

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Prohibit advertising?

Prohibiting Tobacco Advertising- The Canadian Medical Association (CMA) believes that the health of Canadians would be improved by speedy passage by Parliament of Bill C-51, the Tobacco Products Control Act.

The Bill, introduced last spring by the Hon. Jake Epp, minister of National Health and Welfare, would eliminate advertising of tobacco products and introduce other measures to reduce smoking.

There is no doubt in the minds of physicians that smoking, that is responsible for more than 35,000 deaths every year, is the leading cause of preventable death and disease in Canada.

The CMA, which supports efforts to eradicate this killer, has asked Canada's 56,000 physicians to contact their MPs to voice their support for Bill C-51 as a citizen and as a health care professional.

While I believe it is the responsibility of the medical profession to show leadership on this important health issue, I think every Canadian should express their opinion on Bill C-51 to their elected representatives.

I urge readers to join the doctors of Canada and make their views on prohibiting tobacco advertising known to their MP and this newspaper,

Information on who your MP is, the correct address and telephone number is available by calling the toll-free number, 1-800-267-3800.

Yours truly,
Dr. Athol L. Roberts,
president of the Canadian Medical Association.

Letters to the editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. They can discuss any topic but are subject to alteration, in length and content, at the discretion of the editor.

Please send your signed letters to: The News, P.O. Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0, or drop them off at the News, located centrally in Simcoe Plaza.

Arthur Black

Obsessed with fatness

By Arthur Black

We live in a world obsessed with fatness. Two-thirds of the human inhabitants of Planet Earth (your pudgy correspondent included) spend a good portion of their waking hours devising fascistic exercise regimens and sadistic diet stratagems to melt some suet off their frames.

The bottom third of the earthling population would dearly like to put ON some fat, but that's another, sadder story.

The bookstore shelves in this part of the world are eternally awash with diet books -- everything from Scarsdale and Stillman to Dr. Cooper's Fabulous Fructose Diet -- the same shelves also

groan under the weight of exercise manuals. You can find tomes on running, jogging, hiking, walking, biking, body building, 5 BX, 10 BX...a body could burn off a significant raft of calories and firm up his bi's, tri's and quad's just by carrying home an armload of exercise books two or three times a week.

But it doesn't seem to matter what we don't eat or which muscles we flay with cruel and unusual punishment -- the world continues to be full of fatties. Aside from one or two of those maddeningly skinny exceptions the Gods throw in to tease us, virtually everyone I know would love to lose some weight. Just five or 10



Letters to the Editor

New access road a good idea?

Dear Editor,
I'm writing this letter to bring to your attention a matter I find extremely disturbing.

In the past month I've observed an access road being constructed onto Highway 17, at the east end of Schreiber.

At this location there is merging traffic from the highway

and town (including school buses), a snow-pow turn-around and a dangerous corner.

