

opinion

All is well . . . HERE!

Well ... how did you like my first attempt at your newspaper? I hope your opinions are favourable. Although it didn't turn out exactly as planned ... nothing ever does, does it?

The Readers' Questionnaire which was featured on the back of last week's paper, I hope, was read by everyone. As of this writing there have been no questionnaires returned. I realize that a survey return rate is always low, but this is ridiculous! If we don't receive at least 10 per cent of them back, how will we know what you, the readers want to see in your paper.

I have had several people from around the immediate area stopping into the office or telephoning to say hello during the past week. So at least some have read my 'Opinion' column, telling them that there is indeed a new Editor in town. So - just a reminder that if you have chucked last week's paper without getting a chance to fill out the questionnaire, just pop into the office and I will personally give you another one, just so that you may have another opportunity to fill it in.

Many people have been pleased that I intend to carry a wide variety of community news coverage. I have received many phone calls, requesting that I be at a certain place at a certain time, to either take photos of a certain group activity or do a story on a much deserved topic. I think that this is great. Keep the phone calls coming in folks, but please try to let me know in advance so that I can schedule myself accordingly.

Last week marked another chapter of the Terrace Bay Council Saga. This was the third part of what looks like a series. It's a tragedy that I moved into Terrace Bay during one of council's hottest issues, but this is unavoidable.

Harry Huskins has been kind enough to take on the deciphering of the minutes of the past meetings and I hope for the next few meetings, at least until I have my wits about me, and can do so myself.

I will tell you right now that I have little knowledge of municipal affairs or council related business. I have left that job to the people who have the know-how. Harry Huskins is more than qualified to handle this job and he has done a literary wonder following the councils this far.

I met the most wonderful woman last week by the name of Jane Marcella. And I envy her job. As most are aware, she is the Assistant Librarian at the Terrace Bay Library. A place that I will come to know and love. A place that kept my sanity when all others have failed. A place to escape to and hide behind in its' any treasures. A place that I will curse constantly because I am used to the small library in Dorion where all books are visible from one point of observation. I will also be a thorn in Jane's side when she has to contend with my many questions about the location of books and other reference material.

Please be patient with me Jane. I promise that it won't last long ... I hope!

Readers, please take note, that I am on the lookout for interesting places, people or things for which to use as upcoming 'Profiles This Week.'

Rosspart, in all its' beauty and splendour, was the main attraction for this week's 'Profile', and what an adventure that was.

Being new to the area, I will have to depend on the people of this area to keep me informed as to the most interesting people, etc., who would warrant an interview. I already have a few names that have been tossed at me ... so if you receive a phone call requesting such an interview, please consider it before saying no.

Arthur Black

Reds-under-the-bed

I guess there's nowhere to send my nomination, but if there was some agency that collected contenders for Dumbest News Story of the Year, I know which one I'd pump for.

The one that broke recently, wherein Volkswagen Canada announced it was withdrawing all its financial support from a certain, nefarious Toronto-based organisation. Volkswagen wasn't alone in wanting to wash its hands of this outfit. Air Canada announced it wanted nothing to do with them either. And Shell Canada, another major benefactor, announced that henceforth it would be very leery of supporting this group.

What gaggle of long-haired Bolsheviks incurred the wrath of such corporate giants? A Canadian contingent of The Red Brigades? The Hogtown chapter of the Hell's Angels?

A Marxist-Leninist cell of bank burners? The IRA? The KGB? The PLO?

Nope. It was the TSO. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Eighty of the 99 Orchestra members had committed the grievous indiscretion of performing — for free — at a ... wait for it now ...

... a Peace Concert in a Toronto park!

Volkswagen announced that it did not support "politically-oriented charities."

Air Canada unctuously intoned that as a Crown Corporation it could not support groups that have "certain political commitments."

Shell Canada was more blunt. The Shell spokesman says Shell doesn't shell out for Peace Concerts.

You have to stand a little ways back from this brouhaha

to fully appreciate the cosmic stupidity of it all. Three multimillion dollar corporations are censuring, blacklisting arm twisting — choose your own verb — a bunch of people because those people have decided that they don't want to die.

Not in a nuclear holocaust anyway. Especially not in one that's avoidable. These people have committed the heresy of standing up for Peace.

Not blowing up embassies you understand. Not even marching or daubing slogans on walls.

