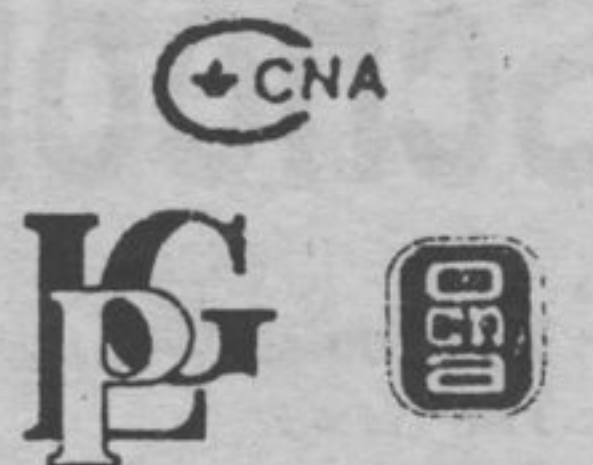


Editorial

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Publisher.....A. 'Sandy' Harbinson
Admin. Asst......Gayle Fournier
News Editor.....Angie Saunders
Ad Representative.....Halyna Worth
Ad Manager.....Linda Harbinson
Reporter/Phtgr.....Monica Wenzlaff



And they say nothing ever happens in a small town...

Before I left school in Toronto to come home for the summer, I had a difficult time explaining to friends exactly where I was going. In Toronto, heading north is an hour drive to Barrie to "hit the slopes" in the winter, or a bit further away for a summer weekend at the cottage on Georgian Bay. Many couldn't grasp the fact that after an 18 hour bus ride I would still be in Northern Ontario.

"What will you do there?" and "It must be so boring" were common comments that I often found difficult to debate. I suppose I might have answered with "Life's what you make it," or "It's not where you are, it's the people you're with," but those remarks seemed a little lame when it came down to convincing anyone from a city with a population of three million plus that exciting things can, and really do happen in a town of only 2000 plus. Afterall, nothing ever happens in a small town, right?

To be honest with you, I really didn't think I'd find anything exciting when I came home to work. I mean, I grew up here, and I've seen it all before or I've heard a similar story whenever something happens. At least that's what I thought.

This summer, I witnessed events that made the front pages of newspapers across the country. I saw the native blockades of the CP Rail main line, and I was also there when upset CP employees blocked the Trans Canada Highway because they wanted to go back to work. Being a journalism student, I've often watched news events on TV, wanting to be there. This summer I was, and all because I came home for the summer.

So now I'm preparing to go back to school, and will I ever have a story to tell. Working for our community paper has given me a chance to really see Terrace Bay and Schreiber in a different way. I hope you enjoyed the work I did for *The News* this summer. I know I did.

Monica Wenzlaff



Letter to Editor

Dear Editor,
On August 3, 4, and 5, 1990 the former students of the Terrace Bay High School experienced one of the most rewarding encounters. The reunion which had been in the planning for the past five years took in a span of 16 years from 1952 to 1968 inclusive.

The morning coffee, barbecue, the dinner and dance were exceptionally good. The local bus transportation was at our disposal during the evening. Tours of the High School conducted by John

Hopper- (we were able to find our initials carved in the original lab desks) and (the tour) of the Kimberly Clark Mill and souvenirs conducted by Dave Falzetta were very informative.

We would like to thank the Terrace Bay Police Department for allowing us to rekindle our youth by having a bonfire at the mouth of the river. The reunion was not only enjoyed by the student body but also by the long time residents of Terrace Bay who enjoyed seeing the former

students as matured adults.

We would also like to express our heartfelt thanks to Joan (Hopper) Clark and the Organizing Committee for the wonderful reception we received. Without the effort, dedication, and determination of the group, this massive undertaking would not have been possible. We truly appreciated the success of this

See Letter page 8

Saunas are greatly missed

It's been five years now since I pulled up my tent pegs and moved from Thunder Bay to the fleshpots of southern Ontario. The other day somebody asked me what I missed most about my old stomping grounds on the shores of Lake Superior. I took a deep breath and prepared to unload my usual monologue about close friends, gullet-gripping sunsets, clean air, no traffic...

That's what I intended to talk about, but when I opened my mouth what popped out was

"Saunas."

I miss the saunas.

One of the better kept secrets of this country is the fact that Northern Ontario contains the largest concentration of people of Finnish descent outside of Finland itself. The Finns, who are not a flamboyant people, have nevertheless bequeathed the planet three priceless gifts:

Cross country skis.
Sibelius.

