

**TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER**

News

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Hi mom! I'm Home!

"You're going where?," my friend asked. "I'm going home," I said with a teasing grin. So I packed my parka, stashed my stereo, shot in some shirts and left Sudbury for Terrace Bay. I was heading home. I call it *home* although I wasn't born and raised here because, for as long as I can recall, the "north" has been a special place for me. Having read stories by Farley Mowat even before I was old enough to spell F-a-r-l-e-y M-o-w-a-t gave me an impression that everything north of my street was inhabited only by wolves and the odd, rugged individual.

When I read the poems of Robert Service, I learned that the north was a place where a man would do anything for his buddy's last wish and even more for a gal named Loo. It became a wild and adventure-some place where men did as they pleased until the law wasn't to pleased about it.

That sounded like the perfect place to be for a twelve-year-old boy who still needed help tying his ski-doo boots and didn't even notice himself complaining when the air-conditioner was on too high.

My first trip *home* was to Red Lake where I lived for about a year. It was here I found out I really was right about the north being a special place, but not in the way the authors I mentioned. What made it special was the people.

Although I have yet to meet a Dangerous Dan Magrew or Sam McGee, some were like the colourful characters from a Service poem. It's the way most of them treat you, though, that really strikes home. The vast majority of people treat you with respect and friendship. When I arrived in town, I experienced it immediately.

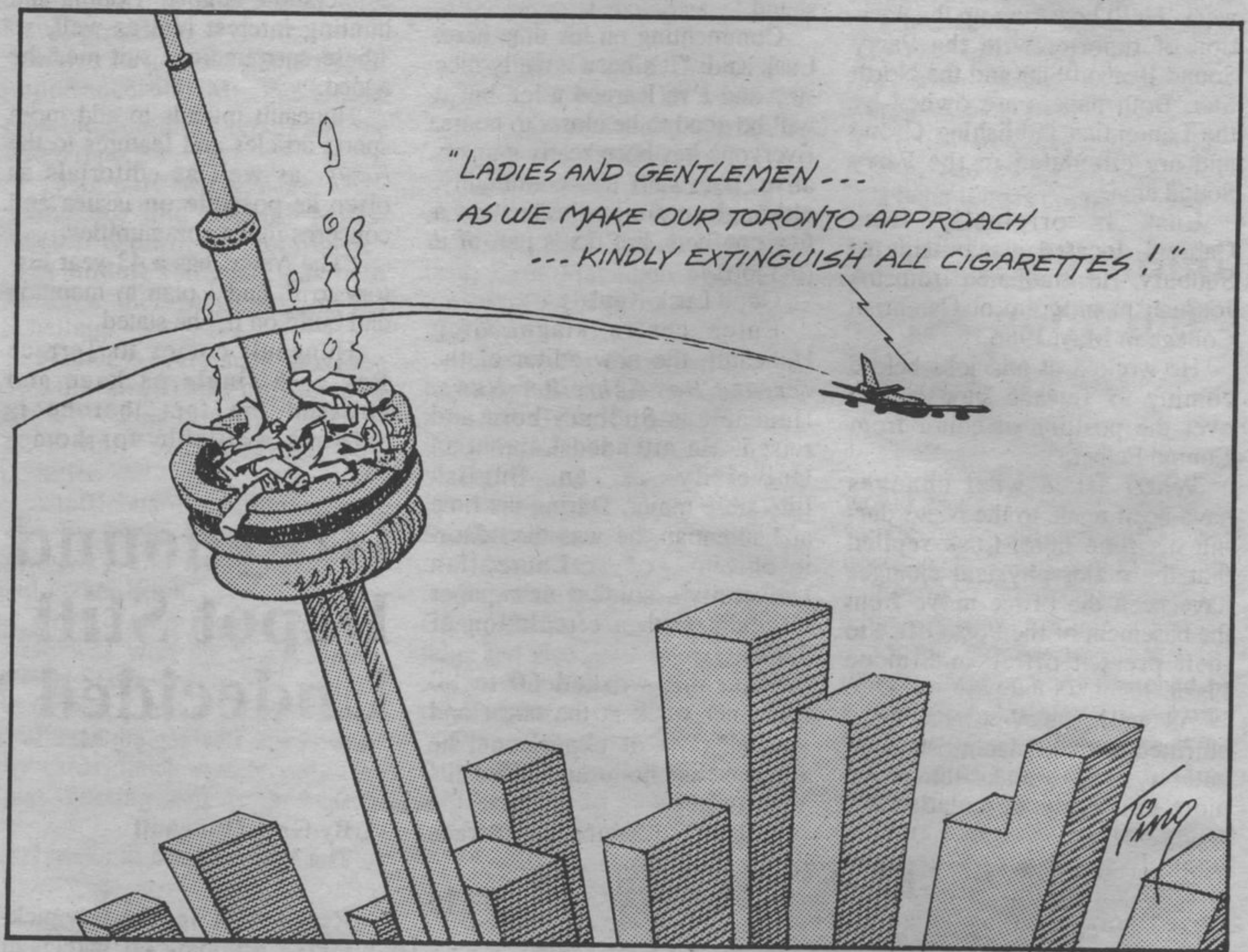
The lady who merely smiled and drove a wide circle around my car when I stopped in the middle of an unfamiliar street; the front desk clerk at a hotel who offered to drive my best friend to the airport after my friend helped me open my packed suit cases without causing a major environmental disaster; another desk clerk who said I could have a newspaper without having to pay for it. All were small gestures that reminded me the people are what make it.

