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## Tundra, polar bears and The News

I wasn't expecting tundra and polar bears when I arrived in Terrace Bay last week to begin my job as news editor of this paper. Nor was I expecting to wake up to snow my first morning in town but there it was - wet, white and thick on the ground in front of my motel room.

I'm no stranger to snow, ice and cold. I remember, from younger days in New Liskeard, riding to school on square tires and having car door handles snap off in my hand.

I have lived in several places in Ontario: Toronto, London and most recently North Bay. However, none of them can produce snowfall like my home town of Owen Sound.

The snow comes screaming in off Georgian Bay, thick and wet, and in one day you can find yourself up to your behind in the awful stuff. Winter in Owen Sound is a damp, miserable experience.

So, I am looking forward to a clean, cold, crisp winter in Terrace Bay and Schreiber.

As the news editor of the *News* I will have the opportunity to bring you news of what's going on in your community and make use of the skills I learned studying journalism at Canadore College in North Bay.

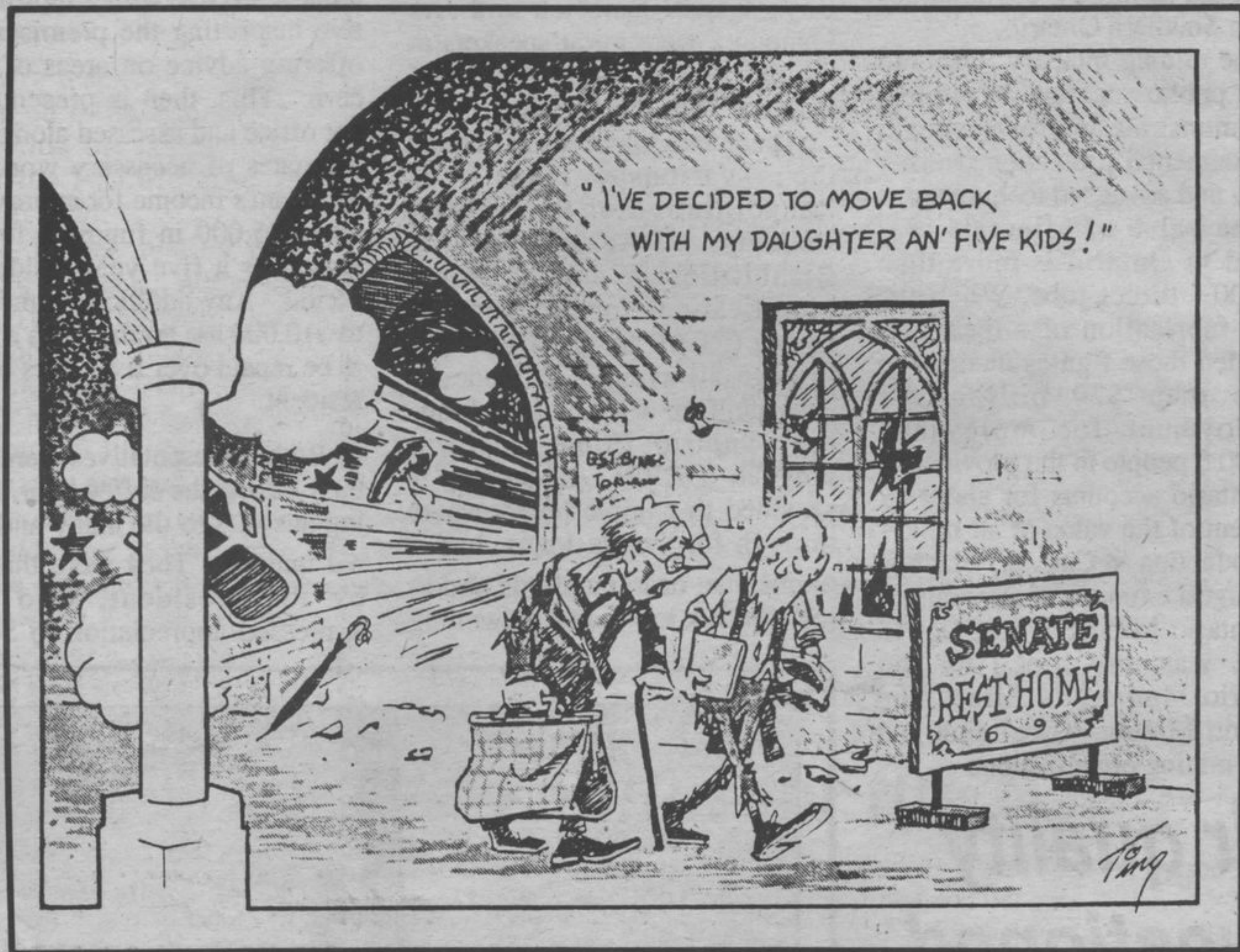
I will also be around to photograph you, the people of Terrace Bay and Schreiber.

