

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Good to be home

It is, you know- to sit down on something that doesn't wiggle, bump or vibrate (after ten hours a day of it), to see friendly faces you are grateful for instead of just being polite to, and to have memories vivid and lovely for the rest of your life.

This grand young country of ours has to be touched, smelled and listened to before one can appreciate its size: "Mitzi's" odometer ticked off 9,200 km on this Yukon trip alone, and we all know how many other fascinating places there are to see. So a few quotes from the return trip log should have some items to send you planning and packing:

"Whitehorse Sunday June 14, 5:40 AM, temp. 4 degrees C- a chilly morning as we start the drive home.

9:20 AM- portion of the Alcan that loops in and out of B.C. and Yukon for forty miles rough, narrow and dotted with potholes. I'd like to know which government has jurisdiction- I'd write to somebody! Anybody!

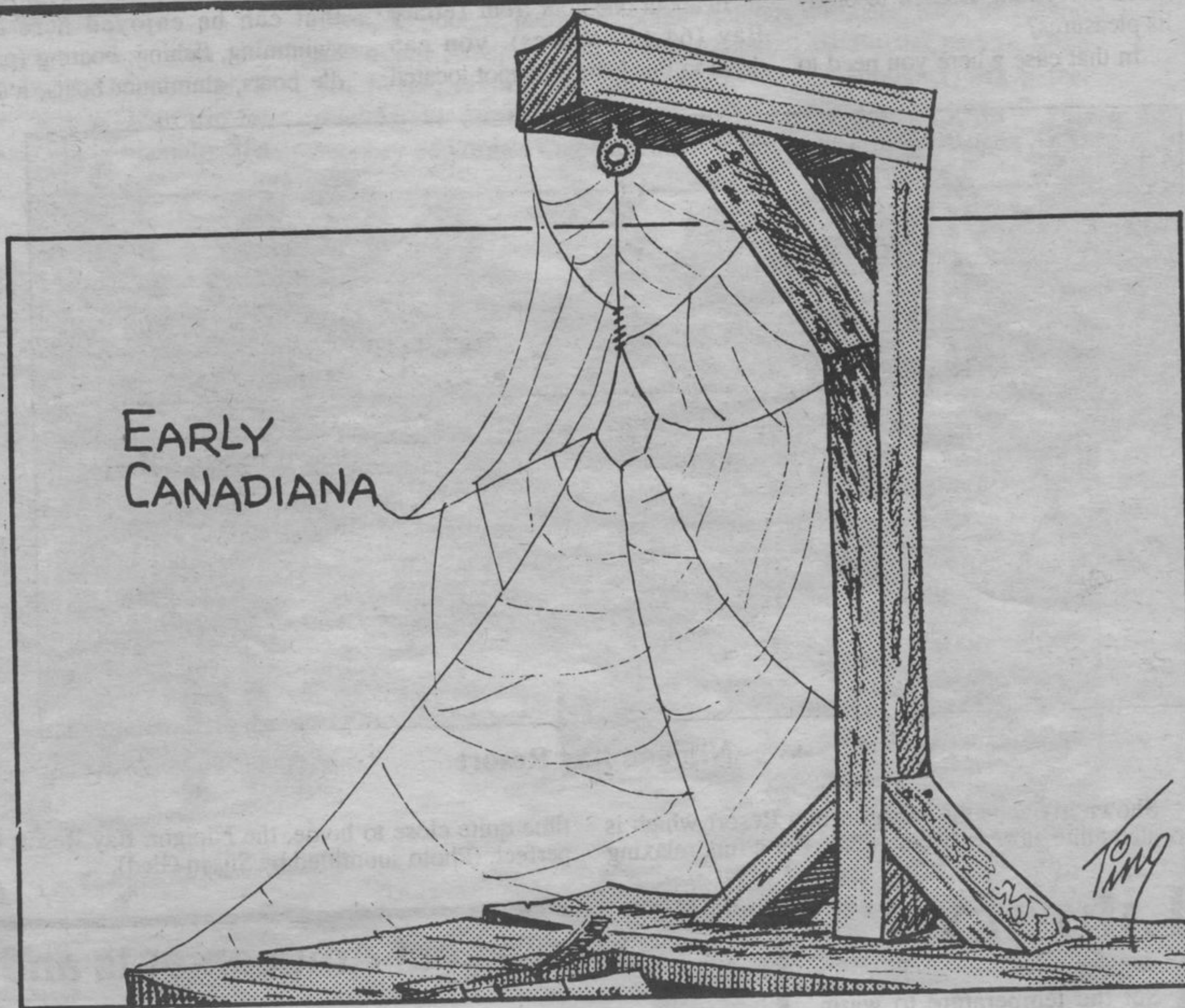
10:35 AM- Along the Rancheria River, finally see the horses the highway signs warn us about all through this part of Yukon: "CAUTION- LIVESTOCK AT LARGE- DRIVE WITH CARE". Snapped a picture (through the windshield) of one colt nursing while its twin waited on the mare's off side- in the middle of the northbound lane! (pictures in an issue to come).

