

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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## Editorial

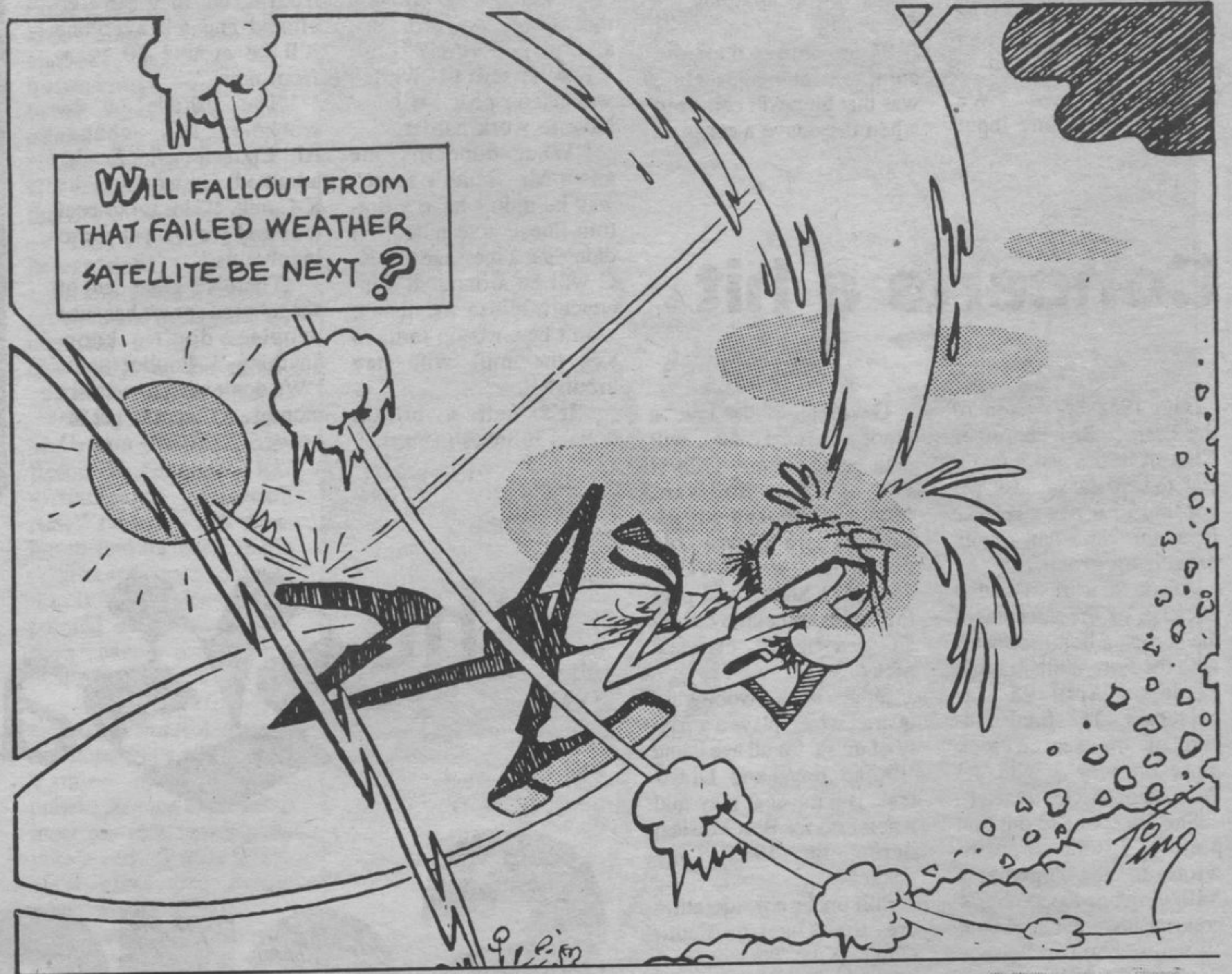
### Fair is fair

(Third in a series of three editorials on the situation at the Kimberly-Clark pulp mill in Terrace Bay.)

