

Editorial Page

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New school year is an education for all

As the new school year begins, children are for the most part happily settling in to a new schedule and environment. Each school year brings with it new friends and challenges to which the students must adapt.

But they are not the only ones who must readjust to a renewed sense of discipline and behaviour after the long summer holiday.

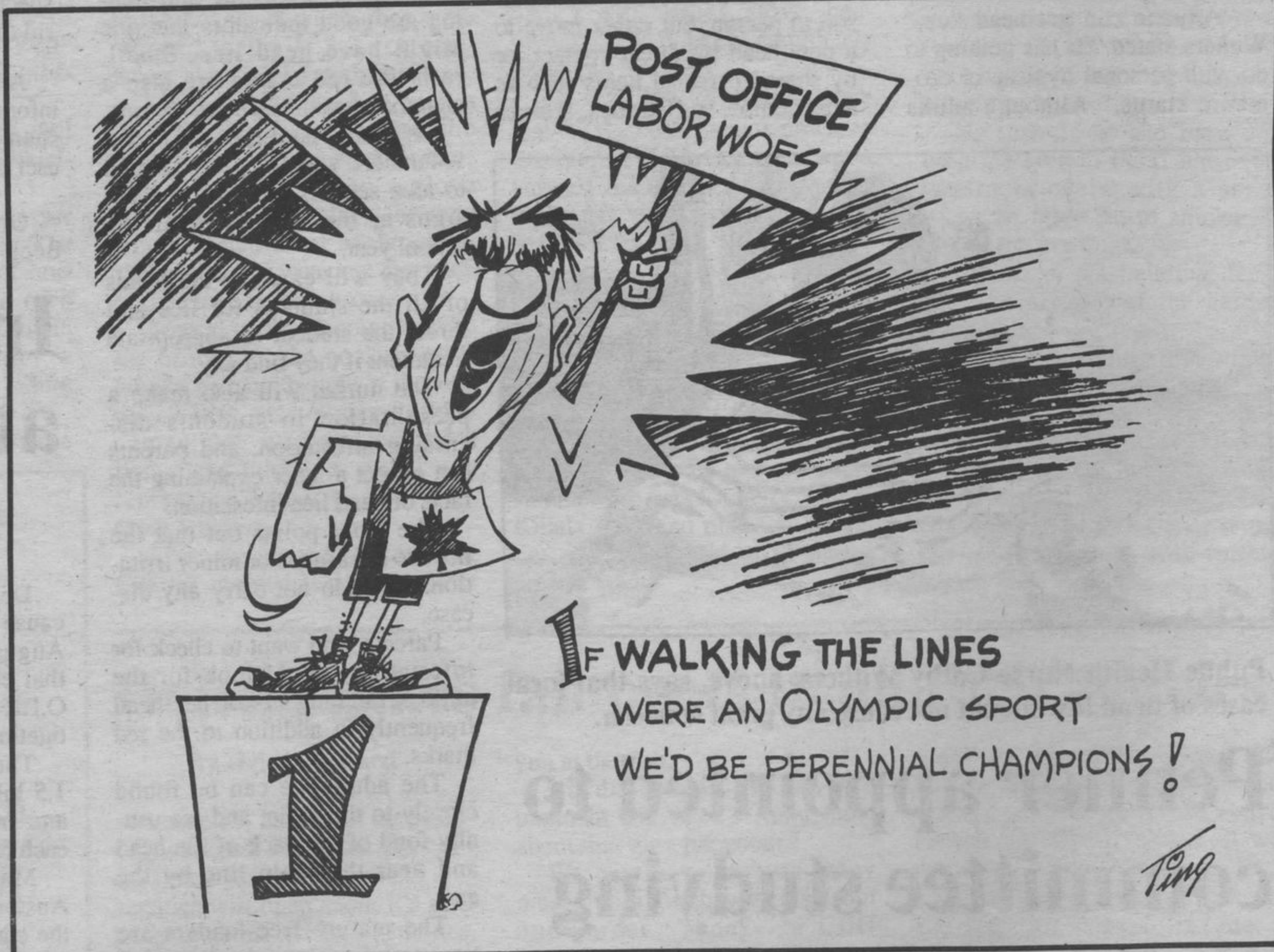
Motorists and residents in general will have to sharpen some of the skills that may have been dulled during the summer. Drivers must begin exercising greater caution when driving in the area.

