

Editorial

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Smiling never hurt anyone

I read with interest last weeks Letter to the Editor from Leslie Dickson saying what a friendly place the Terrace Bay area is. It must make everyone proud to see their community held in such high esteem by visitors.

If we want to keep on making these good impressions, there are some areas we need to work on.

You might not realize it but your attitude does affect those around you. Many a day I've been in a great mood until I've run into someone who dashes my cheerfulness to the ground with their grumpy outlook.

Being happy has its good points. Everyone likes a person who can see the bright side of things, they're just so much easier to get along with. If an employee is cheerful at a bank, restaurant, or store people are most likely to return. Friendly people tend to have more friends than grouches.

If people cross the street in an attempt to avoid you, there must be something wrong. Check out the mirror, do you have an expression that compares to "Oscar the Grouch"? Do people hide behind doors when you pull up in their driveway to visit? Do you belong to the "Gripe of the Month Club"? Is it time for you to change?

What's the problem anyway? Why do some people appear so grouchy? "Oh, well since you asked...My back is killing me, it won't stop raining & summer will never get here, I hate my job, and my son is unemployed. I don't like Mondays, Tuesdays, my new haircut, the GST, and what in heaven's name is Mulroney doing to this country anyway?"

Do you ever sound like this? Stop being so dam miserable. Summer will be here soon, your job can't be that bad if you're getting paid, your son will probably get a job soon, your hair looks fine, and a lot of people hate Mondays and the GST, you're not alone.

Life can't be that bad. When all else fails, smile.

Angie Saunders



~ Letter to the Editor ~

Dear Editor,
I wish to take this opportunity to introduce a newly founded group in the Terrace Bay/Schreiber area. The group is called E.A.G.E.R. (Environmental Awareness Group Encouraging Recycling). As our title indicates, the chief aim of our group is to encourage recycling

in the homes of residents of Terrace Bay, Schreiber, Rossport, Pays Plat, and Jackfish. Our group consists of approximately 25 members who are all eager to reduce the amount of waste in our communities.

We also want to promote the Three R's of environmental consciousness. The three R's are

Reduce, Reuse and Recycle. E.A.G.E.R.'s main hope is to make the citizens of the area more environmentally conscious and to hopefully start a recycling program in the home and in the towns across the North Shore.

We are not an extension of any government nor are we profit oriented. **continued on page 6**

Subways are efficient but smelly

When you ride the subway twice a day, it's difficult to think of the immortal soul.
Anonymous

This is the way it shapes up world-wide. There are only 40 in existence and/or on the drawing boards. America has seven, the Soviet Union has six, Canada has two. New York boasts the biggest one. Moscow has the cleanest, Montreal the quietest. Toronto's is nearly 40 years old -- but that's a mere pup compared to the one in London, England which dates back to 1863.

People who use them every day curse and roll their eyes at the very mention of them, but when I was a little kid fresh from the country, the thought of a ride on the subway was the thrill of a lifetime.

