

# Editorial

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## Blockades are causing problems between Canadians

I've seen and heard enough about blockades in the past month or so to do me for a long while.

Ever since the situation at Oka began, native people across Canada have been protesting by blockading highways and railways in support of the Quebec Indians and also for their own living, housing and land rights. Oka started a nation-wide chain reaction.

One particular incident I viewed on the national news alarmed me. A native man from Manitoba who supported the Oka blockade was angry at the federal government for their inaction and wanted to do something about it. There is a dam on his reserve and he threatened to blow it up with dynamite if the government didn't resolve things with Oka soon.

Mohawk Warriors at Oka are hooded and armed to the teeth but will not disclose to the public exactly how much fire power they possess.

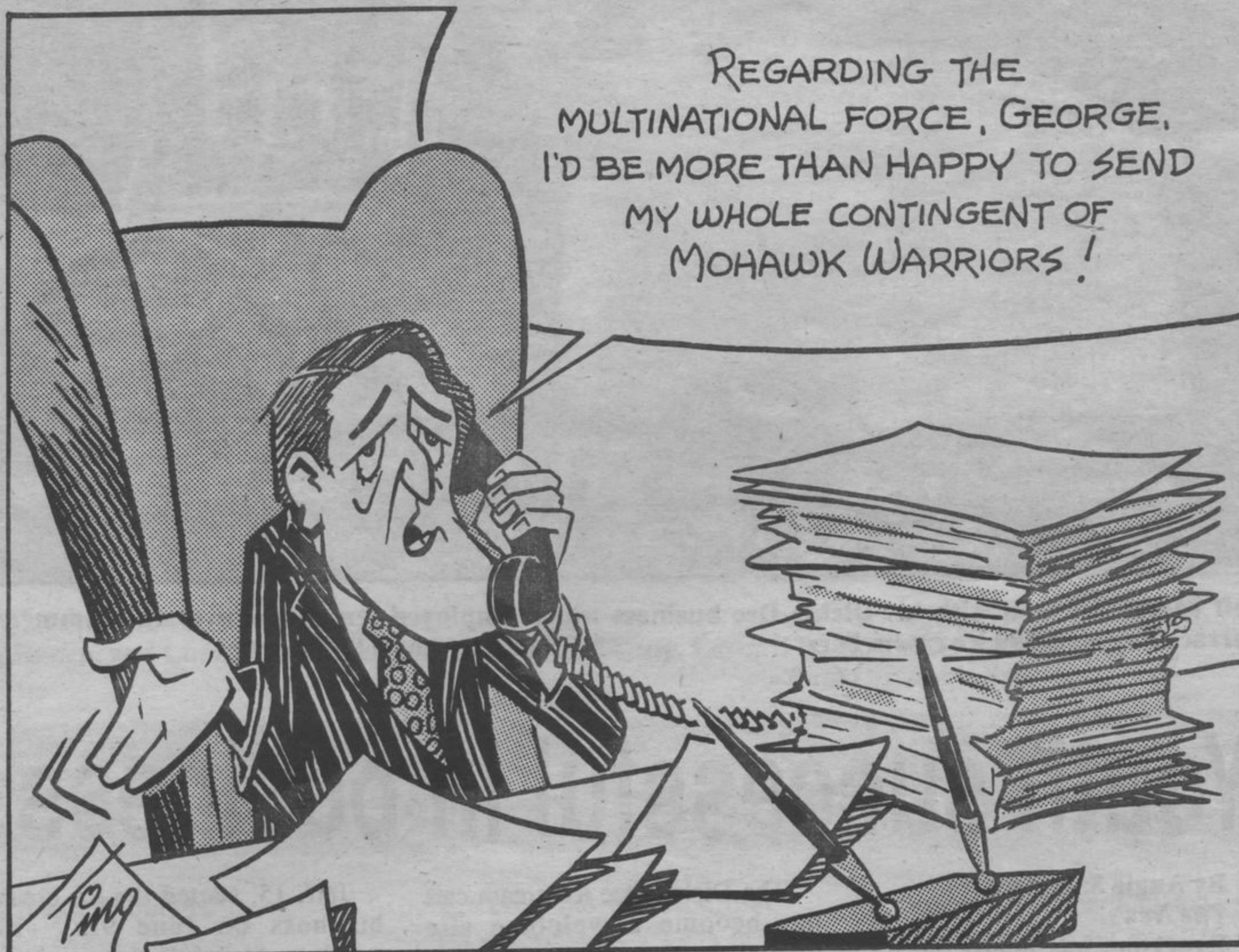
We've had our own blockade at Schreiber, with CP Rail workers blocking Highway 17 for three hours to protest the Indian blockade of the CP Line that prevented employees from working. But the trains are now running again.

