



editor's
choice

Editorial

by HARRY HUSKINS

"Now the New Year reviving old Desires"
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires"
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

New Year's Day is a time for New Year's Resolutions, or as Omar would have it, a time to make the same Resolutions we made last year. After all, we didn't carry many of them out so they are just as good as ever, and it saves all the trouble of having to think up new ones.

It is just as well that New Year's Day is a holiday, a day off work, a day you can relax and take a minute to think about the last year. No one would ruin Christmas by using four letter words like "diet" and "quit" smoking. So we have a day to feel just a bit guilty for the things we did do, or didn't do; in 1982 and more than a bit hopeful for the things we can do or will do in 1983.

This New Year holds great promise for our community. The opening of the gold mines at Hemlo bodes well for the economy of the entire North Shore. Closer to home the mining explorations at Winston Lake offer encouraging possibilities of jobs and a diversification of the economic base of both towns. The work at Winston Lake is not as far along as it is at Hemlo and it may be several years before we see any money from the operations going into local pockets, but the proven ore deposits found so far mean that the metal is there in the ground and if it can not be worked now, it will be later, and that is an assurance for the future that few other towns have.

Most of the people in our communities have come here from somewhere else. They came because they were dissatisfied and wanted to build a better life for themselves. We usually think of the forests and the metal in the ground as our resources, but the best resource we have is each other, the people of the North Shore. As long as we realize that and use the knowledge we can build our future with confidence.

Looking back on 1982 we have not done so badly. Some people have been hard hit economically, but our industries are still working. With luck, courage and a little prudence we will be able to make 1983 the most enjoyable and most prosperous year any of us has ever had.

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GRANDPA AND ME



BY MARK TURRIS

Shirley Whittington



Dollars and scents

All the world's a nose and the men and women merely carriers of smells. There are good smells and bad smells and a huge share of the world's chemical expertise has gone into the production, reduction or masking of smells. Another branch of technology is devoted to ways of applying the stuff—by spray, rolling ball, squirt, splash, stick or cream.

I got to thinking about this business of fragrance one night last week, in a banquet hall filled with fifty or sixty recently bathed, showered, powdered and anointed human bodies. Things had just started, and at that early point in the evening—before the intrusion of cigarette smoke, booze fumes or food smells—one scent dominated. The air was high with after-shave. The women in the crowd smelled nice (Opium, Charlie, Chanel, Joy) but the men smelled sensational. I wandered around appreciatively sniffing the mingled scents of cedar, pine, musk, mint, leather, heather—all the components of the year's hottest seller—men's cologne.

Manufacturers and merchandisers have been promoting cosmetics for men for about a decade but most of their ideas have flopped. Men understandably balk at adding fifty dollars worth of paint and pressed powder to their shaving kits. This is a sensible decision.

I don't want to hear one man telling another, "Excuse me, Chuckie, but you've got lipstick on your teeth."

How many men could mascara each individual lash without blinding themselves? Can you imagine a stevedore asking his buddy, "You feeling okay Rocky? Or did you just forget your blusher again?"

So while eyeliner never really caught on with the guys, smelling gorgeous has and fragrances for men are now big business. The days are gone when a fellow could get by with merely a quick dab of Acqua Velva.

I suspect that a lot of men's cologne is bought by women, especially at Christmas time. How does a woman buy perfume for her beloved? Does she dab some on the wrist of a startled male passer-by, then take a sniff? No. I suspect she buys it for the name.

There is no doubt in my mind that whole think-tanks full of top creative brains have wrestled for weeks with the problem of naming their company's latest jade-green alcohol-based fluid fragrance. There are undoubtedly sound Freudian reasons for choices like Polo, Bollo, Azzaro and Paco Ravanne.

One scent is called Andronis, inspired probably by the Greek prefix meaning male. Jovan has overtones of Jove or Jupiter, head

honcho of the Roman gods. I don't know how he smelled but it was probably celestial and authoritarian.

Stetson reflects the urban cowboy fad. It's practical too. If you wear a Stetson on your head, why not on your face? But have you smelled any old Stetsons lately? Especially one worn by a real cowboy, on a really hot day?

I get a boot out of English Leather and a kick out of Hai Karate but I don't understand Devin which sounds like a geographer who can't spell.

Blue Stratos! Now there's a name loaded with promises of supersonic escape! Turbo, on the other hand, just doesn't turn my crank. It sounds too mechanistic. I think they wanted to call it *Disturbo* but lost their nerve.

The apparent savagery associated with Brut evaporates when one recalls that brut means dry, as in champagne. Brut with all its linguistic overtones, is a brilliant name choice. I can't wait till they bring out *Bruit* for 12 year-olds.

Men's cologne by any name smells pretty good and certainly better than stale beer, chain-saw fumes or old running shoes. So go ahead—keep the scent in sentimental and by a quart of macho acqua for your man.

Tell him to let a smell be his umbrella.

Arthur Black

The 'person' tidal wave rolls in

I see the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women has uncovered another of the Great Injustices of Our Time. They want to re-name one of Canada's national museums. It's in Ottawa and it's full title is The National Museum of Man. And that, says the CRI for the A of W, is sexist.

Aw jeez.

Aside from the fact that I can think of 11 million better ways for the members of the Institute to spend their time and my money—who cares? The presence of the word "man" in the museum's title does not make me immediately conclude that the building is devoted to cowboys, stag films, pickup trucks and Hockey Night In Canada re-runs.

The last time I checked, "man"

was a fairly commodious linguistic umbrella that covered all the two-legged, relatively hairless, so-called intelligent inhabitants of Terra Firma—be they black or white, young or old, male or female.

Ten-to-one the Institute votes to change the name to National Museum of Persons. Personing things is very chic right now. We've got spokespersons and chairpersons.

I got a newsletter last week from the Writer's Union—the *Writer's Union!*—that talked about the "chairperson" of such and such a group.

The "chairperson's" name was Amanda for crying out loud!

Here's a simple rule I would like to suggest. If the bum in the chair belongs to a woman, then

the owner of the bum is identified as a chairwoman. If it's a man's behind, you call him a chairman. Simple, huh? Accurate too. Unlike chairpersonhood, which really tells you nothing aside from the fact that the meeting was not presided over by a chimpanzee or an armadillo.

Not that I have the slightest hope of winning this battle. Twentieth century humanity has a wondrous capacity for neutering itself. The whole "Person" movement is riding a wave, and since it fits so well into the bureaucrats' love of fuzzifying issues, things will go right on being person-ized.

That old reprobate Shakespeare will have to be updated. Watch for a 1983 Stratford production of *The Two Gentle*

Persons of Verona. Zoology texts will be revised, so Manta Rays can become Personta Rays. Those funny naked dummies in the clothing store windows will have to go too. To be replaced by Personnikins.

It won't be all smooth sailing for the Person-ifiers though. I'm curious to see what they're going to do about manhole covers and manual labour. How about the Isle of Man?

And I don't care how hard they try, they'll never get me calling the guy who delivers my mail the "person person".

Then there's the issue of fair play. If they're going to neutralize all our man-words... how are they going to deal with hurricanes?



Maybe next year we could call half of them himmicanes?

I'm sure they'll come up with something. After all, in a recent issue of the *Globe and Mail* there was a recipe for Gingerbread Persons.

You remember the rhyme that kids have been reciting for generations—"Run, run as fast as you can; You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Person."

As astronaut Neil Armstrong should have said: "One small step for a person; one giant step for personkind."