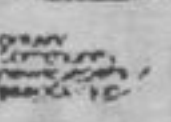


TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

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Time to squeal on the squealers

Along with sun tan lotion and barbeques, summer heralds the coming of those who have their brains in their rear tires.

There is little that is more relaxing than a pleasant drive during the long summer days or cool summer evenings. However, there are a few individuals who take the concept of pleasure driving to the extreme. On any given evening or night, the paralyzing sound of a few who are "burning rubber" as they squeal their tires pierce the air.

They seem to screech up and down the plaza as if they were invisible. They drive around residential areas and neighbourhoods as if they are in a race or above the law. Someone must tell them quickly that they are not!

It has been miraculous that there have been no reported accidents or injuries resulting from drivers who race dangerously fast throughout our neighbourhoods.

With the longer hours of sunlight, children stay outside longer. Many people who won't or can't get outside during the colder months look forward to relaxing evening walks, often along the shoulder of the road.

Since these drivers appear to have no sense of responsibility, it must be up to pedestrians and residents to immediately report careless or dangerous drivers to the police.

Give a description of the car and/or driver and tell the police whether the automobile has been in the neighbourhood before. Whatever you decide to do, call the police. And stay out of the way of these time bombs.



Rosspport Fish Derby a great example

If fish have emotions they're probably sighing with relief. The 51st Rosspport Fish Derby has come and gone, and so have the visitors and tourists. However, each time they go they leave behind a little more for organizers to learn.

This derby, which has been featured in fishing publications and other media, has become a cultural fixture of northwestern Ontario, thank you very much to the people who live here.

There are no major advertising agencies involved. The government is not sponsoring or

administrating the event.

It is the people who live by the marina, people who know the lake bottom like the back of their hands. It is the people of this area who reportedly sent United States President Dwight D. Eisenhower a fish in 1953 to announce their derby. President Eisenhower wrote back: "Trout delicious, wishing you a successful day. D.D.E."

With self-determination and creative will such as that, it is no surprise that the derby is well-known. It is an exemplary event to show others what can be done by those who live and work in the North. Let us tip our hats, glasses and especially our fishing rods to those who did a fine job.

That precise science of fishing

The god's do not deduct from man's allotted span the hours spent on fishing.
Ancient Babylonian proverb.

Ah yes, the noble art of angling. Just a fisherman, his gear and a wily trout lurking in a shaded pool around the next river bend. I've always been half in love with the idea of fishing, though I've never been much good at it. The trout was always a little too wily for me.

So, come to that, were the pickerel, pike, perch and bass -- be they largemouth, small mouth, silver or rock. I may be a fishing failure but I love the peacefulness of the sport. And the mystery of it. Every couple of years I dust off my old tackle box, dab a little Three-In-One on my spincasting reel and try my luck again.

But after what I saw at an outdoor show last week, something tells me I may have drowned my last worm. It was one of those What's-New-On-The-Water exhibitions -- everything from bus-length motor launches to

