

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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**Editorial**

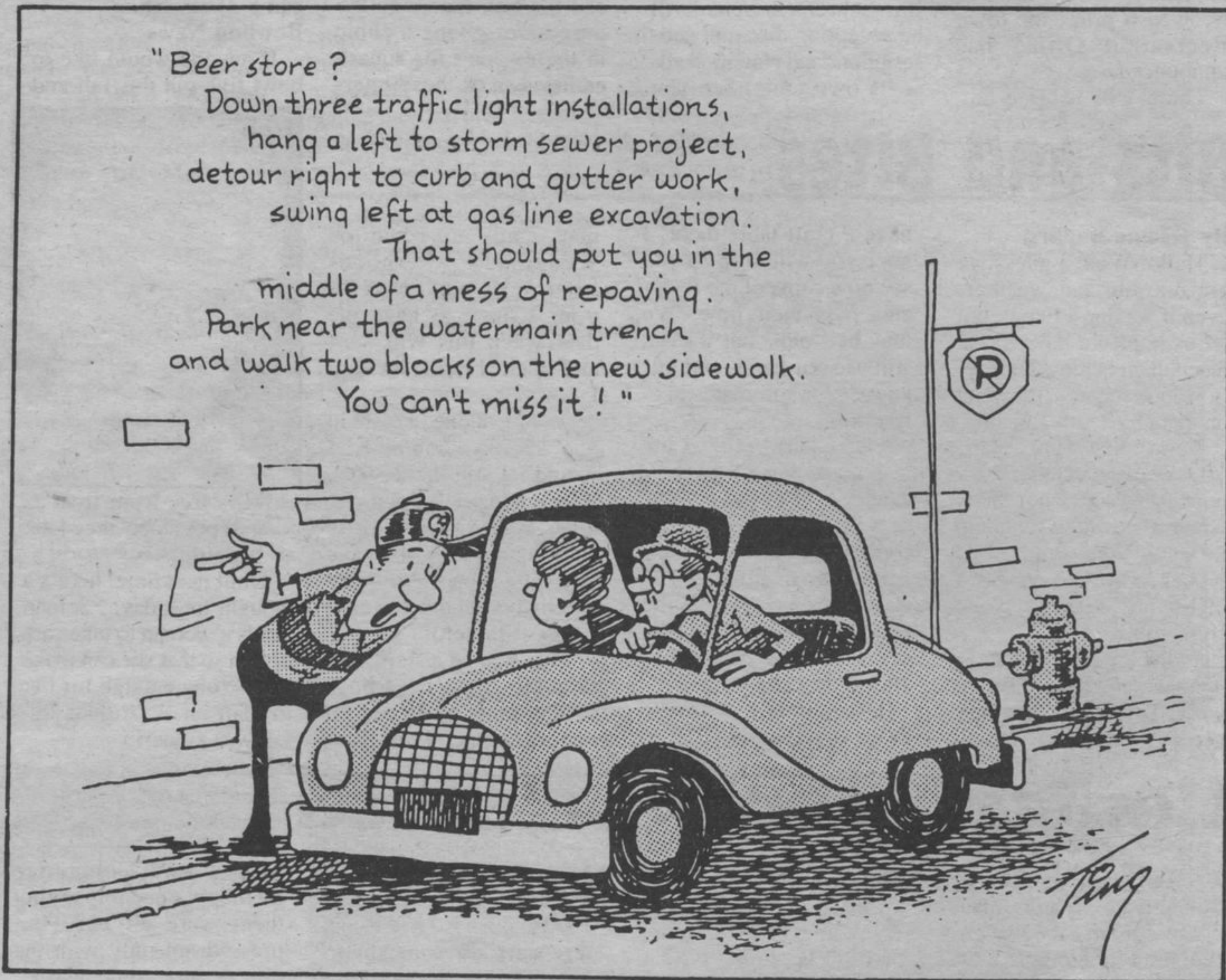
## The goods

The recent layoffs by Kimberly-Clark of 355 employees at its pulp mill in Terrace Bay was certainly bad news. There's no denying that. But we've all heard enough about it. It's time to look at the *good* things going on in the area and, believe it or not, there *is* some good news.

