

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Editorial

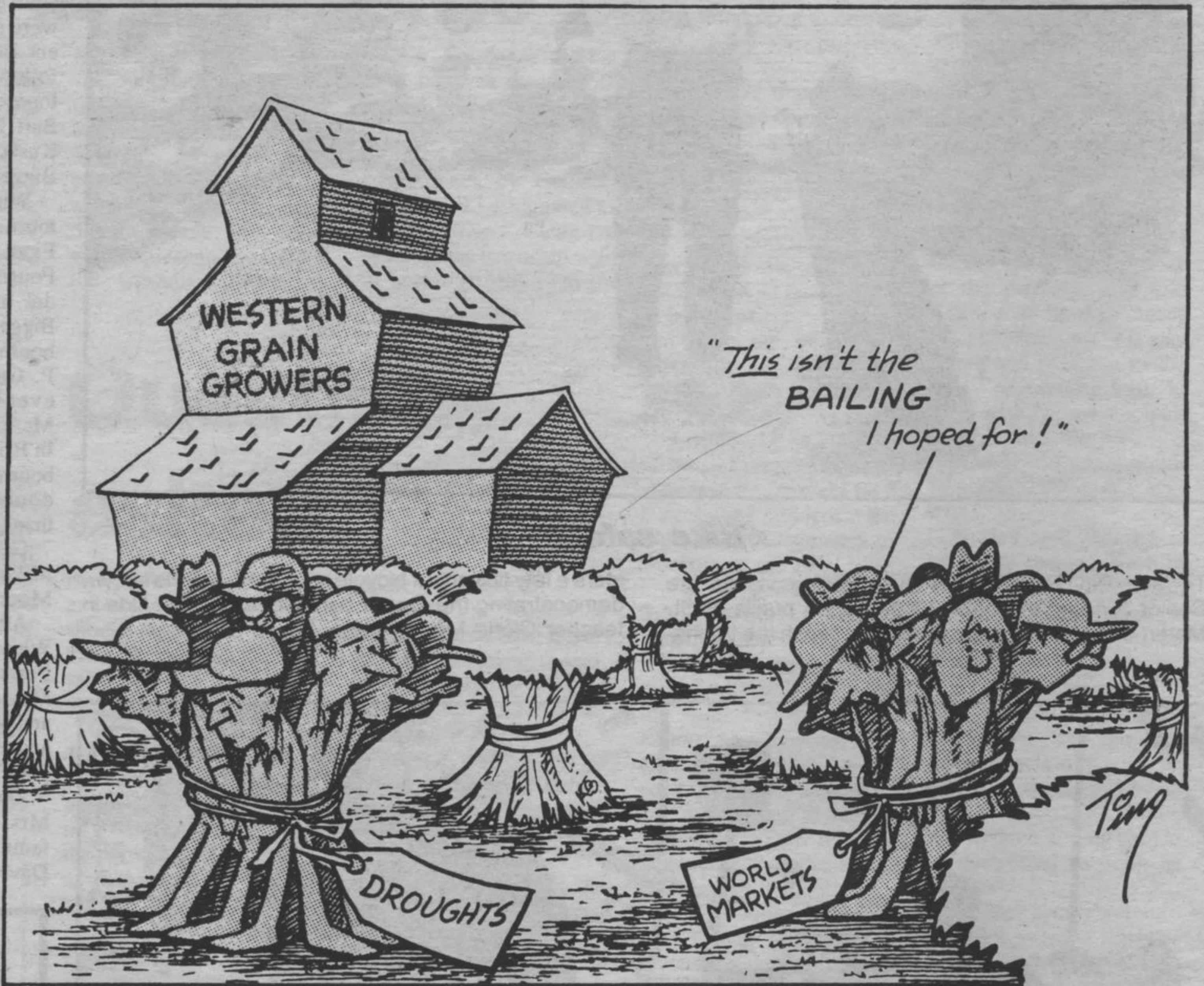
Press unimpressed

The public meetings held last Saturday with employees of the pulp mill in Terrace Bay and the Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Kimberly-Clark, Darwin E. Smith, may have accomplished a great deal, or nothing at all. Only time will tell. However, both sides did agree on at least one thing: they all hate the press.

That statement may be a *bit* too harsh. It was probably more a feeling of distrust rather than actual dislike, brought on, no doubt, by Smith's belief that a few members of the fourth estate "distorted" what he said in a press release last month and then used those altered statements to make some general assumptions and to even pontificate in print.

