

opinion

Cool weather brings on ACTIVITY!

During the past week or so, I haven't found enough time to blow my nose. I had hoped that Terrace Bay, Schreiber and Rossport would come alive again once school had commenced and all the clubs and organizations were started up again ...but this is ridiculous. Our office has been crazy! If someone isn't in the office visiting, they are on the phone.

I tried to get out of the office last Friday morning to attend the Economic Development seminar here in Terrace Bay. It started at 9:00 a.m. Between phone calls, I managed to escape ... at 11:30 a.m. I made the mistake of coming back into the office following lunch hour and again I had great difficulty leaving to go back to the seminar. I apologize to the organizers of the seminar, who I promised that I would attend. It couldn't be helped.

During the weekend, things were just as bad. Sunday night I had guaranteed the Schreiber Men's baseball team that I would dash out to take photos of their final game. On my way there (without a lie) I ran out gas. Now ... I have never ran out of gas on my way to a newsstory before. And I missed the team shot. Again I apologize to the organizers. My intentions were good.

Monday morning I checked my mail and discovered that I had to attend that evening's council meeting. I had forgotten. BUT, I made it.

Tuesday night, I drove to Dorion to attend a council meeting I wouldn't have missed that for the world, as this was the meeting that the Ratepayers Association had requested that council rescind the budget. By the way, for those of you who are unaware (or those of you who weren't around when I received my tax bill this year), Dorion council saw fit to raise our taxes by 156 per cent. The Ratepayers' Association have been busy digging up some statistics on the legality of the budget preparations and it was felt that council had no right to raise our taxes to such extremes. So, needless to say that where my pocket-book is in jeopardy, I will be. That shot Tuesday.

In the meantime, the news has been piling up on my desk. The problem is ... I can't get it all into the paper. Some will make it ... some will not. I hereby apologize to those people that this will affect. Our paper size (number of pages) is regulated by the amounts of advertising that we receive. If advertisers aren't using our paper ... the size gets smaller. If they are using our paper, the paper expands in size.

Last week was a bad week. We had too much news for the ratio of advertising. Therefore I still have several articles left over from last week that I HOPE, will get in this week. If you're one of many out there, wondering why your article didn't get in ... again I'm sorry. I tried. Right now, before me, I have enough community news related articles that would fill a 32 page paper. As far as I know, we are running another 12 pager. I don't like it. And you don't like it. But it can't be helped. Please bear with us, as we suffer too. Don't let this discourage you however, from bringing in your news; be it hard news or community news. Every attempt will be made to ensure that your copy will get in.

But don't feel bad if it doesn't. Most of my own is sitting on that very same pile.

Arthur Black

Poor Rene

I've got two news stories, culled from recent editions of the tabloids, that indicate The Times They Are A-Changin' — but not precisely the way Bob Dylan had in mind.

Speaking of aging firebrands — anybody remember Rene Levesque? Remember when he was elected Premier of Quebec and the tremendous, province-wide orgasm that resulted?

Ah, the drama, the glory, the pathos ... the near heart-attacks ...

Montreal-based corporate management types were up at dawn, hammering For Sale signs in their Westmount front yards. The Old Guard hacks and ward-healers who'd controlled Quebec politics for years trembled in their mansions and murmured of imminent Armageddon.

And Quebec youth! For days it seemed the youth of Quebec were walking six-inches off the ground. Their dream had come true. They had elected a saviour. They were sure they could change the face of the country.

And the rest of Canada wasn't entirely sure they were wrong.

Yeah, well that was seven long years ago. Rene isn't everybody's tousled, chain-smoking darling anymore. Quebec teachers hate him. Many Quebec unions would love to see him go.

In the past seven years, at one time or another, he alienated everyone from taxi drivers to shopkeepers to policemen. It only took a few years in the driver's seat for Rene to prove that he could be as reactionary and Nixonian as the worst of them.

Of course, it isn't fair to just

pick on poor old Rene. Those young Quebecers aren't quite as revolutionary as they used to be either.

Last month there was a "Summit Conference of Youth" at Laval University in Quebec City. They not only voted down a resolution calling for independence for the province — they also passed a resolution condemning the Parti Quebecois for giving independence a higher priority than job creation.

Plus ça change ...

