

# Terrace Bay Schreiber News

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## Season for safe cycling

Our elementary school kids are now getting awards for practicing good bicycle safety. Hats off to them, the schools and the Terrace Bay Police Force.

We cannot be too careful with our kids when they are first learning how to ride.

Sometimes we launch our children from trikes and training wheels onto our streets with little more than the warning to be careful and to look both ways. Here are some tips for your kids and yourself.

A split second of inattention can have tragic results. In fact, more than 8,000 Canadians wind up in hospital each year as a result of bicycle mishaps. More than 100 die.

The size of the bike affects balance and ability to reach the steering and braking controls and pedals. You should be able to reach the ground comfortably with the ball of your foot while sitting upright on the seat.

Parents should supervise the selection of a bicycle for a child and periodically inspect the bike to see that it is in good-working order. Check the tires for wear and tear. Also check wheel spokes, chain, lights and horn.

Make sure the bike is well-oiled and tighten any loose nuts and bolts. Try the brakes on both wet and dry surfaces before allowing the bike to be taken onto the street.

Safety associations across the country urge that no child should be permitted to drive on roadways until he or she has mastered all aspects of the bicycle and demonstrated this mastery for the parents.

Skills that must be taught include safe starting, the ability to drive in a straight line near the righthand curb, rules about right-of-way, turning corners, hand signals and rapid stopping.

Cyclists are considered drivers under the law and traffic rules, signs and signals apply to them just as they do to the motorist.

Bicycles are not always easy for motorists to see and high-flying flags are a good idea at any time.

At night the bike must have lights, reflective tape and reflectors as required by law, and the rider should wear light-coloured clothing.

So let's protect ourselves and our kids before something happens. Who knows? maybe your child will win one of the weekly bike awards!



## Letters to the editor

### Pouliot wants low-cost energy

Mr. Gilles Pouliot, MPP,  
Lake Nipigon  
Dear Gilles:

Thank-you for your letter proposing the special initiative of a low-cost energy policy for Northern Ontario communities to enhance economic development.

I can assure you that I am aware of the problems facing Northern Ontario, and would like to explain some of the initiatives which the government has undertaken in the energy sphere.

The differences in retail gasoline prices between Northern and Southern Ontario were examined in a study carried out in conjunction with the Ministry of Northern Development and Mines.

A report on this North-South Gasoline Pricing Study was released in February 1986.

The study found that the higher cost of gasoline in the North was primarily a result of low volumes per station, long distances between stations and overall lower level of competition.

Recent initiatives have also been undertaken regarding Ontario Hydro's role in Northern Ontario.

These included the appointment of the Ontario Hydro Northern Advisory Committee made up of a cross-section of prominent Northerners reporting to the Ontario Hydro Board of Directors.

I am sure you are also aware of Hydro's decision to proceed with the electrification of 12

see pouliot page 6

## Quote of the Week

On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia  
W.C. Fields

## Arthur Black

### Joan Baez, Dylan and the Sixties

By Arthur Black

*There's nothing sadder than an aging hipster.*  
Lenny Bruce

Well, it finally happened -- the day I've been waiting for and dreading ever since my teenage hormones settled down long enough for my acne to clear up. It was a personal moment of truth; the day I began to feel old.

It was a newspaper ad that did it to me I opened up a Toronto paper and there, staring out at me in a quarter page ad was the face of a very elegant woman, graying hair cut fashionably short, eyes tastefully mascaraed and lined and whatever other alchemy women perform to make their eyes look gorgeous.

There was something very familiar about those eyes...

The headline said, "Eaton's Invites You To Meet Joan Baez." Joan Baez?

Eaton's? Sure enough, the silver voiced troubadour of the Sixties was in the middle of an international

book tour, flogging copies of her new autobiography. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised... it's just that I remember a time when Joan Baez wouldn't have crossed the threshold of a crass capitalist institution like Eaton's, much less hustled books for them.

That would be back in the volatile Sixties when Joan Baez, blue-jeaned and long-haired, climbed up on coffee house stages with a scruffy kid named Dylan and belted out songs like "The Masters of War" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'".

She's still a peace activist I guess... it's just that protestors lose a certain cachet when they trade in their love beads and bedrolls for an American Express Gold Card and chauffeured limos.

It's probably foolish, but seeing the Sixties songstress decked out like a Tupperware executive and plugging her own hardcovers made me suddenly feel old. It also made me cast my mind back a quarter-century or so to when I was long-haired and blue-jeaned and hitchhiking through north

Africa. It took me all the way back to a café table in, corny as it sounds, the Casbah in Tangier. As I sat there sipping sweet tea, a pint-sized and slightly sinister figure in a hooded *djellaba* materialized at my elbow and hissed: "Hey, mannn, want to go to a party? We have hashish... great records... Joan Baez...."

