

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Editorial

Gas attack

There's only one word for it...ridiculous. The seemingly incessant high gasoline prices in the Schreiber-Terrace Bay area must return to reasonable levels, and now. This is not just the opinion of one strident newspaper either. Next week's issue of the *News* will include a report, submitted recently to the North/South Gasoline Price Forum by Jack Stokes of Schreiber, which came to a similar conclusion and also demanded that the federal and provincial governments take some immediate action.

The problem exists. No one can deny that. In his report, Stokes explained that a few years ago he asked a number of marketing managers in Thunder Bay how much they were charging extra for gasoline in places like Nipigon and Schreiber. They replied that the difference in price was just 0.3 cents per litre. No, not three cents. That's zero point three...merely a third of a cent.

However, as recently as July 13, the lowest price for retail leaded gasoline available from Terrace Bay or Schreiber dealers was 47.5 cents per litre at a self-serve station while in Thunder Bay, leaded gas was selling for 42.9 cents per litre or less, even at full-serve stations.

Therefore, it is obvious that our governments should act now to close the gap in these gasoline prices now. We all like to make money...but *this* is ridiculous.



GOLLY, WITH NO HOME DELIVERY OF MAIL FOR NEW SUBDIVISIONS — IT'S JUST LIKE THE GOOD OL' DAYS!

Close To The Edge

I was almost inspired to write my own column on single life after reading one a week or three ago by Arthur Black (that's the bearded dude you see below me on this here page).

I say 'almost' because, after some consideration, I've decided *not* to do one. I am, of course, fully qualified to talk about what bachelor life is like because I happen to be one myself. But no, it's better to avoid the whole topic, as I'm sure I would say something stupid or controversial.

If I ever *did* do such a column, I would certainly note right off the bat that I don't really mind being alone, but it seems everyone else *does* mind, very much so, and they wonder when I am finally going to get hitched. This reached a high point when my eldest sister, who is still several years younger than me, got married herself a couple of years ago. The jokes at

my expense, the ceaseless questions about my marital status...it was, for me, one miserable day.

I would probably also mention that the pressure continues, even to this day, even though men have no fear of winding up as a spinster. It's possible that some envy my freedom, but I think it is odd that so many feel uncomfortable about my being single when they feel so uncomfortable themselves about being wedlocked.

I would then note that one way out of the problems of marriage is to *stay* out, and I have succeeded admirably in that regard for nearly three decades. But don't get me wrong. As Mae West once said, "I think marriage is a great institution, but I'm not ready for an institution, yet."

Ahhh, but *then* I would be serious and admit there *is* something to be said for wedded bliss. Here are a few

arguments on the pro side of matrimony which I would've included, had I done a column on marriage, that is: "The world is divided into couples, so being single can feel like playing musical chairs and every time they stop the music, you're the one who's out." (Merle Shain) "People who have never married have not really lived." (Stephen Leacock)

But there is a flip side: "A man in love is incomplete until he is married. Then he's finished." (Zsa Zsa Gabor) "Marriage is a good deal like taking a bath—not so hot once you get accustomed to it." (Dr. Laurence J. Peter) "Some of my best friends are married—but then, some of my best friends are idiots." (Conrad Felber)

None of the above quotations even mention the other main problem facing all of us, single *and* married. So

much of it comes down to something as absurdly trivial as our *looks*. Is our outer appearance that important? Is it any foundation for what just might be a permanent relationship? Yet that is usually the way things start off. It's lust over love. I find this approach less than satisfactory, to say the least.

No, it's just as well I'm not doing such a column. There would be no real point to it, except to use it as a way to address my constant critics who are aghast that I have still not tied the knot after all of this time.

"Look," I would no doubt say to them at the end of such a column. "I ain't married, I ain't gettin' married, I may never get married. Is that so terrible? It's not that I don't believe in marriage as a form of monogamy."



I am all for the idea of one man, one woman, forever. I guess it just isn't as big a priority for me as it seems to be for some folks. I'm doing fine as a single guy, thank you."

Yeah, come to think of it, I'm glad I didn't write such a piece. See, this week I really wanted to talk about.... oh no! I'm out of room! Now how did that happen?

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

They called him Big Bill, and he certainly was that. He'd have stood more than nine feet off the ground -- if he'd been able to stand, which he wasn't. Big Bill was so fat that even on all fours his belly dragged on the ground. He tipped the scales at a gargantuan 2,552 pounds.

His massive weight came from a lifetime spent pigging out and sowing around. Big Bill, you see, was a Poland-China hog who wallowed around the Jackson, Tennessee area back in the 1930's. According to the Guinness Book of Records, Big Bill is the heaviest pig ever recorded.

Impressive as he undoubtedly was, it's a safe bet that Big Bill's bulk didn't do anything for the image of pigdom in general. Was there ever an animal so maligned? Next to the cockroach, the pig has received just about the worst press of the entire animal kingdom -- and most of it undeserved at that.

As a fellow who's done some time on the non-prickly end of the manure

fork, I can testify that comparatively, horses are more unpredictable, cattle are messier and just about everything in the barnyard is a whole lot dumber than the average pig.

The smelliest? Well, you go clean out an old henhouse or goatshed. We'll resume this discussion after you regain consciousness.

It's possible that the pig's number one enemy is language. The English tongue is awash with references to greedy pigs and dirty pigs, road hogs and filthy swine who live in pigsties. We like to point out prissily that "you can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear" and that it is foolhardy to purchase "a pig in a poke". We speak disapprovingly of people who gobble like a/ wallow like a/ grunt like a you-know-what. If we're crossed by a cop he's a pig. If we don't like an actor he's a ham. As for the fat little new kid in class, you know that before the week's out it won't matter what his real name is. He is doomed to be known forever after as "Porky". Poor old pigs.