First of all, there was the second place showing by Karri Pollard, a Terrace Bay resident, at the Canadian National Exhibition's Archery Competition held in Toronto last month for young competitors from all over Ontario and Quebec. With her fine performance, Karri certainly put Terrace Bay on the map...this time in a *positive* way.

Then there's the new "spirit of co-operation" between Terrace Bay and Schreiber, which has led to a meeting that has been scheduled for September 29 between the Councils of both Townships, a first for the area. The meeting *alone* is certainly a step in the right direction.

Just last week, the local Ducks Unlimited chapter had a very successful Dinner and Auction in Schreiber. It's a good sign that many saw the need to support the group by attending its very worthwhile conservation venture. All of this just goes to show that things *are* looking up. As they say, "it's always darkest *before* the dawn."



## Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

I think it would be a mistake. Increasing the legal drinking age to 21 in Ontario, that is. There has recently been a lot of talk by our provincial government about doing just that, but I still have some serious misgivings about the whole idea (and no, it's not because I'm not of drinking age yet myself, of course).

There is nothing new or revolutionary about my reasons. I merely feel that if a person is allowed to vote, marry, fight for his country, buy a house, see a restricted film, he or she should also be able to go down to the local beer store to buy a two-four. Bumping the drinking age up to 21 would, in effect, take away the rights of those between 18 and 21.

I've heard the arguments. I know all about young drivers who sup-

posedly get smashed on booze and then go out and get themselves further smashed, literally. Therefore, one answer might be to increase the legal *driving* age up to 18 from 16 instead. After all, what does a kid 16 years of age need to drive a car for, except to take his gal parking (which, when you think about it, involves little if any driving *anyway*).

Seriously, I realize society must draw the line somewhere when it comes to alcohol. Yet it seems a bit hypocritical to deny a 20½-year-old the right to walk into a bar when *some* 40, 50, or 60-year-olds are far less responsible with their drinking habits. So what *can* we do? It's a pretty tough call. Either way, somebody's going to be upset with whatever decision is finally made. All I know is that I'm OK, unless they decide to in-

crease the drinking age to 30!

Moving right along now, last week I said something silly about trying to see the *good* things in life instead of always whining about the bad stuff. Well, I have indeed found something positive to discuss this week.

I was doing a story this week about all of the meetings that Terrace Bay Council and Reeve Ollie Chapman will be holding or attending this month alone, and it struck me that these people almost put *me* to shame in terms of the long hours they put in for their community, day in and day out. Thing is, few appreciate their hard work and dedication and most probably believe all that Council ever does is attend one meeting every second Monday night or so.

That impression couldn't be further from the truth. We should all be glad

that we have such a dedicated group of people on Council, both here and in Schreiber. I know that Council's activities are not followed with too much enthusiasm by the general public, and that's a shame, because many of these meetings affect us *all*.

Well, since no one else will do it, I think I'll just take this opportunity to thank our two area Township Councils for the work they have done so far in their term and also wish them luck and continued success over the next couple of years.

Wow, I'm in such a good mood now I think I'll just stay in it and mention something *else* nice. Guess what? Terrace Bay is *not* going to close up! We must certainly take the recent layoffs at the Kimberly-Clark mill seriously, and I certainly feel badly for those who didn't make the cut, but



this was *not* a fatal blow. As the song goes, we can work it out.

I'm not going to deny the fact that the situation is bleak. Houses are up for sale, union members are holding grim meetings, and K-C is as close-mouthed as ever. But things could be worse, and they may still get worse, so we must now all work together to avoid that from happening.

Boy, what a cheerful column *this* turned out to be. Bleh. I think I'll return to my familiar cynical, negative attitude next week. Bye.

## Black N' White

### Buzzcut hair styles are fashion now

By Arthur Black

Dan The Man just came through the door wearing a buzzcut. Do you know what a buzzcut is? Do you know, for that matter, what a Dan The Man is? I suppose not.

