

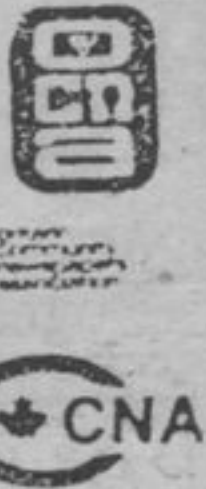
TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, POT-2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747. Second Class Mailing Permit Number 0867

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Single copies 40 cents
Subscription rates per year
in town \$15.00/yr.
two years \$25
out of town \$21.00/yr.
Member of Ontario Community
Newspapers Association and The
Canadian Community Newspapers
Association



What a coincidence

Last week's 'editorial' made reference to the hilly terrain of this area. A joke was made about how an oxygen mask would pop down and a voice would ask that all cigarettes be extinguished in preparation for landing.

In the editorial cartoon right beside the editorial, there was a picture of a plane flying over the CN Tower. A voice asks: "Ladies and gentlemen...as we make our Toronto approach...kindly extinguish all cigarettes." The CN Tower was full of smoldering butts. The cartoon was in reference to Toronto's no smoking by-law.

The coincidence of it all, however, is that I did not see the cartoon before I wrote my editorial. The cartoons we receive go directly to where our paper is put together before going to the printer's. I guess I should have called and asked what the cartoon dealt with before I wrote my editorial, and you can bet from now on I will. Coincidence is a funny thing.

Take, for example, another instance of "coincidence." Last week a news article told of how Terrace Bay residents were without a depot for Greyhound parcel service and consequently had to drive to Schreiber to send off or receive parcels.

The Greyhound official who was interviewed said he was surprised that council did not inform him of the absent service earlier. He said he would talk to council and see where they want it. Here's the coincidence of it all. Terrace Bay Clerk-treasurer Dave Fulton said "we're waiting to see what Greyhound is coming up with."

Isn't that a coincidence? Each waiting for the other to do something. Perhaps they could learn from my mistake and try calling to get the problem resolved immediately. The residents of Terrace Bay deserve to have this important service reinstated as soon as possible.

Chamber deserves attention

Despite its tender age, the Aquasabon Chamber of Commerce is an integral part of this community -- as is the chamber of commerce in any community. The members are more often than not business people with experience and ideas, and the members of our chamber are no different.

It is one of many local groups of concerned citizens who attempt to make improvements in our daily lives. Chamber president Ken Randle would like to study the issue of introducing an almost non-existent tourism base. The area certainly has the potential, and the community leaders should not be apprehensive about capitalizing on that potential in cooperation with the CoC in a responsible, comprehensive and positive manner. If the chamber must lead, then lead they must.



Letters to the editor

Northern residents lose CNIB service

Copies to:

The Honourable Elinor Caplan, minister of Health, and
The Honourable Rene Fontaine, minister of Northern Development

Dear Ministers:

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind Mobile Care Unit, IVAN, provides medical eye examinations to persons in underser-

viced regions on Northern Ontario. The van is a fully equipped medical mobile eye care clinic where eye specialists can perform eye examinations and minor surgery.

During its 1987 tour, IVAN travelled over 8,000 kilometers and visited 4397 patients in 29 communities. Of the patients seen, 55 per cent were diagnosed with pathology, a medical condition that

requires the care of an ophthalmologist. The majority of these people would not otherwise have received this treatment.

Current financial information indicates that the Ministry of Health will not maintain or increase the program's required funding for the 1988 tour. In practical terms, this means \$50,000 less in operating costs. **see page 5**

The Game of Stretching Dollars

I don't know whether it's a sign of declining years or galloping inflation, but I just can't tell what anything is worth anymore. Seems like every time I turn around, I'm being bushwhacked by unbelievably jacked-up prices. When I quit smoking a few years ago cigarettes were -- I don't know ... 75 or 80 cents a pack. Yesterday at the checkout counter my eye chanced to rove over the elegantly displayed packages of cancer sticks by the cash register.

Are they really selling for nearly three bucks a pack these days? That means a gasper with a pack a day indulgence is shelling out better than twenty bucks a week.

I know dopers who spend less than that on their habit.

Same thing with cars. My old clunker is getting ready to go to the big junkyard ion the sky. I mentioned to a car dealer I know that I might be in the market for a new buggy soon.

"How much are you thinking of spending?" he purred.

"Oh I don't know" I murmured tycoonishly, "I'm willing to go up to, say...four or five thousand?"

I had to use the Hemlich Maneuver to keep him from

on me that my perpetually flimsy grasp on high finance had turned terminally slack -- maybe it was when I read about how astute businessmen who run the Toronto Blue Jays were seriously considering giving two million and change to a Dominican lad in return for hitting balls with a stick for one year.

Perhaps it occurred when I read about Frederick W. Smith. Fred's a business man who chairs board meetings for Federal Express in the U.S. In 1982, Fred decided that he was doing a splendid job he gave himself a raise and tossed in a few perks. All told, Fred took home \$51,544,000 in salary, bonuses and stock options for the year.

