

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Editorial

Right idea

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say who is right and who is wrong in the on-going environmental conflict at the Kimberly-Clark pulp mill in Terrace Bay.

Recently, a spokesman with Pollution Probe in Toronto accused K-C of breaking the existing control order, and called for the company to build a \$20-million treatment lagoon which may or may not further reduce the toxicity levels in the mill's effluent. K-C officials have responded that such a lagoon would be considered a large investment even in the best of economic times, and right now the Terrace Bay mill's account books are not exactly in the black.

The District Ministry of the Environment, caught in the middle, has taken the correct course. A new control order is forthcoming, and although it will not force K-C to build the potentially useless lagoon system, it will include some alternate environmental control measures.

With some luck and a lot of understanding, the new control order will satisfy everyone. Then perhaps the war of words can end and action to clean up the environment in the Terrace Bay area can finally resume.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

Whenever I am stuck for a column idea (as I am this week), I like to turn to the Editorials/Opinions page of that day's Toronto Star, which is usually good for a topic or two.

Therefore, I now have before me page A20 of the Oct. 1 issue of the Star. Hmmmm....oh, here's a good one: voter apathy on election day.

Here's what David Fox, a resident of Toronto, said in his letter to the editor about this very issue: *When I ask people why they didn't vote, most say, "There was no one in my riding whom I cared to support." It's a case of often being obliged to vote for the person one disapproves of the least. A "none of the above" option on the ballots would provide a truer picture of whether it is apathy or disapproval of the available candidates that causes low turnout.*

Oooo, I can really get into *this* one. First of all, like it or not, it is our *duty* in a supposed democratic society to vote in every election, be it federal, provincial, or municipal, whether it's nice out or raining cats and dogs.

Once you get to the polling station, you can always show your feelings about the presented slate of candidates *this* way: take your ballot and do *not* place your "X" beside *any* of the names. This "anti-vote" will result in a blank ballot, which will be recorded as such, or as a spoiled one at the very least. On second thought, rather than waste your ballot, put in a write-in vote for Mr. Potatohead!

Better yet, get involved in politics *before* the candidate is even selected. If you lean to a particular party, why don't you become an active member and do your part to get a nominee you

can live with? You could even run for office yourself! Hey we can't do any worse...look at who is in government *right now* (heh heh just kidding)!

But not even bothering to go out and vote is inexcusable. If you don't vote, don't *whine* afterwards about how the election turned out. One way to correct this evil habit, methinks, is to prepare a list of those who did not take advantage of their right to vote and then take that right *away* from 'em for a couple of years. *That'll* learn 'em.

Let's see, what else have we got... ah, *another* good 'un. This second letter is from somebody by the name of A. Saunders (imagine naming your kid "A." Pretty sad, eh?), also of T.O. Here's a brief excerpt:

Your article, Call her madam, tells how an aristocratic blue-blood ran a

high class call-girl business to meet the sexual needs of wealthy people. In New York, this put her into court. In Nevada this is a legal business. Obviously, sex is here to stay. Instead of driving prostitutes into back alleys why not license clean bawdy houses run by a licensed madam?

The letter goes on to point out that this would not abolish prostitution but control it by cutting out the pimps, organized crime, and the exploited young. All I can add is this: **right on!**

By making prostitution completely legal and licensed, the government would create a brand new tax base from which it would earn extra millions. It could be like one of the "sin taxes" which already exist. The government certainly does not condone the use of cigarettes and booze, yet it still collects taxes on the sale



of these items.

Deny it if you wish, but we are *always* going to have prostitution...after all, it's the world's oldest profession (actually, I'm pretty sure shyster lawyers came first), so why not take advantage of that? It may even become a popular movement in Canada, with a modern-day battle cry of **LET'S TAX THE TARTS TODAY!**

Black N' White

Michael Jackson - young forever

Let's face it -- when it comes to the great Rat Race of Life, most of us are destined to be Also Rans. Oh, sure...one or two of us will find fame and fortune, but most of us will shuffle through our mortal span from womb to tomb, achieving not very much glamour, not a lot in the way of loot, and in the talent department, falling somewhat shy of Gretzky and Liona Boyd.

