

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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## Editorial

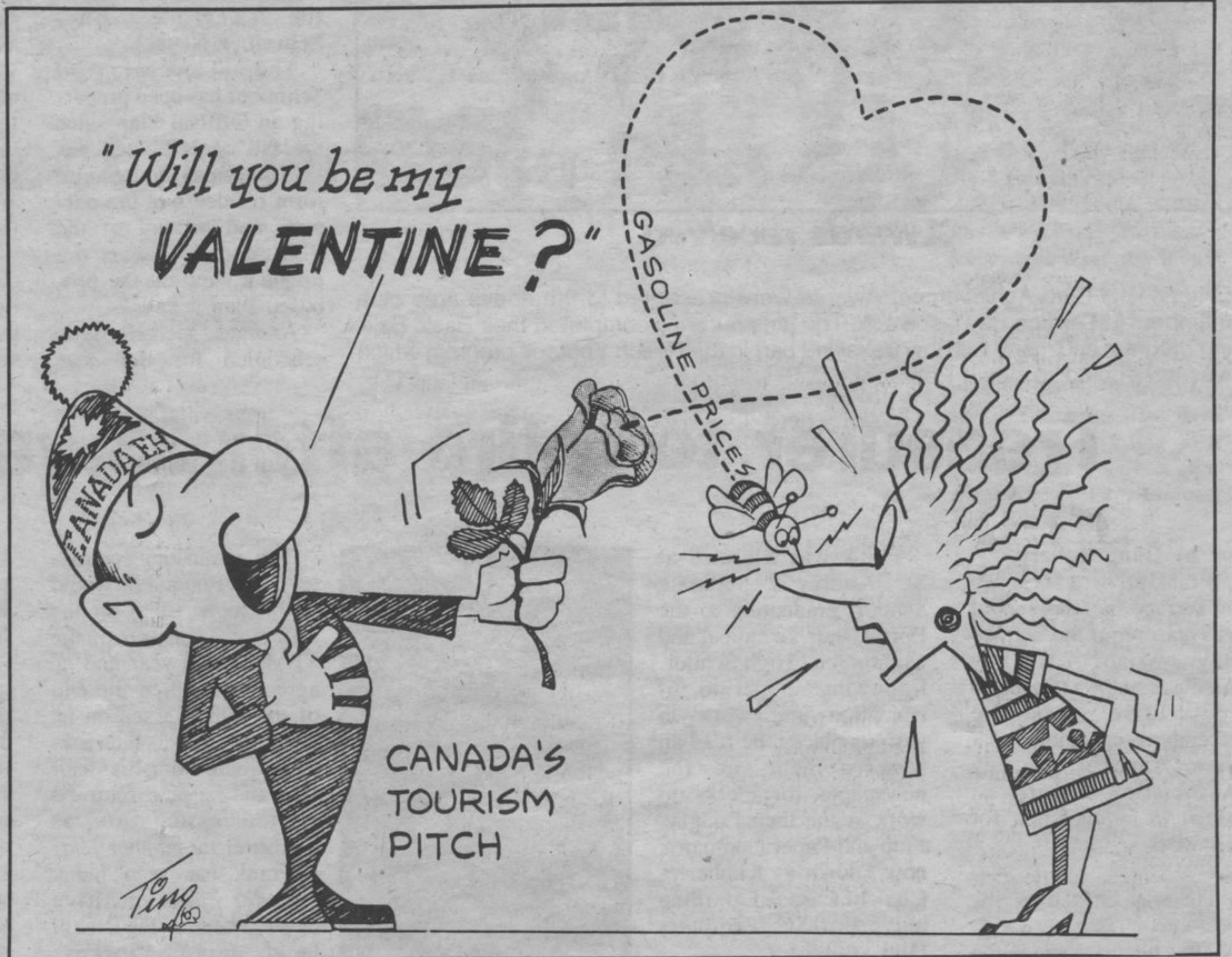
### Dance is over

There will be no more licenced dances at the high school in Terrace Bay thanks to a recent decision of the Lake Superior Board of Education, and a number of area residents are upset, to say the least, about the situation, but the Board cannot really be blamed.

The blame, instead, should be heaped upon the archaic laws and regulations of the province which pass the responsibility of the safety and sobriety of people attending such licenced events to the owners of the building in question instead of the people running the dance and those attending it.

It is possible that the Board took the easy way out in making such a hasty decision after discovering the true nature of their legal liability in such instances, instead of investigating some other possibilities. But the decision has been made and it is unlikely that the Board will change its mind in the near future.

Perhaps this incident has just gone to show that there is a need for some sort of Community Hall in Terrace Bay. Township Council should go ahead with its plans to complain about the Board's resolution, but it should also look into the feasibility of a Community Hall which could be built in the future. At the same time, the Board should also make certain that the question of liability does, in fact, exist.



## Conrad Felber

Before I get on with this week's column (which, I should warn you ahead of time, whines about smokers and their filthy, disgusting, dangerous habit), I would like to add something to my column of last week, which was about the tragic space shuttle explosion.

