

# Editorial Page

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## Time to think of world peace

Finding inner peace, and using this feeling to promote world peace is the theme behind the Sri Chinmoy Peace Run '89.

The seven male and seven female runners passed through Schreiber and Terrace Bay Monday, June 5 carrying the Torch of Peace with them.

"What timing," I thought. Considering the events of the previous weekend - the killing of hundreds, possibly thousands of peaceful protesters in China, and the "democratic" elections held in Poland - it was indeed a time for everybody to be thinking about world peace.

What an elusive thing peace is. It can be shattered by opposing views (be they political, economic, religious or otherwise), intolerance, or the actions of a single lunatic.

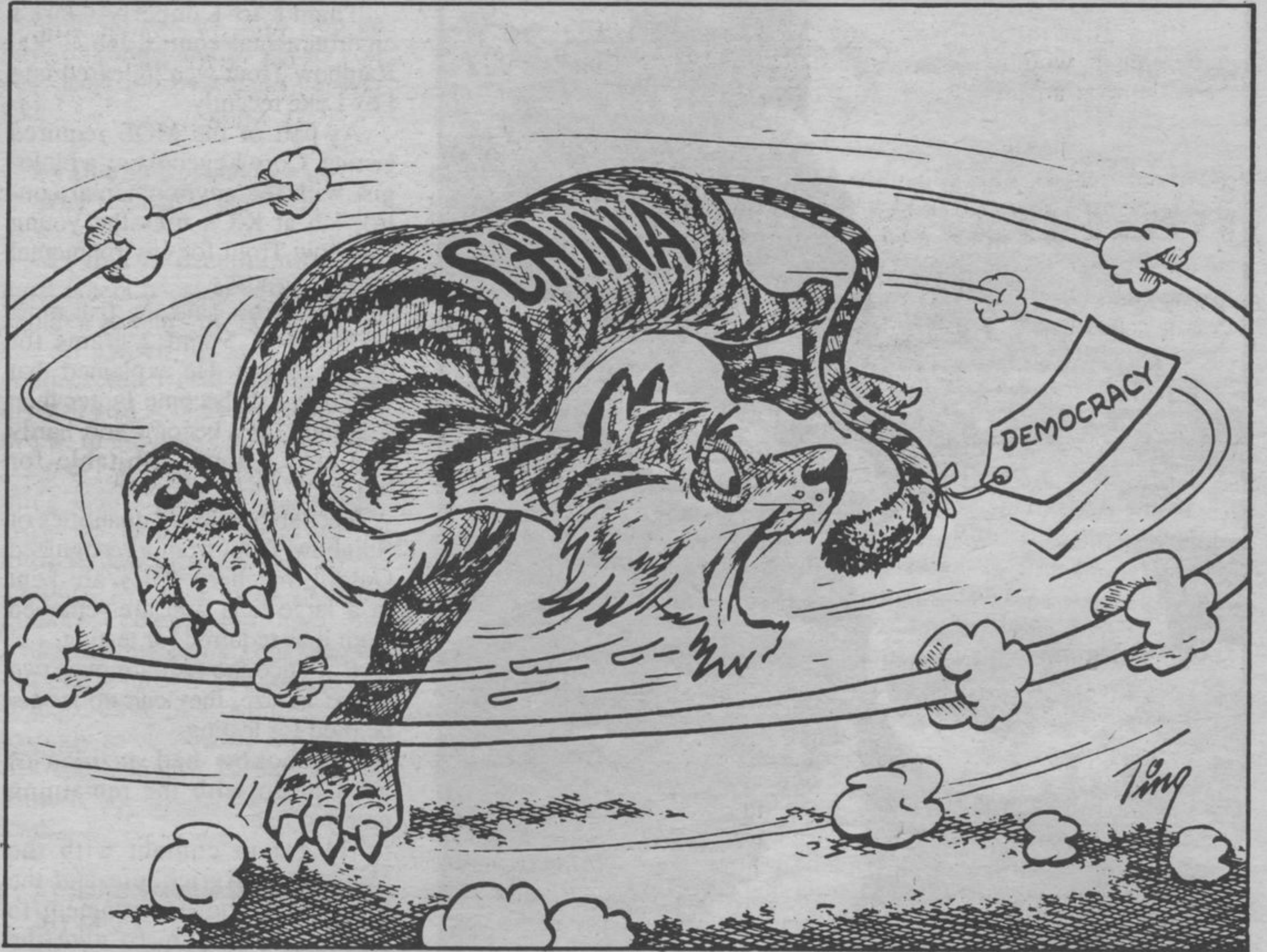
The human race is progressing at an alarming rate. And what has this progress brought us? Sure, we have computers, microwaves and an endless list of technological advances. We've been to the moon and beyond, and like to think we have become a civilized race.

