

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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## Opinion

# Keeping the Record Straight

by IRENE FOLZ

Due to the interest of our "Did You Know" July 12th issue, I decided to do a little research on our comment about the POW camps.

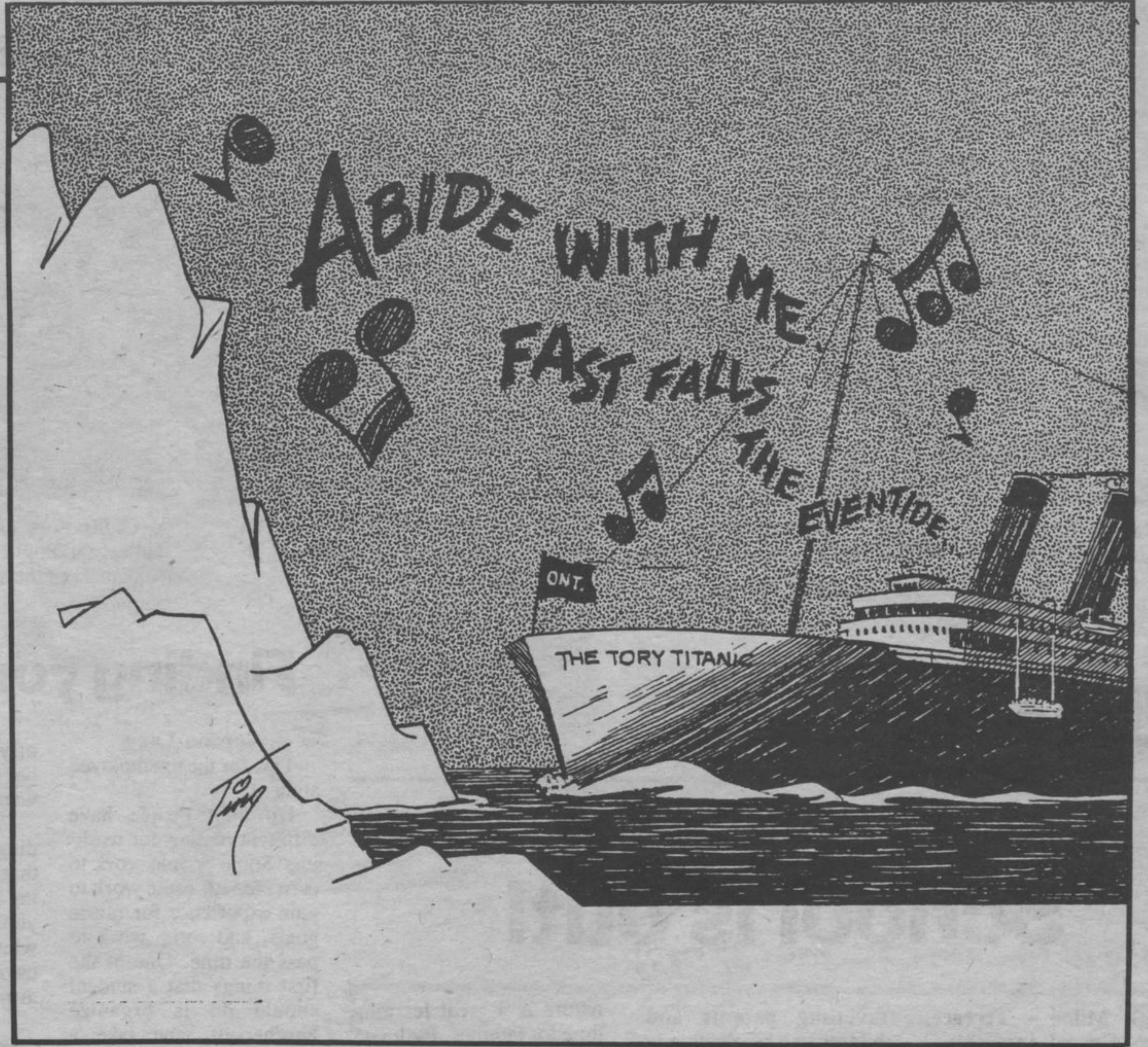
First off, to let you, our readers know, our little bits of trivia are usually taken from histories that are written about our communities. However, I must confess that this particular comment was by guess and by golly with a little help from the MNR, and a little help from one of our "older" citizens. But because of the phone calls, comments, and visits to our office, and because of the discrepancies that arose from these conversations, I was prompted to investigate further.

