

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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Introductions

Allow me to introduce myself: my name is David Carswell and I am the new Editor/Reporter here at the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News. It is a challenging position, but one that becomes much easier and much more enjoyable when members of the community help out in their own special ways.

I am looking forward to hearing from and meeting as many of you, the people of the Terrace Bay, Schreiber area, as I possibly can. Those of you who are members of the various organizations that are the life-blood of the community, I am especially interested in hearing from.

A community newspaper can only be as strong as the community that supports it. The more I hear from you, the more I can tell people about what is going on in our community.

Through the co-operation of the organizations and individuals in the area, I will be able to keep the remainder of the community informed and up-to-date on the various activities which are taking place.

Please feel free to contact me at the News office any time you have information on something the rest of the community would be interested in and I will do my best to pass the story on.

By means of a post-script: If anyone knows of a reasonably priced apartment for rent in the area, please contact me at the News office.



Did You Know

Schreiber was without a fire department during the early 1900's. In the event of a fire, community residents would contribute to fire-fighting activities. In 1931 a volunteer fire brigade was established in response to an appeal from Reeve C.C. Skinner. The brigade's first "fire truck" was a hose reel cart pulled by the fire-fighters. During the winter months, the reel was placed on a toboggan for easier movement. This was replaced with an Old Fort Sedan worth \$272 which the brigade in turn converted into a fire truck.



"We can't wait all day. Do you or don't you?"



"We always enjoy these little chats the four of us have. We must get together again sometime."

Arthur Black

Battle of the Bulge



I don't know about you, but I'm fed up with the whole concept. Thinness, I mean. I've tried 5BX, I've tried the Hollywood Diet. I've done Drinking Man's, Scarsdale, the Hilton, the Hollywood, the Dachman Permanent Weight Loss, Dr. Coopers Fabulous Fructose, the Beverley Hills, the Loma Linda Vegetarian, the Pritikin, the (Argh!) Sexibody, the Liquid Protein, the Southampton, the Berkowitz, the Atkins, the Starch Blockers, the Richard Simmons...

And I'm fat.
Just about the way I was -- give or take a kilopascal -- before I started reading up on diets a hundred thousand light years ago. Wotta drag! I've eschewed at one time or another: carbohydrates, protein, polyunsaturates, alcohol, fried foods, starches, meat products, dairy foods, and things containing the letter "D".

And I'm still fat.
Not that I've just fooled around with my diet. Oh no. I've altered my lifestyle too.

I gave up smoking. I joined the "Y". I quit carousing and hanging around with the low-life riff raff I enjoyed and took to hanging around with lean people with thin lips and Positive Outlooks on Life. There was a period in my life when my idea of a fabulous time was to party flat-out through the night and watch the sun come up over the rim of my Marguerita glass. No more. Now I start to yawn when the streetlights come on. I have yet to make it all the way through The Journal with my eyes open, and David Letterman is just some curious televised phenomenon that everybody else has seen but me.

Did I mention jogging? Oh yes, I

leg-aching moment of it, but I jog. And swim. And risk turning myself into someone's free form hood ornament by riding my bike several miles a day.

And why? Why do I voluntarily pursue the painful, joyless life of a Dominican monk-cum-health freak? Why, to be thin of course.

Except I'm not. I am, as previously hinted at, still pudgy after all these years.

But you know what really hurts? Not the hours of fruitless perspiration or the gross tonnage of beer, peanuts, gravy and banana splits not ingested, no. What hurts is discovering, at this late stage of the Avoirdupois Wars, the existence of Henllys Hall.

Henllys Hall is a 50 acre resort on the island of Anglesey, off the coast of Wales.

Actually, it's not a resort. It's a Fat

Hold on now! I don't mean an American-style Fat Farm, such as the places Elizabeth Taylor goes every six months or so to shed half a hundredweight. I mean a *Fat Farm*. A place where fat people go to... get fatter!

Yes! At Henllys Hall, the first-time visitor is greeted with a personal tray of gloppy, gooey, calorie-saturated cakes and pastries. When he gets to his room the visitor finds mounds of handmade chocolates, chips and peanuts on the nighttable. And the meals? Steaks, smothered in gravy, tons of cream sauces, puddings, pies, french fries with everything. Breakfast is a modest orgy of fried eggs, bacon, sausages, with fried bread and potatoes -- all you can eat. But not before ten in the morning, please.

Mind you it's not all over-

to have rules, after all. Accordingly, there is a strict ban on granola, muesli, lettuce leaves, raw carrots -- anything remotely health-promoting. Sneakers and other exercise gear are similarly prohibited -- in fact all exercise above and beyond elbow bending, biting and swallowing is distinctly frowned upon.

Gross? Well yeah, I suppose it is. Fun to fantasize about, though. And you can bet that tomorrow morning, when my swollen trotters are pounding down the road at the end of my morning run, I won't have visions of half a grapefruit and a slice of dry toast dancing before my eyes. Nope, I'll be thinking about a great, greasy breakfast in bed at Henllys Hall.

Mmmmmmm. Almost enough to make a guy look forward to jogging.