

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Greenpeace sends an open letter to area residents to clarify its position

Last week as the furor over the pollution problem at Kimberly-Clark grew to a head, Greenpeace joined efforts to clean up the Great Lakes. Greenpeace sent a letter to K-C's world headquarters in Texas which stated that K-C may become a target of Greenpeace action.

The Chairperson for Greenpeace Canada, Joyce McLean, does not want residents of this area to become alarmed.

The News spoke to McLean last week and she said she would send an open letter for publication that would hopefully explain Greenpeace's intentions and make its position clear.

2. We have been pushing both government and industry to enforce and adhere to pollution control measures which will provide an environment fit for our children to inherit.

Your community is only one of several around the Great Lakes at which we have been focussing public attention on the ever-mounting problem of toxic chemical contamination in our waterways. Toxins in the environment affect everyone, no matter who you work for.

3. In 1985, the Royal Society of Canada/US National Research Council released a report on the Great Lakes ecosystem determining among other things that the residents of the Great Lakes Basin (approximately 40 million Canadians and Americans) are suffering about 20 per cent more health problems than people elsewhere in North America.

Studies are showing more and more, a definitive link between industrial chemicals in our environment and human and non-human health effects.

The International Joint Commission (IJC), the US/Canada advisory body on binational water issues, has already identified 42 toxic hotspots around the Great Lakes, four of which are on the North Shore of Lake Superior, from Thunder Bay to Peninsula Bay.

4. Greenpeace supports the concept and utilization of source reduction technologies in industry.

What this means is the reduction of the generation of toxic wastes in the plant, before they reach the environment.

End-of-pipe treatment of wastes is more damaging and expensive in the long run in terms of remediation and disease, than not making the waste to begin with.

Feb. 2- An open letter to the community of Terrace Bay

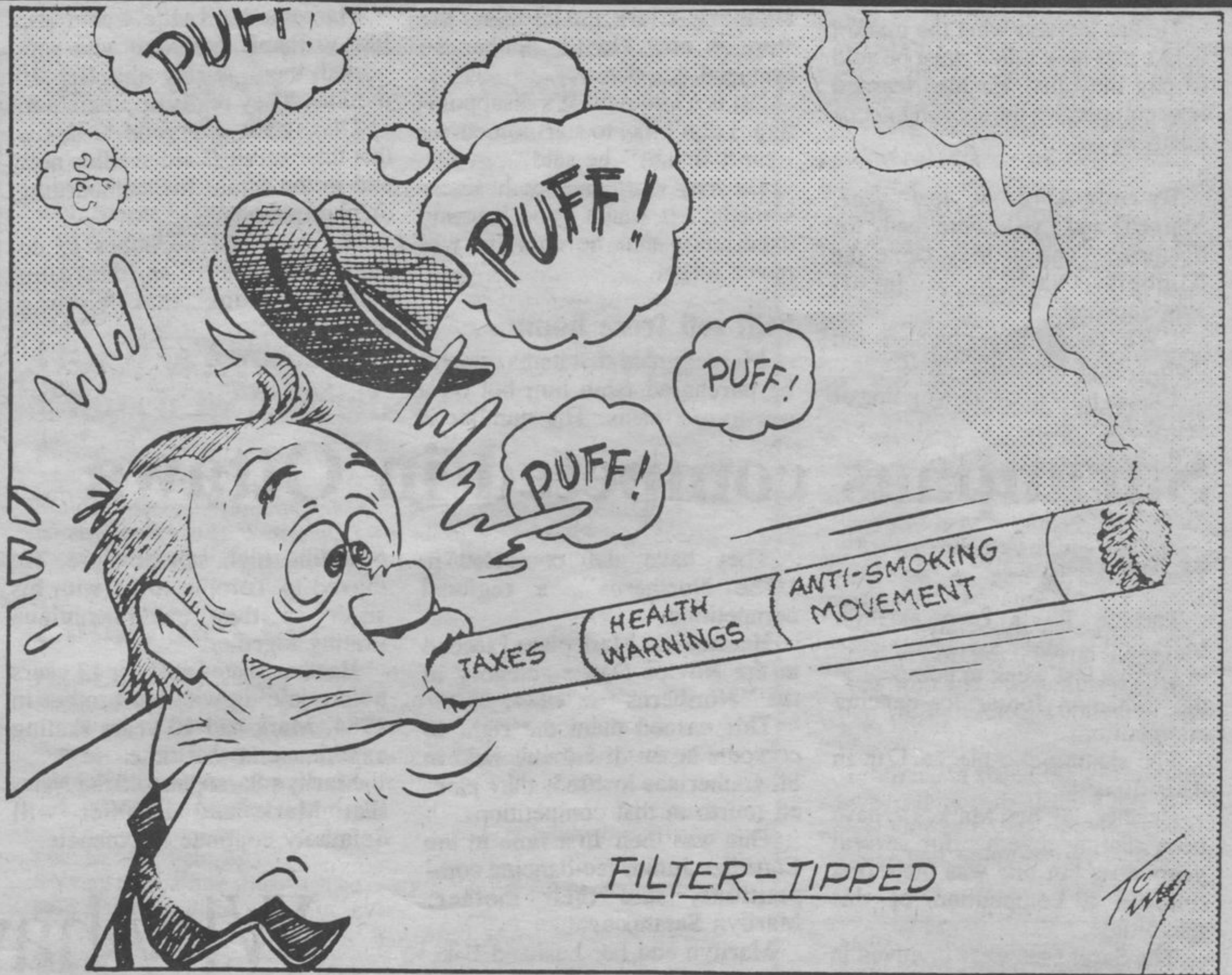
Recently, Greenpeace has been associated with the control order controversy with Kimberly-Clark in your community. I hope this letter will help to make our position clear to the residents of Terrace Bay.

