

# Helene has solution for first-day school clothes

By Helene Ballard

Where has the summer gone? We are well past the middle of August and the kids will be back in school. No doubt everyone is busy trying to decide what they want to wear for the first day back.

When I was of school age, we did not have that problem; we were all in school uniforms. I was educated in a convent, and we all wore black dresses with white collars and cuffs.

We were all girls — no boys. I

guess the teens today would call that "segregation," but it did solve the dress problem.

I had a chance to drive past the public school and noticed the new addition being built. It sure looks nice and I guess it is needed. It will be one more reason for our town to be proud.

Taking advantage of our nice weather, our residents enjoyed an afternoon on the back terrace where ice cream sundaes were served and everyone got some fresh air.

Our backyard looks like a park, so it's restful to sit out and chat with each other. The ice cream helped too.

We had our Monthly Birthday Party on the 18th, and as usual we had a lovely cake and tea. Our 'birthday kids' this month were: Ester Luoma, Werner Ziegler, Dr. Michael McCausland, Stewart Anderson and William Dodds. We wish them all a happy birthday.

We welcomed a new resident this past week, Mr. Joe Grasson, and we hope he enjoys his stay at

Birchwood.

I noticed there are still some big dogs running around on the loose. The other day two of them were standing in the centre of the highway and would not move.

A large transport had quite a time trying not to hit them. It was just a stroke of luck the traffic at that time was light and there was no accident.

It's bad enough to hit and kill a dog, but many times people get hurt too. Please folks; tie up your

pets so nothing will happen, and don't forget there is a leash law.

I seem to be running out of news, so I'll close for this time with an apology to our local dentist:

A small boy debunked the talk about a painless dentist in his neighbourhood.

"He's not that painless at all," said the small boy. "He put his finger in my mouth and I bit it, and boy he yelled just like anybody else!" Until next week my friends, Adios amigos.

# Painting one bridge, and perhaps burning others



## Back in the corner

by Greg Huneault

How long does it take to paint a bridge? That question has been eating away at me ever since I began receiving updated versions of the Highway Construction Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Transportation.

Deep within the endless list of provincial roadway projects (I honestly believe there are not that many highways in North America), I have seen the same notice for at least the past two months:

"Steele River Bridge - 26 kms

east of Terrace Bay - bridge painting - reduced speed."

Now, I'm not a professional painter, but does it actually take two months — 320 hours — to slap on a coat of all-weather Tremclad?

Are the workers using 1/2 inch-wide horse hair brushes? Do they have a bunch of artistically temperamental lads who, in fits of inspirational madness, scrap off the new coat with bare finger nails when they feel it just doesn't convey the message or theme they are trying to express? What gives?

Based on my personal painting experience, it could be done in a day. Simply pour a couple cans of paint from the top of the girders and let it drip down.

Let's face it; Aunt Harriet is not going to come for a close visit and inspection!

"Unless these guys are paint-by-number fanatics," I suddenly screamed aloud Wednesday morning when I received yet another bulletin, "there must be something else to this story. I'm going to find out what it is."

So I drove to Steele River with trusty camera and note pad, all-the-while practising my seemingly innocent introduction to the foreman before I threw a "Well, even if you haven't heard of the Terrace Bay/Schreiber News, I'm a taxpayer and I have a right to demand answers' curve ball at him.

However, there was no one on, under, beside or near the bridge. There were no sinewy men dangling precariously from pieces of thread and spraying precise streaks

of paint onto beams; there were no men climbing up and down ropes like something out of "Gulliver's Travels in the Land of Lilliput."

There was an Oceans and Fisheries truck parked in behind a side road. "Great," I said; "the day would not be a complete waste," as I thought I would be able to get an interesting story on some local fisheries project...if only I could find the driver of the truck. Again, there was no one in sight. It was time to get out of that creeping bush.

During the rest of the week, I was unable to return to what has become *the bridge to my sanity*, but this issue is not over. Oh no, don't kid yourself.

I will not rest nor sleep easily until I find out — how long it takes to paint a bridge.

And now the moment that all those who were in attendance at the Terrace Bay Council meeting of August 15 have been waiting for: "I goofed."

In last week's "Back in the Corner", I spoke of how I attended a meeting which the entire council forgot to attend.

I suggested that they advertise a notice prior to a rescheduled meeting so that others would know.

I was the only person in the world who apparently did not see the advertisements in the paper announcing the new time and date before the rescheduled meeting.

As usual, David Fulton and Lorne Mitchell did their job in the clerk-treasury department and put the notice out beforehand.

I did check the last five back issues of the paper a couple of times, but for the life of me I could

not see any notice. I think it's sometimes like working in a candy factory; once you've been there long enough, there are only so many goodies you can pack away before you get sick of seeing the same thing, so you stop looking.

I don't mean to sound falsely humble, but I believe it takes a big man to admit he made a mistake, and it takes a big man to eat a large pizza from the local bakery. I can do both without much trouble.

My embarrassment is somewhat tempered by the spirit in which I hope the readers are taking the evolving Back in the Corner column. Sorry gentlemen. And Chris.

I would like to tell the emergency personnel who responded to the tragic accident on Highway 17 last week that they performed a superlative job under stressful conditions.

Firefighters worked to free a trapped passenger, while medical personnel tended to injuries and police controlled traffic.

It was a frightening spectacle to witness, but they did a great job of stabilizing the injured and getting the highway open as quickly as possible. Job well done!!

**CNIB**  
**Mobile Eye Care Unit**  
 The CNIB Mobile Eye Care Unit will be in Terrace Bay from **September 12 to September 15, 1988**  
 For your appointment please call The Thunder Bay District Health Unit in Schreiber at **824-2413**

**DUCKS UNLIMITED CANADA**  
 Schreiber/Terrace Bay Committee  
**Auction & Banquet**  
**September 9, 1988**  
 Have some fun and support wildlife conservation at the same time.  
 For more information call Don Beno 824-3143 or Ron Running 825-9357  
**Tickets are limited.**

**HUNTER EDUCATION COURSE**  
  
 AT TERRACE BAY BOY SCOUT HALL  
**REGISTRATION**  
 at Local Ministry of Natural Resources Offices  
**Sept. 9 - Sept. 11**  
**FEE: \$40.00**  
 Students must be 15 years of age. Students require a note book and pen. Students are required to attend all sessions to pass the course. All individuals applying for their first Ontario Resident Licence to hunt are required to complete an approved training course before they apply for an exam.  
 The "Hunters Guide", the manual for Hunter Education will be provided at the course.  
 Class Limit: 20 students  
 Fee: \$40.00

**For Sale**  
 NEW POTATOES RED OR WHITE  
**20¢ PER POUND**  
**\$12.00 - 75 POUND BAG**  
 CORN & VEGETABLES  
 U-PICK RASPBERRIES  
 PHONE **857-2435**

**Waghorn's Pharmacy**  
**NOTICE**  
 Effective September 1st, 1988  
**Personal Charge Accounts**  
**Will be Eliminated**  
 in Favour of  
 Visa or Mastercard  
 charge systems

**K.P. Productions**  
**music school**  
**Returning**  
**Soon**