

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Busy community

It would seem apparent that this time of the year is a busy one for Terrace Bay, Schreiber, Rossport and Pays Plat.

At least this past week was a busy one for the *News'* photographer. The last several weeks were fairly slow in this respect, so it seems that when it comes, it comes in buckets.

On the average, there may be 10 or so photographs in an issue of the *News* each week. In the last several weeks, there were approximately five or so photos appearing- a definite lack. This week, there is no lack of pics.

Of course, much of the increase can be attributed to the fact that it is now time for our students to graduate- another sign that, yes, the progression of life continues.

Other events this week include the official opening of the Student Placement Centre, the leaving of both the Terrace Bay Police Chief and the Roman Catholic Priest from Schreiber, the Senior Citizens' dew at the legion, the official opening of the Schreiber Fire Hall, and the passing through of the Sri Chimnoy Oneness-Home Peace runners.

That's a mouthful, or a keyboard full, or a camera full, of happenings. If there are people around here that do not have anything to do, it would be surprising. This area could very well have more going on than a large city. That would of course be a proportionate measure.

Our students are graduating. This also means that the very young are just beginning their academic experience in pre-school, kindergarten and elementary school. (Isn't the uncertainty of how they will do in school a stickler?)

The Gr. 8s are moving on to high school and the Gr.s. 12 and 13 are moving on to either some type of continuing education or into the workforce.

The Student Placement Centre officially opened last Friday with the reeves, the Terrace Bay Police Chief and Employment Canada representatives in attendance.

The Police Chief of Terrace Bay, Russ Phillips, has announced he is leaving for Dryden, Ontario. Peter Groulx, the Roman Catholic Priest at Holy Angels Church in Schreiber, has announced his is also leaving for Dryden.

We have busy communities here with a lot going and much change occurring which shows there is a healthy environment surrounding us. We must all turn and face the change.

Arthur Black Explaining Michael Jackson

By Arthur Black

I have this recurring nightmare that makes me jackknife out of bed in a cold sweat. In my nightmare, we on earth have made contact with an alien culture from a faraway planet. The creatures who live there are vastly superior to us, but friendly (they look a bit like oversized Lhasa Apsos actually) and they're eager to learn about Earthlings. I dream that I have been appointed Terrestrial Ambassador with the mission of introducing these Other Worlders to our civilization (such as it is) and answering any questions they might have.

This is were the dream gets scary.

The Grand Vizier of this alien planet turns his brown button Lhasa Apso eyes on me and asks in halting English:

"Please...explain...Michael Jackson."

And that's when I wake up with my heart pounding. I could ad lib my way through a lot of Jacksons -- A.Y., Stonewall...Reverend Jesse...even Jackson Pollock, but not Michael Jackson. That one's too weird even for me.

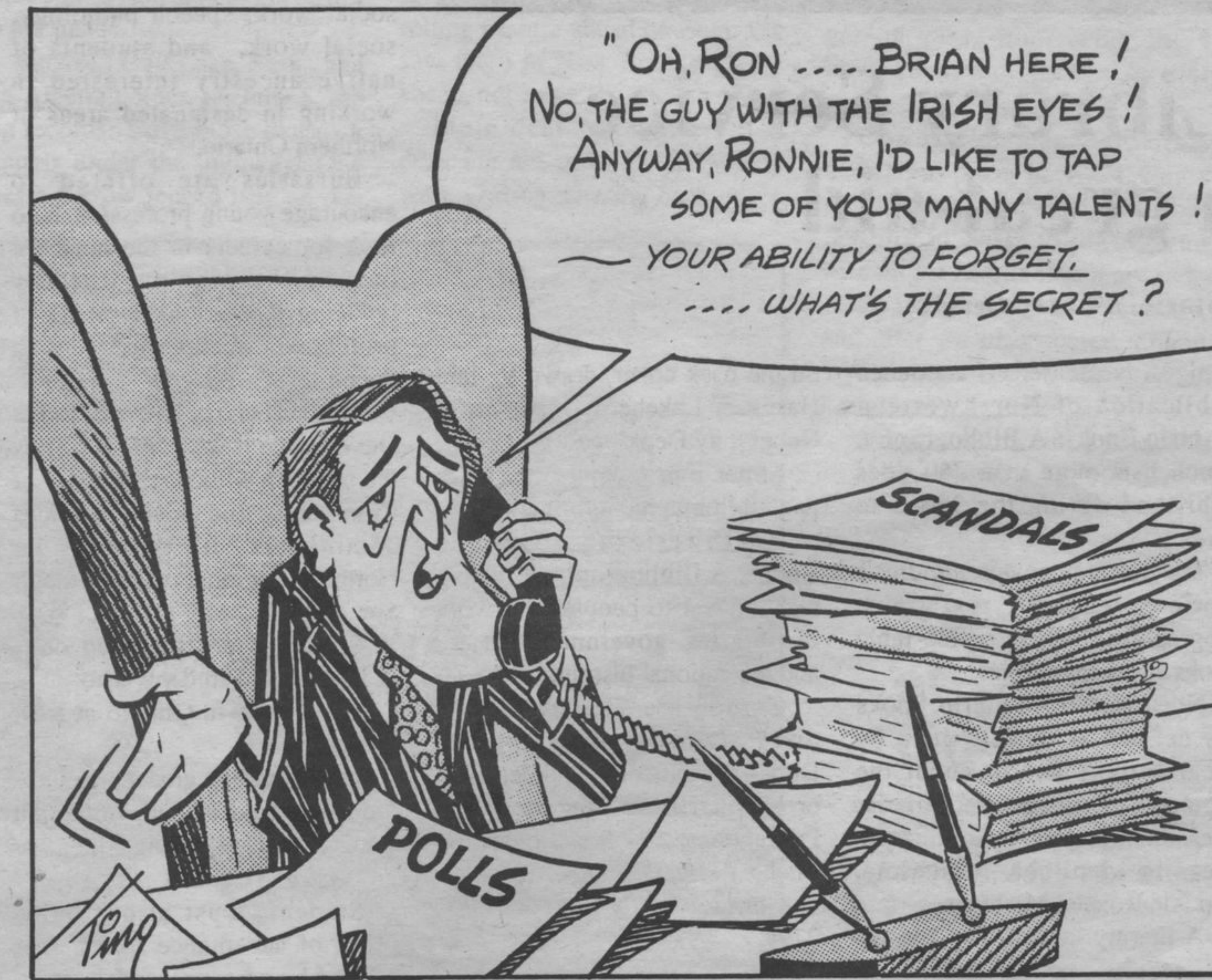
Hey! Don't get me wrong now! I can take plenty of weird. Just because the guy's built like a