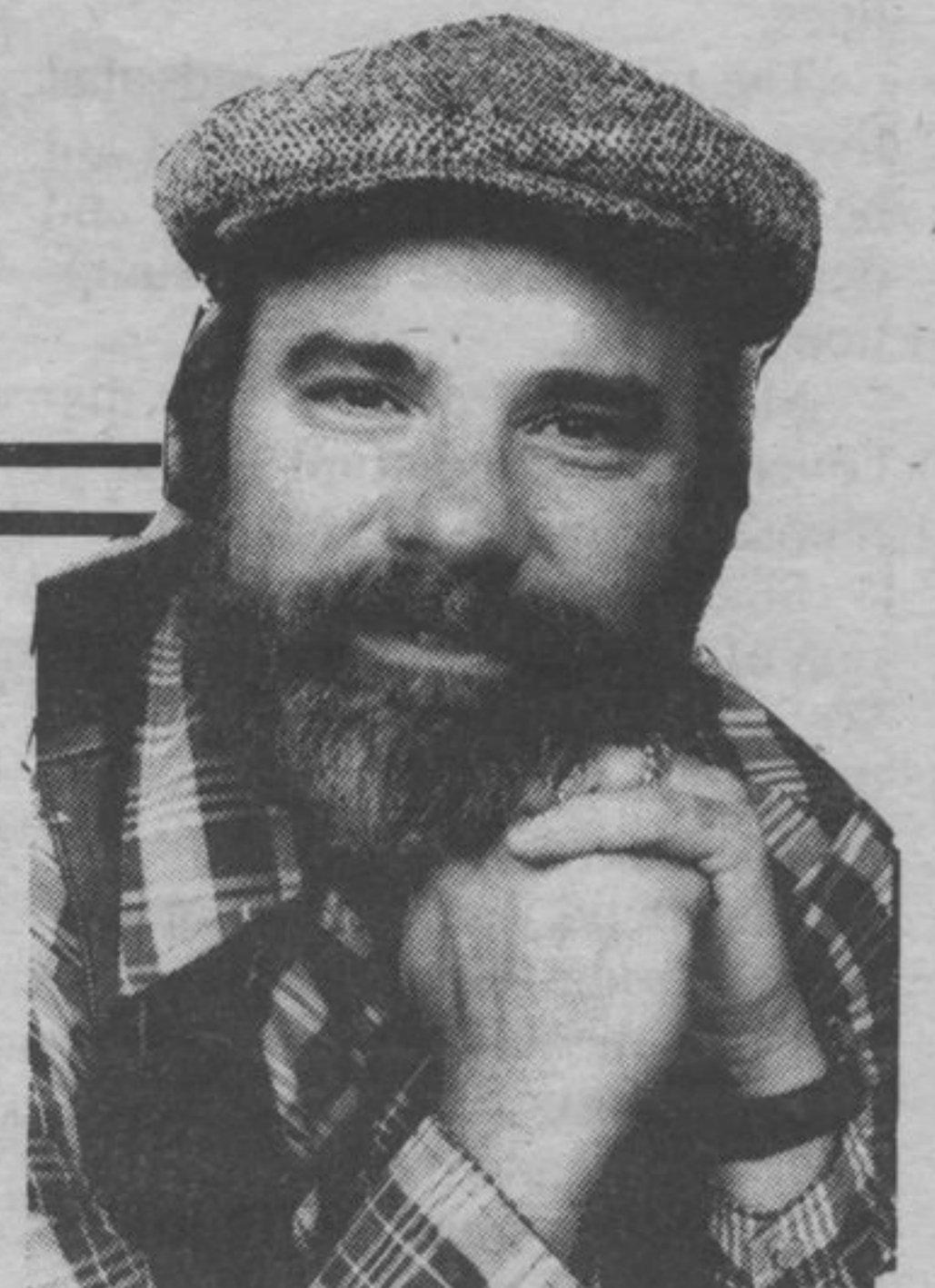
The site of this entrance is to allow large vehicles to transfer minerals from the mine to CPR trains.

I've been made to believe there will be approximately six trucks a day turning

in and out of this road.

I feel this entrance is extremely hazardous to local and highway traffic and should be looked into before an accident occurs.

Rose Marie Renaud.



Gregory works out of Bermuda now. He runs a weight loss clinic there.

Call it humanitarianism, call it PR Opportunism, but Dick Gregory has hitched his wagon to the flesh barge of Walter Hudson's body. He has vowed, that by putting Walter on a strict diet, he'll bring his weight down to around 200 pounds.

It's going to be a long haul. Nobody knows exactly how much Walter weighs -- he's broken every scale they've ever winkled under him -- but they reckon he's around the 1,200-pound mark.

Which means he's only half a ton away from his ideal weight.

Next time you get depressed about your spare tire or you love handles or your cellulite saddlebags...think of Walter Hudson.

pounds for most of us. Just to make up for all the overeating we'll be doing at Christmas.

If you've read this far anticipating a miracle diet or magical exercise plan that will allow you to do up the buttons on your favorite suit once again, sorry amigo. I'm in the same gravy boat you are.

But I do have a little something that might make you feel better about yourself.

This'll work for anybody who's broader of beam and bulgier of bay window than they'd like to be. I don't care if the excess blubber your packing weighs in at two, 20 or even 200 pounds.

No matter how fat you may be you always have one thing going for you:

You're not Walter Hudson.

Walter Hudson is 42 years old. He lives in Hempstead, New York. He has curly black hair and big sad brown eyes. Walter Hudson doesn't know exactly how much he weighs. In fact he doesn't know even within a hundred pounds, how much he weighs.

He does know a couple of

things, though -- he knows he has a weight problem. His weight problem is so bad he hasn't been outside his apartment for the past 17 years. He can't get through the door. Walter Hudson is the fattest man in the world.

He lives in bed, mostly, and probably would have died there, a mere neighborhood freak, if he hadn't got wedged in his own bedroom doorway and attracted the attention of New York police, fire and medical workers last month.

They levered him out of the doorway and back to his bed, but by that time the Press had got wind of Walter Hudson, he and his massive body became wire copy and television fodder.

Which may just prove to be Walter Hudson's salvation. Dick Gregory heard about Walter Hudson's plight on the evening news. You remember Dick Gregory. Back in the late sixties he forsook a lucrative career as a night club comedian to become a kind of Gandhi-ish black militant. He went on several prolonged fasts in support of black civil rights and against the war in Vietnam. Well,