

Editorial

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Ben Johnson trying to run his way back into Canada's heart

After Ben Johnson lost the Gold Medal in Seoul, Korea at the 1988 Olympics when he tested positive for steroids, many Canadians were shocked and disheartened.

I was on a personal high during the olympics when I saw American Carl Lewis eat Ben Johnson's dust on T.V. It was all anyone could talk about for a short time "Canada won the Gold!"...until the medal was taken away.

Ben Johnson was banned from competing for 2 years following this unfortunate incident.

My first thoughts were, "How could he do this to Canada?" National pride was bruised by his representation at the olympics.

Surprisingly enough, many loyal kids and people still stuck up for Johnson. Many were disgusted with him and I was one of them.

Ben Johnson's two years are now up and he is running for Canada again. There is speculation over whether he will be as good as before- without the drugs. People want to know if he is actually clean which he ensures he is.

It took a lot of courage to openly admit he was using steroids at the time of the race.

Instead of crawling into relative obscurity, Mr. Johnson decided to clean up his act and keep running. His comeback will have him competing against Carl Lewis in the 1992 Olympics being held in Barcelona, Spain.

The hope for most Canadians is that Ben Johnson will be able to cleanly defeat Carl Lewis and change the world's outlook on Canadian Track and Field Athletes.

Angie Saunders



Letter to the Editor

To the people of Terrace Bay, I am finding it increasingly difficult to shop locally. It would help if someone in town would carry children's clothes- size 8-12 and men's clothes.

I was informed that Robinson's has ceased to carry these lines and has instead decided to carry hardware and food. We do not need another food store or another hardware store.

We do however, need a store that will carry the clothes that are

necessary to keep our children and men covered. Exactly where are all the people in town who have children these sizes or happen to be men supposed to shop?

Are we to ship off all of the men and children to another town to shop - if we are, it would be just as simple to leave this town for good.

If the retailers in this town would stop and think about the fact that at least half of the adults are men and that all of the chil-

dren have to, at some point, hit the sizes in question, they might realize their error.

If we keep going like this, it won't be worth staying in this town to buy anything. IF I'm not mistaken, this will not help the retailers at all.

In conclusion, it would be nice if the retailers would start to carry the clothes in question. After all, we can't let our children and men around nude, can we?

Tina Ball

Turning machines into techno-rubble

There are two things I will always love about Elvis Presley. One is the way he sang That's Alright Mama. The other is the way he shot up television sets.

Story goes that whenever Elvis played Vegas, there was an unspoken understanding with the hotel management that the King might need a new TV on very short notice. In fact, it wasn't inconceivable that he might require two or even three new ones sent up to his suite in a single night. That's because when it came to channel changing, Elvis was ahead of his time. If he was watching TV and somebody came on that he didn't like, ol' Elvis would haul out a gold-plated Colt 45, squint down the barrel and dust that program -- and the TV tube -- straight into vacuumland. Legend has it that the TV icon Elvis most enjoyed blowing away was Robert Goulet, but that's probably too delicious to be true.

times I've wanted to shoot my television -- or at least put a Greb Kodiak through the screen. I never do it, of course. You have to be rich or psychopathic to get away with that.