knitting needle, wears one sequined glove, uniforms he must have bought from the Bell Captain at the Waldorf and enough eyeliner to make Tammy Faye look like a nun -- that doesn't bother me. Who cares if his singing voice sounds like Olive Oyl backing onto something cold and sharp? So what if he almost committed self immolation by striking a match too close to the pound and a half of Brilliantine he smears on his skull to keep his kiss curl in place? That's okay. We live in the Eighties. I'm broadminded.

What I have more trouble handling are his specific weirdnesses like...well, like his pet snake for instance. Apparently Michael had this particular python that he was very fond of. Used to keep it in his bedroom, take it on tour, bring it out for special friends, and so on. Now again, I find no fault with this. I had a pet snake or two myself when I was a kid.

Besides, Michael probably thought the python would be a boon for his pet giraffe.

But it wasn't the keeping of a python -- or even a giraffe -- that I found odd. What bothered me was that when the python died, Michael Jackson cancelled



Letters to the editor

One examiner not enough

Dear Minister:

Regarding the present circumstances surrounding driver examinations in Thunder Bay and Northwestern Ontario regions.

It was brought to my attention recently, that there is only one examiner to carry out testing responsibilities for this entire area. As such, potential drivers, as well as those requiring re-testing, are experiencing unnecessary

long delays in obtaining a test date.