Much has taken place since Kimberly-Clark Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer Darwin E. Smith made his speech about the Terrace Bay pulp mill and the economic problems it is experiencing. A Council of area Reeves has been created, with its first face-to face meeting set for June 3 to discuss the matter. Ontario New Democratic Party leader Bob Rae even stopped in town to meet with K-C union representatives, and Township Council.

The real problem is, all of these outside efforts to help out or even just to look into the dilemma at the mill are, for the most part, a complete waste of time, energy, and money. One can hold meetings after meetings, but they won't be very constructive since they will all be one-sided. Kimberly-Clark has decided that it is their problem and that they will handle it on their own. As Smith said himself, "It's in the hands of your local management... (and) until we complete our work, we will make no further comment to the news media about the status of our work."

But is that fair? This is not a case of a small mill in a big town, but a big mill in a small town, which means any changes it goes through will have that much more of an effect on the entire community. We all deserve to be kept up to date, moment by moment. Is that too much to ask?



## Close To The Edge

I wanted to start off this week with a public thank you to a certain family in Terrace Bay. Following my recent column on Christian rock music, they went to the time and trouble of preparing a cassette of tunes by groups I neglected to mention in that column, even though those artists are much more religious in nature compared to the few that I discussed (e.g. U2, The Waterboys, Simple Minds, ect.).

Thing is, I didn't mention those other ones because I had never heard of them before. Well, nobody's perfect. Of course, you must understand that the bands I did talk about are very popular and have albums on sale all over the place, even right here in Terrace Bay and Schreiber, whereas these other artists that the local family exposed me to are

relatively unknown to people who don't follow them religiously (pardon the pun).

Anyway, if any of you are interested, these obscure Christian singers include folks like Steve Taylor, Leon Patillo, Petra, Sheila Walsh, and groups like Stryper, WhiteHeart, David and the Giants, and so on. If you are really interested, just let me know and I'll give you an address or two you can write to for more information.

Ok, so much for that. Moving on now, we come to, at long last, the premiere instalment of Stupid Post Office Rules! Our first Stupid Rule this week is a new one, which changes the long-standing tradition of postage-free change of address cards. No more! Now if you want to send Aunt Agnes or Cousin Ed your new

address, you'll have to stick a 34 cents stamp on each card. Yet every week the P.O. continues to send me some column on stamp collecting, by Special Delivery yet, which I don't even use!

But wait! I've got another Stupid Rule for you. Photographers out there have found this one out the hard way. Thanks to changes in the postal regulations which came into effect a year or so ago, it now costs well over a buck to send a single roll of 35mm slide film to the Kodak labs down south to get processed. This makes no sense at all. I can see charging a little over the regular letter amount, but this is just ridiculous. I suppose, though, that the Post Office people have a few beefs of their own to register. Maybe I'll ask them for these and include them next week...or

maybe not (ah, the power of the press).

I will, however, heed a request from a Terrace Bay merchant and briefly discuss the shoplifting situation in town, which is apparently getting out of hand at a few stores in particular.

I don't know what's going on here. Maybe the troublesome kids (and adults) who indulge in this disturbing habit believe they aren't hurting anyone by pocketing a pen or a candy bar, but the fact of the matter is they are harming everyone, including themselves. A few words won't stop these thieves, but I feel I should say something about it here. You crooks know who you are, and in many cases we know who you are too. Stop shoplifting now, because sooner or later you will get caught, and then



you'll wish you had listened to me. Finally, I wish to clear up a bit of a misconception here, one that is especially held by the younger folks out there. Believe me, appearances can be deceiving. I am not as young as you may think I am. I won't bother telling you my actual age (mainly because most of you won't believe me), but more than a few of you seem to believe I am fresh out of college, if not high school. That is not the case, OK?

On that rather bizarre note I think I'll take my leave. See you next week (even if it's just to find out if I run yet another photograph of Police Chief Russ Phillips!)

