

# Editorial

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## Mystery solved: editor owns car

If you've been wondering who owns the bright orange Chrysler that has been wandering all over Terrace Bay and Schreiber the past couple of weeks, let me put your mind to rest. The car is mine. I inherited it from my parents who, immediately after buying it, realized they didn't want to be seen driving a car that glows in the dark.

You see, they bought it from a little old lady who had painted it orange to make sure she wouldn't be hit while driving. And now my parents drive a 1990 Lumina, and the orange car is mine.

However, since I am new in town, the car does make me the most visible editor you've ever had. No need to wonder where I am. Just stand on your tippy-toes and look for my car.

As for my background, I was born and raised in Sudbury, but I have spent the last seven years in Nova Scotia finishing high school and going to university. I graduated last May with a degree in Journalism and English, and had been freelancing articles in Sudbury when I was hired to replace Rob Cotton.

Please let me know what kind of things you would like to see in the paper. As you know, space in a paper this size is limited, so there is a limit to the number of things we can print. There's no way to satisfy everyone. But priority should be given to things important to the community, and the only way I can find out what is important is if the readers tell me. So write me a letter, send me a fax, or give me a call.

Since I'm new to the area, most of my editorials will concentrate on national issues. Until I know enough about local issues, I won't be qualified to comment on them. If you have something to say, let me know.

But please, no jokes about my car.