I acquired a book, which by the way cost me a "nominal fee", on the history of the community of Marathon and to my relief, because of the "nominal fee", it contained the information I required to keep the record straight.

According to this history book, the commissioned German officers were held at Neys camp, and the non-commissioned officers, merchant seamen, and enlisted men, numbering 300, were held at Angler camp. The big escape was from Angler, where 28 men tunneled out. Of the 19 that were rounded up the next day, 2 were wounded, and 2 were killed. Three more were found near the camp, two were found in Medicine Hat, Alberta, and the last four were found in a boxcar at Heron Bay one week later.

In response to the comments about the five graves, two held Germans that died while in the camps, two held the German escapees that were killed, and the fifth held a Japanese prisoner and all of these graves have been moved.

I hope that this information sheds some light with all of our readers, and keeps the record straight.



## Did You Know

That Schreiber was first settled in the early 1880's as "Isbestor's Landing", which is said to originate

from the first Riel Rebellion when a Colonel Isbestor landed troops at the Schreiber beach.

# Arthur Black

## So long Wally



### So Long Wally

Well folks, this is it -- my absolutely last column scratched out in the greater two-thirds of this province known as The North. By the time you're wrapping potato peels with this edition of the paper, we will be bucketing along the Trans-Canada, heading vaguely east toward God knows what, laden down with two kids, Angus the wonderdog, a psychopathic cat named Lassie, plus whatever was lying around after the moving van left.

Moving. The dirtiest six-letter word in the English language. And I'm doing it. Right -- as John Lennon suggested -- in the road.

The last few weeks have been strange ones for us, as we prepare to leave a place that has been home for the past decade. It occurs to me that

the North is not so much a location as a state of mind. Living in Thunder Bay -- or Marathon or Schreiber or Geraldton or Sudbury -- is not the same as living in...Barrie or Kingston or Fergus or Milton.

Dunno why, exactly, but I know in my guts that it's not the same.

We are going to miss a lot of things when we move south. And it occurred to me last night that one of the things that I'm going to miss most can be summed up in one poignant, five-letter word...

Wally.

Walter Assef. Now where am I going to find another mayor like that?

Walter is a phenomenon that could only occur in The North. A man with two major claims to world attention: that he once sang with Danny Thomas...and that on another occa-

sion, he patted Her Majesty's fanny.

There are those who would deny the latter occurrence. There are others who would produce photographs and TV camera footage to prove it. No matter. It fits.

Walter is a sawed-off Don Quixote who has tilted at everyone from fellow aldermen to 250-pound journalists.

All five-foot-two-inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of him.

Walter is a man who called Steve Fonyo "Terry". Four times. He's a man who once glorified his metropolis as "the primate capital of Canada" (Huh?)

He is also a man who once offered to meet a fellow Councilman in mortal combat after the official City Hall meeting was over.

Unfortunately, the fellow-council

member was confined to a wheelchair at the time.

Ah, I tell ya, they don't make mayors like that anymore. I know. I've been combing the Canadian history books. Merle Dickerson came pretty close. He was mayor of North Bay for quite a while there...and gained a certain notoriety after being charged as a found-in during a raid on a gambling joint several years ago.

As I recall, the news of Mayor Dickerson's terrible predicament served to increase his majority in the next municipal election.

That's what I like about The North -- it doesn't make any sense.

Mind you...my research into mayors turned up some pretty interesting stuff. Let me throw a few quotes at you:

"Economy -- at any price!"

"I shun publicity wherever I can find it!"

"I get up at 5 in the morning, no matter what time it is!"

"If somebody's gonna stab me in the back, I wanna be there!"

"We have to settle this thing once and for all! And for the time being!"

You know who said all those weird, whacky and wonderful things?

A man by the name of Allan Lamport.

Mayor of...Toronto, a few years back.

Maybe I'm not going to be so lonely down south after all.

Editor's note: Arthur will continue his column for Lakehead Living from his new home in Southern Ontario.