

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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**Editorial**

## Don't panic ... yet

The Kimberly-Clark pulp mill in Terrace Bay will close if things don't change there, and soon. Company Chairman of the Board Darwin E. Smith didn't exactly say those words, but that was certainly the intent of the generally vague speech he gave in Terrace Bay on May 3, and all K-C employess would benefit by listening to those words.

Outsiders, of course, cannot and perhaps should not dictate what K-C should or should not do in this situation. But something must be said by someone, because unlike many other K-C mills in many other towns, this one is the heart and soul of the community, and without it, Terrace Bay would be all but dead.

Therefore, it wouldn't hurt to ask all concerned to accept this problem realistically. Some seem to be convinced that nothing can be done to avoid a complete closure, while others are certain that the mill will always be around. Both viewpoints are probably mistaken, as the possibility for all possibilities still exists.

This is not the time for panic or complacency. What this is the time for is reason or, as Smith himself put it:

"In the early 1970s, I had the unpleasant task of disposing of five Kimberly-Clark mills...The people in these mills refused to recognize that their unwillingness to accept unavoidable change meant the end of their future (with K-C)." Here's hoping the same thing won't happen here.

THESE ARE JUST  
PRACTICE SESSIONS  
— WAIT'LL I GET INTO THE  
NUCLEAR HORROR LEAGUE  
PLAYOFFS!



## Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

I had planned to run the following column weeks ago, but other subjects took priority. But now things are back to normal, or as normal as they ever get around here, and so now, without any further ado, is my previously scheduled dissertation on school prayer.

Of course, I don't mean praying for school, I mean praying in school, which is a slightly different thing...different enough, in fact, that I am against one while being for the other. Can you guess which one?

Perhaps I will let a friend of mine speak for me here. He recently sent me a letter which echoed my views completely, and I'd like to share some of his comments here for you:

"The Lord's Prayer was intended as a pattern, not a litany (Matt. 6:9, 'This is how you should pray,' not what you should pray). We are also to avoid 'vain repetitions,' and if what kids do in school is not vain, I don't know what is...Moreover, Christ taught this prayer to believers, not just anyone who wandered by. Real prayer is a great thing, but empty rituals are nauseating. Therefore, I think prayer in schools ought to be abolished immediately."

I should also add his concluding point: "Besides, Christians—who are to 'pray without ceasing'—will do it without being stood up and told what to say." Trust me...this man knows whereof he speaks. For one thing, he

is the son of a clergyman, and well versed (Biblical pun not intended) in religious matters himself. Being such, you might think he would be all for school prayers. Nope.

Even I, the son of a janitor (oops, sorry Pa...of course, I meant to say "the son of a custodial engineer"), have my own reasons for being opposed to this religious intrusion in our early lives, no matter how innocent the original intent may be.

First of all, schools are not the place for such things. Honest. That's why we have churches, not to mention parents. Our teachers are having enough trouble as it is just getting the kids of today to learn what the darn capital of the country is! You think

I jest, hmm? Well, listen to this: back in March, an international test was held in Quebec, and more than 60 per cent of the Grade 6 students in that particular province who took the test did not know that Canada's capital city is Ottawa!

This, needless to say, is shameful and worthy of a column all by itself (maybe next week). I'll bet every morning those same Quebec students all stand and recite the Lord's Prayer. Why couldn't they instead stand up and recite the ten provinces?

But let's get back on track here. As things stand now, the Ontario Education Act requires compulsory prayer, which to me violates the freedom of

religion provisions in our Charter of Rights. Forcing children to repeat a prayer may seem harmless, but it's all part of a much larger issue, as pointed out by John Laskin, who recently spoke on behalf of the Canadian Jewish Congress. I'd like to conclude with his words (which, again, I agree with 100 per cent):

"The (Ontario Education) Act regulation not only offends the religious freedoms of the minorities, but that of the majority as well...When you compel the place, the time, the manner and the content of prayer, that is a direct denial of an individual's own personal freedom to choose those things for himself."

