

Editorial Page

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Will it help you to know the names of convicted residents?

Last week, this newspaper began listing the names of area residents who have been convicted of committing crimes. It is a very contentious issue in any community, regardless of the population. It may be even more contentious in this area because of the comparatively small population base, and the notion that 'everyone knows everyone.'

The intention of including this item on a regular basis is not to embarrass or humiliate those who have been found guilty in a court of law. Doubtlessly, the sentence and the embarrassment dealt to those who have been given a fair hearing ought to be enough to punish them for their crimes or transgressions against society.

The purpose of including this item is twofold. The first reason is based on the public's right to know. If, for example, someone is ordered not to drive, or has been told by a court of law not to possess a firearm, does the public have a right to know about this restriction?

Do you feel it is your right and responsibility to know if someone is prohibited from a privilege because the court has found that the person has abused that privilege? And, possessing that knowledge, how would you react if you saw that person not adhering to the court-imposed order? The more you know, the more responsibility you have. Do you want that responsibility?

Can it be beneficial to you and to the community as a whole to know who has been convicted of charges related to narcotics and other "drugs"? Could it possibly help you or your family to begin talks during supper, or maybe to make some decisions, about various aspects of drug use?

The second consideration is deterrence.



Perhaps the thought that one's name might be included in the Court Report might be enough of an influence to stop them, or others present, from committing a criminal act.

Carrying this argument one step further, maybe this will reduce the number of convictions as well as the financial and emotional costs to victims of crime. There are innocent people here who have suffered a great deal as a result of the criminal acts of others.

The decision to publish names and convictions was not made lightly. And it is the policy of the paper to publish only the names of those convicted. If someone has been charged, but has not been convicted, his or her name will not appear in the paper.

Write a letter to the editor expressing your opinion of this issue.

'Letters to the editor' are very important to the readership and to the community which the newspaper serves.

The letters act as a forum for discussion, a means to inform the public or authorities of a concern, or sometimes they can provide a great topic of conversation over the fence or kitchen table.

They also provide ideas and suggestions for and criticisms about local issues.

They can be funny, angry, sad, or a little of everything. Write one today, sign your name, and help provide a service to all. Write: Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ont. P0T 2W0

Will The Flower Bloom Again?

Well, I see that The Flower is making the rounds of hockey clubs in the NHL, trying to recapture his glory days. Guy Lafleur is 37, which is ah, venerable for a pro hockey forward, unless your name happens to be Gordie Howe. Even Howe, who was still potting goals and dishing out hip checks into his fifties, survived by judicious use of elbows, sticks and puck savvy. Howe was the wise old bull on the ice. Lafleur in his prime was The Speedster, streaking down his wing past opposing players who suddenly looked like so many fire hydrants, his long hair flowing like a comets tail behind him.

On a hockey player, legs are the first thing to go. Lafleur had already lost a step or two when he retired and that was five years ago.

Ah, glory is a demanding mistress. Is there a balding, spare tired, middle aged guy out there, who on occasion, hasn't fantasized his own back yard patio into the ten yard line of Exhibition Stadium, fourth quarter, last play, score tied? Then (making sure we weren't looking) taken the

Cup?

