

TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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We are not alone

Some of the most inspiring and happy stories are borne out of the worst tragedies. All too often, we tend to forget or fail to take notice of events and influences which do not affect us directly.

A few weeks ago, the Terrace Bay/Schreiber Futures Committee was told to take a closer look at national and international affairs. With increased trade and better communication becoming an economic reality, each trading country has an effect on the other.

What we must not lose sight of, however, is the fact that even countries which are not involved in direct trading still have a direct impact on international affairs.

Countries involved in civil or international wars, countries carrying impossible debts, and developing nations struggling to join the trading arena all have an affect on the way we in Canada, and indeed in this area, live and work.

We must also remember that political and religious beliefs have an impact on the economics of trade. Economic sanctions and trade restrictions are imposed as a tool of war; look at the economic sanctions imposed upon Panama by the United States.

They have imposed restrictions as a non-combative measure to overthrow the present government lead by General Noriega. Wars based on religious beliefs are as old as the religions themselves. The wars of the Middle East, the civil war in Ireland - all are wrapped in the cloths of religion and politics so tightly that it is difficult to unravel them to have a look at what the causes and solutions are.

When you do manage to remove the outer wrapping of religion, economy and politics, it's the personal tragedies of the people that you must focus your attention on.

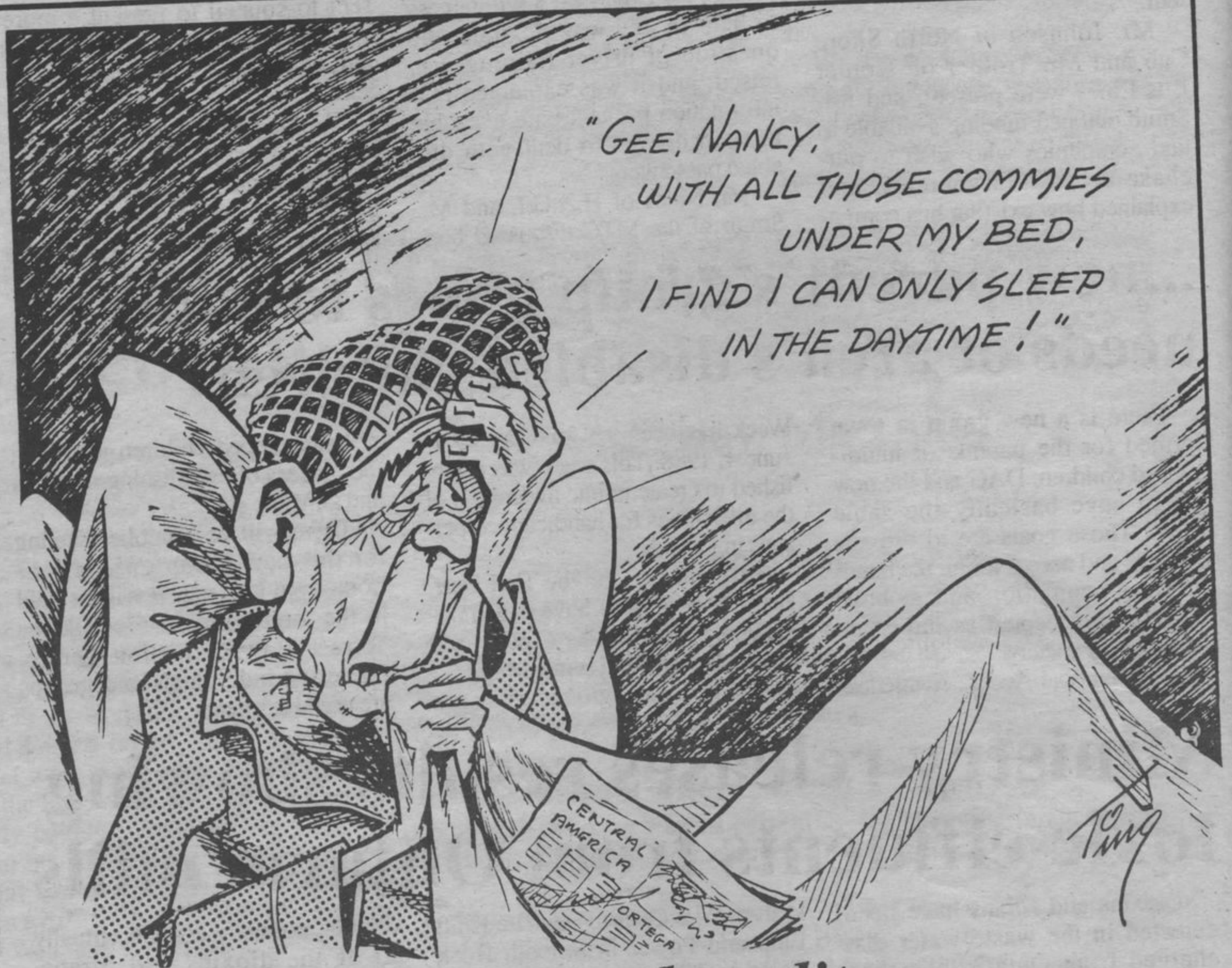
Like the Huezo family which was reunited in Schreiber last week. Miguel Huezo had not seen his children or his wife for three years. He has lived in Schreiber for the last 16 months while negotiating the reunion of he and his family.