It can get downright infuriating to realize that while you and I are changing diapers, stirring the pea soup or fretting over the cost of a new transmission, there are Beautiful People strolling down Rodeo Drive, sipping absinthe on the Left Bank or basting their buns to a golden brown on the beaches of Rio, who wouldn't know a diaper pin from a snow shovel.

The Rich and Famous -- doncha just hate 'em? They'd be absolutely unbearable if it weren't for exceptions like Michael Jackson.

Now there's a bona fide Beautiful Person, right? He's got Matinee Idol

good looks, 30 zillion dollars AND an image that's known from Johannesburg to Joe Batt's Arm. Michael Jackson's got it all, right? Wrong. Michael Jackson still wants one thing. He wants the Fountain of Youth.

The Chamber of Youth, to be more accurate. The device Michael Jackson covets is to be found in a laboratory at the Western Centre for Hyperbaric Medicine in Los Angeles. It is a machine called a Hyperbaric Oxygen Chamber -- a very sophisticated piece of advanced medical technology normally reserved for patients suffering from unusually stubborn infections, traumatized limbs or illnesses involving extremely poor circulation.

Michael Jackson doesn't suffer from any of the above. His biggest problem is Fear of Getting Old. Michael Jackson believes the Hyperbaric Oxygen Chamber will protect him from the ravages of time.

What the Hyperbaric Chamber does is bombard the body of the patient with pressurized oxygen. It is a useful

medical tool, but not without risks. Experts have warned that an untrained user of the chamber (such as Michael Jackson) faces the danger of everything from pulmonary oxygen toxicity to fatal seizures -- not to mention the extreme inflammability of an atmosphere of pure, pressurized oxygen in which the tiniest of sparks could turn our neurotic rock star into a fireball rivaling Halley's Comet.

Michael Jackson doesn't wish to hear any of that negative stuff. He's already paid for the installation of his very own Hyperbaric Oxygen Chamber in his home. Why? Because he believes -- and no one so far has had the nerve to tell him he's out to lunch -- that regular use of the Hyperbaric Oxygen Chamber will make it possible for him to live to the age of 150.

Aging, you see, is a paramount concern of Mister Jackson, who is all of 28 years old.

What a fascinating Hell Michael Jackson has created for himself. He's terrifically handsome, tycoonishly

wealthy, titanically talented...and totally terrified at the thought of getting his first wrinkle.

Which is what gives you and I our edge over Mister J. We may never cut a gold record or peel grapes with the likes of Elizabeth Taylor...I can't speak for you but I'm virtually certain Pepsi Cola is not ever going to offer me umpteen million bucks to cut a series of commercials...but on the up side, we'll never be held hostage by our bathroom mirrors, either.

As for philosophy, well Michael's cute with his kiss curl and his glitter glove, but when it comes to thoughts on Eternal Youth, I prefer the wisdom of a truly Beautiful Person -- E.B. White, who once wrote: "Old age is a special problem for me because I've never been able to shed the mental image I have of myself -- young lad about 19."

E.B. White died last year at the age of 86--and I'll bet with a smile hidden in -- the wrinkles of his face.

I am also kind of partial to the say-

vy of Satchel Paige, a great baseball pitcher of indeterminate years who always ducked to question of his precise age, and who once dismissed a persistent questioner with: "How old would you be if you didn't know how old you was?"

One final piece of advice for you Michael Jackson (I know you didn't ask, but you should pay attention to venerable graybeards--I mean, I'm over forty, young fellow).

On the whole subject -- of Old Age and Death, I suggest that six words of advice from one of you Hollywood colleagues is worth more than a hospital full of Hyperbaric Oxygen Chambers. Someone once asked George Burns if he was afraid of the Final Curtain. He replied:

"How can I die? I'm booked."
Michael Jackson, you should live so long.

