

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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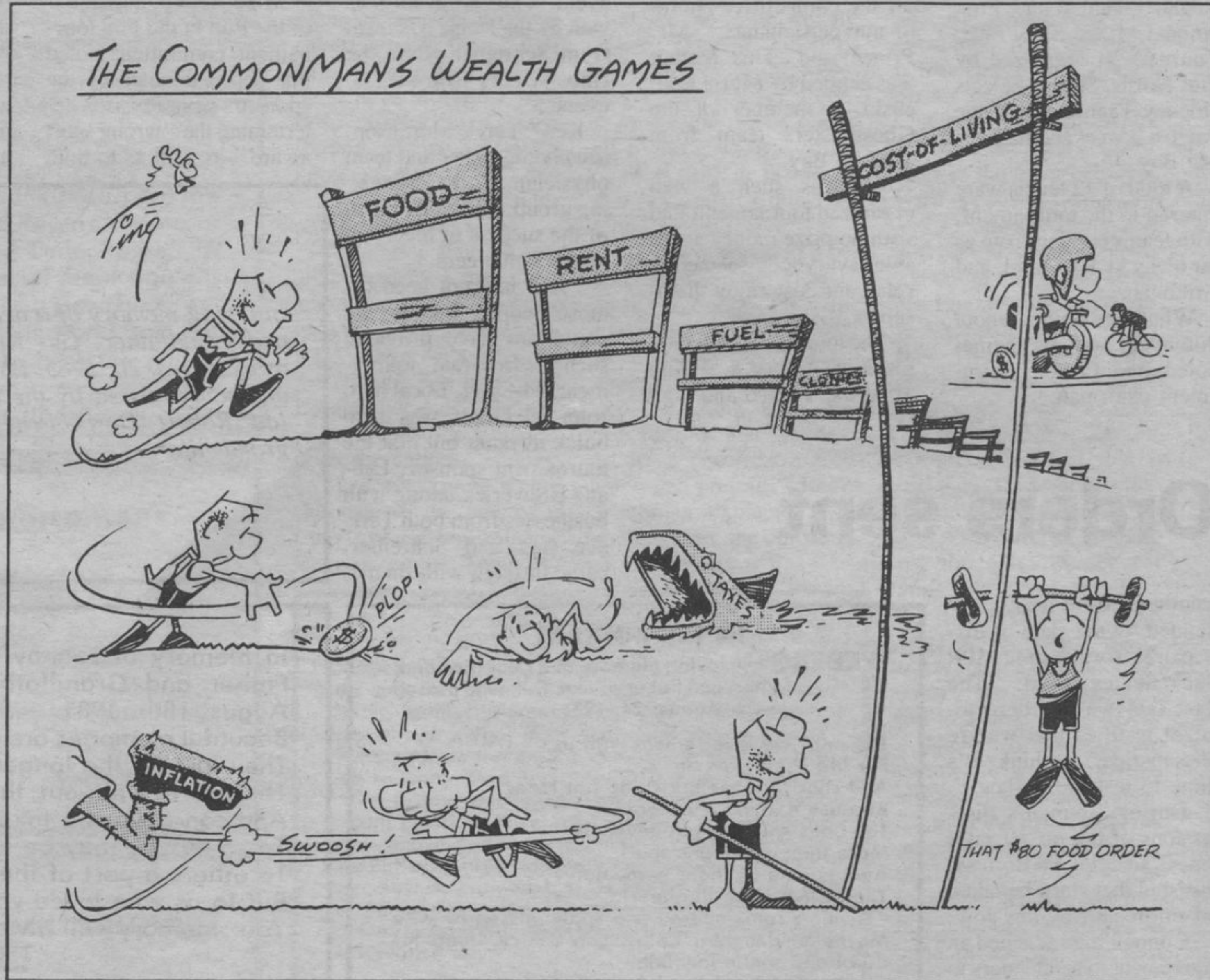
**Editorial**

## Milk shake

Lake Nipigon MPP Gilles Pouliot should certainly be commended for his recent actions on behalf of the people in his riding and in the rest of the province. For example, he has continued in his battle to reduce the price of gasoline for northern consumers. He is to be thanked for that and everything else that he has done.

