

Terrace Bay  
Schreiber

# News

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## Editorial

### Silver lining

At least there's the bright side to look at. While it is true that Kimberly-Clark has just eliminated 355 employees from its pulp mill in Terrace Bay and its woodlands operations to the north, at least 1,500 people still have their jobs, and the mill is still operating. For that we should all be thankful.

Of course, it's not over yet. The company will continue to monitor the situation and has more or less promised to consider further action next year, especially as far as the woodlands operations are concerned.

But that's the future. This week, 255 permanent employees discovered that "permanent" is a relative term. True, 100 temporary workers also lost their jobs, but they knew that fate was in store for them. The news for the others could be nothing less than a complete shock.

What will they do? Where will they go? With no hope of being rehired, many will pack up and move away, perhaps forever. To them we must say good bye. But some may choose to make a go of it in this area, and it is to those special few that we should give most of our prayers and attention. In any case, good luck to all 355. It's unfortunate, but in today's society, they'll probably need it.



## Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

Here we go again. Just because 37 (37!!) unionized Post Office cleaners in Toronto voted to go on strike this week, 2500 inside postal workers vowed to support any future cleaner's strike by refusing to cross their picket lines. Meanwhile, the flow of mail will slow down even further from its current crawl, and we ordinary folks will be the ones to suffer. Clearly, this is not acceptable.

When it comes to politics, I tend to lean towards the left, so you might therefore think I would be a big supporter of organized labour. To that I would respond this way: unions, yes. Strikes, no. The way I look at it, strikes should not even be used as a last resort, but then somebody else put it even better:

"Strikes are a public declaration that the parties aren't mature, intelligent, or reasonable enough to settle their problems any other way."

Do you know who said that? I'll bet you believe it was some interested third party, like a politician or a journalist (like me!). Nope. Believe it or not, the Canadian Director of the Teamster's Union, Ed Lawson, said that in 1972, and it still holds true today. Strikes are no answer. Having lived in Sudbury for most of my life, I know from experience how futile strikes are, and how damaging they can be to everyone involved.

But let's get back to the incident which sparked this diatribe. If the Post Office workers in Toronto do go out on strike or refuse to cross the picket lines, we should all demand a

refund. There may not be a strike, of course, but if there is one, I think we all deserve to get our money back.

After all, in purchasing stamps we are actually buying a service, and if there is a strike, the Post Office won't be able to fulfill its end of the bargain. Besides, it is only the cleaner's union which may hit the streets. Who needs 'em? I personally don't care if my letters get a little dirtied up, just as long as they get where they are going!

By the way, when I say "post office," I don't just mean the workers. Both sides, union and management, have an obligation to the public (though I should point out that back in 1975 the President of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers at that time, Joe Davidson, was quoted as saying "the public can go to hell." I get the

feeling the union still feels the same way today).

Resorting to a strike (or, when it comes to management, a lock-out) is unforgivable. It's like resorting to murder when you have a fight with your spouse. When couples have problems, and divorce is out of the question, they see a marriage counsellor. So, when it comes to labour negotiations, and things reach a stalemate, what is wrong with getting an independent, objective mediator to settle all important negotiations and make his or her decision binding on both parties?

Some will argue that this solution would take away the right to strike from unions. That's true. But when it comes to doctors, or the police, or even postal workers, these people



simply cannot be allowed to strike or to be locked-out because their services are so necessary.

Another answer might be that if you don't like what the company has offered your union, you should be able to leave the union and negotiate with your boss alone. If not, you can always quit and look for employment elsewhere. Thing is, few if any will ever consider either of these possibilities even if they were available. To paraphrase Frank McKinney "Kin" Hubbard, we all belong to the union when it comes to wanting more money and less work

## Black N' White

By Arthur Black

Did you catch this month's edition of *Chatelaine*? I certainly did — which is a bit of a departure for me. *Chatelaine* is not what I normally consider essential reading, tending as it does to articles about "accessorizing your wardrobe", how to network at PTA meetings and tips for turning out a color-coordinated Crowd Casserole that will inflame and delight an entire patioful of food-fussy Yuppies.

