

The Last Word

Greetings

from the other side of the door

by LYNNE BADGER

During the last month, I have written two introductions for new staff members. The changeover of staff is now complete. I remain (needing no introduction) having been promoted to the position of Editor and moved to the other side of the door. I look forward to managing the "Terrace Bay Schreiber News" for you. Yes, you read that correctly. The paper is yours. It is a forum for your opinion and a source of information concerning what is happening in the area with regard to social and sporting events and local issues. It is a means by which businesses can advertise sales, hours of business and services offered, to keep you informed.

Our space is sometimes limited by the amount of advertising for the week, however it is our goal to cover as many local events as possible. To that end we ask your assistance. Let us know what is happening, preferably a few days in advance but if that's not possible, call anyway. If we can be there, we certainly will, but being in our office in the basement of the Post Office we are often kept in the dark and forgotten. I keep hearing "I never thought about letting the "NEWS" know." Please .. think of us first. We can help you publicize an event or report on it as it happens, or afterwards. Call us or come and visit.

If you are bothered by something and want to let people know, write a letter. Names will be withheld on request.

Clubs and organizations are invited to submit meeting reports so that those who were unable to attend will be informed.

If you or a member of your family have won an award or contest, your friends and neighbours would like to know. Speaking of contests, congratulations to Cecile McGuire of Schreiber on winning the "Times News" Writing Contest. We are all very proud of your accomplishment. Special mention to Mr. Hamilton, her teacher who always endeavours to have students leave his class with a good grasp of the English language. I have memories of Cecile spending extra time in English class when I needed her at Volleyball practice!

Apologies to some subscribers who during the last couple of weeks did not receive a copy of the "NEWS". We have been in the process of re-copying the list so that it will photocopy better and somehow a few were lost. It is rather frustrating to find that in trying to improve the service, dissatisfied customers was the result. If gremlins live in cold, dark places, maybe I could blame them! We should have the problem rectified by the time this paper reaches you. Thank you for your patience.

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Letters

Congratulations

Dear Editor:

Congratulations to the residents of Terrace Bay on their 25th Anniversary. You are sure doing it up right! It sounds like you had a great weekend. Residents of Manitouwadge returning

from a wedding in Ignace shared in your fireworks on the beach. What a perfect spot.

Congratulations also to the Terrace Bay Lake Superior Multicultural Association for the ex-

cellent festival held on June 9th. I had planned on attending right up to the last minute and was so sorry to miss it. Heard from Sandra Neve, Regional Multicultural Consultant that it was excellent.

Keep up the good work. It will surely be a hard act to follow, but truly an excellent start.

Marlene Turner,
Chairman-Secretary
Manitouwadge Multi-cultural Association

Arthur Black

Break Dancing Mania



Okay, quick now: name the thing that pops, waves, ticks, locks, glides and spins -- not to mention worms, freezes, Tuts and ... breaks?

Aha, there's the clue. It's break dancing we're talking about. Actually, the purists insist that it's "street dancing". They claim that "breaking" is only one form of it. But to most of us, break dancing it is. And if you don't know what we mean, you'd better ask the next person you meet to check your vital signs.

Break dancing is the 80's answer to the hula hoop, Davy Crockett coonskin caps and Dune Buggies. If Chubby Checker were to appear now, trying to flog his sixties hit, The Twist -- he'd be laughed right off American Bandstand. Next to the fluid, flashy and outrageous moves of break dancing, the twist looks crude, primitive and slightly arthritic.

Break dancing is about 15 years old. It germinated on the sidewalks of the Bronx, among gangs of street kids who were bored and full of hormones the way kids are. Somebody showed up with a ghetto blaster, someone else started goofing around to the music, and a fad was born. It was an underground fad until the last couple of years, but now there are few kids past toddling age who don't know something about the phenomenon.

Break dancing has already swept through the States like a brush fire. It's presently doing the same thing here in Canada. It's even a fixture in Europe, for crying out loud! The West German Teachers Federation has -- can you believe this? -- 360 thousand kids on its membership rolls, all learning to pop, wave, tick, lock and etcetera.

Right now there are two Holly-

wood movies about break dancing playing to packed houses of adoring adolescents right across the continent and there are four more movies in the works. Last week's cover of Newsweek magazine was devoted to a solo break dancer caught in mid-head spin. Getting on the cover of Time or Newsweek amounts to the official nod from the American middle class. When you pull that off, immortality is just around the corner.

They're doing it in California and Kentucky; they're doing it in Munich and Manchester but I didn't know for sure that break dancing was here to stay until I took the dog for a walk past the schoolyard last night.

Yup, they're even break dancing right here in northern Ontario. I saw the usual gang of kids hanging out in the schoolyard. Except they were not doing what

the kids in the school yard normally do -- shooting the breeze, sneaking clandestine smokes or trying to figure out how to get up on the roof.

Nope. They were all squatting around a ghetto blaster like aborigines around a campfire, listening. Except for one of them. He was moonwalking -- gliding eerily backwards in an optically illusory way that is impossible to describe but unmistakable when you see it.

But it wasn't the moonwalker that I found remarkable. It was the devoted attention of the other kids. They look like fervent disciples. They were drinking in every move. If they could take that kind of undeviating concentration into their classrooms, they'd be Ontario Scholars, every loutish one of them.

So what does the break dancing

fad mean? In the long run, maybe nothing much. But in the short run we've got a phenomenon that seems to appeal to kids aged 4 to 19, that gives them lots of exercise while imparting some laudable bonuses like discipline, timing and grace. Which beats hell out a couple of juvenile pastimes that seemed to be consuming our youth just a few short weeks ago -- viz. hanging out at video arcades or veging out in front of the boob tube.

Sure, break dancing is a fad, but it's an active fad. And that's a big break for parents, especially in the schoolless summer months.

Next time your kid slouches up and whines, "But Mom, there's nothing to do!"

You can tell him to go out on the patio and practice his moonwalk.