

TERRACE BAY  
SCHREIBER

# News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T-2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747. Second Class Mailing Permit Number 0867

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Single copies 40 cents  
Subscription rates per year  
in town \$15.00/yr.  
two years \$25  
out of town \$21.00/yr.  
Member of Ontario Community  
Newspapers Association and The  
Canadian Community Newspapers  
Association



## Mything the point

Do you want to read an editorial about the possibility of an environmental disaster with the transfer facility? Didn't think so. Or what about the incoming VIA Rail refuelling depot and how they might fill up the tanks until the fuel comes pouring out because they seem to not have gauges to measure the amount. Naw...too political! How about a harmless story for entertainment, something to kill a few minutes.

So what if there are a few pools of fuel hanging around the yard—CPR's yard or yours. Wouldn't want to upset Mother CPR now, would we? You know how sensitive she is; we wouldn't want to put any stress on her at her age. Migod! She's over 100 years old!

The patriarch deserves much more respect. We must maintain respect for her even at the expense of our own. She is old...very old.

**A** long time ago, in a place far, far away...there lived a goddess who was revered and worshipped by those who lived in her kingdom. She provided for them and they worked in and for her glory and put her benefit before their own over-all needs.

One day a courting prince offered her a gift of a magical piece of wood. She grabbed it and pounded the prince with it until he fled, but the magic piece of wood impregnated her. She was enraged! She would not share any of her kingdom with anyone—even the baby she was to have by the enchanted prince.

So she cast the baby far away in the hopes of having it land in the Great Water. But the other gods had pity on the baby and guided it safely to a kingdom down the road. There the people raised the child-god and watched him develop great powers of his own.

Meanwhile, the Goddess watched this development and shook with rage. How she despised the Child-god and the people who took care of it! How she hated their gifts of thanks offered to the child-god, and his gifts of appreciation in return.

She schemed as smoke bellowed from her nostrils and swore the people would pay for this grave error. So she took the ashes and bones of a dead hero who had died in her kingdom much time earlier and made them into a son, to whom she gave life in the hero's image. After all, she was a goddess of the highest and most powerful order. She raised him within her own kingdom. She taught him how to dig and crush, and how to use the people within her kingdom to his advantage.

Said she to her son: "It is enough for you to give them food and clothing and machines to travel. They will work for you and be at your mercy. Do not heed their cries or pleas, for they are mere mortals, and we are gods."

And so the humans worked for the Goddess and her son-god. Many men and women worked, lived and died in the shadow of her kingdom. Many babes cried for their mothers as the Goddess cast a deaf ear upon them. Until, one day through her carelessness, there was a spillage of material which caused the people to flee in terror.

She could not understand why they fled, nor could she do anything about the panic or the accident until it was too late. So she and her son sat glumly in the empty kingdom. They cried bellowing cries and pleaded for the people to return. They ran around pulling out their hair and heaving it upon the ground in great piles while searching for the people. And the hair turned pale colours and burst into flame when it touched the barren ground...the ground whereupon the spillage flowed.



### Letters to the editor

## Dare to dream during Education Week

It seems particularly appropriate that the organizers of this year's Education Week have chosen the theme "Dare to Dream." By dreaming, we expand our horizons and experiences; we move beyond our everyday realities to new possibilities.

As we celebrate the 50th anniversary of Education Week, it is also fitting that our theme includes a challenge for tomorrow. It is a dare to the people of this province, whether they be students, parents or educators, to build on the

strengths of today's educational system to ensure that it continues to be accessible to all Ontarians and is relevant to the challenging demands of the future.

Those demands will become increasingly diverse. The educational process is already a life-long experience that goes beyond formal schooling.

Adults are seeking more upgrading skills at the same time that more students are considering the opportunities of a co-operative education that combines classroom learning with world-of-work expe-

riences.

I invite all Ontarians to attend the special events and displays taking place this week throughout the province to see the expanding role of education in Ontario.

We have in Ontario a strong educational tradition built upon a partnership among all community members. Let us take steps this week, and through the year to come, to strengthen this partnership and encourage our students to strive for their dreams.

**Chris Ward**  
Minister of Education

## Jargobabble!!! It's Everywhere

Sometimes I get the feeling I'm coming down with some kind of linguistic Alzheimer's Disease. I don't seem to comprehend the English language anymore -- large chunks of it anyway. Consider: her I am sitting in a Dunkin' Donuts coffee shop, contemplating a tiny, fluted plastic tub with a tinfoil top that tells me it is "non-aerated dairy creamer".

What the hell is that?  
I've got a letter from Revenue Canada in my pocket that contains this paragraph: "Subtract Total Personal Exemptions on line 45 from Net Income on line 41 and enter the result on line 46. Subtract line 59 from line 46 and you will have arrived at you Taxable Income on line 60. Carry it to page four."

Jargobabble -- it's everywhere. Military types drone sonorously about anti-personnel devices -- they mean lethal weapons. Smiling Al down at the car lot tries to sell me a "pre-owned" (used) Oldsmobile with brand-

new "impact attenuators" (bumpers).

You think it's better in the Groves of Academe? Here's a fragment of a letter from an academic: "The Colleges, trying to remediate increasing numbers of...illiterates up to college levels, are being highschoolized."