These blockades are causing many problems within Canada. Many people are starting to become very angry with our federal government's inaction towards resolving many of the problems that have been ongoing for months.

Racial resentment is starting to take its toll because things are taking so long. I've overheard heated discussions between natives and caucasians about who really owns Canadian land - the natives were here first - but the caucasians own the majority of the land now.

My opinion is that Canada is for Canadians - be they native or any other nationality. We should all pay the same taxes, buy our own land and try to earn our livings in the same honest way. That way we'll all be equal and can truly call ourselves Canadian.

Angie Saunders



## Letter to Editor

Dear Editor,

Northerners have always practiced multiple-use on Crown Land - a cooperative land management system that depends on local expertise. The land's capability is the first priority with our loggers, prospectors, trappers and tourist operators.

We are losing our local decision making across the north. Lobby groups from the south are dictating the North's land priorities.

Support candidates who will

deliver a secure, legislated multiple-use on Crown lands and parks.

Yours truly,  
Judy Skidmore

Dear Editor,

David Peterson blames high interest rates and the high Canadian dollar for the decline in the logging industry.

He does not disclose that the Ontario Provincial Government collects a 15% tax on lumber

exports. Quebec has negotiated with the U.S. for a decreased 8% tax and uses the additional revenues for reforestation.

He ignores the important fact that industry costs are driven up due to the creation of parks and buffer zones. All of these elements are controlled by his government. Obviously, Mr. Peterson considers the people in the North to be economic illiterates.

D.A. Robinson  
North Bay, ON

# The Great American Kiss-Off

"A young woman and a young man had better not be alone together much until they are married. This will be found to prevent a good many troubles. Kisses and caresses...have a direct and powerful physiological effect. Nay, they often lead to the most fatal results."

from *A Complete Sexual Science and a Guide to Purity and Physical Manhood* (1894)

I remember when I first did it. Judy Page was her name. It was at my sister's wedding and I (rogue that I was) took advantage of all the nuptial confusion. I dragged Judy behind a curtain and we did it.

Just once. I was a beginner, after all.

Not like Paul and Sadie Andover, two passionate Americans who hold the world record: 20,009 times in two hours.

Not like the three couples sprawled in the parking lot of

a furniture shop in Reno, Nevada last month. Tourists and shoppers practically had to climb over them as they did it *tout ensemble* right there on the main drag!