Smith said he couldn't apologize for unprofessional journalism. That's understandable. But why tar the whole industry with the same brush? Smith also said that from here on in, any future developments at the mill would be discussed with K-C employees before releasing anything to the media. He even started to refuse to answer specific questions by the press at that Saturday meeting, yet at the same time he disliked the previous speculations by some papers about the problems at the Terrace Bay mill. His new stand may only encourage *more* speculation in the media.

The only solution, then, is an open, two-way relationship with both employees *and* the press.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

For many of you, this will be your first taste of this newspaper, not to mention this here column. Well, then, I guess a few introductions are in order. Hello. My name is Conrad Felber, and I am the editor of this here publication. I have been here since late last year, as our regular readers know. Oh, and to our those regular readers, I should explain that you will be joined by many others this week because this issue of *The News* is being distributed to *all* Post Office boxes in both Terrace Bay and Schreiber. See the front page story for more details. I hasten to point out that this is for this week, and this week only (unless we decide to do it again!).

I tend to speak my mind in this space, and it can be argued, I sup-



The CompuGraphic MCS5

pose, that from time to time I go a bit overboard. But that's what makes this column so fun to write (and, I hope, also fun to read.) If you like what you see in this paper and you have not previously been picking it up, I urge you to consider subscribing, as we have a special promotion for this month which includes a draw for a brand new microwave oven! See

the very next page in this very issue for more details. Current subscribers can also get in on the contest by just re-subscribing. As they say in those lottery commercials, "It's such fun!"

Contests and mass distribution are not the only changes in store for this paper. There are more on the way, including something called the North Shore Shopper, which you will all find out about next week. But I like to think that we've already had a number of significant improvements over the past few months, and fortunately a few of you out there have acknowledged my suspicions that the *News* is now getting a little better.

One difference which you won't be able to detect by reading the paper is a very recent development. Up until last week, I've been sending all of my

news copy to Thunder Bay to have typeset. Last week, though, I got a typesetting computer terminal of my very own (a CompuGraphic MCS 5, whatever the heck *that* means). What this means is I will now be able to write copy up until Saturday night, making the *News* a little more timely. A good example of this is my article this week on the Kimberly-Clark meeting last Saturday, which I wouldn't have been able to include in this issue without the terminal, as my previous news deadline was Friday night. This may not mean all that much to you, but it is just one of several steps that we here at the *News* have been taking to make this paper a *better* paper. I hope you will let us know what you think of our efforts.

Of course, such changes almost in-



variably bring some sort of problem, and this has indeed been the case. I must admit I am still not completely familiar with the above mentioned typesetter, so things are not quite as smooth as they could be. A few boobos are bound to appear here and there, and for those I apologize in advance. But we're doing our best, and you can't ask for much more than that, now can you? See you next week (I hope!).

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

"Commerce had long been carried on among the Indians by means of wampum, a form of money that had been declared legal tender in the British and French colonies at an early date because of a shortage of coins... Wampum consisted of small cylinders of tubes about three quarters of an inch long, made from seashells. It came in two colors -- white shells, worth about one sou or halfpenny, and blue shells from the Gulf of Mexico worth about two sous, or a penny. Its value was reduced, and finally destroyed, by cheap imitations imported from Europe."

Canadian Facts, 36th edition
 Ah yes... good old wampum. The last form of financial exchange I truly had any hope of understanding. Wampum was so easy... you either had the seashells, or you didn't. No loans, offers to purchase, certified cheques, money orders of letters of credit... just seashells on the barrelhead or take a hike, bub. Once the world moved into abstract concepts

like nickels, dimes and paper money, I was doomed -- and I hadn't even been born yet. As for the odds against my ever comprehending monetary esoterica like Eurodollars, guaranteed income certificates and floating exchange ratios, it is to guffaw.

Laugh? I thought my debenture portfolio would never dry.

The reason I'm weeping, wailing and gnashing my dentures about matters financial is the news out of Ottawa. Canada is about to deep six all our good old, familiar, next to worthless currency and replace it with brand spanking new next to worthless currency. Specifically, our treasury types are junking the pastoral landscapes on the reverse side of all our bills in favor of new designs.

Right now, the reverse sides of Canadian two, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills sport scenes of -- in order:

- a log jam
- six guys about to harpoon an iceberg
- a petrochemical plant

- a mountain stream
- a Mounties musical ride
- a marina for Tall Ships.

By the year 1990, those scenes will be collectors' items, replaced by, again respectively:

- a robin
- a belted kingfisher
- an osprey
- a common loon
- a snowy owl
- a Canada goose.

Yes, my fellow Canucks... our money, which has long been going to the dogs, will soon be strictly for the birds. At least the slang will be colorful. Americans will still be making do with old-fashioned fins, ten spots and C-notes.