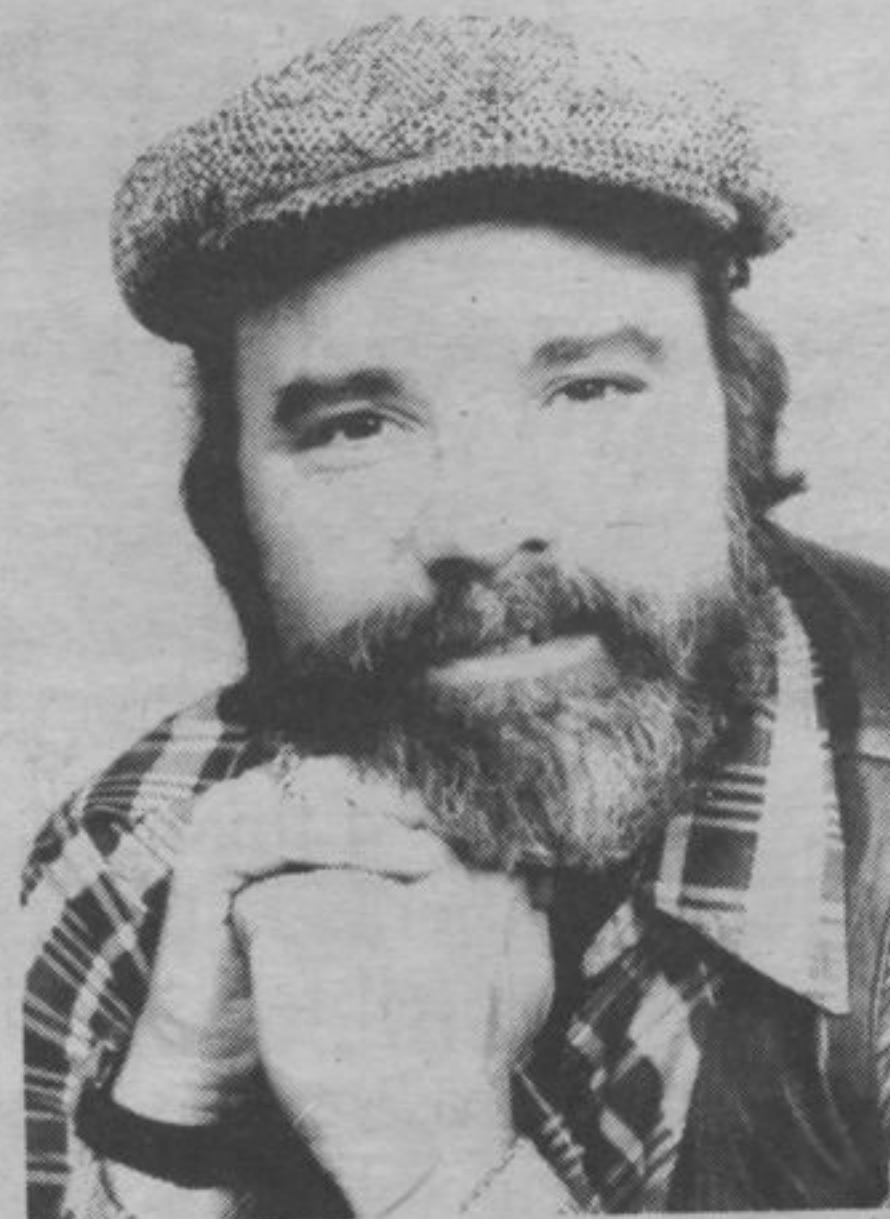
Tough enough for all of us has-beens and never-weres, but it must be murder for NHL-ers like Lafleur--guys that were there and tasted glory, however briefly.

Never mind the bushel baskets of money, the bonus Porsches for signing and the covets of pliant bimbos waiting at the dressing room door--imagine the thrill of facing off against legends like Gretzky and Lemieux. Of playing in shrines like The Forum and Madison Square Gardens. Imagine the buzz of playing in Prague, Helsinki and Moscow. Of slipping a puck past the best netminders on the planet. Imagine the eerie chill that must trickle down the back of your hockey sweater as 15 or 20 thousand fans leap to their feet, punch the air and scream Hosannas and it's all aimed at you.

No wonder Guy Lafleur wants to stick his 37 year old legs into a pair of hockey skates again. Life on the streets must be hellishly monotonous after life in a

Canadiens jersey.

When I think of hockey and glory I often think of Paul Henderson, scorer of perhaps the



Arthur Black

most famous goal in hockey history. You remember it? Moscow, November 12, 1972. Final seconds of the final game

against the dreaded Russians. Team Canada, invincible at the beginning of the series, had been battered and humiliated by the suddenly awesome Soviets. But the Canadians had been coming back and coming back. The game was tied and the clock was running out and then, in a finale the Samuel Goldwyn would have dismissed as too corny, Paul Henderson pulled off a modest miracle and scored the winning goal.

There's a famous photo that immortalizes the moment. The Soviet goalie is sagging, as if the air has been let out of him and in front of the net is Henderson leaping straight for the rafters. It was a heady moment, and about as much glory as any human heart should be expected to weather.

Which leads to a curious point: whatever became of Paul Henderson anyway? Nothing much. He came back from Moscow a national hero, played a couple of curiously lustreless seasons, then retired. It was almost as if he used up his Glory

Quotient in that one incredible game.

But you don't have to play hockey to earn that orgasmic moment in the spotlight. Entertainers feel it regularly. So do lawyers, evangelists and politicians. Once in a while even a quiet diplomat gets his place in the sun. Remember Ken Taylor? Once upon a time he was Canada's ambassador to Iran. Then the Shah was overthrown and the anti-American mad dog Komeini seized power. Taylor set up a kind of underground railroad that sheltered U.S. personnel trapped in Tehran and eventually smuggled them out of the country. America went crazy. They made that shy Canadian boy a hero.

And where is he now? Why, he moved to Atlanta to be vice-president of Nabisco Corporation.

Savior of the Western World? Shilling for Shreddies and Cream of Wheat.

Cheer up, Guy...Courage Paul. Things could be a lot worse.