

TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

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News

EditorGreg Huneault
AdvertisingPaul Marcon
OfficeGayle Fournier
ProductionSaila Leinonen

Local volunteers, local recognition

In small communities where people rely more on each other than huge government grants or some faceless professional, being a volunteer has become second nature to many.

Reasons vary — some initially volunteer their time to stave off the painful winter blahs and some volunteer to gain experience — but the vast majority come to volunteer because they know how much it enriches the community and themselves.

Whether it is a volunteer tutor with the local literacy program, or whether it is a member of the Women's Auxiliary, most of us know friends and family who give freely of their time, knowledge and experience to help out others.

It is this group of individuals the *News* wants to tell the area about and to whom we want to give recognition. If your group, organization or club would like to nominate a member, please contact us.

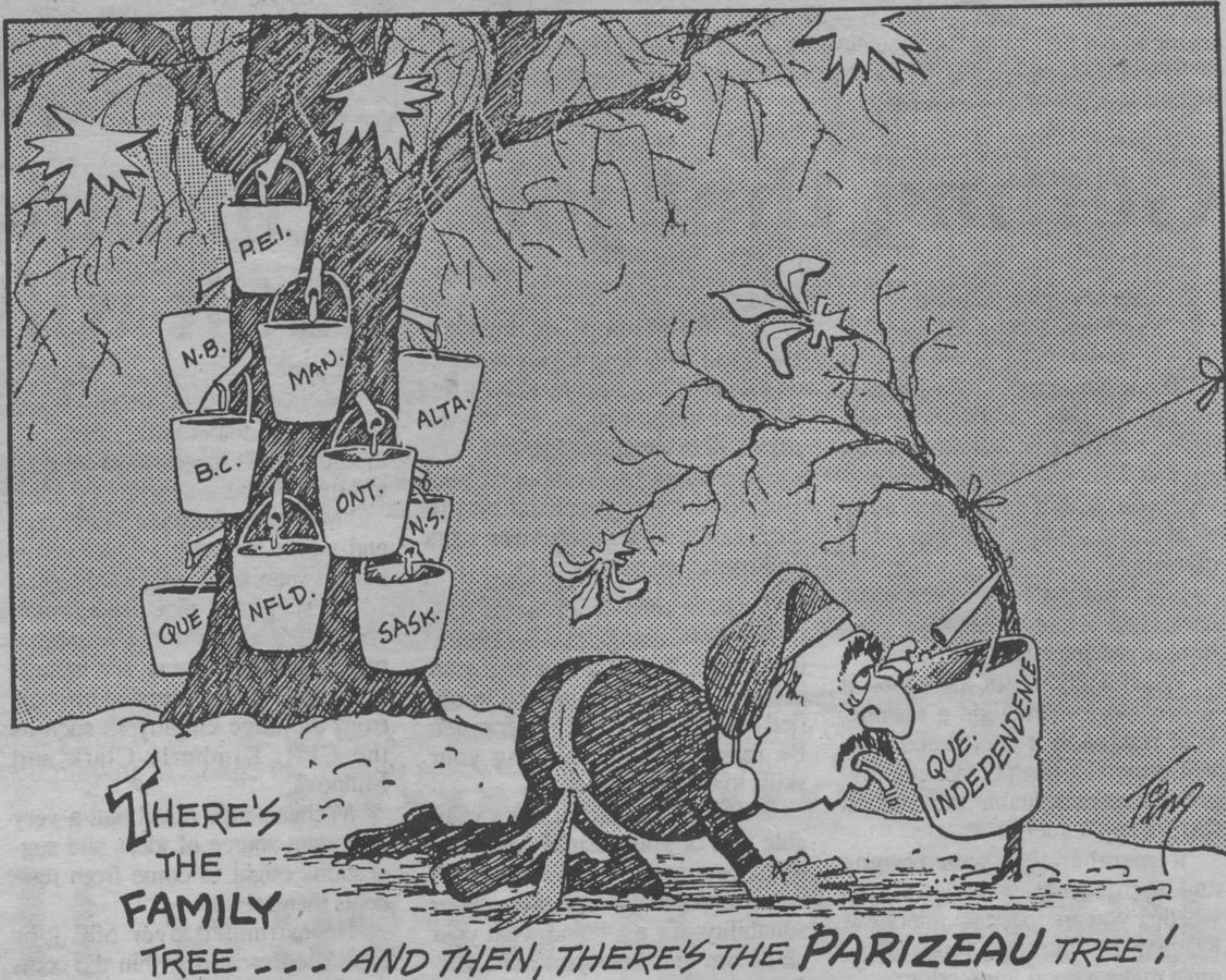
In cooperation with Air Canada's Heart of Gold program, the *News* will feature selected volunteers in future issues. We want to have a picture of the selected person and a small biography outlining what they have done to help the rest of us. We ask you to organize a meeting or two to select your choice and give us a call. We'll be happy to do the rest. That's what it's all about...helping each other!