After that column had been published, I read an article in the Toronto Star about how many television stations were swamped with calls from viewers complaining that their afternoon soap operas had been preempted by coverage of the disaster that killed seven astronauts.

Frankly, I couldn't believe it, and I hope you all share my horror at the unfeeling nature of these people. One lady actually called a station and said, "Yes, it's a tragedy all right ... I can't watch *As The World Turns*."

My mind reels with shock and rage at such comments.

Almost as bad are those who feel it is a waste to spend billions on space exploration while people in Ethiopia are starving to death. Good grief, what about the billions that are being spent on the arms race? If just a portion of this incredible outlay was directed towards the problem, it would almost certainly be solved in time.

Besides, I couldn't even begin to tell you about the many, many wonderful things the space program have given us over the years, including a number of direct benefits for those in Africa and elsewhere.

Ah, but I promised to talk to you this week about smoking and smokers, and I wouldn't want to disappoint you. I have always been

an aggressive non-smoker, almost to the extent of being an anti-smoker, but a recent editorial in a newspaper which shall remain nameless actually got *me* smokin' (but not literally, of course).

I wish I could give you the chance to read the entire editorial. Then you would quickly realize why I am so upset but its bunch of ill-conceived, blatantly defensive, arrogant statements. But, as I have a limited amount of space here, I am only able to present a few choice lines, like these:

"The (non-smoking) movement has marched ahead with zealous contempt for the rights of the individual. Now it is all right to ostracize a smoker simply because he chooses to exercise his right as a human being to engage in a pleasurable pastime ...

As well, instead of spending fortunes on a campaign to make passengers aware of the smoking ban on airlines, wouldn't it be more in keeping with public security to use the money to protect airports from various life-threatening circumstances?"

I guess somebody should remind the person who wrote the laughable comments above that smoking itself is a life-threatening circumstance, both to smokers *and* to those of us who are smart enough not to indulge in what is surely the most stupidest "pastime" of supposedly modern man (even ahead of watching soap operas).

If you want to smoke, fine. Die of cancer or emphysema for all I care. Just don't you dare talk to me about how I am denying your right to smoke while at the same time you are



denying me the right to breathe fresh air and to live a healthy life.

The editorial concludes "To ban smoking is, not only an infringement on an individual's rights, it is also barbaric." Oh, so I guess it is less barbaric to fill the workplace with proven carcinogens, hmmm?

If you want to talk about "individual rights," how about my right to jump into my Ford Torino and mow down some smokers? After all, you are killing *me*, aren't you? Think about that, and I'll see you next week (assuming I don't keel over of involuntary lung cancer before then!).

## Arthur Black

### Holiday Fat: a concept for the 80's

Watching daytime television is definitely not for everyone. Indeed, you could make a fairly good case for the proposition that watching daytime television is not for *anyone*.

I'm pretty sure that prolonged TV exposure does for the human brain what prolonged exposure to Export Plain Ends can do for the human lungs. Still, watching TV in the daytime can be illuminating in totally unexpected ways. Yesterday, for instance, I caught a nutritionist chattering away on television about the latest health problem to best North Americans. She called it "Holiday Fat."

Holiday Fat. What a perfect concept for The Eighties!

The name describes the condition perfectly. Holiday Fat is the excess suet that North Americans traditionally pack on their already overloaded carcasses by doggedly vacuuming up all the egg nog, fruitcake and extra servings of turkey with all the trimmings they can wrap their pudgy lips around during the week of orgiastic

gorging that separates Christmas Day from New Year's Day. Caloric excess is not strictly limited to that seven-day period, of course. It slops over at both ends with pre-Yuletide and post New Year's office parties and neighborhood get-togethers, not to mention rendezvous with perogyladen visitors from the old home town.

But then food isn't the only thing that disappears during the holiday season. We also abandon the fine old maxims that we at least pay lip service to the rest of the year. Maxims like: "One second on the lips, forever on the hips" and "the best form of physical exercise is pushing your chair away from the dinner table." We forget such folk wisdom during the holiday season. Later for that fuddy-duddy stuff, we tell ourselves.

I should clear something up before I go any further. You are not listening to a Holier-Than-Thou lecture from the Lean Machine here. I'm as big a glutton as any sinner at the groaning board. Granted, I have

something in my wardrobe from my high school days that I can still slip into.

Trouble is, it's a kimono.

The problem with the concept of Holiday Fat is that it opens another ugly door -- the gateway to a continental obsession. North Americans are not content with the condition of Holiday Fatness. It whips them into a Thinness Frenzy. Thus, it is that for the 97 per cent of the year when we are not pigging out on holidays, we are in hot pursuit of the Enlightened State of Skinniness.

It's true! We have Weight Watchers, Dancercise and Thursday Evening Keep Fit Classes at the 'Y'. We have color-coordinated sweat suits, \$90 jogging sneakers and hydra-headed Nautilus machines down at the corner gym.

We have Scarsdale, Beverly Hills, Hilton, Pritikin, Hollywood and the Drinking Man's Diet.