## Black N' White

By Arthur Black

I just had a revolutionary thought. It came to me as I sat here watching Rufus, the family dog, doing what Rufus does best. He is doing it right now, unfazed by the clanging, ping-pong typewriter being jockeyed by his ham-fingered and occasionally cursing Lord and Master (that's me) -- right overhead.

To the untrained eye, Rufus might appear to be asleep, splayed as he is across the floor. His eyes are shut, his tongue lolls limply on the broadloom. Every once in a while one paw will quiver as if its owner was involved in some dream chase. Rufus' impersonation of a sleeping dog is absolutely uncanny. One could almost swear one heard the faint whistle of a snore as he maintains the pose for hours on end.

It is, of course, exactly what Rufus hopes to lull potential intruders into believing -- that he is asleep. Lesser breeds, such as Dobermans and German Shepherds may bark and snarl and lunge at the end of their chains, but Australian Cattle Dogs -- for that's what Rufus is -- operate on an infinitely subtler tactical level. One can almost discern the von Clausewitzian stratagems unfolding behind that shaggy brow. Lure the enemy inside your perimeter, it whispers, the bet-

ter to envelope him in a pincer movement.

Well, that's one interpretation. There is also the possibility that Rufus is a bone-lazy lout of terminal uselessness just like every other dog I've ever owned.

After several months of observing Rufus in action (?) I have reluctantly concluded that the latter assessment, though brutal, is probably correct. Rufus is my very own in-house Welfare Bum.

Which brings me -- at last -- around to the revolutionary thought I mentioned at the top of the page. Namely that what Rufus needs is a good goose.

At ease, vicar -- I refer to *Branta Canadensis Maximus*. Those gorgeous, long-necked creatures that wing across our skies each spring and fall in huge, flapping communal arrowheads -- I'm talking about the good old Canada Goose.

That's what Rufus needs to start earning his keep. Why? Because geese happen to make terrific watchd... um ... watchgeese, that's why. Europeans have been using flocks of geese for years to do night patrol at vineyards, golf courses -- even military installations.

Geese are ferociously territorial, alert to the slightest sound or move-

ment, and fearless. When a goose starts cussing out an intruder, he can out-decibel any mechanical burglar alarm. They're tough, too.

I've yet to meet a dog that's a match for an angry gander defending its nest. Quite aside from the fearsome hiss and the jackhammer beak, geese can use their wings to deliver volleys of lefts, rights, and combinations that Sean O'Sullivan could use in his business. Unwary bird watchers and greedy poachers have had arms and even legs broken by those wings.

As for improving Rufus' performance by taking a wild goose under my wing -- that's not as far-fetched as it sounds. It happened to the Nagy family just last month. Scott Nagy runs a farm outside of Carthage, Ont. A few weeks ago, Scott was on his porch, reading the paper while his German Shepherd, King, snoozed contentedly by his boots. Suddenly, a full-grown Canada goose came in like a B-29, landing right on the front lawn.

Mister Nagy looked at the goose. King looked at Mister Nagy. The goose honked, and waddled over to King. He showed absolutely no fear of man or dog -- in fact, he displayed out and out affection for poor, bewildered King. This dog had no

previous history of wimpdom, but in no time he was smitten, too.