I am a person whose wardrobe has been described as Neo-Vagrant. I firmly believe that all meetings are abominable, and that PTA meetings are palpable manifestations of Satan. My crowning culinary achievement is the making of a cup of Instant Coffee. Clearly the monthly appearance of *Chatelaine* is not a journalistic event over which I squander a lot of naptime.

Until this month, that is. Cruising past my local newsstand, my eye was snagged by the banner headline emblazoned across the September cover of the magazine. CANADA'S TEN SEXIEST MEN it read.

"Well! And about time too" I muttered, forking over my two bucks.

I showed, I think, splendid restraint in not clawing the magazine open right there on the street. Instead, I took it home, painstakingly brewed a mug of my aforementioned specialty *tasse du cafe poudre*, settled back in my favourite armchair and opened my *Chatelaine* to page 63.

The first thought that hit me was: who are these guys? Oh, I recognized a few of them alright — but who is Terry McGlaughlin? And how can John Kim Bell be one of the countries ten most eligible hunks when I've never even heard of him?

I'll save you a trip to Hurtig's Encyclopaedia: McGlaughlin was the skipper of *Canada*, the yacht that didn't win the America's Cup three years ago. Mister Kem Bell is a pianist and music conductor — and apparently a household word among other pianists and conductors.

On the other hand, there were a few predictable faces on the Ten Sexiest list. Old Pierre Himself is there, flashing his aging Elfin grin. Brian Adams, Kingston's contribution to rock and roll made it, as did Michael J. Fox, the baby-faced attraction from the TV series *Family Ties* and the

Apelberg movie *Back To The Future*. For sporting types, Guelph swimmer Victor Davis is there, gritting his teeth and flexing his biceps. For highbrows we have Barry Callaghan, author, professor, trendy gadfly and 49-year-old acorn from the Canlit oak, Morley Callaghan.

There are also some wild cards. Glen Sather, for instance. He's the dapper fireplug who presides over Edmonton Oilers victories from behind the bench. *Chatelaine* editors gave him the nod as one of Canada's ten most magnetic misters — though I can't think why, unless they're angling for a clutch of free hockey tickets.

The list also features something tall and fluffy in a sleeveless T-shirt. It looks like a Fraggie Rock extra and answers to the name of Daniel Richler. Daniel is described as "a new wave thinker" whatever that is. We are informed that he specializes in analysis of the latest trends in popular music.

Whatever that is. Toss in Louis Del Grande, the shiny-pated, nimble-tongued star of the TV series *Seeing Things* and you have...let's just double-check now...two, three, four...seven, eight, nine — yep, that's it — Canada's ten

sexiest men, glimpsed from under the infallible editorial eyeshades of *Chatelaine*.

All of which leaves just one tiny question unanswered: How did they manage to pass over me again?

