

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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EDITOR ..... Marilyn MoQuin  
ADVERTISING ..... Gigi Dequanne  
OFFICE ..... Gayle Fournier  
PRODUCTION MANAGER ..... Mary Melo



## Editorial

### The News at work

I've been working at the News Office for about 2 weeks now and Gigi our advertising manager has been here 4 weeks. We at the News would like to have a successful paper and a positive response from the readers. The reason the paper has been so small (8 pages) is because the paper has to run at a set minimum % of advertisement. Which it hasn't been. We have been receiving many good suggestions and hopefully in a few weeks we'll be able to incorporate as many as we can. We try to run everything we receive, but there isn't always room. As for the terrible pictures we develop our own negatives and print the pictures here. We have been having some trouble with our processor, therefore we are not getting a good picture for the paper. Once this can get looked into hopefully the pictures won't be so dark. If you hear of any News, just call and we'll check it out. We are a whole new staff with several new and fresh ideas. Your local paper deserves another chance.

### Letter to the Editor No. 1

The Honourable John Eakins  
Minister of Tourism and Recreation  
7th Floor, 77 Bloor St. W  
Toronto, Ontario  
M7A 2R9

Dear Messrs. Ministers:  
During a recent trip to the township of Terrace Bay, I was offered the opportunity to visit the shoreline of Lake Superior and discuss with the Town Council the possibility to develop this unique area.

A visitor travelling along Lake Superior, the world's largest fresh water lake, will find an ideal site for fishing, swimming, hunting, boating and excursions over kilometres of green recreation spots in summer and fall and white expanses in winter. It is almost too good to be true

that this site boasts clean water and abundant flora and fauna. Nature lovers from all over should have access to what could become a veritable vacation paradise. Furthermore, this natural milieu offers visitors a beautiful long and wide sandy beach between the natural bay and directly across 11 kilometres of open water to the Slate Islands. Mankind has already left its mark on the land in the form of a complete nine hole golf course nestled between the Trans Canada Highway No. 17 and Lake Superior. As an added attraction, to complete this blue and green recreation space, nature has sculpted the Aguasabon Falls with a dramatic 90 feet of free falling water.

After studying the social needs for recreation space, and consulting the organizations and local governments concerned, your ministries will likely endeavour to develop this natural milieu and make it accessible to area residents and tourists. This site offers a unique chance to develop and manage an industry in harmony with the environment and according to the wishes of its residents.

I am aware of your ministries' mandate to produce equality products, by assisting in developing, maintaining and strengthening Ontario's tourism. I can assure you Messrs. Ministers, that this proposal offers strong potential capabilities for future growth and develop-



"WHO'S THE BIG MOUTH THAT SAID ~ AS SOON AS WE'RE ELECTED IT'LL BE JOBS, JOBS, JOBS?"

ment. We must motivate Terrace Bay in developing a tourism program for their community and the region, and in so doing, contribute to the economic and social well-being of the Province.

It is my understanding that the Township of Terrace Bay is awaiting your guidance and leadership in implementing the measures that will bring this exciting project to reality. You are of course invited to notice first hand this truly unique concept. Your consideration regarding this important matter is greatly appreciated.

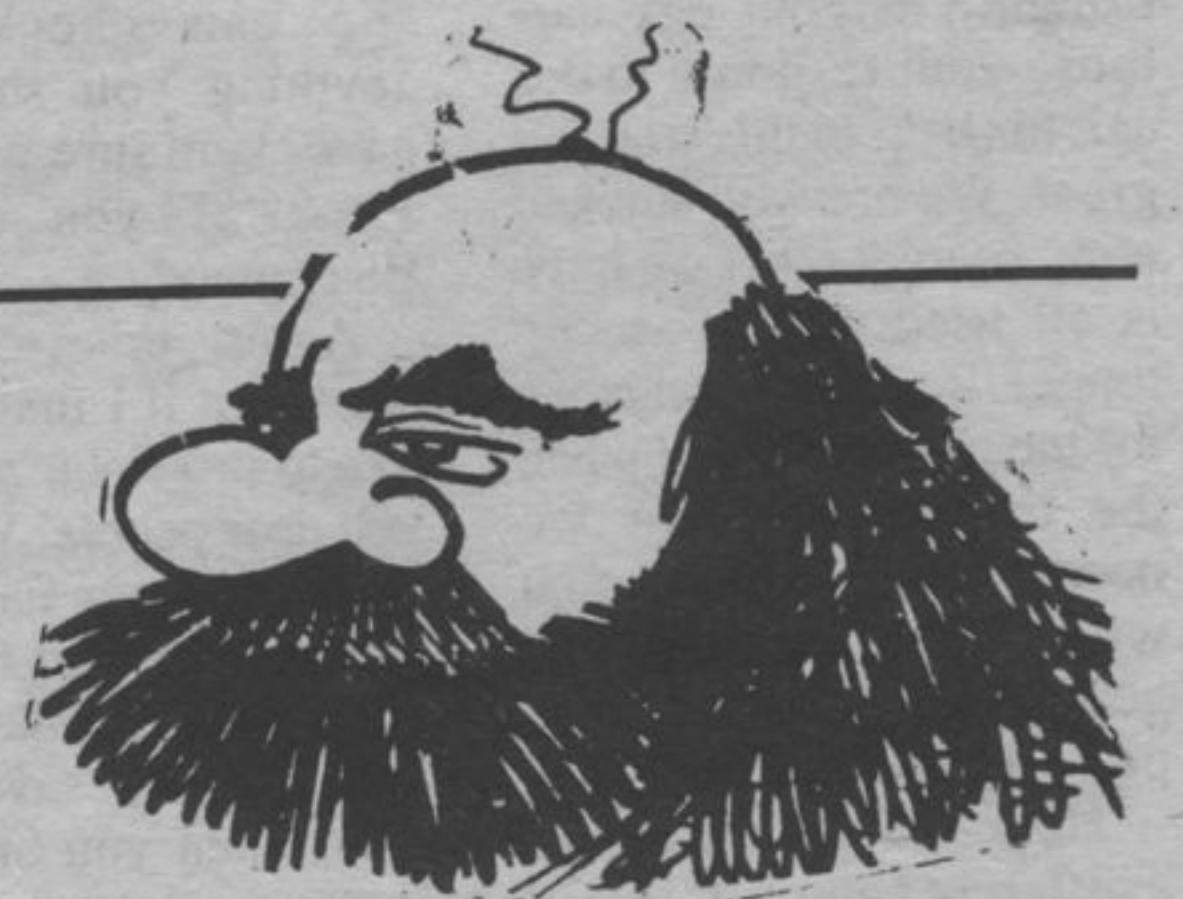
Sincerely,  
Gilles Pouliot, MPP  
Lake Nipigon Riding

