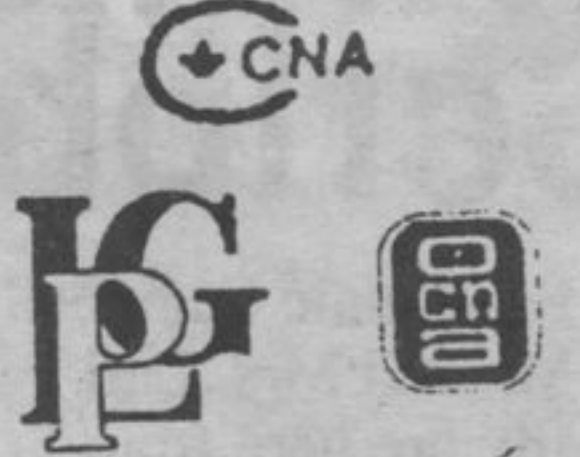


Editorial

The Terrace Bay - Schreiber News is published every Tuesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, 13 Simcoe Plaza, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2w0 Tel.: 807-825-3747. Second class mailing permit 2264. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Association and the Canadian Community Newspaper Association.

Single copies 40 cents. Subscription rates: \$16 per year / seniors \$10 (local); \$27 per year (out of 40 mile radius); \$36 in U.S.

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What?...The flags have been stolen again!

Sometime between Wednesday night and Thursday morning last week the two flags flying above the Terrace Bay Municipal Office were stolen.

The office seemed to be a little steamed when I phoned, as this is the third time in the past year or so they have been stolen.

The stolen flags, one a Canada flag and the other an Ontario flag, were almost brand new. They were put up just after Canada Day. Those babies didn't even last a month.

It's obvious someone out there is very patriotic or else maybe just gets a charge out of scaling the town office in the dead of night to rob the town of our "Red and White".

I think this is pretty childish. If they want to impress someone, let's see them climb the legislative buildings at Queen's Park and steal those flags. Oh yeah...don't slip.

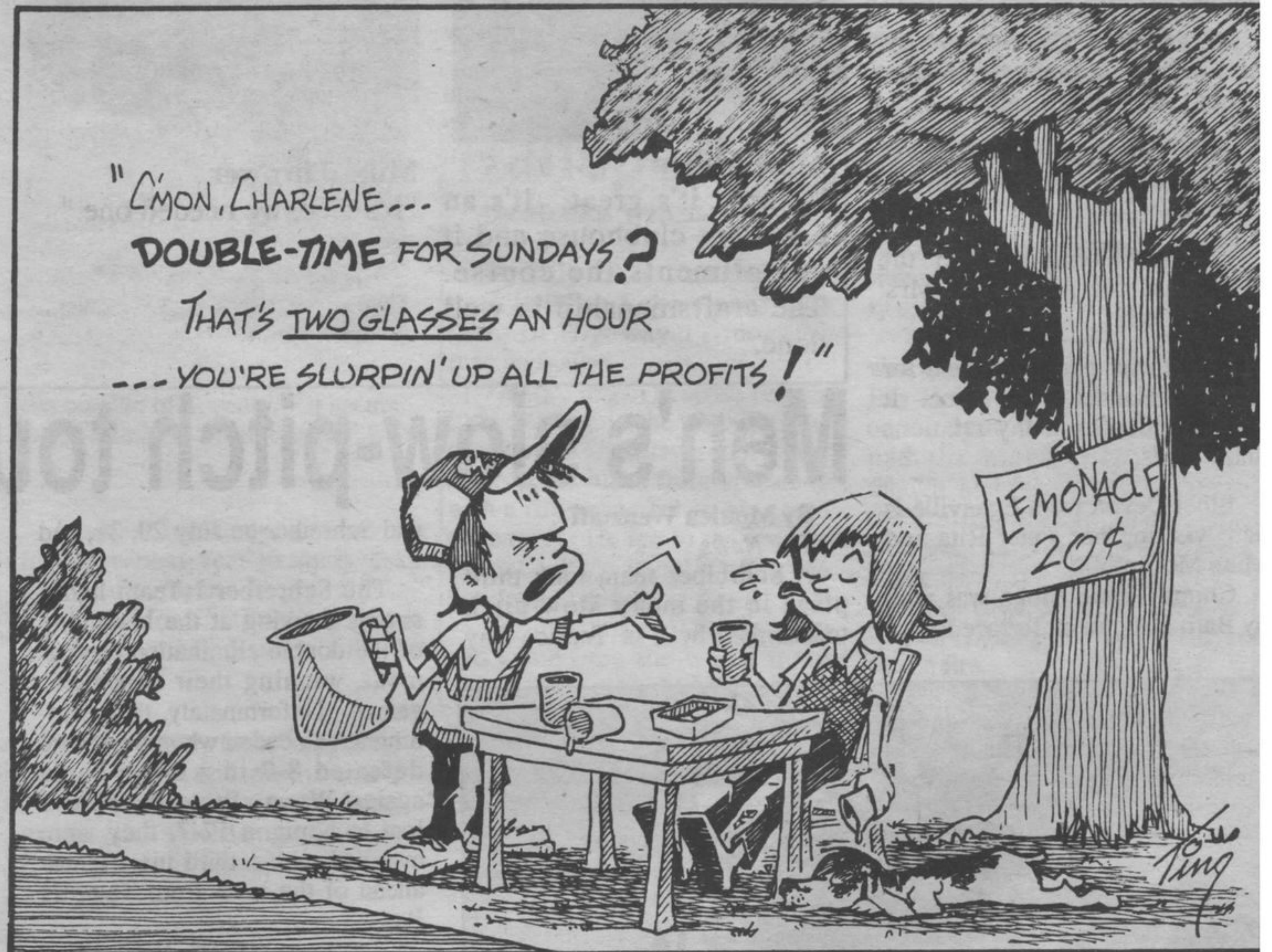
The person who pulled this little prank doesn't realize that it is the taxpayers who have to pay for their thoughtlessness. It costs over \$100 to replace these flags every time. I think most of us will agree that we already pay enough money to the government.

