

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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Air cleared

The Council Chamber in Terrace Bay is now a non-smoking area as a result of a vote on Jan. 12.

Councillor Jim Ziegler moved and Councillor Chris Joubert seconded the motion that resulted in the majority of Council voting to ban smoking from the previously cloudy room.

Reeve Ollie Chapman and Councillor Peter Romanuk voted on the nay side. This resulted in a tie that was broken by Councillor George Ramsay. He abstained from voting which constituted a yes vote, Chapman said at the meeting.

Ramsay has said many times that he doesn't care either way. Obviously the smoke never bothered him.

Councillor Ziegler had previously moved the same motion at the Oct. 14, 1986, Council meeting but was unsuccessful. Then, Councillor Ramsay had no desire to support the motion and it was defeated.

It is a good idea to have the chamber smoke-free for the obvious reasons that it is a public place and there are non-smokers in attendance who are irritated by the smoke.

Smokers can engage in their habit during the break in the meeting.

There is no reason why people should be subjected to cigarette smoke- especially in a public place.

The smoking must now take place in the lobby of the municipal office just outside of the chamber.

The smoke will probably seep into the chamber, but at least the chamber itself will not have smoke hanging in the air throughout the meeting.

Bell corrects CP story on rates

Dear Editor:

The Canadian Press carried a story on Dec. 30, 1986, claiming calls involving a Bell Canada operator were going to cost an extra \$4 as of Jan. 1, 1987.

This is incorrect.

To begin with, it is not going to cost \$4 extra to involve an operator in a call.

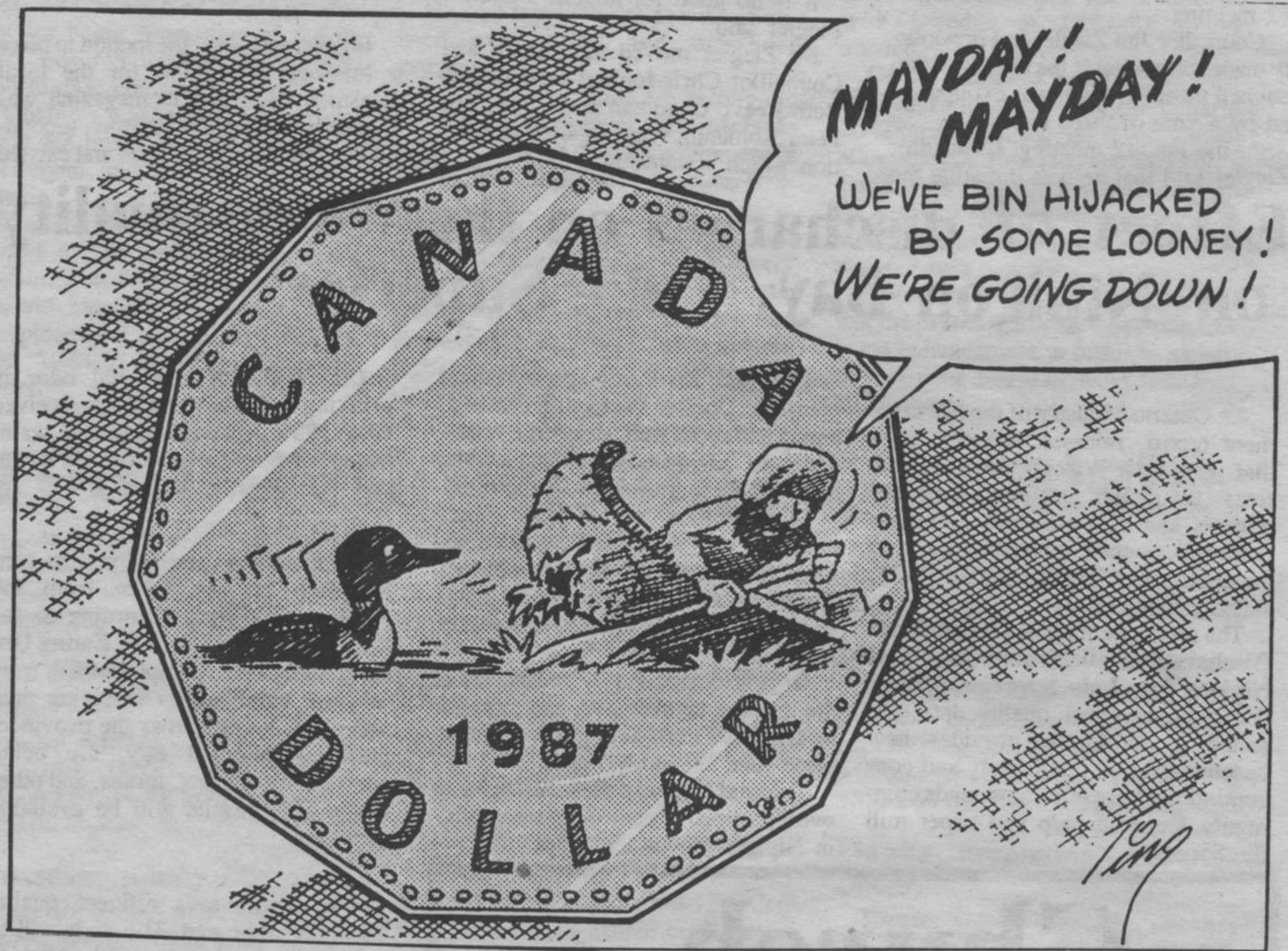
On Jan. 1, a new way of charging for long distance calls came into effect as a result of a directive from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission to Bell Canada.