Future of area in Futures?

The Schreiber/Terrace Bay Community Futures group who met last week at the Schreiber Fire Department have a hot topic of discussion to deal with.

Bob Micheals, of Atikokan, told the group that, if they wish to proceed with planning for diversification in the future, they will have to be strong-willed and able to withstand criticism from residents.

The group of citizens directly involved with the committee essentially hold the future of the two communities in their hands. They will decide what — if any — course of action to take based on studies and input from various sources. Perhaps the best source of ideas and suggestions will be the people. Whether someone has lived here all his/her life, or whether someone plans on staying for a few years before leaving, all have an impact on life in this area. What they have done and what they want to do in the future must be taken into account by the committee. Their actions, desires and reasons for staying or leaving are a direct reflection of the economic and social status of the two communities involved.



Letters to the editor Reader has strong feelings about public criticism of cadet corps

In reference to the anonymous letter (Sea Cadets) in your March 30 edition:

Having spent nearly a quarter of a century as a professional soldier, and having worked with cadet corps on several occasions, I have some strong feelings about the public (and anonymous) criticism

offered in this letter.

Cadet corps organizations are patterned after Military and Naval Units and attempt, among other things, to instill in the youngster traditional military values. Courage, loyalty, honor, pride and self-respect (which, by the way, have everything to do with the

corps).

Public airing of real or imagined grievances serves no purpose except to undermine these values, ultimately lowering morale and affecting every member of the corps.

Most military and para-military see "Proper" on page 5

SPRING... Canada's Limbo Season

April is the cruelest month...mixing Memory with desire; stirring Dull roots with spring rain.

Old T.S. Eliot had a point there, you know. This is a heart-breaking stretch of the calendar we're plodding through -- and not just April, but the tag end of March and often the first few treacherous days of May, to boot.

I know that it's more chic to whine about the frigid frosts of February or the tropical torpor of August, but when it comes to outright meteorological sadism, I think early Canadian spring deserves at least a nervous nod of respect. European poets prattle about the joys of spring time gardens. Canucks know better. Only a fool or an American would let the sight of that first melting snowbank gull him into taking off the snowtires or prematurely stowing the Sorels in the attic. Any Canadian with even a dusting of permafrost along his spine has been bushwhacked too many times to let his guard down this time of year. Canucks know that Old Man Winter -- rubber-kneed and hanging off the ropes

It's tough, this limbo season, and Canadians have evolved a variety of ways to handle it. Some guys go blind poring over seed catalogues. Others spend all their spare time in the cellar, endlessly oiling their Toros. Still others metamorphose into couch potatoes before their TVs, watching the interminable Stanley Cup semi-hemi-quarter-not-quite-final playoffs that go on from now until the next Ice Age.

