

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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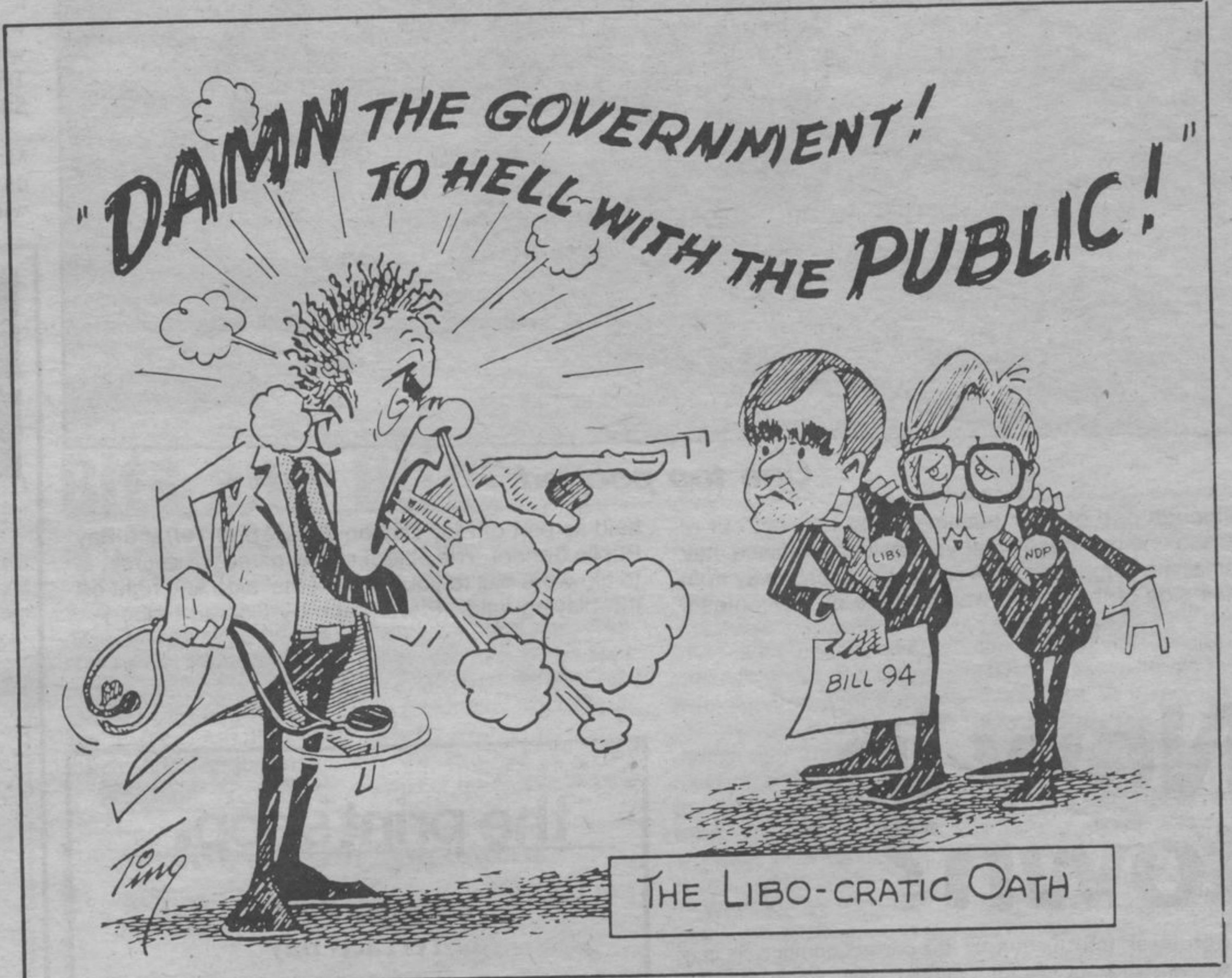
Editorial

AMO ammo

The Thunder Bay District Municipal League, at its quarterly meeting on June 21, showed a good degree of courage in endorsing a controversial resolution from Terrace Bay Council. Now it remains to be seen if the Association of Municipalities of Ontario (AMO) will show the same amount of backbone and also pass the motion at its meeting this August in Toronto.

The resolution, passed by Terrace Bay Council on June 9, addresses a recent Supreme Court of Ontario case. The court ruled in favour of a school board in southern Ontario, which had used the Education Act to request of the municipality in its area of jurisdiction to pay over to the board for which it collects taxes all interest earned or late payment penalties charged on amounts so collected. The motion, in part, calls for the government to amend the Education Act and, if appropriate, the Municipal Act too.

