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## Keep up the good work!

I recently read a shocking article in the Toronto Sun about Lake Ontario. A renowned woman swimmer who has swam lakes and channels worldwide, had to terminate her Lake Ontario swim a couple of weeks ago due to the extreme pollution she described as slimy and filthy.

Lake Ontario is very polluted right near Toronto. People are not allowed to swim at the local beaches or fish because there are either no fish or the ones that can be caught cannot be eaten because they are mutants from industrial chemicals or cancerous. An example of the extreme pollution I saw was a huge public swimming pool full to the capacity with people located right on the beach. There were miles of beach that couldn't be used because of pollution. It was a shame.

I'm glad Northern Ontario isn't even close to being that polluted. I know many people will swim in Lake Superior. Fishing is great too. I've eaten a few trout caught in Lake Superior without giving a second thought to them being affected by pollutants in any way.

Kimberly-Clark recently spent a large amount of money to upgrade their facilities to cut down on the pollution into Lake Superior. I read in Lake Superior magazine that our mill is one of the cleanest in Canada in regards to waste disposal.

People from small northern towns do seem to care about the environment. On Earth Day, I saw dozens of people out cleaning up our towns. There is also an environmental awareness group E.A.G.E.R., who've been trying to give the local people environmental tips.

If we don't want our towns and lakes to become polluted like some of the larger cities, we'll have to keep up the good work. It would be a shame to have to swim in a pool beside a big lake with beautiful beaches.

Angie Saunders



## Letter to Editor

Dear Editor,

In response to Olga Landiak's column in the July 31st issue of the Terrace Bay/Schreiber News, I would like to make just a few short comments on it.

Firstly, the Aboriginal people of this country were here first and were in control of this land prior to the arrival of the Europeans, and have suffered a hell of a lot more than the English, French, or the Ukrainians in hopes of maintaining their race, language and

culture.

The situation as it exists in Canada today is a product of agreements made in the early stages of the birth of this country, something you obviously know nothing about.

The article that you have written sounds like you do not care for the way this country is taking shape, the tone of your article tells me that if you want everyone to be equal you are in the wrong country, try moving to the United

States of America.

Canada is a nation that tries to accommodate Ethnic minorities, which makes it different than all other nations in the world.

Unlike many of the European immigrants, the French and the Aboriginal people of this country do not run away when times are bad, we have fought long and hard to maintain, what we believe is ours and will continue to do so.

Chief Aime Bouchard  
Pays Plat First Nation

# Bicycles could solve problems

On September the 13th, 1899, real estate agent Henry H. Bliss stepped off a street car at Central Park West and 74th street, inhaled a deep double lungful of crisp New York air, and started to cross the street.

He was immediately run over and killed by a horseless carriage.

It's very small consolation for Mister Bliss, but his final involuntary act at least got him into the history books. He is North America's number one traffic fatality. Officially, the first person to expire at the hands (make that bumpers) of an automobile.

He's had lots of imitators since.

Nothing kills like the car. Automobile accidents are the leading cause of death of young people. More than two million -- two million! -- North Americans have died in or under cars since Henry Bliss met his fate. And more than six million have been severely injured for life.

That's not a 'family convenience' -- that's an unnatural disaster. Indeed, if some demented Middle East tin pot maniac ever did to us what the automobile has done to us, we'd be well into World War III by now.

If there was any justice, the U.S. Sixth Fleet would now be anchored off Detroit, not Saudi Arabia.