They even get their lumps in folk mythology. I mean, we all know that pigs like to eat garbage, roll around in slime and are so dumb they cut their own fat throats when they're forced to swim, right?

Bunk, bunk, bunk.

In his *Dictionary of Misinformation* author Tom Burnham says the belief that pigs cut their own throats with their forehooves when they swim "is absolute nonsense. They can swim perfectly well." A pig, he admits, does like to wallow in mud on a hot day, but only because the pig lacks sweat glands and mud is a good way to lower the temperature of his skin.

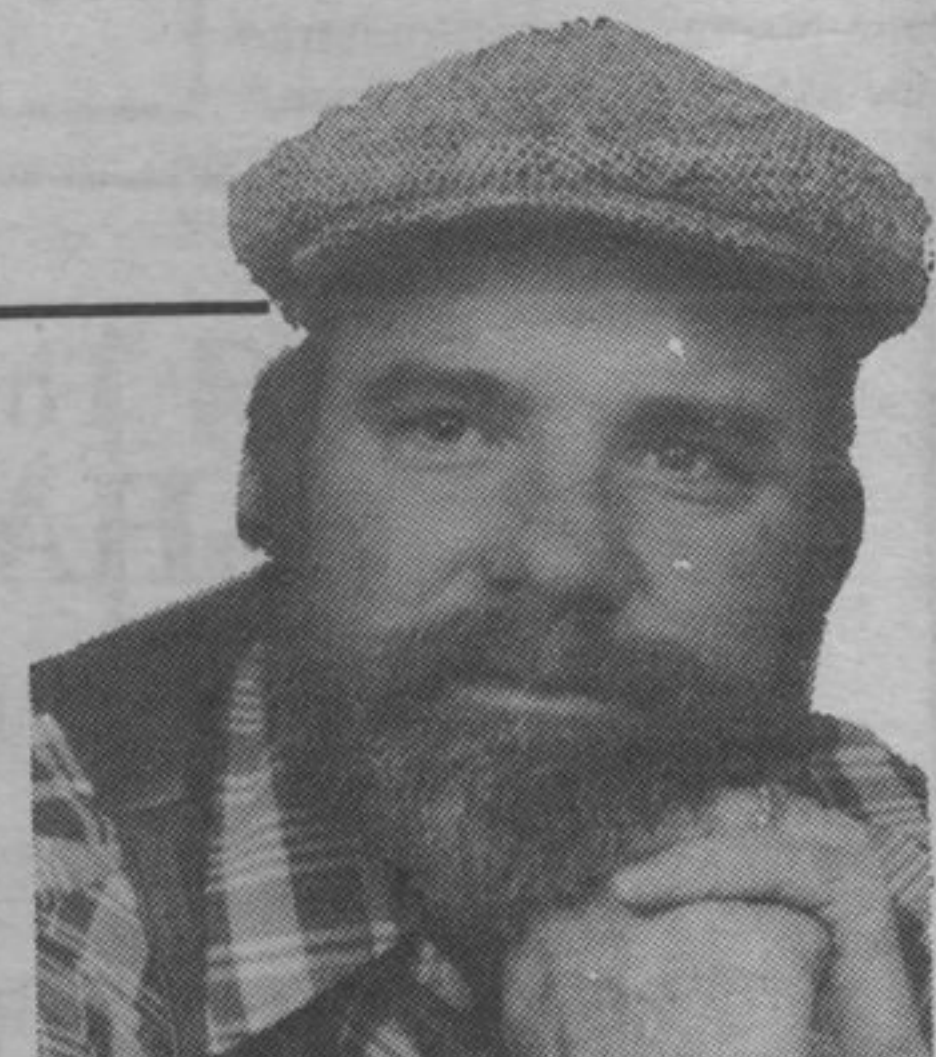
What about the common belief that pigs love to eat garbage? Mister Burnham points out something that should have been obvious: "In captivity... they eat what they are fed... (but) of all domestic animals, the pig's preferred diet is closest to that of human beings."

Perhaps the biggest misconception humans hold concerning the pig is in the I.Q. department. Contrary to

popular belief, they are not dumb. Professor Edward O. Wilson, curator of entomology at Harvard University ranks the pig among the top 10 most intelligent animals on the planet, just behind the dolphin and the elephant -- well ahead of Fido and Minnie the Mynah bird.

And anyway... we have the example of Louise.

Louise is what the Germans call a *schnueffelwildschwein* -- "tracker pig" is about as close as we can get in English. Her job was to help German police by sniffing out illicit drugs. And she was very good at it. Much better than German Shepherds or Dobermans or Bloodhounds or human officers with mechanical sniffing machines. But... there was a problem. It stemmed from Louise's *pigness*. Some timid German bureaucrat decided that a drug-sniffing pig was bad for the police image. Accordingly, Louise was stripped of her badge, demoted to civilian and sentenced to the German equivalent of Canada Packers.



Then, a wonderful thing happened. Louise's sad story was leaked to the public and instantly the police department was swamped with calls from outraged German citizens. Louise's plight was even taken up in the State Assembly.

And there's a happy ending. Louise not only had her death sentence lifted, she was reinstated to her former position with the police and dispatched for duty to another more pig-supportive precinct.

Ah, it almost gives you hope that the human race might be on the verge of granting the lowly pig the respect it deserves.

In a pig's eye.