But are we really? Compared to the rest of mankind's history, we're living in a century that has seen more wars than all the previous wars combined. Some progress, eh?

And the stunts pulled in China recently make one wonder even more. Peaceful, unarmed demonstrators, merely sitting in Tiananmen Square to let the government know they want some changes brought about, were ruthlessly murdered.

Instead of continuing a peaceful dialogue with the demonstrators, the Chinese government, or elements within it, decided the best way to deal with the students was with force.

And yet, on a more positive note, a form of democratic elections were held in Poland with Solidarity gaining the



overwhelming support of the population. Instead of forming a coalition government, Solidarity decided to remain as the official opposition, thus keeping the trust of the population.

The road to "democratic" elections was not without turmoil though. Martial law was imposed in 1981 and Solidarity was officially banned, although its supporters never really did stop supporting the trade union.

Hopefully, the road to democracy in China will not be as rough, although the present situation there does not look positive.

But as long as the people of China continue to believe in freedom, there will always be room for hope.

The News welcomes your letters to the editor. Feel free to express comments, opinions, appreciation, or debate anything of public interest. Write to:

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In order that we may verify authorship, please sign your letters.

## Old vs New: Olympia and Tandy

I wonder if there's a graveyard somewhere for obsolete professions? It'd be a fairly crowded one -- full of spittoon makers and buggy whip manufacturers . . . milkmaids and fan dancers . . . buffalo hunters and locomotive firemen . . .

And of course Dave Nicholls.

There was a photo of Dave in the newspaper last week bending over a piece of the raw material that's kept him in business for the past 35 years.

It's an Underwood--unelectrified variety. Dave's a manual typewriter repairman. That makes Dave about as common as a duck-billed dinosaur.

"There are only a few of us left" says Dave, "and we're all over 50. The kids want to get into the electronic stuff."

Dave examined his first mangled platen back in 1955 at the Royal Typewriter Company in Montreal.

Since then he reckons he's poked through the innards of just about every kind of

manual typewriter that was ever made. But not for much longer. Typists have been abandoning their clunky old manuals for years, wooed and seduced by the siren hum of sleeker, faster electric models. Now that word processors and even laptop computers are here, the few surviving manual typewriter owners have become even more faithless, jilting their loyal mechanical companions with an enthusiasm that would make Elizabeth Taylor blush.

I know. I'm one of them.