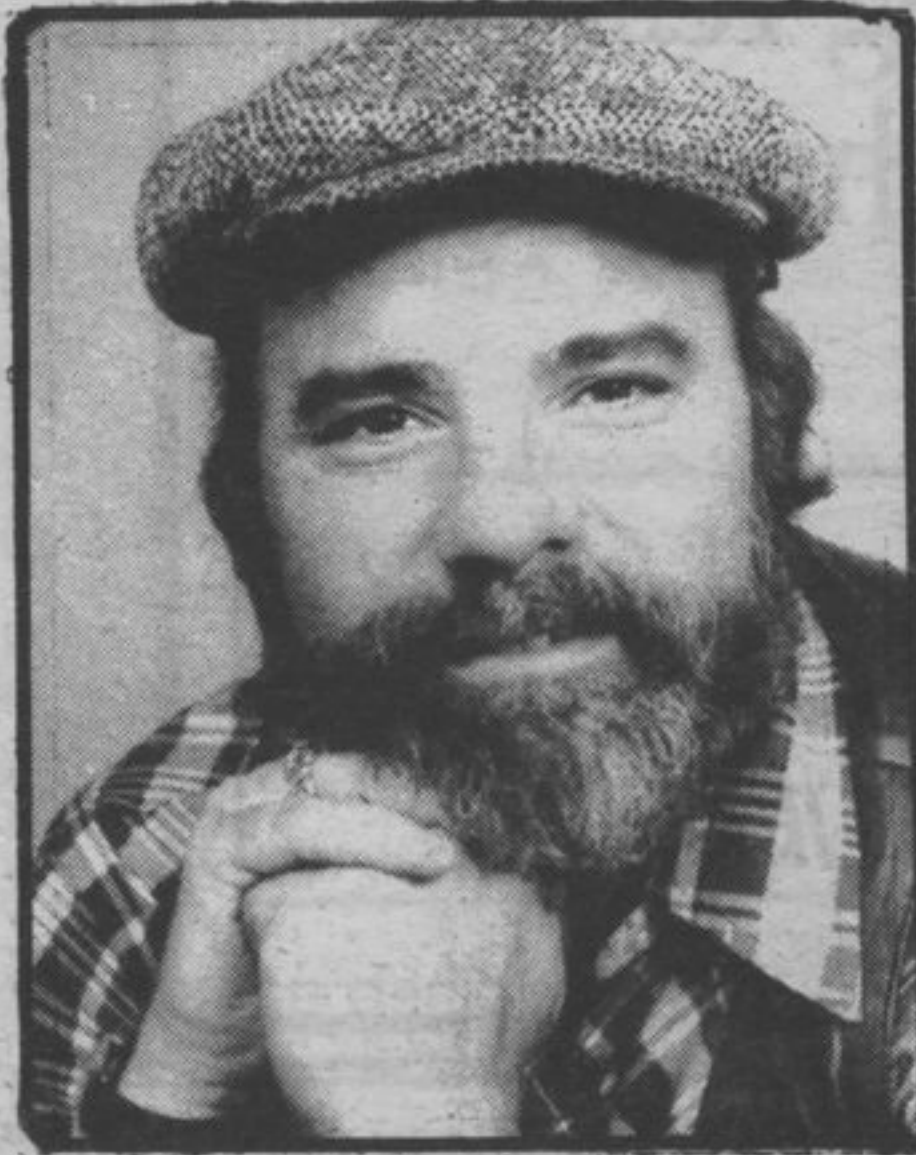
Speaking of which, it's hard to find much good to say about the Kuwait Kafuffle, but I did spy one cheering note on my TV screen last week. It showed a bunch of folks in Minneapolis demonstrating against U.S. involvement. One of them carried a placard that read "OIL, SCHMOIL, -- RIDE YOUR BIKE".

Well, yes. If more of us took to our two-wheelers it would be worse for Saddam and better for us. Bikes don't guzzle gas, pollute the air or suckle on government-subsidized oil prices. It's also hard to imagine a five o'clock

bicycle traffic jam or a two-Schwinn head-on, multiple-fatality bike crash.

Bikes don't kill people the way cars do.

Sure, you say, but this is Canada, dummy. You can't



Arthur Black

ride bikes in this country in the winter. Well, I've spent time in downtown Toronto for the past five winters and every day I've seen bike couriers flashing back and forth, on fair days and foul.

Last January during one of Toronto's 'blizzards' (three inches of snow), the whole municipality of Mammon slithered to a halt, cars up on the sidewalks, trucks spinning their tires. Nothing moved -- except the bike couriers. They were wearing motorcycle gloves and earmuffs and a Plimsoll Line of dirty grey slush up past their waists, but they were moving.

And needless to say, no matter how frosty the winter morning, there's no problem getting a bike to 'turn over'.

As a matter of fact, bicycles are getting more and more sensible. We've been through the silly phase of ten speeds. That's where we all bought machines with tires the width of spaghetti noodles, racing handlebars and ultra light, ultra-expensive space-age alloy construction -- terrific for athletes like Steve Bauer, trying to shave milliseconds off his time on the Tour de

France. Pretty silly for a stenographer trying to negotiate potholes and sewer grilles on her way to work. After that came the mountain bikes -- with 86 forward gears, nubby tires that belonged on army assault vehicles and an even more expensive space-age alloy construction so durable you could throw the bike off the top of the mountain once you'd ridden up the side of it.

Today, it's possible to buy a normal, modestly-g geared, modestly-priced bicycle that won't win marathons or scale the Himalayas, but will get you from A to B quickly and comfortably.

Me? I'm beyond that. On the cutting edge of new bike technology, actually. I ride a one-speed, CCM, balloon-tired machine of ancient vintage. It's a classic. The kind of bike our grandparents threw their legs over.

The kind Henry Bliss should have been riding on September 13, 1899.