The new rates for operator-assisted calls is basically an 'unbundling' of the former charges.

Under the old rates, there was a fixed charge for a three minute operator-assisted call regardless of whether the call was one minute, two minutes or three minutes.

Now, the rates have been 'unbundled' to reflect a connection charge, which varies depending upon the type of operator-assisted call, and a per minute charge based on customer-dialed rates.

continued on page 5



Parent responds to hockey inadequacy

The weekend of January 9, 10 and 11, the North Shore Pee Wee League Play was held in Terrace Bay.

There were no medals, trophies or points awarded; no big tournament! Just a fun time!

Unfortunately for some it wasn't! Our Pee Wee league consists of one team, 14 players of which 2 are goalies.

Friday night's game, 7 of the boys played hockey, 5 children sat on the bench.

Saturday, 2 games were scheduled, the boys had to be there one hour prior to the game, for pep talk and such! Again the same players played and the same were benched!

Some maybe played 4 minutes through the whole game. The second game that day started at 5:30 p.m.

The benched players were told they would get to play a full shift. Again not so! Terrace Bay beat Red Rock 12-1, the same were on the ice- some for 19 minutes.

Again the other benched teammates waited patiently to participate in this game. Waited for a sign from the coach to tell them to get on the ice.

No way would the coach let that happen. Why? Only the best were on! I watched that game and my heart was torn for these young boys.

I could not imagine any adult doing this to his own little team, to rob them of their self-esteem, to take away the pleasure of being part of the team.

Winning is not everything, but it is nice if the whole team can share the same feeling!

Sunday games, I was not there and neither was my son. I could not bare another disappointing day for him.

How can you justify it if a player is better than the other when he is not given equal ice time?

One player may skate faster or shoot more direct or whatever, but they are all good players and deserve the same equal ice time!

The weaker ones would improve! Would get more confident!

May I remind you that this is not the NHL Hockey League, they are not Junior A or B, whatever, they are kids of 11-12 to 14 years old, in a sport to have fun.

The way I see it this 'adult' who 'coaches' this team is unfair. All for one 'Himself', this is my opinion.

"We got to WIN! NO MATTER WHAT! You want to win this game, don't bitch!" This is what is said in the dressing room.

When one bench player gets the chance to be on the ice during a game, he is so nervous, he wants to do so well that he flames out! He becomes so nervous, he begins to fight the puck.

Then again, he's benched! How can that help him? What even gets me, to let the other so-called best players run their fellow team mates down is no help.

They are supposed to be a team, with team spirit, to share a win, to share a

continued on page 5

Arthur Black

Anyone seen on a bus after the age of thirty has been a failure in life.

Loella, Duchess of Westminster

Failure. The dark side of a big, white, just-out-of-reach shiny moon called Success. Now there's a rack upon which many an otherwise perfectly healthy human spirit has been broken. Why do you suppose we human beings are so obsessed with success? So fearful of failure?