Dan The Man is the ten-going-on-eleven year-old kid who lives at our house. His chief identifying characteristics are: an addition to Saturday Wrestling on TV; an abiding hatred for whatever fad he was enthralled with last month; and a truly awesome and apparently bottomless capacity for Orville Redenbacher popcorn.

Those are the features that make Dan The Man stand out in a crowd -- along with his latest acquisition, the aforementioned buzzcut.

A buzzcut is the name of what Dan The Man has -- or rather doesn't have -- on his head. It is a haircut, but a haircut with a vengeance. He looks like the hit and run victim of a rogue lawnmower. Miami Vicenik Don Johnson has more hair on his chin than Dan The Man has on his pate.

Contemplating Dan The Man's stubbly skull got me to thinking about hair length in general, and how

seriously our culture takes it. When I was growing up in the Fifties, "longhair" was a term of contempt reserved for weird folks who went to foreign films wearing tweed jackets with leather elbow patches and a dusting of cigarette ash on their ties.

Bach, Beethoven and Mozart? That was "longhair" music. Couldn't hold a candle to Sinatra or the Dorsey Brothers anyway.

Then the Sixties came along and twisted just about every attitude we had out of shape -- including our attitude to hair length. Suddenly, long hair was a sign of Realness and Honesty. "Letting it all hang out" became both a cliché and a virtue. And short hair? Boo! Short hair was a symbol of the Buttoned-Down Man. Short hair belonged with the sterile, timid, unadventurous sellouts who made up the gray-flannel Establishment. As for *really* short hair as in brush cuts and crew cuts -- too much! In the Sixties the brush cut was the very badge of all those crypto-fascist-police-state-war-monger forces of darkness we were rebelling against.

They were (you'll pardon the pun) heady times, the Sixties. I doubt if the

length of a guy's hair has ever been as crucial as it was then. You could wear your hair long or short, Afro'd out or slickered down with enough Wildroot Creme Oil to qualify you for membership in OPEC. The thing was, you knew that however you choose to wear you locks, you would be making a statement and you would be judged by it.

There was one "hair" attitude that didn't change in the Sixties -- or during any other decade while I was growing up. That was the attitude towards the absence of hair -- i.e. baldness.

Bald was bad. To be bald was to automatically become the butt of scores of jokes so dumb and corny they fairly groaned.

"That's a wide part you've got there, buddy."

"Say, what're ya growin' up there, pal -- a runway for seagulls? Har har."

Believe me, I know all about it. Because back in the late Sixties, when all it took to be a North American sex symbol was a runaway thatch that cascaded right down to your fluteus maximi...back then, when hair was

beautiful and more hair was more beautiful still...

That's when my hair began to fall out.

Not slowly, either. It came out in gobbets and gouts and divots. Almost overnight I went from sporting a pompadour that would've done Elvis proud to looking like fourth runner-up in a Rene Levesque look-alike contest.

When I got tired of watching my combs and hairbrushes lying around doing nothing, I grew a beard. All that got me was chin dandruff and more dumb jokes.

"Hey pal, don't look now but I think your haircut slipped."

