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When will Oka finally be resolved?

The Pic Heron Indian Band, that live just north of Marathon, are threatening mass demonstrations. They are upset that the crisis at Oka hasn't been resolved yet.

Then again, who isn't? This Indian Band plans to disrupt services if North Shore businesses, industries, and municipalities don't help to press the government into quick action.

The Chief said if there was no support, the only option would be to demonstrate on the highways, CP Rail tracks, and the occupation of key areas.

Demonstrations certainly aren't going to help anything. That's been proved already with the other blockades in support of Oka. It's up to the Mohawk Warriors and the federal government to come to an agreement and finally end this fiasco.

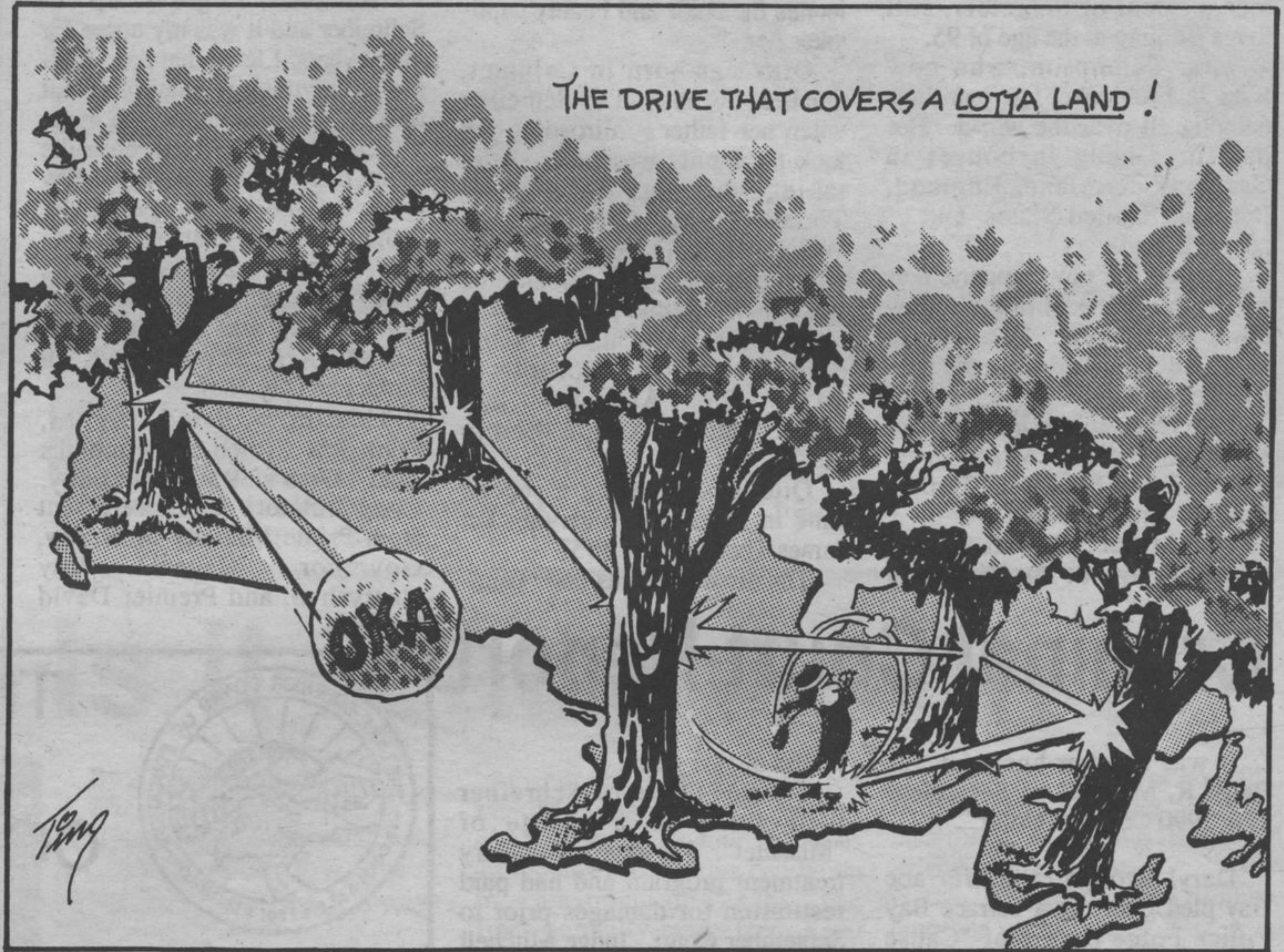
How is another demonstration going to help? Why put people, businesses, and industries right here in Northern Ontario in jeopardy by demonstrating? It will just create more problems.

