

# Editorial

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## Why aren't the house numbers consistent in Terrace Bay?

Being relatively new to the Terrace Bay area, there's one thing about the town that completely boggles my mind. And I'm sure I'm not the only one.

In the older part of town, the houses are numbered in a very confusing way. For example...I was driving down Lakeview Drive trying to find a certain house. It took me about 10 minutes just to find one house!

From the highway, the houses on the west side of Lakeview Drive are numbered- 548, 549, 550...until you pass the first intersection, then the numbers continue 493, 494, 495... The other side is set up in the same peculiar manner.

I was told by the Town Clerk that Kimberly Clark numbered the houses according to their lot number around 1948. The houses were all assigned a lot number, not a street number. A Kimberly Clark employee mentioned it was set up that way because it was the easiest way to do it at the time.

This situation tends to be very confusing and frustrating for tourists or relatives trying to find a certain house.

I wonder what would happen if there were a medical emergency, especially at night, and the rescue personnel had trouble trying to figure out just exactly where a house was in the mad mumbo-jumbo?

I was ensured by someone at the town office that the police and ambulance all have maps. Chief Kidder of the Terrace Bay Police said, "It's a dangerous situation." A new employee of either profession still might have difficulty finding a residence if a dangerous or medical situation evolved.

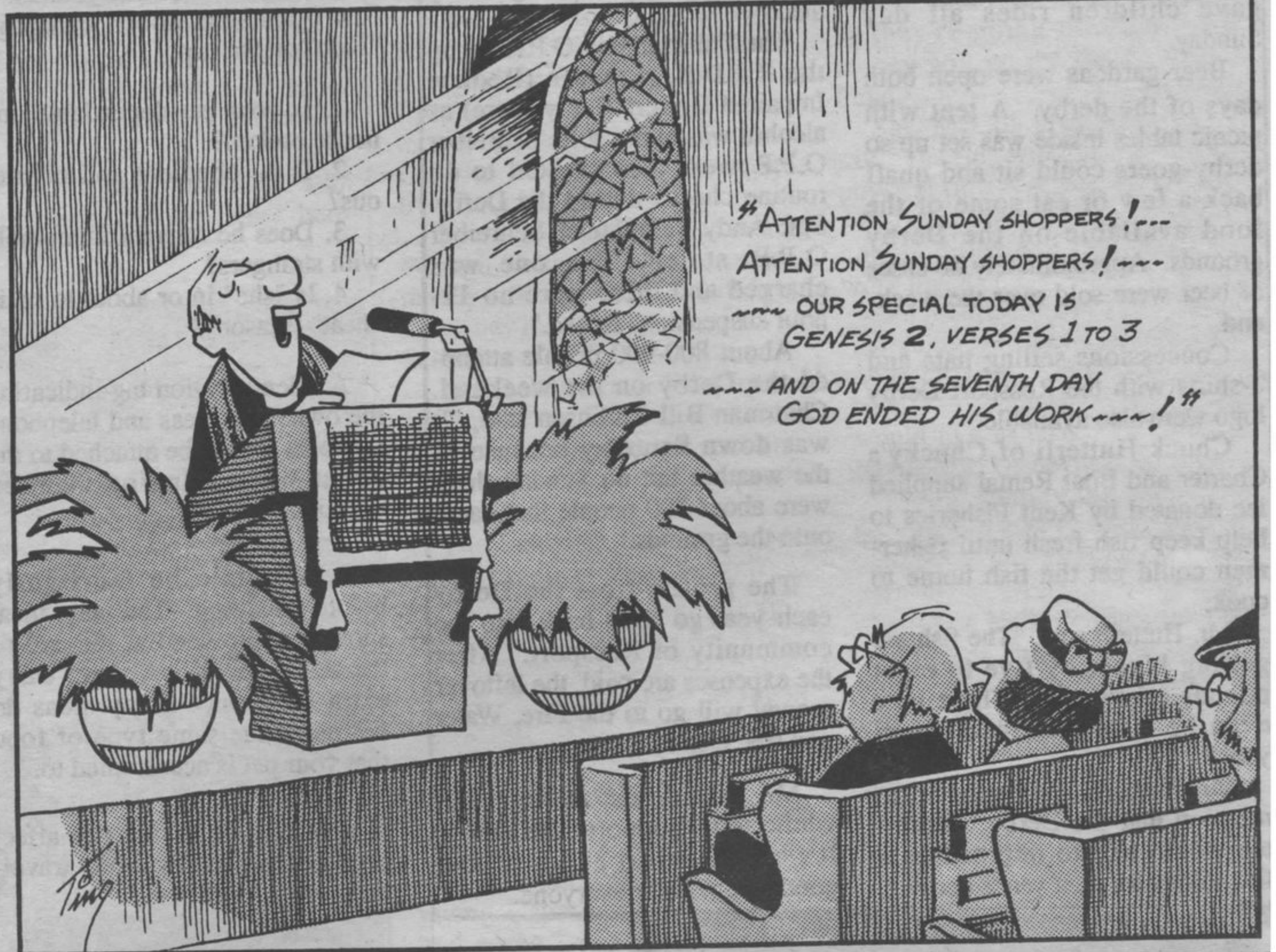
The new sub-division in town is numbered in the standard way- the odd numbers on one side of the street and the even numbers on the other.