Let's not forget a very out-going little Eric who was the hit of the Arena crowd when I and my friend went to look at the Community Centre. Everyone was saying hello to everyone, and especially to this young man Eric. I am sure he'll grow up to be a very popular person, or at least the manager of the arena.

And the scenery! It really is beautiful here, but I have to admit that it is a "bit hilly". When I drove out to Nipigon last Monday, every time I descended a hill an oxygen mask popped down and a voice asked me to put out my cigarette in preparation for landing.

At any rate, it's the people who make a place like this area special, and that means you. If you would like to write about some local sports league, or some special event, or even to let us know about something, drop in. Who knows, you might even end up writing or reading about little Eric's game-winning goal, or about his big break in movies.

Greg Huneault



Letters to the editor

Premier realizes shortage of professionals

Dear Gilles Pouliot:

Thank you for your letter of November 26th, 1987, regarding the need for more rehabilitation professionals in the North, particularly speech pathologists. I apologize for this long overdue reply.

As you may be aware, shortages of speech pathologists and

other rehabilitation professionals are national in scope.

The Federal/Provincial Advisory Committee on Health Human Resources is currently undertaking a national study of rehabilitation manpower.

In addition, a joint working group of staff from the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of

Colleges and Universities is currently examining the feasibility of expanding educational and training opportunities for all rehabilitation programs including speech pathology.

Let me assure you that I recognize that there are acute shortages of rehabilitation pro- see page 9

Lots have "Faith" in Madison Avenue's "Popcorn"

I don't get spooked just because the stock market takes a tumble. I don't tremble when TV preachers in blow-dry hair tell me I'll fry in Hell if I don't send them some money.

I don't bat an eye when wild-eyed hairies accost me on the street clad in sandwich boards that read THE END OF THE WORLD IS NIGH!

Especially when they spell "nigh" wrong.

But I'll tell you what does unnerve me a little. When otherwise sane people start consulting oracles -- that makes the hair on the back of my neck shuffle to attention.

Through the ages people have tried to discern the future by reading everything from the stars in the sky to the bumps on their head. Even today we have palm readers, crystal ball gazers, Tarot card players and I Ching tossers.

And we have prophets. Prophets go way back. There was Nostrodamus, a 16th century French soothsayer (-- who, by the way had a prediction to make about Canada. "A Canadian leader, of lowly birth, shall be raised

to great power and eventually assume command over men of nobility.")

Joe Clark, you think?

But I digress. There were lots of prophets before Nostrodamus. The Bible is peppered with them -- and the Ancient Greeks were fond of a group of enterprising hippies who hung out in caves around Delphi, on the slopes of Mount Parnassus.