"Monday June 15, 6:50 AM, temp. 2 degrees C- following the Liard River, crested a hill and suddenly had to brake when a young porcupine waddled onto the road. While he took his time, a big motor home roared up from the other side of the hill and suddenly had to brake! The two drivers and their co-pilots sat there grinning foolishly at each other while the little fellow took his time. Then the human intruders had to manoeuvre very carefully past each other before continuing on their ways with one more fun memory etched on everyone's mind.

7:40 AM- we drive through an old forest fire area for about fourteen km and that is the width!- how many kilometers long was it? What help was all that water in the Liard as the fire swerved through its valley and the hills that died so horribly?

"Wed. June 17, 7:00 AM, temp. 6 degrees C, leaving Pink Mountain B.C., such a delightfully smooth highway I had to write something even if there's nothing to note! It's a fine morning, but there's no wildlife to see and we've left the mountains behind. This is a slumbering, static sort of scene, green, green, green with this gray strap of the road cleaving it up the middle.

"Friday June 19- around Sangudo, Alta., we see again the sickening devastation by tent caterpillars of the white poplar



and willow population. Only this time a more ominous threat shows up, mile after mile: toward the tops of the stripped trees one sees the white 'tents' wrapped around the twigs and branches, so next year further destruction will occur. What about the birds' nests one can see so clearly now? Did the worms crawl all over the chicks and suffocate them? Did they bypass the nests and the parents can continue to care for their young?

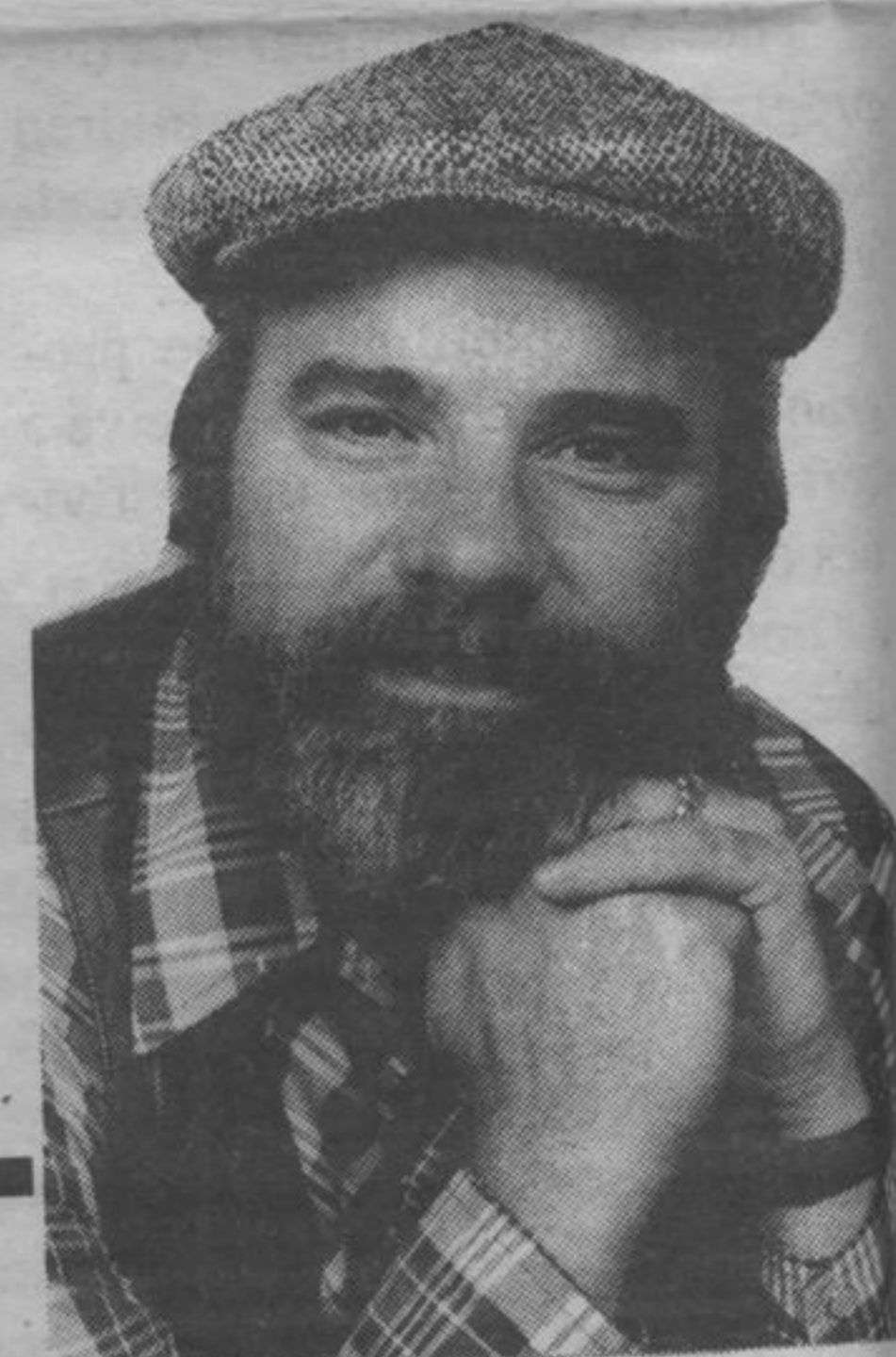
8:30 AM- start around Edmonton for the Yellowhead Route, #16, by taking #16X at the Jasper junction,