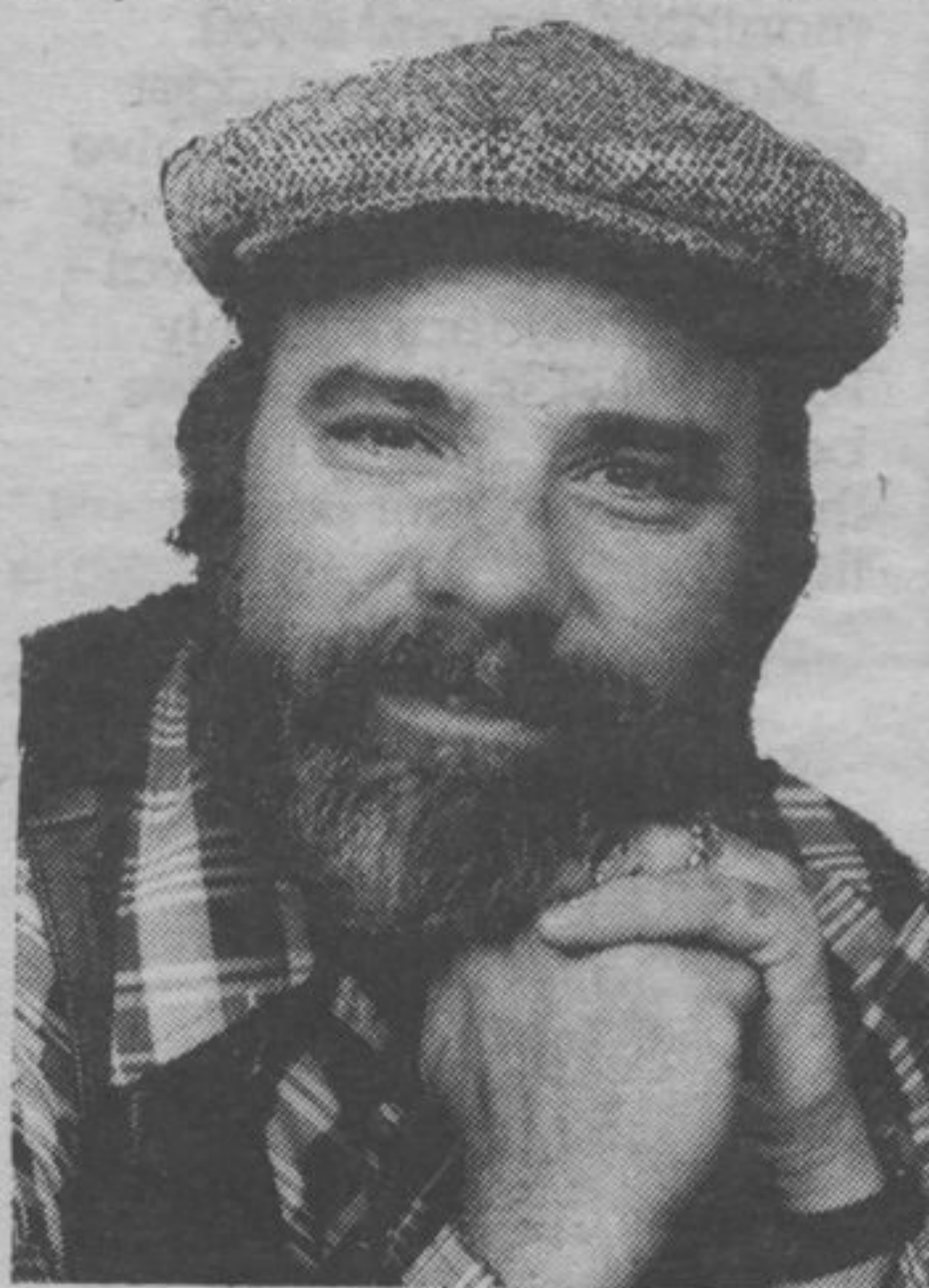
thumbnail-sized fishing lures. Normally I would enjoy a show like that, but this one bummed me out. I came out of it thinking that if I was a fish I would turn in my fins right now. The age-old contest between angler and angler has been tilted on its head.

Thanks to modern technology, the fish hasn't got a prayer.

Remember when fishing was a barefoot kid with a bamboo pole and a tin can full of worms? Let me introduce you to the Ryobi America Batecaster. If you've got \$125 you can strap this reel onto your fishing rod and check the digital readouts every time you make a cast.

The Ryobi America Baitcaster is computerized to keep track of the line going out and makes adjustments to make sure you don't get backlashes and snarls. For a few more bucks you can pick up a Daiwa of casting and reeling in. But heck, why not shoot the works and buy yourself a Cannon Digi-Troll? It's only \$695 U.S. and when you slap this

baby on your rod it'll automatically drop your trolling lure to any pre-set depth. Not only that, it's raise or lower the



Arthur Black

lure automatically until it finds fish.

Speaking of finding fish.... I hate to be tiresomely

romantic, but fishing to me is two people casting off opposite sides of a rowboat in the pre-dawn mist of a northern lake with only the plop of the lures and perhaps the eerie ululations of a loon by way of noise. What fishing is not, is a 30-foot, hundred-plus horsepower, fibreglass-hulled floating battle station that approaches fishing as a Search and Destroy mission.

The new fishing boats have to be seen to be believed. They come with depth finders to locate and pinpoint those lake or river bottom holes that fish might be hiding in. They carry temperature gauges that can track down underground springs where fish might gather on a muggy afternoon.

They boast PH meters which a fisherman can drop over the side to measure the water acidity at various depths. (Fish like to feed in certain concentrations of acidity, you see).

Then of course there's the piece de resistance angling

technology-wise -- the fish finder itself. It's about the size of a tackle box and it works just like submarine sonar.

It sends sound waves down into the water. When they hit something solid -- like, say a school of trophy size trout -- the waves bounce back to the boat, are recorded and printed out on a graph. Hey, presto, Joe Angler knows exactly where to put his baited hook.

The new gear takes the guess work out of fishing, but it creates one tiny problem.

We're running out of fish. We've loaded the odds in favour of the angler so much it's now possible to fish out a river or a small lake in a single season. Says one avid angler, "In three or four years, there may be no fish."

No problem for the modern-day, hi-tech "sports" fishermen though -- they'll just switch to another sport.

Like, maybe, shooting ducks in a barrel.