Groups of children will once again be playfully chasing each other on the way to or from school. They will be distracted occasionally while crossing the street or highway. As the daylight hours become shorter, it might become more difficult to see them along the side of a street or road.

It is the responsibility of all to ensure that tragedy is averted. Teach your children the rules of the road. Strictly enforce a designated route that the children will walk while attending school.

Drivers must consciously exercise greater care when travelling the neighbourhood and the highway. Although school guards provide a greater degree of control and safety, it might be wise to drive with the assumption that anywhere along the highway is a designated school crossing. Often, for young children who haven't been taught properly, this is the case.

Adults should also keep watch for anything suspicious now that children will be walking the streets in greater numbers. Both parents and children can learn more about the local Neighbourhood Watch Program and become familiar with its purpose. If you would like more information, contact your local police department. Help make this school year a safe and productive one for all!



It is time to start thinking about local municipal elections

Local politicians are no doubt beginning to prepare for the municipal elections, which will be held in November. Both those officials who have decided to run again for office and possible candidates have a challenging and exciting time ahead of them in terms of planning a pivotal future for the area.

Some say that the towns must change with the times if they are to survive and prosper.

Candidates might be well advised to ask themselves how they plan to chart this progressive direction.

But more importantly, the voters must be the ones who take the lead in asking for direct answers. Politicians have to be accountable for their actions and decisions.

Voters have to ask themselves if this is the case with local reeves and councillors. Issues such as economic expansion and diversification, tourism development, school taxes, and area homes for the aged are just some of the concerns that ought to be dealt with before election day. Don't be intimidated to ask a candidate some serious questions. You deserve some serious answers.

Here's To Australian Manhood

Let us pause for a moment's respectful silence on behalf of Australian Manhood. The second shoe has dropped.

The first shoe was a dusty cowboy boot and it covered the foot of a character called Crocodile Dundee. You remember Crocodile...a lean and rangy chap with an easy going smile and a pocket knife big enough to shishkebab a killer whale on.

Actor Paul Hogan portrayed the wily outbacker in two movies that injected hundreds of millions of dollars into the Australian economy and put the land down under on the map. Now everybody in the world knows what Australian men are like. They're cuddly, they're fearless, they wear hats festooned with crocodile teeth and the get the girl in the end.

Nope. That's what I meant about the other shoe dropping. Psychologists, writers and other surveyors of the passing scene are now emerging from the woodwork to tell the world that Crocodile Dundee is a myth.