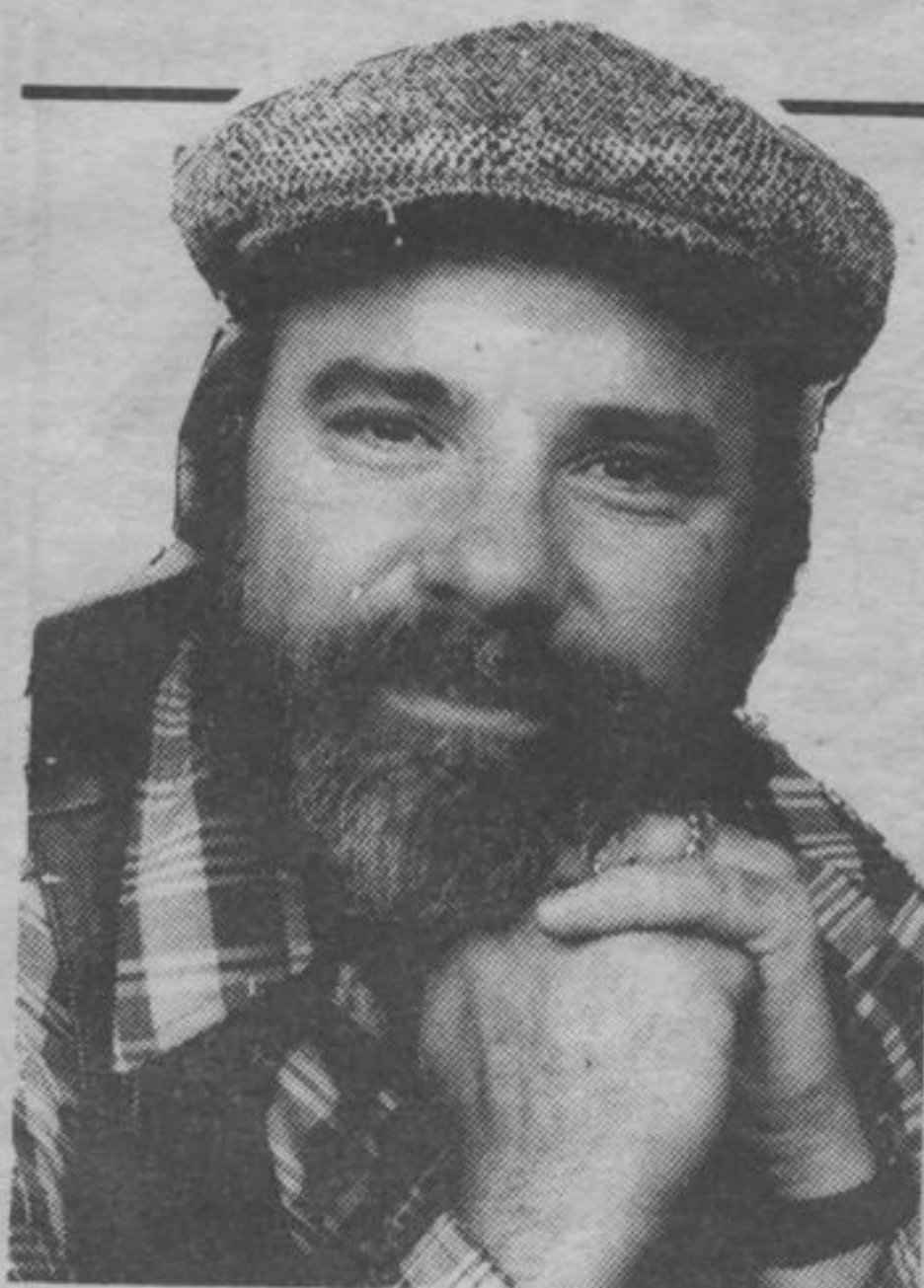
The Greeks would bring the Delphic oracles lavish gifts and thorny problems. The Oracles would take the payola, do a little Hocus-pocus, and leave the Greeks an obscure rhyming couplet to scratch their heads over.

And so it's been for human kind pretty well since the dawn of time. As soon as we run up against some seemingly insoluble problem we look around, find the guy with the rattiest hair, the worst table manners, or the nerve to do the cryptic crossword puzzle in ballpoint and we say: "Hey Herb, can you help me out of this?"

Which was, by and large, an adequate modus operandi when we were hunkering down in caves and squabbling over who got the last mastodon haunch -- but I

thought we were beyond the oracular stage by now.

Surely in an age of laser surgery and microprocessed gro-



Arthur Black

cery lists, space stations and drive-through funeral parlours -- surely we have progressed beyond asking soothsayers for some inside tips?

Wrong. I present Exhibit A:

Ms. Faith Popcorn.

No, I'm not kidding. Faith Popcorn is her name. Kind of plainish, fast-talking, mid forties business woman with a Woody Allen haircut and a pair of hands that carve and chop and sculpt the air, never stopping, as she tells you the visions that she has. But Faith Popcorn is no scraggle-haired crazy clad in rags and bear grease living in a cave. She works out of a high rise office building in Madison Avenue. She's head of an outfit called Brian Reserve. She calls herself a market consultant, but she's an oracle by any other name.

At a time when Wall Street was flying high, Faith Popcorn predicted a crash. She predicted that the New Coke would be a bust. It was. She predicted the end of dietmania and a return to chubby chic -- right again.

Most important for somebody trying to make a buck, Faith Popcorn found she could predict things in time for clients to cash in on them. A company manufacturing shower heads asked her how they could get their product moving. Faith Popcorn looked around and decided that most Americans were uptight and did-

n't know it.

"Call it anti-stress therapeutic massage" she told them. They did. They sold millions.

Her record so far: 95 percent right -- according to her. But what do I know? She's got more than 200 companies signed up, each of which forks over a fee ranging from \$75,000 to \$600,000 -- depending on how many kernels of the Popcorn brian they want to munch.

Just for the record, and no charge, here are a couple of things Faith Popcorn says will be coming down the pike soon:

North Americans are going to stay home more.

We are going to give up on yuppy food -- effete foreign dishes with unpronounceable names and no taste -- in favour of traditional "Mom food".

Oh yes, and we will be praying too. Or, as Faith Popcorn's newsletter puts it: "God is In."

I wonder if anyone ever broke it to God that he was out?

God knows.