

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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A fresh beginning

It cannot be said that 1986 was a dull or uneventful year for this area by any means.

By far the most noteworthy happening was the Kimberly-Clark layoff that resulted in hundreds of jobs being eliminated. This is one event that won't be soon forgotten.

One of the most happiest times of the year- Christmas- was unfortunately closely preceded by the layoffs, as was another usually joyous occasion, New Year's.

Even though the night turned into day and 1986 became a part of our past, the job problem did not go away as easily.

It needn't be said that hopefully those who now find themselves without a job will see better times in 1987. Major emphasis should be placed on job security.

So, perhaps, many people wish that the calendar could be altered and the clocks of time could be put back.

It's always like that. *If only we knew now what we knew then.*

Everyone has said at one time or another- *if only.*

"If only I had done better in school- if only I hadn't quit school; if only I had kissed her/him- if only I hadn't kissed her/him; if only I had taken that job- if only I had stayed at the job I had before."

Most people would, if they could, change *something* that had happened to them in the past.

It is up to individuals and groups alike to make the best of the present situation. *No effort, no gain.*

Since it is impossible to change the past, hopefully 1987 will bring renewed hope and fresh optimism for the coming year.

The new year should be considered a clean slate that offers the chance for starting over.

Things can only get better.

Hansen New Year

The communities in our area had an additional reason to celebrate the new year that no other community anywhere had.

New Year's eve had arrived and a beautiful, calm snow was falling.

The citizens of Terrace Bay (as well as other citizens of the other communities who had come for the reception) were gathered at the recreation complex to await the arrival of non-other than the man in motion himself, Rick Hansen.

What might have been a droll evening for some who are feeling the blues of unemployment, was instead the chance to ring in the new year by welcoming a man who can easily be considered less fortunate than they themselves (but is overcoming his handicap).

Schreiber, Rossport and Pays Plat residents had the chance on Jan. 2 to see the man who has raised millions of dollars for spinal chord research.

If a man confined to a wheelchair can circle the globe, *in his wheelchair*, men who are presently unemployed can certainly overcome the obstacles they now see in their path.



Letters to the editor

Dear Sir,

With earnest anticipation we look forward to 1987. New resolutions will be made with the utmost sincerity and intent.

The year that's past has quickly run its course and we are left to consider last year's new year's resolutions.

Have we kept them? Even the United Nations failed to achieve their declared and well-intentioned 'Year of Peace'. Nearly 50 wars now rage throughout the globe.

One million dollars is spent every minute on weapons and 60 million people are employed in the manufacture of munitions and armaments.

Here, within our peaceful country, there are many cold and hungry people. This is a sad commentary on our 'Christian civilization'.

Commercialism, revelry and selfishness abound. This is in contrast to the teaching of Jesus Christ, whose name has been replaced with an 'X'. In the interests of advertising brevity, a sacred Name is insulted and devalued.

How can we ignore Christ after having sung the carols and read the miraculous account of his birth?

We have only ourselves to blame if we do not know and practice what God truly expects of us.

And sadly it is obvious that many Church leaders are unable to provide

clear spiritual leadership based on solid Bible teaching.

But this should not prevent us from learning about God's plan and purpose for this earth- to fill it with His glory.

In the Bible, in Luke 1:32, Christ was destined to inherit the throne of His Father David, to rule over the House of Jacob, and to be given a Kingdom. And each of these three promises is eternal.

The greatest prophecy is still to be fulfilled; Christ's return to the earth to rule in lasting peace from Jerusalem.

Please resolve to read the Bible in 1987 to discover God's truth and watch for the signs of Christ's return.

Sincerely,

K. Curry and P. Wisnioski, 728 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 2M6, (416) 425-3106.

On behalf of the Clergy of Terrace Bay, I wish to extend our grateful thanks for the excellent co-operation and coverage you provided for our recent successful People to People Outreach program.

I would ask also that through the medium of your paper you extend to the people of Terrace Bay our grateful

thanks and appreciation for the splendid generosity displayed in providing food, toys, clothing and money during this year's People to People program.

The success of this program has resulted in the supplying of a number of Food Hampers to those in need at this time in Terrace Bay, Schreiber, and Pays Plat.

In addition, toys, food, clothing and money has been provided to the North Shore Resource Centre at Marathon, the St. Andrew's R.C. Church Food Kitchen, Emergency Shelter, Salvation Army, Faye Petersen Transition House and Christmas Cheer Fund in Thunder Bay.

