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## Most resolutions doomed to failure from the beginning

Of all the times of year, this certainly must be the one in which most promises are made. Resolutions we call them - to quit this or to start doing that.

Resolutions are unique in that they usually involve some sort of self improvement for the individual. They are not promises, in most cases, made to others.

People make resolutions for just about everything quitting smoking and losing weight probably being two most common resolutions made.

Although these resolutions begin with good intentions, they are most often doomed to failure for one main reason.

It is the end of the year and a time to remember the year going out, and to look ahead into the new year. Hoping for new possibilities and for the next year to be better than the last. It seems only natural that people would want to improve themselves in some sort of way.

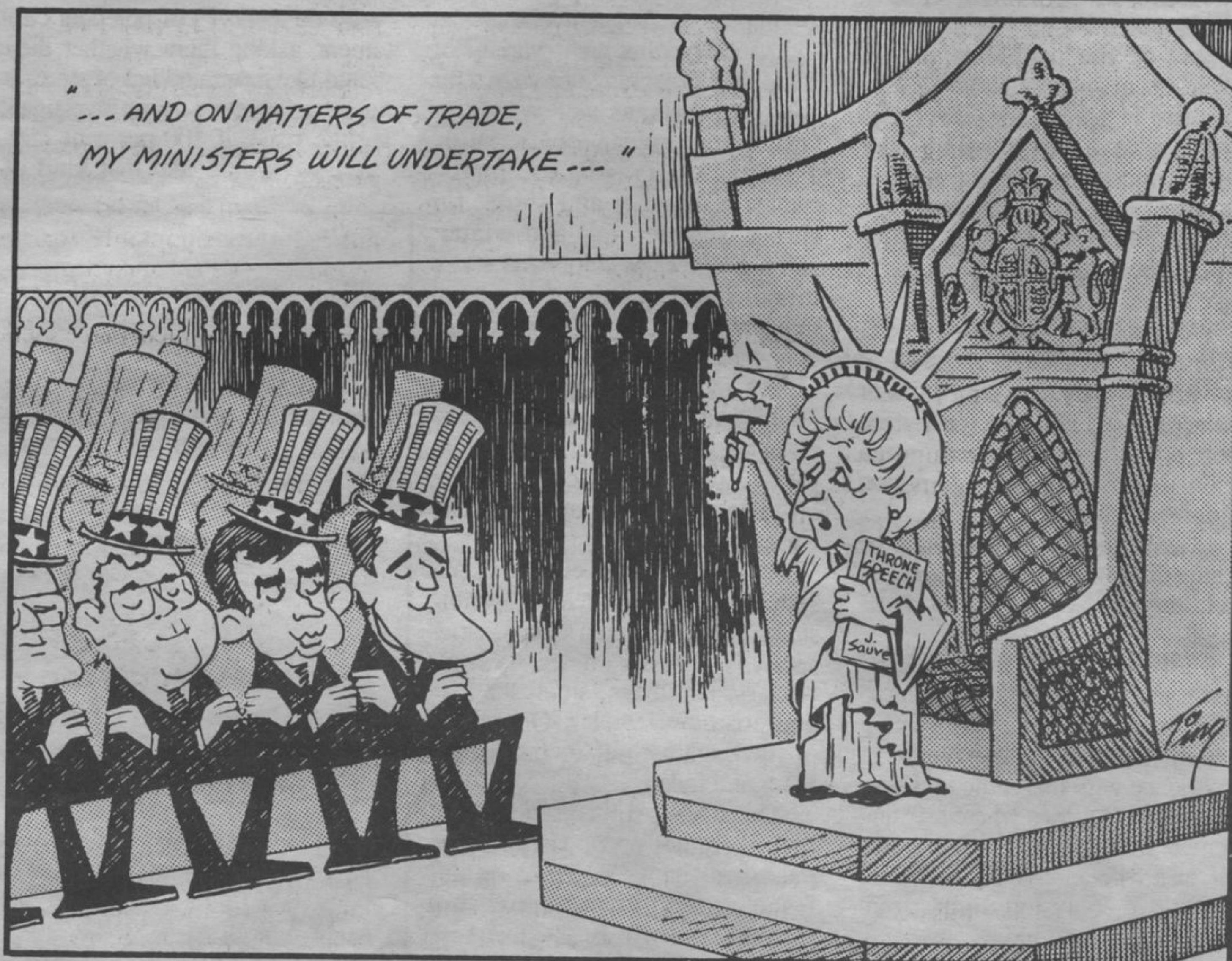
People generally make resolutions that involve using your willpower to overcome some problem or habit - such as losing weight or quitting smoking.

Another reason for being so optimistic is the good mood people are put in as a result of the holiday season. At the end of the year, New Year's resolutions are made as people get caught up in the excitement and the merriment.

