

Editorial

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Only in Canada, you say?

I've been thumbing through a few sports magazines and have noticed that Canada has a lot of talented athletes.

The most famous Canadian sports figure is, of course, Wayne Gretzky. Los Angeles Kings traded Jimmy Carson, Martin Gelinis, two first round draft picks, and a sum of about \$20 million in return for the Great One. Not bad for a young man from Brantford, Ontario.

Tony Mandarich, born in Oakville, Ontario, plays for the Green Bay Packers and is known as the 'Incredible Bulk.' This 315 lb, 6'6" offensive lineman can run a 40-yard dash in 4.65 seconds, which is amazing for someone of his size.

George Knudson is the most famous Canadian golf pro to play on the PGA Tour.

Elizabeth Manley dazzled the world when she won the silver medal at the '88 Winter Olympics in Calgary.

Schreiber has a famous boxer, also. Dom Filane fought his way to the light fly-weight bronze medal in the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand.

Who knows? The next famous sports figure may be someone you know, or even yourself. But for those of us who get winded walking up a flight of stairs, we'll have to stick to reading Sports Illustrated.

Angie Saunders



Letter to Editor

Ken is gone but not forgotten

Dear Editor;

Re: "Erosion....still an issue"
March 13th Edition

As the former Township Engineer and Building Inspector,

I read with some interest Angie Saunders' article regarding the retaining wall at 230 MacDonald Avenue. To the best of my knowledge an original concrete wall was constructed at the time of the house construction and fell

down many years later. The owner then 'attempted' to construct a timber wall.

It should be clarified that the wall does not come under the

continued on page 14

The curse of Alexander Graham Bell

If the phone doesn't ring, it's me

Jimmy Buffet song title

It probably sounds a tad ghoulish, but every once in a while I entertain the fantasy of resurrecting Alexander Graham Bell, grabbing him by the nape of his mouldy winding sheet, shaking him briskly and shouting "There! See what you started? Are you satisfied?"

It's the telephones, Mister Bell's most enduring legacy. They're everywhere. Americans make more than 350 million telephone calls every day. I'm pretty sure that citizen for citizen, Canadians are even gabbier, but I can't prove it. I called the Public Relations department of Bell Canada to find out the Canadian figures.

The receptionist put me on hold.

But who needs statistics? A decent pair of eyes will tell you that we live in a plague of telephones and the little

