

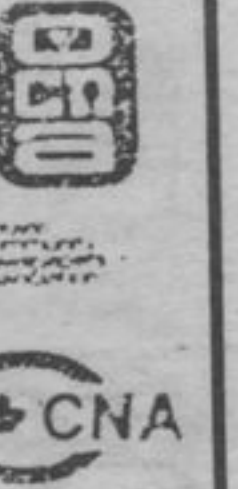
TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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It's a job looking for a job

As the pressures of university and college life are slowly fading for those who have returned home for the summer, new concerns with finding satisfactory summer employment are building up.

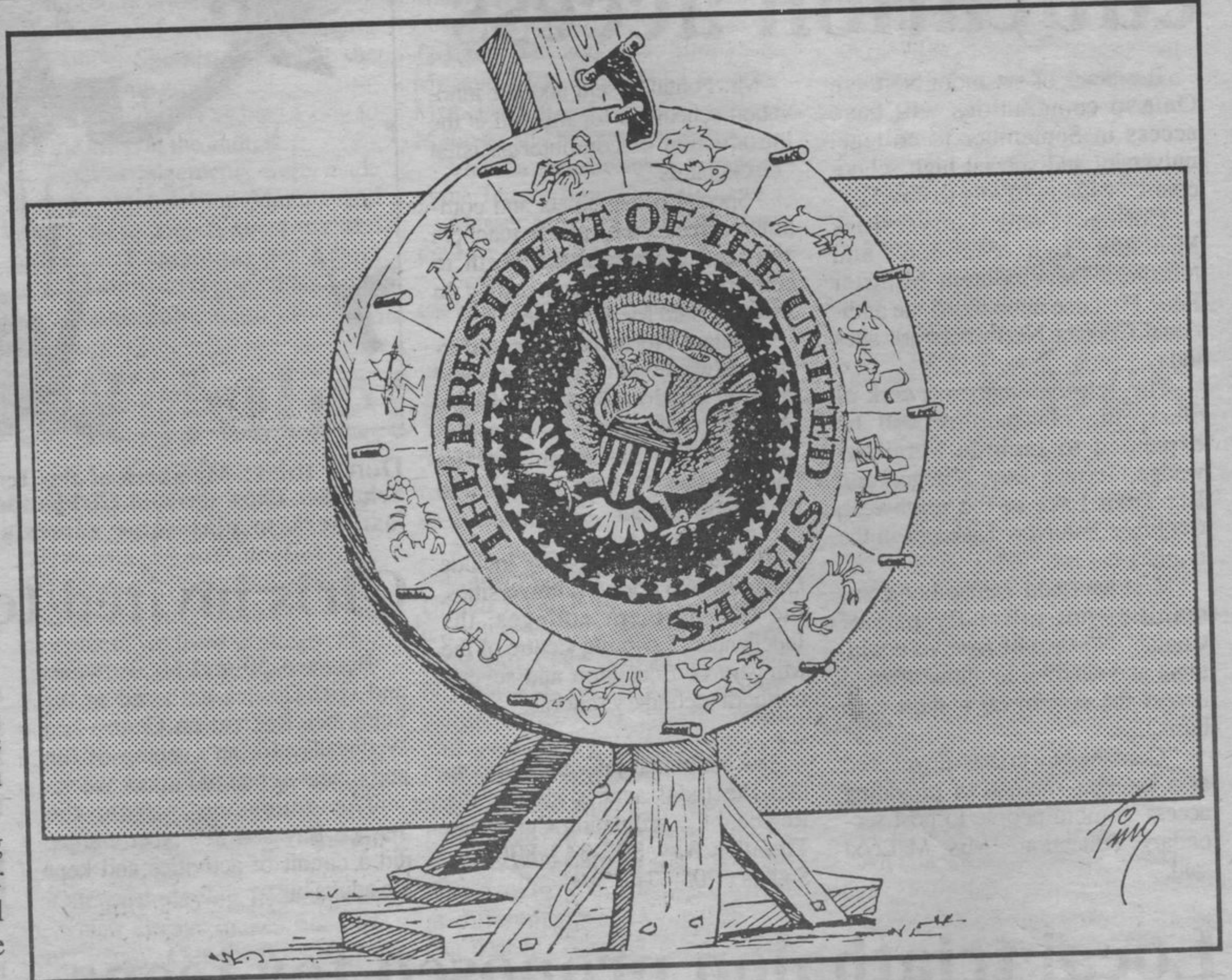
Communities the size of Schreiber and Terrace Bay have good and bad points when it comes to students looking for a job for three months of the year that will help them survive the other nine on their own. The positive aspects include knowing many of the potential employers in the area on a personal level, which is a bonus for any student anywhere. That extra edge should be taken advantage of, and employers must recognize that they play a vital role in helping the youth of this area succeed.

