

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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Editor ..... Ken Lusk  
Advertising ..... Betty St. Amand  
Office ..... Gayle Fournier  
Production Co-ordinator ..... Cathy Weberg

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## Cross-country

(The News has received another report from Mary Hubelit, our roving freelance reporter).

By Mary Hubelit

Just a few more notes from the log book: 11 a.m., Pacific Time, Thursday, June 11, at Sourdough, R.V. Park in Whitehorse, Yukon, 4700 kilometres from home.

Whitehorse! The answer to a year's reading, saving and planning. We didn't expect paved roads, we didn't expect an efficient park like this right downtown! It is a town of wide streets, a wide variety of businesses and services and a wide sky fringed with mountains, white and gray-green, accented today with squally rain clouds.

I think the mountains rip the bottoms off the clouds and they drip - a small meteorological joke there! Whitehorse is a vibrant, hard-working community - very forward-looking people.

6:25 p.m., Friday, June 12, temp., 13 degrees celcius. While I was busy in the laundromat (\$5-worth), Nick bought tickets for a two-hour cruise up the Yukon River to historic Miles Canyon, on the 40-passenger M.V. Schwatka. An awesome canyon used one hundred years ago and more recently for paddlewheel strawboats and others, before a railway connected Seattle, Vancouver, etc., and the Klondike area.

Unfortunately we were hit by a shower of rain and hail that sent everybody scurrying from the open deck into the cabin where we were served hot coffee and a brief history lesson. The temperature dropped to 8 degrees.

We dined that evening in an Oriental restaurant where for the first time on our experience we had to ask for rice to accompany our short ribs or shrimp curry. Our waitress told us it is a common custom in B.C.

There are many attractive shops in Whitehorse but the principal shopping district is Main St. - we found it decorated as a mall - cement benches, coloured tile sidewalks, and young birch trees in wrought-iron cages planted every twenty feet. It is a wide street, so motor traffic is allowed. I have never met friendlier clerks - I mean friendly as in "caring", not friendly as in "well-trained".

I should mention that the \$16 per night charge at the Sourdough R.V. Park includes showers - no paying \$1 for five minutes as we have seen (but not done!) in many places. Also there is no sales tax in Yukon because it is a "territory" not a "province".

So now we are retracing our steps down the Alcan Highway, across to Edmonton, then east via the Yellow Road Route (#16), the Trans-Canada Routes #1 and #17.

We both hope that everyone in Terrace Bay enjoys their vacation as much as we do! 'Bye for now,

Sincerely,  
Mary Hubelit.



## "Just another day"

By Ken Lusk

"Just another day, not outstanding, all in a day's work" is how Ontario Provincial Police Corporal Don Burton described the Schreiber detachment's involvement in the bus chase through Schreiber several weeks ago.

Burton told the News that Constables Don Anderson and Darren Rolland were also involved in the chase that started from Thunder Bay and ended just

west of Marathon.

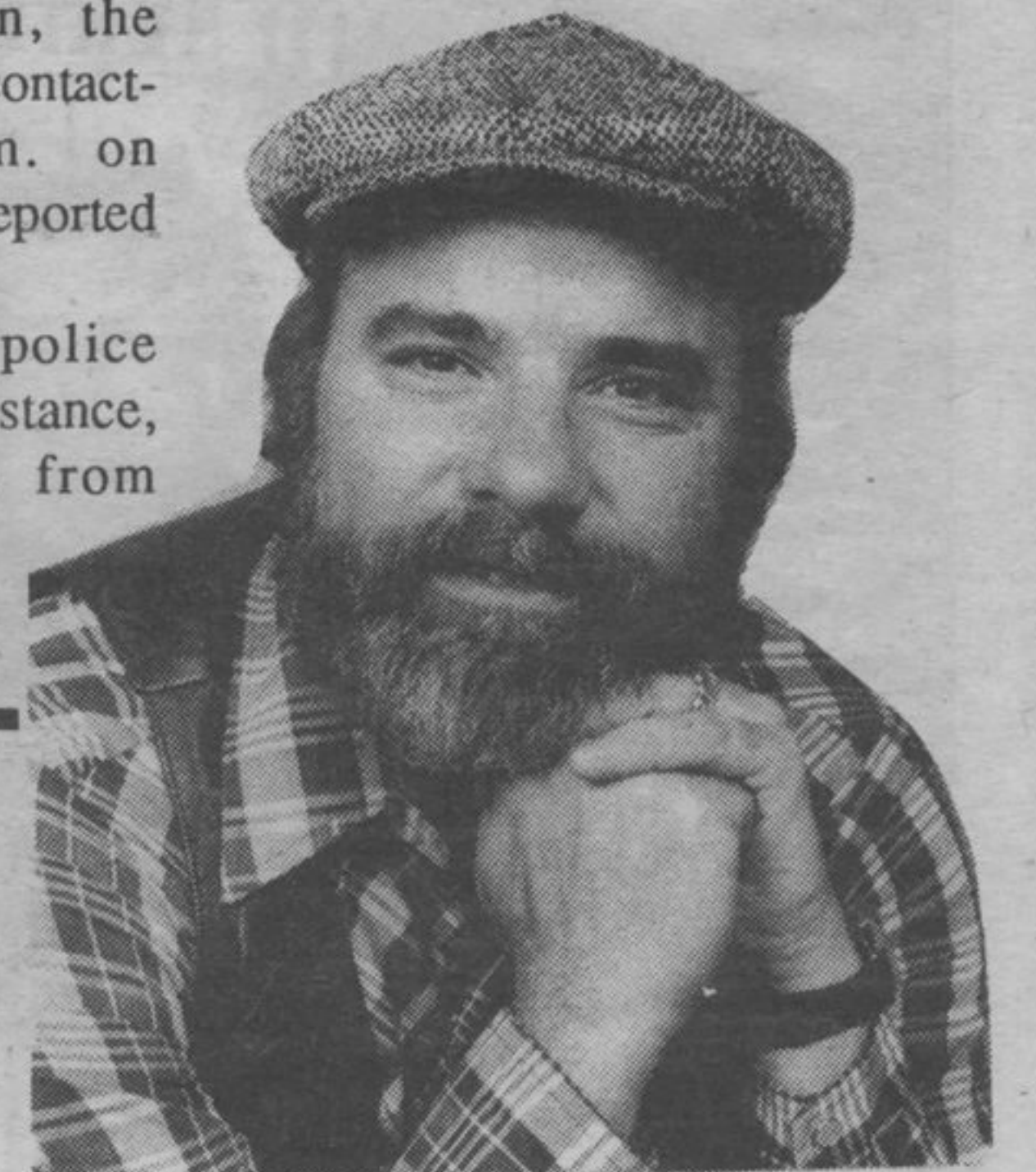
Burton said that he acted as a co-ordinator from the Schreiber office in consultation with Sergeant Dave Hurteau, detachment commander of the Marathon OPP.

