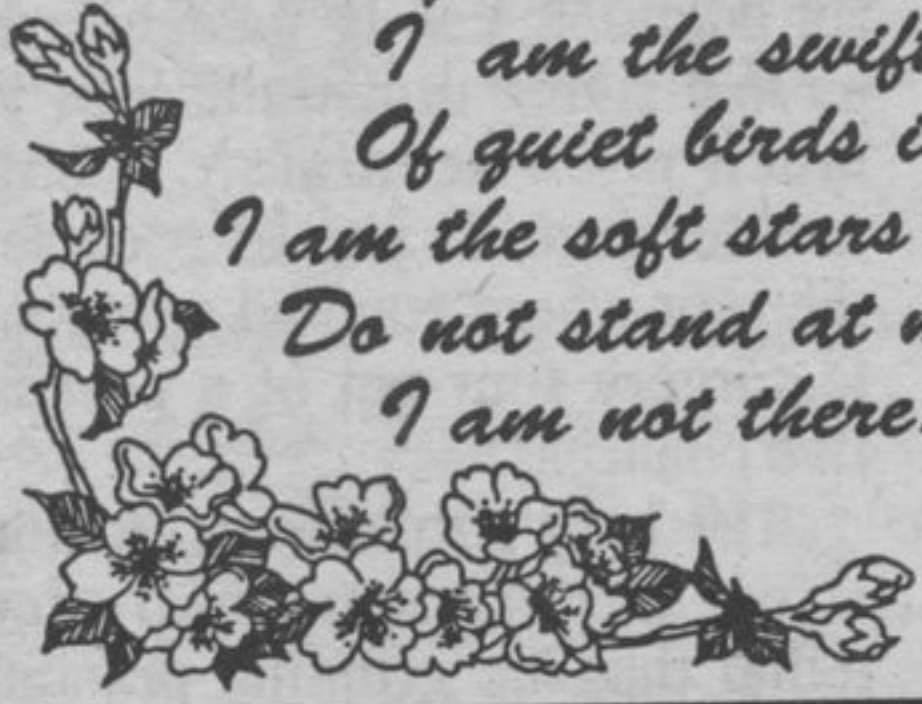


In loving Memory of my mother Ida

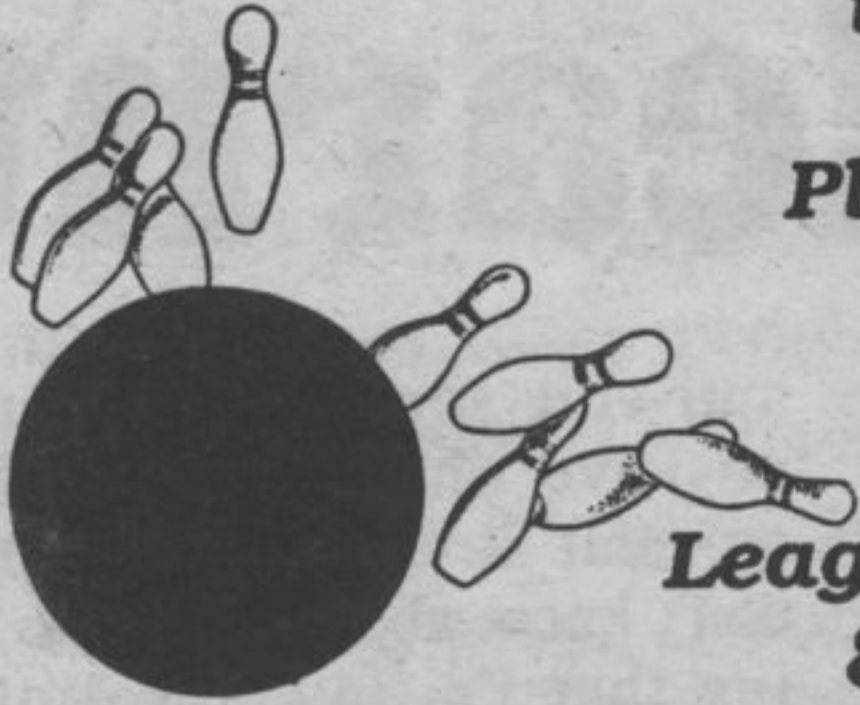
*Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awaken in the mornings hush.
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there. I did not die.*



Pat Le Blanc

Do you enjoy Bowling?

Well, the season is here and we're looking for interested individuals or teams to join our 1990 and 91 season.