A most heart-warming out-pouring of generosity has thus made possible the true meaning of Christmas spirit for those experiencing hardships at this time.

Wishing you and all of your staff, a Most Happy and Prosperous New Year. I remain,
Ernest L. Hunt, Minister, on behalf of Father Bernard Campbell, Pastor Keith Milne.

Letters to the editor of the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News are accepted for publication and are encouraged. All letters may not be immediately published depending on available space.

All letters should be sent to the editor at the News, P.O. Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0.

Black and White

By Arthur Black

Well, here we are, right in the cold dead eye of a Canadian winter. It is some small consolation to know that (a) this is about as bad as it gets, (b) the days are getting imperceptibly longer, and (c) the sun is getting ever so slightly closer with every frigid passing day. There now -- doesn't that make you feel better?

Nah, me neither. Let's leave the Department of Wishful Thinking and blow this permafrost Popsicle Stand utterly. Come with me now to a land where parkas are taboo and head colds unknown. Where people in short-sleeved shirts stroll hand in hand, drinking in the thousands of sensual delights that surround them. What sort of delights? Oh, live animal displays for instance -- everything from dazzling macaw to lions and even performing dolphins. Or perhaps you just wish to wander through the tropical flora or go for a swim or even a submarine ride on which you can watch schools of tropical fish and an occa-

sional shark drift by your porthole.

Hold on, I hear you crying. Just where is this tropical Eden we're going to? Antigua? The Greek Isles? Puerto Vallarta?

Nope. Edmonton.

As in Alberta. And no, these are not the looney ravings of one more Canuck thrashing through the terminal stages of Cabin Fever. You can find all of the aforementioned in Alberta's capital -- in a phenomenon called the West Edmonton Mall.

The Mall covers more than five million square feet and provides jobs for 15,000 Edmontonians. Customers have 20,000 free parking spaces to choose from, after which they can enter the Mall by any one of the 57 entrances. Once inside, they find 836 shops, including 11 department stores. You can buy anything from a gourmet breakfast to surfing lessons to a Chrysler New Yorker (Yes, there's even an auto dealership under the mall roof).

Visitors can also take in extravagantanzas ranging from a *haut-couture* fashion show to a full-scale sword battle aboard a Spanish galleon.

Its promoters have dubbed the West Edmonton Mall "The Eighth Wonder Of The World." That may be laying it on a bit thick -- but not much. It is accurate to say there is nothing quite like it on this planet. As a matter of fact, the only complex that even comes close is the self-styled "world's largest" -- the Del Amo Fashion Centre in Torrance, California. At a little over two and a half million square feet, it's not even half the size of West Edmonton Mall. Guinness Book of World Records, please note.

The Mall was conceived and created by four wheeling-dealing sons of an Iranian-Jewish rug merchant by the name of Ghermezian. So far, the Ghermezian family has pumped more than a billion dollars into their pet project, and they're not finished yet.

Still to come is a 360-room luxury hotel plus a five-acre solarium that will

feature a sand beach; live, swaying palm trees; an Olympic-class diving installation and a lake with artificial waves up to 16 feet high -- the better to surf your way through an Alberta blizzard.

Does the West Edmonton Mall work? The 440,000 visitors who pass through its doors each week seem to think so. They come not just from Edmonton and environs, but from Manitoba, British Columbia, the U.S. -- even Japan.

To be sure, not everyone is smitten with the West Edmonton Mall. The city's mayor dismisses it as an economic aberration. He doesn't think Edmonton will be back on its feet until the oil business gets back into gear. Then too, Edmonton merchants who are not among the 836 shopkeepers within the Mall are understandably cool about it. They claim the West Edmonton Mall has destroyed downtown shopping.

Well, suburban shopping malls tend to do that alright, and I suppose the

largest shopping mall in the world would demolish existing shopping patterns more thoroughly than most. On the other hand, I doubt very much that Japanese or Californian or Manitoban consumers would buy plane tickets to experience the thrill of shopping in downtown Edmonton. This year, West Edmonton Mall expects to receive four million tourists.

I had a friend from the Maritimes who worked in Edmonton for one year, then quit his job and moved back. I asked him why. "The winter," he said. He told me that once, walking to work on a bone-chilling Edmonton morning, the sold of one of his shoes...broke. Just cracked in two. "I decided," he said, "that any place cold enough to kill a shoe was no place for me."

I suggest a corollary: Any place cold enough to kill a shoe is the perfect location for the world's largest, indoor, heated shopping mall.

I think any red-blooded, runny-nosed Canadian could get behind that.