## Black N' White

By Arthur Black

I was just thinking back to a couple of hours I spent in a tavern one afternoon about 15 years ago, sipping a cold one as I watched U.S. President Richard Nixon on the fuzzy TV screen suspended over the bar. The fervent and life-long anti-Communist seemed to be tossing back a few cold ones himself. Only difference was that he was on the other side of the world -- in China, where he'd gone to officially bestow recognition on the most populous nation on the planet. There was more than a little grumbling along the bar as patrons watched the most famous five o'clock shadow in history smiling and bobbing in a sea of attentive Chinese dignitaries. "Why'd he wanna go and reckonize China?" groused one of the clientele.

An ad salesman at the other end of the bar summed it up in seven words as he reached for the beer nuts.

"One billion toothbrushes" said the salesman, "and two billion armpits."

Ah, salesmen. Whether you love 'em or loathe 'em you can't help but admire their mercenary single-

mindedness. Other observers might see the Chinese/American accord as a breakthrough for world peace and understanding, a chance to connect with an ancient and mysterious culture. Not my salesman. To him it was just one huge untapped market yet to discover the delights of oral hygiene and body odour control. A motherlode of potential sales commissions longer than the Great Wall itself.

I've always had a perverse fascination with the Art of Selling and I don't know why, because I'm utterly rotten at it. As an Encyclopedia salesman I lasted exactly one evening. In my callow youth I put in a few months as a newspaper advertising salesman. I'm reasonably certain I was the very worst representative they ever had. I just couldn't whip up the kamikaze upbeatness--the almost psychotic optimism good salesmen seem to radiate.

What put me in this reminiscent mood was a tiny item I saw in a news magazine about a rather unexpected American sales success last year. You'll never guess what the U.S. sold \$20 million worth of to Japan in

1985. Television tubes.

You read right. Japan, which has dominated the North American television market for at least the past decade, is now buying TV parts from a plant in San Diego.

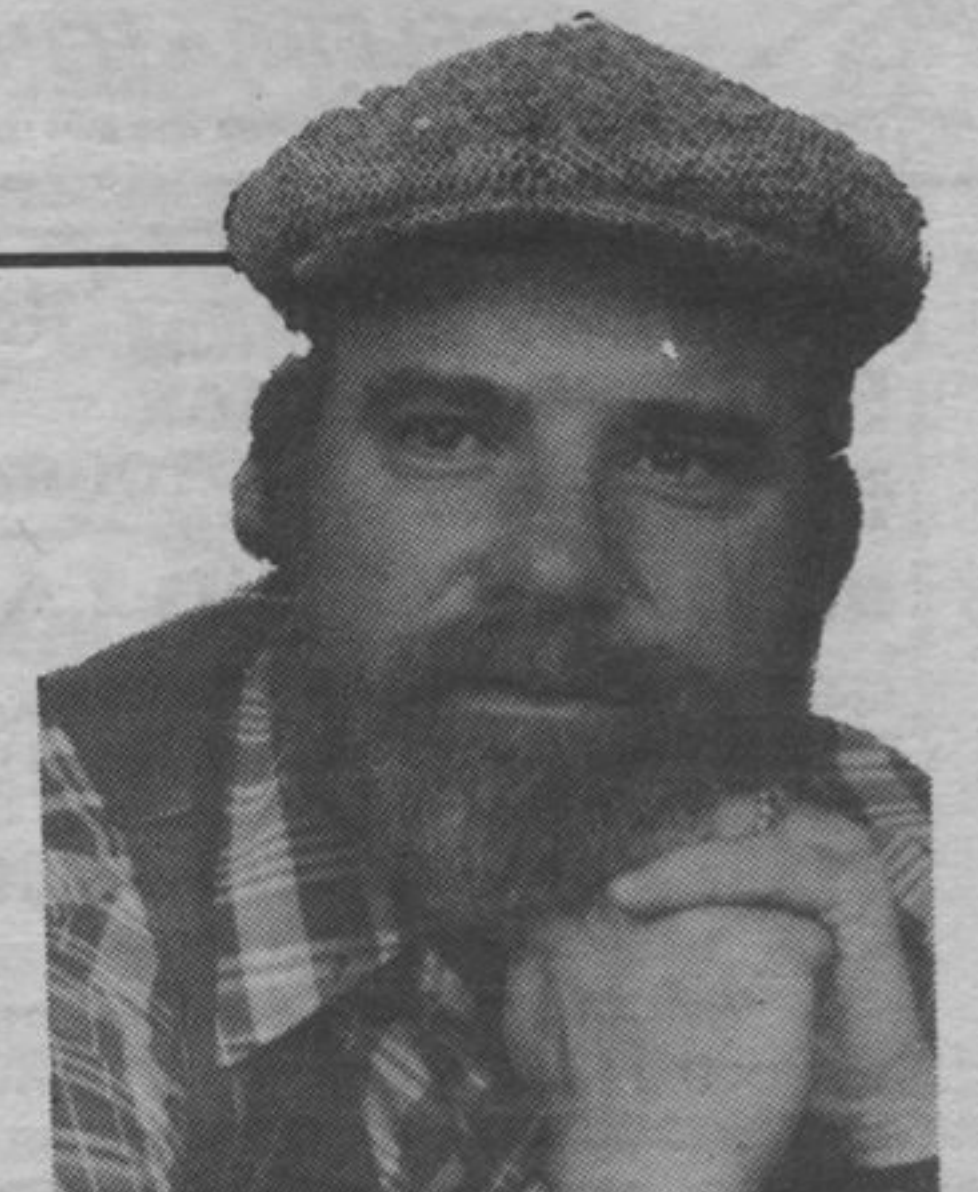
Betcha a 21-inch full-colour Panasonic there's a hotshot salesman behind that deal. Somebody like Joe Girard, maybe.