The case, though it is under appeal, may set a precedent which would cause a financial problem for many towns, even small ones like Terrace Bay. AMO has hesitated to support similar resolutions in the past. For the good of the province, they had better change their minds.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

My emotions are in turmoil this week. On the one hand, there are a number of things which have me so angry and frustrated I can barely contain myself. At the same time, I am more than slightly mortified at some of the things I complained about in my column last week. I've already received one letter of apology as a result of my public whining, even though I wasn't really setting out to get that kind of response. If I made some people feel bad because of what I said (or in this case, what I wrote), then I can't help but feel bad myself. Sorry. I guess I just got carried away. (Or maybe I should be carried away!)

But there are some who deserve to get a nasty remark from yours truly, so I'm not about to waste the opportunity to reflect on a few recent

events, all of which have appeared on the front pages of the daily newspapers we can buy in town (therefore I won't include too much background).

Right at the top of my list is the mess in South Africa. I've done as much as I could possibly do from this end (e.g. postcards to President Pieter Botha and such forth), but I doubt such a personal protest will have much effect. No, what we need to have now are economic sanctions by South Africa's trading partners. Thing is, a few of these countries (like the USA, West Germany, and especially Britain) are too concerned about their own economies to actually do anything beyond a token gesture. The same holds true, to a lesser extent, for Canada.

It may hurt us indirectly on this side of the planet, but for the good

of all we simply *must* cut South Africa off from the rest of the world. Maybe then the government will come to its senses about apartheid. Or not. But it's certainly worth a try.

Of course, we also have problems here in this country, though nothing on the scale of those facing the black majority in South Africa. Even if they seem trivial in a direct comparison, our troubles are still quite irritating and sometimes downright infuriating. I am, in part, talking about the current doctors' strike in Ontario.

Due to the lead time of this column, the strike may be over by the time this actually sees print, but I'll go ahead anyway, because I feel almost compelled to write at least a few words about this controversy.

Actually, only a few words are needed. The striking doctors may feel

they are justified in taking such a drastic measure, but I have absolutely *no* sympathy for them, especially when one considers that other members of the health profession, like nurses for example, are not allowed to strike, due to existing government legislation. What makes doctors less crucial to the health care system than, say, a lab technician?

Now the Ontario Medical Association has succeeded in closing down a number of hospital emergency wards, a move which apparently has already caused at least one death, according to a recent story in the Toronto Star. This is more than just "unacceptable," to quote the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. It's downright pathetic. I hope the doctors of this province come to their senses...and soon.



Finally, I feel I just have to comment on the cost to the local consumer of some basic food items...things like milk, bread, and Pepsi (hey, to me, Pepsi is one of the basic foods!). I just can't understand this, especially when I see the prices for the same items in towns like Nipigon and Marathon and realize that the excuse of "excessive transportation costs" doesn't really apply anymore. So, like, what gives?

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

Once upon a time a small tribe of people in a land far away were approached by a large foreign power and told that their island home was needed for "a project that would benefit all mankind." The islanders were peace-loving, God-fearing and naive. They had great faith in the foreign power that made the request. The chief of the island people announced: "If... the scientists of the world want to use our land for furthering development, which with God's blessing will result in kindness and benefit to all mankind, my people will be pleased to go elsewhere." And they did -- to another island 500 miles away. It was a major inconvenience but once a temporary one. After all, the scientists had assured the people that once certain scientific experiments had been carried out, they would be free to move back to their island.

The foreign power that made the 'request' was the United States. The year was 1946. On July 1 of that year, American scientists used the now uninhabited island to mark U.S.

Independence Day in a spectacular way. At a few minutes after 9 a.m. a B-29 flew over, (dropping) an ugly grey package. Five hundred feet over the vacated village, the package was detonated electrically, releasing an explosion equivalent to 20,000 tons of dynamite. What had been an idyllic and virtually unheard of coral atoll in the South Pacific had just been ushered into the Atomic Age with a bang.

The rest of the world didn't hear about the explosion right away -- back in 1946 we really didn't have the expertise to understand such a happening anyway. Fortunately, a Frenchman came along to put the whole phenomenon in perspective. Louis Reard was a fashion designer who had more important things on his latest swimwear creation which he planned to unveil at an upcoming fashion show. "I was searching for a name that would reflect the concept of 'ultimate'" Monsieur Reard recalled. Suddenly it came to him. He decided he would name his revolutionary swimsuit after the island that had just been blasted.

And the word 'bikini' undulated into the English language.

That was better! Atomic bombs and radioactivity are so -- you know -- abstract. But two cotton dots and a dash masquerading as a bathing suit -- hey! That we could understand!

In no time, the bikini -- the garment, not the island -- became Class A chatter fodder on the cocktail circuit. People were fascinated by it! Micheline Bernardi, Reard's first bikini modeller, received more than 50,000 letters from avid, tongue-lolling fans and from outraged bluestockings who thought she should pray for her soul.