And for what? What's the point? To be slim? Just a couple of generations ago the very stereotype of pro-

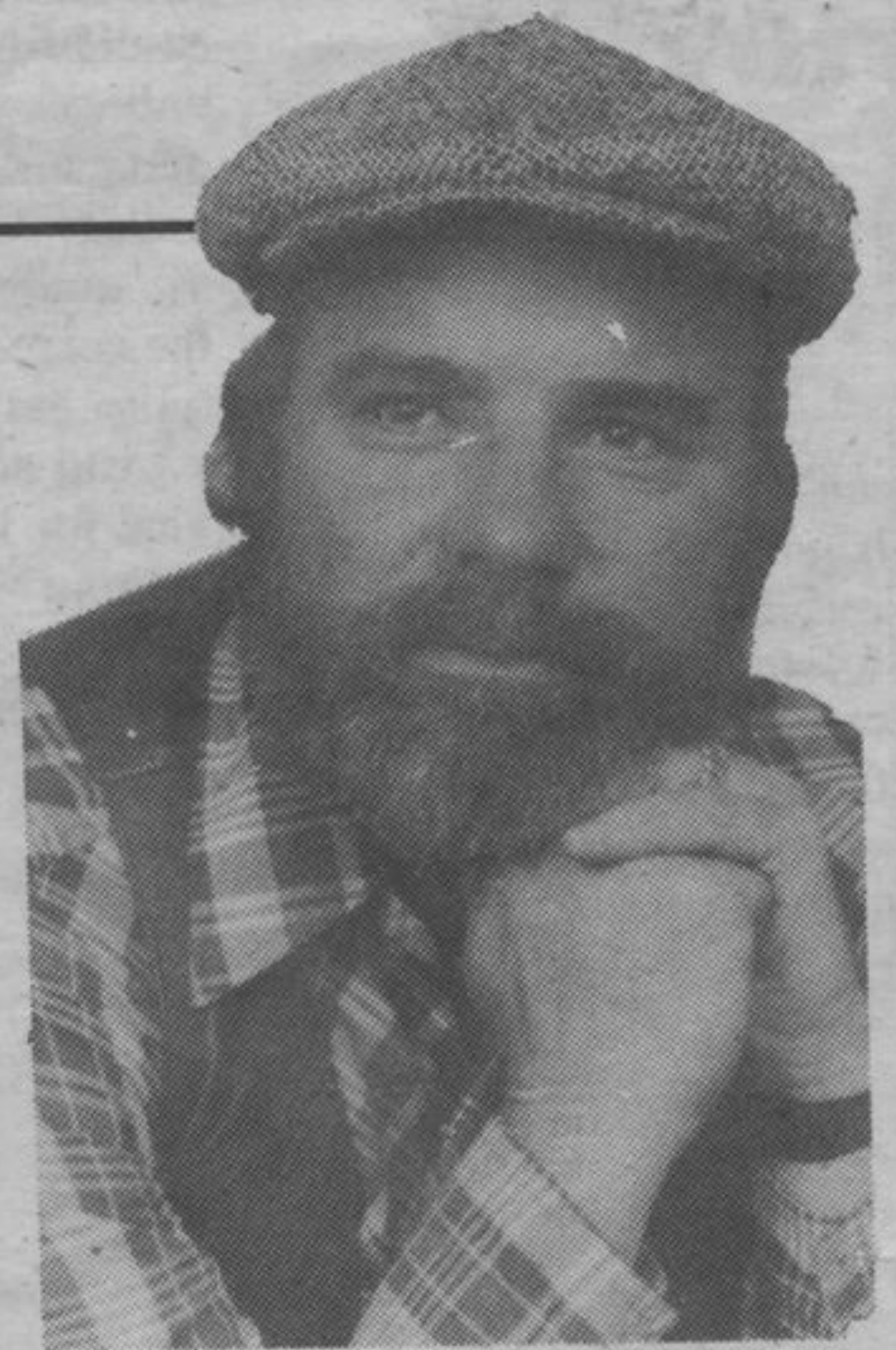
sperty and success was a solid paunch stuffed into a vest with a gold chain stretched across it. Not any more. Nowadays we recognize that look as pure coronary thrombosisville. We don't go for that. Instead, we cultivate the emaciated look of a Gulag inmate.

We are becoming food-o-phobics. We spurn sugar in favor of some dubious lab concoction called Nutrasweet. We choose margarine over butter, desiccated wedges of cardboard called melba toast over good thick slabs of homemade bread. We drink Diet Coke and Diet Pepsi. We even let the breweries water down their beer, and sell it to us as "Lite."

The irony is that we're turning anti-food at a time when there's never been so much of the stuff around.

We've got so much food that our farmers can afford to dump tankloads of milk and truckloads of potatoes on the steps of Queen's Park to score political points.

We've got so much food that our



politicians can afford to stockpile tons of butter, rafts of cheese and mountains of wheat to keep those prices up.

We've got so much food in this province that soup kitchens in Montreal and Toronto can actually operate on the food that city restaurants *throw into the garbage* every day.

Why we've got so much food in this country that a nationally respected nutritionist can get time on television to talk about the problem of Holiday Fat.

It's a weird phenomenon, alright. I'm just thankful that I don't have to try and explain it to an Ethiopian.