

Editorial Page

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2W0 Tel.: 807-825-3747. Second class mailing permit 0867. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Assn. and the Canadian Community Newspaper Assn.

General Manager.....Paul Marcon
Editor.....David Chmara
Admin. Asst.....Gayle Fournier
Production Asst...Carmen Dinner

Single copies 40 cents.
Subscription rates: \$15 per year / \$25 two years (local) and \$21 per year (out of town).

Cat's are cute but can be troublesome as well

Last week, I baby sat Paul and Carmen's cat, Molson, for awhile. It was partly because the cat is so cute, and also because I'm starting to miss the pets I left back home.

Cats can be a pain though. Their curiosity constantly has them trying your patience--or is it their stubbornness. They always seem to get into things you don't want them to get into, no matter how many times you tell them not to.

Even so, I think I'll probably pick myself up a cat when I go home for Christmas.

I'll have to think long and hard to come up with a unique name for the animal. I like the name Molson, and my last cat's name was Defect. I don't really care for "cute" names like Sapphire or Princess. Garfield is a good name and that cat's creator certainly must be making a bundle.

This brings me to ponder over the demise of the dog as being man's best friend. The cat definitely seems to have taken over this position. It makes me wonder what has brought about this change.

Could it be today's lifestyle? There are many single people, and couples too in which both partners work. With a cat, you can feed it in the morning, and leave it until you come home at supper -- no problems.

A dog however, makes this situation harder. A dog must be walked and let out with more frequency than cats so you're more tied down with a dog.

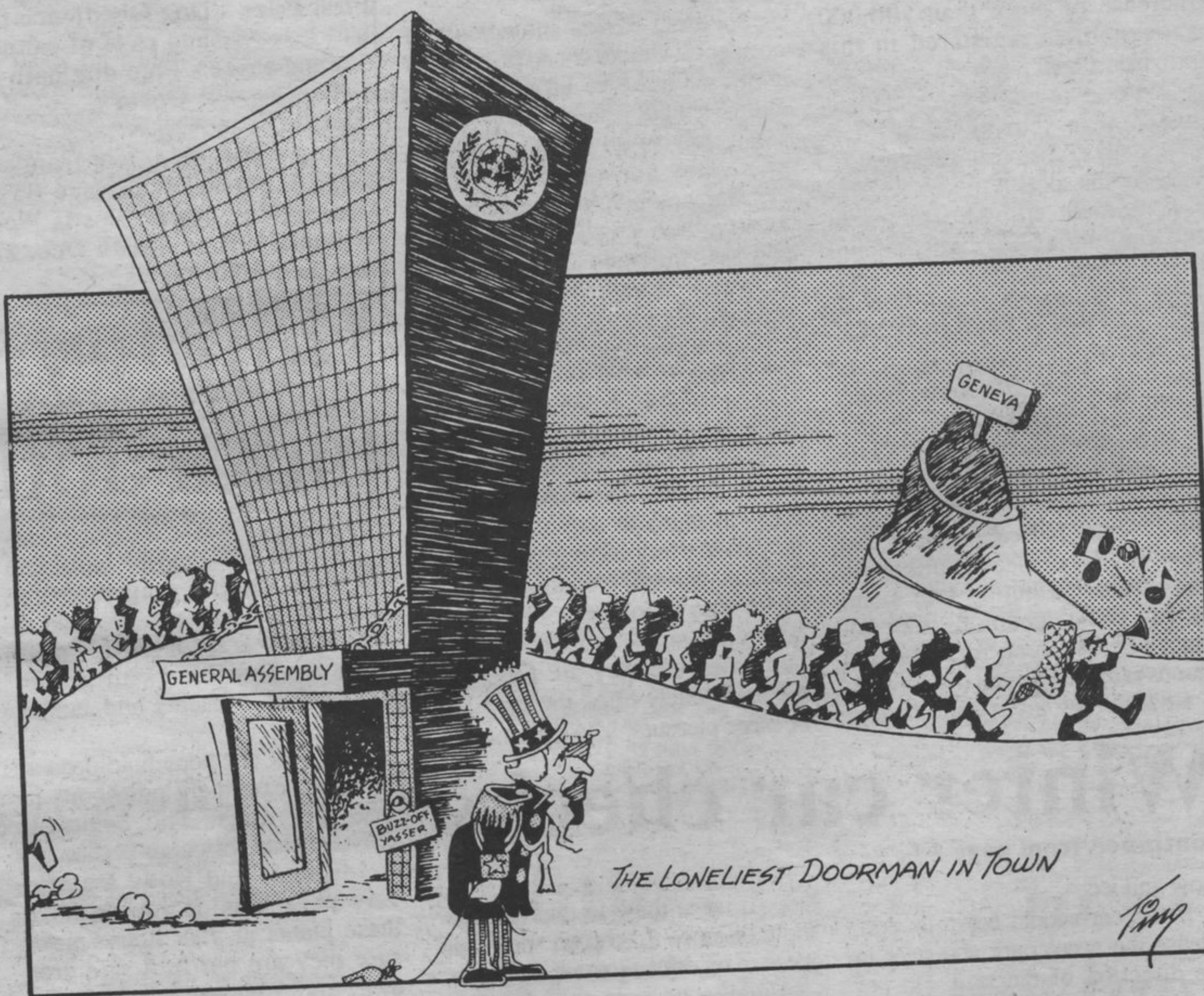
With a cat, if you want to go away for a weekend, just leave it enough food and water, and a clean litter box, and they're set. Maybe it's because of their independent nature. I don't know.

