

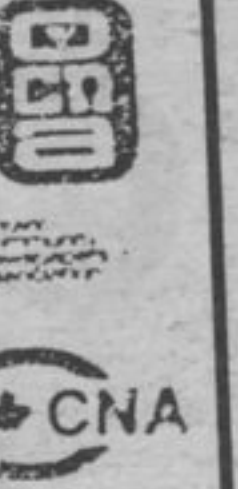
TERRACE BAY  
SCHREIBER

# News

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## Each has a role

May 16-21 has been designated as Police Week throughout Ontario. It's a week in which police personnel meet with the people whom they serve to discuss specifics and generalities of this unique position in our society.

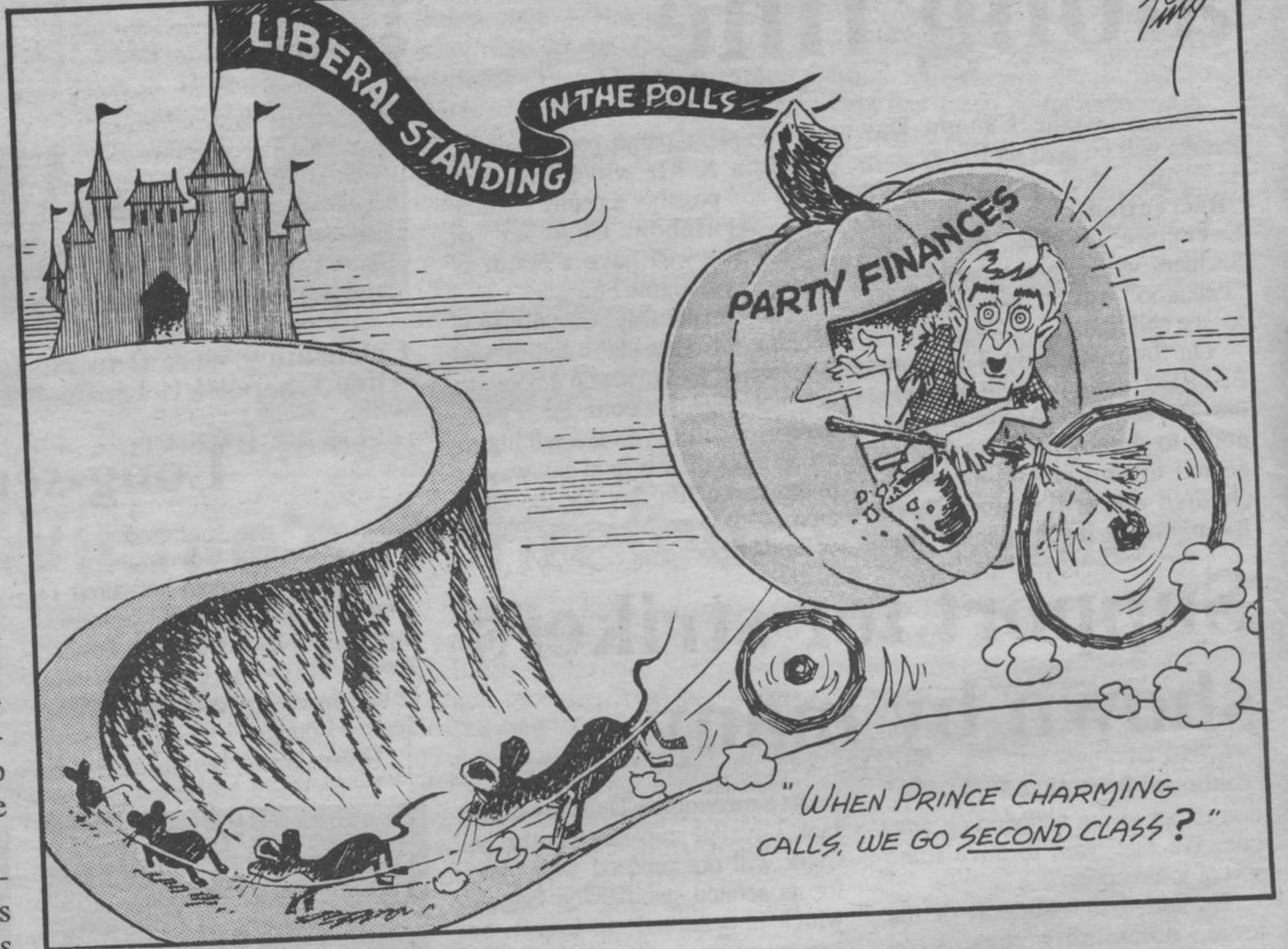
It is a chance for citizens to meet the "people" behind the uniform — a uniform which undoubtedly symbolizes something different to all. To some, it represents law and order; to some, it represents security and help; and yet to others it represents a hindrance and persecution of what they feel they ought to be able to do. To all, however, a police constable is recognized as having unique powers and authority.

