

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Musical mess

Many area residents can often be found complaining that nothing fun ever happens in town, yet when something unique and exciting is scheduled, these same people balk at the ticket price and usually don't bother attending.

For example, a lack of support was evident at last month's free appearance of folksinger/songwriter Chris Rawlings at the Terrace Bay Public Library, and the same old story is being heard again when it comes to the upcoming "Memories and Reflections of the King" concert by world-famous Elvis impersonator Billy Can.

Rumour has it that ticket sales for the Schreiber concert are slow, even though ticket prices are already half what the tour promoters originally suggested. Is \$8 or \$10 that much to ask? It shouldn't be, yet even the Reveen show held last summer's in Terrace Bay had roughly the same ticket price, and it too was poorly attended.

Come on, folks, get with it. If you don't support the events which do come to Terrace Bay and Schreiber, like the Billy Can concert for example, there won't be any more shows like that one held here anymore.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

First, a quickie record review. The Junos-Canada's answer to America's Grammy Awards--are going to be presented again later this week. The same old groups and musicians will be on hand to pick up the same old awards while the real cream of the Canadian music crop will be ignored, again. Here I am referring to Rush (a band best known for their heavy metal phase but which is now recording excellent, enjoyable songs), Breeding Ground (don't worry...I don't expect you to know about them), and the Spoons.

Yup, the Spoons. You've heard them on the radio, I'm sure, with their popular singles like "Tell No Lies," "Romantic Traffic," and "Old Emotions," to name just three. Last month they released a brand new

album, called *Bridges Over Borders*, plus a great single of the same name.

They won't win any Junos this year or even next, but they are, without a doubt, one of the best Canadian bands around. I urge you to give 'em a listen. I don't think you'll regret it.

OK, so much for the album review section of this column. Earlier this week I received the Towne Cinema's two-month program schedule, and I would be remiss if I didn't point out to all of you that a number of good movies are coming to Terrace Bay before the end of this year.

This week, in fact, you can catch "Stand By Me," which just might be one of the five Best Motion Picture nominees at Academy Award time next April. "Peggy Sue Got Married" is to be shown at the end of this

month, and it too is a potential Oscar winner. I hope to see you there!

Let's see...what else is there to chat about...oh, here's something. There has been a lot of whining lately, especially in the big cities, about Canada Post's threat to reduce and/or charge for door-to-door mail delivery services as a cost-cutting measure.

Well, for once, I happen to agree with the Post Office. In towns like Terrace Bay, you don't have a choice. If you want mail, ya gotta get it sent to General Delivery or to a Post Office box. In either case, you still have to schlep down to the P.O. for your mail, yet I've never heard anybody complain about it (much!).

As a matter of fact, I prefer this system. With mailmen, you never know when he is going to arrive, and

if he's early (ha!), your mail could sit in your mailbox for hours, getting cold or, if it's raining, wet. With a P.O. box, you don't have to wait for your mail and sometimes there is even mail put in there on Saturdays.

We have been subsidizing the big city folks for long enough. It's time the mail delivery system was standardized. I would sooner have a cutback in door-to-door deliveries than yet another @\$\$&*½ postage rate increase (which, horror of horrors, they are also considering).

Hmmm...there was something else I had also planned to mention. Oh yes, this week's front page feature about the production record set at Kimberly-Clark's pulp mill in Terrace Bay. Some may see this story as trivial, or even an attempt to pander



to the K-C bigwigs. I say nay!
Why not emphasize the good news, especially in light of the bad news that has been coming from the mill over the past year or so? I'm not convinced that the record will mean anything to those who don't work for K-C, but there is the bigger picture to look at.
Such a record indicates that morale at the mill is up, and that is probably better news than the production record itself.
I have one last thing to say, but it'll keep until next week. Warning: it's gonna be a real doozy! See you then.

Black N' White

Legendary cheapness exposed!

By Arthur Black

This may amaze and confound a lot of readers, but the unpleasant truth is -- I will probably never become fabulously wealthy just from penning this column once a week. I know...you figured that since the publisher and editor tool around town in gun-metal gray Rolls-Royces, sporting pinkie rings with diamonds the size of crabapples and generally carrying on like Arab Princes of petroleum -- you just assumed that we lackies who toil in the front lines must perforce be well-off too, right? Hah. There are many disillusion in the grubby game of journalism and the generosity of management is the first one.

But I don't mind. I take solace in the knowledge that, even though I get paid in bus tokens and Salvation Army luncheon vouchers, I still live as if I had more money than Henry Ford, S.S. Kresge and Lord Thomson of Fleet combined.

Mind you, that's not hard to do. Henry Ford was a notorious skinflint. Mister Kresge made a fortune with his continent-wide department store chain but he still rode the streetcar to work, carrying his lunch in a brown paper bag. And Roy Thomson? Well, I

hesitate to call him a tightwad, but old Roy certainly knew the value of a buck. Or a quarter, come to that. Newspaper photographers used to place a 25-cent piece on the sidewalk just as the media magnate was getting out of his limousine. Then they would snap photos of one of Canada's richest men, stooping to scoop two bits off the ground.

Lord Thomson knew that people would see his picture in the paper the next day and that they would cluck-cluck and titch-titch and shake their heads in disbelief at the sight of a multi-millionaire in hot pursuit of spare change. He couldn't care less. Roy Thomson loved money unabashedly and never made a secret of it.

But, acquisitive and penny-pinching as he was, Roy Thomson could never be mistaken for a true tightwad. He spent too much money buying newspapers and television stations to qualify. Nope, if you want to experience authentic miserdom in all its crabbed wretchedness, you have to take a look at the life off Henrietta Howland Green, a.k.a. Hetty Green, the Witch of Wall Street.

Hetty was a New Yorker, born in 1835 -- herself the daughter of a legend. When he died, he left her a hoard of more than a million dollars. Hetty was still young and beautiful and she could easily have "Jackie O'd" the rest of her life away in the best circles of New York High Society, interspersed with trips to The Continent. Instead, she settled down to make more money. Lots of it. She invested in railways and slum apartments. She studied stocks and bonds. When Hetty's financial career really started cooking it was estimated that she made enough money in two hours to cover her living expenses for an entire year.

Not that Hetty Greens annual expenditures were all that high. As a matter of fact there were wins in the Bowery who enjoyed more opulent lifestyles than Hetty Green.

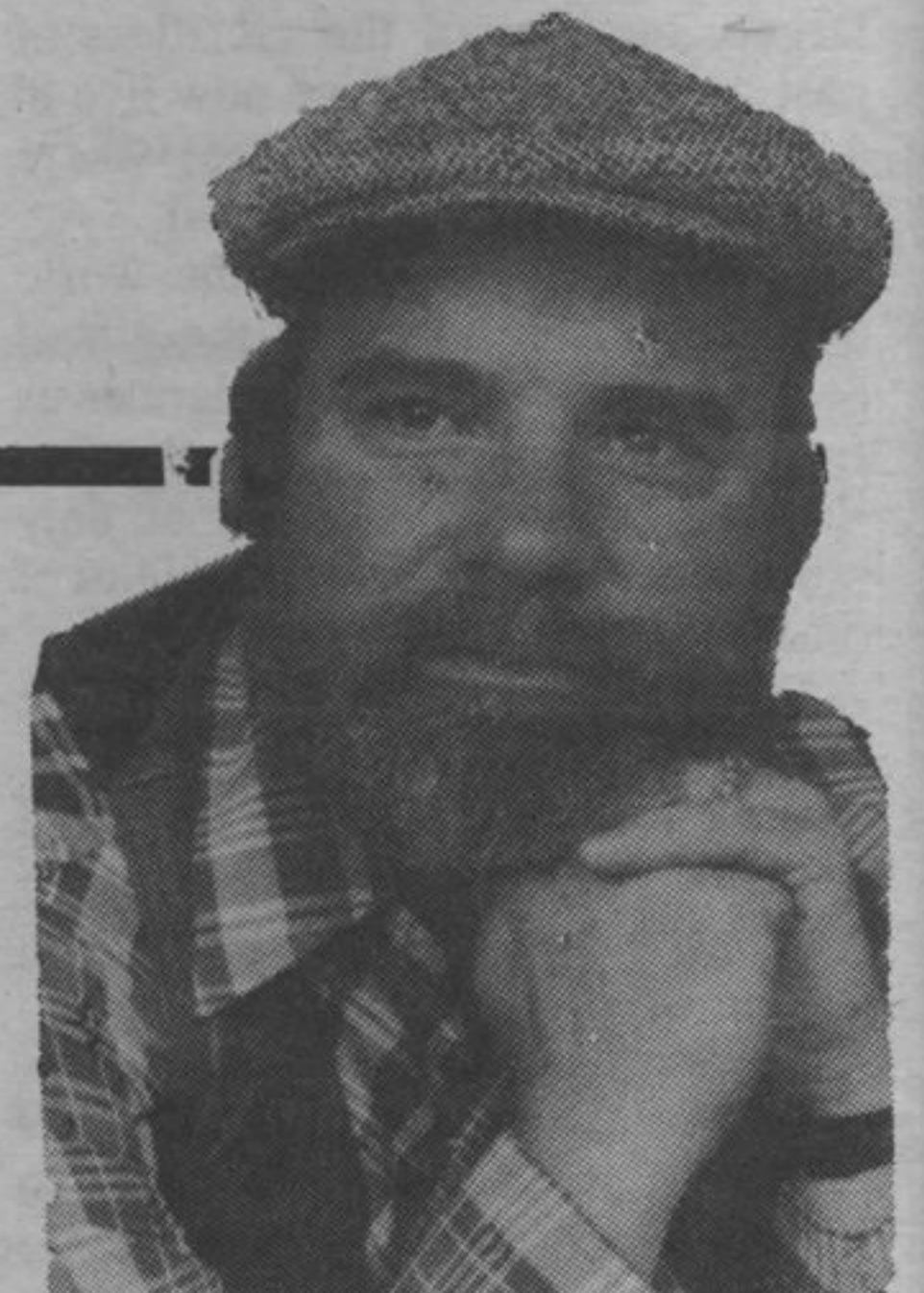
She dressed in second-hand clothes, stayed in fleabag hotels and took her meals in the cheapest greasy spoons she could find -- except when she dined at home, that is. Hetty Green's standard "home-cooked" meal was a bowl of oatmeal -- cold, because it costs money to heat things up. She was obsessed with the idea of saving every penny possible. Once, she got into an argument with a druggist over the cost of some medicine. The druggist wanted ten cents. Hetty claimed it was only

worth a nickel. The druggist rolled his eyes and said the other five cents was for the bottle it came in. Hetty Green marched six blocks to her room, fetched her own empty bottle, trudged back to the drugstore and plonked the bottle on the counter. Along with a nickel.

Experts estimate that while Hetty was haggling over five cents at the drug store, she was worth something in the neighbourhood of \$100 million dollars -- and this was in the late 1800's, remember, when a buck was a buck. In 1867, the United States had purchased all of Alaska from the Russians for a little over \$7 million.) Hetty Green could have bought 14 Alaskas and still have been rich.

One thing about Hetty though, she was very democratic -- she spread her stinginess around. When her teenage son dislocated his knee, Hetty declined to waste money on a doctor. Days later, when the boy's condition worsened, Hetty dressed herself in pauper's rags and took him down to the charity ward of the hospital. By this time the leg was gangrenous and had to be amputated.

Hetty Green's eventual demise could have been written for Hollywood. She



brought on by a heated argument over the economy of drinking skimmed milk.

And her son? That's the delicious part. The boy who had lost his leg due to his mother's cheapness took one look at his fabulous inheritance and decided to spend it. He bought yachts. And racehorses. And chateaus and limousines and fine wines and everything else that money could buy. The money Hetty Green had spent a lifetime accumulating was dispensed by her son at the rate of \$3 million a year.

Not that he forgot his mother -- oh my, no. As a matter of fact her kept a momento to Mommy dearest right by his bedside.

It's just as well that Hetty Green had passed away earlier. She'd have had a heart attack for sure if she'd seen her son's diamond-studded chamberpot