A dog on the other hand, makes even this short trip impossible unless you have somebody to look after your pet while you're away.

Cats are being seen with increasing regularity on television commercials too.

There's Morris the Cat, who has been replaced a number of times. They're in all sorts of paper product commercials as well. Now fast food chains are even using them in their promotional campaigns.

One thing though, cats shouldn't be given as Christmas presents. Wait until after Christmas and give it serious thought. They do require care and attention and can try your patience at the best of times. Believe me. Molson's been here only three hours and tried mine. That's why she's downstairs now in Paul and Carmen's apartment, and why I'm having second thoughts about getting a cat, despite their cuteness.



The Terrace Bay / Schreiber News encourage you to send letters to the editor. Such letters are a way to voice concerns, interest, appreciation, questions, or comments on anything of public interest.

They are a privilege of democracy and a way to possibly bring about change for the better. They can be used to create discussion or debate, provoke new thoughts or ideas, lift spirits, constructively criticize, or inspire others.

Send your letter to the editor to:

The Editor
Terrace Bay / Schreiber News
Box 579
Terrace Bay, Ont.
P0T 2W0

Please include your name, address and phone number so that we may verify authorship of letters.

The Kinna-Aweya legal clinic will be closed from December 24 to January 2 inclusive. The Marathon office will open Tuesday, January 3 at 9 a.m. Should you require legal assistance during this time call collect to the lawyer referral service at 0-416-947-3330.

"What happened next?" asks Arthur

Well, here we are in December, entering the home stretch. 1988 is about to be trussed up and slung into the ash can of history, and that makes me panicky. I'm not ready to retire this year yet. Too much unfinished business.

It's not just the 10 pounds I swore I'd lose or the books I vowed to read. It's all these newspaper stories I collected over the past 11 months. Little items that would appear in the paper and make you think "Holy Smoke! Isn't that incredible?"

I'd cut the story out and wait to see what happened next. Nothing happened. The story was never mentioned again.

Which leaves me with a large and mostly-useless collection of stories I wish I'd heard the end of. Stories like, well, the giant worm of Canterbury for instance.

A wildlife park in southeast England has what's left of quite possibly a world record earthworm. A camera crew from

worm when it croaked and began to break up.

"But the head section lived," explained Park Boss Alan Breeze inexplicably, "and I have placed it into a heated tank with some high-quality earth in the hope that it will grow again."

That's the last I ever read about the giant Canterbury worm. Guess I'll have to wait for the Stephen King movie.