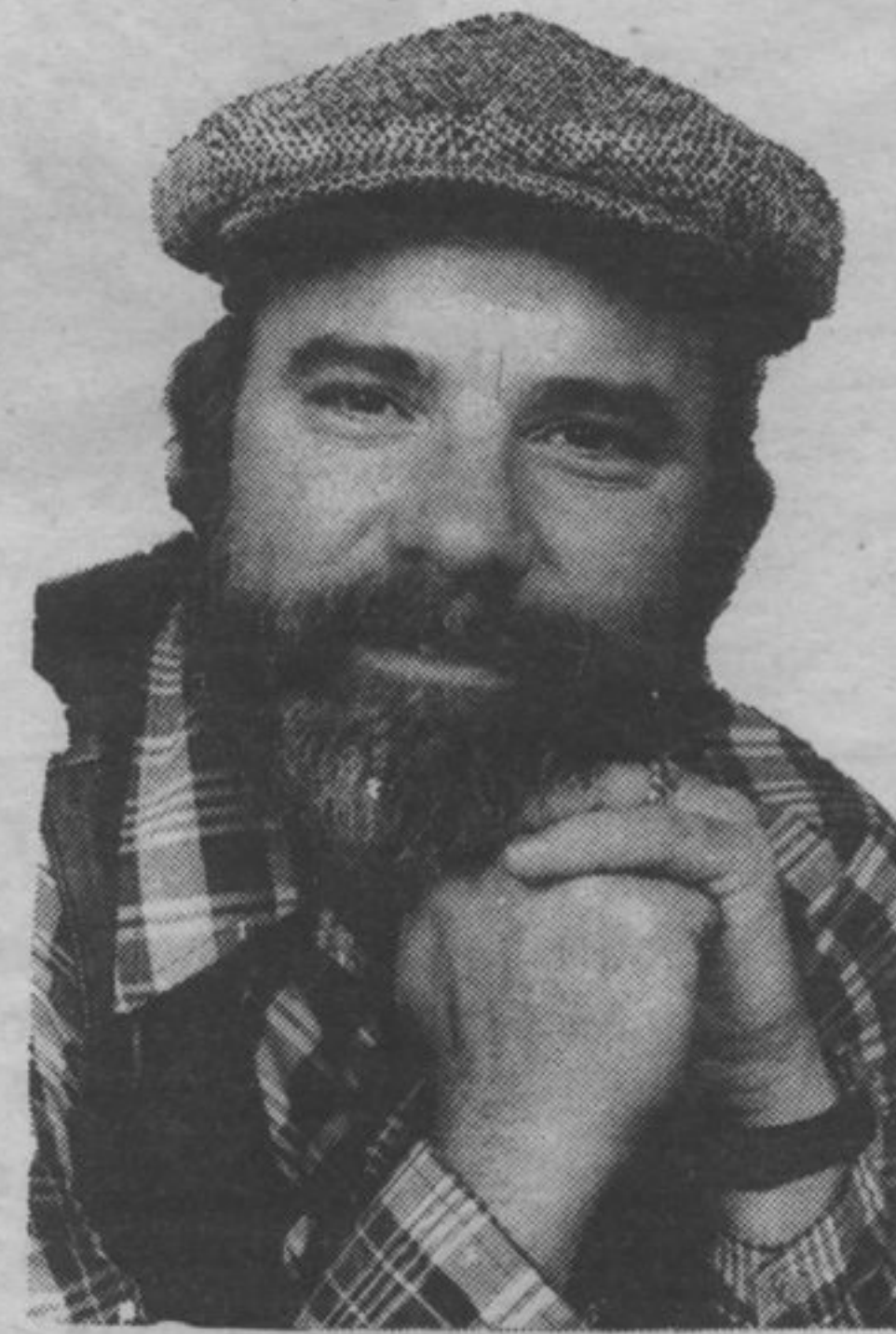
At one time, this region was serviced by three examiners, now, one individual is diligently trying to maintain the status quo, a difficult task even under normal circumstances.

Could you please advise me of the steps your ministry is taking in order to correct this matter.

Your earliest attention would

be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Gilles Pouliot, MPP,
Lake Nipigon.



Two words of advice from this department to Mister Jackson, stolen from his hit single of a few years back.

Beat it.
Editor's note: Michael Jackson has since doubled his offer for the skeleton of John Merrick

appointments. Went into seclusion. Wouldn't talk to anyone or return their calls. A spokesman announced that he was...in mourning for the expired reptile.

Understandable behavior in a pre-adolescent child, certainly...but Mister Jackson is 29 years old.

He's worried about that too -- being 29 I mean. Last year Jackson copped a few headlines when he ordered his very own "hyperbaric chamber" -- a device that sort of "force feeds" your body with oxygen. Doctors use the hyperbaric chamber to treat patients suffering from resistant infections, traumatized tissue or very poor circulation. Michael Jackson is afflicted with none of these ailments. He wanted his own hyperbaric chamber because he was convinced that "oxygen baths" would help him live to be 150 years old.

Someone once said "an age is great in art in proportion to the eccentrics that thrive in that time" -- but I don't think they had Michael Jackson in mind. There's a difference between being eccentric and rowing with one oar out of the water.

Even the Jehovah's Witnesses have decided it's time to put a

few boatlengths between their church and its most famous devotee. An upcoming issue of *Awake!*, the Jehovah's Witness magazine, will advise the faithful that Michael Jackson is no longer on board. He's been excommunicated.

Perhaps it was the latest story about Michael Jackson that made the Witnesses decide to dump him. You heard? About Jackson's attempt to purchase a skeleton?

The skeleton in question was that of 19th century Englishman John Merrick, better known as The Elephant Man. Merrick suffered from a terrible disease characterized by grotesque bodily deformities. His skeleton was preserved in the London Hospital Medical College, where he spent the last years of his life. Michael Jackson offered the College a half a million U.S. for the skeleton, but they turned him down. Jackson's flack manager hastened to assure the public this his boss had "a high degree of respect for the memory of Merrick."

Sure. Right. He just wanted the skeleton as companion for his dead snake and his live giraffe. They could maybe hang out together in the hyperbaric chamber when it wasn't in use.



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