

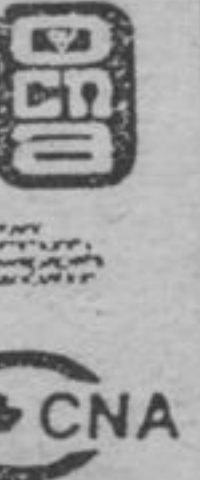
TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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Get ready for Canada Day

The first meeting of the Canada Day Committee was held on February 4th, showing that no time is being wasted in getting ready for this year's celebrations. Many things were discussed, the main subject being the planning of a bigger and better celebration with more events that would include more family participation.

The committee is looking for input from the public and more importantly, is asking for your help and support.

What would you like to see? more of, less of? Would you like to be on the planning committee or perhaps you would like to help out. Your ideas and suggestions are welcome and encouraged, because you are the reason for the celebration in the first place.

Canada Day has proven to be a very successful event in Terrace Bay, and more people are staying in town so they can join in the festivities. Many tourists and visitors are also stopping and enjoying the celebrations.

Canada Day falls on a long weekend this year and the committee asks that you don't leave town...you won't be disappointed! Some new events that the committee is hoping to include this year are a super stars contest, a family scavenger hunt, a bike decorating and costume contest for children, a youth dance, a Miss Canada Day contest, pony rides and the return of the dunking tank, by popular demand.

Come on and take part in your community and your country's celebrations. Join a committee or send along your ideas and suggestions. Only with your support can this year's celebrations be a success. For more information, you can contact Freda Boucher at 825-9269. The next meeting is on Feb. 23 at 7 p.m. in the board room of the recreation centre. Come and join in on the planning.



Letters to the editor

Resident lashes out at council's actions

To the council of Terrace Bay:

There is a saying that reads, "You're not getting older, you're just getting better." In the case of the Terrace Bay council, this statement couldn't be further from the truth.

I have been a resident of this town for more than 30 years and I have seen some great projects completed and some that were white elephants.

But the latest to date is the pos-

sibility of having an A&W in the rec centre. This is totally ludicrous, ridiculous, stupid and any other adjective you may wish to throw in.

I pay, as do most of the resi-

dents in Terrace Bay, a yearly membership to enjoy the complex. I'll be damned if I'm going to pay for a private enterprise to put in a nationally franchised business and make a living from my tax dollars. see page 5

Joke of the Week

Question: How many psychiatrists does it take to change a lightbulb?
Answer: One, but the lightbulb has to want to change.

Arthur Black Yuppie Power Declining

'Way back in the late '70's an American newspaper and magazine columnist by the name of Bob Greene looked around and realized that North America was being invaded by aliens. The creatures had infiltrated business, politics, the arts and entertainment -- and no one but Bob Greene seemed to be aware of them.

The columnist knew it was his duty to blow the whistle on the monsters, but he decided to brand them, to give them a name that would expose them to the rest of the world. He ran down a list of their characteristics. The beings were youthful...they dwelled mostly in cities...they preferred white collar occupations where they wouldn't get their hands dirty...

Young. Urban. Professionals. And thus was born the Yuppie.

Yuppies came in all sizes and colours, but they could most readily be recognized by their slavish devotion to one overriding inter-

very lifeblood that chugged through the veins of Yuppies. They firmly believed they deserved to have the best cars, the best clothes, the best jobs, the best condos and the best drugs. Fine wines were favoured. Small, expensive, impossibly snobby restaurants flourished. "Upscale" was the adjective of the day, BMW's were the *voiture* of choice (just until you can afford a Porsche) and television game shows -- sort of Basic Training for potential Yuppies -- were never more popular. So was a TV show that would have been laughed off the tube a decade earlier: *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, hosted by the toadlike, sycophantic and perfectly monickered Robin Leach.

Yuppies had their pop hymns: *Material Girl*, *Gimme Money*, *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun*. The celluloid heroes that flourished in the Age of the Yuppie were people like Dirty Harry, Rocky, Rambo, Bronson, Chuck Norris --

ple dedicated to the First Principle of Yuppiedom: Me First.

Third World Problems? Yawn. That's what you got for not finishing in the number one slot.

But then...something happened. Maybe it began when Rock Hudson died of AIDS. Perhaps it started when that coke-tooting cartel of Yuppie brokers got nailed and jailed for crooked trading. It could have been Black Monday, when all those Wall Street bulls got gelded and the whole world's financial fantasy bubble burst.

Most likely it was a combination of all of the above and more, but no matter how you cut it, sometime during the past year or so the Me Decade suddenly lost its crass and shiny driving wheel. Greed isn't in anymore and neither is Yuppiedom. That familiar Gucci-shod, Piaget-burdened, red-suspended, sports-car piloting image is becoming as popular as the Herpes virus.

Not that Yuppies are dead,

Not by a long shot. But their expensively manicured grip on our times has been broken. Yuppies are on their way to becoming as relevant as hippies.

And the Yuppies who are left are beginning to turn on their own. A New York movie theatre recently showed an advertisement for an up and coming Rambo flick.

