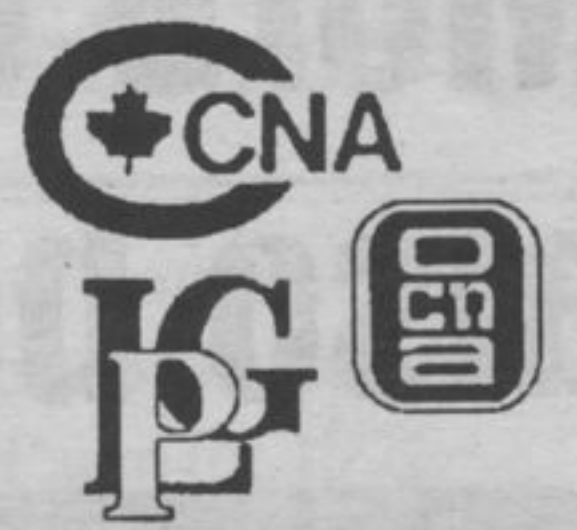


The Terrace Bay - Schreiber News is published every Tuesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, 13 Simcoe Plaza, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2W0 Tel.: 807-825-3747. Second class mailing permit 2264. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Association and the Canadian Community Newspaper Association.

Single copies 50 cents. Subs. rates: \$18 per year. Seniors \$12 (local); \$29 per year (out of 40 mile radius); \$38 in U.S. Add GST to yearly subs.

Publisher.....A. Sandy Harbinson
Advertising Mgr.....Linda R Harbinson
Editor.....Darren MacDonald
Sales Representative.....Lisa LeClair
Admin. Asst.....Gayle Fournier
Production Asst.....Cheryl Kostecki



Remembering the way it was

I promise that this will be my last comment on my automotive troubles, but circumstances dictate that I dedicate just one more column to the subject.

It is with great sadness that I announce that my bright orange Chrysler has gone to car heaven.

Instead, as I'm sure no one has noticed, I now drive a light yellow Chevy Chevette. I suppose technically it's a much better car for me. It's easy on gas, it's a newer model, easier to maintain. But it's just not the same.

The way I see it, if you have to drive an ugly used car — and with my bills, I do — it may as well be as loud and ugly as possible. At least then, it stands out from the crowd.

But with the Chevette, it's just another ugly old car. Not like my Chrysler. I still remember how I turned heads everywhere I drove when I first arrived here. Of course, why shouldn't I remember, it was only a few months ago. But still, I remember how people out for a walk or driving in their cars would stop, and stop whomever they were with, and point at my car.

Had I arrived in my new car, however, I'm sure no one would've given me a second look.

But nothing lasts forever. I'm not quite as visible anymore, but I am more fuel efficient. I may not turn heads, but everyone was used to the old car anyway.

But there's still a big — and I mean big — hole in the Simcoe Plaza parking lot now, where once there was a car.

As you flip through the classified sections this week, check out our brand new comic strips "Blue Collar Bart" and "The Bushwackers". Both are drawn by Keith Milne, an aspiring cartoonist from Nepean, and they are written by his friend, Brian Horner.

As you read the strips in the coming months, let us know what you think of them, and whether or not you would like us to continue running them.

Letter to the editor:

re: High cost of home heating oil in Schreiber and Terrace Bay

Dear home Heating Oil User:

Did you know that we are paying one of the highest home heating oil prices in Northern Ontario?

Here are some prices as of Nov. 1, 1991:

Schreiber	44.9¢ per litre
Marathon	38.1¢ per litre
Thunder Bay	38.9¢ per litre
Kenora	30.0¢ per litre
Dryden	31.0¢ per litre
Fort Frances	37.5¢ per litre
Sioux Lookout	39.6¢ per litre
Geraldton	40.0¢ per litre
Nakina	40.0¢ per litre

One agent himself feels we are paying the premium dollar because of lack of concern, and resulting criticisms not being forwarded to local M.P.P.'s.

Also, local agents have no control or input into product price levels.

If you are concerned phone your local M.P.P

C. Brassard
Rosport, Ont.



Smoke-free madness

I've just been going over some old newspaper clippings. Here's one of the headlines I found: EPP SUGGESTS BAN ON ALL FLIGHTS And a rather more blunt one: OTTAWA TO AIRBORNE SMOKERS: BUTT OUT

What's surprising about these newspaper headlines is that they're not that old. I clipped them out of the *Globe and Mail* in November, 1987. I find it hard to believe that four short years ago, smokers routinely lit up on flights as soon as the FASTEN SEAT BELT sign was extinguished.

Fact is, we all metaphorically "lit up" -- smokers and non-smokers alike. The flight attendants tried to keep the nicotine addicts bunched in a special "smoking section" two-thirds of the way down the plane, but cigarette smoke is a notorious non-respecter of boundaries. If a smoker in 18B flicked his Bic, it wasn't too long before a non-smoker in 3A was wrinkling his or her nose.

Nowadays of course, smoking is verboten on all but international flights, and flying is infinitely more pleasant for everyone.

Well, almost everyone. Let us observe a moment of respectful silence (no coughing, please) for those poor wretches among us who suffer from two debilitating conditions: fear of flying and nicotine addiction.

Can you imagine what it must be like for them to endure a flight from, say, Moncton to Vancouver?