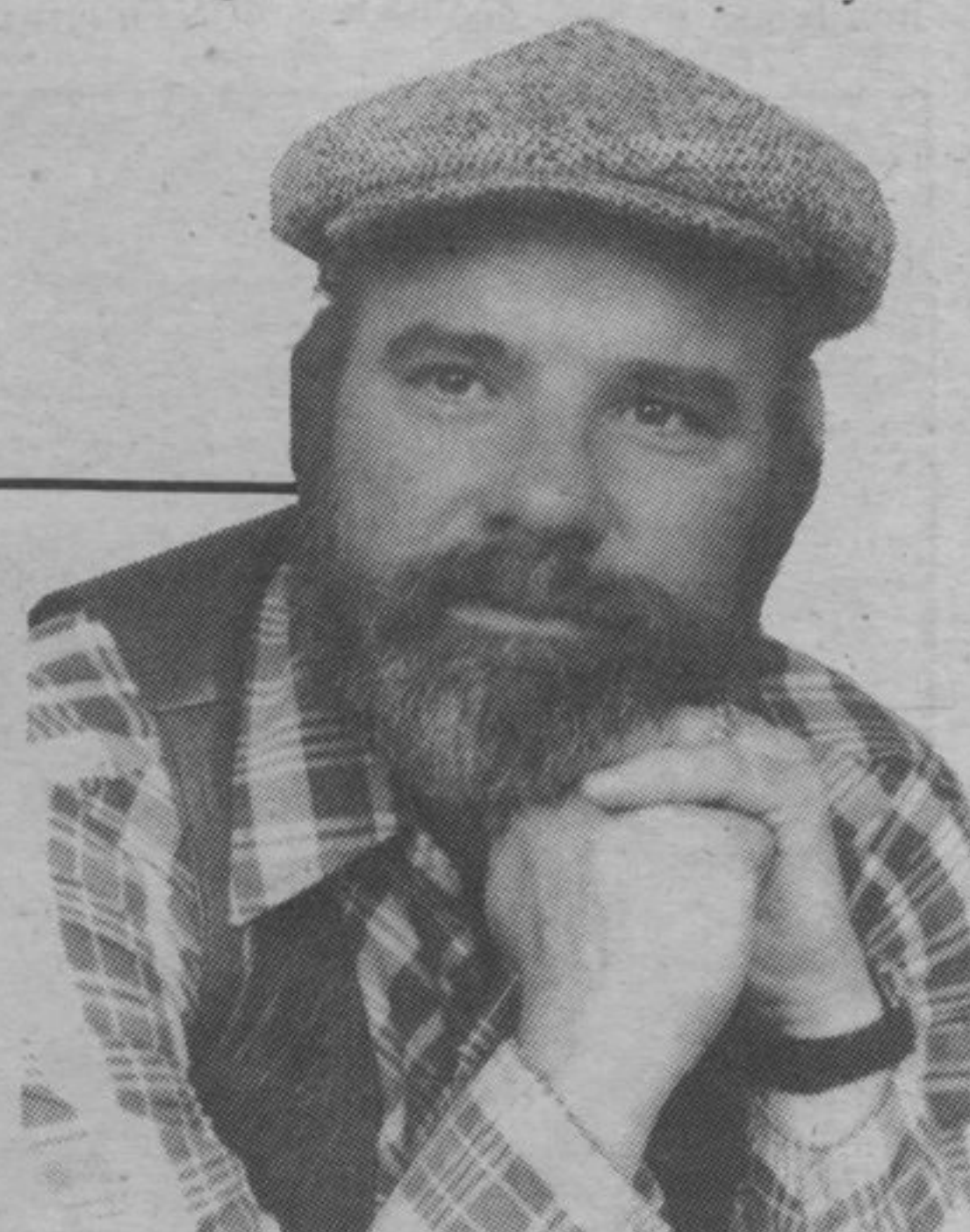
"Say, whyncha grow your moustache real long and comb it back over your face?"

Har de har har.

You can't win when you're a baldie. If you fail to chuckle at the stupid jokes, people think you're 'sensitive' -- grumpy, even.

All you can really do is grin and -- again, pardon the pun -- bear it.

Ah, well. T'was wver thus. Rodney Dangerfield wasn't the first guy to crack wise about high



foreheads. Shakespeare did it too. Even the Bible takes a swipe or two at us baldies. We've always had a bad press.

Until first sign of a sea change came with the Skinheads -- British proto-punks, who, for all their anti-social antics, did manage to give the shaven skull a certain mass appeal. Last month, baldness went legit. when *Ms. Magazine* published a list of the World's sexiest balding men. Jack Nicholson is there. So is Sean Connery and Prince Phillip. Even Hulk Hogan made the list.

I did not... but it's only a matter of time. Let's face it. Bald is finally in. It's as obvious as the nubble on Dan the Man's noggin.

Imagine. All those years I thought I was out of fashion when I was merely ahead of my time.