

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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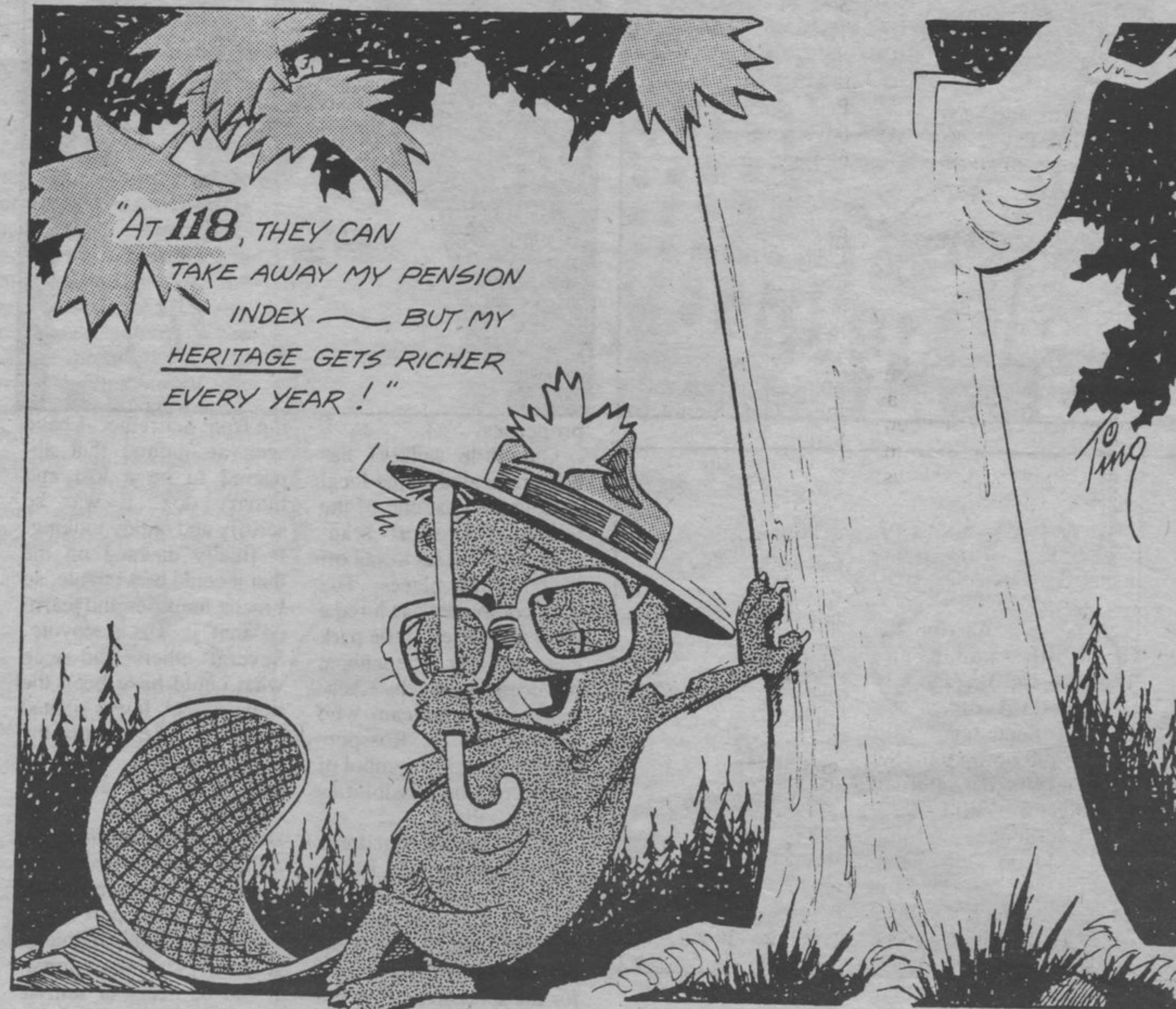
Open letter to residents

Corporation Falconbridge Copper has recently completed a \$7 million program of underground exploration at the Winston Lake site located 17 miles north of Schreiber. The program has confirmed results of previous surface drilling. Including 20 per cent dilution, the mineralized zone contains an estimated 3.4 million short tons with a grade of 1 per cent copper, 16 per cent zinc, 0.8 ounces per short ton silver and 0.03 ounces per short ton gold.