**Darren MacDonald**



Your new editor

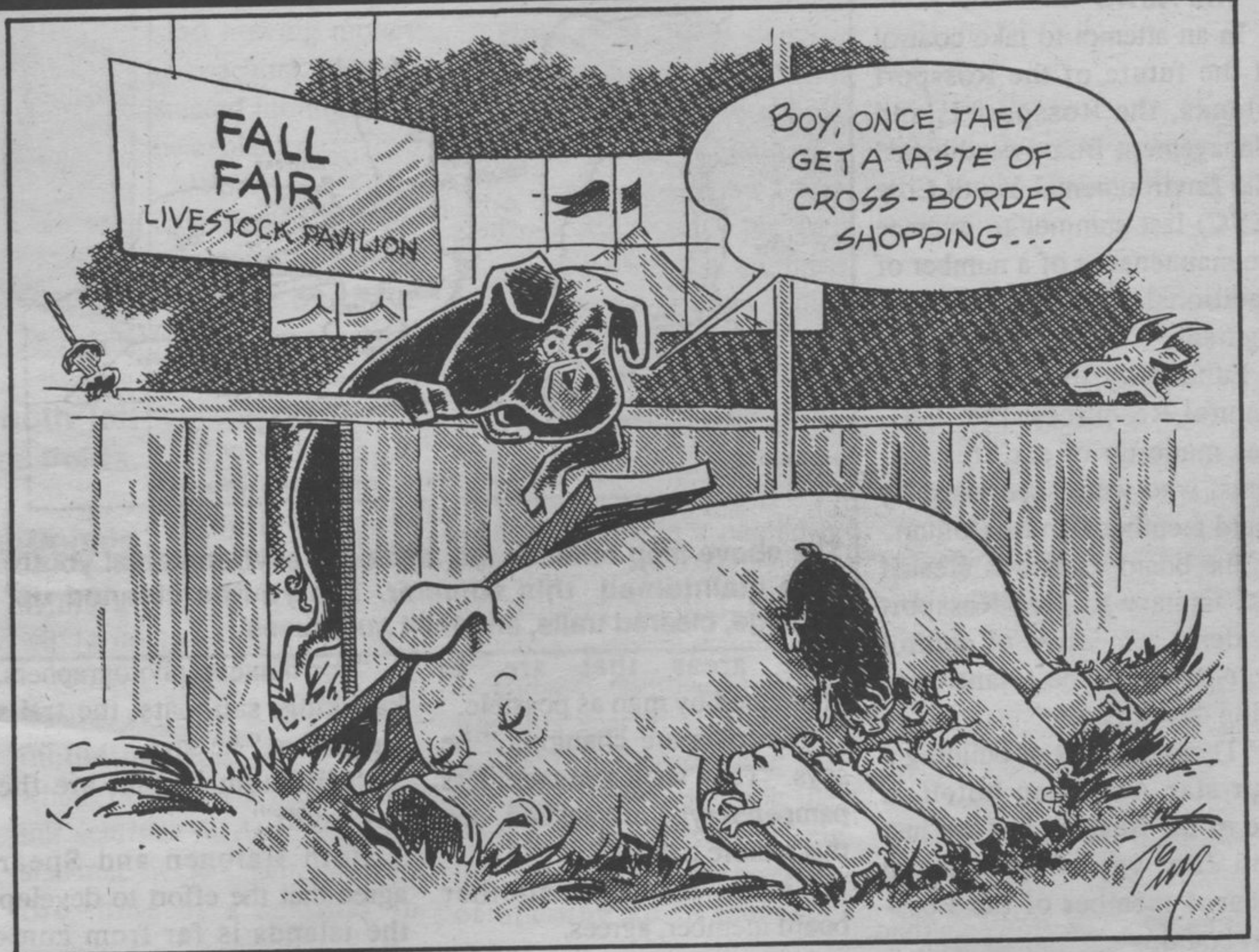
### Letters to the Editor

The Terrace Bay Schreiber News welcomes letters to the editor on any subject.

Letters must be signed and have the phone number and address of the author for verification. We will not knowingly print false libelous or anonymous comments.

Letters to the Editor are important to community newspapers. They serve to reflect opinions of members of the community we serve. However, we must insist on these rules to ensure that this very important forum is used responsibly.

Letters can be mailed to the News, Box 579, Terrace Bay, P0T 2W0, or dropped off at the News office, 13 Simcoe Plaza in Terrace Bay.



## Benetton Brouhaha

I give up. I figured that after 48 years I had maybe figured out a thing or two about life and how it works, but I was wrong. Once again Life has blown right by me like a Nolan Ryan forkball, and I've been left swinging like a batwing door.

Life's latest puzzlement: the Benetton Brouhaha.

Benetton, for those of you who don't follow fashion, is an Italian clothing company, as famous for its oddball advertising campaigns as it is for the apparel it merchandises. They've sponsored billboards showing a priest kissing a nun. They've featured full page magazine spreads in which a little white girl kisses a little black boy.

But this time the ad lads at Benettons have gone too far -- for the British anyway. The inhabitants of Blighty awoke one morning recently to find their country speckled with Benetton billboards of the most obscene and offensive nature. Radio and television station switchboards were inundated with calls from outraged citizens. Letters that began "I was shocked and appalled..." fell in blizzard-like drifts on the rounded shoulders of newspaper editors. The British Advertising Standards Authority fielded more than 800 calls demanding the billboards be covered over instantly.

Cause of the abomination? Photos of mutilated corpses, perhaps? Closeups of tortured hamsters? Ethiopian refugees? Mike Wallace without makeup?

No.

Benetton incensed the British public by showing a newborn child, complete with umbilical cord, on its billboards.

"It has caused a very large amount of distress to the public," according to director general of the Advertising Standards Authority.