However, sometimes Pouliot falls into that old politician's trap of speaking first and thinking later. This seems to be the case with his stand on the price of milk in the North Shore area. Pouliot recently claimed that milk prices here are 100 per cent over the price of milk in Thunder Bay. This may or may not be so, but before condemning the milk producers and *only* the milk producers, he should have looked into the matter a little more.

It seems *some* Thunder Bay stores sell their milk as a "loss-leader," or below the actual cost, just to attract customers. That's just *one* reason for the price difference which Pouliot did not mention. Maybe *next* time he'll do a little more research before he again cries "J'accuse!" at what just *might* be an innocent party.



## Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

I have a problem. I drink beer. No, that's not my problem (though some of you may think it is). The real difficulty lies with what happens *after* I've gone through all of the bottles in my case and I have to return the empties to get my deposit.

The first time this happened to me in Terrace Bay, I was in for quite a surprise. The place I bought the beer from in the first place wouldn't accept my case of bottles. The friendly folks at the LCBO informed me that if I wanted to get my deposit, I would have to *schlep* all the way to the other end of town to some *other* office.

So off I went to this fabled spot, only I couldn't find it! After quite a search, I finally did locate the place...but it wasn't open! I didn't get my deposit then or even *since* then,

as that first episode so disturbed me I have yet to try again. Thing is, I haven't stopped buying beer, so now I've got a dozen or so cartons of empties in the trunk of my car and *still* no deposit (hence, the problem).

This is a pretty pathetic situation we have here (and, apparently, also in Schreiber). I realize that space is at a premium at both LCBO outlets, but having the bottle return someplace else only encourages people to just leave their empties on the side of the road (or *worse*). In fact, the Terrace Bay LCBO had to put up a sign on their door recently to inform potential customers that returns are *not* accepted at that store.

I don't think we should be forcing our valued tourists to hunt around merely to return a few empties. That just isn't very hospitable, and it's

even a pain for *us*. At the very least, both LCBOs should put up signs and instructions to show their patrons exactly where and when they can bring their empties. This isn't much of a solution, but it seems to be the only feasible one, unless you want to become a wine connoisseur instead!

On a more serious note, all of this alcohol talk has reminded me that booze is still legal to purchase and consume (at least it was last time I checked) while marijuana, for some inexplicable reason, remains legally unsanctioned here. This is a real modern tragedy. Here's why.

First of all, there are our antiquated pot and hashish drug laws, which are being blamed for creating 20,000 new young criminals every year. I must agree with Patricia Erickson of the Addiction Research Foundation, who

said recently that the harm in saddling these youngsters with a criminal record for life outweighs any deterrent benefits (if any even exist).

Secondly, what makes marijuana any worse than tobacco or alcohol? The only difference is that pot remains illegal. Some will say that's because the use of cannabis leads to harder drugs. Studies have shown this is simply *not* the case. In fact, most pot users do not even go on to regular marijuana use (believe it or not).

Legalizing the production, sale, and use of marijuana would have *some* bad side effects, to be sure. But, if nothing else, just try to imagine how much the provincial and federal governments would earn from taxes if pot could be sold alongside regular cigarettes. This revenue could go towards fighting the *really* dangerous



drugs, like crack (that new, potentially lethal form of cocaine).

But as things are now, many of us are risking a prison sentence or a heavy fine for doing something which is not all that terrible and is even socially acceptable, to a degree. It is therefore obviously time we legalized, or at least decriminalized, marijuana. Using pot may be bad for your health, but I would sooner *smoke* up than get *locked* up!

## Black N' White

By Arthur Black

The way I see it, there are only two great curses of modern time: the brassiere clasp and grass. And of the two, I would judge grass to be the greater affliction. Brassiere hooks after all, bedevil only 50 percent of the human race (well, them and their close personal friends). But grass? Oh my friend, grass is everybody's problem.