Miguel, a farmer, fled his homeland of El Salvador because of political persecution. He was jailed after being accused of aiding the opposition. Miguel wanted simply to give the murdered victim a proper burial after he found the body on his farm.

And now a farmer's act of kindness and his imprisonment have come to directly affect the town of Schreiber and this area. Miguel and his family want to start a new life in Canada, and want to live it in this area.

Canada has one of the restrictive immigration policies of all western countries. Right now, there are a group of Turks marching from Montreal to Ottawa to protest a possible deportation order. Why did they come to Canada in the first place?

Blind acceptance of immigrants must not become a reality, but we must take a closer look at what we can do to help persecuted and victimized people in other countries. It's unfortunate that sometimes it takes a personal tragedy or a horrible situation to make us want to improve things.



Letters to the editor

Whose interests will Tourist Management Areas serve?

Open letter to:
 The Honourable Vince Kerrio
 Minister of Natural Resources
 and
 The Honourable Hugh O'Neil
 Minister of Tourism and

Recreation

Dear Ministers:
 I am writing to convey the wishes of the vast majority of my constituents with respect to current

proposals to establish Tourism Management Areas (TMAs) on Crown Land throughout Northern Ontario.

See "TMAs" on page 5

IT'S BETTER TO BE "HONEST" THAN "BATTERED?"

Do you ever get tired of being so darned honest? It must be frustrating to plough through the sea of life following the pre-set, undeviating course of a straight shooter, taking no short cuts, always playing by the rules. Especially when you have to gargle the wake of other, less ethical hominids swooshing by on either side of you -- sleazoids and slimeballs who, by lying, cheating, defrauding and otherwise shortchanging their colleagues, seem to do very well for themselves. TV shows like *Dallas* and movies like *Wall Street* show that for folks willing to bend a principle or mangle a moral or two, crimes doesn't just pay, it shells out jackpot-style in the form of mansions and stretch limos, sniveling underlings and panting, blank-eyed, be-spandexed blondes.

Is that why you've been restless and out of sorts lately Binky? You're thinking to yourself that for once, just once, you'd like to say "A pox on the rules! I'm going to play the game like everybody else does -- fast and loose! No holds barred!"

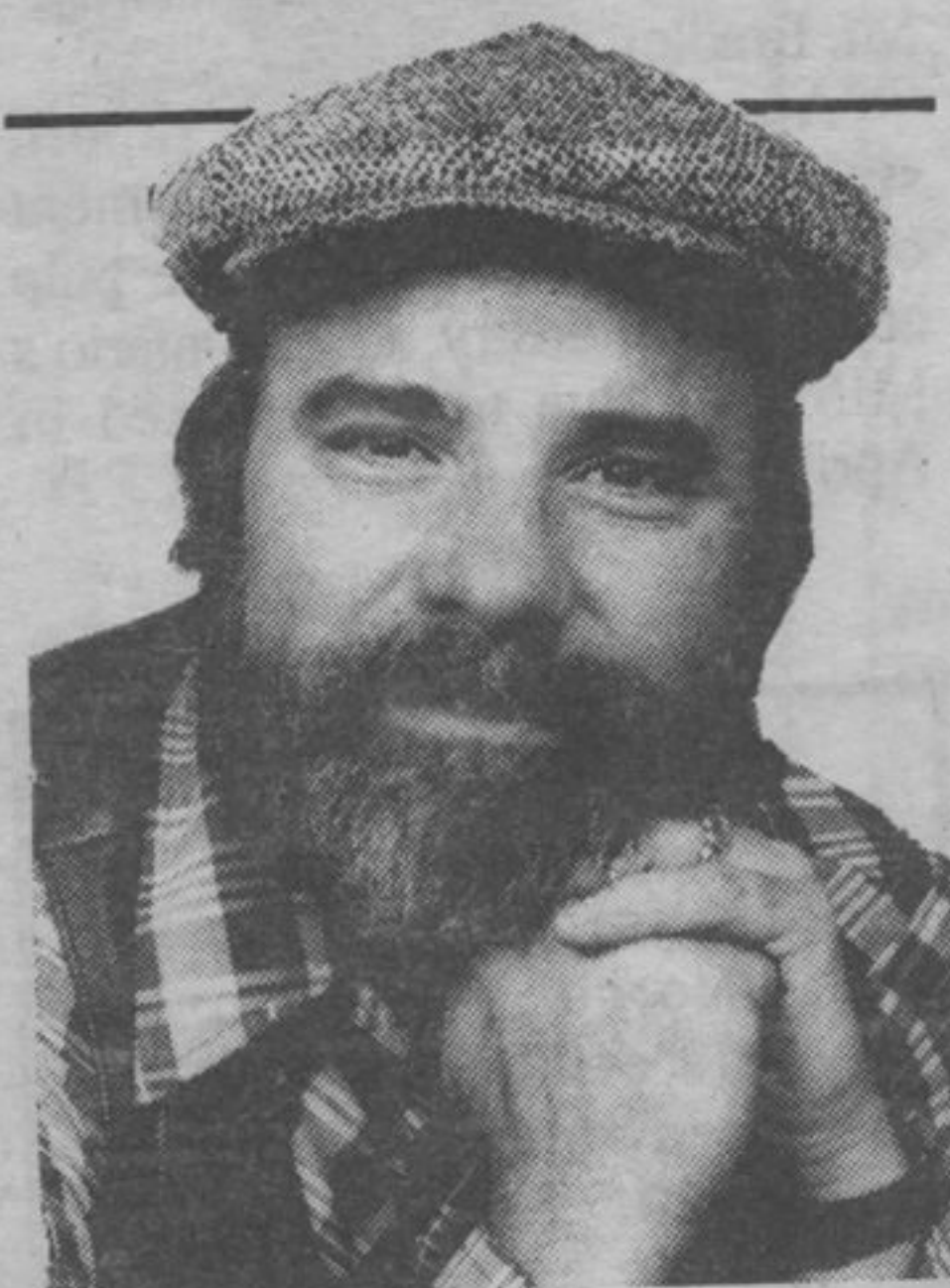
Hold it.