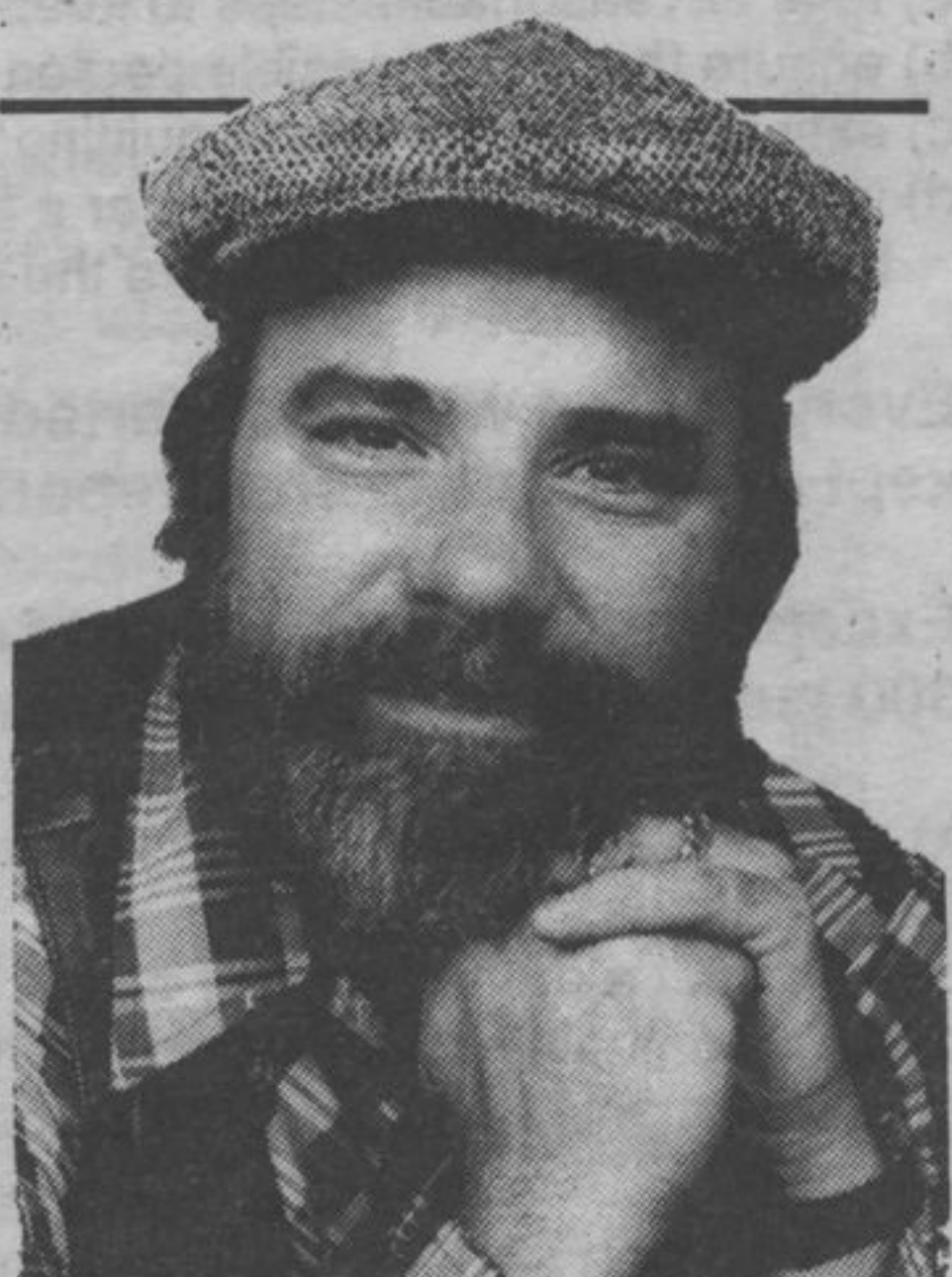
Really desperate Canucks have been known to sink to curling.

Me? I have my own early spring ritual: I check out the Arctic Loons.

Naw, they're not birds. They're people. Crazy people. You can catch 'em in mid-migration through the far North every year about this time. Arctic Loons are what I call that small and hardy band of maniacs who choose this time of year to...
...go to the North Pole.

Yes I'm serious. And there is a kind of demented logic to it. If you accept that there's anything logical about EVER wanting to

The days are getting longer, the ice is still fairly reliable and the



Arthur Black

weather is...well, about as good as it gets up there.

As I type these words there are five people poised on the uppermost shingles of Canada's roof and heading north: three Brits, one Austrian and an Alaskan.

The Alaskan is Pam Flowers, a 41-year-old adventurer who

to walk to the Pole solo. The Austrian is Bernard Klammer. He too is walking to the Pole, along with three sled dogs. The three-man British team is led by Sir Ralph Fines. Sir Ralph and his chappies hope to become the first walking expedition to make the trip without any food drops. The crackling radio dispatches Sir Ralph sends back are inspirational. They speak of the spirit of endeavour...the challenge of the unconquered...the thrill of falling into the Arctic Ocean...

When I first heard about the crowd of foreign Arctic Loons currently shuffling toward our North Pole, I took perverse pride in the fact that there wasn't a Canuck among them. "Aha," I said to myself. "At last we're getting smart. While the rest of the world mills around in our attic, courting chilblains and frostbite, Canadians, bless their sensible little wee hearts, are staying close to the hearth."

No such luck. Our countrymen are up there too, heading for the Pole from the other side. A 13-man team composed of four Canadians and nine Russians is

from Siberia.

They expect to camp in Santa's back yard in about three months time.

Why, you might ask, would any sane representative of the genus homo sapiens freely choose to do this to itself? Beats me. I enjoy Canada's four seasons as much as any frostback, but I find winter quite long enough as it is, thank you very much. I am now ready for spring, and I can think of nothing I'd fancy less than to be hunkered down on a patch of Arctic pack ice, staring at the backsides of a team of Malamutes huffing and chuffing north.

Let Sir Ralph and his ilk joust with the challenge of the Canadian Arctic, I plan to take my inspirational guidance from another, somewhat more southerly adventurer.

About the time Sir Ralph is performing as Polar Bear bait, I'll be taking Mr. Dundee's advice -- popping a few more shrimps on the barby.