Here in Canada hockey ticket scalpers will mutter offers of "two end blues for a loon," and our race track touts will murmur knowingly from the sides of their mouths lines like "I got t'ree geese on One-Eyed Jack in da toid."

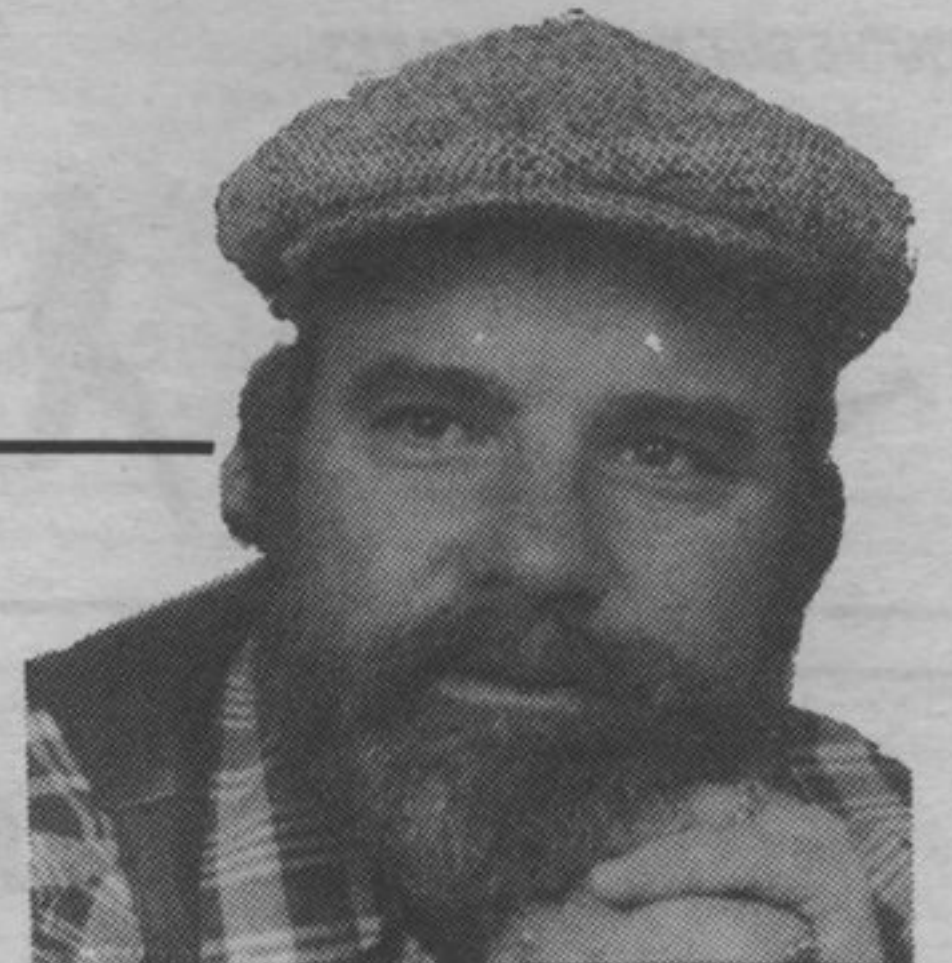
That's not all the news on the money front -- our one dollar bill is

changing, too. Changing as in: kiss it goodbye.

Starting new year the Feds will begin vacuuming up every dollar bill that passes through their treacle-covered mitts. In its place they will substitute a chunky, gold-colored eleven sided coin slightly larger than a quarter.

That will be the new Canadian one-dollar unit. Why? Well, even though the new coins cost two and a half times more to produce than the bills, they last about 20 times longer. Ottawa expects to get two decades of mileage out of each one dollar coin. It takes less than a year for a dollar bill to go from mint fresh to confetti. Ottawa expects to save about \$175 million in production and distribution costs over the 20-year life of the new coins.

Revenue Canada aren't the only folks pleased with the switch. The thought of all those pockets to be reinforced against the weight of the new coins has gladdened the hearts of pants manufacturers. Body builders



and truss company executives are pretty enthusiastic, too.

Personally, I feel fatalistic about our new bills. Last time I looked, our buck was worth about 70 cents American, and fading. I figure if our currency can't be healthy, it should at least be nice to look at, and I'll take a closeup of a belted kingfisher over a petrochemical plant panorama any time.

As for our new hernia-threatening coinage, I count my blessings there, too. I figure we're lucky Ottawa didn't follow the coinage policy of the island of Yap, a U.S. dependency in the Western Pacific. The natives there use boulders the size of cartwheels for their "money."

But hey, listen; that's just between you and me.

Don't breathe a word of it to Michael Wilson!