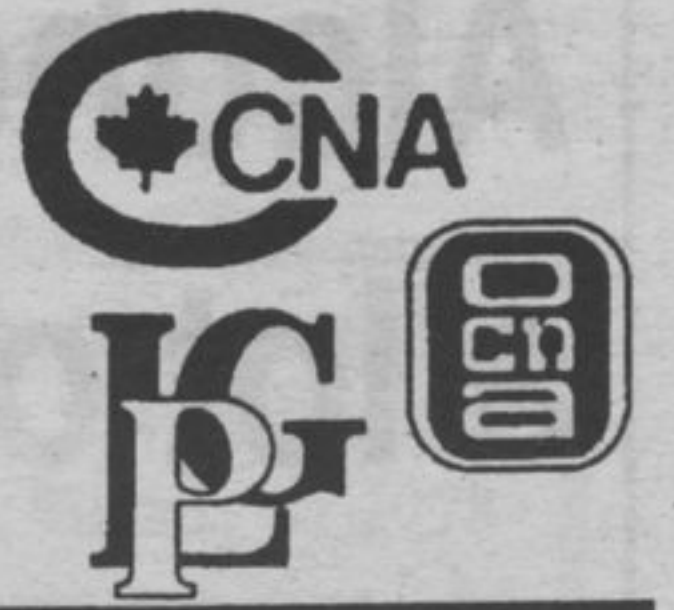


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Anybody in need of a Christmas card from 1982?

If you were to take a peek in my closet sometime, in amongst the skeletons you would find piles and piles of junk. Well, it's not junk to me, but to any other member of the human race, it's junk pure and simple.

Then again, you never know when a cardboard three leaf clover leftover from a 1988 St. Patrick's Day party is going to come in handy. Or when I'll need to refer to my grade 9 french tests—suppose I fall in love with a french Canadian woman who likes to conjugate the verb "être" in the past perfect tense. It could happen.

As I get older, I collect more and more of this stuff. It used to all fit in a shoe boxes, but recently I've graduated to those Sears boxes they give out at Christmastime for their customers to wrap presents in. Now I have plenty of room to store every single birthday card I have received since grade 12 and my collection of phone bills dating back to 1986, my first year of university (which also happened to be the first year I paid my own phone bill).

I don't know how I became a pack rat. It's not hereditary—my parents have a few things saved in a grey metal box at home, but I have a lot more stuff now than they do after 40 years of collecting—and they have five kids to collect for. I don't even have a dog.

But for reasons I don't quite understand, every now and then I'll sift through the rubbish and remember certain periods in my life, and think about people I had almost completely forgotten. Nostalgia is what you'd call it.

And if it was up to me to decide whether or not the Town Hall in Schreiber should be renovated or demolished, guess which I would choose. Heck, one year in school I filled my bedroom with newspapers until I could barely get through the door—and this was when recycling was something hippies did.

And that's probably why I've never been elected to public office. I'm no expert, but the Hall looks to me like it's in pretty desperate shape. I took a tour of it last weekend, and I don't think anyone who doesn't have an emotional attachment to it could support trying to restore it. But I'm glad I don't have to make the decision, and I don't envy those that do.

Make your voice heard

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. We will not knowingly print false libelous or anonymous comments. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Letters can be mailed to the News, Box 579, Terrace Bay, P0T 2W0, or dropped off at the News office.