I have no idea what he was trying to sell to -- or steal from -- me. I just remember sitting there thinking:

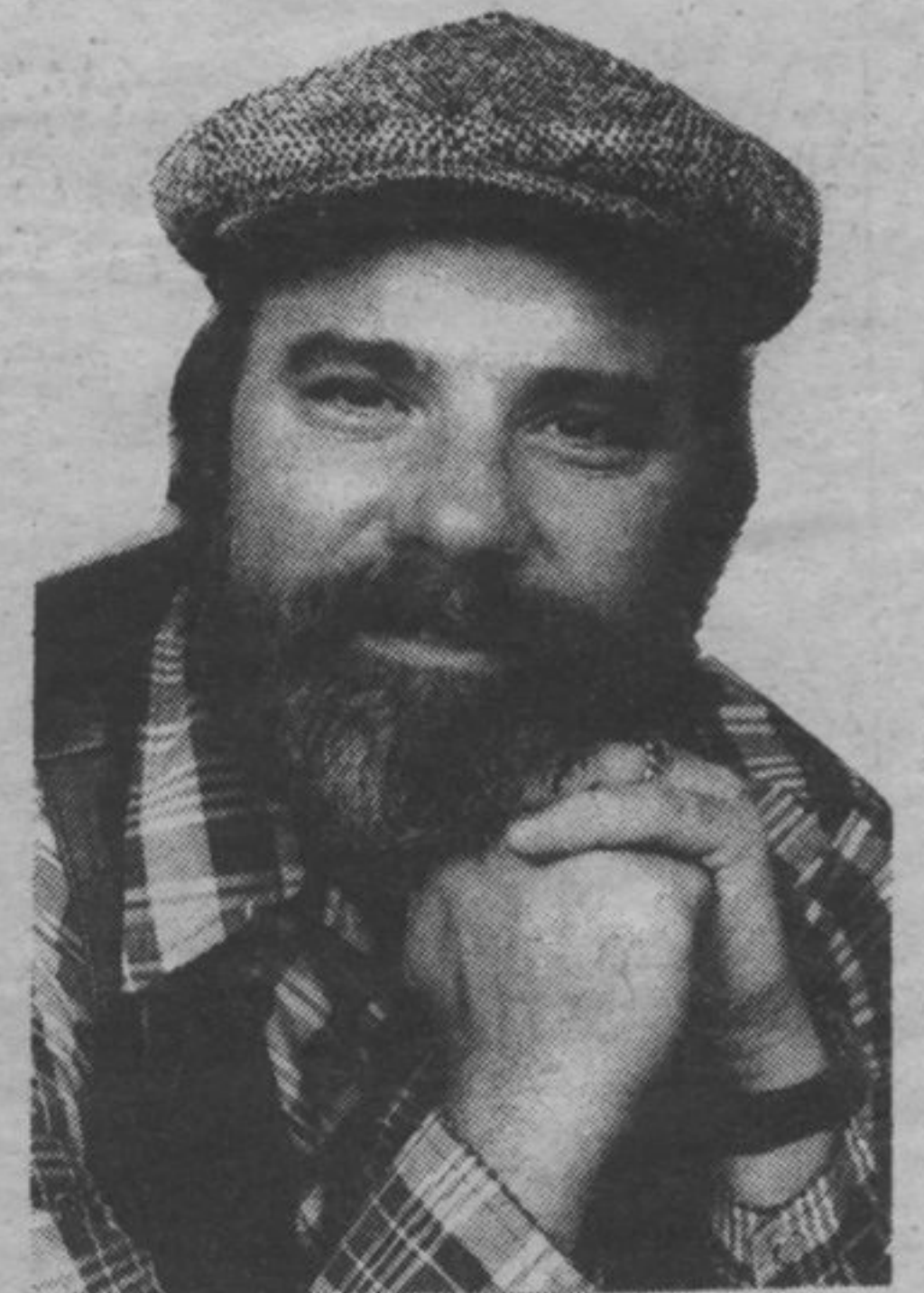
Joan Baez?  
Morocco???

She affected a lot of people, Joan Baez -- from Moroccan street urchins to US presidents (she made Nixon's Enemies List) -- not to mention countless millions of folks who fell somewhere between the two extremes. I guess I shouldn't find it surprising that a couple of decades after helping to galvanize an entire generation to think thoughts of revolution and world change, Joan Baez is now to be found signing flyleaves in the book department of Eaton's. That probably shouldn't seem odd to me

but it does.

But hey, why pick on her? Who hasn't changed since the early days? Remember black revolutionary Eldridge Cleaver? Last I heard he was scuttling around trying to find backers for his own line of men's wear fashions. Abbie Hoffman? He's a dee jay on a radio show out of New York. Jerry Rubin? The guy who used to drive American superpatriots into a frenzy by draping himself in an American flag now sports conservative three-piece suits as he plays the stock market and hopes his brand new Manhattan restaurant is a hit with the Yuppies.

Even Baez' old boyfriend Bob Dylan has a-changed with the times. Several times. What is he these days -- Jewish zealot? Christian fanatic? Existentialist? Nihilist? Whatever he is you can be sure it's different from what he was last month -- and not even close to what he was when he and Baez combined his anthems, her voice and their guitars and almost changed the way we earthlings think about things.



Seems so long ago. Seems even longer when I switch on my TV and catch Ringo trying to sell me a case of wine cooler.

But I don't really have to turn on my TV or read the People section of *Macleans* or check up on Baez or Dylan or Abbie or Jerry or Eldridge to be reminded of just how much things have changed since the Sixties. I have a graphic updating device much closer to home.

The bathroom mirror. Take a few words of advice from an aging hipster:

Enjoy yourself. These are the good old days you're going to moon about in the Nineties.