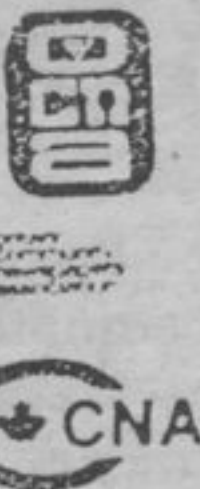


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MNDM to change funding for municipal agencies

Toronto- The Ministry of Northern Development and Mines will change its funding support criteria for municipal economic development agencies in mid-sized northern communities, announced Premier David Peterson, minister of Northern Development and Mines.

Under the Northern Community Economic Development Program (NCEDP), the MNDM will now provide between 66 per cent and 75 per cent of the eligible costs involved in setting up and operating municipal economic development agencies (MEDAs) to an annual maximum of \$100,000 assistance.

This will enable mid-sized northern communities to operate more viable economic development agencies on a pre-planned, multi-year basis.

Until now, MNDM support has been provided year-to-year, for communities facing particular economic problems.

This change will allow all mid-sized northern municipalities or groups of municipalities meeting the minimum population requirements to qualify for longer, more stable assistance.

To be eligible for support, a municipality must have a population of between 4,000 and 30,000 and have demonstrated its commitment to economic develop-

ment. Groups of municipalities may also band together and collectively meet the population criterion.

Larger centres such as Thunder Bay, North Bay, Sault Ste. Marie, Timmins and the Regional Municipality of Sudbury are not eligible for assistance since they are serviced by well-established economic development agencies.

The ministry will continue to serve the needs of municipalities which do not meet the MEDA criteria through the other components of the NCEDP and on a case by case basis, through the provision of special funding generally on a short-term project-specific basis.

The NCEDP was created in 1983 to help municipalities set goals, investigate development options, identify specific investment opportunities and prepare promotional programs.

Last year, 32 communities of all sizes were provided with financial assistance under the NCEDP to identify new business opportunities and assess their feasibility, to develop promotional material and to assist with the establishment of community-based economic development organizations.

For further information contact Aime Dimatteo at 705-675-4441.



Angler & Hunter facing difficulties

By Gary Ball

Fighting to survive is nothing new to Angler and Hunter. From its modest beginning the magazine has fought to stay alive, to grow and to improve.

That's as it should be. Competition is the vital life blood of the publishing industry.

But survival isn't the only battle that the magazine has fought over the past decade or so.

Angler and Hunter has consistently fought battles on the side

of the sportsmen and sportswomen of Ontario.

We argued loud and long for fish and wildlife management based on conservation principles, on the wise use of natural resources, not on emotion.

We fought to insure that revenues from an Ontario resident angling licence went back into improving the sport fishery.

We fought for access to the resources that belong to us all. We fought for clean water and air, for

an end to acid rain. In fact, we are still fighting those battles. They will be with us, always. These are issues that will not go away, will not cease to trouble us.

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Have a Beef? Write to the Editor.
Include your name and address.

Arthur Black

American Operations

The old man hunkered menacingly, like a CFL lineman, looming over the polished white pine expanse of his desktop. His craggy head with the bulldog jaws and the tank turret eyes was backlit by a cone of light that splashed out from the lamp behind him, across the desk and into the pale, thin face of Agent 47, standing stiffly at attention. Agent 47 didn't look like the second most powerful man in all of Canadian Intelligence, but then nobody looked like anything when they were standing in front of the Old Man's desk.

"Well, Forty-seven," the Old Man rumbled, "out with it. Start with our American Operations."

Agent Forty-seven cleared his throat, pinched the side seams of his trousers between clammy thumbs and forefingers and began:

"Well sir, as you know, the entire department is still reeling from the loss of Lorne Greene. He was one of our most highly placed operatives -- a virtual Father Figure for Americans. We regard his demise as a real blow to the Operation."

Forty-seven knew what that meant: Get on with it.

"W-w-we also incurred a temporary setback with the Mansbridge Offensive. Our CBS Management mole went sour when we tried to pay him off in Loon dollars, but on the whole, keeping Mansbridge in Canada may turn out to be a bonus. It frees up Nash for future operations."

"Then of course we still have the usual operatives in place. Keith Morrison, Peter Jennings, Peter Kent, Morley Safer, on the hard news front. In the Entertainment Department, Alex Trebek, Monte Hall, Art Linkletter -- undercover Canucks all...all doing their job. When you factor in all the Canadians ensconced in Hollywood -- the John Candys, the Dan Aykroyds, the Gilda Radners and the Howie Mandels not to mention the Arthur Haileys, the Joni Mitchells, the Neil Youngs, the Leonard Cohens and Michael J. Foxes -- it amounts to a virtual stranglehold on the American communications industry."

The Old Man sat immovably.

seven could feel the heat of that gaze focused right on his adam's apple. He cleared his throat, swallowed and plunged on:

"Then there's our British field of operation -- it still goes well. Not as well as in our heyday of course, when we had old Max -- Lord Beaverbrook -- pulling the strings and calling the tune on Fleet Street. But the Sunday Times and the Times of London still belong to the estate of a poor lad from Sudbury, as do a raft of British dailies, not to mention TV and radio." the Old Man cut Agent 47 off with a wave and a growl. "Dammit man, I know who our operatives in the field are and what we control. What I want to know is -- how does the enemy feel about us? Is our cover holding?"

"Couldn't be better, sire" replied Agent 47 briskly. "Overall, the rest of the world continues to regard Canada as a nation of polite but boring drones -- when they regard us at all."

"The Yanks have just published a book called *Chronicle of the 20th Century*. In the Canadian section, it spells our capital 'Ottawa' and leaves

map."

Agent 47 wasn't positive, but he thought he detected just the shimmer of a smirk flickering across the Old Man's face.

"Even better news from the British theatre, sir, -- *The Economist* magazine has declared Canada to be one of the world's most boring places -- ranks us with Switzerland, New Zealand and...East Germany.

There was no doubt of it now, the Old Man was grinning. Grinning! Wait'll they heard about this back at HQ!

The Old Man massaged his massive jaw. "Ott-o-wa, eh? God, that's good. And the Brits -- that bangers and mash, Blackpool-by-the-sea, bowler-and-brolly, stiff upper lip island of the dead fish has the nerve to call us boring? Haw!"

Agent 47 had never seen -- never heard of -- the Old Man being so animated. A feeling of irrepressible glee skittered up from the iceball in 47's belly and nested in his throat. The Old Man's mirth passed as suddenly as it sprang up. He fixed the Agent with a steely glare and rumbled:

the battle is far from over. I want to see more Indian maidens, lumberjacks and singing mounties at every border crossing. I want every film festival in the world to be flooded with NFB shorts about loons and Rocky Mountain sunsets and majestic moose.

"Remember the purpose of the operation, Forty-seven: To Keep Canada Secret. As long as the rest of the world thinks Canada is boring, we can keep Canada for Canadians. We all must do our part, Forty-seven. That includes you. And me. Dismissed!"

There was a low murmuring noise from behind the Old Man and it was growing louder. Agent Forty-seven could distinctly hear an organ, prolonged cheers, and a suggestion of the tune O Canada. Forty-seven stood rigidly at attention as the Old Man pushed himself up from the desk, adjusted a hideous green and salmon striped tie, patted his orange hair into place and lumbered through the velvet curtain towards the noise inside.

Ah, thought Operative 47, not for the first time...if only Canadians could know the real Harold Ballard.