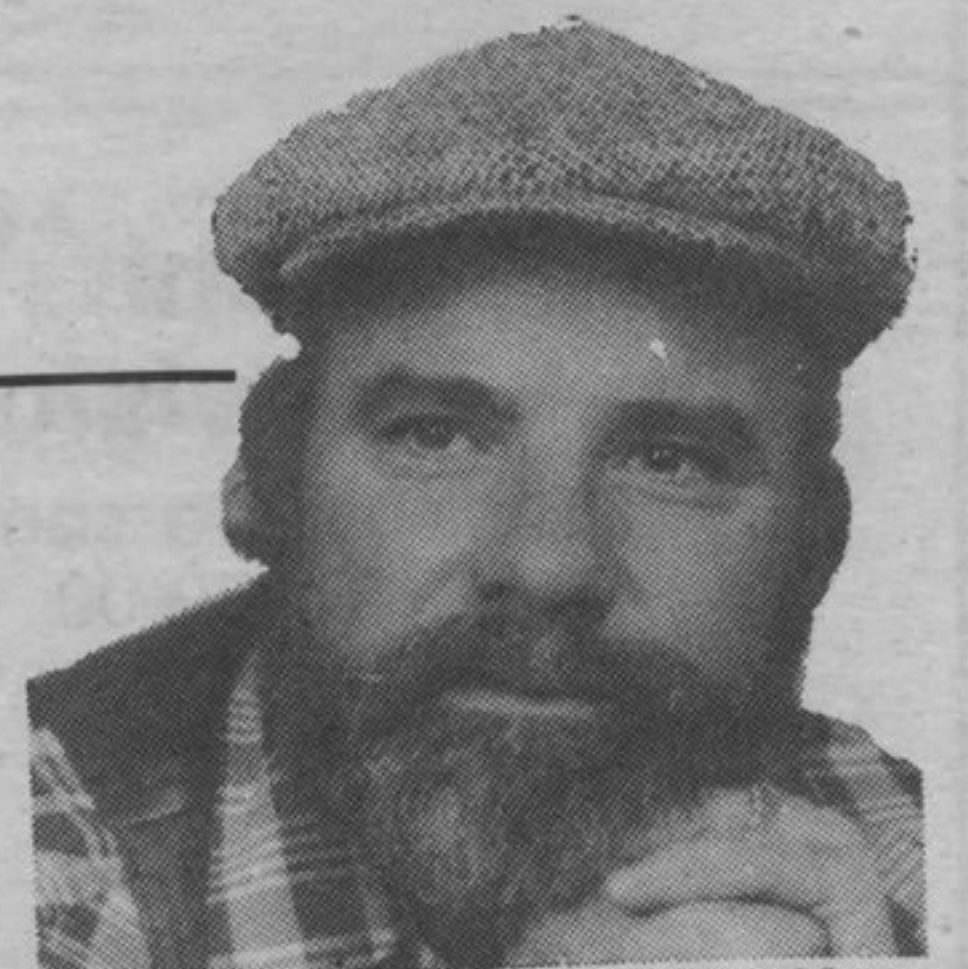
"He (King) would never let my wife or kids near him while he's eating... but that thing (the goose) was eating out of the same dish as he was," Nagy said.

The Nagys dubbed the newcomer Gunnar, and stood by watching as the goose/dog romance blossomed. "Gunnar followed King everywhere he went," says Nagy. One time the goose followed the dog right into the Nagy house, where Gunnar did an impromptu fan dance, stretching his massive wings out to their full width, right between the TV set and the Barcalounger.

Gunnar and King even worked up an inter-species routine of sorts. King would gambol up to Gunnar with a ball in his mouth, drop it at Gunnar's webbed feet, and bark. Thereupon Gunnar would launch into an earsplitting aria of honks and squawks. As near as the Nagys could tell, Gunnar and King were having a heck of a good time.

All love stories, alas, wind down, eventually. There came a morning when King awoke in his doghouse to find that his feathered pal no longer snuggled beside him. Gunnar had flown the coop, as it were.

"He's gone back to be with his



own kind," says Scott Nagy philosophically. Perhaps -- but Gunnar left a couple of legacies behind on the Nagy farm -- a broken-hearted German Shepherd, for one thing.

In addition, a brand new resolution for Scott Nagy. He's hanging up his 12 gauge pump-action for good. He says he could never hunt another goose. Not after Gunnar.

All I know is, somewhere out there, wheeling around the sky, there's a Canada goose that can probably whip a fairly useless canine into shape in a matter of hours.

If any of my neighbors are reading along right now, consider that an apology in advance. Don't panic if, some morning, you catch me leaning

out by bedroom window howling like an Arab meuzzin "Gunnar! Nice goose! Down here, Gunnar! C'mon, boy."

Don't call the cops. It's just Rufus' Lord and Master on another wild goose chase.