

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.

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Single copies 35 cents
Subscription rates per year
in-town — \$14.00
out-of-town — \$18.00
Member of Ontario Community Newspapers Association and The Canadian Community Newspapers Association.



Editorial

Step on the gas

Northern motorists have suffered enough. It is time the government, either provincial, federal, or both, took some action to compensate area drivers for high gasoline prices and shoddy highways.

Though the world price for oil per barrel has dropped drastically since the start of the year, gasoline prices throughout most of Northern Ontario, especially in the smaller municipalities, have remained virtually the same. Token reductions have been made, and leaded gas can be purchased for as little as 47.5 cents per litre at a self-serve pump in Terrace Bay, but even this is too much when one realizes that the same product is being sold for far less in larger cities in the area and outside of the province.

To add insult to injury, most major thoroughfares in Northern Ontario are in appalling shape, including the Trans-Canada Highway. Motorists crossing the country can detect a very noticeable difference between the portion of that highway in Ontario and the rest of the road in other provinces.

Northern drivers are given a bit of a break when it comes time to renew their vehicle ownerships every year, but this is not enough. As suggested by Lake Nipigon MPP Gilles Pouliot earlier this month, it's time northerners were given a compensatory tax credit of some sort too. Who knows? Such a credit might even give area tourism a much needed boost.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

Violence breeds violence. I don't know who said that (yeah, I know I said it just now myself ... I mean originally), but that's not important here. What is important is that whoever said that, was right.

Ronnie Raygun did it again earlier this month, with his attack on Libya in which about 100 people were killed, including (at last report) two on the American side. It seems over 70 per cent of those polled in the United States following the incident supported their President's action. Well, I guess that means 70 per cent of Americans are brain-damaged.

Good thing Ronnie has his country's approval, because the rest of the world, ally and enemy alike, is not exactly condoning what he did. In

fact, many countries, especially Arab nations, have been quick and harsh in their reaction to the event, and I certainly can't blame them.

Our own Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney, was in favour of the U.S. attempt to eliminate international terrorism, but leaders in Egypt, one of Washington's best Arab friends as well as an enemy of Libya, had the courage to express "alarm and strong resentment" at the attack, according to newspaper reports.

I agree with Egypt (and France, and West Germany, and Greece, and ...) that such actions just feed the never ending cycle of violence that exists in the world today.

It is obvious to me that the use of military force is *not* the only way to

combat those countries which sponsor terrorism. How about tough economic sanctions for a change? Oh, I know, that's hardly as "fun," but at least taking that course of action wouldn't result in the end of hundreds of innocent lives.

Besides, if nothing else, the American air raid flaunted all sorts of international laws, and if the government becomes a lawbreaker itself, it breeds contempt for all laws (a paraphrase of something once said by Louis D. Brandeis in 1928).

But the worst part of all is that this raid just confirmed for me what I've always suspected ... Reagan is a warmonger, just itching to go down in history as the man who began the war to end all wars. First he spit in the face of the Russian peace efforts, not

to mention their moratorium on nuclear weapons testing, and now this. Can the red button be far behind?

Enough of this doomsday talk. Let's switch to a story about life, and one closer to home, too ("A national story, now, people ... Betty, two minutes to track it down").

This week is Organ Donor Awareness Week, in case you hadn't noticed. It's as good a time as any to urge you, plead you, beg you to sign the Human Tissue Act Consent Form that is attached to your driver's licence. It will only take a few minutes of your time, but it may eventually save a life or make another's life worth living.

Before you ask, yes, I've signed my own form. There isn't much to

my body, but they are welcome to use what little there is once I've shuffled off this mortal coil. After all, once I'm dead and gone I won't have any use for this physical receptacle, and you won't be needing yours either.

If you do sign the card, please be sure to tell your family and doctor that you have done so. If you want more information or don't have a form to sign, write to the Organ Donor Program, Office of the Chief Coroner, 26 Grenville Street, Toronto, Ontario, M7A 2G9. Believe me, it's the best gift you can give, and the bonus is that it's like a bit of immortality.

Of course, they are never going to have to use my consent form. I intend to live forever!

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

Nineteen eighty-six is still a wet-behind-the-ears stripling as far as years go, but already we've already had some truly marvellous additions to one of my favorite departments -- the one behind the door marked "Wretched Excess." That's where we keep threats by Khaddafy, promises by Mulroney, and salaries paid to Bryce Mackasey.