According to Burton, the Thunder Bay city police contacted him at 3:30 a.m. on Wednesday, June 3, and reported that a bus had been stolen.

The Thunder Bay police requested Schreiber's assistance, as well as assistance from

Nipigon and Marathon.

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## Arthur Black Lotteries to be avoided

By Arthur Black

I don't buy lottery tickets -- and it's not because I'm a prude. Some of my best friends, etc. It's not because I'm an unreconstructed Calvinist who believes you shouldn't get something for nothing, either. Anybody who's had cause to work alongside me knows that my adherence to any Work Ethic is directly related and inversely proportional to the proximity of a shady tree and/or a tall, cool one.

No, the truth is, I don't buy lottery tickets because I'm afraid some day I might actually win. Then I'd really be up the creek.

The problem with winning a lottery is the suddenness of it all. One day you're a working staff shuffling along in the bus queue, the next day you're a capitalist pig plutocrat dealing in stock portfolios with one hand while you light twenty dollar Havana Coronas with the other. I couldn't take the pressure change. My eardrums would pop or something.

Think about it before you lay out your money for the next 649.

Are you really prepared to deal with all those relatives fawning all over you -- the ones who, just last week, wouldn't have spit in your ear if your brain was on fire?

And what about the cons and scams you're going to have to contend with? The hustlers and rustlers that will be tracking you down, phoning you up, filling your mailbox and waiting to flag you down at the end of your driveway to beg you to invest, donate, loan or underwrite? The days or strolling down to an H. and R. Block office with a shoebox full of crumpled receipts under your arm are gone forever, bucko. From now on, you'll need your own personal, 24-hour-a-day accountant and a lawyer -- no, make that a whole firm of lawyers -- just to protect your interests and keep your finances in order.

While you're at it, better hire a second firm of lawyers to keep an eye on the first one.

Speaking of getting flagged down, have you considered the very real possibility of being kidnapped and held for ransom now

that you've won a lottery? Could happen. And not just to you but possibly your loved ones. Might as well start looking into electronic security systems, steel mesh fencing and barbed wire. Your cocker spaniel's going to look mighty silly waddling out to sniff fire hydrants with his own personal Doberman in tow, but that's the price you have to pay for being rich.

You've barely crept over the threshold into the world of the well-heeled and already you've got headaches galore -- and we haven't even mentioned the monster migraine of a piece: friends.

You don't have any friends anymore. Oh you'll have old pals who'll swear the money doesn't make a lick of difference, but who's kidding who? And even if they believe what they're saying, do you? From now on you will never know whether somebody likes you because of your cute nose, or that even cuter bulge in your bank balance.

Not that I speak from experience or anything. I mean, I never

won a lottery -- though not for lack of trying. Years ago, when it first became chic for governments to make money the same way cardsharks and racketeers do, I used to buy a lottery ticket for a draw that was held every Thursday night. After a few months of not winning I decided to increase my chances by buying a book of tickets every Thursday night.

I noticed two things:

- a) I still didn't win.
- b) Friday mornings had become my least favorite time of the week. I'd become grumpy, testy and out of sorts. Sometimes the mood would slop right over Friday evening and ruin my weekend.

I finally analysed the problem. I was suffering from Greed hang-over. I'd spend much of the week fantasizing about what was going to happen when I won the Thursday Night lottery. Come Friday morning I was still in debt, still nosing the same old grindstone. And I resented it.

I told my problem to a gambler

I know. He's a guy who makes his living, such as it is, off the ponies, football, hockey and boxing. He laughed in my face. "You buy lottery tickets?" he sneered. "Biggest sucker bet in the world. Better you should be the Canucks or the Leafs than lotteries. Statistical fact: Ya got more chance o' bein' hit by lightning than ya have o' winnin' a lottery."

That did it for me -- the lightning statistic. Haven't bought a lottery ticket since.

Right now, everybody in the office is going nuts about the big lottery coming up this week. They'll be sitting there on the night of the draw, dreaming big dreams, clutching their crumpled stubs in sweaty palms.

Not me. I plan to take a nice long walk while the draw takes place.

Mind you if I get struck by lightning, I'm going to be really browned off.