

Carolyn's Critique



By Carolyn Williams

"Ghost Chase" Rated 'PG'
Starring: Jason Lively, Time McDaniel, Jill Whitlow, Paul Gleason as Stan Gordon, and Frederick Fiegel as Louis.

Warren and Fred are trying to make a horror film. Things are not going well. When Warren turns 21 he gets an invitation to a reading of a will. With visions of enormous wealth in their heads, the two lads gleefully head for the lawyer's office. But to their dismay, all Warren inherits is a pawn shop ticket and he even has to pay to claim the article.

They get a battered suitcase filled with pictures, papers and an old clock. A man in a white limo tries to steal the suitcase, confusing the boys. But all is revealed when, at the stroke of 1 a.m., a

spirit comes out of the clock. It turns out to be Louis, once the servant of Warren's grandfather (a crazy, old, skinflint who hid his money before his death).

Louis causes Fred to dream about what happened to the money, then inhabits a robot that Fred built for the horror film. Louis wants to set things straight so he can rest in peace.

Fred, Warren, Laurie (the star of the horror film) and Louis head out to find the money, but are thwarted by the changes that time brings and by the limo owner Stan Gordon (whose father was partners with Warren's grandfather).

Do our boys find the money? Is Louis set free? Does he really want to go? Only one way to find that out, but I'll give you one hint- the movie has a happy ending.

Ghost Chase tries to draw on the appeal of buddy movies. It's not the best attempt I've ever seen, but then again, it's not the worst. It was a pleasant little film, but really could have been made much better in the right hands.

I give Ghost Chase a 4.

Pet Talk- Feeding your dog properly

By Alice Scott

It is a myth that once a puppy reached a year old he is an adult. Many larger breeds do not reach maturity until they are 18 months to two years of age.

If your puppy is still growing, keep him on puppy food until he has reached adult growth.

When you do change his food, do so gradually over a week period.

Obesity is a very common in adult and senior dogs. We have a tendency to give our animals treats that they don't really need in their everyday diet.

If your dog is on a good quality food and receives the proper exercise required for his breed and size, then he doesn't need to have the table scraps or bones.

Try to give him nylabones, commercial dog cookies, or homemade cookies.

Never give him chocolate, since many dogs have been found to have a severe allergic reaction to chocolate.

Once your dog is seven years old, he has started his senior years.

Senior dogs have a tendency to be less active, and also may have a change in their digestive system.

At this stage in his life he might need a lower calorie count and fat diet.

On Tuesday evening, July 31st, a black cat wearing a white flea collar and blue collar was hit by a car. The animal was severely injured and at this time I don't know if he will survive.

Unfortunately, in cases such as this, we have no way of knowing

who owned the cat.

Please keep your cats inside or at least place an I.D. tag on their collar.

If not for the Good Samaritan and our local O.P.P. officers, this animal would still be stranded on the side of the highway.

Remember, your pets life may depend on you following this advice.

The Terrace Bay/ Schreiber CANADA EMPLOYMENT CENTRE FOR STUDENTS will be closing August 10th until next summer. We would like to thank all employers, house holders etc. who hired students this summer, and all the students who worked so hard for them. We look forward to dealing with you again in the summer of 1991. For further employment inquiries you may contact THE CANADA EMPLOYMENT CENTRE in Marathon at Peninsula Square. 229-0959 or 1-800-465-5304

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All the world's a circus- cont'd from 5

behind him to the east. Malcolm has carefully staked out this territory. I know. Sometimes in the summer while walking bare-foot with a tray full of beer, I've actually stepped on one of his survey markers.

Malcolm does not venture near the shores of the lake even though he watched with great curiosity as we all did last week while "Duh", the Siamese, was pulled off a mound of ice just as he was about to pounce on a seagull drifting in five feet of water below.

Territorial limits excepted, Malcolm only does his business in the properly designated and regularly inspected litter box. It wasn't always that way. As a way of punishing me for taking a trip (he had no way of knowing Air Canada was already taking care of that) he started doing number one in the bathtub. The housesitter described how he'd make a dash down the hall, hit the linoleum floor, leap into the tub, take a quick tinkle and be out of there in less than half a minute. (Old people envy this story).

But then some sicko with a rubber plug and a criminal mind (that would be me once more) filled the tub with water on his next trip out of town. The housesitter described the mad dash, the linoleum slide, the grand leap...and then...and then she heard what sounded like a fat man drowning in a vat of beer. Malcolm came out coughing, sputtering, drenched to the ears and shaking himself off for hours.

But Malcolm came out a better behaved cat. Now he knows the litter box is for peeing and bathtub is probably where Jimmy Hoffa got it. Now it's like a Pavlov experiment. I run water in the tub and he runs for the box in the back hall. Rodney Dangerfield once defined class as a guy who gets out of the shower to take a whiz. Malcolm has class.

When Malcolm was a kitten and I was a married man he started begging for food at the table. So I fed him the food I was being

served. That stopped that habit in a helluva hurry.

Later his jumping up on furniture necessitated the "collapsing chair routine" and his jumping up on the counter gave rise to the "hair trigger firetruck siren."

And each time, Malcolm emerged as a better cat, a cat with discipline and depth. Alright, so he's got a twitch on the right side of his face and he spends his day shivering in a corner fearing the next land mine, the next trip switch...still and all...he's very well behaved. He may be neurotic but he's not a nuisance which is more than I can say for those other rubes that keep trespassing on his territory. It just goes to show you what a little discipline

and a good gag store can do to train a pet.

Later he took to rummaging through the kitchen garbage late at night for things like chicken bones and clam shells until some sadist (you guessed it) rigged an oversized mechanical mouse in the garbage pail, the kind that shrieks bloody murder and gets up to 60 m.p.h. in 12 seconds on any surface.

I didn't see it happen I just heard the Monster Mouse kick in and the next thing I saw was Malcolm burrowing under the sheets of my bed.

Now Malcolm knows that his food is in his dish and that the garbage pail is where they filmed Alien II.

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