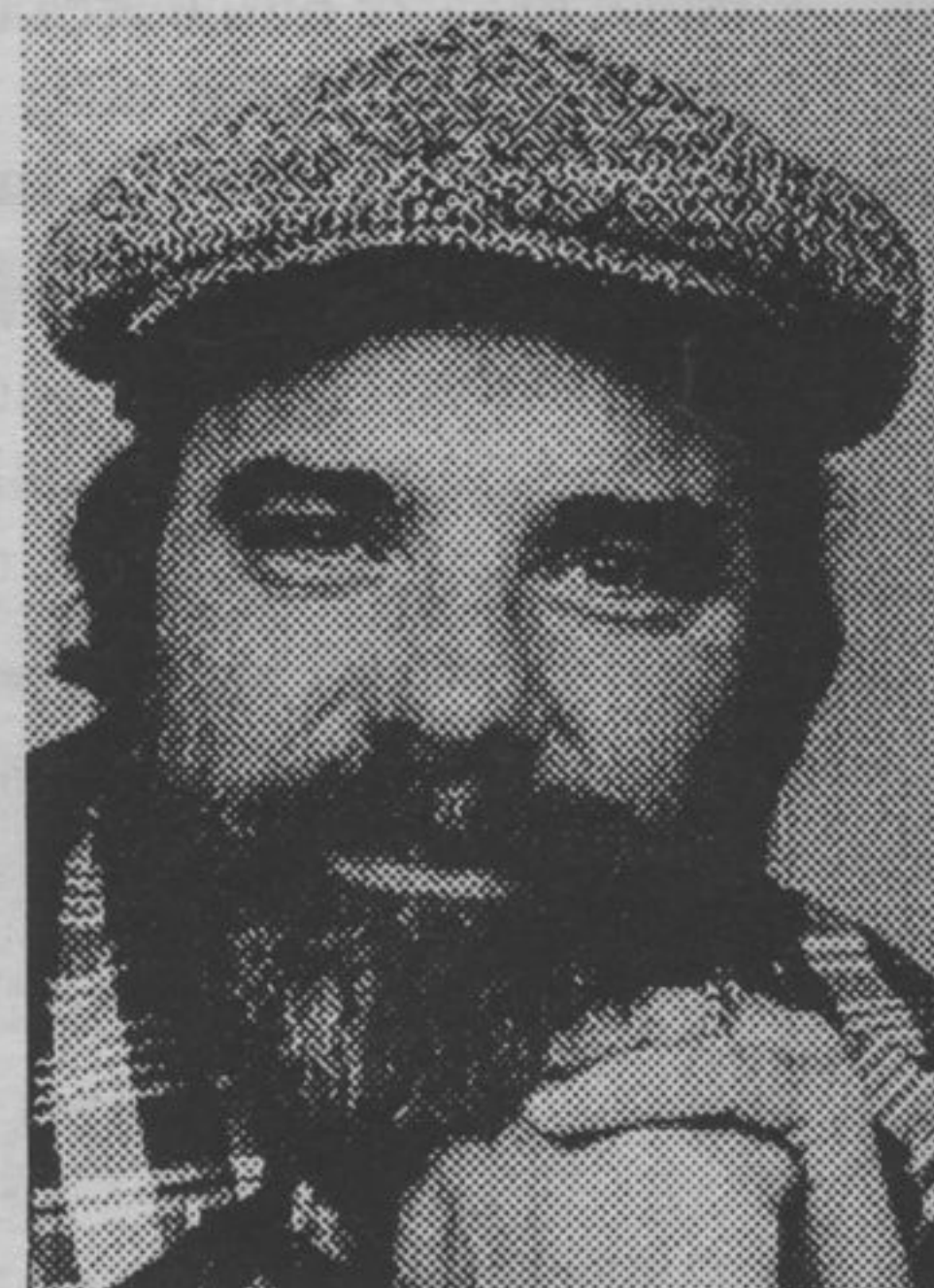
Not pretty, I'll bet. Probably a bit like it was for Oly Svane Thestrup. Mister Thestrup is a Danish actor who boarded a British Airways 747 in Vancouver not long ago. He thought he was going to London, England, but he woke up in a Winnipeg jail cell instead.

And he owes it all to Dame Nicotine.

Mister Thestrup you see, is a smoker. Imagine his consternation when he discovered that he had been put in a non-smoking seat for the ten-hour flight. He asked for a seat in the

smoking section. Sorry, full up. He ranted. He raved. Then he went to the washroom.

Not long thereafter, sinuous tendrils of smoke began to issue out of the lavatory. And not long after that, the lavatory smoke detector went off. Things on British Airways Flight 347 got very ugly after that. Thestrup took a swing at a flight attendant. He threw a drink in the pilot's face. He tried to open an emergency door and step outside at 36,000 feet.



Arthur Black

He became such a pain that the plane was forced to make an unscheduled landing. Which is how Oly Svane Thestrup, Danish thespian, ended up in a Winnipeg jail cell.

The manic-depressive Dane is but an extreme example of something flight attendants are encountering more and more often in the tobacco-free lanes of our airways these days -- nicotine-crazed customers doing everything short of hijacking to sneak an in-flight smoke.

Despite the fact that they face a criminal record, possible banishment from future flights, a hundred dollar fine and humiliation in front of their fellow passengers, desperate smokers are going to insane -- and dangerous -- lengths to soothe the tobacco monkey on their back. Some have smashed the smoke alarms in aircraft washrooms. Others have tried stretching shower caps or even condoms over the sensors.

You'd think the removal of ashtrays from the washrooms might stymie die-hard buttheads. Not always. The airlines report cases of burning cigarettes being tossed into paper-filled waste bins.

Scary. Scary enough to convince me to toss a few extras into my carry-on bag next time I take a flight.

Such as chewing gum, sunflower seeds, some lollipops and maybe a can of snuff.

Not for me -- I plan to leave them in the aircraft washrooms.