If two of my friends were beating the tar out of each other, I'm sure I wouldn't grab some innocent bystander and start punching him in the face just to make my friends stop. It just wouldn't make sense. Two wrongs don't make a right.

I'm sure everyone will agree that the Oka situation has gone on for a dreadfully long time. An agreement between the Mohawks and the federal government should have been reached months ago.

Everyone wants it to end. I guess we'll just have to hang in there a little longer.

Angie Saunders



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The News welcomes your letter to the editor.
Use this space as your forum to comment on any issue of common interest.
Please address letters to:

The Terrace Bay/Schreiber News
P.O. Box 579
Terrace Bay, Ontario P0T 2W0

Please sign your letter and include your phone number

Sanitary landfill or garbage dump

The lesson today concerns euphemisms. Linguistic muzak. The pretty words and punchless phrases we use to cushion and deodorize our thoughts.

"Passing on" is a popular euphemism. So much softer and unfinal than "dying", "croaking" or "biting the dust."

"Expecting"--there's another dandy euphemism. It's vague and sexless, unlike such straightforward vulgarisms as "pregnant", "in calf" or "carrying a bun in the oven".

The military world is a veritable compost heap of euphemisms. They're the folks who gave us the "anti-personnel device" (read lethal explosive designed to shred flesh and pulverize bone). And who can forget "nuclear deterrent" (read annihilation of life coupled with long-term planet poisoning).

There's another euphemism currently making the rounds. It's a real late-twentieth century cutie.

Sanitary landfill. Roll it around on your tongue once or twice. Sanitary Landfill. Might almost be the name of a new complexion cream. "Sanitary"--nice, clean, inoffensive adjective... "landfill"--something to enrich the soil and eradicate all those unseemly pocks and craters.

It sounds almost as if we're doing the world a favour. In fact, we're unloading our crap.

Shrink wrap, old Loblaw's bags, bald tires, rusty bedsprings, breakfast crusts, kitty litter--not to mention greases, solvents, acids, alkalies and a mad chemist's brew of toxic, cancerous gunk too various to catalogue.

And if we can believe the headlines, we're running out of places to bury the stuff. The city of Toronto, that megalomaniacatropolis on the barely flowing Humber, is currently dispatching outriders to most of the townships and

counties within garbage hauling distance of its borders. They hope to strike a deal with somebody--ANYbody--who will agree to take Hogtown's garbage. Toronto's not alone.



Arthur Black

There's not a Canadian city or town of any consequence that has to look too deeply into its municipal crystal ball to see the garbage piling up.

And this is in Canada--an underpopulated country with

nearly four million square miles of back yard!

Makes you wonder what they do in less capacious countries. Is Portugal sinking under the weight of its trash? Is Belgium up to its eavestroughs in Glad Bags? What about England?

Actually, we don't have to wonder about one city in England. An ex-citizen of Nottingham recently wrote an explanatory letter to the editor of a Toronto newspaper.

The letter-writer, one Ben Banham, recalled walking to school past a building known as The Destructor. Inside the building, "the waste was first removed, except cans, and sent to scrap metal yards. Butcher bones were sorted out and finished as bone meal for gardens; bottles and glass jars were removed and recycled. The remainder went through the furnace and finished as ashes and cans. The cans were boiled and went to steel mills. That left tons of ashes which had two uses. They

were mixed with cement and made into cinder blocks...(which) were used to line the inside of the brick-built houses, also as partition walls inside, and plastered..."

"It would be fair to say" writes Mister Banham, "that scores of the numerous soccer stadiums in the country used tons of the ashes for several inches of drainage under the turf. Result: Nothing wasted."

Indeed. Mister Banham says The Destructor handled and disposed of all the garbage of Nottingham, an industrialized city of 300,000.

But Mister Banham is wrong on one count. Something was wasted: the lesson we ought to have learned from Nottingham.

Ben Banham is a senior citizen and The Destructor is a hazy memory. All the facts and figures cited above were true only when Ben Banham was a Nottingham lad.

And that was seventy-five years ago.