

Editorial Page

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Group deserves congratulations and more help

It is an extremely significant and exciting event in the history of this area. For the past two years, members of the Schreiber/Terrace Bay Community Futures Program have toiled to hammer out detailed studies and a rough sketch of the progress and potential of the inhabited area between Pays Plat and Jackfish.

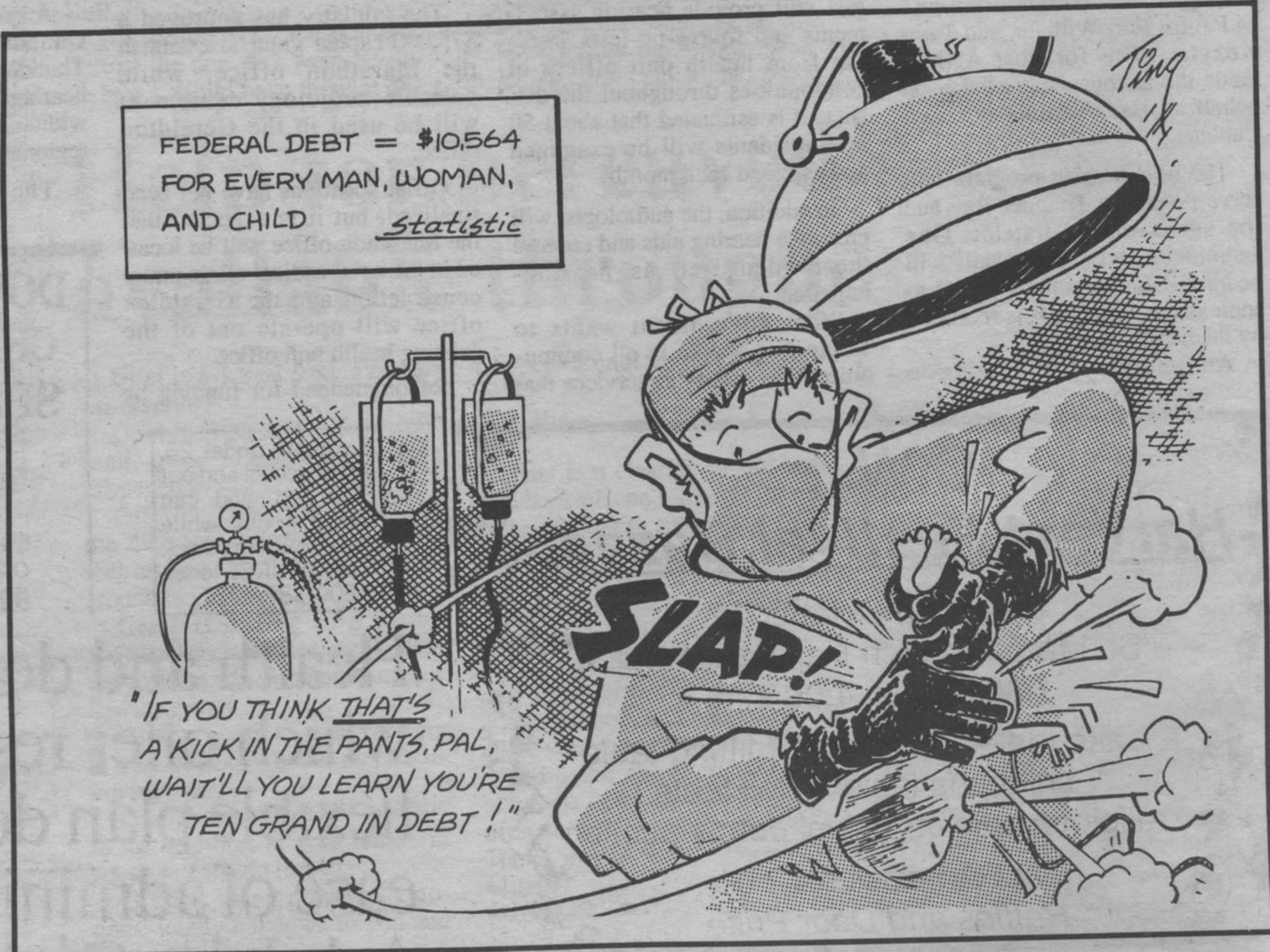
With the recent allotment of over \$390,000 in federal funds to establish the second phase of the program, it is now time for other concerned individuals to jump on the wagon and help carry the momentum.

