

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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## More time for K-C

The problems plaguing the Kimberly-Clark pulp mill in Terrace Bay have now been temporarily solved.

The control order agreement reached last week gives Kimberly-Clark until 1989 to meet certain environmental requirements.

K-C announced that it will spend approximately \$2.1 million to upgrade its stripping system (to further reduce the effluent toxicity) and to further improve the mill's air emissions.

Everyone is relieved that the mill did not close down, of course. But that possibility still exists.

It is a two-fold possibility. Jack Lavallet, president and general manager of the mill, has said that Kimberly-Clark still has reservations about meeting this new control order.

The fortunate thing here is that K-C does not have to install the lagoon system it cannot afford. The chances of meeting the new requirements have been greatly increased.

On top of that is the threat that the U.S. parent of K-C may close the mill if it doesn't show a profit by the end of this year.

But the decrease of losses (from \$17 million in 1985 to \$8.1 million in 1986) shows that things are getting better.

But Kimberly-Clark still has a tall order to fill. The company has to keep the workers happy as well as the Ministry of the Environment and the parent company.

K-C has to prevent as many layoffs as possible, meet the pollution requirements (let's not forget Pollution Probe and Greenpeace) and show a profit by the end of this year.

The possible scenario of the future is a scary one.

If the parent company does close the mill because it is not showing a profit, the pollution problem will certainly disappear into thin air.

If there is a profit by the end of this year but the pollution requirements have not been met, then what? Will the parent company step in anyway and close the mill?

Organizations like Greenpeace have said that Kimberly-Clark is guilty of job blackmail. They are referring to the fact that K-C said it would have closed the mill if forced to spend the \$20 million on the lagoon system.

The end result to that would have been no jobs for anyone.

Kimberly-Clark needs time to work on cleaning up its act.

It's a very sticky situation. In order to keep the thousands of workers employed, K-C must be given time to clean up.

Emphasis should be placed on the future. People should stay informed about what is going on so that they are not taken by surprise.

Don't forget the public meeting and the information session. The information session is on Feb. 5 from 2 to 4:30 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Terrace Bay Recreation Complex and the public meeting is on Feb. 18 from 7 to 10 p.m. at the Terrace Bay High School.



## Letters to the editor

One of the hottest local topics is not only the layoffs at the pulp mill, but also its disregard of the ministry of the environment's pollution control orders.

The issues are closely linked, with Kimberly-Clark threatening to close the mill completely if they are forced to comply with the orders to clean up.

The mill has been polluting our immediate environment for years, but a steady paycheck allowed us to avert our eyes and noses from it.

I remember driving to Jackfish Lake as a child and pointing out the 'stinky creek' to my brother and sisters.

The white foam was fascinating to our young eyes. We laughed and plugged our noses, and teased each other about who had 'you know what'.

It's a game my own children play today. Somewhere along the chain of command, it was decided to cover up the 'effluent stream', the adult name for it.

"Out of sight, out of mind," the old saying goes, and so they built a clean, corrugated steel facade.

There environmentalists who forewarned about the pollution we en-

counter in our world of the eighties. It was easy to ignore their dire predictions in the sixties, but it became more difficult in the seventies when the effects of pollution were more apparent.

Now we're in the midst of a decade which blatantly broadcasts the failure of men and women to manage and preserve their environment.

We allowed it to happen. We let the promise of big money blind us to the realities of the pollution being pumped

into our lake and air.

Let's stand up for ourselves, our children, and grandchildren, and demand of our government that big companies be made responsible for cleaning up their mess.

Let's not be known in the history books as the generation that let pollution continue.

Let's be known as the ones who cared and cleaned it up.  
Sincerely, Maureen Tychoniak.

## Another response to hockey inadequacy

Dear Editor

I certainly emphasize with Elise Kenny. Her accounts of the skirmishes she has fought in the hockey wars bring back a lot of memories.

In our family, we watched three 'generations' of our sons go through the Great Canadian Experience of kid hockey.

