

Editorial Page

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Eighth inning dramatics bring Jays Pennant

So, how about those Blue Jays?
 That's the question sports announcers, Blue Jays' fans and Canadians alike are echoing this week as the Blue Jays enter the American League Championship Series.
 The Jays won the American League East Pennant last Saturday in dramatic fashion staging an eighth inning comeback against the Baltimore Orioles.
 They didn't choke as they did in 1987 against the Detroit Tigers or like they did in 1985 against the Kansas City Royals - although I'm sure many people had these past disappointments in the back of their minds.
 Instead, they proved the pessimists wrong. The Blue Jays entered the final three game series against the Orioles needing to win two of three games to make it to the American East playoffs.
 Friday night's game was one of those games that you bite your fingernails down to the knuckles. Behind in the eighth inning by one run, the Jays managed to score the tying run on a wild pitch.
 After a scoreless ninth, the game went into extra innings. Then, in the bottom of the 11th, with a runner on second, the Baltimore coach decided to walk a rookie Blue Jay so they could pitch to a slumping Lloyd Moseby.
 He stood up to the challenge and cracked the ball just a few feet short of a home run - but it was all the Jays needed to win the game.
 Saturday's game proved to be equally nerve racking and exciting. Behind by a score of 3 to 1 in the bottom of the eighth, the Jays had only managed four hits to that point in the game.

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Resident says Terrace bus stop doesn't meet traveller's needs

Dear Editor:
 As a citizen of this town I think it's time something should be done about our bus depot.
 The location of the bus stop is way to far from town, the hours which they are open are ridiculous and there are no facilities for the public.

We need a bus stop where they will be open from at least 7 in the morning to 1 at night.
 We need a place to be able to sit inside where it is warm to wait for the bus.

We need a place to be able to

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The News welcomes your letters to the editor. Feel free to express comments, opinions, appreciation, or debate anything of public interest. Write to:
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 So we may verify authorship, please sign your letters and include your phone number.

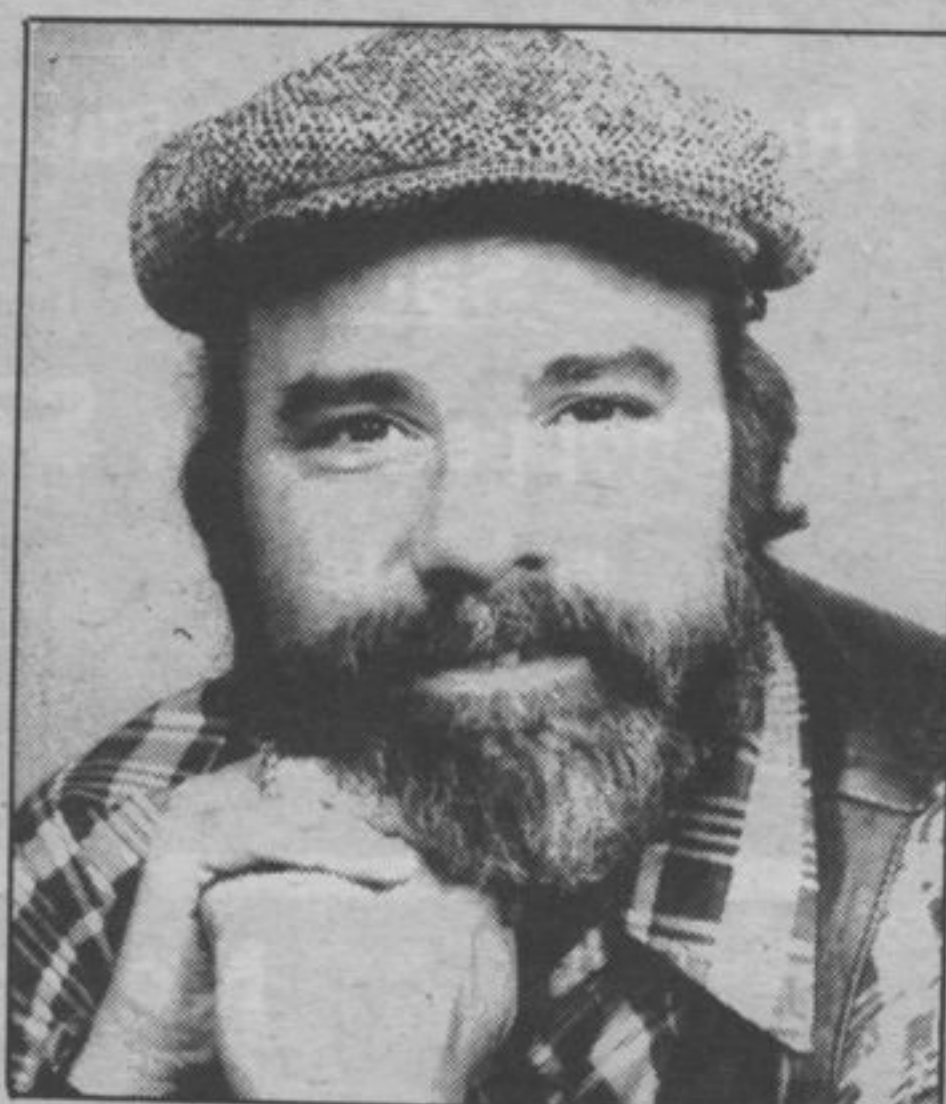
The Cottage Nostalgia virus struck again