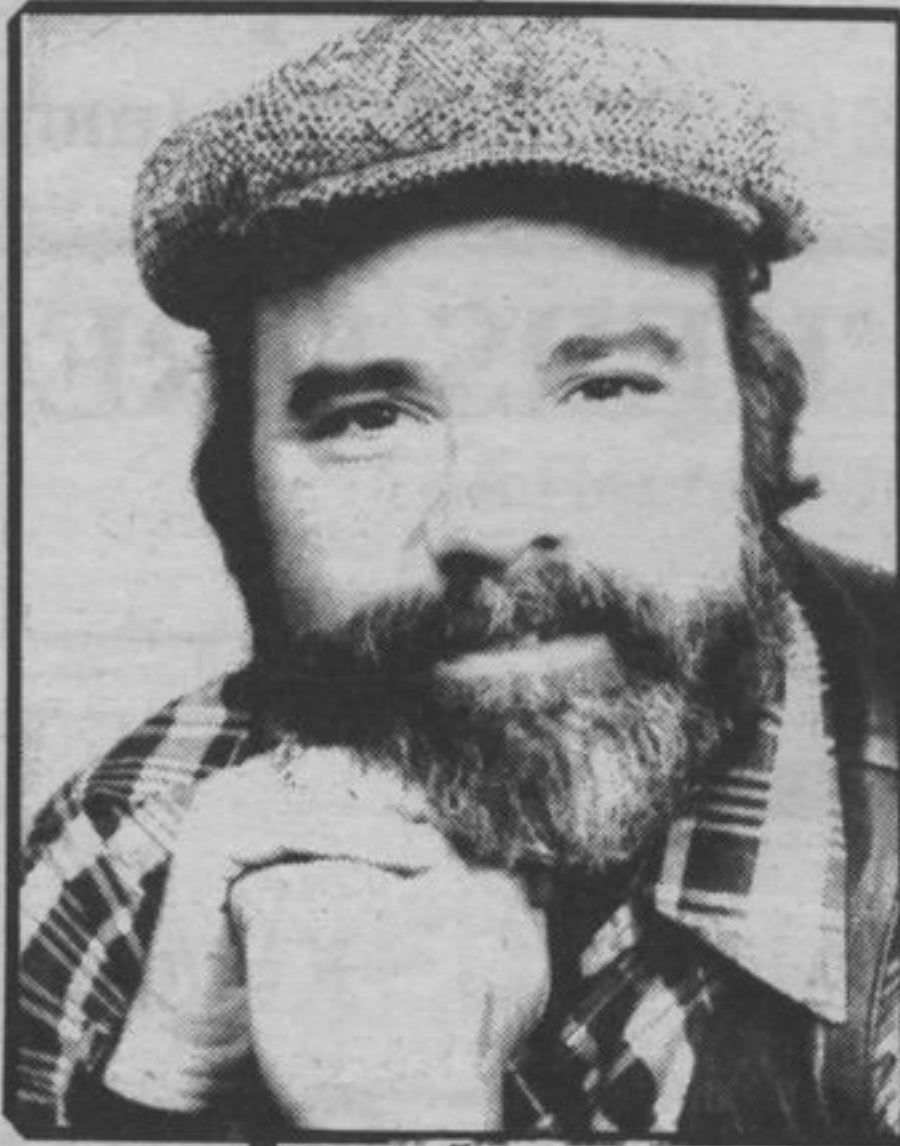
Actually, my Olympia portable and I have been on the outs for some time now. Oh, we still live in the same house and everything, but we no longer...you know.

It was a classic case of Seven Year Itch.

I was restless. There was this stunning little word processor at the office. She was sultry and sensuous, with a pair of floppy disc drives that could make Michael Wilson quiver.

One look into that come-

hither full-colour monitor and I was a goner. Pretty soon I was working late two and three nights a week. On weekends I was snappish and neglectful of my forsaken Olympia. No more late Saturday nights with a glass of



Arthur Black

wine, a little Ravel on the stereo and a game of hunt 'n peck on the kitchen table, no. Suddenly I was "too tired". I saved my work for the office and I couldn't wait for Monday morning to roll around.

The fling with the office word processor didn't last long. I found out I wasn't the only one who palpated her keyboard when the lights were low. Besides, she wasn't that bright. Her memory was rather...well, limited.

So I went out cruising on my own. I spent a lot of time in a lot of shabby joints whispering to unsavoury characters about desirable software and essential peripherals.

But it paid off. I got what I wanted. A gorgeous, diminutive South Korean laptop, so slim and elegant she made my Olympia manual look like Golda Meir.

Her name is Tandy.

For a month or so I kept her at the office, locked in my bottom drawer. Come five o'clock when the rest of the staff went home, I'd lock the door, draw the blinds, bring her out and set her on my lap.

It was good, but it wasn't enough. I wanted her with me all the time, not just nine to five.

I knew what I had to do.

It wasn't easy, the first night I brought Tandy home. Oh, Olympia didn't say anything but we'd been together long enough so that I knew when she had her ribbon in a knot.

It didn't take a genius to see that my hoped for *menage a trois* wasn't going to work, so I did the only thing I could do --stuffed dumpy old Olympia in the back of the closet.

"Why don't you let her go?" my friends ask. "You've already broken her heart."

But I won't do that.

Oh Tandy's bewitching alright. And fast. Perhaps a trifle too fast.

Let's face it --she's a kid, and I'm not getting any younger. Someday her backlit screen might catch the monitor of some beach bum mainframe computer with big shoulders and a hard disc drive. Where'll that leave me?

Why with good old Olympia of course. She'll wait.

Well, sure it's caddish! I never said I was a nice typist.