I speak here of lawn grass -- the stuff that grows around my house and yours. Grows and grows and grows and grows. Ever wonder how you'd explain the bizarre S & M relationship between humans and their lawn grass to, say, a visiting Martian? "Well, you see Zweedont, we Homo Sapiens like to coax and nurture this common garden variety weed until it flourishes around our domiciles. We don't mind how much fertilizer or mulch or herbicide it takes, nor how many 20-dollar-an-hour visits from the Weedman it calls for. We want the stuff to grow. Then after we've spent hundreds of dollars and thousands of self-hours getting said grass to grow fast and thick and lush as African savannah, we love to

spend even more time and money on lawnmowers and edgers and whippersnippers to ensure taht it never gets longer than a nap of a Marine private's haircut."

Any self-respecting Martian could only shake his antennae in bewilderment and blast off to try his luck in some other, saner galaxy.

Strangely though, we humans don't seem to find anything odd in our ongoing love affair with the lawn. We go right ahead buying lawnmowers and grass seed, fertilizers and weed suppressants. We go *mano a mano* with crabgrass and June bug larvae year after year, wasting otherwise perfectly decent summers tending grass when we could be gainfully unemployed, lolling in a hammock, stirring a G & T with our thumb as we listen to the ball game on the radio.

I'm a prime offender. I have as a matter of fact just come in from my umpteenth assault on the front lawn this season. Mine enemy is -- briefly -- tamed. It's locks have been shorn. No insolent dancing dandelion heads remain to mock me. My death-dealing juggernaut, the Toro

Lawnmaster, squats in the garage, still hissing and reeking from its labours. I'm in the house, up to my fibulae in grass clippings, all wet and sweaty and more than a tad reedy myself.

Do I feel triumphant? Victorious? Ever so slightly Alexander the Greatish? Nope. I feel like a fool. Because I know that in less than a week I'm going to have to do it all over again.

I've considered alternatives -- green gravel...a carpet of wildflowers...back to nature policy of benign neglect. Only one thing keeps me from adopting any or all of the above game plans.

Abject cowardice. I'm terrified of Erna, the lady I bought the place from a couple of years back.

Before she accepted our offer, Erna insisted on a tour of the front lawn. She wanted to make sure that I understood that this wasn't...just any...front lawn I was buying. She showed me where the legions of dump trucks had lined up to deliver the topsoil which covered the hardpan clay. she described the intricate

patterns the incredibly expensive bulldozer and its even more incredibly expensive operator had traced to spread the topsoil in careful, even layers. she sang a long and mournful dirge about the Appalachian range of sod that had to be dismantled and laid out, row upon pain backbreaking row.

I just didn't have the gut to say "Erna, I hate lawns -- I wanna pave it."

So I didn't. Instead I assumed the Herculean chore of looking after the stupid, damnable stretch of real estate. like countless other lawnherders, I now spend most of my spare time cutting grass, honing lawn mower blades or trudging to the Esso Station with empty gas cans.

Any extra moments I have left over are spent praying for a serious drought.

But not for much longer. my newspaper brings news of a stupefying breakthrough -- blessed deliverance for all of us lawn-burdened vassals.

It tells of an Alberta scientist by the name of Jan Weijer who has developed a new type of grass that re-

quires next to no watering or weeding and best of all...

"You only have to cut it once a summer.

Perfect! I tell ya, if I had a share in a lawn mower company, I'd be sweating in big drops about now. As a matter of fact, I think perhaps some lawn mower tycoons may have already mowed a path to Jan Weijer's lab door. Last I heard, it will be six years before the new wonder grass will be available to the public.

Six years???? For something taht will sell like hotcakes the moment it hits the shelves? give me a break.

No matter. A six-year sentence is still better than eternity. Imagine! By 1992 at the latest, we will all finally have our summers off! Free at last! What are we going to do with all that blissful free time?

I don't know about you, but I intend to use my extra hours engaged in fruitful research.

Like maybe inventing a decent brassiere clasp for the benefit of future generations.