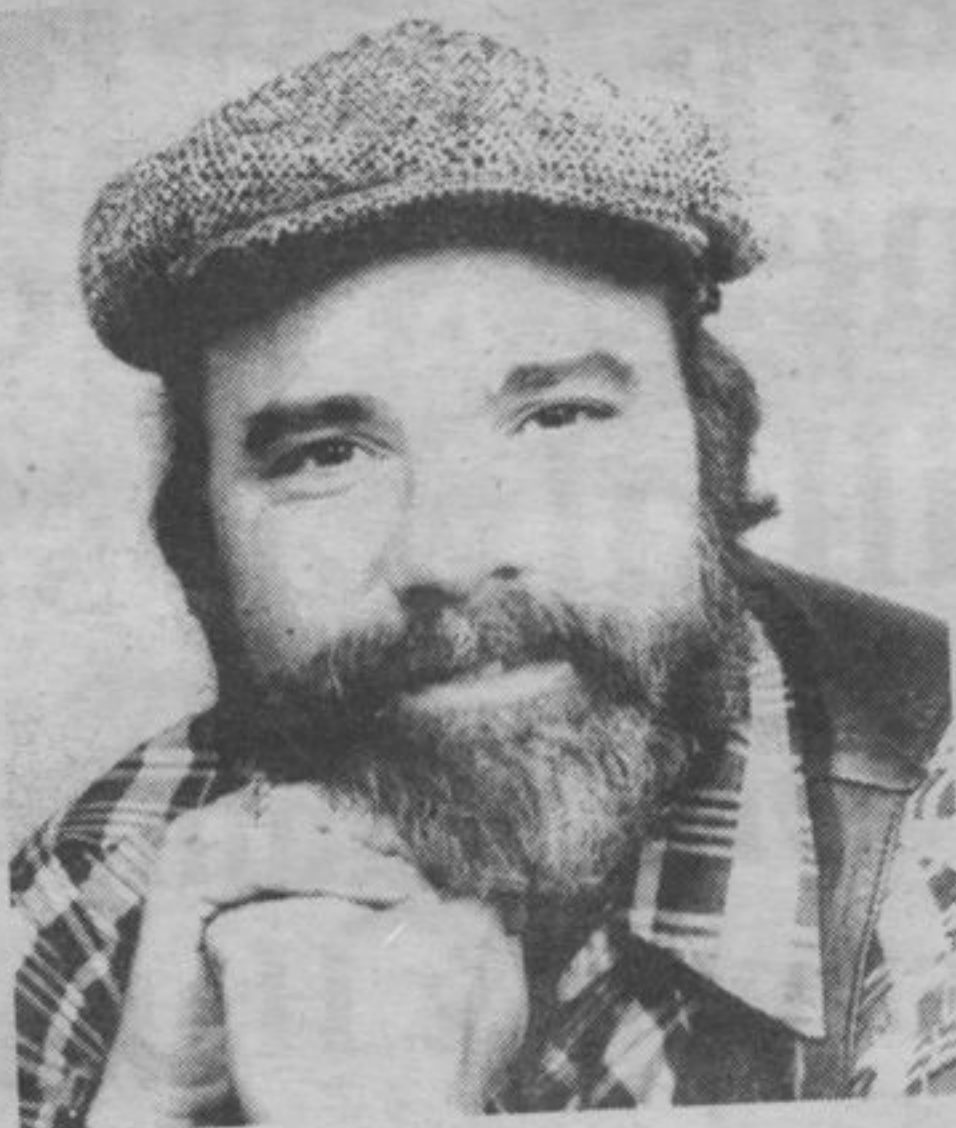
Then there was that scientific experiment in New Zealand. China shop proprietor Grant Burnett said he was tired of wondering what a bull in a china shop would actually do. "He will find out on June 16," says the newspaper clipping "with a borrowed Hereford weighing about one tonne."

Did the bull trash the joint or tip toe through without so much as rattling the Wedgewood? Search me. Never heard or read another word about the affair.

Pity. I was looking forward to a series of follow-up experiments such as taking a bull by the horns,

catching tigers by their tails.

There was another unfinished news story somewhat closer to home -- from the lobby of Vancouver's Four Seasons Hotel, as a matter of fact, where, if you



Arthur Black

happened to be passing through during the last election campaign, you might have seen a beet-faced hotel manager screaming into a telephone.

Prime Minister's campaign entourage which had checked out of the Four Seasons minutes earlier. The manager's problem? Well, the folks with the PM had checked out more than their bags it seems. Missing were 31 fluffy guest bathrobes -- you know, the expensive ones, with the hotel logo on the pocket? (Brian and Mila, I hasten to add, were above suspicion in this cheesy caper. The culprits appear to be the scurvy media jackals travelling with the PM's party.)

How about it? Did the embarrassed hacks and flacks cough up their purloined bathrobes or did the hotel have to bill them? Did the thieves pay? Did their cheques bounce? Beats me. There was no follow-up story.

Which is not surprising when you consider that the folks who write follow up stories might well have had a...err...divested interest, so to speak.

Let me finish with my favourite unfinished story of 1988. It involves a hard-luck

chappie by the name of Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fennes. Yes, that is his real name. Sir Ranulph is a throwback to the old Lawrence of Arabia school of adventurism. A former officer of the British Commandos, Sir Ranulph is always haring off somewhere to climb a mountain or shoot some rapids or hack his way through a spot of jungle. Last winter, he announced plans to hike 425 miles across our Arctic to the North Pole.

He didn't make it. Only managed 45 miles, before the expedition had to be aborted. All because of a urine sample. On what turned out to be the last day of the expedition Sir Ranulph was doing his duty into a glass vial. The temperature was -56 Celsius. Sir Ranulph, stiff upper-lippedly, "which led to an unfortunate frost-nip situation."

Sir Ranulph may yet make it into the 1988 record books.

As the only human to take a more disastrous urine test than Ben Johnson.