The 11 members of the committee deserve public acknowledgement and praise for their voluntary work. Some might call them 'fatalists' or 'harbingers of doom' because of their understanding that one-industry towns must plan for economically depressed times.

This is actually a positive and confident vision of the future potential of the area. It is also a reality that must be faced. By planning for difficult times — whether expected or unexpected — it can be much easier on the individuals within a community to band together and bring about that foresight when it becomes necessary.

What the committee needs now are others who share the conviction that this area can develop an expanded economic base and prosper from it. It is a fantastic opportunity to become directly involved in the future of Pays Plat, Rosspoint, Schreiber, Terrace Bay and Jackfish. It will also be a telling experience.

The funding has been earmarked for a 12-month period. There is no time to banter and be wishy-washy about it. The Board must be in place as quickly as possible so that would-be entrepreneurs wishing to take advantage of this fortunate break can do so to the fullest.



If you believe that you can offer specific technical or financial knowledge, or if you feel that you can apply your experience to getting results that will help start up new ventures, call the Schreiber/Terrace Bay Community Futures Program office quickly.

An effective and concerned Board of Directors can have a tremendous impact on helping to mould and guide those who believe that there is much potential.

The government will review how the funding has been used, and there must be a demonstrated need. If there is not, the money will be allocated elsewhere. The next year will be a telling time for this area — a time that will come to mirror the general underlying economic and progressive beliefs of the residents.

'Letters to the editor' are very important to the readership and to the community which the newspaper serves.

The letters act as a forum for discussion, a means to inform the public or authorities of a concern, or sometimes they can provide a great topic of conversation over the fence or kitchen table.

They also provide ideas and suggestions for and criticisms about local issues.

They can be funny, angry, sad, or a little of everything. Write one today, sign your name, and help provide a service to all. Write: Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ont. P0T 2W0

Good riddance to the Olympics

At last! The Games of the XXIVth Olympiad are finally shrinking in the rear view mirror. Good riddance. And that's not just another pair of Canuck mukluks schlumping through 100 metres of sour grapes, either.

These games had the faint reek of putrefaction about them long before Ben Johnson's radioactive urine sample gave new meaning to the term "dope testing". Somehow, in the Seoul Olympics, the greed was more naked, the egos more bloated, the selfishness and arrogance more obvious and unapologetic.

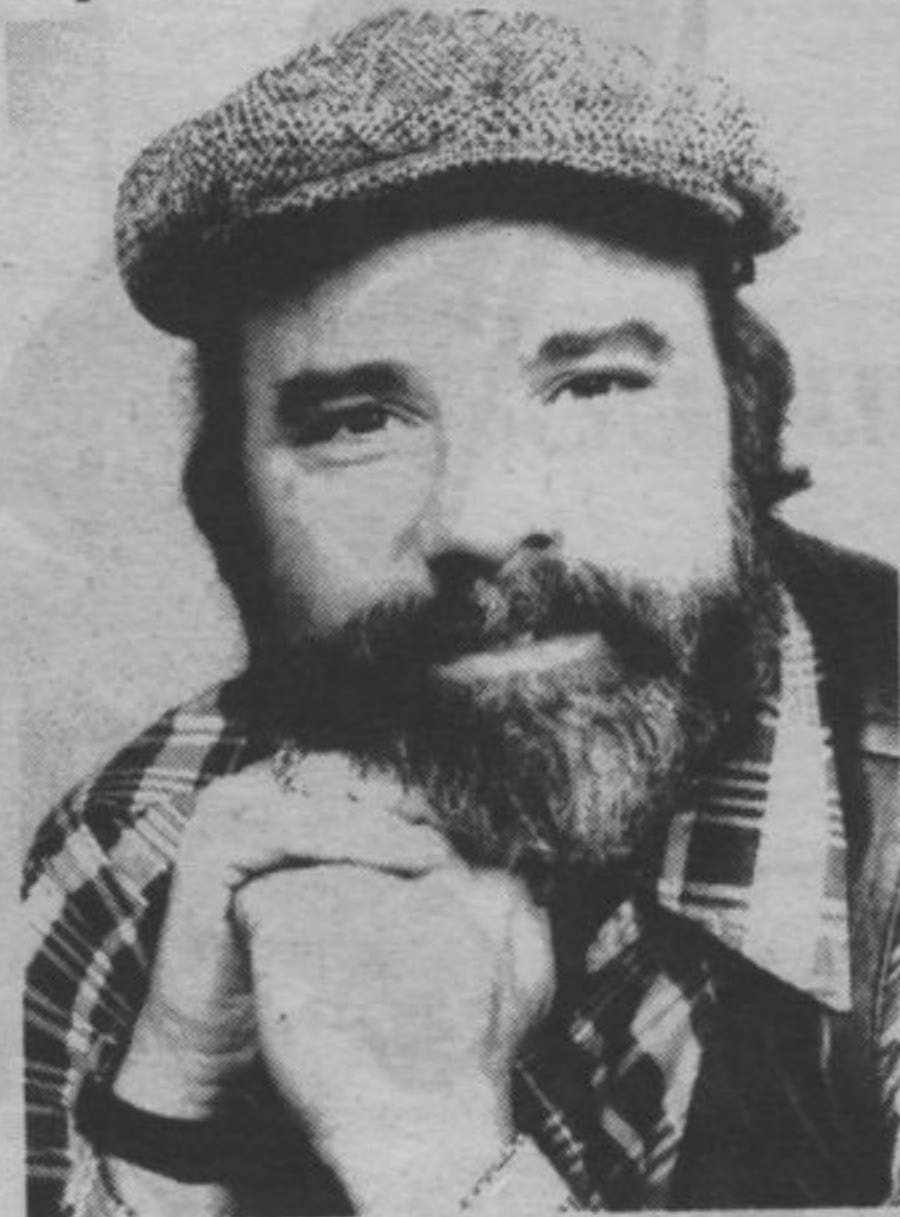
And it wasn't just the athletes. I'm pretty sure that television set some new Olympic records — most notably in the Greatest-Volume-of-Commercials-Crammed-Down-Viewers-Throats category. One newspaper cartoon showed a fluorescent-blazered, alabaster-toothed jock anchorman beaming out of a TV set and crooning "And we'll be back with more commercials right after this brief Olympic