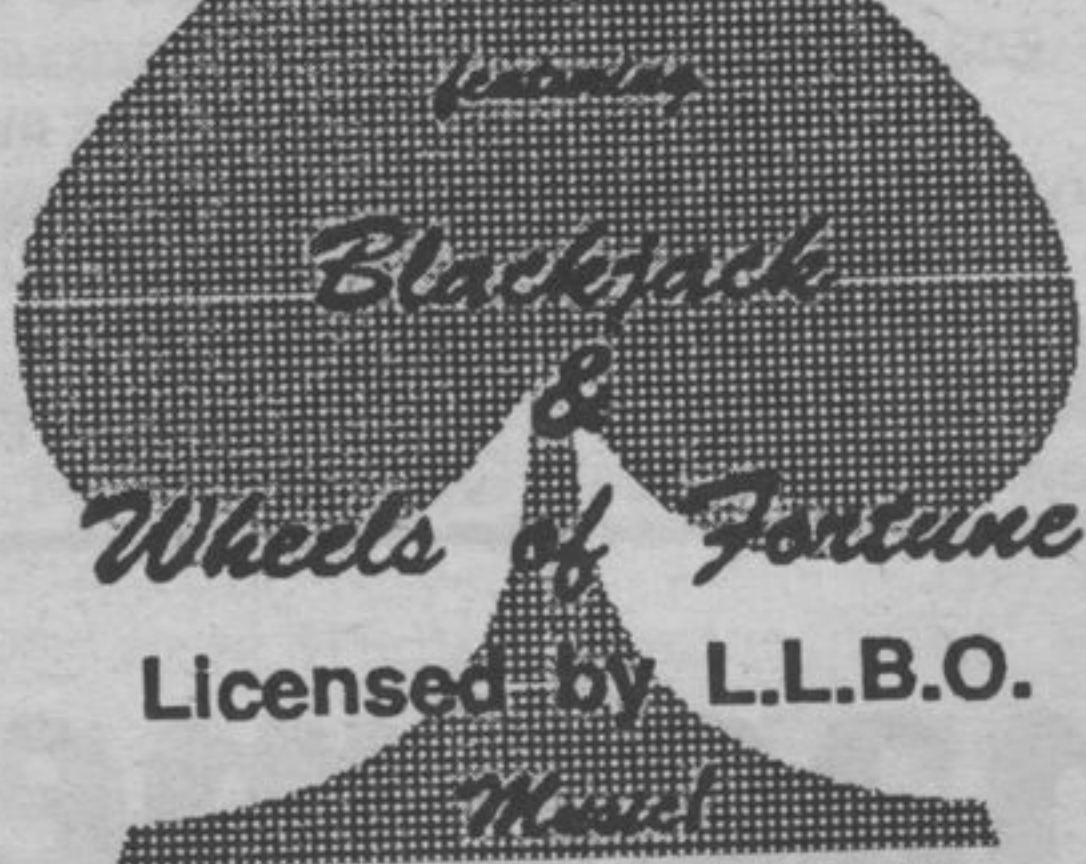


Please contact the following people for more information:
Ladies and Mixed Leagues Debbie Papineau 825 - 9417

Men's League Tom Long 825 - 9161 or League President Rob St. Louis 825 - 9460 Bowlers must be Rec Centre members.

SCHREIBER- TERRACE BAY CRIME STOPPERS

Presents
Casino Night
Saturday September 22, 1990
Schreiber Recreation Centre



Licensed by L.L.B.O.
\$ 5.00 Advance
\$ 6.00 At the Door
7:00 pm - 1:00 am

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT:
SCHREIBER LEGION
SCHREIBER REC CENTRE
TERRACE BAY REC CENTRE

Le Conseil Régional de Santé du District de Thunder Bay



va tenir leur

ASSEMBLEE ANNUELLE

AU VALHALLA INN (Icelandic Room)
mardi, 1e 25 septembre à 7:00 p.m.

Pour plus ample information, les personnes intéressées peuvent contacter le bureau du Conseil au 623-6131

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

The Doberman, which tests prove has a higher developed nervous and cerebral system than anyone who would own one, ignores your offer of your sausage with onions and green peppers on a bun because he ate one once and damn near died of dog indigestion, and instead he wines and drools at the site of your bulging neck veins which are working double time to feed oxygen into a brain on the brink of blackout.

"Two seconds" he whispers through bared teeth, "Jerk-face here drops that leash for two seconds and I'm onto to you like a Mohawk Warrior on a claim jumper!"

And I want to live. In fact after the Buffalo Italian Festival I want to live to be very, very old before I ever hear a Julius Larose sing "That's Amore" again.

And Timmy learned an important lesson in life too. Timmy was the three-year-old who somehow got away from his parents and got half way up the stairs to the top of the SUPER SLIDE before he was spotted.

Timmy was dressed like most kids today, like they've just come from an accident at the Pratt & Lambert paint factory, but he was half the recommended age to be on this ride by himself.

Timmy's father, plastic cup of beer in hand rose to assume the role of director in this live drama unfolding in front of two hundred

people who happened to be looking skyward at the same instance, praying God would give them one blessed belch.