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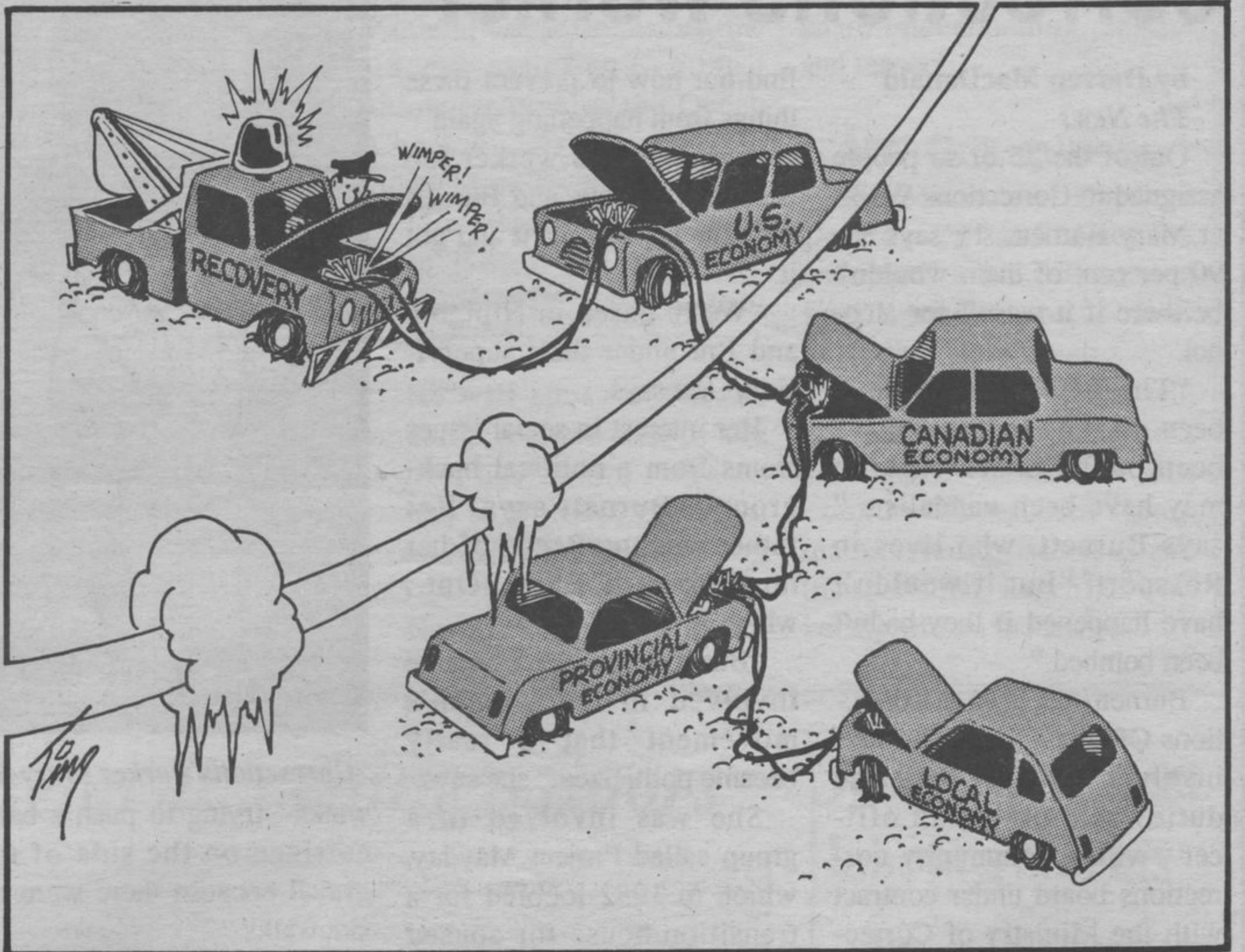
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A cure for what ails you

You feeling a little weird these days? Kind of antsy and indecisive—frustrated and confused?

Not to fear —Doctor Black is here to offer his world renowned newsprint diagnosis. Just hold this newspaper column against your forehead and count slowly to ten.

Um hmmm. Just as I suspected. You're suffering from Terminal Canadianism. It's highly contagious and it's going around. Most Canucks you meet these days are jittery and distracted—as if they're on their fifteenth cup of coffee.

I don't believe it's dietary. I don't even think it's physical. I think it's political.

Consider the situation Canadians find themselves in these days. Eighty-nine per cent of us loathe and despise the federal government and would love to turf it out on its collective keister

Which if fine as far as it goes—but then what?

Jean Chretien and the Liberals? Get serious.

Audrey McLaughlin for PM? Audrey who? In the past twelve months, Elvis has been sighted more often than the NDP leader. Who then—Preston Manning? Mister Rogers meets Howdy Doody? Puhleeze.

That's the Canadian Conundrum in a nutshell. Damned if we do and cursed if we don't. No wonder we're all feeling a little nutzoid. We don't have any prospective leaders we'd trust with the good silver, let alone the country.

But you know what folks? I have the perfect candidate.

A man who could eat the aforementioned shmoes alive in any televised debate. A man whose honesty, wit and charm would make Trudeaumania look like a heat rash. Yessir, my man is the perfect nominee for Prime Minister of Canada.

Well . . . not quite perfect, actually. Only two small drawbacks stand between Mister X and the front door key to 24 Sussex.

Number one, he's American; number two, he's

dead.

Will Rogers is the gent I'm talking about. Born in Indian Territory back in 1879, Rogers made his name on stage with the Ziegfeld Follies doing rope tricks and such.

He went on to become a syndicated columnist and then an internationally known film actor.

By the 1930s, Will Rogers was a household name. By 1935 he was dead, killed in a plane crash in Alaska.

Rogers would have been the kind of political candidate campaign managers salivate over.

He was lean, handsome, adventurous, smart and devilishly funny—often at the expense of politicians.

"American diplomacy is an open book—an open cheque-book."

On Calvin Coolidge: "He's the first president to discover that what the American people want is to be left alone."

