

Editorial Page

Tel.: 825-3747

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2W0 Tel.: 807-825-3747. Second class mailing permit 0867. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Assn. and the Canadian Community Newspaper Assn.

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Single copies 40 cents.
Subscription rates: \$15 per year / \$25 two years (local) and \$21 per year (out of town).

I Think I'll Stay Awhile

About a month and a half ago I packed up my car to the roof and left behind my friends, family, and furniture in Portage la Prairie, MB. My destination was Schreiber, Ont. about 12 hours away. When I reached the town I'd found my grey camaro had turned white from all the highway driving but I was glad I was finally here.

At the ripe old age of 21 I'd decided to live (along with another girl Bonnie, from Manitoba) in a town where I knew virtually no one. But that didn't last long. I found all the people I met in Schreiber and Terrace Bay to be very friendly. Everyone I drive by on the street waves, even people I don't know yet.

I find Ontario to be a very beautiful place. There's a mountain across from my house that's just begging to be climbed when the weather warms up. Hockey leagues and tournaments, ringette, figure skating, and skidoing keep people's minds off the cold. I also see many children tobogganing and being pulled in sleighs. Snowmen seem to pop up everywhere too.

One morning my roommates Jodie, Chris, and Bonnie awoke to find their cars had disappeared from the street. They found out the hard way that cars are towed away without notice when the roads are being plowed. The snowplows are efficient. In Manitoba it sometimes took days before the streets were cleared.

The highlight of my week usually occurs on Sunday afternoon. Someone says the magic words: "Archie Special" and 4 of us pile into the car and race to Terrace Bay for Chinese food at Adamo's. Afterwards we have to roll home.

Well to tell you the truth, I really like living in Schreiber although I had doubts about the size of the town at first. And of the people I've met so far, most like the town they're living in whether it's Terrace Bay or Schreiber. I think I'll have to stay awhile.

Angie Saunders



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The News welcomes your letter to the editor. Use this space as your forum to comment on any issue of common interest.

Please address letters to:

The Terrace Bay/Schreiber News
P.O. Box 579
Terrace Bay, Ontario P0T 2W0

Please sign your letter and include your phone number

Lawyers...the perfect target for "Joke Makers"

First thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

William Shakespeare penned those words for a minor character in his play *Henry VI* nearly 400 years ago. Last month in a souvenir shop in Stratford, Ontario, I saw racks and racks of T shirts, all sizes, all colours, all bearing the same slogan. "How are the Lawyer T Shirts selling?" I asked the clerk.

"Can't keep'em in stock" she replied with a smirk.

Ah yes...lawyerphobia. The profession everybody loves to loathe. 'Twas ever thus.

Almost ever, anyway. The ancient Romans groused and grumbled about lawyers. The Bible smites them hip and thigh (Luke 11:46). The English poet Keats wrote "I think we may class the lawyer in the natural history of monsters". The nation of Andorra was so unimpressed with lawyers that it banned

them from its courtrooms by government decree 'way back in 1864. That decree is still in effect.

The twentieth century has been no kinder to the legal profession. Maybe it was the spectacle of sleaze-exuding courtroom buzzards like Melvin Belli and Marvin Mitchelson. Maybe it was the numbing realization that most of our politicians started out as lawyers (is that a lateral career move, or a demotion?). Lawyers have become society's official professional scapegoats, eclipsing even dentists and journalists.

How do I know? From all the lawyer jokes going around, that's how. Have you heard them?

What's brown and black and looks good on a lawyer?

A doberman.