I think the Town Council should do something. The numbers should be consistent throughout the whole town- in the standard way! Does something drastic, like someone dying, have to happen before any changes occur?

Town Councillor Chris Joubert said, "I think it's something we should look at and find out what the pros and cons are."

I, for one, will be anxiously waiting to find out exactly what Council will say about the situation.

Angie Saunders



## Letter to the Editor

This letter appeared in The News in August 1980.

Dear Editor,

Well, we have to live with it. No use in complaining. At the end of last summer I dubbed Terrace Bay "the Fog capital of Northwestern Ontario". Gives a certain distinction. Apart from the mill I mean. After all, lots of places have the pungent aroma peculiar to paper mills, but how

many are also shrouded in fog for the duration of the summer? After a week of it, I find myself wishing that winter would hurry up and come.

A continual fog makes it difficult for gardens to grow and wash on the line on the line to dry. It makes us keep our winter clothes out all year round. It also has a depressing effect on everyone's personality. People in Thunder

Bay vacation to get away from the winter. Here, they leave in July, to escape summer.

However, as I said; it's no use complaining. Therefore I compiled a list of good effects of the fog, in an attempt to look on the bright side. (If only we could).

They are: -There are fewer bugs on foggy days.

-We appreciate the sunny days  
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# Why westerners have a beef

To the western eye, looking angrily over the rim of the prairies, the banks and the manufacturers and the protective tariff and the railroad and the Ottawa government all merged into one distorted image -- the East.

Stephen Leacock

Oh, you don't want to get a Western Canadian talking about the East. Westerners keep a whole corral full of complaints about the way they've been misled, bamboozled, and outright swindled by smooth talkers with soft hands and sharp suits. The oldtimers even had a word for it: TOMfoolery -- TOM signifying the Eastern lairs where the misleaders, bamboozlers and swindlers lay thickest and deepest -- Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

The West (as any Westerners is only too happy to tell you) has been double-crossed and double-gubbed by

the East more times than Bill Van Der Zalm has teeth. Bad enough that Westerners have to suffer the smirks and slurs of arrogant Easterners who don't know their trembling aspens from a gopher hole in the ground -- now they've been stung by a viper nestled in their own bosom!

Sorry -- make that a sidewinder in their saddlebags.

What am I talking about? Hah. What's nearest and dearest to a proud cowboy's heart? Cattle, right? Good solid, western range, grain-fed beef cattle, whence cometh plump, juicy, melt-in-your-mouth, taste-this-and-die Western beefsteak.