The other news story that caught my eye this week is one of your Environmental Update-type stories. Remember when every third story you read in the newspaper or heard on the news concerned environmental devastation? Environmental horror stories still make the news of course, but now it's major stuff: acid rain or nuclear waste disposal.

sal.

A few years ago, however, just about anything, no matter how small, was a potential environmental horror story.

My favorite was The Fish That Stopped The Dam.

A mighty big dam. The Tellico Dam - a mammoth, multi-million dollar installation the Tennessee Valley Authority intended to rear across a large river. They were going full steam ahead when the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency appeared up on the scene, held up its hand and said "Whoa."

The TVA was told it couldn't build the dam.

Why? Because it would "jeopardize the future of the Snail Darter."

The TVA had a lot of questions about that, but the first one was:



What in hell's a Snail Darter?

Well, as we all learned (and most of us for the first time), the Snail Darter is an itty-bitsy, teensy-weensy fish that lives in the Little Tennessee River.

And no where else in the world. There were only a handful in existence and the Tellico Dam would wipe out the Snail Darter's remaining habitat. Ergo, no dam.

Well that was five years ago. Last week, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service announced, somewhat red-faced, that it is taking the Snail Darter off the Endangered Species List.

Why?

Because they've just done a biological survey of the whole Tennessee River Valley, that's why.

The place is crawling with Snail Darters.

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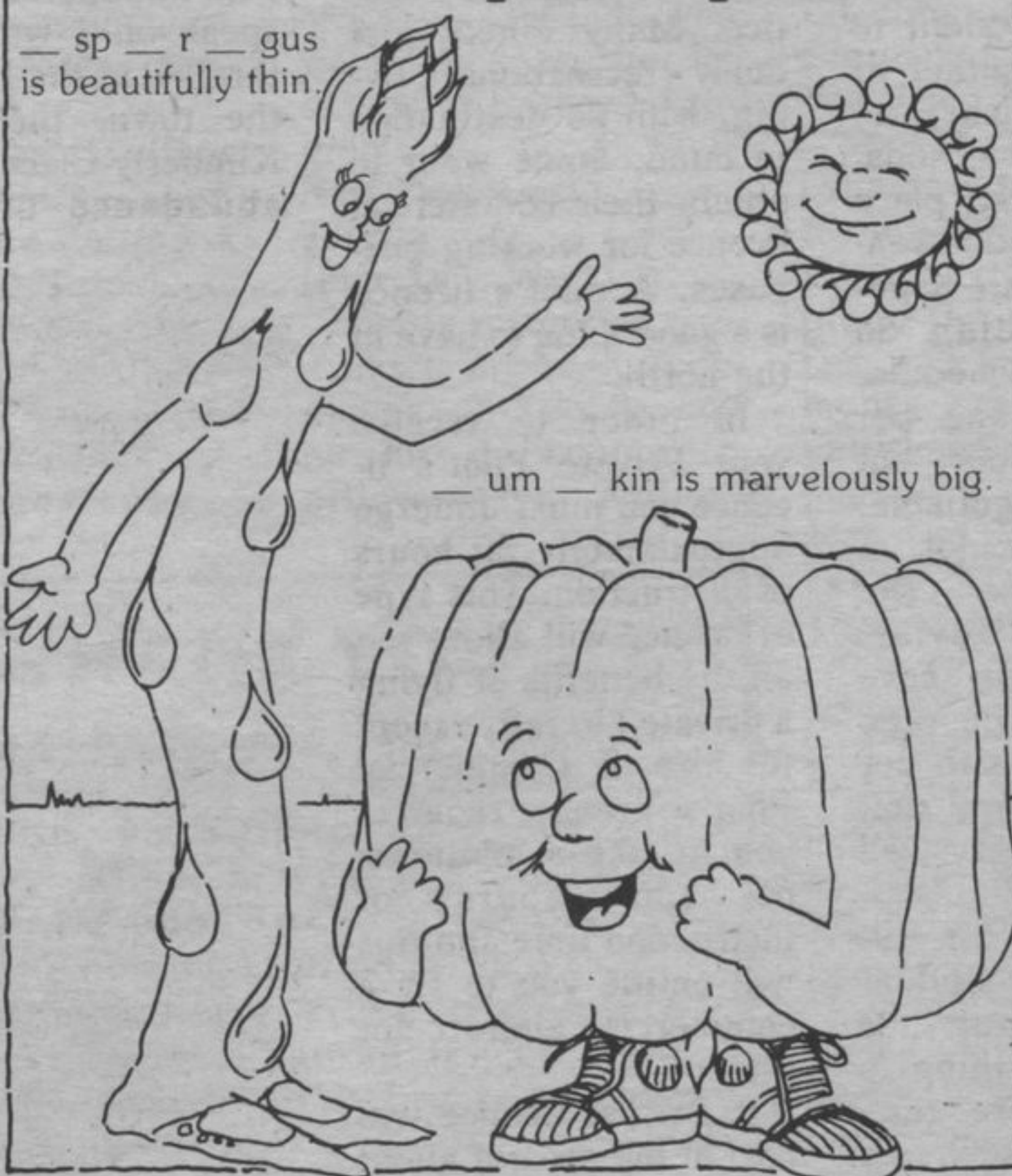