A newspaper should be a positive force in the community by helping to promote awareness and understanding of the world around us.

And an understanding of the world begins by being aware of what goes on in your own community.

I am looking forward to learning about the communities of Terrace Bay and Schreiber and making a positive contribution through my work at the *News*.

Rob Cotton



## More doctors needed

Dear Editor,

As a taxpayer and a resident of Schreiber I would like to bring up the question of "Medical services for both Schreiber and Terrace Bay."

Our communities seemingly have a great deal of problems in keeping doctors interested in staying. There could be many answers to why this is so but let us all remember that many of the doctors who have worked here did not leave because they were

offered such great jobs in other towns or cities.

This at times could have been the answer but not always. I am not positive that anyone ever considered that maybe these professionals are over-worked. We all have jobs and some days we just don't feel like going in because we know that today we have a lot of work to do. Well these doctors probably feel this way too, on some days.

I honestly feel that if we could

get four doctors in our towns (maybe two in Schreiber and two in Terrace Bay) the work load would be decreased and this would give them more time for family and friends. I do not believe that these men or women are too concerned with the financial part as much as the other things in life.

I think that if we continue to let all of these good doctors keep getting away we may end up with

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# The inside view of an interview

A lot of readers think I spend all my waking hours in a roach-infested flophouse garret, drinking cheap wine and eating mouldy heels of baguettes when I'm not throwing myself at the walls trying to come up with an idea for my next newspaper column.

Not true. Once in a while I slip down to the local radio station to host a weekly radio show. (The station could be described as a roach-infested flophouse but that's another horror story.)

The reason I bring up my Other Life is that my producer recently interviewed applicants for a research job on our radio show.

I found him the morning after, face down on his desk blotter, whimpering quietly.

The job interviews had not gone well.

The first applicant who showed up was a chirpy, energetic woman with more questions than answers. "This program - it's kinda like

a current affairs-type program, isn't it?" Well, no said my producer, not exactly. He asked the job-seeker if she ever listened to the program. "Afraid not" she replied. "I mostly just watch TV."

The next hopeful was a breezy, affable guy wearing a sports jacket that could halt traffic and a pinkie ring that Curtis Strange could have teed off on. He cruised through the office doors and hove to in front of a woman he took to be the receptionist. After eyeballing her approvingly from stem to gudgeon he murmured "Hi doll, is the boss in?"

Alas for Lothario, "doll was the boss. Director of the department and a woman whose subscription to *Ms. Magazine* has not lapsed. She asked icily if he treated all female office workers as personal flunkies. The guy, already up to his neck, dug deeper.

"Hey, lady, no way. I know you gals are

EVERYwhere these days!"

And so it went. The applicants for the job grew more and more unsuitable, my producer grew more and more dismal.

Well, I could have taken



Arthur Black

him out for a drink. I might have fixed him up with a pair of mid-stripe tickets for the next CFL game. But I did something much more appropriate.

I went out and got a copy of the Robert Half survey.

Robert Half International is a well-known American firm that recruits executive and professional help for companies in the financial industry. Last year they contacted the personnel directors of 100 major corporations, and asked them one simple question: what was the most unusual job interview you conducted.

The responses were more astounding and hilarious than the folks at Robert Half International could have hoped for. Personnel directors recalled interviews in which:

\*Explaining that she hadn't eaten lunch, the applicant wolfed down a burger and fries during interview.

\*Applicant with receding hairline left the office and returned minutes later wearing a toupee.

\*Applicant sat down with a Walkman clamped to her skull explaining that she could listen to the interviewer and her favourite music at the

same time.

\*Applicant stopped the interview to phone his psychiatrist for advice on how to answer questions.

\*Applicant dozed off and began to snore.

Still, a job interviewer can't always take things at face value. Never forget the experience of the editor of a Nevada Newspaper who looked up from his desk one day to see a stranger, covered with dust, a filthy hat on his head and a bedroll on his back. Flopping in a chair, the stranger muttered "My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I'd like about hundred yards of line; I think I am falling to pieces. My name is Clemens and I've come to write for the paper." On a hunch, the editor hired him.

Good hunch. The young stranger was Samuel Clemens, soon to give birth to a couple of immortal rascals named Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.