## No Nonsense Tips

- A piece of chalk or charcoal in your tool box will attract moisture and keep tools from rusting.
- Cover your snow shovel with spray wax to keep the snow from sticking to it.
- To mend a cracked vase, pour melted paraffin inside the crack.
- Splice broken cassette tape with a dab of nail polish remover.
- Use a child's sucker as a tongue depressor when checking for a sore throat.
- Apply reflector tape to your pet's collar for safety at night.
- To prevent door locks from freezing, wipe the rubber gaskets with vegetable oil to seal out water.

## Arthur Black

### Celebration of silliness



Ain't Life Wonderful? Just when you think you've got it all figured out, and the rest of your allotted span on this planet is going to resemble a cakewalk executed by Fred Astaire, Fate drops a cosmic banana peel in your path, and you end up doing a reverse cartwheel followed by a nine-point pratfall.

Now, you take wrestling. I've always done more than my share of sneering at wrestling. A Celebration of Silliness, I've called it. A sport for mouth breathers and knuckle draggers. A pathetic visual pageant for folks who found Bowling for Dollars and Let's Make a Deal too mentally taxing.

Oh yeah? So how come last Sunday evening found me juggling a stale Coke and a limp hot dog, sitting in Section 90 Row D Seat 8 in the west attic of Maple Leaf Gardens in downtown Toronto?

Because sitting in Seat 9, etc. of the aforementioned was Dan, the resident 10-year-old. Dan is most respects is

lad. He has only one grave and crippling character defect.

The kid loves wrestling. Watches it on TV like a junkie every Saturday. Cheers his heroes, gives humongous raspberries to his villains. Believes every over-acted, hammily histrionic second of it.

"Dan," we murmur to him gently, "You know that Corporal Kirshner, the Marine Commado wearing combat fatigues and paratrooper boots didn't really kick his opponent, the Iron Sheik, 37 times in the face, don't you? You realize that if he actually kicked him even once, the Iron Sheik would be, if not dead, at least spitting out teeth like chiclets. Dan, what we're trying to say is, we hope you realize that wrestling is not... well... exactly... real?"

Dan does not hear any of this. He is cheering wildly for the Iron Sheik (250 pounds) who is pretending to jump up and down on Corporal Kirshner's sternum (one-point oh three eight ounces approx.).

At well, one thing I've decided

about The Sport of Flings: it is sheerest folly to try and convince a true wrestling devotee that there is anything remotely ahh... contrive about the game. It's not so much that the diehard fans actually believe that everybody slam and double suplex is for real... it's more that they don't really care, authenticity is largely irrelevant. Asking whether wrestling is fake or not is somewhat akin to asking whether jazz musicians can read musical notations or whether Punch and Judy aren't a tad too wooden.

Who cares? It's utterly beside the point.

Wrestling is something like a Passion Play -- important not so much for the calibre of the acting as for the emotional baggage it unloads on behalf of the audience. I don't think wrestling fans truly believe that those behemoths in bathing trunks are actually fighting. I don't think it matters to them. What matters is that something very fundamental involving Good versus Evil is getting reaffirmed.

Or refuted.

Or whatever.

The one lesson I learned about wrestling -- sitting there among 17,000 fanatics -- was not to be terribly analytical about it. Wrestling is neither a Zen Experience nor Waiting for the cross-town bus. It is somewhere in between.

Personally, I would place it between winning a free book of Wintario tickets and not being the second-to-last patient in the dentist's waiting room -- but that's just my twisted point of view.

All I know is I spent a smokey, ear-splitting evening in Maple Leaf Gardens watching oversized homo sapiens with names like Brutus Beefcake, Special Delivery Jones, Cannonball Parisi, Greg the Hammer Valentine and George the Animal Steele perform elaborate if heavy-handed routines with one another to the ecstatic appreciation of a coliseum full of spectators.

Call me easily impressed -- hell, call me and out and out sap -- I con-

fess to a sharp intake of breath as I watched a blond hulk by the name of Hogan intercept a pinwheeling maelstrom of malevolence called Randy Macho Man Savage. What you have to understand is that Macho Man had just launched himself at the aforementioned Hulk from the very top-ropes of the wrestling ring. Macho Man weighs 235 pounds. Hulk Hogan caught him in mid-air and threw him out of the ring. All of that is hard to fake, no matter how crooked or artful one might be.

Highlight of the evening? I would say when the Iron Sheik, who arrived waving an Iranian flag, got stomped by the stalwart Corporal Kirshner, who won the crowd over by flapping a good ole Canadian Maple Leaf banner through the ring.

The Corporal -- true, blue-eyed and honorable -- prevailed. The Sheik -- swarthy, devious, and vanquished -- moaned and groaned.

Would that the World was that simple.