break." More truth than humor in that. Living rooms around the world were awash with endless ads for Toshiba, Hyundai and MacDonalds, to name but three. And what do lap-top computers, hatchback sedans and fast-food burgers have to do with Olympic ideals?

Unintentionally candid TV coverage revealed unseemly clots of jock journalists and photo hounds scrambling and swarming after contestants and blood-crazed schools of piranha. I saw one elderly and fragile-looking Korean gent get blindsided and bunted into a market stall by a TV crew chasing down an American high jumper. Koreans must be asking themselves if the price tag of international glory necessarily includes harassment from packs of ravening media Mongols armed with Sonys and Nikons.

Inevitably, the me-firstism of the Olympics washed onto the field. We saw it when Ben Johnson first got to Seoul, disdaining to carry Canada's flag

or even join the Canadian team in the opening ceremonies. "I've been through the marching experience before," Johnson explained. "I got to take care of



Arthur Black

myself."

The ever-loathsome American legman, Carl Lewis, strutting and preening like a cross between a peacock and a drag queen, was so revolting, even the Americans

nearly disowned him. Lewis' shrieks and tantrums and ridiculous demands for special treatment very nearly got him thrown off the U.S. 400-metre relay team. Lewis, in his quintessentially classy way, retorted that he might refuse to run for the team, because the coaches were "making too many strict rules." Swedish tennis star Mats Wilander declined to represent his country because he was "too tired".

Somehow, I don't think these spoiled brats are the kind of models the original Greek Olympians would have admired.

Not all the athletes behaved like petulant and pampered five-year-olds, but even the nice ones seemed to be operating under a strangely skewed set of values. Carolyn Waldo, our synchronized swim champ, performed with grace and style in and out of the chlorine, but early in the games she revealed what she considered to be the Achilles heel in her program.

Her smile.

"I don't have a really good smile," she told reporters. "I'm going to have to work on it to make it warm and sincere."

Somehow, that sentence encapsulates the queasy feeling I have about the whole XXIVth Olympiad. Reminds me of the story of a veteran salesman passing tips to a younger colleague.

"Sincerity, lad!" rumbled the old pro. "Learn to look your client right in the eye in a spirit of total honesty."

Pause.

"Once you learn to fake that, you've got it made."

The irony is, neither Ben Johnson nor you nor I would have had to endure the ignominy of Seoul if we'd heeded the words of a veteran Canadian sportsman who, years ago, said "We should stop preaching about sport's moral values. Sport, after all, isn't Lent. It's a pleasure of the flesh."

The man knew whereof he spoke. He was a pretty fair Canadian runner in his own right.

Name of Bruce Kidd.