to make the message of Easter even more meaningful and at the same time provide a continuing memorial and tribute to a loved one.

I do it by underwriting the cost of sight restoring, cataract operations on

destitute blind people in the developing world. It only costs \$25 for the surgery, medicines, hospital care, cataract glasses, food while in hospital and follow up care. As you can understand when a blind person receives the gift of sight it is for them the gift of a new life, almost a resurrection - in fact the once blind call it "coming back from that other world."

If any of your readers would like to give someone "new life" for only \$25, I suggest that they send their cheque or money order to a Canadian charity that organizes these sight

restorations - Operation Eyesight Universal, P.O. Box 123, Station M, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2H6. This is a registered charity and contributions are tax deductible. Receipts for income tax purposes are issued right away.

I've been supporting Operation Eyesight for many years and have never ceased to wonder that they can do so much for so little. Your readers will receive a patient identification card showing the name, age, sex and the town, village or tribal area of the patient. This card is signed by the officiating

surgeon.

Knowing that you have given someone "new life" is such a grand way to celebrate Easter.

Sincerely,

Margaret Fearn  
Ottawa, Ontario

### Correction

The letter to the editor last week was from Mr. Guy Bozec, District No. 7 President Ontario Moose Association, not Gary Boyer.