During the summer, results of this program will be thoroughly reviewed and evaluated and the Corporation hopes to be in a position to make a production decision in September. In the meantime, work will continue. The shaft will be deepened and the old Zenmac road will be improved. If a positive decision is made in September, construction would start immediately and the mine could begin production by early 1987.

Elsewhere in the area, encouraging, but, to date, subeconomic results have been obtained approximately 1.5 miles southwest of the Winston site. Deep drilling is underway to evaluate the potential of this zone.

The Corporation has appreciated the interest and support of the citizens and municipal councils of the north shore communities between Pays Plat and Terrace Bay. We will attempt to keep residents informed of any future developments at Winston Lake and we look forward to a continued association of mutual benefit and co-operation.



Did You Know

In the earlier days, the "Y" was run by Mr. Cisolm and Mr. Chauncey Depew. Built in 1909, it served mainly as a temporary home for railroaders.

Arthur Black

Commuter craziness



I've been sitting here thinking about the good old days of commuting to work. They ended last month when I surrendered the front door key of the radio station I used to work at in Thunder Bay. Now I live a thousand miles south and east of Thunder Bay... down in tropical southwestern Ontario, where the population density is intensified by a factor of ten and you hardly ever see a mosquito bigger than a hummingbird.

One of the constants in my life that has not changed however, is Work. I still have to go out and con somebody into paying me money so that I can afford the finer things in life. Like a roof, shoes that don't leak and food on the table.

One of the uncomfortable truths about earning money -- for most of us anyway -- is that we have to go somewhere else to do it. It may be

a factory, an office building, a radio station or the cab of a logging truck. Wherever it is, chances are awfully good that the place in which you earn your paycheck is not located in your bedroom.

Unless your name is Xaviera Hollander.

Almost everybody who works, commutes. For the lucky ones it's a five minute stroll or a ten minute drive. For others, it's hanging from a strap on the Bloor-Danforth subway line or feeling your life ebb away as you sit carbound and gridlocked on the Gardiner Expressway during rush hour.

Rush hour. What genius thought up that name?

Back in Thunder Bay days, commuting was a delight. It was four and a half miles from my front walk to the station door. Four and a half miles! I could drive it, bike it, take

a cab or hitchhike. Once after a blizzard I skied from home to work, just for the fun of it.

My favourite method of getting to work and back was the bicycle. From that day in early April when the last gritty, grey snowbank succumbed, until some day in November when my fingers were too cold to work the hand brakes, and not counting rainy days or hangovers, I rode my bike to work. It was wonderful -- cheap and not much so slower than my old Volvo. What's more, I got my exercise. The fact that I rode my bike for 40 minutes or so a day meant I didn't have to make a fool of myself in some Over Forties Dancerize class Wednesday evening.

That's how commuting used to be for me. Things have changed. I now live... ninety... miles from the office. What used to take 15 minutes now takes an hour and a half, highway

construction permitting. But there's a psychic distance to travel too. Each morning, cardinals and baltimore orioles herald my exodus from the driveway at about the time the sun is coming up. An hour and a half later I am fending off winos and junkies on Jarvis Street. They want spare change. I just want to get to my office.

Mind you there's a bright side.

For one thing, I don't have to make the trip every day. I've pared my work week down to the point where its four for me and three for Them. I go into town Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. From Friday night til Tuesday evening, I'm my own boss.

Which means I get to weed the garden, cut the grass, fix the fences, repair the roof, wonder why the kitchen tap won't stop dripping and worry over what to do about the hornet's nest out in the garage that

just keeps getting bigger.

And even when I do commute, I don't drive the whole ninety miles. I just drive to a nearby town and climb on a bus. I let Gray Coach worry about the muscle cars and the traffic jams while I thumb through a newspaper, read a book or snooze. If I feel creative, I've got one of those Pekingese typewriters that sits on your lap and runs off batteries.

Matter of fact, that's how this column is being written right now. My bus is wedged in a sea of chrome and aluminum on the eastbound ramp of the Gardiner.

We've been sitting here for some time. And from the line of traffic I can see out the windshield I think I probably have time to write something else after I finish this column.

Say... the sequel to *War and*