In the name of sanity -- why? We accept Reagan, Terminator and Friday the 13th

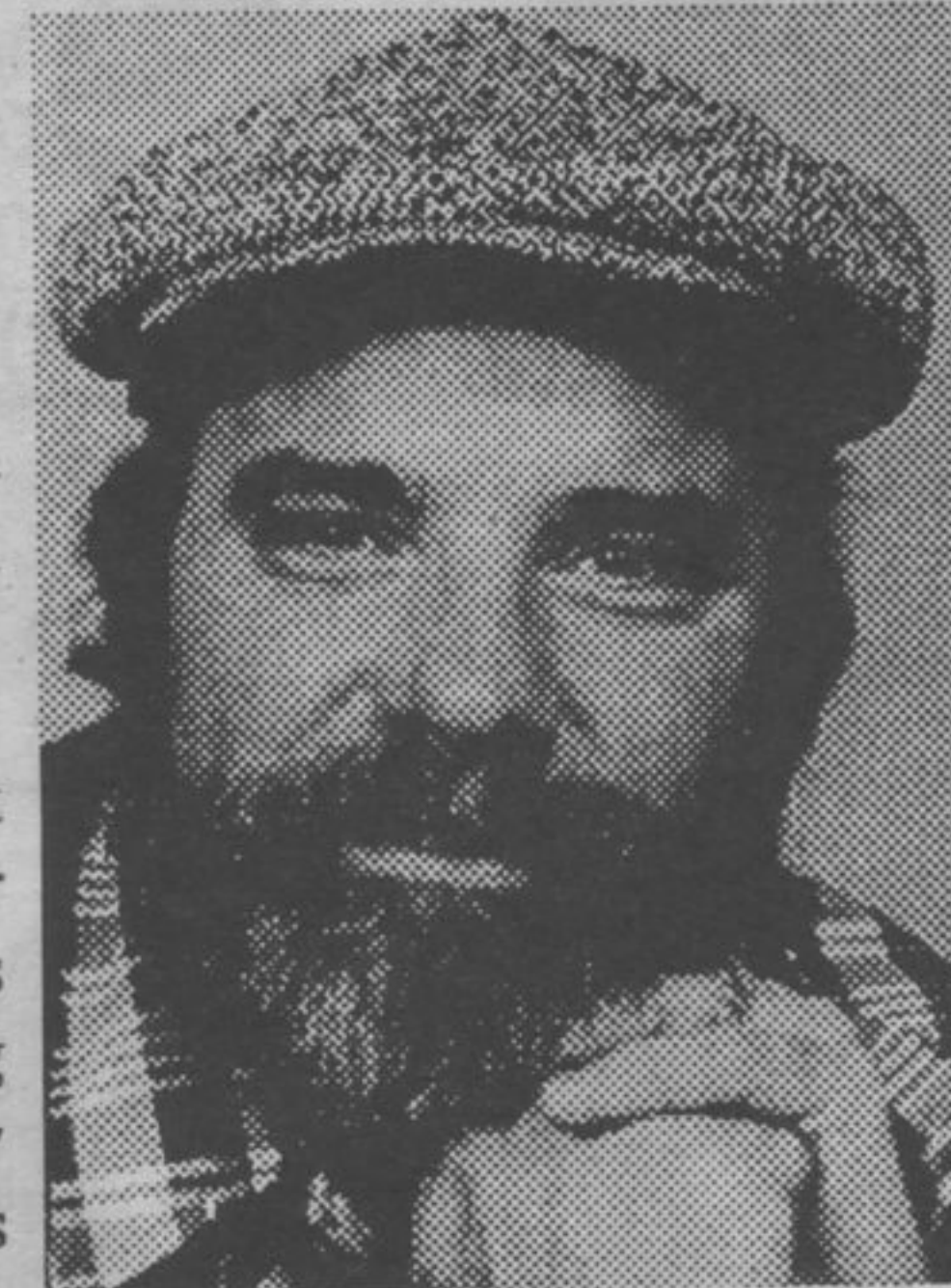
movies. We don't blink at newsreels that show Iraqi conscripts being ionized by Stealth bombers. We gobble up Westerns, the Superbowl and Fight Night Live from Las Vegas...

But we can't handle the sight of a newborn baby?

We had another example of this strange new sensitivity last month when the magazine Vanity Fair hit the stands. There on the front cover was a shot of a Hollywood starlet from the waist up. She was facing to the left, turning with a coy smile towards the camera. And she was naked.

Nothing unusual in that. Every week the newsstands are blanketed with magazines that feature naked cover girls in poses that range from corny cheesecake to hard core porn.

But there was something daringly, utterly different about the Vanity Fair cover. The starlet was the actress



Arthur Black

Demi Moore.

And she was defiantly, triumphantly pregnant.

I can't recall such pandemonium over a periodical since Time Magazine asked IS GOD DEAD? in big bold letters on its cover about 20 years back. Johnny Carson cracked jokes about the pregnant cover girl. Radio and TV talk shows debated whether or not the editors of Vanity Fair had the 'right' to publish such a shot.

Again -- what's the big deal? How can a simple and tasteful shot of a woman with child upset folks as jaded as we are?

Two of the most beautiful things I know in this world are newborn babes and barrel-bellied mothers-to-be.

Makes you wonder what would happen if Joseph and Mary tried to book a room in the Jerusalem Inn nowadays. They'd probably give them a room alright.

As long as Mary didn't mind being X-rated.