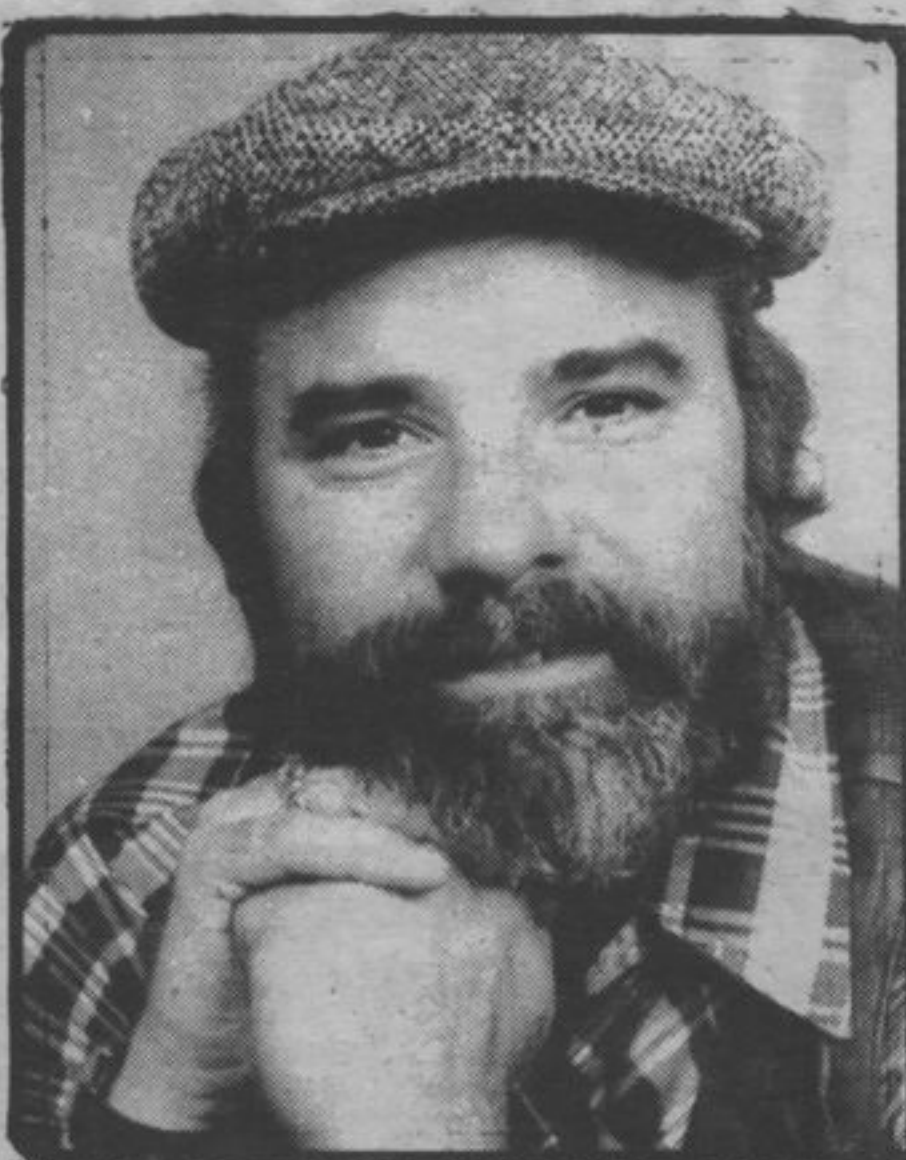
What's that Madame? You say you're cancelling your subscription to *The Gazette* and faxing a petition to Joe Clark to have me drawn and quartered in the shade of the Peace Tower? Relax.

It's *osculation* we're talking about here. Paul and Sadie Andover *kissed* each other 20,009 times in two hours. Those three Reno couples in the furniture store parking lot were joined only at the lips.

As for Judy and me, well what do you expect? She was the flower girl and I was the page boy. We couldn't have made one teenager even if you added our ages together!

Judy and I did it out of curiosity, I guess. Paul and Sadie did it to get their names in the record book. The Reno

Sextet did it strictly for money. They were contestants in an event called the Great American Kiss-Off, a promotion sponsored by a Nevada furniture store which offered \$10,000 U.S. to the



Arthur Black

couple that could kiss the longest. Contestants had to smooch for 12 hours each day, from nine in the morning 'til nine at night, right out there in the furniture store's

parking lot. They got a five-minute break each hour to reapply their lipstick and water the flowers -- otherwise it was nose to nose with their loved one from dawn to dusk.

How long do you think you could buss your sweetie under those conditions? Half a day? Three days? A week?

The Nevada Nuzzlers held out -- and on - for *forty-two days*. In fact, they'd probably still be nibbling at each other except the furniture company got tired of not having a parking lot. Company officials awarded the ten grand to all six contestants and let them split it up any way they liked.

Strange way to say hello, though -- kissing. When I was a kid we used to laugh about the Eskimos and their habit of rubbing noses. But is that any more bizarre than our custom of planting juicy smackers on one another's lips? I wouldn't want to argue it in a court of law.

Which is where some

kissers end up, by the way. Like the 24-year-old Oklahoman who was convicted of assault back in 1976 and fined \$200. His crime? Kissing the elbow -- the elbow! -- of a parking warden while she was giving him a ticket.

Things were even tougher in England during the early nineteenth hundreds. Any chap caught kissing his wife on a Sunday could expect to spend two hours in the stocks.

All of which brings to mind a morsel of doggerel that's been dancing around in my head ever since I read about the Great American Kissonoff:

*She frowned and called him Mr.*

*Because in sport he kr.*

*And so in spite*

*That very nite*

*This Mr. kr. sr.*

Don't know a thing about the poet, but I'll bet you a French Kiss he wasn't a nineteenth century Englishman.