The negative points include the limited number of opportunities within the local economy. Obviously, many would like to make the big money to help them live comfortably when they return to school. More importantly, with tuition costs and the cost of living increasing at the rate they have been, it is an absolute necessity to get a summer job, unless the family is independently wealthy.

It is obvious that the big money is to be found at the big employers: Kimberly-Clark and CPR, and to a lesser degree employers such as government ministries and local industries. But only so many people can jump on a horse before its legs give out, and we must recognize that.

The national and local economies are in healthy shape. Unemployment figures are low and the economic cycle is high. It is a favourable time for students to find employment, but it is no guarantee that they will get the 'dream jobs' paying \$13 or \$14 an hour.

Students must realize that any type of job is better than no job. Local employers must recognize they have a responsibility to provide those where possible. It will not only benefit the students returning to school, but it will help the local economy as a whole.



Letters to the editor

Government must make good on promise

Dear Ed:

On March 27, 1988, the Hon. Jake Epp stated to the Board of Directors of the Canadian Cancer Society at its 50th Anniversary Dinner that he had spoken to his Cabinet colleagues that week and

received the commitment that Bill C-51 (The Tobacco Products Control Act) would be passed by the House of Commons before the summer recess.

Also, on March 15, 1988, the Hon. Doug Lewis was quoted in

the Toronto Star that Bill C-51 was one of the "Government's top initiatives" for passage before June 30.

The Federal Government by its own statements has acknowledged see 'Preventable' on page 5

The Bottom Line on Continuous Stationery

No time. That's what's wrong with this fast-forward overdrive world we live in. No time to sit back and contemplate the simple, blessed things that make a joy of everyday life. Things like sunrises. Long weekends.. And...well, toilet paper.

Yes, toilet paper. I realize it is neither customary nor chic to sing the praises of that yeoman cylinder on the bathroom wall, but sing them I plan to. Let other scribblers wax rhapsodic about daffodils, Grecian urns and manic depressive Danish princelings, I want to take a shot at immortalizing 3-ply Delsey.

Actually the very fact that I can mention toilet paper in a family newspaper is evidence of impressive progress for this furred friend of man.

A hundred and fifty years ago, the editor (yes it was the same one) would have thought I was mad. Back in Victorian times one didn't speak of such vulgar things, much less write about them. Ladies and other gentle folk would murmur to their storekeeper of their need for "curl papers" for their hair, or "wrapping paper" for parcels. The storekeeper, every inch a hypocrite, would see to it that what they really wanted was discreetly tucked in the bottom of their shopping bags.

as such until 1857 when an Englishman by the name of Joseph C. Gayetty gave the world "Gayetty's Medicated Paper...unbleached pearl-coloured pure manila hemp paper, a perfectly pure article for the toilet and the prevention of piles." Still no roll though. Gayetty came in packages of 500 sheets. Must have been pretty good stuff...old Joe charged 50 cents a package for it.