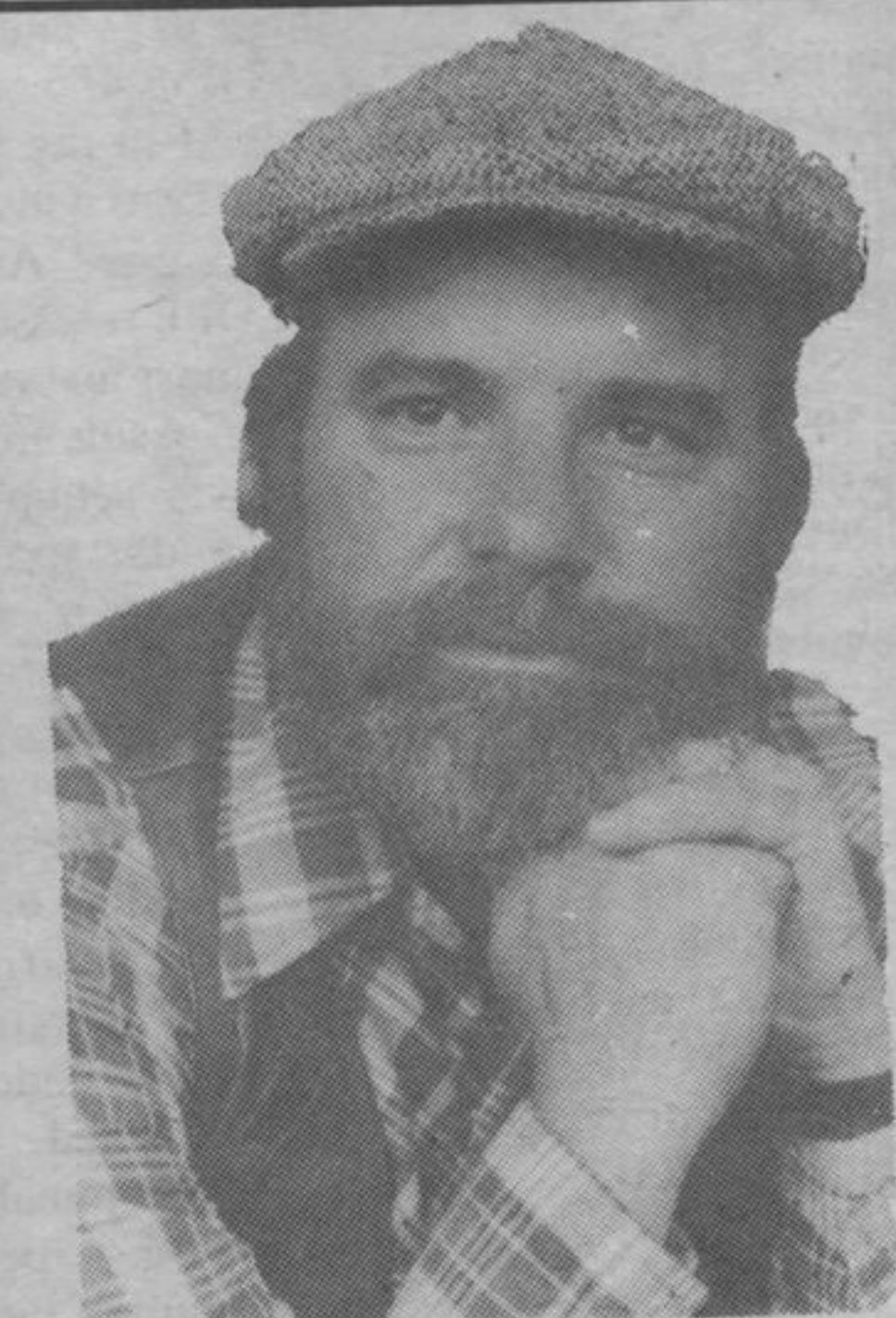
Do you realize that this makes forty-three years in a row that I have failed to appear on the Ten Sexiest Males list? Even discounting my pre-puberty years, when the full flowering of my magnificent manhood could only be imagined, that still makes it well over a quarter of a century in which I haven't even made it to the finals.

Heck, the Toronto Maple Leafs have a better record than that.

It is blatant discrimination of course — check me out against the so-called competition. I have more hair than Del Grande, more maturity than Michael J. Fox, and a much better relationship with John Turner than Pierre will ever have.

As for writer Barry Callaghan and swimmer Victor Davis — give me a break.

I can out-write Victor Davis easily. And the day I can't whip Callaghan in the hundred-meter-crawl/butterfly medley is the day I



hang up my water wings.

Nope, I'm fed up with being overlooked by *Chatelaine* and I plan to do something about it. You want to help? Great! Write to *Chatelaine*. Tell them you want to see Black on next year's Ten Sexiest list.

But hurry. I can't stay this charismatic forever.