

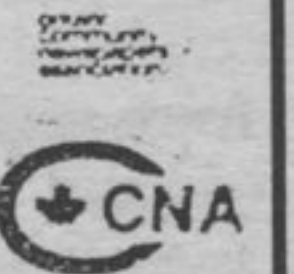
TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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For the record

Education is very important, and the celebration of it by students is an extremely important aspect of recognizing its importance. It deserves attention.

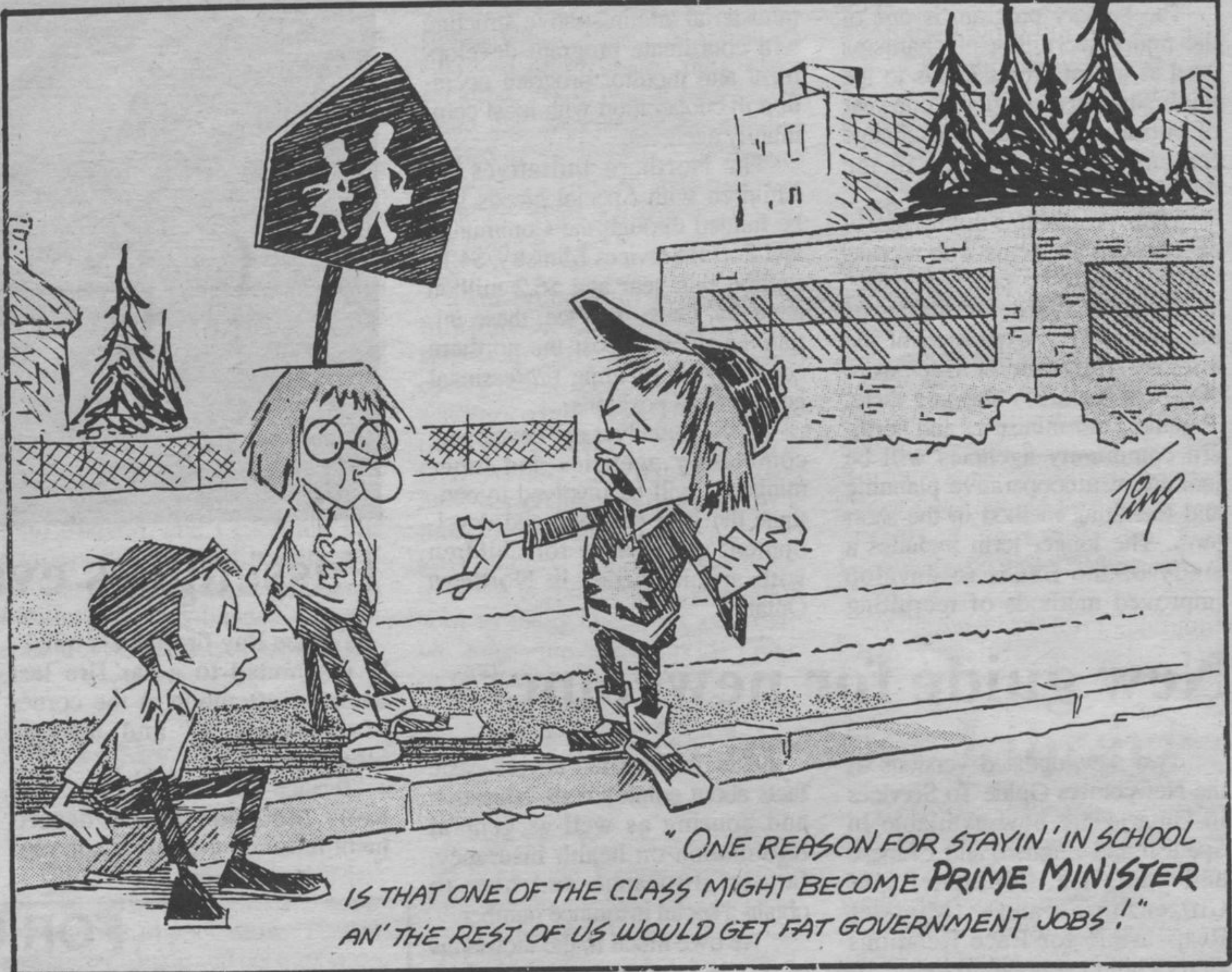
Last week, I received a call from a local principal pointing out that I did not cover events at a school, despite having said I would attend to take photos and some information. This is a fact. I said I would attend, but I did not, and for that I apologize. This deserves attention too.

What I feel I must address—and what some editors of the Terrace Bay/Schreiber News have addressed before me—is the issue of being '10 different places at once'. This newspaper has one reporter/editor who looks for stories in two or three communities. Occasionally, it simply boils down to not having enough time necessary to do as much as I would like. For this, I apologize.