With that authority must come responsibility, and police forces throughout Ontario are recognizing the need for better ways of ensuring that that responsibility is being carried out to the benefit of the citizens. The new concept in policing involves getting back onto the streets and meeting people. In larger cities and urban centres, the 'store front' concept of policing is gaining popularity. It involves setting up small units of constables in designated areas where police presence is improved, and so is interaction with the public.

In smaller communities such as ours, however, this concept is not necessary. What is necessary, never-the-less, is for the citizens and police to meet and talk about priorities which we ourselves have set. Chief Kidder of the Terrace Bay Police Department has stressed that 'this is your police department', and that the department receptive to what the public has to say.

Constable Bert Logan is the new Community Services Officer for the Schreiber OPP detachment. His responsibilities include acting as a liaison between the force and the public, and he has begun establishing different programs for the public's benefit.

Our responsibilities then must include telling the police what programs, what priorities and concerns we have, so they can act on them. It is vital to maintain a mutually productive relationship, with our community leaders listening to our concerns and relaying them to those who 'serve and protect.'



### Letters to the editor

## "Come Home to Minto"

We would like to inform any of your readers who might be former residents of Minto Township, County of Wellington, of our "Come Home to Minto" weekend on July 1 - 3, 1988.

The weekend is in conjunction with the release of the new Minto History book Minto Memories - Families, Facts and Fables.

Registration will be in the Harriston-Minto Arena Auditorium on Friday and Saturday in both the morning and afternoon. A wide variety of events are planned for all age groups and include dances, bar-b-ques, pancake breakfasts, box social, ball tournament, giant parade, Community Church Service and some old fashioned fun

and games.

Campsites are available for \$10.00 per weekend and may be booked by calling 338-3015 or if Bed & Breakfast is more your style call Vera Richardson at 338-3487. Anyone wishing further information and programs please write to Barb Ross, R.R. #1, Palmerston, NOG 2P0.

# Kick the tires, not yourself

Show a little respect, eh? A close friend of mine is at death's door -- which means that one day very soon I'm going to have to do something I hate.

Worse than going to the dentist.

Worse than filling out my Income Tax form.

Worse than sitting through a session of Question Period even.

Okay, you're right -- I'm being melodramatic. Heck it's not even a close friend that's dying. It's my car, and it's been ill for some time. Truth to tell it's seven years old, baffed out, caved in, used up and run down. It's got a cracked windshield, uncountable dings in the hood and fenders, an exhaust system that sounds like the sound track from Apocalypse Now and a spare tire with less tread than a newborn's backside. Our province's lavish applications of road salt has left by buggy looking like an Iranian oil platform after a U.S. attack. Its odometer registers more kilometers than the Telstar satellite. The monthly

was new.

In short, my car deserves to die.

But that's not my problem. My problem is that its impending demise thrusts me into the dreaded dilemma I hinted at above.

Which is to say...

