

Terrace Bay Schreiber

# News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 826-3747.  
Editor ..... Ken Lusk  
Advertising ..... Christine Wilson  
Office ..... Gayle Fournier  
Production Co-ordinator ..... Nancy Parkin

Single copies 35 cents  
Subscription rates per year  
in town \$14.00  
out of town \$18.00  
Member of Ontario Community Newspapers Association and The Canadian Community Newspapers Association



## Road signs sure do differ across the country

May I share with you a few sightings other than birds, animals, changing skies etc., that we enjoyed this summer? We spotted some road signs in the provinces and the Yukon which amused us.

Across Manitoba the 'deer crossing' signs showed a deer starting to jump- forelegs in the air, hind legs still down. In Saskatchewan the deer are in mid-jump, and as you drive through Alberta, darned if they aren't coming down again- front quarters lower than the hindquarters! It is a unique symbol of the long stretch of the Canadian prairies. Did the various highway departments plan it this way?

This part of the country (log, Fri. June 5th) is so wide open that railway overpasses have to have a "CAUTION: WIND GUSTS" warning at the approaches. There are no forests or hills to 'brake' the wind for hundreds of miles in any direction.

At Fox Creek, Alberta, a small discreet road sign indicated the presence of a dumping station for R.V.'s somewhere up that hill. It was so modest we decided to be blunt and ask a native where we could dump our holding tanks. His answer is recorded in the log: " 'around Petro-Can there, up the hill, past the cenotaph, drive behind the Community Hall.' As if that isn't enough, that is the route of a parade honoring the oil industry for creating the town, forming this minute on the service road and scheduled to come around Petro-Can, up the hill, past the cenotaph, and end in front of the Community Hall! We could be here for hours! Half an hour later we detoured to the other side of the cenotaph, off Kaybob Drive, and onto the highway. No problem!

North of Dawson Creek, on the Kiskatinaw River, again the sign warning of wind gusts on the bridge, this time due to the deep and twisted canyon, a truly tortured scene, and all done by water.

One wonders what value oneupmanship has if our country is really trying to welcome tourists: most  
see page 9

WELL, I THINK I COULD DO WITHOUT THE FLAT EDGES!



## Men's Slow Pitch

The final standings in the Men's Slow Pitch League for 1987 are:

- TIGERS- 20 wins, 4 losses;
- LAKERS- 17 wins, 7 losses;
- NEW YORKERS- 16 wins, 8 losses;
- GOODTIMERS- 14 wins, 10 losses;
- STINGERS- 14 wins, 10 losses;
- REBELS- 10 wins, 14 losses;
- TRUCKERS- 9 wins, 15 losses;
- STRANGE BREW- 6 wins, 18 losses.

The quarter-final playoffs have been completed and the semi-finals are about to get underway.

The Goodtimers will go up against the Tigers and the New Yorkers will meet the Lakers. The top 10 batters for 1987

with at least 48 at bats are:  
R. Brend, .614; H. Roos, .556; A. Jensen, .547; F. Gosselin, .537; E. Sheridan, .530; J. Corrigan, .529; A. Lavigne, .529; R. Bouchard, .528; J. Dobush, .517; and B. Orlesky, .507.

Honourable mention goes to three players who didn't have quite enough at bats but still had an excellent year. They are: L. McKie, .610- 41 at bats; F. Capy, .565- 46 at bats and G. Donaldson, .522- 46 at bats.

The league would like to congratulate the Tigers who qualified in Sudbury for the OV Provincial Slow Pitch Championships in

Niagara Falls this weekend. Congratulations and good luck Tigers.

The windup for 1987 is scheduled for Sept. 26. Hope to see you there.

Linda Orlesky.

## Arthur Black Fear Yourself

We have nothing to fear but fear itself.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Actually, old FDR didn't know three half of it. Oh, we have people who are afraid of fear alright - Phobophobia, the doctors call them -- but we also have Aero and Argo and Clino and Electro and Frigo and Claustrophobics.

Fears are very big these days. In fact it wouldn't be hard to argue that Fear, in all its manifold disguises, is the theme song of our time. Some pundits insist that we live in the Atomic Age, the Post Industrial Age, the Space Age or the Computer Age, but not for this cowboy. As far as I'm concerned the era we're embedded in should be dubbed the Age

self -- Angst. You have to kind of screw up your mouth into a nervous little grimace just to get it out.

There's a lot of it going around, Life supplies everything from eensy-weensy anxieties (potholes, middle aged spread, Terminals one and/or two of Pearson International Airport) that you can nibble your fingernails over in the comfort of your own parlor, to full-blown, galactic-sized terrors (AIDS, vanishing ozone, nuclear holocaust) that know no mortal boundaries.

But perhaps it was more of a mid-sized fret you were after? Relax, we have those too. How about our acid rain ruined lakes? Soaring insurance rates? The deteriorating dollar? The Meech Lake Discord?

thighs and various potentially fatal cardiovascular vexation. Fine. I went out and invested in a pair of sneakers, a track suit and a tri-colour headband. But before I'd even worked up a decent sweat there was another medical expert on the air warning that exercise can be dangerous to joints and cartilage and yes, even to the heart itself. As if that's not enough there was a story in the news about some bald-headed jogger who returned from his morning run with blood running into his eyebrows. Cause? A seagull attack. Dunno if the bird thought the guy's head was a giant mutant egg or what, but it certainly gives you something to think about.