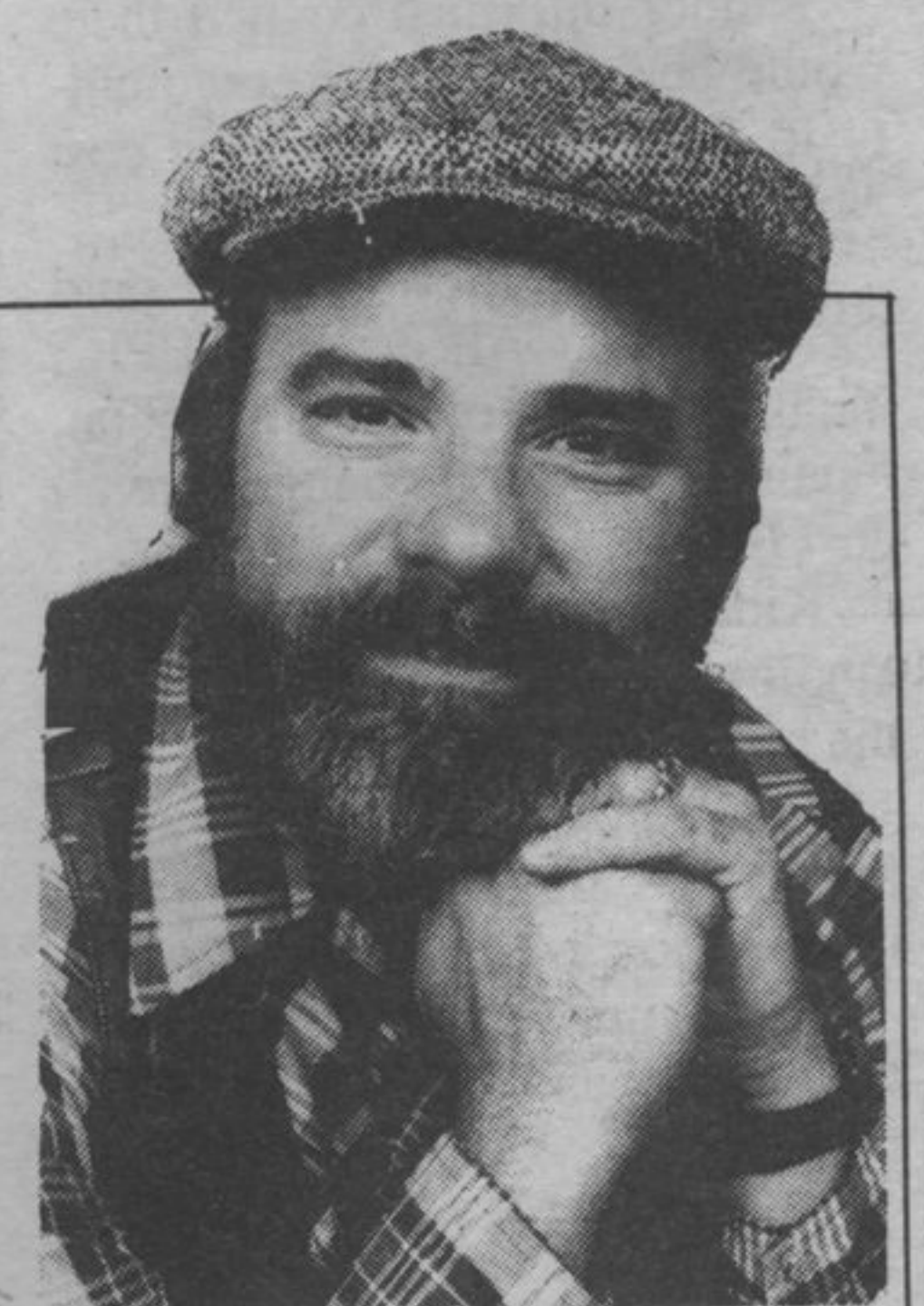
The yuppie audience boomed and jeered every time the slack-jawed visage of Sylvester Stallone filled the screen.

Rambo? Boomed? Sacrilege!

When asked to explain the hostile reaction, the public relations flak for the Rambo movie curled his lip and sneered that the audience was merely "Yuppy Swine".

Perfect -- we've got Yuppies and Rambo freaks turning on each other.

Now if we could just convince Hollywood to give us one last, absolutely final Rambo movie -- say, *Rambo XXVIII*. -- *The Final*



Chapter.

SEE RAMBO ENDURE THE DREADED YUPPIE DEATH OF A THOUSAND CUTS AS RAZOR SHARP AMERICAN EXPRESS GOLD CARDS SHRED HIS FLESH!

THRILL AS RAMBO, ARMED ONLY WITH A ROLLED UP COPY OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL CLEANS OUT A SUSHI BAR INFESTED WITH A NEST OF FANATICAL COKE-CRAZED INVESTMENT ANALYSTS!

FILMED ON LOCATION IN THE BASEMENT OF BLOOMINGDALES! COSTUMES BY RALPH LAUREN AND JOHNSON'S BABY OIL! ALL SALES FINAL!

As they say in Hollywood: Wotta concept.