

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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Editorial

Council counselled

Time brings changes, and changes bring confusion or, at the very least, uncertainty. What will Terrace Bay Council become, now that Jim Files has left and Chris Joubert has taken his place?

The difficulty is compounded by the fact that the new Council has only been in place a few months, after being sworn in last December. After settling in to various responsibilities, Reeve Ollie Chapman warned that Committee duties may have to be reorganized now that Joubert is on Council.

Of course, even if Joubert is given the same obligations as Files had, things will still be a little unsettled down at Town Hall for the next few weeks or even months as the new Councillor becomes accustomed to his latest responsibilities.

This is why area residents should be patient and understanding for a while. It is possible that Joubert will quickly become used to the position and all of these concerns will be for nothing, but do keep in mind that this is still a new Council with an even newer replacement Councillor.

At the same time, we should all bid a fond adieu to departing Councillor Jim Files, who is moving to Orillia later this month. He may have not been the most outspoken member of Council but, by all accounts he did the job, and did it well. He will be missed.

So it's goodbye to Jim and a hello to Chris, as well as congratulations for getting a Council seat after losing the election. Good luck to both.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

A deleterious conspiracy currently exists in this world of ours. I'm convinced of it now. It's based on a prejudice that has somehow managed to persist while other bigotries have been either subdued or completely vanquished. What the heck am I talking about, you ask?

My favorite writer, Harlan Ellison, knows whereof I speak. Behold this quotation of his which discusses this entire matter, perhaps for the first time: "Tall people get me very cranky. Because of their insecurity at their yeti-like monstrosity, they have long engaged in a dire conspiracy to inconvenience those of us who are normal height, that is, five foot five or under. This conspiracy manifests itself in the height at which kitchen cabinets are built, the dispatching of six footers with enormous naturals who sit in front of us at

movies, the inability to get a decent suit of clothes without shopping in the cadet section ... and other such indignities." (Harlan Ellison, "Sleepless Nights In The Procrustean Bed," 1984)

One extended paragraph later, and now I'm sure you're thinking that I'm just joking around again. Would that I were, readers. No, I am deadly serious in revealing unto you a most evil scheme which apparently permeates all levels of society. Until now this had only been a suspicion on my part, but then just last month this entire, secret, vile collusion revealed itself.

Actress Roberta Maxwell, of the TV series "Airwaves", was scheduled to present the Best Picture Genie along with actor Donald Sutherland on March 20 at the Genie Awards. So far, so good. I must admit I had not heard of Ms. Maxwell before, but

that's my problem. Anyway, following the dress rehearsal, the Academy of Canadian Cinema and TV decided to drop Maxwell from the show. This was because, as one Genie organizer put it, the actress supposedly looked "awkward and very wrong" standing beside Sutherland at the podium. Small wonder (no pun intended). Sutherland, one heck of a gangling aberration, would indeed look out of place next to the normal sized (five foot five in heels) Maxwell.

My proof that the conspiracy exists lies in the simple fact that they didn't even consider bumping Sutherland, even though I am sure we would all much rather look at a cute, petite female than a hulking brute any day.

The Toronto Star, in recently tossing an editorial "dart" at the Academy, did note that "it's not

Maxwell who's small; it's the minds of the people who made that dumb decision." Too bad the Star didn't have the guts to mention the real reason behind the Maxwell Mess.

So you still doubt that the Colossus Conspiracy is real, eh? Well, consider this: the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms covers just about every possibility, including race, national or ethnic origin, sex, age, mental or physical disability, and so on, but with no mention as to size (especially the lack thereof). Even the government's behind all of this!

At least I can take comfort in I Samuel 16:7 (no, I won't make you go and look it up): "But the Lord said 'Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature ... for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for men looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.'" Also of consolation is the following:



"How many times ... have I vainly speculated what inward difference being a human creature of my dimensions really makes? What is — deep, deep in — at variance between Man and Midget?" (Walter de la Mare)

Also, read and take heed of this one: "Tis true my form is something odd, but blaming me is blaming God; Could I create myself anew I would not fail in pleasing you. Were I so tall to reach the pole or grasp the ocean with my span, I must be measured by my soul; the mind's the standard of the man." (Isaac Watts)

Oh ... why, you ask, does this grand conspiracy disturb me? I guess I neglected to tell you. I'm five foot one, but with a mean left hook, so watch out you witless, shambling behemoths or I'll bruise my knuckles on your kneecaps!

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

The famous French philosopher Voltaire once opined "the best government is a benevolent tyranny, tempered by an occasional assassination."

Well, old Voltaire was a bit of a cynic, and given that he penned his acidic aphorisms back in the 18th century, he was probably thinking about royalty when he talked about tyrants. He lived an age when kings and queens carried some clout.

Back then, if someone told you the "Queen is not amused," — it meant you'd best not make any long-range retirement plans. And when a monarch said "Off with your head," there was no point in shopping around for a lawyer.

Times have changed. Kings and queens have largely been shouldered out by presidents, prime ministers

and politically agile generalissimos. Most of them, that is. Not in good old Great Britain.

Curious thing about British royalty. Britain has its Royal Family, and the British press can't stop carping about it. They cost too much to maintain. Anne is too snooty. Margaret is too frumpy. Andy was too randy...