On silver-tongued orator William Jennings Bryan: "He can take a batch of words and

scramble them together and leaven them properly with a hunk of oratory and knock the White House doorknob right out of a candidate's hand."

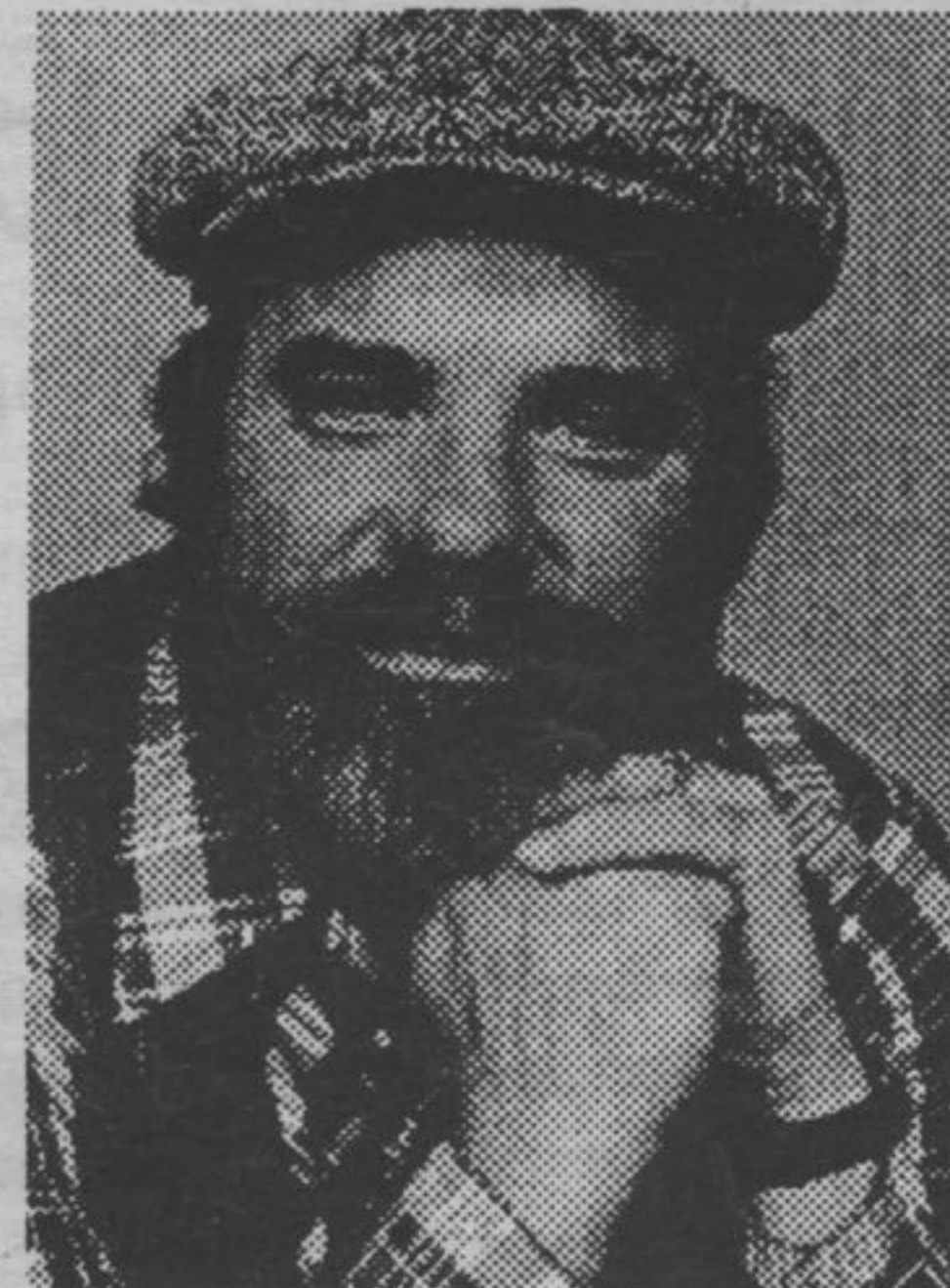
But you didn't have to be a politician to get skewered by Rogers. At a Boston soiree, Rogers, who was part Sioux, was introduced to a snotty dowager who haughtily informed him that she counted the original Pilgrims among her ancestors.

"Well my folks didn't come over on the Mayflower" drawled Rogers, "but they were there to greet the boat."

Did he ever think of running for President while he was alive?

Absolutely not.

"I not only 'don't choose to run' for President" said Rogers, "I don't even want to leave a loophole in case I am drafted, so I won't 'choose'. I will say 'won't run' no matter how badly the country may need a comedian by that time."



Arthur Black