Thousands may not know this but, yes, you can buy your very own flag at a store if you really need one that bad.

What has become of our flags? I'll bet you the amount of tax they take off my cheque each week that they're hanging up on someone's wall somewhere.

If anyone has info concerning the missing flags...the Municipal Office would really appreciate their return.

Angie Saunders



Letter to Editor

Pets should be protected in heat of summer

Dear Editor,
During the heat of summer, many dogs suffer from heat stroke. In fact, many canines become fatalities due to their owner's neglect. These people do not use common sense and protect their canine companions during the "dog days of summer".

Dogs which are kept in hot, poorly ventilated surroundings,

especially if without water, are likely to suffer heat stroke. Short-nosed breeds, such as boxers, pekinese, and bulldogs, to name three are particularly vulnerable to heat stroke.

One of the most common and harmful situations where dogs suffer (and often die) from heat stroke is when they are left in a parked car in warm weather.

Temperatures inside a parked poorly ventilated car rapidly reach well over 100 degrees fahrenheit on a relatively mild day during the summer even if the car is parked in the shade.

Another common problem involves dogs which are left tied up in a shadeless area for extended periods. A dog may initially

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Remembering heights of Jerkdom

I guess all of us carry around our own personal file of excruciating memories -- you know, those zircon-encrusted reminiscences of moments in our past when we made absolutely the wrong move, ziggled when we should have zagged, did something dopey or disreputable or just downright dumb.

Blew it.

I've certainly made my stabs at a Merit Badge for Jerkdom. There was the time I heaped ridicule on a kid in my class just because he was different from the rest of us.

He went on to become a missionary.

I still wince remembering the time I smart-mouthed the ticket-taker at a hotel dance. Challenged him to meet me in the parking lot and settle it man-to-man. Sneered at him when he declined.

The next day I found out he was an off-duty cop with a black belt in Karate.

Some nights when I can't sleep a whole pantheon of folks I've snubbed or jilted or

short-changed march across the bedroom ceiling, looking down at me with reproachful eyes.

And usually about fourth in the parade I see my little 8-year-old niece looking back at me tearfully, pumping away on her accordion.

