

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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## Opinion

### "I am woman"

By KELLEY ANN CHESLEY

I read today that the Ontario Advisory Council on Women's Issues is having a conference next month, interested or bored to death? I also read the other day (are you still with me) of a relatively new organization called, (are you ready), R.E.A.L. Women of Canada. These women say they are traditionalists "taking on" the feminists. I say, isn't there a little feminism and traditionalism in all us women?

Of course there are a thousand other organizations and councils out there, fighting for our rights, and I'd like to thank them very much, but personally I can't get too excited about it all anymore. I wonder if even without these active women battling it out, men would have not figured out that they need us for a lot more than rejuvenating the population.

Perhaps because I was born in the 60's and never came in contact with the bigots and male chauvinists of "yesteryear", I have not got a full scope on the situation. I'm not saying I don't like all the attention these women bring us, the special privileges and opportunities they so strongly advise us we need, but do men not need counselling? Do not single fathers need to know there is a place for them to go to seek advice.

I'm beginning to feel singled out, and am sometimes a victim of male resentment, because of these non-stop feminists equal rights, traditionalist women speaking out for us all.

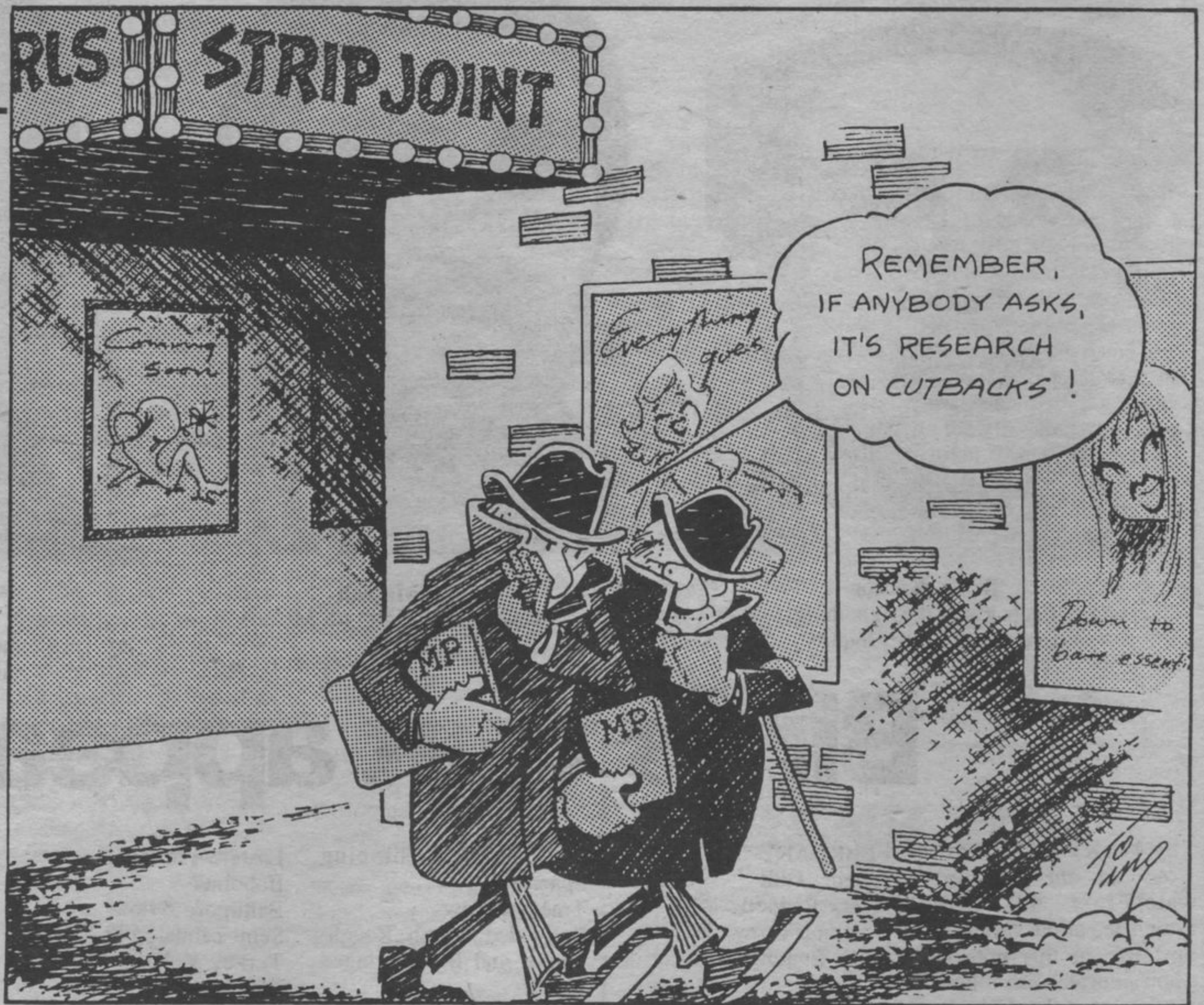
I continue to read women's magazines, to the extent of even buying "New Woman" from time to time. I enjoy the beauty and fashion hints, and decorating tips. I also want to keep informed of women on the move, but I don't like the way it has become an obsession with some.