When you get right down to it there is virtually no human activity that is absolutely unafraid. Doctors have discovered that somebody, somewhere is mortally afraid of pretty well anything you can think of. They have unearthed people who are terrified of heights and depths; crowds and empty spaces; darkness and sun-

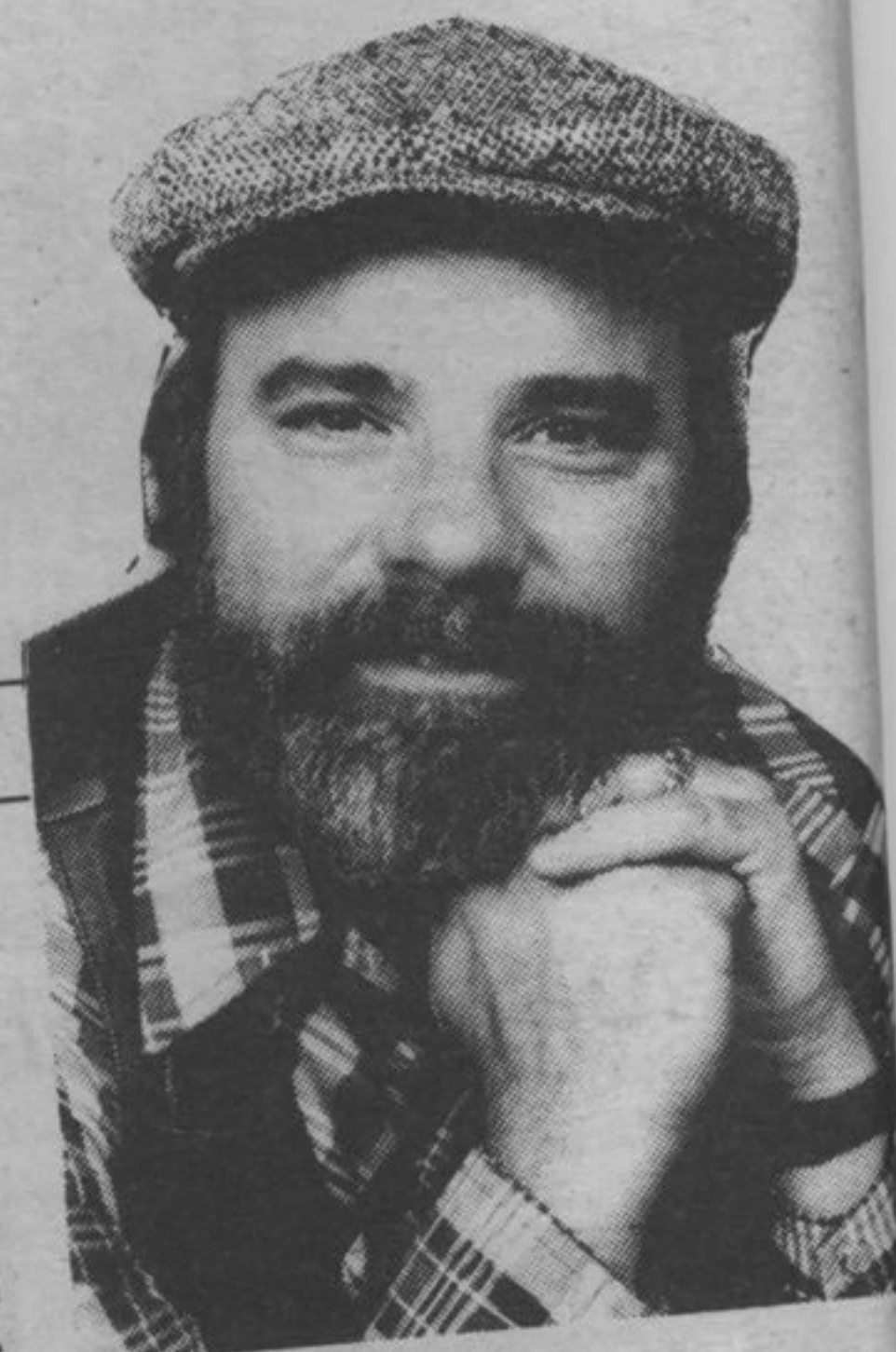
can't abide the sight of the Northern Lights.

Scared of snow? That's Chionophobia. Can't bear the way peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth? Your arachibutyrophobic. Believe it or not, there's even a substantial body of people wandering around who are utterly stricken by the sight of bangers and mash, the London Bridge, a double-decker bus, David Frost, the Queen Mum -- anything that smacks of Britain. The experts call such wretches as Anglophobics.

Topophobia seems to be the single thing that frightens more people than anything else -- and I don't know anybody this side of Oral Roberts or Don Cherry who doesn't suffer from it to some degree. It's the fear of performing in public -- stage fright, in a phrase.

And lest we forget let's all pause for a moment of silence in tribute to the worlds poor beleaguered Panophobics. Panophobia is the fear ... of absolutely everything.

There is one other angst-ragenderer that most of us scoff



the number 13.

If you like me and tend to drive a little slower and look over your shoulder a lot on Friday 13th, don't be ashamed of it. We're in great company.

The famous musical composer Arnold Schoenberg was perhaps the biggest Triskadekaphobic ever to pull a blanket over his head. Schoenberg feared and avoided anything or any combination of things that could add up to 13 and for many years he told everyone who would listen that he would surely die at the age of 67, 76 or 85. Why? Because the numbers each add up to 13, that's why.

The odd thing is, Schoenberg did die at the age of 76.

He died at 13 minutes past midnight.

On a Friday the 13th.