Other inhabitants of the planet, from blue whales to bivalves, have the innate good sense to be satisfied with getting enough to eat, a good night's sleep and the opportunity to produce a sufficiency of little blue whales and bivalves to carry on the family name. Not old Homo Erectus. He has to be "successful".

Whatever that means.

What aggravates the situation is the fact that from our earliest years we are whipped into a lather of achievement by the example of our peers. No one expects us to match Mozart, who composed minuets at the age of five or John Stuart Mill, who learned Greek before he was four, but there's always the example of little Johnnie, two rows over, who

could write in beautiful, flowing longhand while the rest of the class laboured, tongues jammed in the corners of their mouths to scratch out block letters. Why couldn't we draw like Francine? Add and subtract like Gordie? Speak properly like Elaine? The question wasn't always asked, but it was always there, hanging in the air.

The race for the brass ring doesn't end with adulthood either. Comparison with our peers doesn't cease just because our arches sag or our hair falls out. "Middle age" according to writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr. "is when you realize you're being governed by the people you went to school with."

And just in case you think eligibility for the Canada Pension entitles you to a breather, there's always the examples set by the elder over-achievers. George Bernard Shaw wrote a play at 93. At 89, Albert Schweitzer was running a hospital. Pablo Casals, Winston Churchill, Bertrand Russell, all did some of their best work as octogenarians. One of the funniest men and biggest box office draws in Hollywood is a 91 year old Vaudevillian named George Burns.

Maybe it's the compulsive drive for over-achievement that motivates Tom Joyner. I can't think of any other explanation. Mister Joyner is a disc jockey in Chicago, Illinois. He is also a disc jockey in Dallas, Texas. Every day Tom Joyner rolls out of his Dallas bed at 3:30 a.m., hosts the KKDA FM early morning show until 9:30, then he hops on a plane for Chicago and, the gods of O'Hare airport permitting, lands in time to host the 2 to 6 afternoon show on WGCI FM.

Naturally, Tom finds himself with a lot of time on his hands, so he's just signed with CBS Radio to do yet another show -- a weekly three-hour special to be called, aptly enough, On The Move.

I don't know about you, but I'm glad I'm not Tom Joyner -- though I wouldn't mind first dibs on his Friendly Flyer bonus points.

There is a point at which compulsive over-achievers become a parody of themselves. Tom Joyner is rapidly approaching that mark.

Richard Black is way over the line. Two years ago, Black (no relation, I'm happy to say) decided that the world was not giving him what he richly deserved -- namely, fame. So

Black packed his bags and went out to get it himself. "I told myself that if I hadn't gotten on Johnny Carson within two years, I'd get a real job" Black says. Well, he hasn't made the Carson show, but he has made a few waves.

Such as the time he wrote a clutch of humour books, then delivered copies of the manuscripts to several prospective New York publishers.

Black dressed in a gorilla suit to make the deliveries.

Then there was Black's exceedingly brief career in the world of advertising, in which Black gate-crashed the offices of a senior vice president of J. Walter Thompson. The ad agency had the Listerine account you see, and Richard had this terrific idea for what he modestly called "the greatest anti-plaque commercial in history" Black arrived with a couple of props -- a suitcase and a large, cardboard tooth. The agency staff looked on aghast as Black hopped around the office broadloom, brandishing the suitcase and singing: "Hit the road, plaque...and doncha come back no more, no more, no more, no more...."

Maybe it was just his lousy Ray Charles imitation, but the agency

turned him down.

Not that it deflated Richard Black -- not even for a moment. Richard Black is undeflatable. "I can honestly say, without sounding obnoxious, that you are about to meet the most creative person in the world" he announces obnoxiously. Besides, he's got lots of other ideas...Board games for instance...and a dynamite decoration idea for your Christmas tree. It consists of strings of plastic holly interspersed with empty Budweiser beer cans.

"Buddy Holly" -- get it? Funny...the novelty manufacturers didn't nibble either.

Don't know that Richard Black's going to do now. His two year deadline for achieving fame is up, and still no call from Carson.

Mind you he did get a call from the David Letterman Show. Trouble is, Letterman didn't want to interview Richard.

He wanted to feature Black's pug dog, Alex on the "stupid pet tricks" portion of his show.

You think Edison and Newton had to put up with this sort of thing?