The job is an extremely challenging, demanding and rewarding one. It is a great opportunity to learn so much, and to share that information with others. This is the basic purpose of a newspaper — to inform citizens of issues, events and concerns so that they become aware of what influences are affecting them, and how they or their representatives can change these problems. It is vital for people of this area to be aware of the positive and negative in this community.

Another important purpose of a local newspaper is to accurately reflect the attitudes, beliefs and political mores of the people who live within the area it covers. This takes more than a week or two to accomplish. Finding out who can answer what, who is in charge of a certain league, or who can provide the technical answer to a certain question is something one learns quickly, but it's something one must learn.

Another consideration which must be kept in mind is that not only does the reporter write and edit submissions, but a large block of time involves 'production,' which means developing the photos and deciding where the ads and stories



"ONE REASON FOR STAYIN' IN SCHOOL IS THAT ONE OF THE CLASS MIGHT BECOME PRIME MINISTER AN' THE REST OF US WOULD GET FAT GOVERNMENT JOBS!"

go. This usually begins Friday afternoon and finishes Sunday afternoon. At the same time, an event or story might warrant going somewhere during the weekend, so it becomes tricky to balance not only time, but priorities. Again, time limits occasionally require a decision as to what is the more important

of two or more choices.

Another factor which influences time is everyone's enemy: "due to circumstances beyond our control...." For example, after the paper is finished Sunday, it is brought to the Greyhound depot in Schreiber where it is picked up and delivered to Nipigon. The final paste-up is

done in Nipigon by our sister paper the Nipigon/Red Rock Gazette. Greyhound did not deliver the paper last week, so I had to drive to Nipigon myself. In this case, there were no scheduled meetings, so there was no problem in that regard, but it did take away time I could have used
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False Teeth Fit For A Queen's Eyes

The great thing about Shakespeare -- well, one of several great things about Shakespeare I suppose -- was his ability to boil down massive, fundamental truths into tiny, bite-sized nuggets. Take this grumpy aside, muttered almost as an after thought by the king in *Henry IV, Part II*:

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

There it is, just eight little words -- seven of them no more than a single syllable -- but oh, what a world of meaning.

I was reminded of that phrase when my eye was caught by a newspaper photograph last week. It shows a well-dressed, middle-aged woman of regal bearing, bending attentively over an elderly woman sitting before her. The woman in the chair, by way of a conversational gambit, is taking out her dentures.

The regal looking lady she is showing them to is Queen Silvia of Sweden.

Queen Silvia was on a state visit to Canada with her husband King Carl XVI Gustaf. During their visit they were sentenced to an exhibition of tapestries, a boy scout reception, and several dozen scintillating side trips, including one to the Faculty of Dentistry at the University of Toronto -- whence originateth the aforementioned spontaneous

Nothing wrong with offering up one's false choppers for royal inspection, I suppose, but it does neatly illustrate how low the royal estate has fallen. There was a time when having blue blood meant pomp and pageantry, battles, balls and coronations. Today it means an endless round of stuffy teas and warisome luncheons, countless hours of standing in reception lines and sitting on reviewing stands. Miles of smiles and an eternity of handshakes from strangers.

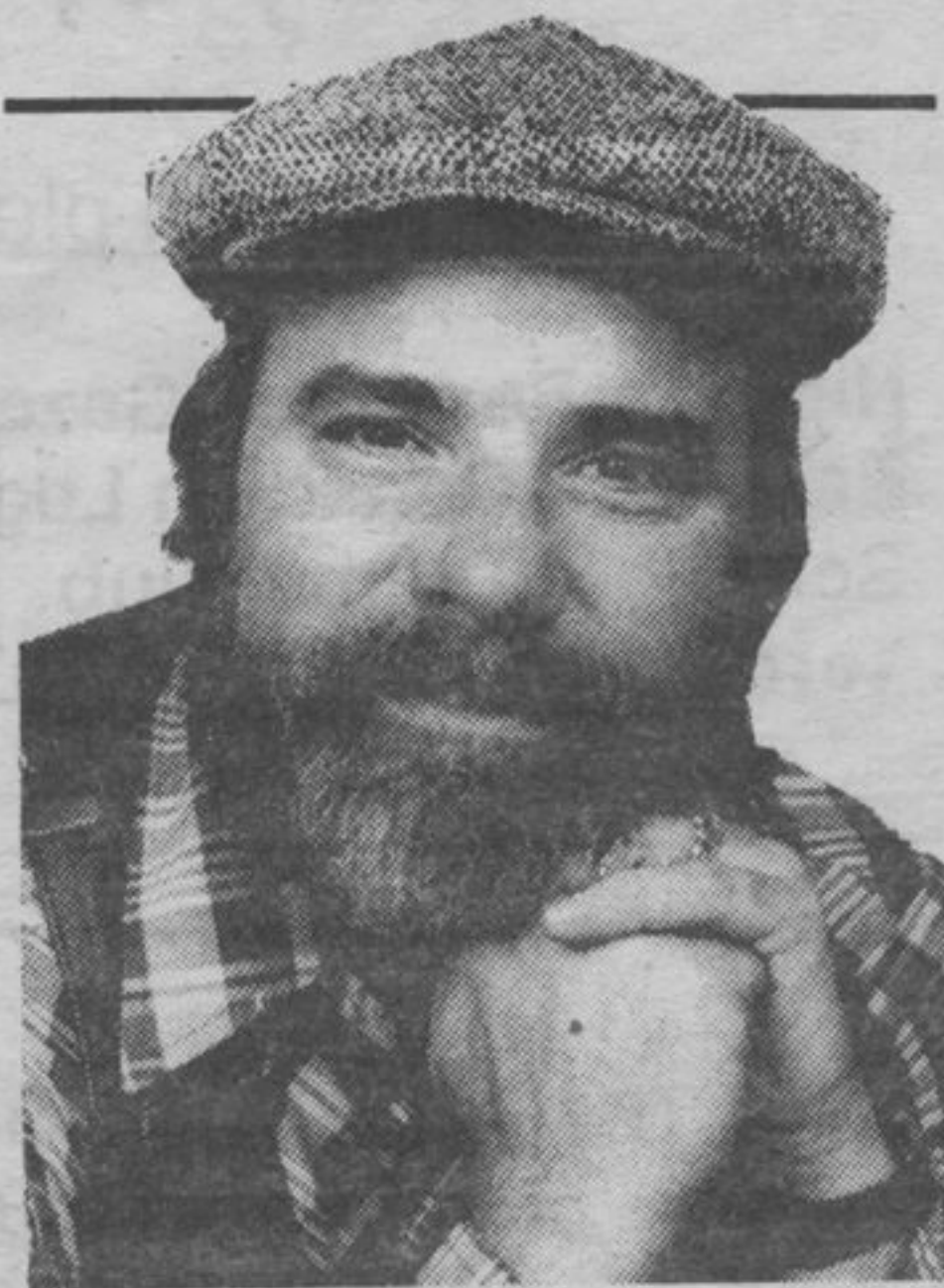
The boredom of royal itineraries would be enough to reduce any mere mortal to a blob of glibbering Jello, but royals are expected to remain serene and radiant throughout.

And mostly they do. There's a story about Elizabeth the Queen Mother paying a state visit to Australia, during which she found herself momentarily cut off from the Royal Party and surrounded by a mob of inquisitive and somewhat boisterous natives. Nodding graciously and flashing that shimmering smile as the crowd pressed in upon her, she murmured in a velvet-couched, steely undertone: "Please don't touch the exhibits."

Some royals are less gracious. Prince Philip has a notoriously

Monarchical guard down more than once.

Such as the time in Calgary when he was presented with that city's trademark handout for VIPs -- the dreaded White



Arthur Black

Stetson. Prince Philip took one look and yawned: "Oh migawd, not another one?"

Or the time his British Columbia hosts sat him down to yet another delicious meal of

world famous Sockeye fillets. Glancing down at his plate the Prince thundered: "If I have to eat any more salmon, I shall swim up the river and spawn!"

Prince Charles did not inherit his father's viperish tongue -- and more's the pity, I'd say. The british gutter press -- surely the poorest excuse for killing trees ever offered -- has had a field day with Prince Charles. The British hacks perceive his lack of venom as weakness. They speculate on the front pages about his marriage, his manhood. They slam him with headlines like CHARLES THE WIMP.

If I was Charles I think I'd be visiting Fleet Street taverns with a cricket bat under my waistcoat. But he's classier and more Christian than I am. He turns the other cheek.

When I was a kid I used to adore royalty -- the flags, the horses, the uniforms, all that colour and glamour. When I was a firebrand, hothead teenager I despised royalty -- all that garish ostentation, unearned privilege, colossal waste.

Now that I'm middle aged and no longer know everything, I feel sorry for royalty. Sorry that they have to go through life as objects. Things to be waved at and smiled at and bowed to and serenaded and applauded but never, ever hugged or squeezed or chucked

on the shoulder or bussed on the lips.

There is a story told of that most monarchic of all British monarchs, Queen Victoria. The story goes that Victoria was apprised of her ascension to the throne in a very harrowing way. First, she was informed that her King, William IV, was dead -- quite enough for any loyal British subject to assimilate at one sitting. But then her advisors trundled out a huge parchment chart of all the Kings and Queens of England. They showed her the thousand years of British history stretching all the way back to the Saxon ruler Egbert, up through the Houses of Normandy, Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart and Hanover, all the way up to the 19th century.

Then they made Victoria look closer, close enough to see the name newly entered below that of William IV.

"Victoria" it read, in still wet ink.

As the monstrous magnitude of the moment sank in, the new queen burst into tears. Then she swallowed, took a deep breath, sat up ramrod straight and intoned solemnly: "I will be good.."

She was eleven years old.