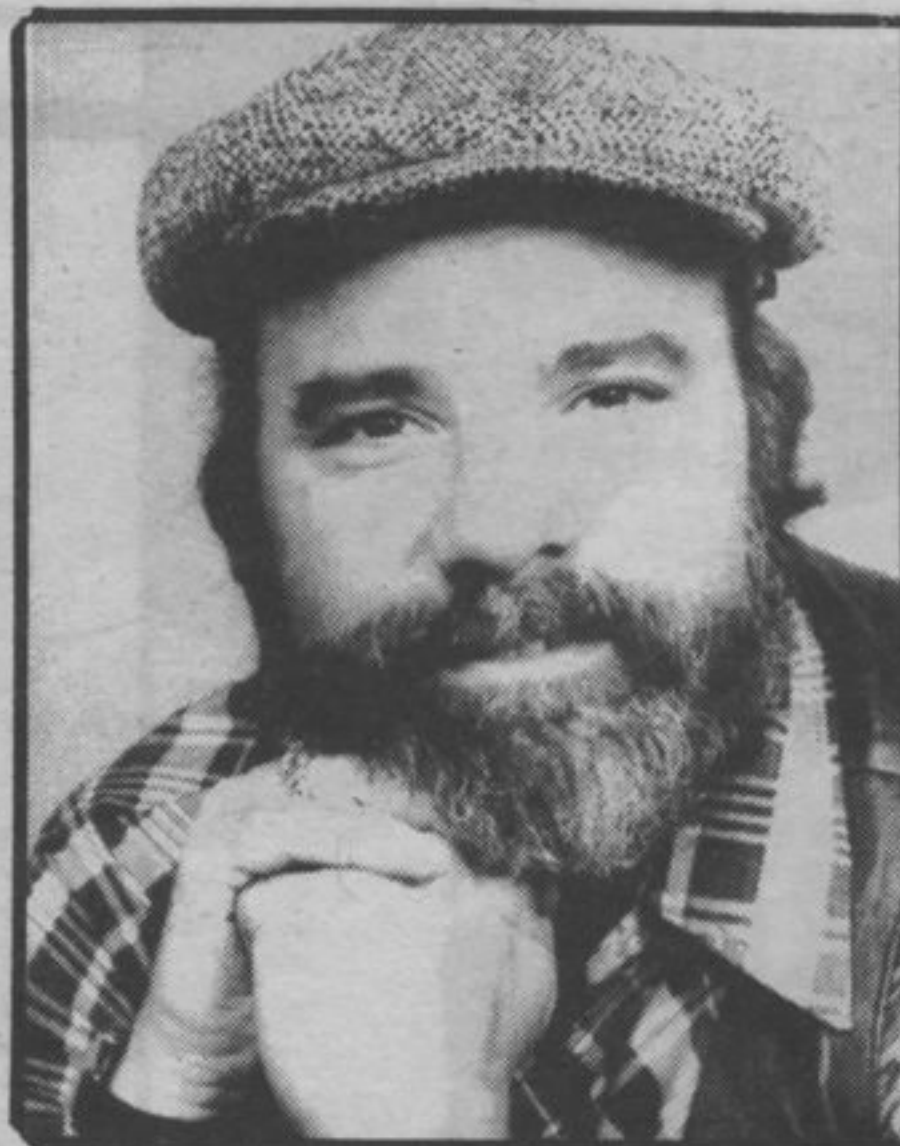
Why do piranhas refuse to attack lawyers?

Professional courtesy.

What's the difference between a dead skunk and a dead lawyer in the middle of the road?

Skid marks in front of the skunk.

Why does Ottawa have



Arthur Black

the most lawyers and Baie Comeau the most toxic waste dumps?

Baie Comeau got first choice.

What do you call the fear lawyers experience when

they step in doggy-doo?

Fear of melting.

This is vicious stuff! So vicious that even some lawyers aren't laughing anymore. The American Bar Association is making nervous, throat-clearing noises about "the dangers of lawyer-bashing".

So far the ABA hasn't threatened to sue anybody.

They'd have their attache cases full if they did. A whole slew of anti-lawyer joke books hit the bookstores this year--titles such as *What To Do With A Dead Lawyer* and also one called *Skid Marks* (see joke above). There's a popular syndicated column in many Canadian newspapers called *Court Jesters*. It's written by one Peter MacDonald and it's all about irregular court goings-on in this country--most of them hilarious, very few of them edifying to the lawyers involved.

Mister MacDonald comes

by his material first hand. He's a practicing lawyer in Hanover, Ontario.

That brings up a truly curious characteristic about the epidemic of lawyer jokes going around--most of the jokes come from lawyers.

Which may be the most promising feature of the profession--that it's members have the grace to laugh at themselves.

One final lawyer joke--this one about F. E. Smith, a brilliant turn-of-the-century British barrister with a tongue like a Samurai's sword. Nobody, not even judges, cared to bandy words with F.E. Smith. He always won.

Well, almost always. Once, twitting a judge about the size of his belly, Smith asked if he expected a boy or a girl. "If its a boy" said the judge, "I'll call him John. If it's a girl I'll call her Mary. But if, as I suspect, it's only wind, I'll call it F. E. Smith."