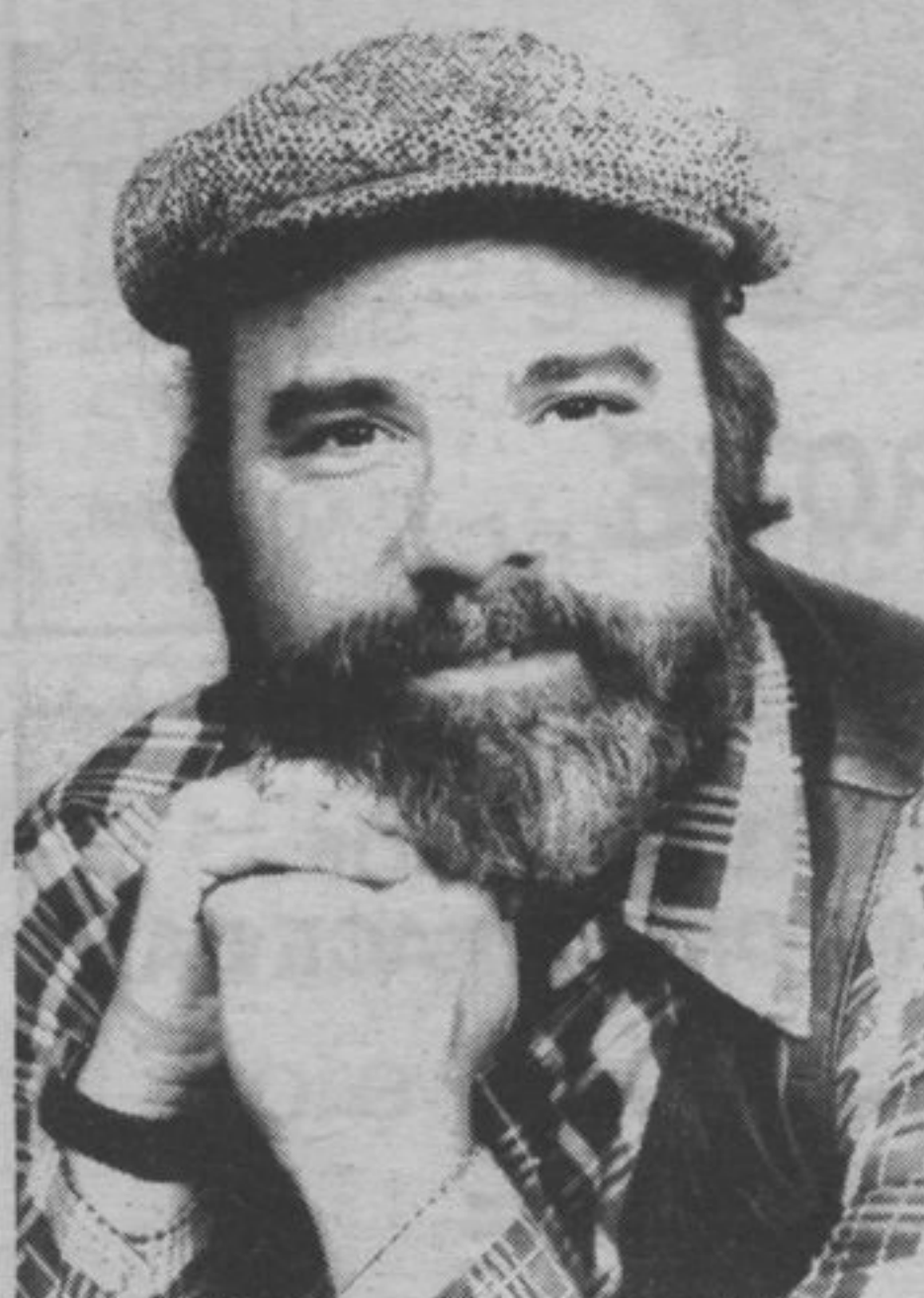
"Australian males may think themselves tough, wily and worldly like Dundee," says Australian writer Berwyn Lewis, "but most are benignly adolescent...products of a country that has never suffered a revolution, a civil war or a saturation bombing to really test its manhood."

Whatever you think of yardsticks for masculinity the man has a point. Australian males are living dangerously over the mythological line. They may see themselves as barehanded jungle croc wrestlers, but 8 out of ten Australians live safely under the street lights in large cities clustered along the country's coastline.

Most of them go home to ranch style bungalows on postage stamp lots in suburbs. They bring home paycheques from white collar soft-pinkie jobs in sales related service industries. A majority of them couldn't tell a wild crocodile from John only ones who like to dress up Crosbie. The most dangerous is their image. I had a couple of thing your average Aussie faces hours to kill in Cleveland one is a beer scrape from his Fosters

Lager or a flash burn on the "barbie."

But Australian men aren't the



Arthur Black

could find was showing Rambo (I forget what number, but it doesn't really matter). On the screen Rambo had just destroyed two regiments of crack enemy troops which prompted a blood-curdling cheer from the throats of a dozen cinema patrons behind me. I turned fearfully around expecting to see a couple of rows of neolithic bikers in tattoos, torn T shirts and chains.

What did I see?

Geeks. Nerds. Skinny little guys with pasty faces and pencil necks, receding hairlines and coke-bottle specs.

These were the Americans that were identifying with the superhuman muscle-popping Rambo persona up on the screen-goofy, slope-shoulder misfits with sunken chests and pot bellies who'd come down with angina attacks if they trotted up a flight of stairs. Unathletic guys. Unaggressive guys. Guys like... Well you and me I guess.

Which brings it home to Canada. We Canucks have our

mythological male too. he doesn't pack a broadsword-sized hunting knife like Dundee and he's not much for the state of the art machine guns like Rambo, but he's pretty good with the axe, as long as he faces nothing more hostile than a jackpine. Give him a birchbark canoe and a good stretch of water and he'll make that paddle sing.

Ah yes the famous Canadian lumberjack. I confess I have done my bit to spread the myth. Last winter in Georgia over a mint julep or two I entertained some locals with stories of a typical Canadian lumberjack's life. I told them about our annual bareback moose riding festivals and the polar bear wrestling contests. I believe I even sang a verse or two of "Rose Marie". Just got a card from them--they're coming up for a visit next month. They hope I can take them fishing "for some of those twelve foot muskies y'all told us about."

Let's see now...a canoe is the one with two pointy ends, right?