Life was less dynamic for the ex-residents of Bikini Atoll. They received notification that their return to Bikini might take a bit longer than originally planned. There were still a few more "important projects for the benefit of mankind" to carry out.

Meanwhile, Bikini: the garment was grabbing more and more headlines. Hollywood prohibited their presence on all movie sets. Countries as diverse as Belgium and Australia denounced them. Roman Catholic

countries such as Spain, Portugal and Italy outlawed them outright.

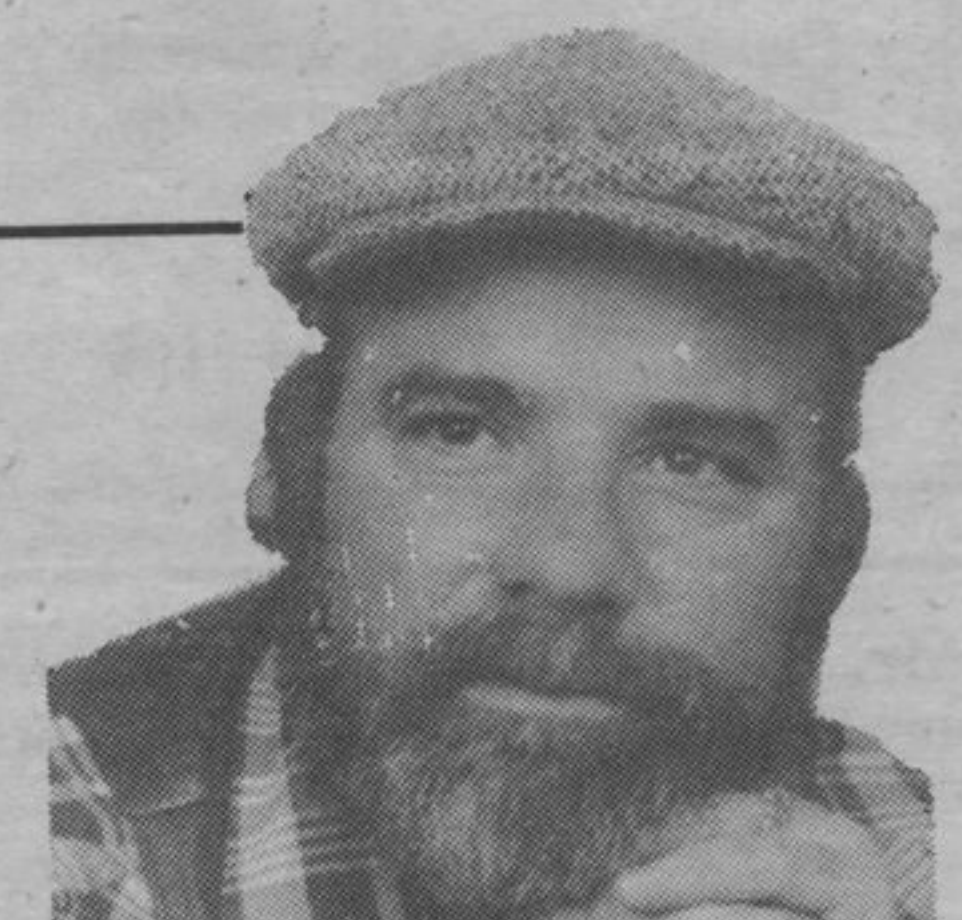
As for the Bikini islanders, it's just as well they stayed where they were put. On March 1, 1954, American scientists detonated another nuclear bomb over Bikini. It was a fifteen megaton job, code-named Bravo. 'Megaton' is one of those slippery, elusive concepts that's hard to get a handle on. One way to look at it is that the combined force of all the conventional weapons that had ever been fired in the world would not have equalled the explosive fury of Bravo.

Put another way, Bravo was a thousand times more powerful than the bomb that devastated Hiroshima.

Just as well the Bikini islanders weren't home.

They still aren't. Most of them subsist on Kili, a mangy chunk of coral that has none of the beauty or natural attributes of pre-nuclear Bikini Atoll.

The displaced islanders are fed and housed by the U.S. government -- which is a pity, because they used to be able to feed and house



themselves. They would again if they could live on a bountiful island where coconuts grow and the waters teem with fish.

They know a place that would fit the bill perfectly -- if only it didn't glow in the dark. Scientists keep testing the soil and the water and the flora and the fauna of Bikini and the tests keep coming back marked DANGER: RADIOACTIVE.

So Bikini islanders and their descendants -- there are now some 1,260 of them -- sit and wait for 'all clear' to go back to their island, forty years later.

Last week the newspapers and the television newscasts were full of accounts about the 40th anniversary of Bikini.

Needless to say, they were celebrating the bathing suit, not the island.