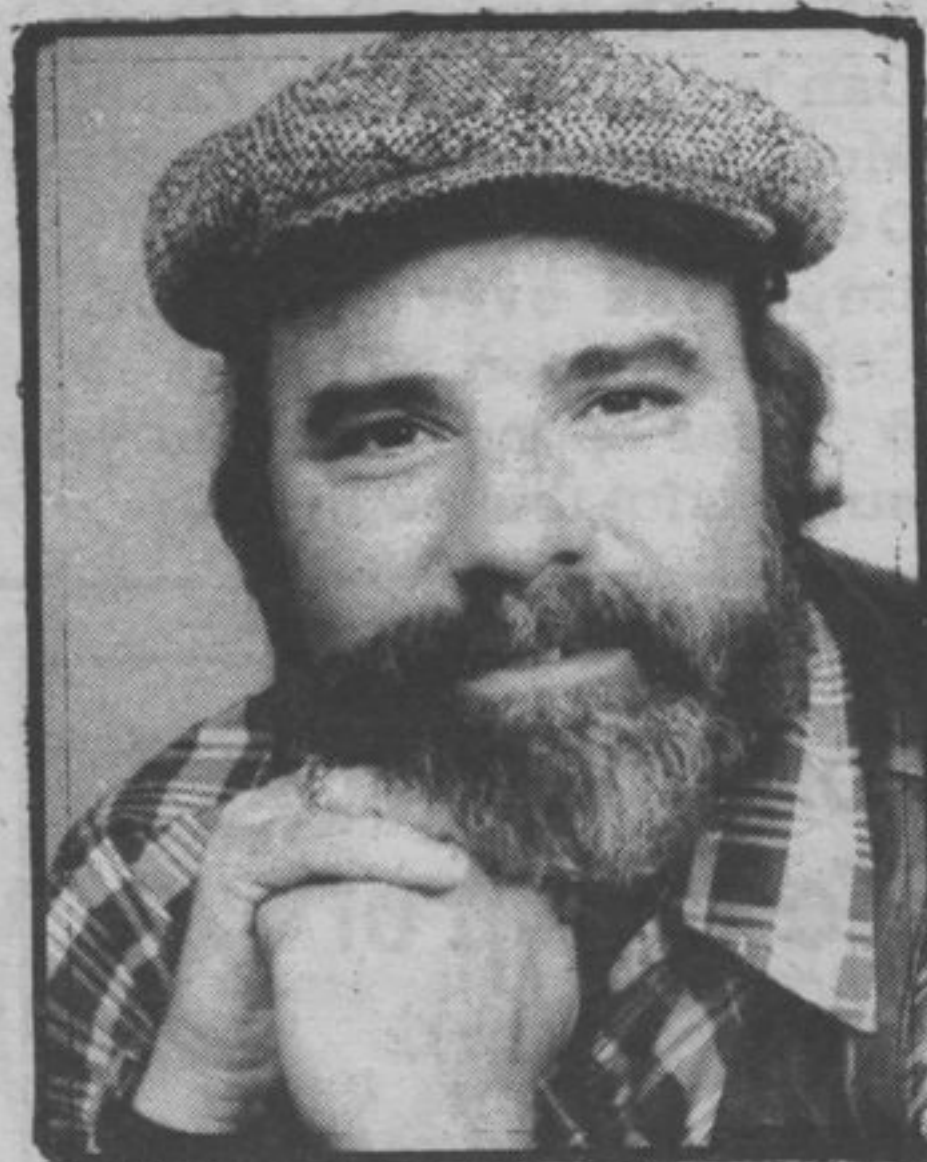
Must have happened 15 years ago. I was having dinner with her folks. Over coffee and dessert, her Mom said, as parents are wont to do, "Patti, why don't you get out the accordion and play a tune for Uncle Art?"

Patti, I recall, was less than enthusiastic about the idea. She'd just started lessons and had some distance to go to catch Doug Kershaw. She hauled out this great, ungainly multi-buttoned chrome and bellows monstrosity and began to pump and wheeze (Oh Lord, I can hear it as I type) an emphesymatic rendition of *Lady of Spain*.

It was awful. So awful that the corners of my mouth began to twitch, and my chest

began to heave and tears came to my eyes and suddenly, against my will I was guffawing and gasping and guffawing some more.

It was that horrible forbidden kind of laughing fit



Arthur Black

that attacks in school auditoriums and funeral halls when you know the least appropriate thing you could possibly do is laugh.

So of course you laugh all the harder.

I couldn't stop. Patti's mom was getting mad and Patti was getting embarrassed, which made her play even worse.

Which made me laugh even harder.

I eventually got control of myself and told monstrous lies about how good it was, but I didn't fool anybody, and I'm pretty sure that neither Patti nor her parents have entirely forgiven me to this day.

I know I certainly haven't forgiven me.

Maybe that's what this column is all about -- an apology fifteen years overdue. All I can say in my defence is that it wasn't Patti's playing. It was the accordion. It has always been inherently silly to me. The accordion is to musical instrumentation as Eddy the Eagle is to ski-jumping and Eddy Shack was to hockey. I just can't take accordions seriously. When somebody starts to play one it has the same effect as a sketch by Stephen Leacock.

The accordion even looks dumb -- like a nightmare

mating between a pterodactyl and a dwarf's piano. Incredibly, it has not only survived for more than a century and a half -- it looks like it's even making a faddish comeback. Accordions are popping on on Compact Discs and album jackets all over. The hottest musical group currently sweeping San Francisco is a gaggle of raving accordiomaniacs that calls itself Those Dam Accordions.

I would have chosen a feistier adjective.

Accordions in vogue. It's too depressing.

What's that? You kind of like accordions? My condolences. Please don't ever invite me to a patio party. And to Patti, who is no longer an 8-year-old budding musician, but a grown-up, brand-new mother with a brand new baby girl -- sorry, kiddo -- I was a jerk. I'll make it up to you with a nice gift for the baby. I haven't decided what to get but you can bet it won't be accordion lessons.