clutch of cautionary tales about some other folks who, like you and I, got tired of being shunted around the board one space at a time and decided to bypass the ladder of success in favour of going directly to the pot of gold.

With decidedly uneven results. There is the case, for instance, of Christopher Fleming, a Briton who thought perhaps a wee spot of burglary would put him on Easy Street.

Mister Fleming had a modest modus operandi. He chose a Chinese restaurant in Devon as his target, intending to break in, empty the cash register and flee. All went well for Fleming right up until he climbed through a window, then all went wrong. He lost his balance and fell into a chip fryer. Well battered in every sense of the word, Fleming oozed and slid over to the cash register where he found no paper money, but about \$40 worth of coins, which he slid into his grease soaked pocket.

Heavy coins and a body stocking of congealing grease -- not a combination conducive to quick and unobtrusive getaways. By



Arthur Black

Fleming was moving very slowly and leaving a trail like a giant garden slug. He got two years.

Do you think perhaps blackmail is more your line? I trust you'll fare better than Mister Monte Shoemaker, who enlisted his girlfriend to get photographs of a lawyer in a compromising

solicitor and lured him to her room where Monte, crouched in a closet, manned the helm of a pre-positioned, remote-control camera. "It's the life of Riley for us now, ducks," crowed Monte, hunched over the developing tray in his darkroom.

Well, not quite. The exposed film turned out to be 24 frames of an old refrigerator in the corner of the room.

If you choose fraud as your speciality, I hope you'll be a little more subtle than the Nigerian labourer working on a building site in Lagos, who in 1967 decided to take early retirement. He altered his weekly paycheque which was made out for 9 pounds 4 shillings and 0 pence, to read 697,000,090 pounds 4 shillings.

As the British newspaper reporting the incident dryly noted. "The fraud was entirely successful right up to the moment when he tried to cash it."

We have our own underworld underachievers on this side of the pond, of course. Leonard Goodin springs to mind. Last fall, Leonard decided to knock over a bank in Toronto. He marched into a branch of the Toronto-Dominion and pushed an empty

is-a-stickup" note written on a withdrawal slip, through the wicket. The teller looked at the message scrawled on the withdrawal slip, frowned and pushed it back at Goodin.

"You have the wrong bank" she told him calmly, "This is Toronto-Dominion, not a Royal."

Goodin looked at the teller, then down at his note (it was, in fact, written on a Royal Bank withdrawal slip), looked back at the teller, shrugged and walked out.

Goodin was nothing if not persistent. Eventually he did knock over several banks in the Toronto-Hamilton area. But then alas, he fell upon hard times. Thieves somewhat swifter than he relieved him of his booty as he slept. An irate Goodin phoned the police to report the theft. "And what is your profession sir?" asked the desk sergeant. "Bank robber" replied Goodin helpfully.

Mister Goodin is currently a guest of Her Majesty, occupying a single room with no view in the Crowbar Hotel.

Which is too bad in a way. I think we'd all feel a lot safer if there were more crooks like Leonard Goodin on the street.