But that's Old Stuff! Here we are only three and a bit months into a brand new calendar year and already we have a bumper crop of Wretched Excess contenders. First, there was the heart shredding plight faced by Michelle Duvalier, spouse of the pudgy Baby Doc, myopic landlord of the slum called Haiti.

As has happened so often to the wives of busy executives, Michelle was virtually awakened in the middle of the night to learn that, due to an administrative shakeup and organizational realignment, her husband's job description was no longer viable and they would have to relocate in some other job market. Urgently.

Michelle, like the dutiful little helpmate she is, threw a few things

in a couple of suitcases, made sure the servants made sure that the kids had clean underwear, and climbed in the airport taxi for a quick flight to Paris.

Poor soul. She barely had time to pack her furs and line up a skeleton staff of 65 to help her cope with life in exile. As she was heard to lament in her French chateau later: "everything happened so suddenly... I didn't even have time to do my hair."

That's the trouble with revolutions... they're so damned inconvenient.

Michelle Duvalier had just escaped with her minks and her lackeys when another Grand Dame took in on the lam. Imelda Marcos, first lady of the Phillipines decided, along with her husband, that perhaps the time had come to find that wee ivy-covered retirement cottage -- preferably eight or ten thousand miles away from the nearest Phillipine Court of Law. Imelda too, left in somewhat of a rush -- so much so that when impoverished Filipinos were invited to tour the hastily vacated Marcos' palace, they discovered in Imelda's bedroom (among hundreds of empty jewel

cases) three shelves of Gucci handbags still wrapped in plastic -- and more than 2,700 pairs of ladies' shoes.

Ponder for a moment, the concept of having 2,700 pairs of shoes.

It means you could change your shoes seven times a day for a year, without ever wearing the same pair twice. And you'd still have a closet full to choose from on New Year's Eve.

Now that's Wretched Excess.

But let's not play Hummer Than Thou here -- the truth is you don't have to go through the closets at the Malacang Palace of the old Duvalier homestead in Port-au-Prince to find examples of wretched excess. We raise a fine crop right here in North America. My favorite domestic manifestation unfolded at the Academy Awards presentations held recently in Los Angeles.

Which is rather apt, when you think about it, because when it comes to hives of humanity, Los Angeles is the most wretchedly excessive of all. It is home of the North American dream factory, the fantasy capital of the western world. And never is it more outrageous than on Academy

Awards night.

The very act of arriving for the Awards Celebration is an art in itself. An expensive one. For those who can swing it, one of the chic-est ways to show up is by Jet from the Coast. Learjets rent for a piffling \$1150 an hour, but the really high profile celebs try to book a 727 from Regent Air. The plane seats 16, with a leather swivel chair for each, an on-board hairdresser and even personal computers all around. One way coast to coast fares start as low as \$1650 per person.

You'll need some wheels to get from the airport to the awards banquet... and checker cabs just aren't done. Even the chiniest Hollywood hanger-on is expected to rent a limo, and they're bargain-priced for Oscar night -- you can have one for a mere \$25 an hour. Mind you, there is a minimum eight-hour booking stipulation... but hey -- you were maybe gonna send your date home on a streetcar?

If you really want to impress the ogles, why not rent a special Lincoln? You can get one with a full sized bed on the afterdeck, complete with mirrors, indirect lighting, three

TV sets and a VCR. All for a trifling \$1200 for the evening.

Not excessive enough for you? Well, there's a firm called Ultra Limo that offers a black limo that is -- I'm not kidding -- 45 feet long and features an on-board hot tub. Price: \$5,000 a day -- but sorry, an anonymous movie studio executive has that one booked three years in advance.

Ah yes, nothing like a dose of conspicuous consumption to insert a little perspective into one's life -- because of course, most of us will never rent a 45-foot limo, or have a personal staff of 65 to order around, or have to try to choose which of our 2,700 pairs of shoes go best with the green slacks.

When it comes to being outrageously wasteful, most of us, I suspect, would line up with Andy Rooney, who once said -- "Some day I'd like to be rich enough so I could throw bars of soap away after the letters are worn off."

It's not much, but I have a feeling that's about all the wretched excess I could handle.