

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.

GENERAL/ADVERTISING MANAGER Vivian Ludington
SUMMER STUDENT Pam Ludington
OFFICE Gayle Fournier
PRODUCTION MANAGER Mary Melo



Letters to the Editor

Creative Peacemaking

Your community is invited to participate in a Creative Peacemaking Contest. The purpose of the contest is to stimulate people to think about and express their interest, their ideas and their concerns about peace.

Virtually no one opposes the cause; the differences between people are basically how to achieve the peaceful settlement of disputes. Some believe a strong military force will prevent war; others believe disarmament and a reduction of military power is the method needed.

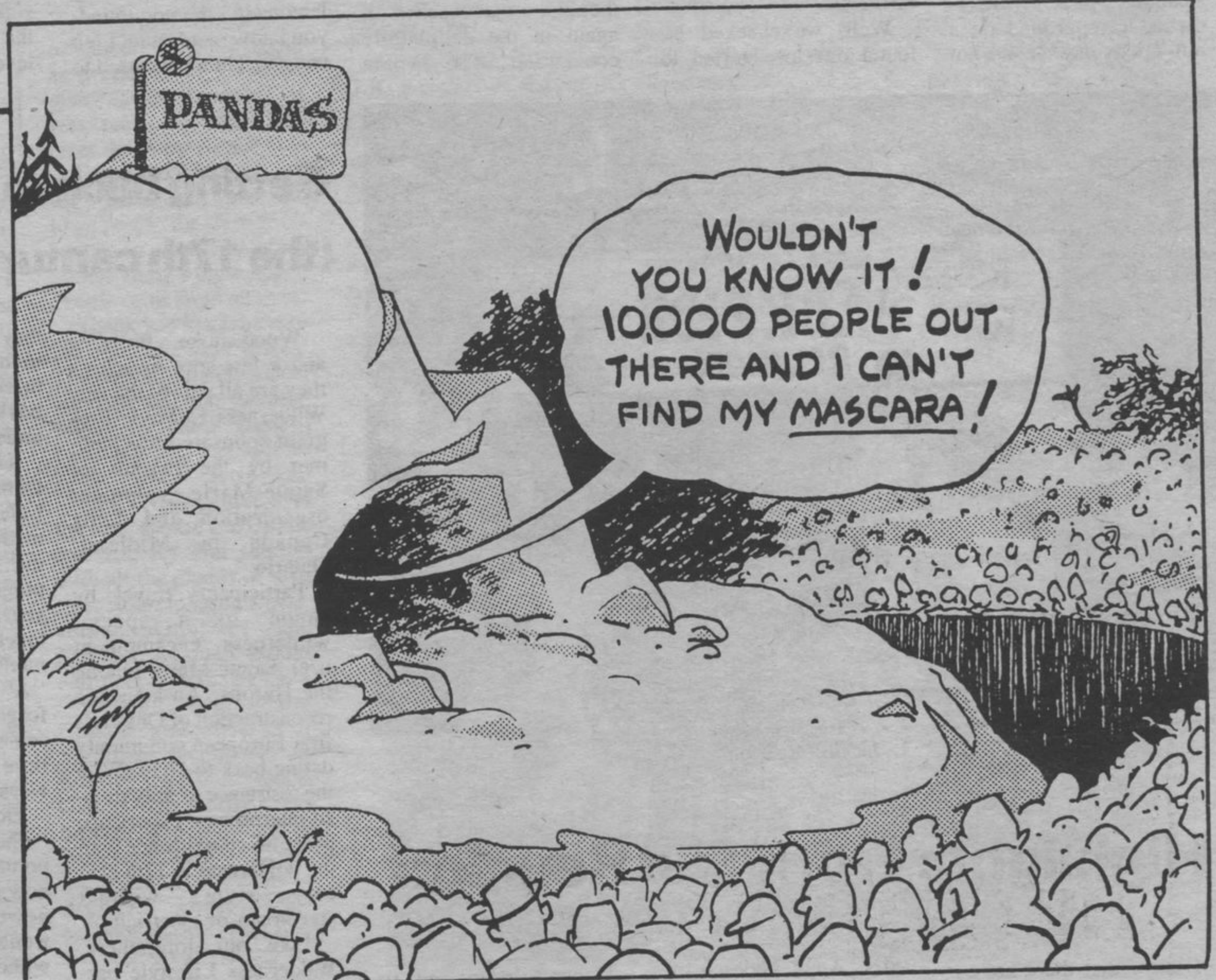
The creative peacemaking contest provides everyone with the opportunity to express their views, to contribute to a peaceful world.

There are nine categories in the contest: Music...Essays and Short Stories...Art and Crafts... Video... Poetry... Photography One Act Plays... Children's Literature. Entries are welcome from all people and will be divided into three divisions: elementary school, high school and adult.