then: slow down to 50 km/ph for road repairs for two km, then: 9:20 AM almost out in the country again. N. keeps on muttering "Piece-a-cake, piece-a-cake, piece-a-cake!"

From there on home it was visits with the various Hubelit brothers and sisters who 'line' Highway #16. Home is calling stronger; more visiting in Thunder Bay and then back among our own hills and mini-mountains, rivers and lakes on the same type of twisty, turny, construction-plagued roads, and we love every mile of it!

The sweet welcome of dear neighbours was the icing on the cake, believe me!

Mary Hubelit



It's a funny business, real estate -- although I'm not sure that Albert Lowry would agree. Plowing through *What's New In Homes* section of my local paper last weekend, I spied a tiny two inch Notice of Bankruptcy which said that Albert had filed for same. His petition lists 31 individuals and companies as creditors.

You remember Albert don't you? He wrote that best seller five or six years ago.

The one called *How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing In Real Estate*

Arthur Black

The Real Estate Racket

By Arthur Black

I just got wonderful news from my real estate agent in Florida. They found land on my property.

Milton Berle

Anyone contemplating entry into the Real Estate game should first consider a quick brush up course in Newtonian physics. Old Isaac said it all in just six works several centuries ago: "What goes up must come down."

Sure, he was musing about the MacIntosh that had bopped him on the noggin -- but it applies to a lot of earthly phenomena -- the real estate market included.

Remember that huge Toronto real estate boom I talked about in this space a few weeks ago? It's gone bust. People who were scrambling to lay down king's ransoms for flimsy shacks and one bedroom cigar boxes just last month aren't around. That rare species, the Frenzied House Hunter has flown the coop and the Toronto housing market has fluttered back down to what passes for normal in those parts.

I don't want to suggest that

Hogtown, but the price on a typical three bedroom domicile has dropped anywhere from \$25,000 to \$40,000 below what it was fetching at the height of the madness. Good news for folks trying to make the down payment on a new home. Bad news no doubt, for many speculators and property flippers who got blinded in mid-hustle.

Funny business, real estate. A cynic -- a land developer as a matter of fact -- once said that people care about only two things when it comes to buying it: down payment and location. "Give me down payment and location" he sneered, "and I'll outsell community, divinity and humanity on any street corner."

Guy's got a point. Those same house buyers who were thrashing around for the chance to pay outrageous prices for a plot of clay is downtown Toronto could have moved 40 or 50 miles out of town and got twice the value for his money.

They could have moved to Chester, N.B. or Quick, B.C. and got five times the value for their money.

they could have moved to Frenchboro, Maine, got themselves a piece of land and saved ALL their money.

Frenchboro is a 25 hundred acre island of pine trees and picture postcard scenery about 10 miles south of Bar Harbor, Maine. It got as close as its ever going to get to becoming a megalopolis about 80 years ago when the population swelled to 197. Since then it's been all downhill, teeming throughwise. Currently, 51 people, mostly lobstermen and their families, call Frenchboro home -- but they want to change that. So much that they decided to give away one-and-a half acre homesteads absolutely free.

But not to just anyone. The Frenchboro Development Corporation decreed that 10 lots would be given away to people or families deemed most suitable as prospective Frenchboro citizens. The applicants had to be self supporting, sociable and able to explain in an essay why they thought they deserved a future in Frenchboro.

Even though Frenchboro is a far cry from Shangri La, the town

inquires from as far away as Alaska and Yugoslavia. They are now sifting through 325 finalists, trying to decide which 10 will get the free property.

The Frenchboro elders can thank their lucky stars they didn't advertise in Japan. If they had they might never have dug out from under the avalanche of applications.

The Japanese would laugh at the so called housing boom in Toronto. The country is rugged, mountainous and mostly uninhabitable. 121 million people jostle for living space in an area about twice the size of Prince Edward Island. know what you pay for a space in downtown Tokyo? Twenty-six thousand, one hundred dollars.

A Square Foot.

In North America, the average house offers about 1,500 square feet of floor space. In Japan the government prescribed minimum is less than one-third of that -- 475 square feet -- and that's for a family of four.

The War Amps CHILD AMPUTEE PROGRAM

For information
dial toll free area
codes 519, 613, 705,
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other area codes dial
1-800-268-8917.

