

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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## Editorial

### Board was out of line

The Lake Superior Board of Education should mind its own business. Why? First, a little background. According to recent reports, an elector voted twice on the same public school slate in the November elections. The man voted once in Terrace Bay and then, when he noticed his name on the elector's list for the Jackfish area, voted a second time. This, of course, is against the Municipal Elections Act.

Following this incident, the Board sent a letter to the Terrace Bay Township Council in which the Board said it had concerns regarding the "alleged irregularities in the public school elections." The letter added that the Board would like to go on public record that "every effort be made ... to ensure that such irregularities not be allowed to occur again."

The Board should know better. According to Terrace Bay clerk Larry Simons, as returning officer he had no right to deny the man a vote, even if he knew the elector had already voted once. Even though the Board admitted right in the letter that the validity of an election can only be challenged by an elector, they sent the letter anyway. It is fine for the Board to have concerns, but to voice those concerns in a public manner and not even bother to make any recommendations at the same time is questionable, at best. In the future, let's hope the Board thinks twice about firing off such ill conceived accusals.

## Conrad Felber

If all goes according to plan, there should be a photo of yours truly staring out at all of you at the top right side of this week's column. It was taken quite some time ago, but I look more or less the same today (the style of my glasses is, I should point out, a little different now). All of that aside, I'm sure your first reaction will be one of surprise. "So," I hear you saying to yourselves, "they got somebody fresh out of college to take the editor's job this time."

Well ... uh ... I don't know how to tell you this, but I'm not as young as I look. I'm not about to tell you my real age, but let's say that I'm actually much older than you would ever guess. Here's a hint for you ... I have been able to legally vote or buy a six-pack of beer for quite some time

now.

The reason I am telling you all of this is so that you can get to know me a little better. I fully realize that I am fairly young in appearance, but that works out as I am fairly young in my attitude and personality, regardless of what my birth certificate says.

OK. There's more to it than that. I'm not what you would call ... mature. But that suits me well. When you hear the word "immature", you think of a person that is missing something. Yet, the way I look at it, it's the truly mature people that are missing something. They lack an indefinable "spark", that sense of adventure, that vivid imagination, that ability to have fun just to have fun that kids possess. Notice I said "they" and not "we". Although I

am technically an "adult", I still can't help but feel and act like a teenager. Some of this may stem from the simple fact that I still look like a teenager, but that's not all of it. I didn't lose what I've seen so many let slip through their fingers, and I'm glad.

If you still don't know what I'm talking about, maybe I can help you. Do you watch the TV comedy-drama "Moonlighting"? It features a character named Addison played perfectly by actor Bruce Willis. Addison is an adult man. He holds down a responsible job and even wears three-piece suits. But inside he's still a kid, and he often lets that facet of his personality out for all to see (much to the chagrin of the other characters on the show).

I don't think people like Addison and myself have a problem. We didn't fail to "grow up." We just never let go of what we all once had. It's one thing I'm grateful for. Don't call this a second childhood. I guess when it comes down to it, I never ended my first childhood.

Oh, I'm far from perfect in other ways, that's for sure. I know I'm a nonconformist, a rebel, often pedantic (just by using the word "pedantic" I'm being pedantic), sometimes conceited, at times aloof and at other times intense. I don't show my emotions well (my real emotions, not the ridiculous facade that I have built up over the years), and I'm not always honest, either with myself or others. But, as I've said above, there's something about "me" that I

treasure, even though to some it is a negative aspect, and that is (of course), the "kid" in me. One of my favorite singers, England's Kate Bush, wrote a song a few years ago titled "The Man With The Child In His Eyes." That's me. For bad or good, that's me. Remember that and, if it is not too late, try to get that child back in your own eyes and spirit. Believe me when I say it would be well worth the effort.

See you again next week!

(Yes, time for another personal P.S., this time to my buddies in Sudbury: Mark, Pete, Terry, Dave and everybody else back there. Hi!)



## Arthur Black

# Goodbye to the Bagwewhan

Once, about ten years ago, I drove through the town of Antelope, Oregon. I wish I could say I remember it well, but I don't. All I can remember about the entire area was tooling down a two-lane blacktop for hours and once, looking up to the crest of a hill overlooking the road to see a scruffy coyote just sitting there, watching the world go by. He sat so still I would have mistaken him for a statue if a gust of wind hadn't fluffed his fur as I drove by. And that is my total first-hand impression of a place that has been an international sensation over the past few months.

Not for being a pokey, Central Oregon town called Antelope. It's famous for being the site of Rajneeshpuram, a 64,000 acre commune that has been wracked by controversy.

Rajneeshpuram or "Rancho Rajneesh" as some call it, was begat by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, a sloe-eyed, smiling man in flowing robes and long white beard. He had some

help. About 3,000 devoted followers who gave him all their money and possessions and adoring, uncritical love. The Guru took it all with a smile and turned it into his personal wilderness Kingdom. His followers sat at his feet and chanted his praises. They also worked at ways to raise money to keep the Guru in the style to which he was accustomed -- viz. lavish.

But all was not perfect in Lotusland. Some devotees were more devoted than others. Bhagwan can't surround himself with an elite corps of "advisors" -- some of whom carried Uzi submachineguns. Why was that? Long-time Oregonians resented and distrusted the newcomers. The distrust turned to outrage when the Guru's followers tried to "pack" the votes list with transients in order to gain political power.

Along about then it all began to fall apart. First, the Gurus most trusted advisor fled to Europe denouncing her former Messiah while she

pocketed a few million from the commune treasury. Then U.S. federal and state officials began to take a long and piercing look at Bhagwan's cosy set-up. Bhagwan tried to quietly slip out of the country but he was arrested in North Carolina while his plane refueled. The feds hit him with 35 charges of breaking immigration laws. After spending ten days in shackles in a North Carolina jail, Guru Bhagwan was unceremoniously plunked in the dock, found guilty and given a five year suspended sentence plus a \$400,000 fine. The money was no sweat, but the humiliation was considerable. The last North America saw of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh were his sandal-shod feet disappearing into the first class lounge of an Air India 747. His last words were: "The world should get united to put the monster United States in its place. It should be hushed forever. They are subhumans."

A tad... intemperate for a Living god one might think -- and especial-

ly harsh on the 3,000 American disciples whose money allowed him to buy the 93 Rolls Royces and other sundry luxuries he enjoyed during his sojourn in the belly of the beast. Even without his 93 cars, Guru Bhagwan will not exactly be starting over. When he was detained in North Carolina the Guru was found to be carrying an extremely substantial bankroll plus a box chock full of jewel-encrusted wristwatches. He has let it be known that he's retiring to a small village high in the Himalayas "where the snow has been undisturbed since the time of Bhudda."

And his followers in Oregon? They're on their own. Guru Bhagwan has made it abundantly clear that he does not want anyone to follow him across the ocean. Those jilted Oregon disciples may be spiritually bereft but materialistically they're sitting pretty. Those 93 Rolls Royces for starters. They've only been ridden in once or twice by a little old man and should fetch about \$75,000 apiece.



And then there's mining. Rancho Rajneesh quite literally sits on a gold mine -- and probably a silver mine and a couple of oil and gas wells too. Mining was out when Guru Bhagwan called the shots. "A non-meditational activity" he said. That's all changed now of course. As a commune spokesman declared last week: "We're into pure business now."

What a mind-bending transformation in a short time -- from bizarre Eastern quasi-mystical cult to a no-nonsense family enterprise -- albeit a larger than average family.

And somewhere high in the Himalayas, a wizened little man with a wispy white beard smiles as he sits contemplating Bhudda.

Or perhaps winding some of his watches.