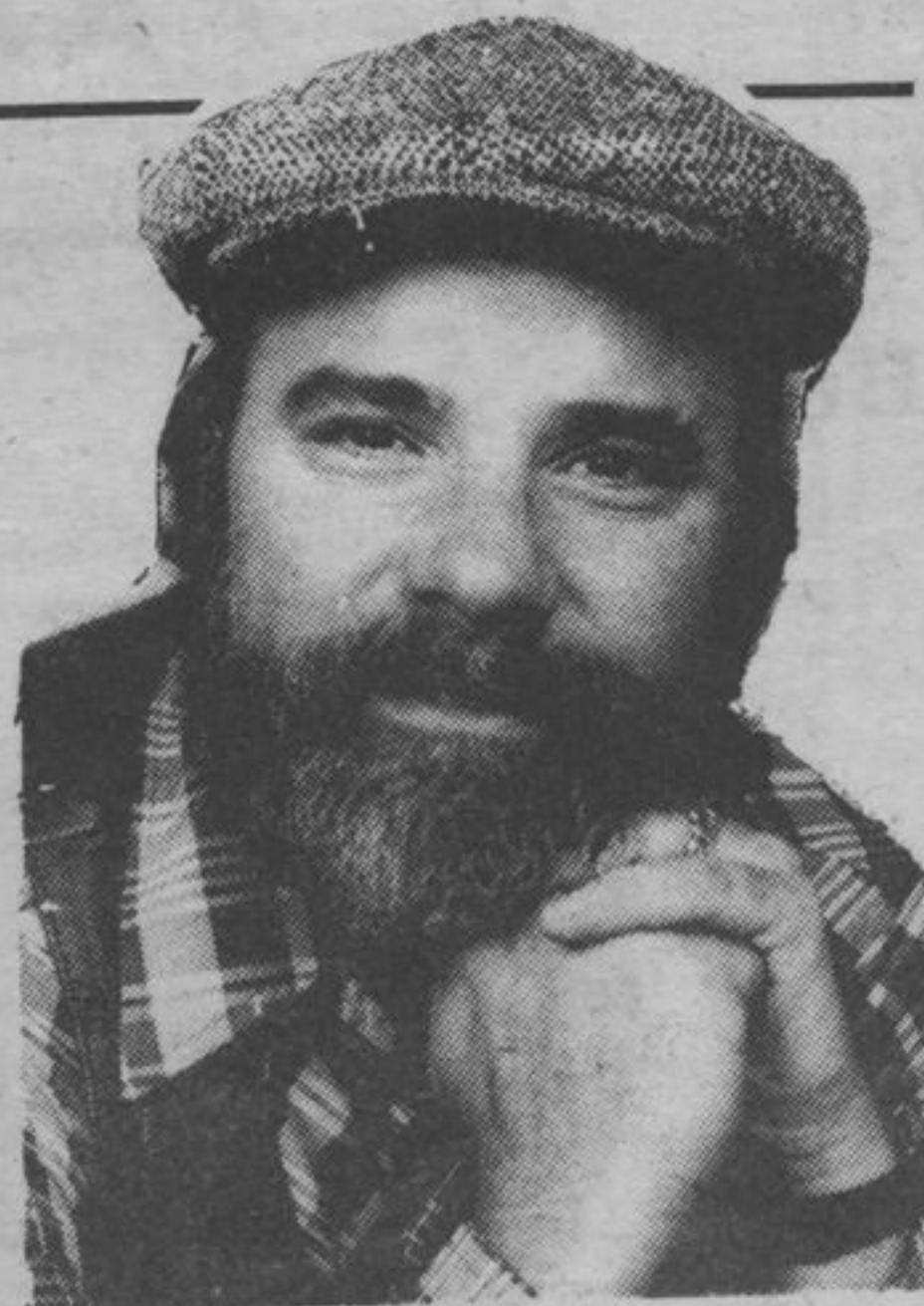
That's in U.S. dollars of course.

But Sheik Zayid dibn Arab Emirates makes Fred Smith look like a vagabond. Sheik Etcetera can put his hands on some \$90 billion in crude oil royalty payments...

Annually.

Do you have any idea how

Jean Paul Getty once said: "If you can count your millions then you are not a billionaire."



Arthur Black

I don't know what kind of financial shape you're in, but I can count my tens.

Money -- it's value is so inflated that it's become well nigh meaningless. I read in the paper the other day that the tab for Montreal's Olympic stadium roof has just gone up another \$17 million.

Another \$17 million? And this, says the story, is in addition to the \$120 million already spent on the roof over the past three years.

\$137 million?
For a roof?

It gets worse. There is a story in the paper recently about our Environment Minister Tom McMillan blasting the socks of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. The EPA took some time off from shining Ronald Reagan's cowboy boots to dasy off a report on the effect of acid rain. Surprise, surprise, the report found that acid rain from U.S. industry is piffing at worst and nothing we need to worry our little noggins about. (Canadians scientists estimate that it has killed 14,000 Canadian lakes and damaged 300,000 more)

But it wasn't the whitewashed

me -- nor the uncharacteristically brave response from Ottawa. What blew my brain cells was the reported cost of the report.

How in God's name do you spend \$300 million on a report -- and a crummy one at that? How many lakes could you save with \$300 million?

Three hundred million dollars.

I don't know. I have no idea what a million dollars means anymore -- much less 300 of them.

I wish I had some inkling of the values of things. I envy the painter Picasso for the way he knew what things were worth.

A story goes that one time Picasso took an American millionairess on a tour of his studio, showing her various works in progress. They paused in front of a striking example of Picasso at his Picasso-iest: a striking canvas a-swarm with cubes and cubes and what looked like three-eyed pie wedges.

"And what, Mister Picasso, does this picture represent?" asked the woman.

"Two thousand dollars." answered Picasso.