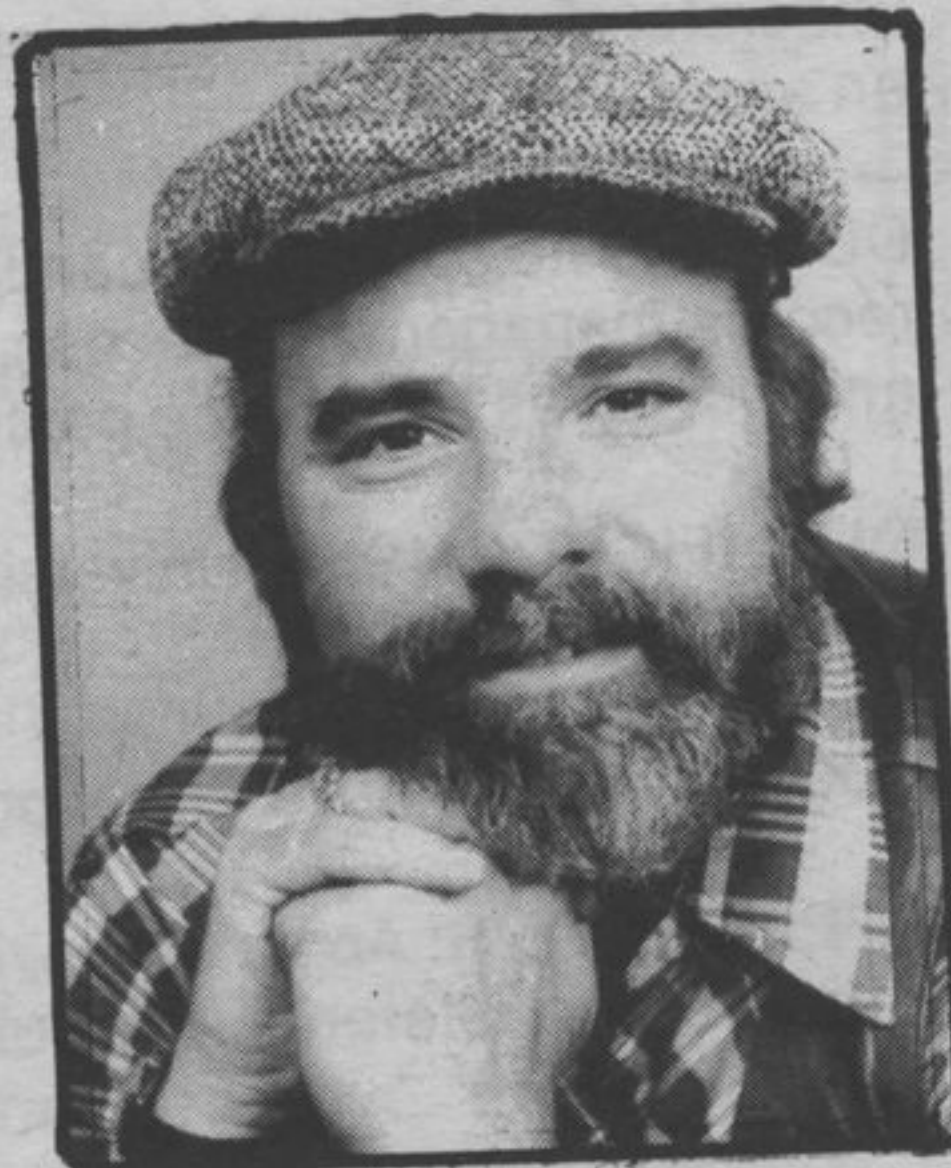
Subways. It would be tough to explain the concept to an ancient Roman, say.

"Well, Cicero, what we're

tunnel right under the city, see, and lay in some tracks so we can stuff people into long steel tubes and move 'em around the city quickly -- it's sorta like an underground aqueduct for working stiffs."

Subways are hideously expensive to build, horrible to live next to, and, once the thrill wears off, not that enchanting to use -- but they are wonderfully efficient at doing what they were designed to do -- ferry huge rafts of people quickly and efficiently from one part of a metropolis to another. In fact, it's hard to imagine how cities like New York, London, Paris or Toronto would even function if you took out the subways. Surface traffic in those cities already grinds to a halt several times each working day. If the tens of thousands of underground molepeople suddenly surfaced, got in their cars and trucks or started hailing taxis, the cities would go into

only to stand by the door at Toronto's Yonge and Bloor Station about 8:30 of a weekday morning watching the waves of commuters changing subway trains to appreciate what above-



Arthur Black

ground horrors the subway saves us from.

Mind you, there is a price. On a personal discomfort scale, riding the subway on a hot day during rush hour is only about two notches above

root canal work. The wheels screech like tortured souls. The drivers time their lurches diabolically to catch you off balance and send you tumbling into the stolid Black Panther sitting across from you. If you are shoehorned, sardine-like into a standing room only car you discover that the man wedged behind you is (a) oversexed and (b) had onions for breakfast.

Which brings up one other hurdle that must be surmounted by every veteran straphanger:

The olfactory factor.

Subways, to put it gently, stink. Or rather a significant percentage of the folks who ride them do. A regular subway commuter encounters more B.O. than the towel boy at a World Wrestling Federation tag team match.

The city of Madrid has an appallingly pungent subway system called El Metro. Garlic is a particularly popular commodity in Madrid -- much more popular than,

say, underarm deodorant. Officials handle the resulting problem in a particularly forthright way. About three times a day, a guy strolls through the subway trains with a spray nozzle in his hand and a cylinder of cheap cologne on his back. Everybody gets hosed down and you know what? You're grateful.

In London's Underground, they've taken to popping little sachets of sweet smelling fragrances under the seats to mask the malodorousness of the clientele.

I don't know if officials in Toronto or Montreal plan to fumigate their rolling stock, but they have my vote.

In the meantime, let's you and I do our bit. Let's make a pledge to bathe or shower faithfully before we ride any city's underground rails. Do I have your word? Thank you. That's an approving smile you see on my face.

You just can't see it because of the gas mask.