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Hole in the Fence

N° 9 Pumpkin's problem



Fill in the missing letters. Then colour the picture.

In today's story, Pumpkin learns that accepting himself, as he is, makes him happy.

Pumpkin, Radish, Carrot and Potato are playing hide and seek. "I can see you," squeals Carrot with delight. He runs over and touches Pumpkin before he can run away.

"You're 'it,'" laughs Potato. "I don't like this game," thinks Pumpkin. "It's all right for Potato. He can hide in the ground. Carrot is thin enough to hide behind trees, but I'm just too big to hide. So I'm 'it' all the time. That's not fair."

"You're 'it,'" Carrot reminds him. "I don't want to play anymore," says Pumpkin, starting to cry.

"See if we care, Clunky. You're no good anyway," says Radish.

Pumpkin goes away feeling very unhappy. "Pumpkin is a clunky," they all shout after him. "Clunky, Clunky!"

"I'm going to make myself very small. Then I'll be able to play hide and seek and they won't laugh at me anymore," he decides. First he goes on a diet. He gets hungrier and hungrier, but no smaller.

The next day, he says to himself, "Exercise, that's what I'll do instead." Pumpkin touches his toes a hundred times without bending his knees and runs all over the Garden. When he looks in the mirror, he sees that he hasn't changed a bit. "I feel good and healthy,"

says Pumpkin, "but I'm still big." Pumpkin even tries squeezing himself with his belt. But that makes him feel sick, and it makes them laugh at him even more.

"It's no use," he says. "I'll go to a part of the Garden where they won't see me anymore." He packs his bag and leaves.

It is lonely at the edge of the Garden. It makes Pumpkin feel even worse. "I can't help it if I'm big," he says over and over again.

"Pumpkin, what are you doing here?" It is Asparagus.

"I'm very sad," says Pumpkin. Then he tells her the whole story.

"That's very strange," says Asparagus. "They laugh at me because I'm tall and thin."

"But you're beautifully thin," says Pumpkin, admiring her.

"You're marvelously big," Asparagus replies.

They both laugh.

"How silly we've been," says Asparagus. "You're big and I'm thin. We're different, that's all. Let's not pay any attention if anyone teases us."

Pumpkin and Asparagus dance together. They look a pretty sight. "Come on," says Pumpkin. "Let's go back together." Off they go.

"Hey, here comes Clunky Pumpkin with Skinny Asparagus," teases Radish.

"If I were you," says Pumpkin, "I'd worry about that dumb nose you have."

"But, Pumpkin," says Asparagus. "That's like them telling you you're clunky."

"Yes, you're right," says Pumpkin.

"Sorry, Radish. I shouldn't have said that."

Radish pretends he doesn't care, but later he runs to look in the mirror anyway.

The Hole in the Fence, a 132-page colour illustrated storybook published by Health and Welfare Canada, was developed in cooperation with provincial alcohol drug commissions foundations. It is available for \$4.50 through local bookstores or by sending a cheque money order payable to the Receiver General of Canada to: Canadian Government Publishing Centre, Hull, Quebec, K1A 0S9.

A family guide to this preventive drug education and living skills program contains story resumes, colouring pictures, home crafts and discussion ideas. It is available free, on request, from **The Hole in the Fence**, Box 8888, Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3J2.

Egalement disponible en français sous le titre "Mes amis, mon jardin".