Your community can contribute in any one of the following ways:
1) Enter the contest yourself and encourage your friends and neighbours to do likewise. 2) Promote the contest within your own community - in newsletters etc. 3) Sponsor advertisements for the contest in the media. 4) Contribute prizes for award-winning entries. 5) Business, industry, service clubs, professional associations can contribute funds to help us in administering the contest.

Completed works will be accepted from September 2 to October 31, 1985 and winners will be announced at Creative Peacemaking Festival, November 9 and 10 at St. Lawrence College Saint-Laurent, Kingston.

Finally, sir, in the event of war, all of us would make major personal and financial sacrifices to the war effort. Efforts to promote peace are immeasurably less expensive and far more rational. Please assist us. For more information contact, Brian J. Judge 544-5400 ext. 268.



Did You Know

Charles Cotton Skinner arrived in Schreiber in 1909. He established his own barbershop from his arrival until 1953 and offered hair cuts for 35¢ in his early days. He then

became an insurance agent and served as town librarian for twenty-five years. Mr. Skinner was a very enthusiastic man, a symbol of Schreiber townspeople.

Arthur Black

Quarry capers



Ever gone for a swim in a quarry? To me, it's one of the most delightful treats you can give your body. With water, anyway. There's something about the clarity of the water and the towering limestone walls that makes quarry swimming highly sensual. Especially if you deck yourself out with snorkel and face mask and dip into the beautiful world below the surface.

Or perhaps it's just a personal fetish. After all, I learned to swim in a rock quarry when I was a mere guppy, several hundred years ago. The Elora Quarry it was...a magnificent crater in the landscape between the southern Ontario towns of Elora and Guelph. The Elora Quarry is -- well, heck I don't know how big it is, but it's big. Wide enough that my arms turn to spaghetti when I try to swim across. And the distance from the lip of the quarry to the dancing blue-green water far below is such that I take a deep breath before I even peer over the side. As for the daredevil

teenagers who actually leap off the cliffs, even they wear sneakers to absorb the smack of their feet hitting the water. Those kids don't have to worry about touching bottom. The water in the Quarry is 30 feet deep, so there's really no danger. Providing they survive the fall.

Jumping off the side of the Elora Quarry has never been my idea of a fun pastime, and there's no need anyway. There's a gently sloping path for we lesser breeds who wish to sample the water without having a mid-air coronary.

I remember the first time I walked that path. I can still feel the sharp limestone gravel under my six-year-old feet. I remember timidly entering the water and that first terrifying thrill when the bottom drops away and you begin to flail and you realize that you are swimming.

Or in my case, sinking. Ah, but I bobbed up eventually, spluttering and choking and gasping for air, but doing a kind of frenzied,

instinctive dog paddle that got my mouth above the waterline every once in a while. Before that afternoon was over, I'd even learned to thrash my way from one point to another. I was no threat to Johnny Weissmuller or Esther Williams, but I was 'swimming', after a fashion.

Since that day, I've swum in quarries all over Ontario. I've also tried them in Spain and Italy and Mexico. In Mexico they're called cenotes and they occur naturally, but swimming in a cenote feels just as exquisite as it does in an Ontario rock quarry.

They were all very nice...but only because they reminded me of the Elora Quarry. I always dreamed that one day I would swim and snorkel there again. Last Spring, after a quarter of a century absence, I moved back to the Fergus-Elora area. The quarry I'd dreamed about is just a couple of miles down the road. Last week I went back for a swim.

I discovered, a la Rip Van Winkle, that there have been some changes.

The rambling cowpath that used to lead from the highway to the quarry is gone. It's been replaced by a large, paved parking lot. There's a concession stand hawking soft drinks, french fries and hot dogs. As kids we used to pedal to the Quarry on our CCMs and not see another soul all day. Now there's a toll booth and it costs a dollar-fifty for adults and fifty cents for kids. There are concrete pillbox washrooms, litter buckets and Conservation Officers every few feet. Before I got ten paces from my car I was nailed by one of the Quarry Guardians who told me, with a Happy Face smile that the snorkel, mask and fins under my arm were verboten.

"Why?" I asked.
"No floating objects allowed," she smiled.

No problem, I smiled back, pointing out that my mask, snorkel and fins would, if left unattached, sink like stones. The only floating object would -- hopefully -- be me.

She upped the wattage on her smile and hit me with the classic Eichman Defence:

"I'm sorry, but I don't make the rules."

So there I was, standing beside my beloved Elora Quarry, surrounded by leering Conservation Officers determined to crush any criminal activity I might have in mind. I looked around. Sure enough, there wasn't a face mask, snorkel or swim fin to be seen. Just ghetto blasters, teeny boppers, crushed dixie cups and the acrid, bitter-sweet aroma of a Controlled Substance burning nearby.

I kept trying to conjure up that Norman Rockwellish vignette of tousel-haired, freckle-faced lads on a hot summer afternoon, dangling their feet in the water. But it was difficult. Especially with Madonna screeching Material Girls from a suitcase radio just off my starboard earhole.

Ah, I tell ya...sometimes it's tough being an old fogey.