The women's movements are quick to point out all their achievements, and again, I am grateful. They probably did bring about many changes faster and better than they would have been made without them. I hope that soon they will stop pushing all their demands and hostilities at me; just another woman, confident that in my world I'll be able to work at anything I set my mind to, and be given ample and equal opportunity to learn to be the best person I can be.

I really can't imagine that the '80's will show a regression in equal rights for all. The women's movement though, has built itself a fence and placed us all on one side or the other. In the confusion of opinions, we must commonly realize there should be no fence. P.S. It just so happens that it's International Women's Day, very soon, and they're celebrating in Thunder Bay. It may be very interesting, check for press release in this paper.

## Did you know?

In this week, 39 years ago, the start was made on the first building at the south camp?



## Letters to the Editor

### Minister answers Stokes

Dear Mr. Stokes:

I am writing in response to your letter of January 31, 1985 concerning assessments in the newly expanded jurisdiction of the Lake Superior Board of Education.

There are two basic issues raised in your letter. In the first place, the value placed on hunting and fishing camps where the land is leased from the Ministry of Natural Resources under the authority of a Land Use Permit, is significantly less than that placed on permanent residences and cottages. Minimal market

values in the order of \$3,000 have been assigned to these properties, in contrast with values in the \$6,000 to \$10,000 range for permanent sites with access. It is necessary to remember that the Assessment Act requires Crown Land occupied by tenants, to be assessed as if the tenant were the owner. This means that all land and all buildings in the extended area are assessed against a common yardstick resulting in differences in value reflecting different land sizes and access, and different building sizes and qualities.

In response to your school support questions, it appears that you may be labouring under a misapprehension with respect to the rates payable in the Lake Superior Board area. At present, the only parts of the Board which have a separate school zone outside of the organized municipalities, are the geographic townships of Pic and Lahontan, which are covered by the North of Superior District Roman Catholic Separate School Board. Unless and until that Board's possible jurisdiction is extended by regulation under the

Education Act, separate school taxes cannot be collected in any other area. In this case, where there is no separate school zone, all properties are assessed to the support of the public school, consequently, there is no difference in the treatment of taxpayers based on school support.

I trust that this clarifies the situation for you.

Yours very truly,  
W.J. Lettner  
Assistant Deputy  
Minister  
Property Assessment.

## Arthur Black

### Earth Calling Orson



I have no idea why I was watching a Michael Landon TV Celebrity Roast — the very concept seems to re-define terminal boredom — but I was. I've never been much of a fan of the guy. Back in the days of the TV show *Bonanza* I used to hope Little Joe would get run over by the Ponderosa chuckwagon. I didn't grow any fonder of him during his subsequent TV reincarnations — most notably as the sawed-off sire of *Little House on The Prairie*. Landon never acknowledged my lack of support. He just went on becoming richer and more famous.

In any case, the guppies and groupies and piranha who make up Hollywood civilization saw fit to throw a TV roast for Michael Landon, and I, for reasons I can't remember, sat down with a bowl of

Doritos and a mug of Doran's to watch.

I'm glad I did. Bland old boring predictable Prime Time TV hasn't sandbagged me like that in a long time.

There were no surprises at first — the usual head table roasters were there: Dean Martin doing his fake drunk act; Don Rickles the ha-ha man; half a dozen vaguely familiar lounge-style comedians with teeth like piano keyboards, answering to names like Nipsy and Whoopsie.

And there was one other guest. Bulky, faintly clumsy looking among all those sleek, slick quiz show denizens. The camera zoomed in on his face as the voice-over introduced him. He looked terrible. Purple bags under his eyes, sallow jowls and a kind of a mad, demented, Howard

Hughes-ish cast to his eyes. But it was unmistakably him. The man. Orson Welles.

Orson Welles????

At a Michael Landon Roast???

He comes by the wild-eyed look honestly enough, I guess. Life has been one helluva roller-coaster ride for Orson Welles. Back before World War Two, Welles was the Boy Genius of the North American cultural scene. Welles was only a wet-behind-the-ears kid, but he was already a first-rate actor — both in films and on the radio.

That wasn't enough. Welles became a radio producer and broadcast the most memorable radio production of all time — his own dramatization of *War of The Worlds* by H.G. Wells. It scared the pants off an entire continent. We still talk about

it today.

It was also Orson Welles who wrote, produced, directed and acted in *Citizen Kane*, a movie that routinely makes it onto everybody's all-time five-best-movies-ever-made list.

But *War of the Worlds* was broadcast in 1938. *Citizen Kane* hit the movie screens in 1941. What has Welles done lately — like in, say, the past half century?

Bluntly, nothing much. Oh, he's directed a handful of films and put in a few cameo appearances in some mostly unmemorable movies. Pretty small potatoes for the man who was going to do to the electronic media what Picasso did to canvas.

Strange man. Strange life. And not over yet. I read last week about

Mister Welles, who turns 70 this year, is about to embark on yet another career. He plans to put out a 45 single. He has enlisted the Ray Charles Singers and something called The Nick Perito Orchestra to back him as he sings a song catchily entitled "I Know What It Is To Be Young (But You Don't Knot What It Is To Be Old)"

One of the verses goes: "I've asked many questions/The wise men I've met/Couldn't find all the answers/No one has — as yet."  
HMMMM.

I haven't heard Mister Welles actually singing the song ... but something cautions me not to expect a musical breakthrough of *Citizen Kane* magnitude.