No, they were ... *playing music for peace.*

And it scared the pants off Volkswagen, Air Canada and Shell.

Now I know there are folks out there (some of them have written to this newspaper) who consider anyone who wants Peace to be a communist

dope, a Moscow Mule and a sad sap for socialism.

Well, in my opinion, anyone — be they letter-writer or multinational — who thinks the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is a Reds-under-the-bed paranoiac who really ought to see a shrink.

Even Ronald Reagan would have to admit there's just the barest possibility that the musicians the corporations were so indecently anxious to silence are ... just musicians. People with spouses and kids and grandparents and mortgages and hemorrhoids and geraniums on the front porch who don't want to see it all go up in a mushroom cloud because a gaggle of clowns in Washington wants to play Cowboys and Indians with a gaggle of clowns in the Kremlin.

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario. P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.

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DEADLINE: Friday NOON
Subscription rates: \$10.00 per annum (local); \$14.00 per annum (out-of-town). Second Class Mail
Registration No. 0867.



Hole in the Fence

No. 2 Mushroom arrives

"... A land where they lived happily ever after," said Mushroom.



Colour the picture.

In today's story, a strange grown-up offers the Vegetable youngsters a treat.

Everyone is waiting for Mushroom in silence. No one wants to be caught by Mr. Cabbage.

In the past, they have always enjoyed Mushroom's visits. He always has such mysterious stories to tell. This time is extra special. Mushroom is going to tell them about a Magic Potion and a wonderful garden where everyone is happy and everyone feels good.

Suddenly Mushroom is there. He sits down in front of them and begins his story.

"Once upon a time, there was a garden where everything went wrong and the people didn't feel good. They had a lot of problems. Then one day, they asked a friendly Mushroom to help them. He gave them a Magic Potion and suddenly everything changed."

"How did it change?" questions Corn.

"Well," says Mushroom, "taking the Magic Potion made them feel better. They could be anything they wanted to be, and they could forget their problems."

"Even when it rained, it seemed that the sun shone every day. It was as if

candy floss grew on trees and the water turned to soda pop."

"Then what happened?" asks Tomato.

"Well, they're still living happily ever after, of course," says Mushroom.

"I don't believe it," says Carrot. "It's only a story."

"I have the Magic Potion here in my bag," says Mushroom. "Why don't you try it?"

"Quiet!" says Radish. "Somebody's coming!"

Immediately Mushroom disappears.

It is Mr. Cauliflower who shows up.

"What's going on here?" grumbles Mr. Cauliflower.

"Oh, nothing," says Radish innocently. "We're just talking."

"Looks to me like you're up to no good," says Mr. Cauliflower. He continues on his way.

Radish waits until Mr. Cauliflower has gone, and then asks, "What do you think of Mushroom's Magic Potion?"

"Who needs it," says Tomato. "Come on, Beet. Let's go and play."

"I don't need a Magic Potion. I always feel good," says Carrot, but as he speaks, he is not sure if it is true.

"I think the Magic Potion sounds

exciting," says Brussels Sprout. "Imagine, living happily ever after!"

Corn, who all this time has sat still, says, "It's never that simple, Brussels Sprout. It's never that easy to live happily ever after."

Brussels Sprout nods his head, but he isn't sure he understands.

The Hole in the Fence, a 132-page colour illustrated storybook published by Health and Welfare Canada, was developed in cooperation with provincial alcohol drug commissions/foundations. It is available for \$4.50 through local bookstores or by sending a cheque money order payable to the Receiver General of Canada to: Canadian Government Publishing Centre, Hull, Quebec, K1A 0S9.

A family guide to this preventive drug education and living skills program contains story résumés, colouring pictures, home crafts and discussion ideas. It is available free, on request, from **The Hole in the Fence**, Box 8888, Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3J2.

Egalement disponible en français sous le titre "Mes amis, mon jardin".



It's worth remembering what two rather well-known observers had to say on the subject of war and peace. Ernest Hemingway, a veteran and a war correspondent, wrote: "Never think that war, no matter how necessary, no how justified, is not a crime." Another fellow once wrote: "I think that people want peace so much that one of these days government had better get out of their way and let them have it." I hope he's right. And he was in a position to know. The speaker was the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in World War II, and a President of the United States. General Dwight D. Eisenhower.