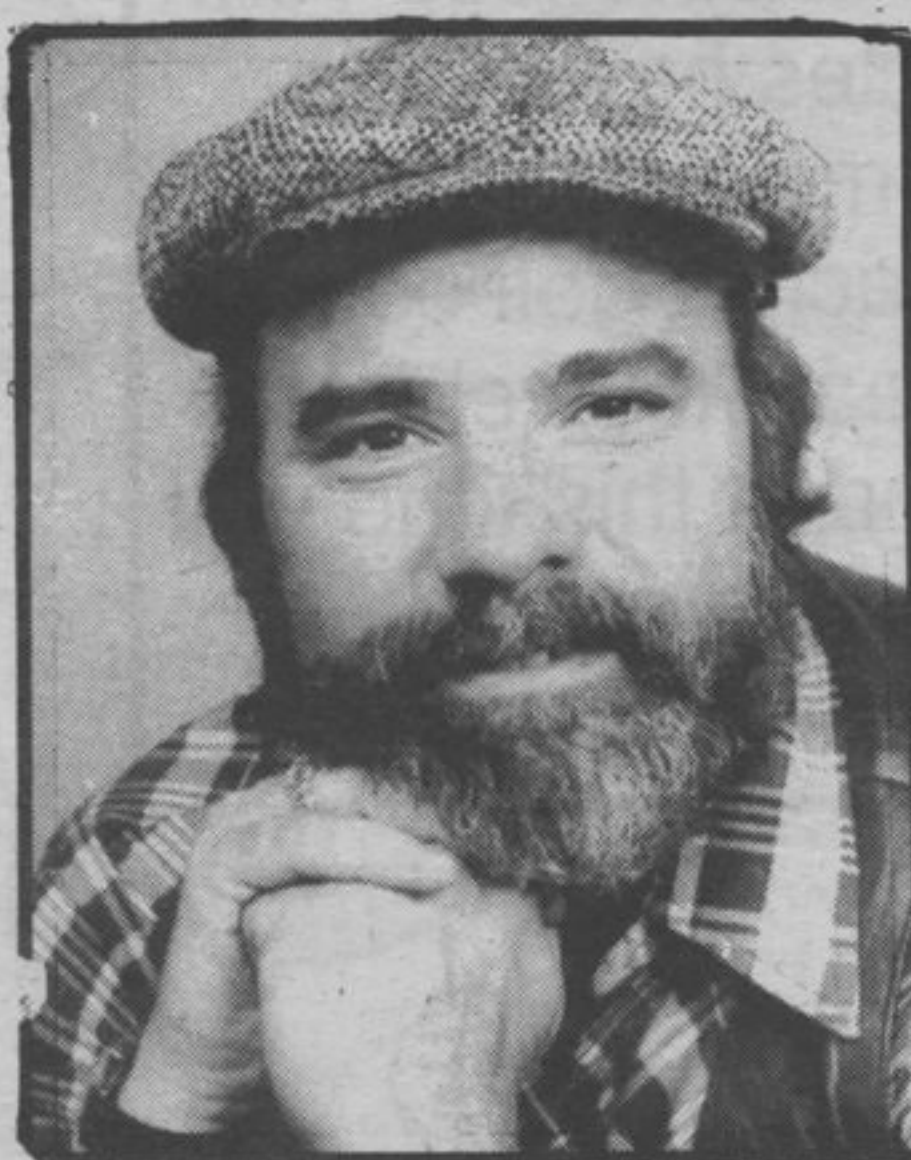
Toward the end there, Elvis kind of had both bases covered.

My TV isn't the only hunk of hardware that fuels my homicidal fantasies. I've often dreamt of drop-kicking my Ronson electric, cuffing my clock radio and slap-shooting my bedside alarm clock right out the bedroom window. My eight-foot Amana side-by-side is too massive for a simple, unarmed frontal assault, but that doesn't stop me from entertaining reveries of dropping a burning tractor tire over its top and necklacing the mother into the big display room in the sky.

What characteristic do all of the aforementioned chunks of technology share? Treachery. They have all, at one time or another, betrayed me. Usually when I needed

them most. Not being rich -- or owning a gold-plated Colt 45 -- I have forgiven, but not forgotten.

But I've got a hunch the day of reckoning is at hand. In Atlanta, Georgia there is a



Arthur Black

place called The Bullet Stop. It's a shooting range where you are the hunter and the quarry is -- well, your sock-eating washing machine, maybe. Or perhaps that stupid toaster that skims burnt crusts

across your kitchen like a skeet shoot. At Bullet Stop, you can rent shotguns, handguns, semi- and full-automatics and then proceed to riddle the utility of your choice. And some of them are tougher than they look. One disgruntled housewife lit into her vacuum cleaner with a Thompson submachine gun. It absorbed 50 rounds before it finally hoovered its last.

Is mankind about to overthrow the technological tyrant? Last month some Pasadena, California neighbours threw the world's first Sledge-O-Matic Party. Participants gathered up all the machines in their lives that either didn't work or performed perversely, put them in a big pile and then kicked hell out of them. Balking gizmos that breathed their last at this year's Sledge-O-Matic included a self-winding wristwatch that didn't, a cassette player still non-functional after nine cord replacements and a colour TV that went on the fritz during

the NCAA Final Four Basketball Playoffs. Where are these aberrant appliances now?

Ground to techno-rubble, every one.

Frankly, I like the concept -- and I approve of Bullet Stop too. So would Ned Ludd. Ned was a splendid anarchist who led a band of merry pranksters through the north of England in the early 1800s, smashing textile machines wherever they found them. The Luddites lost the battle, of course. The Industrial Revolution swallowed us all, and sometimes when I'm sitting in a car that won't start, or an elevator that won't elevate, or contemplating the gray, blank stare of a computer monitor that's just eaten my newspaper column, I dream of throwing my own Sledge-O-Matic party and inviting Ned and his gang.

It would be a grand bash. We'd have music.

Elvis, of course. On a hand-cranked Victrola.