The Americans don't have a royal family — and they can't stop raving about them. They pay lip service to democracy, but in their Republican red-white-and-blue hearts they're head over heels in love with anything that wears a crown.

When the Queen and Prince Phillip toured the U.S. west coast recently, Americans turned out in the tens of thousands, even though monsoon rains were racking California. Frank Sinatra threw a party. President Ronnie touched up his Grecian Formula,

and the First Lady curtsied.

Yup. Americans are mad for monarchy. Latest manifestation: *The Book of Royal Lists*, published by Simon and Schuster.

The book was written (appropriately enough) by a Limey/Yank duo, Englishman Craig Brown and American Lesley Cunliffe. Cunliffe was born in Massachusetts, but for the past 13 years has lived in Britain, worshipping the royal family.

It's not exactly a worshipful book, though. For one thing, it chronicles certain regal oddities which I'm sure Britain's blue bloods would rather see forgotten.

Anne Bolyn has three breasts and an extra finger; James I had a tongue that was too big for his mouth; Edward the Confessor was an albino.

The book also demonstrates that royal-types can be just as philistine

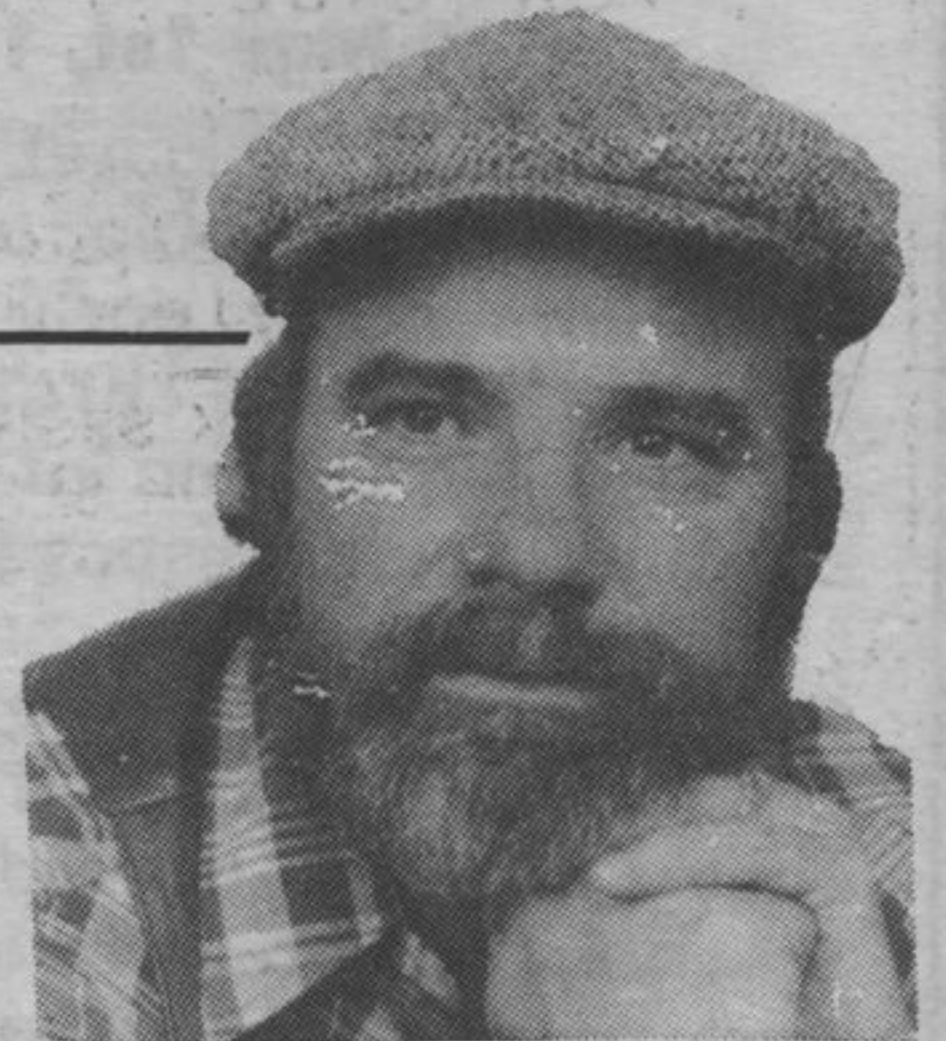
as the lowliest commoner. Example: George V to Queen Mary, while looking at a Cezanne painting: "Come over here, Mary... here's something that will make you laugh."

Edward VII's assessment of Rome: "You look at two mouldering stones and they tell you it's the temple of something."

Prince Phillip's reaction to a sculpture at the San Francisco Art Museum: "That looks to me like something to hang a towel on."

British royalty is a trifle odd when it comes to collections as well. According to *The Book of Royal Lists* the most prize possession of Henry VII was Sir George's mummified left leg.

And there's one other "collection." Britain's male monarchs made rather a speciality of it — 16 of the 34 kings since William I fathered illegitimate children.



The book is crammed with just about everything a royalty watcher could crave — anecdotes, habits, peculiarities... even quips about royalty by non-royalty.

Which brings to my favorite in the book. The famous British novelist E.M. Forster, near the end of his long life, was invited to St. James Palace for a wedding. Mr. Forster was very old, and very short-sighted. Asked by a friend if he would like to meet the Queen Mother, Forster said: "Oh, I thought that was the wedding cake."