Father: "Atta boy Timmy...you can do'er!"

Timmy's mother seemed to be approaching the crisis with a somewhat different strategy in mind when she wacked Timmy's father up the side of his head with a stuffed dinosaur and yelled her own words of encouragement: "Timmy, you get back here...Timmy, if you...Timmy, I mean it!"

Timmy trudged even higher with his burlap sack slung over his shoulder like he was running away to join a potato famine.

Timmy no sooner put his sack in the middle of the three lanes when it seemed to take off with him half on it and the older, bigger kids on either side of him paused to watch as the kid plunged down Dip #1 sideways.

As Timmy emerged from Dip #1 of this tragic carpet ride he was too scared to cry, yell or breathe. He had one of those stupid, incredulous looks on his face like a dog when he's just heard a new noise.

Surfacing from Dip #2, Timmy looked like he had lost his lunch.

Coming out of Dip#3, now slightly airborne and backwards, stains revealed Timmy may have lost yesterday's lunch or at least last night's apple juice.

Now everyone was nervously watching Timmy and whispered his name, knowing that if he lived he'd be the subject of a television movie and if he didn't he'd be buried with his father who was taking a severe thrashing from "Dino" the stuffed dinosaur.

As Timmy disappeared into Dip #4 he had that rare look of terror on his face heretofore reserved for British Airway pilots who have been sucked out their cockpit windows at 20,000 feet.

Then, as if predestined, Timmy and his burlap bag came to a slow, safe stop at the bottom of the ride. Timmy bypassed the post-trauma shock stage and went right to the victory wave to his mom; his father, on his back in the street was momentarily unavailable for comment.

Timmy got to his feet under his own volition and with his hand over his head, waving to a relieved and appreciative crowd, was promptly hit by a fat kid coming down Lane #3 and knocked into a snow fence.

And that's when Timmy got enlightened at the Buffalo Italian Festival: No matter how well you're doing on the SUPER SLIDE OF LIFE, watch out for the bowling ball in the outside lane.

Timmy emerged from the snow fence unscathed but I believe his father is now officially listed as the only man in modern times to be slain by a dinosaur.

Northern Insights continued from 5

taped the same wood pile three years ago. He also challenged the company's claim that the wood was salvageable by taking an axe and cutting some of the wood out of the pile and crumbling it in his hands to show how rotten it was. Robert Cote, an irate member of the Watchdog Society, described the situation using some four letter word I can't repeat in print. "Who's going to pay for replanting all this wood they never used? Me! You! All of us! The taxpayers! You cut the bloody forest down. You leave it there to rot, and then the public has to pay to regenerate the place! That's bull.... They should only cut what the hell they're going to use!"

A red-faced Quentin Day replied that the MNR has a promise from Buchanan, in writing, that the pulpwood will be hauled to a pulp mill before March 31, 1990. If they don't, then the MNR will scale the wood in the bush, and collect dues from the company. In Day's view, the MNR was doing the

best it could.

The debates at the other sites were much the same - with the MNR claiming they were doing the best they could with limited budgets, and the environmentalists claiming that wasn't good enough. At the end of the tour, members of the Watchdog Society said it was the last time they were going to waste their time going on an MNR tour. Instead, they're going to organize the next tour themselves, and invite the media and anyone else who wants to come along for the ride.

To me, the whole situation is very indicative of what's wrong with the way we're talking about the fate of the forests. Neither side wins when neither side seems prepared to listen, or understand. As long as the environmentalists are left on the outside, they will continue to feel frustrated, and forced to be critics. As long as we leave just MNR managers to answer for past mistakes, they will have no choice but to be defensive, like Mr. Day. The only answer I can see is to change the management system - to decentralize it, and create local planning teams, made

up of all interest groups, including native people and environmentalists. Give these local management teams real power to make local policy, instead of leaving it centralized in Toronto. Make the planning team accountable to the public, by requiring them to submit to a yearly audit by an independent forester. Table the reports of these auditors in the legislature, just like the Auditor-General's reports. A management system like that has been promised by our newly-elected NDP government. If they deliver, maybe we'll find out once and for all what's really going on out in the bush. Yelling at each other beside a dusty bush road with the media watching, won't solve anything.

CONCEALS AS IT HEALS

*Clear Away**

Wart Remover System



Sincerest Thanks

The family of the late Ida Romanuk would like to thank all those for their expressions of sympathy through floral tributes, donations made to the Cancer Society, the McCausland Building Fund and lovely cards. Also for donations of food and baking sent to the house.

A special thanks to Rev. David Sparks for his kind thoughts and support, to the pallbearers and also to the Nursing Staff at Mc Causland Hospital for their tender loving care.

Peter Romanuk, Pat & Allie Le Blanc & family