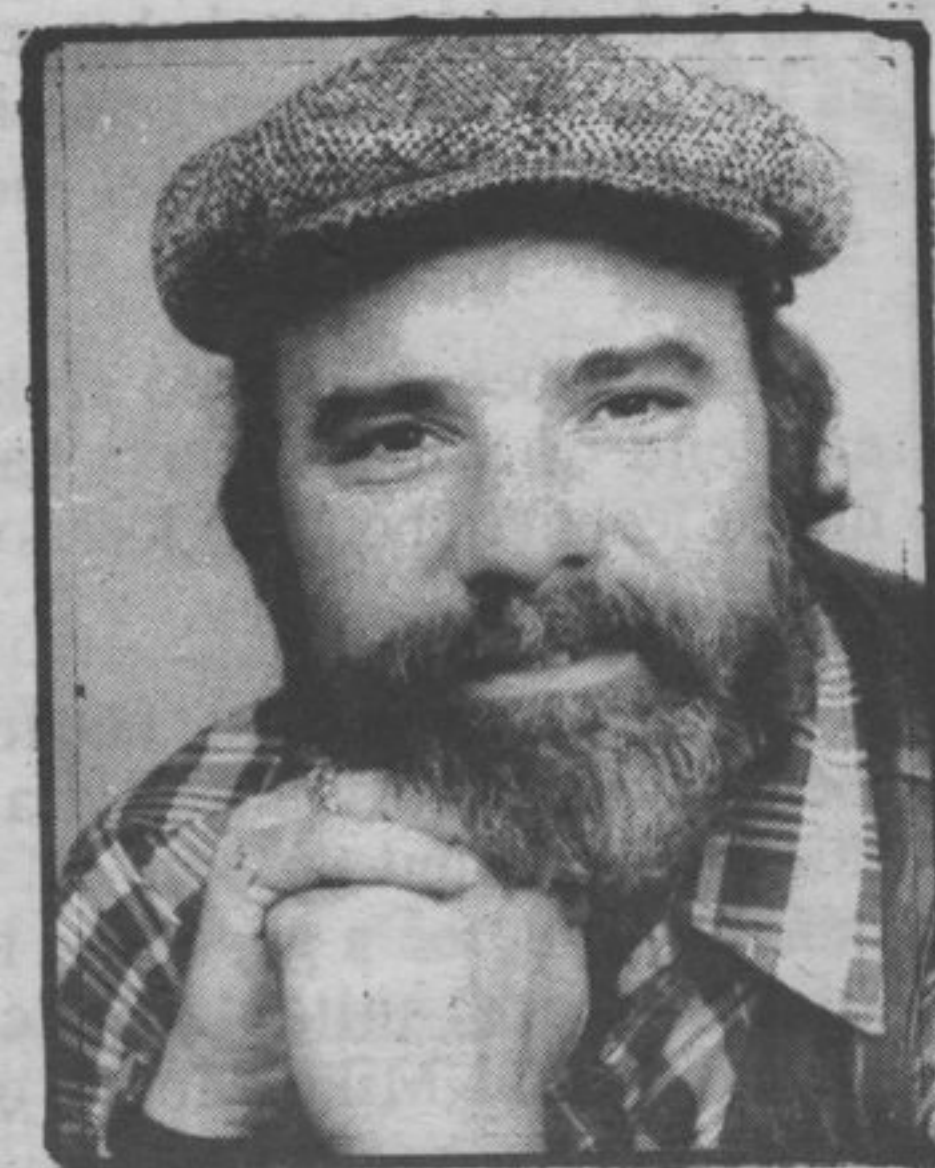
Can you think of a better way to earn yourself a ringside seat in the Albertan version of Hades than to badmouth beef?

Folks, there's someone doing just that on the nation's TV screens right now.

What's more, she wears chaps and fringe jackets and

stetsons and sundry other sartorial affectations favoured by romantics of the Western persuasion.

Moreover, she hails from Consort, Alberta -- is largely responsible, in fact, for



Arthur Black

putting tiny Consort on the Country and Western map. Folks, I'm talking about the singer who calls herself k.d. (no caps, please) lang. The nugget of truth is as simple as it is brutal:

k.d. lang is a card-carrying vegetarian.

Not a big deal in New York, perhaps -- or even in Toronto, Ottawa or Montreal. But it is a very big deal indeed in Cattle Country. As soon as the Canadian Cattlemen's Association heard that k.d. had done a series of anti-meat advertisements for a U.S. Animal Rights Organization, the beef producers cranked up their own PR machine and returned the fire.

"We're getting pretty fed up with these celebrities who think they're experts in areas where they have no expertise," sniffed the CCA general manager.

"I think there's going to be a lot of people disillusioned with lang because of this, and it won't be restricted to Alberta."

From the sound of it, k.d.'s prepared to take the heat. Just like her music, the ads pull no punches.

"If you knew how meat

was made, you'd probably lose your lunch," she says in one ad. "I know -- I'm from cattle country -- that's why I became a vegetarian."

"Meat stinks," opines k.d. as she stands beside a cow, "and not just for animals but for human health and the environment."

Well, as a reluctant carnivore who once worked in the Ontario Public Stock Yards and has seen more of the inside of a slaughter house than I needed to, I'd have to agree with the vegetarian from Consort.

I guarantee that if the shoppers pawing through shrink-wrapped pork chops and veal cutlets at the supermarket meat counter ever saw how that stuff got from on-the-hoof to in-the-freezer, Canada would become world famous overnight as the noisiest nation in the world.

Just imagine the sound of 26 million jaws all chewing celery at once.