Joe Girard? He is possibly the most successful car salesman ever to don a fluorescent-green checked sports jacket. He used to work in Michigan--and 'work' is the operative word. Girard won the Number One Car Salesman Award for 11 straight years, and we are not talking about selling cars by the fleet or on consignment. Joe Girard moved cars one at a time -- "belly to belly" -- as he called it. He sold 174 cars one month. In his best year he flogged 1,425 of them. His lifetime total: 13,001.

Joe Girard retired eight years ago--from the retail auto business, but not from selling. Nowadays he works the lecture circuit and plugs his book, *How To Sell Anything To Anybody*. It's a best-seller, natch.

Which reminds me of my favourite salesman-as-hustler story. It concerns a young aggressive fellow--let us call him Frankie Grice--who is eager to make his name as a Hollywood press agent (a salesman by another name). Our hero has what it takes--a brand new office just off Sunset Boulevard. He has Art Nouveau bric a brac on the walls and designer furniture all over the place. He's got two telephones on a black onyx desk as wide as an aircraft carrier. On the floor he's got broadloom so deep that short people couldn't cross the room without a lifeboat. Frankie Grice has it all, except for one thing.

A client. Frankie Grice is brand new to the game and he could dearly use a client. But look! There's one now, coming through the door! Intuitively, Frankie grabs his phones, one in each hand. "No!" barks Frankie into one receiver, "Absolutely not! Redford is all wrong for the part! I can live with Pacino or even Stallone, but if you go with Redford, I'll pull Streisand and Hoffman out immediately, understand?" Covering the phone with his palm, Frankie whispers to the visitor at the door



"Sorry...I've got Bob Altman on one line and Tokyo on the other, I'll be with you in a minute."

Into the Tokyo phone, Frankie growls: "Look, I toldja I wanna book the biggest stadium ya got in Japan, okay? Forty, fifty thousand seats minimum. I'm throwing a little party for my friends. Awright, see what you can come up with and get back to me today!"

Slamming down the phones, Frankie cranks up his thousand megawatt smile and says to the visitor in front of the desk, "Sorry about the calls...now what can Frankie Grice do for you?"

And the visitor says: "I just came to hook up your phones Mister Grice."