

Terrace Bay Schreiber News

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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Single copies 35 cents
Subscription rates per year
in-town — \$14.00
out-of-town — \$18.00
Member of Ontario Community Newspapers Association and The Canadian Community Newspapers Association.



Editorial

Thanks are due

There are many dedicated individuals in the local area who help and improve their community and yet rarely if ever received any sort of appreciation for their efforts. That's unfortunate, but most of the time it goes with the job ... until now, that is.

For example, Terrace Bay Council was recently criticized that it is wasting money on various projects, especially the upcoming Canada Day celebrations. These critics obviously don't realize that a great deal of time and consideration takes place before even a cent is spent by either Terrace Bay or Schreiber Council.

As for Canada Day, funds that are disbursed to celebrate that holiday in town will almost certainly return to the township's coffers later on, thanks to the additional revenue that such an event generates. You have to spend money to make money, as the old saying goes.

Residents should also be grateful that they have local police officers who so often go above and beyond the call of duty in both area towns. Terrace Bay Police Chief Russ Phillips has initiated any number of community programs over the past few months. To him, and the others mentioned above, our humble thanks.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

Further to what I said about terrorism and such last week, I should note that President Reagan seems to be treating terrorism as a simple problem with a simple solution, which is not the case at all. It is actually a complicated phenomenon that has been around for a long, long time and will persist no matter what we try to do to stop it.

In my opinion, Reagan only used terrorism as an excuse to attack Libya and to show that his country will act against Khadafy and his cronies. I say both of them are madmen.

But enough of that. Let's move on now to something completely different ... music and religion. Now, normally you wouldn't associate one with the other, and if you do, I'll bet all you can think of is wearisome, emotionless church music and the

same old familiar tunes.

Well, it doesn't have to be that way. In an article which appears elsewhere in this week's issue of the News, Father Bill Le Grand noted that Christian Rock can be just as appropriate and glorious as the regular stuff.

Such a conclusion may be difficult for some of you to accept, but I assure you, it's true. His column did not offer any concrete examples of such music, so I guess that's been left up to me.

There are many indeed popular groups which have a few songs that are extremely spiritual in nature. Here I am thinking of Simple Minds and their songs "King Is White And In The Crowd," "Book of Brilliant Things" (golly, I wonder what that song is about?), and one of their recent hit singles, "Sanctify Yourself."

But there are others.

My favourite band of all right now, The Waterboys, have more than a couple of ditties with a religious atmosphere to them, and so do the English groups China Crisis and Talk Talk. But the top of the lot is U2, perhaps best known for their Top 40 hit "(Pride) In The Name Of Love" from a year or two back.

Not all of their songs have a Christian "air" to them, but here are a few lyric excerpts which show that they do think about such things from time to time (remember, these are from various tunes from different U2 albums):

"I try to speak up but only in you I'm complete ... the door is open, you're standing there, you let me in ... Oh Lord, if I had anything, anything at all I'd give it to you ... He says he'll change the world some

day, I rejoice ... I want you to be back tomorrow, won't you be back tomorrow, open up to the Lamb of God, to the love of He who made the blind to see ... He's coming back, he's coming back, believe Him, Jesus coming ... I waited patiently for the Lord, He inclined and heard my cry, He brought me up out of the pit, out of the miry clay; I will sing, sing a new song ... Many will see, many will see and hear ..."

The point of all of this is to show you that religious music does not always have to rely on the traditional hymns. I suppose "Rock Of Ages" was fine in its day, but can it keep its appeal forever? I'm not saying that church organists should start learning the music for U2's "Tomorrow" or anything, but you can see that there are alternatives out there. If some of these were used, perhaps the declin-



ing church attendance figures would be stopped, especially when it comes to the younger folk, many of whom have turned away from their local parish because of this Dark Ages attitude it no doubt has, especially when it comes to church music.

Congratulations, Father Le Grand, for pointing all of this out. Now, if I could only agree with you on capital punishment too ...

Black N' White

By Arthur Black

Ted Maczka has a face that looks the way your favorite slippers feel.

It features a scraggly underpinning of bear and a slightly right-of-centre schnozz and two big warm dewdrop eyes, all set in a relief map of creases and wrinkles that testify to a life thoroughly lived.

Ted Maczka has also, more often than not, got a toothy smile plastered all over that puss. He's a very comfortable looking man -- but a word of warning: better you shouldn't rush up and hug him. Ted Maczka bills himself as the Fish Lake Garlic Man for a good reason.

Ted Maczka adores garlic. We are not speaking of a man who nibbles an extra clove or two a week. We do not refer to a European chef who is perhaps heavy handed with the garlic pepper, or favors garlic sausage, or puts a dab of garlic butter on his toast.

Ted Maczka is a fool for garlic. He eats it raw for breakfast. He sips homemade garlic vodka. He smears it on his chest, and sprinkles it on cream cheese sandwiches. Before he

of garlic. "Kills bacteria in the mouth," he says.

Ted Maczka is a disciple -- a garlic guru, if you will. A veritable Johnny Garlicclove.

Ted is a self appointed, unpaid public relations man for the smelliest spice in the rack. He conducts his lonely campaign from a homestead on the shores of Fish Lake, a largish pond in a backwoods section of Prince Edward County, Ontario. There, Ted cultivates his crops and hatches plots to hasten the birth of his odiferous Utopia: a world which will finally recognize that garlic, not variety, is the spice of life.

Garlic has had its champions before. The ancient Greeks considered it a potent aphrodisiac. The Romans fed it to their slave laborers to build up their strength, and to their soldiers to increase their courage. During the Middle Ages, garlic was rated a front-line defence against vampires and werewolves.

Old Wives' tales have long held that garlic relieves the itch of insect bites and the pain of bee-stings, that a poultice of garlic planted around the base of a peach tree will keep destruc-

tive peach borers at bay.

As is often the case, folk wisdom was running a few centuries ahead of medical knowledge. Recent scientific experiments have demonstrated that garlic contains a powerful but largely unexplored antibiotic called allium. One of the things doctors have discovered about allium is that it can lower blood pressure dramatically.

To which Ted Maczka would undoubtedly say: "Well of course! Big deal! Haven't I been telling you for years that garlic is the miracle plant?"

And yet we don't really want to hear it, do we? To most of us, garlic just isn't worth the bother. We consider it one of God's bushwacky little blessings, like poison ivy, teenage zits and the defence system of the skunk.

We're a timid lot, we humans. The majority of us believe a teensy bit of garlic is sufficient, and more than a little constitutes a social blunder somewhere between audible burping and public drunkenness. It is not a new attitude.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare has a character

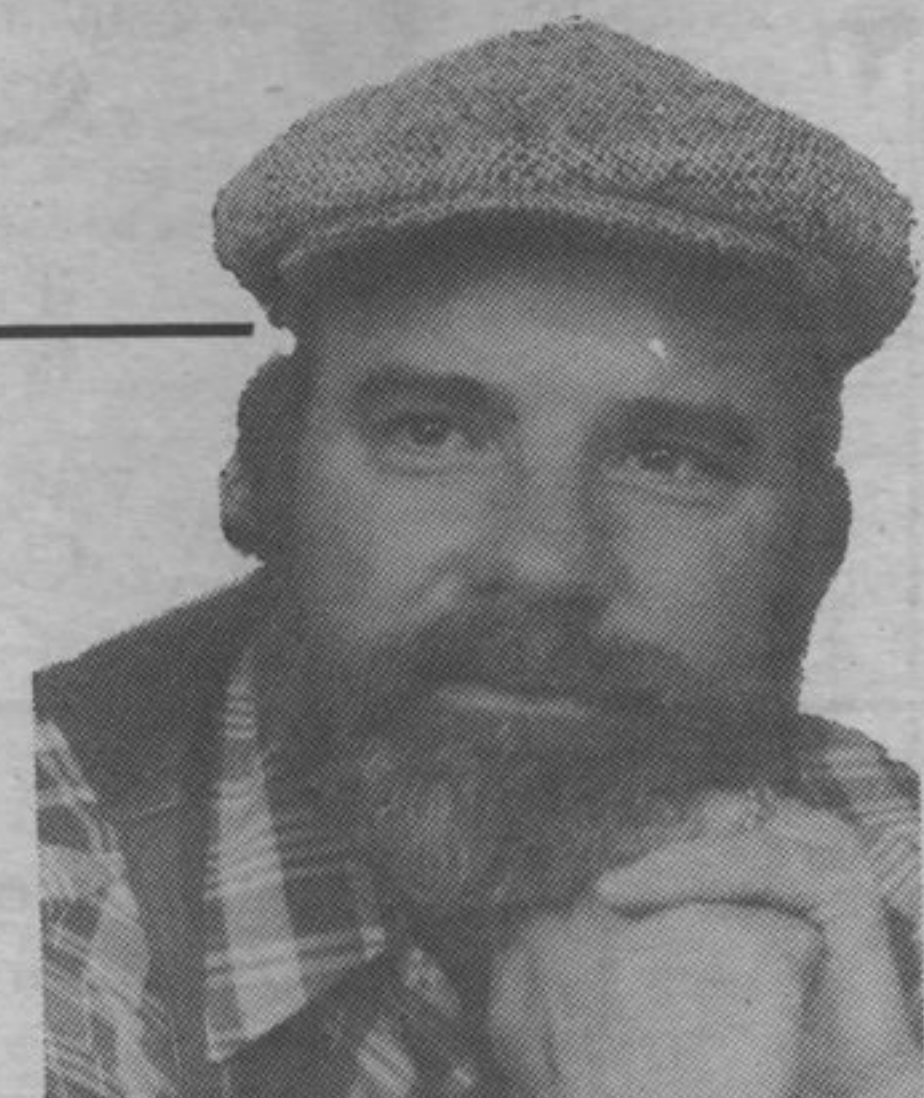
whisper: "And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath..."

Garlic has been getting bad press for centuries. Not that it's been entirely shunned... just badmouthed. Even we Canadians, for all our vapourous tut-tutting about the stuff, manage to chomp our way through some five million pounds of garlic annually.

To the Fish Lake Garlic Man, that figure is scandalous. He thinks we should be digesting ten times that amount each year. But what really has Ted Maczka gnashing his teeth is the fact that all five million pounds are imported! We don't even have the gumption to grow the paltry pittance of garlic that we do eat.

Fine, Ted... garlic is healthful. