

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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## Editorial

### All in fun

What weigh 300 pounds, come in many different colors, sweat profusely and are on a lifetime's mission to destroy their own kind?

Wrestlers of course, and there were plenty of them at the Schreiber Community Centre last Sunday.

The point of wrestling is supposed to be that one opponent (or a team) pins the other to the mat for a couple of seconds to win the match.

But in the meantime, the participants of this 'sport' dance and fly and twist around the ring in faked show of violence.

Sure, it's better that it is faked- can you imagine if it were real?

Real-life wrestling has a name- boxing.

Why do people enjoy watching these muscle-bound Charles Bronsons sweat and curse and display fake sentiments of revenge?

Watching a wrestling match is actually a lot of fun. To young children, these guys represent the He-Mans, the Skeletors, the Darth Vaders and the Luke Skywalkers of their world. Wrestling is as harmless as watching Star Wars.

As long as the children realize it is all in fun, wrestling will add some realism to their world of heroes and villains.

It is said that adults need an outlet for frustrations, and if wrestling supplies that for them, great.

It is a well-known fact that wrestlers are 'faking' it but there was still some doubt as to whether it was all pretend.

It was all pretend in Schreiber Sunday night. Not even any fake blood.

A lot of people change the channel as soon as wrestling pops up on the tube, but it is quite different seeing it live (which goes for most events).

When you're five feet from the ring, it becomes apparent that it is faked and that these guys are just having fun.

The wrestlers received more audience participation that some comedians do. The simple fact that it is not real makes it funny.

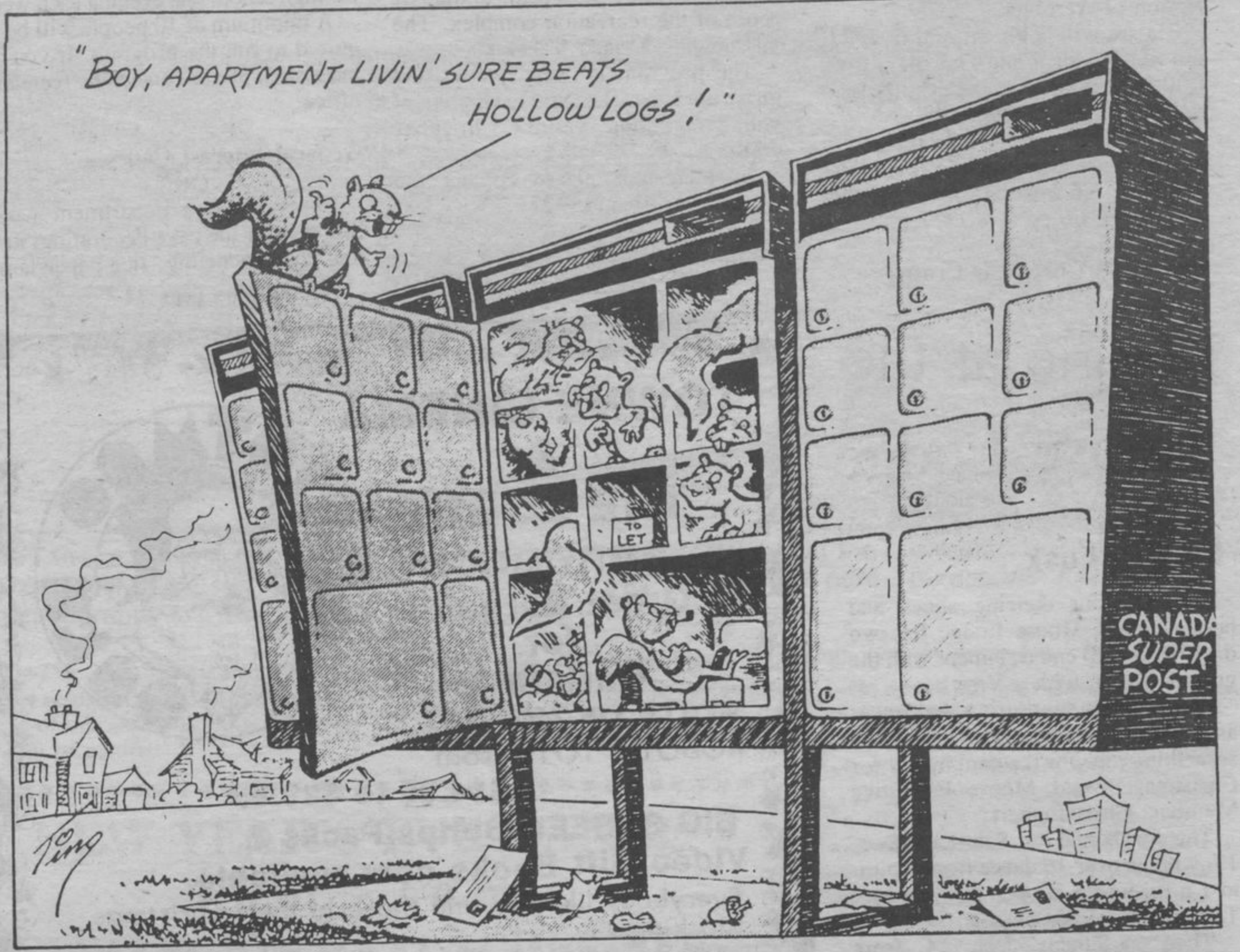
These guys know how to make noise too. Arms, legs and torsos slam to the mat in such a fashion that no injuries are sustained- but the boom reverberates through the arena and catches you unawares.

These he-men are just play-fighting, but that's not to say Pee Wee Herman could do it.

These guys are insulated pretty thickly, but are actors as well as wrestlers.

Adults realize it's all in fun, and it lets out the child in them. But children may be caught in the middle. They may be told by their parents that it's just make-believe, but still they believe that it is real- within children's hearts is a place where fantasy exists.

If no harm comes of it, let the children play.



### Kickboxing to be allowed

Professional kickboxing, a sport which combine the martial arts with conventional boxing, will be allowed in Ontario under close medical supervision for a two-year trial period, Athletics Commissioner Clyde Gray announced recently.

Gray said new regulations have been introduced to bring kickboxing under the jurisdiction of the Ontario Athletics Control Act. The relatively new sport had been considered illegal in Ontario under the Criminal Code of Canada because it wasn't sanctioned or regulated by the province.

"The new regulations clearly spell out the conditions under which professional kickboxing matches may be sanctioned and est-

ablish new medical monitoring practices which will apply to kickboxing participants and boxerx alike," Gray said.

In accordance with the new regulations, any participant who loses a bout by a knockout or, in the opinion of officials, is believed to have suffered a head injury will be required to undergo a thorough neurological examination, paid for by the promoter. Failure to undergo the tests result in suspension of the participant's licence.

The new medical requirements apply to both boxing and kickboxing.

"The results of the neurological examinations will be analyzed over the two-year trial period to determine if repeated blows to the head result in immediate or cumulative brain damage and will be used as a basis for further recommendations concerning these sports in Ontario," Gray said.

He also announced the introduction of other regulations which will allow females to fight one another in professional boxing, kickboxing and wrestling matches.

Kickboxing and boxing were the subjects of a 1983 study by an independent committee appointed by the provincial government and headed by Dr. Allan Hudson, a Toronto neurosurgeon.

The committee report concluded there was insufficient statistical data available to support some of the basic arguments in favor of banning "combative" sports, but recommended that such data be compiled by closely monitoring head injuries suffered by participants over a trial period.

An individual with expertise in the martial arts will be appointed by the Ministry to assist in the licensing and regulation of kickboxing.

# Black and White

**By Arthur Black**

I'd like to make this the Chester Frowde Memorial Column if it's all the same to you folks out there -- for reasons I will get to later. For now, suffice to say that Chester is -- was -- a Canadian newspaperman who, in his own curious way, deserves a niche up there alongside the most exalted of the genre: the George Browns, the Joseph Howes, the Bertons, the Lynches, yea, even the Fotheringhams.

Indeed some of we lesser ink-stained wretches might well look upon Chester Frowde as the patron saint of journalistic careers. V.S. Pritchett, for instance. Before he became an internationally famous author, Mister Pritchett spent some years as a reporter for *The Christian Science Monitor*.

Not...terribly distinguished years, however. As a reporter, Mr. Pritchett was a bit of a bust. He once had an exclusive scoop about the sudden resignation of a Cabinet Minister -- but decided not to file a story on it. "Couldn't see how it mattered," he explained.

In 1922, his paper sent him to cover a war raging in the mountains of Spanish Morocco. Pritchett went, but stayed as far away from the fighting as possible, holing up in a hotel in down-

town Tangier for the duration of hostilities. "I did hear quite a lot of gunfire in the evenings," Pritchett recalled wistfully, "and it was a lovely country."

I knew a Canadian reporter who might have a special pigeonhole in his heart for Chester Frowde. A few years ago, this reporter was dispatched to cover a forest fire raging near the town of Armstrong, in northern Ontario.

Our hero departed for the north country with much Hemingwayesque bravado -- not to mention lumberjack boots, a Swiss Army knife on the belt, and even one of those Aussie campaign hats with the snap-up side brims.

His envious colleagues were somewhat surprised to receive his first on-the-spot report the next day not from the smoke-shrouded fire zone but from Winnipeg, several hundred miles to the west. Turned out that forest fires are a little more frightening up close than our intrepid reporter had realized.

Showing Pritchett-like prudence, he had had himself evacuated along with a planeload of women and children. Some observers estimated that he had remained at the front for as long as 20 minutes.

Do I sound like I'm smirking? I'm

not. I too, have had my moment of humiliation in the newspaper business. It happened many years ago, when I turned in my very first newspaper article as a grass-green cub reporter for a weekly newspaper much like this one.

First articles are terribly important. This one carried my name on it. I knew that my friends would read it. My relatives. That gorgeous blonde in 12B...even creepy old Mister Richardson who ran the grocereria and told anyone who would listen that I would never amount to much.

The topic I chose to immortalize in my very first newspaper piece was the only hotel in town -- specifically, the beverage room thereof. Said watering hole was a veritable symphony of Country and Western memorabilia. There were posters of Porter Wagoner and Tammy Wynette in concert. There were slogans like "HOWDY POD-NUH!" and "HOW ARE Y'ALL. ANY-HOW?" daubed above the urinals.

There was a much scuffed and sporadically sequined plywood stage in one corner where, on Talent Night, local would-be Tammys and Porters got up clutching a hand-held mike and whined their way through hurtin' songs and Hee-Haw comedy routines. There

were even some genyoowine stetsons spraypainted in tasteful gold lame and nailed to the walls.

I loved that beverage room. Admittedly, my ardour increased with the amount of beverage consumed, but I loved it, wet and dry. That's why my newspaper article about it had to be perfect. I stayed up all night, polishing and homing my paean of praise. I rewrote it 11 times and then handed it to the editor, wondering to myself if *The Guinness Book of Records* contained a category for Youngest Pulitzer Prize Winner.

The issue containing my article hit the streets at 10 a.m. on a Wednesday. By 10:10, the owner of the hotel had managed to read his copy, storm down to the newspaper office, and threaten the editor with everything from withdrawal of advertising to some very ugly leg injuries. By 10:20 I had been fired from the paper, banned for life from the hotel, and threatened with a very damaging libel action.

If *Guinness* had a category for that, I didn't wish to know about it.

Ah well, Chester Frowde would have sympathized. He too had a wrist wrestle with journalistic immortality and lost. Happened one night in 1946

when Chester looked up from the night desk of *The Ottawa Journal* to see a chubby little man in a shabby suit, bathed in sweat, waving at him. The man was agitated, obviously a foreigner and possibly drunk. Chester asked him what he wanted. The man kept repeating four words: "It's war. It's Russia."

Well, Chester Frowde was responsible and patient, but night editors get all kinds of kooks and weirdos. After a few minutes of garble and gesticulation, Chester escorted the man to an elevator, suggesting he take his story to the Mounties.

Then Chester put Igor Gouzenko, the most famous Soviet defector in history, into the lift, pressed "Lobby" and kissed the scoop of the century goodbye.

Chester will not have to endure the ribbings of his Press Club colleagues any longer. He's dead, at the age of 97.

Thing is, he died two weeks ago, and I, intrepid newshound that I am, missed the story entirely -- wouldn't have found out at all, perhaps, except that the headline caught my eye as I was firing up the woodstove with a piece of newspaper.

So here I am, writing Chester's 'obit' two weeks late.

Oh well. Chester would understand.