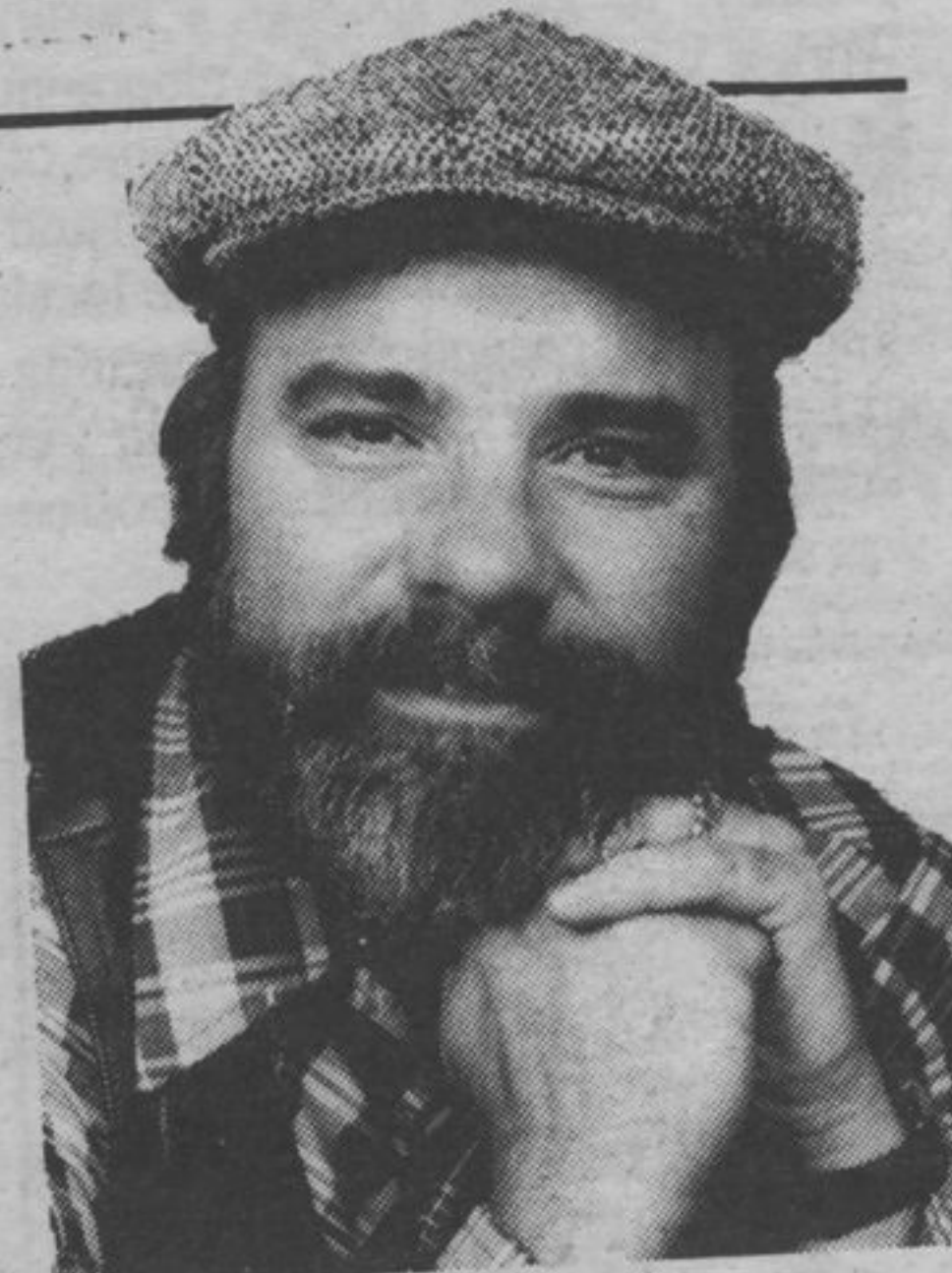
I'm going to have to visit a car lot.

And I hate it! I hate the flocks of snow-white, tooth-capped, eye-wincing insincere smiles that await me. I hate the bone-crushing handshakes, the mood music, the "Call-me-Al, -Art-I-can-call-you-Art-can't-I?" introductions. I hate the inevitable, unavoidable conversations about fuel consumption ratios, double wishbone suspensions, power train warranties and pro-rated financing options.

I understand none of this of course, but I'm too chicken-hearted to say so, so I stand in the showroom, kicking tires and nod-

sign.

I hate all of it. Which explains why I think I love John Price.



### Arthur Black

John Price is a Knight in turtle-waxed armour for terminal

Man From Glad silver pompadour, his custom tailored suit and his Rolex watch, grinning confidently behind the wheel of his burgundy Alfa Romeo. He might pass for an aging tennis pro or perhaps a matinee idol from the heyday of Hollywood, but no, that's not what John Price does.

John Price buys cars for the fun of it and for the profit of it too. For ten percent of the amount he saves off the sticker price plus 100 dollars, John Price will buy your next car for you -- and he guarantees you'll get the best deal in town.

"I love matching wits with car dealers," says Price. "I know how much profit is built into the sticker price and I know how low they're willing to come."

It's beautiful. John Price knows more about the cars he buys than the salesmen he buys them from. You phone him up and tell him what kind of car you want -- the make, the colour, the options -- he goes out and gets it for you. He offers the dealer only a few hundred dollars over the

that John Price will be back again and again and again. And little commissions add up.

John Price will even nursemaid his clients through the paperwork of buying a car. He holds up your hand while the financial arrangements are made, breaks the warranty agreement down into basic English and answers all those questions that you're afraid to ask the dealer.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "What's the matter with this schlemiel? His car is dying, he needs a new car, he's too gutless or witless to buy one himself -- so why doesn't he phone up John Price and hire him to find a new set of wheels?"

There's just one small problem.

John Price is a dream come true to would-be car buyers alright -- but only if they live west of the San Andreas fault. He lives in San Francisco -- which is about 2,627 miles, 787 yards further than I care to trust my mortally stricken vehicle to carry me.

Hmmmm. I wonder if John Price makes