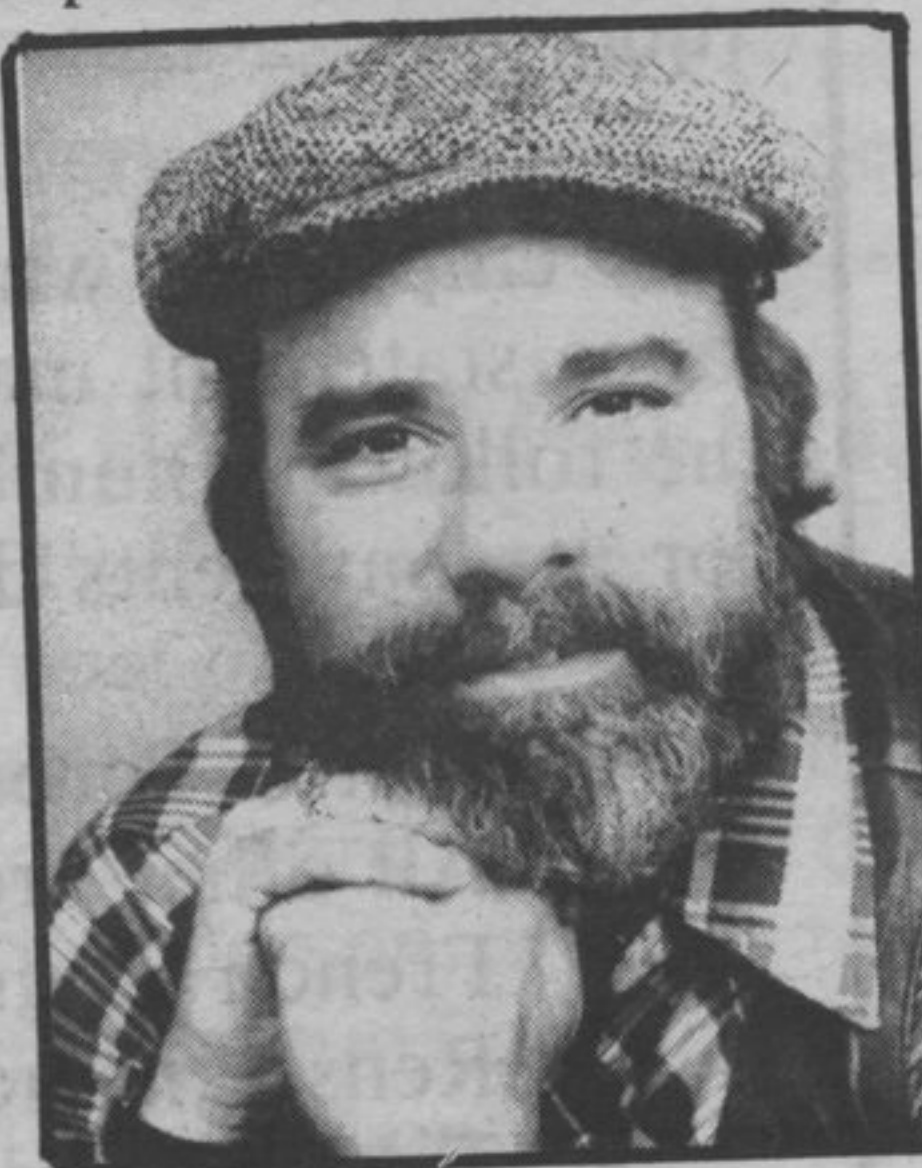
When I grew up the telephone was a huge wooden affair about the size of a gum machine, featuring brass bells, a gooseneck speaker and a crank on the side that summoned the operator. Telephones were furniture back then. And there was one to a household. If you were lucky.

Nowadays, it's more like one to a room. We've got telephones in the living room and telephones in the den. There are kitchen telephones and bedroom telephones and patio telephones. The last hotel room I rented featured a telephone set into the tile wall right next to the john.

I can't begin to tell you how little I would appreciate, while on the john, a telephone call inviting me to subscribe to Macleans Magazine.

And you can't get away from phones by fleeing out the front door. They've invaded our cars. Last summer, I couldn't figure out why, even though traffic jams were more

hostile. There was much less horn-honking, cursing and waving of fists. Then I twigged. The drivers were less hostile because they were busy yakking into their cellular car phones. Calling up their stockbrokers or their



Arthur Black

mistresses.

Or the local radio station to deliver an on-the-spot report of a traffic jam.

Last year, Air Canada announced that soon their

take and receive telephone calls while they were flying, right in their seats. To which I can only offer a luke-warm 'whoopee'. The only two things I liked about air travel was the complimentary wine with dinner and the certain knowledge that, for the duration of the flight I would be beyond the reach of that jarring dingaling of a jangling telephone.

No more, alas. We are succumbing to terminal telephonitis. The planet is gradually being cocooned in a sarcophagus of telephone wire. The music of the spheres will be replaced by dial tone. A new religion will sweep the globe. Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Buddhism--all the orthodox faiths will tumble into the crypt of history, while humanity in its billions will rush to embrace the new doctrine.

The Gospel According To Ernestine.

You think I'm overreacting? That's because you haven't

federal communications department is licensing field trails of the Zone Phone. It's a lightweight, cordless gizmo about the size of your TV Channel Zapper. It folds small enough to slip in your shirt pocket and it's called 'the poor man's cellular phone'. Why? Because it costs about one-twentieth the price, that's why. Experts predict it'll sell for about \$150.

You realize what this means? It means that virtually everybody will be able to afford their own portable phone. Which in turn means that the only time we'll be free from ringing telephones is when we're nude in the sauna.

Well, that's not quite true. The zone phone is cheap because it doesn't do some of the things a regular phone does. For instance, you can make a call on the Zone Phone, but you can't receive one.

A phone that doesn't receive calls. What a concept! I wonder if they take trade-