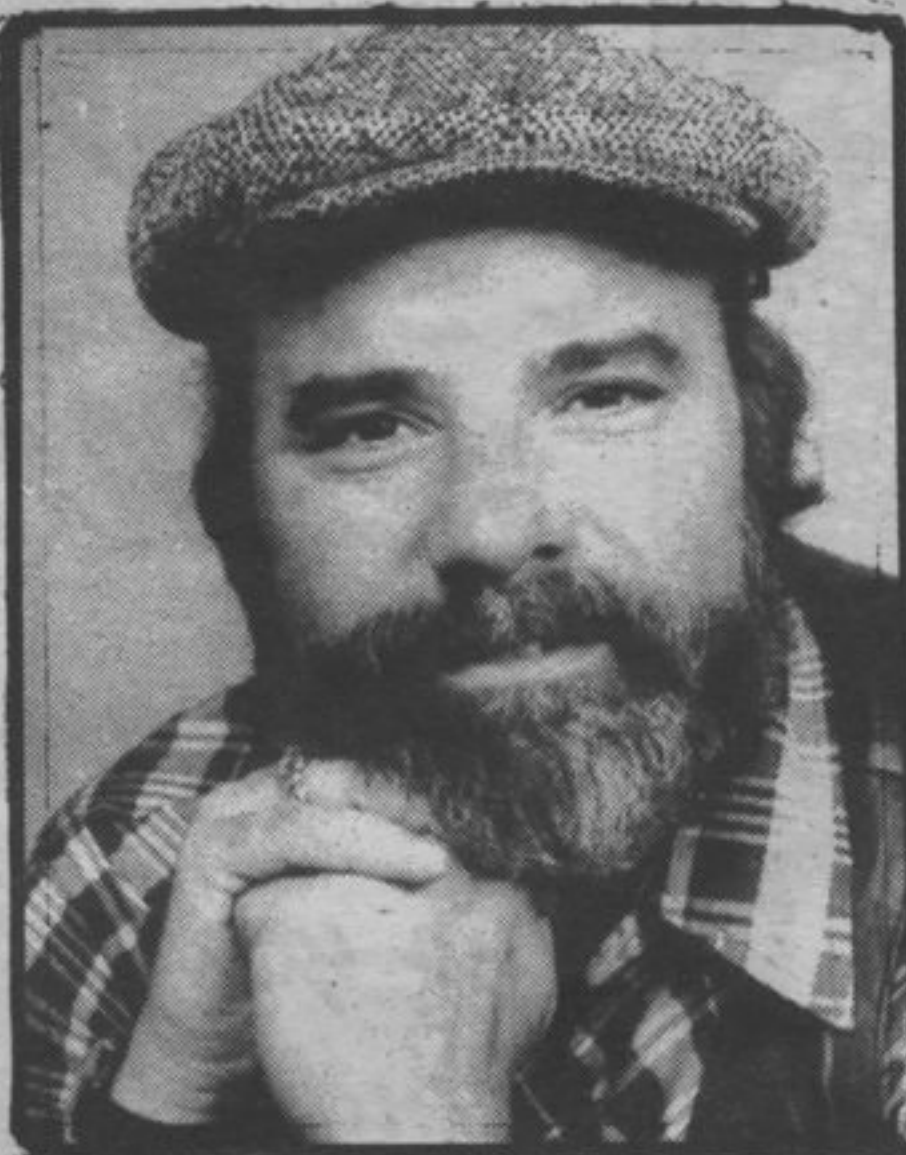
The sauna.

The Finnish sauna is ancient. Finns have been going into little overheated houses, taking off their clothes and sweating themselves clean for at least two thousand years.

And wherever Finns migrated they always took along their sauna floor plans. In the late years of the last century, large numbers of Finnish navvies came to Canada to help punch a rail line across this country. Many of them got no farther than Northern Ontario, where the land they saw reminded them so much of their homeland they quit their jobs and bought a chunk of it. And the first building that went up on all those chunks of land was a tiny shack the chief furnishings of which were a wood stove in one corner and tiers of benches in the other.

It makes sense when you think about it. The Finns could live in their saunas while their more elaborate

houses went up. Saunas could also be used for curing meat and drying crops, for grain storage -- even as a nursery. Many a Finn was born in the family sauna -- and why not? It was the warmest, the



Arthur Black

snuggest and certainly the cleanest room for miles around.

It was also a different kind of sauna than the ones you find in modern hotels beside the swimming pool or tucked

into suburban basements next to the rec room. Purists say that to enjoy a real sauna you have to have a wood-fired stove, not the Yuppified electric gizmos most saunas use.

Well, having had both, I'd have to say there is a difference. Somehow your skin feels silkier and your bed feels softer after a wood-fired sauna.

On the other hand, a wood-fired sauna is definitely more trouble and work. It's also quite tricky to get just the right temperature -- somewhere between a low broil and a blast furnace inferno that'll turn you into a grease spot quicker than you can say open the door, Einar.

But it's worth the effort. I still remember the first sauna I encountered. It was out behind a farmhouse I rented on the outskirts of Thunder Bay. The sauna was rickety grey clapboard, about the size of a small chicken coop, with a rusty stove made out of an

old oil barrel in one corner. There was a cairn of rocks and a tin can nailed to a stick to ladle water out of the wooden bucket and on to the rocks to make steam. The anteroom where you shucked your clothes was made smaller by a half cord of split birch, stove-size and ready for burning.

Can I convince you that sitting naked in clouds of steam until the perspiration rolls off in rivulets, then running out and jumping in a cold lake or even a snowbank actually feels wonderful?

Can I make you believe that? Probably not.

Unless you're already a sauna lover. In which case, chances are when you've read this paper you'll roll it up, light one end and stick it in the stove to fire up your sauna.

Well, all I can say is, lay out a towel on the bench for me. I won't be there, but I wish I could be.

Yep, I sure miss the saunas.