

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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Opinion

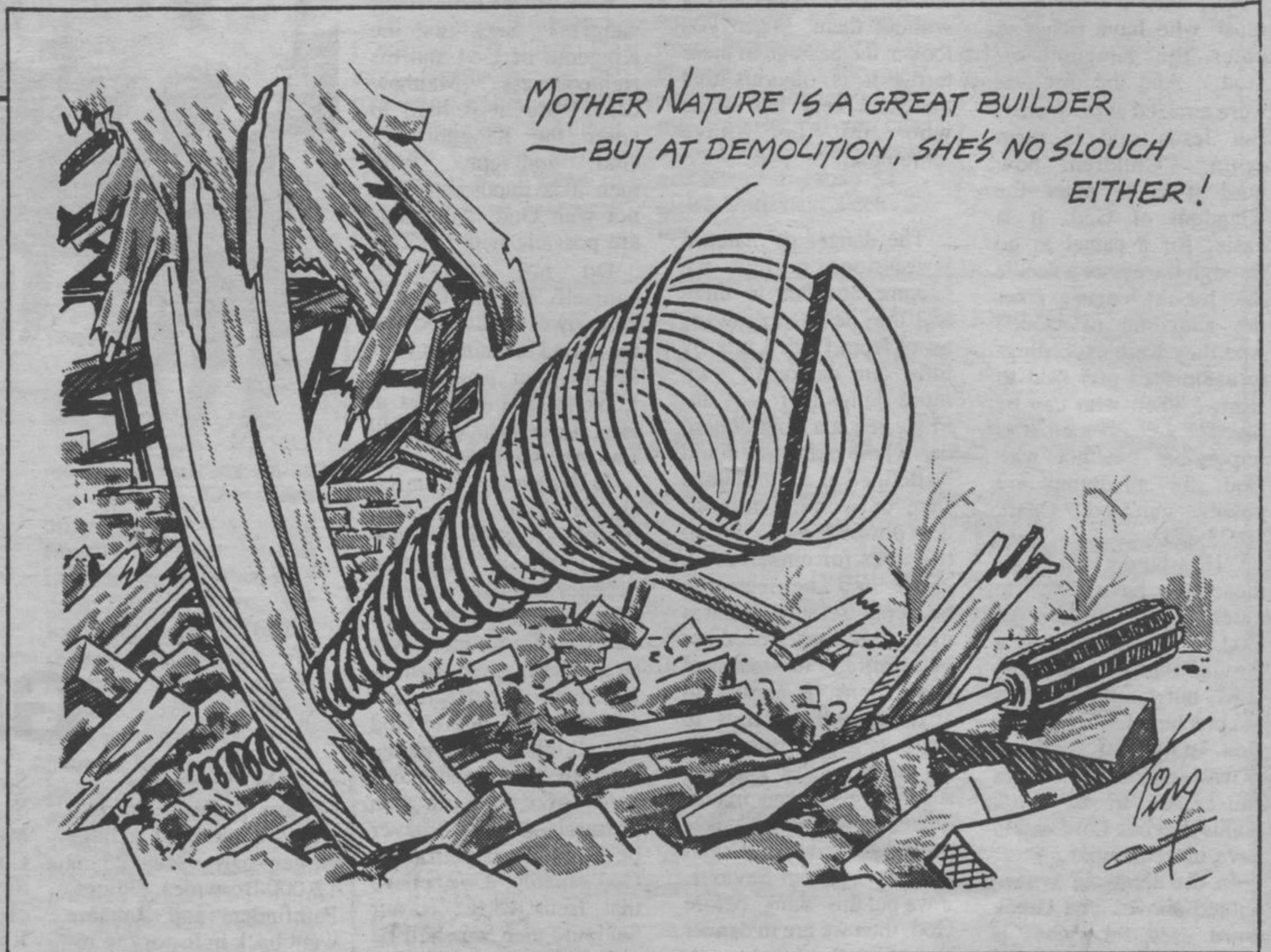
MADD

Mothers Against Drunk Drivers -- It sends a chill down my spine to think of the reason this association was formed. A 13 yr. old child died because of a drunk driver!