Some of these men are in their '30s now, and some are still playing hockey for fun.

Elise is having a painful time learning the fundamentals of the game, as they apply to parents.

Parents of kid hockey players must do four things:  
1) produce the kid;

## Arthur Black

By Arthur Black

"People hate me because I am a multifaceted, talented, wealthy, internationally famous genius."

Jerry Lewis

Ah, there is nothing quite as magnificent as an entertainer's ego in full flower -- and nothing makes it blossom more luxuriantly than the nagging suspicion that maybe, just maybe, the adoring public might be growing disenchanted with the entertainer in question.

Jerry Lewis is a perfect case in point. He's got an ego the size of the Goodyear Blimp and about as much sensitivity as there is lint in cockroaches' navel. Last year, a Montreal newspaper reporter by the name of Lucinda Chodan had less than kind words to say about one of Lewis's typically brainless performances. Old Jer blithely explained the bad review away with: "You can't accept one individual's opinion, especially if it's female,

and you know, God willing -- I hope for her sake it's not the case -- but when they get their period it's really difficult for them to function as normal human beings."

Spoken like a true multifaceted, talented, wealthy, internationally famous genius.

But Lewis isn't the only celluloid celebrity to be caught licking his wounds in public lately -- there's an absolute rash of thin skin going around Tinseltown -- and an utter plague of lawyers feeding off it.

You heard about the famous Joan Rivers phone call? Seems the Mouth of Midnight decided that it would be a swell idea to phone up Victoria Principal on the air and ask her all kinds of embarrassing questions while the studio audience -- and millions of TV watchers -- listened in. The star of "Dallas" wasn't home, but La Rivers fixed her wagon anyway by giving out her unlisted phone number and urging everybody to give her a call.

The next day, Principal's attorneys called Rivers instead, and whacked the late night comedienne with a \$3-million lawsuit. The lawsuit claims that poor Victoria suffered "humiliation and anguish" as a result of receiving "numerous telephone calls from individuals she did not know."

Well, my heart is certainly hemorrhaging for the beleaguered soap opera star and I think three mil is little enough for such humiliation and anguish -- especially if it means I can sue the next half dozen folks who phone me with offers of vacuum cleaners, retirement property in Florida and subscriptions to *Maclean's*.

Speaking of lawsuits, the famous Doctor Ruth has laughed one of her own. Apparently, the world's shortest sex therapist sustained a bruised ego as a result of a speech she failed to give.

It wasn't the speech, or even the audience -- it was the excuse the

speakers' agency gave for Doctor Ruth's no-show. The agency claimed that she was suffering from "emotional illness."

Doctor Ruth got quite emotional over that -- so much so that she is suing the agency for slander -- to the tune of a trifling \$1.3 million.

But that is not the most delicious piece of egocentric litigation currently clogging the U.S. judicial system. That honour has to go to an action recently launched by *Miami Vice*-nik Philip Michael Thomas.

Thomas is the pouty fashion plate who portrays Detective Rico Tubbs -- displaying, as some wag once wrote of another less-than-great thespian "the full gamut of emotions ranging from A to B."

He is suing the *National Enquirer* for a whopping \$14 million. Why? Well, mostly because the Rag We All Love to Read at the Checkout Counter alleged that Philip Michael was a "mama's

boy." The Thomas lawsuit actually blusters (would I make this up?) that Thomas had never been "a mama's boy but was a high school athlete and a masculine hunk".

Such supreme silliness will not surprise anyone who has followed Philip Michael Thomas's career. The man raises narcissism to an art form. If this guy and Jerry Lewis ever got together for lunch, they'd have to rent the Astrodome to ensure adequate headroom.

So much conceit and so little reason for it. Makes me wish Golda Meir was still around. She had a special talent for deflating bloated egos -- such as the fawning government flunky who tried using fake humility to ingratiate himself with her. After a few tedious minutes of grovelling and bootlicking, Mrs. Meir took the wretch by the shoulders, fixed him with those marvellous deadpan eyes and said: "Don't be humble; you're not that great."