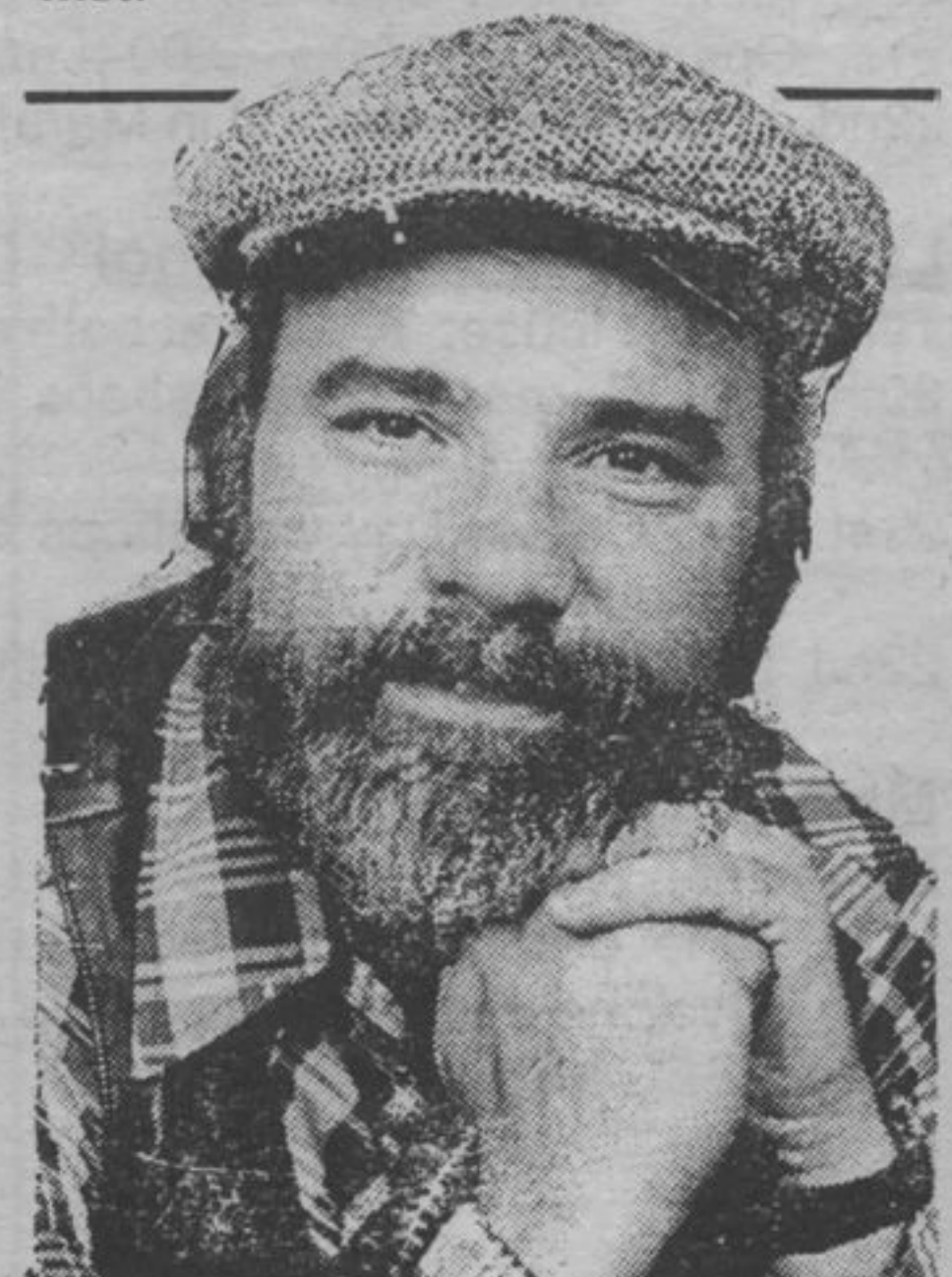
Read it and weep -- the writer is a graduate professor on English at an American university.

When it comes to larding up the language, academics do it, soldiers do it, governments and ad writers and God knows journalists do it. But no slice of the human pie jargonizes and fuxxifies quite as thoroughly and enthusiastically as the business sector.

Business English -- a whole horror story in it's own write.

Business scribes are the people who gave us such excrescences as "prioritize" and "containerization". They're the folks who can twist a simple phrase such as "about your last letter" into some-

thing like "re yours of the fifth inst."



## Arthur Black

Well, I'm delighted to report that there's a wee glint of sun-

shine on the "bizlit" horizon -- two glimmers, actually. One is the birth of The Percy. The Percy takes its name from that deadly phrase with which many an equally mordant memo begins -- "pursuant to your request..." A Percy is an award, like a Grammy, an Emmy, or an Oscar. All you have to do to win a Percy is pen the worst memo or business letter in any given year.

Percys are awarded in several categories, including "Make My Day" for the memo or letter with the most anger seeping through; "Mrs. Malaprop", for the submission with the most misused words and phrases; and "Stuffed Shirt," which is awarded for the business missive using the most jargon and antiquated phraseology.

If you've got a contender in your In Basket, sent it to The Communications Workshop, 217 E. 85th Street, Suite 442, New York, N.Y. 10028.

More good news for business

English comes from Britain, where the U.K. Civil Service, 500,000 paperpushers strong -- has just received a pamphlet enjoining them to speak and write clearly and concisely.

The pamphlet calls on champions ranging from Prime Minister Thatcher ("It's no exaggeration to describe plain English as a fundamental tool of good government.") to the Bible: "Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words." Ecclesiastics 32: 8.

I'm sure the campaign will be huge success. The Brits have a talent for this sort of thing when they put their mind to it.

As was demonstrated by the British Military Commander Sir Charles Napier, who, in the 19th century besieged and conquered the Indian province of Sind.

His one word communique back to London Headquarters: "Peccavi".

It's Latin for 'I have sinned'.