It's over
 The signs are unmistakable: aerial formations of robins, blackbirds and warblers wheeling and banking in dense commuter clusters above straggling clots of gloomy kids shuffling schoolwards. Trees which maintained a stately green for the past few months are suddenly shooting out snazzy bursts of gold and russet. Some leaves are falling and so is the temperature. Yep, no question about it -- the summer of '89 is definitely shrinking in the rear view mirror.
 And not a moment too soon.
 I'm delighted that the summer of '89 is history. It means I don't have to worry about another outbreak of Cottage Nostalgia until at least the spring of '90.
 Do they have infestations of Cottage Nostalgia where you live? It's a virus that thrives under a variety of aliases. In the mountains,

victims moon about going "back to the cabin". In other parts of the country they make plans to go "out to camp". Where I come from, folks go "up to the cottage".
 We Cannucks have been engaged in this cruel charade for decades -- obsessed with the idea that "up there" in the quasi-wilderness, serenaded stereophonically by the eerie ululations of the loons on the lake and the satisfying chuckle of fresh ground coffee perking on the camp stove...
 Everything.
 Will be.
 Perfect.
 It is to laugh loonishly.
 Cottages are never perfect.
 They are never even close.
 Cottages -- or camps or cabins or whatever you chose to call them (a ruse by any other name) -- are fiendish, diabolical inventions created by a committee of sadists working under contract for the god of bad jokes.

I know. I got suckered again this past summer. Rented a cottage for 10 days on a tiny little lake so remote there was no road to it. We had to go in by boat.

"You'll love it" I promised



Arthur Black

the kids as we bucketed along in a borrowed aluminium outboard. "Back to nature. Fish right off the dock. Reading by coal lamp."
 Surly grunts all around.
 I had forgotten how utterly

unhandy I am until the moment the Evinrude sputtered, then coughed emphysematically and died in the water. Luckily I still retain some rudiments of my early cub scout training -- viz. paddling.
 Ever paddled a 14-foot aluminium outboard with a week's supplies, a smirking spouse and two terminally bored teenagers?
 Bet you haven't done it using a cooler lid for a paddle.
 As things turned out I kind of wish I'd backpaddled to the marina. The cottage door creaked open to reveal the afterdregs of what looked like a year-long orgy of thousands of rodents, none of them toilet-trained. The rest of the cottage was -- well, rustic. Pine gum on the kitchen chairs, insects the size of Dinky Toys scurrying across the floor, a hornets nest in the fireplace. Sometimes when it was quiet we would just lie

on the musty mattresses and stare at the awesome water stains on the ceiling. Well, the roof may have leaked but the windows were tight. Swollen shut as a matter of fact. Which was just as well because the screens had rips large enough to accommodate a Stealth bomber. What other praises can I sing -- the stove with two settings: lukewarm and blast furnace? The lake which stayed glacially cold? The refrigerator that didn't? The dock spiders as big as frisbees? The night-marauding raccoons that could give Detroit burglars a few professional pointers?
 No. Why open old wounds? I survived the summer of '89 attack of Cottage Nostalgia; that's all that matters.
 And I'll be eternally grateful if someone would be so kind as to mail me a copy of this column early next spring.