But, as the new year rolls in, and the holidays end, one gets back to the regular day to day grind of everyday life. Stress increases and you have less free time than only a few weeks before.

It doesn't take long, in most instances, for people to break their New Year's resolution. To buy that first pack of cigarettes or take a midnight snack you really don't need.

So here we are, a few days into the new year. The holidays are over and here comes the day to day grind. How many of you have broken your resolutions already? To those of you who haven't broken your resolutions yet, keep thinking about those healthy lungs that won't look like burnt pork chops, or wearing a bathing suit on the beach in the spring, and hang in there. Good luck.



## A letter of thanks to Kimberly-Clark

Dear Editor:

In the past, companies used to share the Christmas Season with all their employees with a bonus or a gift of turkey or fruit cakes.

Managers came around and wished all a Merry Christmas. But our greed and suspicion have changed all that.

Only smaller companies close to their people do this. Many say management is just looking for tax breaks or for favors in return.

An so the practice stopped. But this year K. C. thought Santa Claus

did share the spirit to the delight of many children.

My son was one of these and I cannot say to him, Oh, they had a great or bad year, because he doesn't understand that.

He does understand K. C. gave him a hat that he is very proud of and the warmth in his eyes and the smile on his face was a gift I felt as well.

May you all join with me in saying a big thank you to Kimberly-Clark.

A. Reginald Gagg



With all the snow, snowmen are bound to start popping up everywhere. Photo by Dave Chmara

# Is your figure less than Greek?

"I have everything now that I had 20 years ago -- except now it's all lower." Ex-stripper Gypsy Rose Lee

I think it's safe to assume, without asking anyone to take his or her clothes off, that all of us gathered here have figures that are (ummm) less than Greek.

Thought so. Well, if it's any consolation, your Obedient Correspondent is unlikely to be taken for a lean, mean sex machine either.

As a matter of fact, this chassis of mine has got so many miles on it (not to mention dents and dings on the fenders) that it's owner doesn't entertain fantasies of transforming it into something sleek, speedy and admirable any more. I'm just happy the cops haven't ordered it off the road.

Which makes me odd man out these days. Everywhere I look, folks seem to be absolutely obsessed with the idea of shedding suet and putting on muscle.

There's a fitness club on every block, the streets are littered with joggers and hikers and power walkers wearing agonized scowls and spandex tights. My television is infested with whole flotillas of happyface aerobics bimbos chanting and puffing to disco Muzak.

Oh well. It's better than robbing banks or doing drugs I guess.

But it's kind of depressing to think of all that unharnessed energy going to waste.

Running around my block feels like it takes enough energy to provide hydroelectricity for some small Third World village. And where does all that energy go? Into my sweatband.

Wouldn't it be nice if you could just order the body you want and devote all that exercise energy to useful pursuits such as raiding the refrigerator or lying on a river bank chewing grass and watching the river flow?

The science magazine Omni came up with the same concept

recently -- the editors asked several prominent sportsmen, entertainers and scientists what kind of a body they'd like if they could trade theirs for a customized job.



Arthur Black

The jocks they asked came up with fairly predictable requests.

Yankee slugger Mickey Mantle, one of baseball's all-time greats who was getting greater when his gimpy pins gave out

under him, said he'd order the stainless steel knees option if he could. "Injury-free, I would have hit 700 home runs," says Mantle.

Tennis Dreadnaught Martina Navratilova said she'd like to have a "rotating waist. Something like the turret on a Leopard tank, I suppose. Not a pretty thought.

But not everyone wanted to be turned into a bionic superperson.

Designer Oleg Cassini said he'd love to change the colour of his skin -- to every colour under the rainbow.

Cassini would like to have a body as pretty as a peacock -- literally. "Oh, to possess those colours," he cooed.

Interesting parlor game, designing your own body. What improvements would you make?

I can think of a couple of God's glitches that I'd drop. Tonsils for one thing, and that nasty little time bomb in our bellies, the appendix.

Oh yes, and teeth. Next time around, I'd prefer to face life with a set of teflon choppers in my mouth.

I realize it would put a severe crimp in my dentist's lifestyle, but she could always sell on e of her Porches.

Remember the Acid Guru of the sixties -- Timothy Leary? He's gone one step further than redesigning his body -- he's throwing it out.

Sort of. Leary has just paid \$45,000.00 to have his head frozen and preserved after he dies.

No body, just his head. Leary figures it can be stuck at the back of the freezer for a couple of centuries or so, until science has evolved sufficiently to rewire him. Or it.

Scary thought -- inflicting an idiot like Leary on defenseless generations yet unborn.

Dunno why he stipulated waiting until death to freeze his head.

It's not as if he's using it.