How many of us have driven our cars while "slightly" under the influence of alcohol? How many of us have thought of the consequences? It could be me, it could be you, it could be your child! The burden lies with all of us - you and I, not to drink and drive; you and I, to try and teach our children; you and I, to try and help our friends.

This time of the year is a time of celebration: graduation, beach parties, company visiting, holidays etc. Let's make a promise to ourselves this summer; we will not drive while under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Let's help our teens have a safe and happy graduation. Offer to drive them if they should call you. Don't nag them - just drive them - just drive them.

If we all work together, all of us, we can help make the North Shore accident free this summer, sorrow free this summer, and we can kiss our children goodnight!



Did You Know

That during World War II, we had a prisoner of war camp just 35 miles east of here, at Neys Park? There was no escape as the highway had not yet been built, and the camp bordered on Lake Superior.

Arthur Black

Yard Sale Trauma

When you finally make your decision to move out of the North, there are a number of gut-wrenching moments and situations to contend with. Tearful goodbyes to old friends ... the mournful cries of a loon at daybreak ... that first glance at the Mover's estimate ...

But there is another, far more harrowing gantlet to be run before the North will let you go.

The pre-move Yard Sale.

We had ours last weekend. The doctors claim I'll be off intravenous in a couple of days and as long as I keep taking the little purple pills, the nightmares shouldn't come back.

On the off-chance that you ever become foolish enough to contemplate holding a yard sale, let me tell you what I've learned. First off: beware of the Strangers from Calgary. They show up at your front door at dawn on Tuesday morning,

unsmiling deadly looking folks with cobra eyes. They want to know if they can have a "sneak preview". Clutching your pyjama drawstring defensively you tell them that the sale doesn't start until Saturday morning.

That's when they tell you they're from Calgary and won't be around on Saturday.

They're not from Calgary of course. They are dealers, professional and otherwise, trying to get the jump on the competition and cream off any bargains you might have. Black's advice on how to deal with the Calgary Early Bird sharpies?

Without mercy. Anyone who is loutish enough to wake you up three days before a sale and then lie to you about it doesn't deserve consideration. Slam the door on 'em. If that doesn't work, phone up your neighbour and ask him to send his dobermans over to play in your front

yard.

Another thing you can prepare yourself for in advance is the stark realization of the awesome amount of junk you've accumulated over the years. They're called Yard Sales, but they should be called Arena Sales or Football Field Sales, because that's the amount of space you need to accommodate the flotsam and jetsam that you'll be trying to flog.

And such flotsam and jetsam! Even after you've weeded out the truly awful crap you'll still have huge mounds and rubbish heaps of effluvia worthy of a fair-sized Appalachian town.

Yard sales give you the opportunity to reassess your position in the Cosmos. As reflected in questions such as: "If I'm so smart, how come I've been paying rent on stuff like this for years?"

Oh, yes indeed. The Yard Sale is

nothing if not a Crash Course in humility. After all, it's pretty hard to feel proud when a little old lady is holding up a pair of your long johns in the middle of the crowd, asking for a discount because "there's two buttons missing on the trapdoor!"

Which brings us to Black's Piece of Advice Number Two on how to survive your Yard Sale: Don't Be Proud.

About anything. Remember, the object of this exercise in public flagellation is not to impress your neighbours or outwit the customers or even to make a huge pile of money. The object of the Yard Sale is to *unload the junk*.

And you will. As long as you don't get proud ("Give me back those Stanfields lady ... you don't deserve to buy them!") Or greedy. Just because you paid \$11.95 for your hardcover copy of Sociological Imperatives



Among the Watusi doesn't mean you'll get anything like that at your sale.

Other morsels of advice? Well, make sure you've got lots of change — in coins and bills. I still have fond memories of the lady who paid for two used comic books with a fifty dollar bill. Get lots of signs up around the neighbourhood — particularly around busy intersections — and for crying out loud make them big enough to read from a passing car.

One final tip — well, I guess this is more of a request actually — do you think you could give me a phone call, here at the paper, two or three days before you advertise the sale?

It's not for me, you understand. It's just that I have these two friends from Calgary staying with me ...