1. We are not advocating the end of jobs at the Kimberly-Clark mill in Terrace Bay. However, we are advocating the end of pollution from that facility.

We believe that a healthy economy and a healthy environment can and must co-exist.

We believe the many threats the company has issued to your community on job loss amounts to blackmail in the form of environmental crime.

Studies in the United States, in fact, say that jobs can be created through pollution control measures. Can we as a society afford to continue to pollute our environment for economic gains?



FILTER-TIPPED

It is possible for the pulp and paper sector to produce materials for consumer goods, to not create toxic wastes and to maintain jobs. Use of alternate raw materials and recycling waste streams are only two possibilities that industry ex-

perts have identified as ways to reduce toxic wastes. All of our lives depend on this shift in industrial attitude.

We welcome your comments.

Joyce McLean
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Letters to the editor

Dear Sir or Madam,

You people may not know us but we were residents of Terrace Bay in the years 1953-61.

My husband ran the L & L Food Market then. I think Robinsons took over the space where they were and it has probably changed hands again since.

Anyway, the reason I am writing is because our son, Bill Little, played hockey there at the time Fedun and Ron Schock were great hockey players.

We came back in 1964 and stayed until 1972.

So many readers will know of us, Jack and Corinne Little, Jackie, Bill, Mary Ellen and my son Perry. Bill had a teacher named Bill Colbourne; he was the principal of all the area around there too.

Well, he said to Bill one time that Bill would probably be Prime Minister of Canada or public enemy No. 1.

Well, he has done well for himself at the age of 40. He owns a building, etc.

I thought you may be interested in a little news from the past to see how Terrace Bay kids turn out

As you can see, I am very proud of him.

Parents, Corinne and Jack Little. (Next week: More information on Bill Little).

P.S. In fact, all my children have done well for themselves.

One is a mechanic, Jack, Perry is a chartered accountant, and Ellen is a writer and clerk.

Anyone that knew us, we would like to hear from you.

158 Brock St. N.
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Arthur Black

By Arthur Black

"Life," as former U.S. President Jimmy Carter once observed, "isn't fair." He was right. Life pulls a multitude of dirty tricks on us all, but for me one of the most annoying of Life's doublecrosses is the fact that it doesn't guarantee each and every one of us the chance to deliver a really swell Goodbye Speech.

You know what I mean. Famous last words. One final summation of all you've learned during your time on the planet. All the things you'd like to say to your survivors to make them feel really bad about having to slog ahead without you.

Oh, some folks get to deliver stirring exit speeches. Nathan Hale's little gem of: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country" was pretty decent -- but don't forget that he was standing on a scaffold with a rope around his neck when he said that. As Samuel Johnson once observed:

"When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

The problem is that for the majority, the end comes suddenly -- a coronary bushwacking or a close encounter with the bumper of a tractor trailer perhaps. Most of us don't get a couple of weeks of pacing around in a jail cell, honing our rhetorical *bon mots*.

I also suspect that a lot of so-called Last Words have been somewhat gussied up for public consumption. Sir Issac Brock who died in the battle of Queenston Heights was reported to have cried "Push on, brave men of York, push on!"

Well, maybe. But if I was lying in the gravel with a musket ball in my brisket, I'm reasonably sure that my thoughts would not issue forth in the form of poetic exhortations to a gaggle of cononial grunts.

Gwynne Nettler is a man who shares my pessimism about grand-

iloquent exits. He's professor emeritus with the University of Alberta and he's written a paper called "The Quality of Crisis" in which he examines the things people really do and say when they're faced with life-threatening situations. His conclusion: most folks' final curtain calls are seldom as Cecil B. De Mille as we'd like them to be.

He gives some examples. The bullfighter mortally gored by a bull remembers thinking "Now my whole afternoon is ruined."

The World War Two aviator going down in his crippled B-29 into the South Pacific mumbling: "Jeez, how I hate asparagus."

The motorist, critically injured in a collision on a California highway, griping to a paramedic: "This would have to happen on my birthday."

Professor Nettler writes that he has closely analyzed some 211 separate crises with particular attention to the things people have

done and said "at the great crossroad". He sums up his overall impression in four words: "Crisis trivializes and anaesthetizes."

There's some historical evidence to bear him out -- Lord Byron for instance. Now if anyone was going to write himself a grand final, you would think the famous and flamboyant poet would be the one to do it. His last words? Just one. "Goodbye."

Deathbed pronouncements can range from the depressing ("Oh, I am so bored with it all." -- Winston Churchill)... to the hilarious ("Either this wallpaper goes, or I do." -- Oscar Wilde). They can be pathetic as in Marie Antoinette apologizing to her executioner for stepping on his foot -- "Monsieur, I beg your pardon. I did not do it on purpose." They can be impossibly pedantic as in the final words of a famous French grammarian who announced: "I am about to, or, I am going to, die. Either expression is used."

But I think my favourite final words came from the mouth of an American Civil War casualty by the name of General Sedgewick, who, while observing far-off enemy snipers through a telescope scoffed: "Why they couldn't hit an elephant at this dist..."

For all round banality though, it's hard to beat the last words of George Lincoln Rockwell. You remember George? He was the leader of the American Nazi Party until someone even whackier than he was gunned him down outside a laundromat where George had gone presumably to render his uniform Aryan white.

As he lay expiring on the sidewalk, Rockwell looked up, locked eyes with a fellow laundromat user and grumbled: "I forgot my bleach."