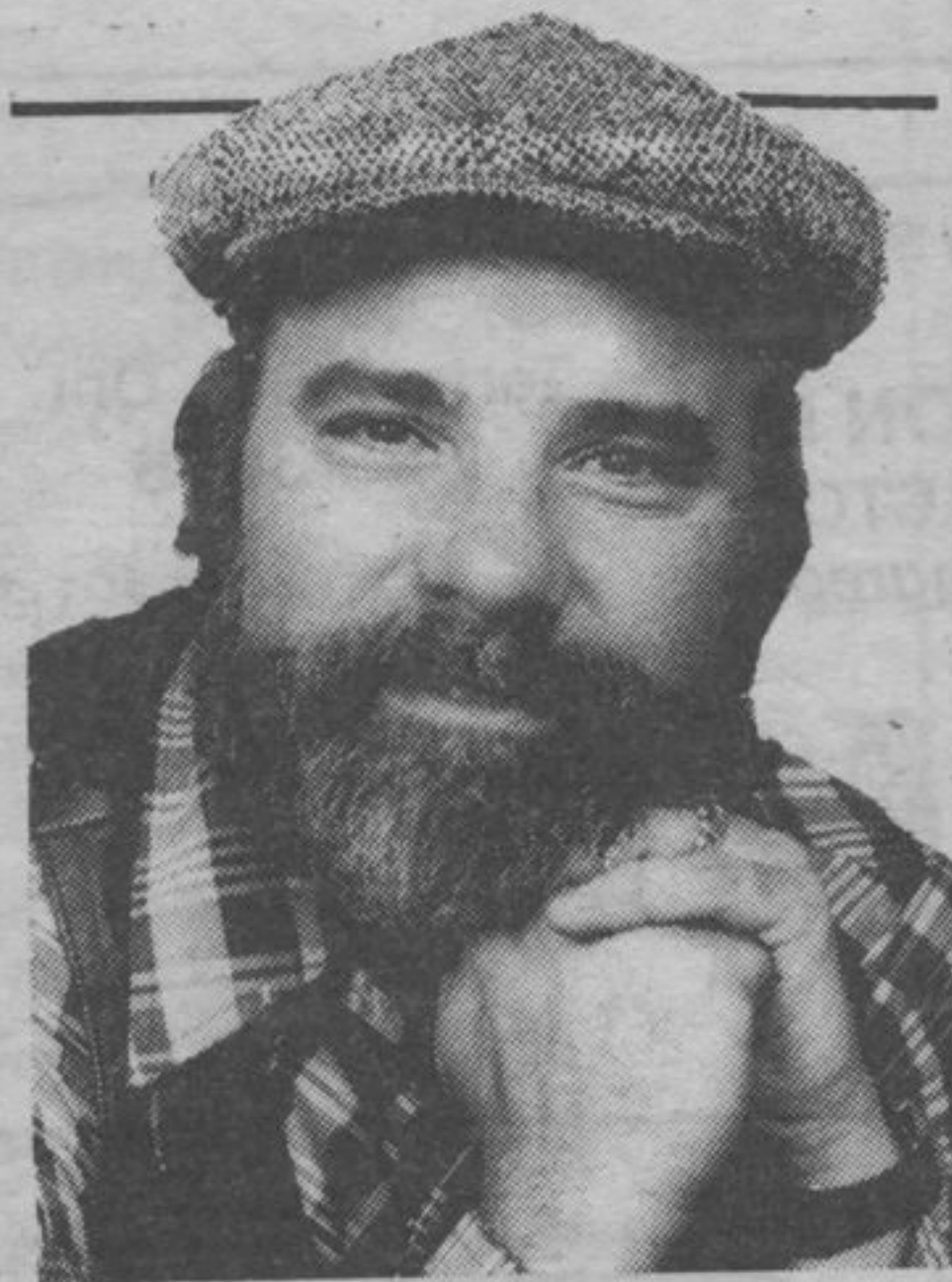
Unfortunately, not all toilet paper is -- good stuff, I mean. In fact when you consider that we've had 130 - odd years to get the bugs out of Joe Gayetty's invention, it's amazing just how crummy some 'bathroom tissue' is.

We're not too badly served in Canada. It's when you travel abroad that you begin to appreciate just how, ahem, rough the toilet paper situation can get. Public servicios in Spain serve up a spongy, crepe-papery confection that tends to streeeeeeetch rather than tear. Many European public washrooms include a bored commissioner with a saucer full of coins who asks you how many squares of paper you want.

The choices are: one or two. And a tip is expected.

I've heard horror stories about

Philippines and Mozambique; I've thrilled to whispered tales of deprivation and terror from travellers limping back from Macedonia and Novosibirsk, but the very worst toilet paper I ever personally encountered was in a "loo" in downtown London,



Arthur Black

England.

It wasn't on a cardboard roll. This stuff came in stiff sheets that sat in a tin dispenser rivetted to the lavatory wall.

on a roll. That would have required pliability and this still was about as flexible as a roof shingle. I don't think these so-called 'tissues' had ever seen a pulp and paper mill; I think some lumberjack with a good eye and a keen axe just whacked them off the side of large trees in chips and sold them in stacks to the London Municipal Authority 'as is'.

You could see, I swear, actual slivers imbedded in each sheet.

The most hilarious toilet paper I've ever seen came from London too -- from the London Museum in fact, where bathroom tissue is provided in interfolded squares like Kleenex (only much, much flintier). Each sheet bears two legends. At the top it says PROPERTY OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT... ..and at the bottom of each sheet the quintessentially prissy British admonition: NOW PLEASE WASH YOUR HANDS.

But good, bad or indifferent, at least we have toilet paper now. What did folks do before Joseph Gayetty, bless his inventive heart, paped his way to eternal glory?

Well, I can't speak for the entire human race, but I can pass along a little advice Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, away back in 1747.

"I knew a gentleman" wrote Milud "who was so good a

manager of his time that he would not even lose that small portion of it which the call of nature obliged him to pass in the necessary-house; but gradually went through all the Latin poets in those moments. He bought, for example, a common edition of Horace, of which he tore off gradually a couple of pages, carried them with him to that necessary place, read them first and then sent them down as a sacrifice to Cloacina; thus was so much time fairly gained; and I recommend you to follow his example."

Which brings me finally, to my all time favourite toilet paper story. It concerns Max Reger, a turn-of-the-century German composer who also did some reading in the 'necessary-house' -- even if he didn't always like what he read there. There was for example, the time he read a negative review of one of his performances. A couple of days later the music critic responsible received a terse, three-sentence letter from Reger. It read:

"I am sitting in the smallest room of the house. I have your review in front of me. Soon it will be behind me."

And that, I trust will serve as the absolute bottom line on toilet paper.