

Back in the corner

with Greg Hineault

When Greenpeace came to the area last week, I think a lot of people were red with anger. The two terms are contradictory, but that was the overall feeling I perceived of their visit to Terrace Bay.

Four Greenpeace members (environmentally concerned citizens, activists, trouble makers, stack climbers, whale lovers, whatever you want to or have called them) were arrested for trespassing on private property while taking pictures of the K-C effluent stream (see story on page 1).

They told me there was an absence of "No Trespassing signs" and that they thought it was unfair.

Well, in my zest and zeal to uncover the truth and right a wrong if there was one...well, actually to get out of our stuffy, hot office... I decided to visit the area where the stream passes under the Trans-Canada Highway and see for myself what was there.

It was also a great opportunity to do a little bird watching, so I brought my camera to take some pictures of the rare and incredibly shy "Brown-crested K-C warbler," a particularly interesting species which I have never had the pleasure of seeing or interacting with to this point.

I parked my car to the side of and before the barricaded Kimberly-Clark road leading off the highway, and slid out without making a sound. I strapped my camera securely around my neck — making sure everything was properly balanced in the event I had to quickly dodge and dart in an effort to get the ultimate photo.

I loaded my camera and was ready to start shooting anytime. I thought about camouflaging myself by smearing mud and dirt over my face, but for some strange reason, as I held a handful of mud in my shaking hand, I recalled that I used to eat this stuff when I was two or three, and it didn't taste very good. But this was the hunt. This was war. This was exciting!

I slowly crept along the highway — one hand firmly grasping my trusty camera, while the other was busy picking stones and rocks out of my dress shoes; well, I wasn't in the middle of the Amazon!

I was prepared to wait as long as necessary to see and photograph the evasive "Brown-crested K-C warbler." I knew that I must expect to see one or two of them at the most unexpected moment.

I'm not embarrassed to say I was nervous. Now that I've been able to sleep and eat after the incident, I can say that maybe I was even a little scared.

Raiding Mr. Komar's garden

The last time I had felt like this was when the neighbourhood gang raided Mr. Komar's garden.

I was about the third lad over the garden fence that clear night long ago and the first one through the lettuce patch. Everything was going well as I knelt down and started gently squeezing the choice tomatoes (Bob, the eldest in the group, told us that his mother always did this when they shopped at the A&P, and for some reason it made the tomatoes taste better).

Just then 'Runt' (the smallest, but most enthusiastic of the gang) fell over the fence and square into the overflowing compost heap.

Looking back, I can't say I blame him much — I can't blame him at all actually — for screaming at the top of his lungs as he ripped decaying greens and supper leftovers from his upper body.

By the time Runt had removed

most of what appeared to be either lettuce or socks from his face, Mr. Komar was running out his back door to see what the commotion was. When we saw him coming toward us, we screamed too.

Screams in the distance

That's all I remember about that incident, but our screams were playing in the distance now as I straightened up and began photographing the effluent stream from the shoulder of the road.

Lo and behold...and stop me from babbling...from the other side of the road appeared what seemed to be two "Brown-crested K-C warblers!" And they were coming straight toward me. I looked closely and thought I could see Mr. Komar with them, but I shook off the chill that was running up and down my spine.

Now, people have trained dolphins to communicate and many have heard of Koko the Gorilla. Koko is a gorilla who raised a great wave of excitement in American scientific circles when it was claimed that she had been taught to communicate by sign language. It turned out to be to be a complete hoax, however, when it was discovered that she had taught herself sign language by reading books before coming to America.

Well, these two "Brown-crested K-C warblers" had the power of speech! They came over and politely told me I was not allowed to take pictures of the effluent stream from the highway.

They had no I.D.

I was kind of suspicious, because the pictures of "Brown-crested K-C warblers" I had studied in books showed them to be covered in brown with yellow

shoulder tips, and these two did not have any such markings. They were plainly adorned.

I asked them if they were indeed the species I had come to seek and find, and they said yes, although they could not prove it when I asked them to do so. But I knew.

What now? What does one do when one's dream is finally achieved? I told them I was with the local paper and would continue to take photos, as there were no signs prohibiting picture-taking from the side of the highway and I was not in their territory.

One reached behind her back. I turned and faced her — my finger oh-so-close to the button on my heavy camera; and I waited for her next move.

Before I could set the proper shutter speed, she whipped out a walkie-talkie from behind and asked if I wanted to speak with her supervisor. What? Meet a third one? This was incredible!

The third one appeared shortly after, and we had a pleasant talk. He admitted that he was concerned I was another "Greenpeace stack-climber" (apparently, a predator of the Brown-crested K-C warbler).

He explained that his territory started somewhere down the embankment and it was their right to protect it. I couldn't disagree with him on that point, and besides, the excitement was too much for one day.

I returned to my hot, stuffy office and thought about the events that had added much to my understanding of the clash between the "Greenpeace stack-climber" and the "Brown-crested K-C warbler."

It's a clash of territory, environment, livelihood and possibly an ultimate clash for food supply. It is, however, no doubt a clash.

Wedding Announcement

Mr. & Mrs. Paul H. Rochon announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Irene to Mr. Barry Sproule.

The wedding took place in Winnepeg
June 18, 1988

North of Superior Community Mental Health Program

The North of Superior Community Mental Health Program invites applications for the positions of
Community Development Worker
in Nipigon, Ontario.

The successful applicant will be part of a team offering community support services, primary prevention programming and general health promotion to populations considered to be at risk, to children and their families and to groups in the community.

Applicants must have five-rate organizational and interpersonal skills, appropriate academic background and/or practical experience.

Bilingualism will be considered an asset.
Own transportation is required.

Salary: \$24,500 — \$34,000 currently.
New salary scale under negotiation.

Closing date for applications: July 31, 1988

Interested and qualified individuals please submit resume to:

Executive Director
North of Superior Programs
P.O. Box 940
Geraldton, Ontario
POT 1MO

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Sherry Anderson

North of Superior Community Mental Health Program

Requires a
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for its Schreiber Office

To perform secretarial and general office and reception duties for the Community Development Worker and the Mental Health Worker.

Qualifications:

Grade 12 Commercial Diploma or equivalent.
Previous experience is an asset.
Bilingualism is an asset.

Salary will be commensurate with training and experience.

Application deadline is: July 22, 1988

Please send resume to:

Administrative Assistant
North of Superior Programs
P.O. Box 940
Geraldton, Ontario
POT 1MO

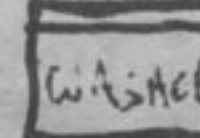
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North of Superior Community Mental Health Program

The North of Superior Community Mental Health Program invites applications for the position of
Mental Health Worker
in Marathon, Ontario.

The successful applicant will become part of a multidisciplinary team offering mental health services to children and adults. The qualified individual will have academic background and related work experience in the Mental Health field which would allow him/her to provide assessment and treatment services. Excellent opportunities exist for the development of clinical skills and for continuing education. Clinical supervision is provided by the Program psychiatrist.

Bilingualism will be considered a strong asset.
Own transportation is required.

Salary: \$27,500 — \$34,000 currently.
New salary scale under negotiation.

Closing date for applications: July 31, 1988.

Interested and qualified individuals please submit resume to:

Executive Director
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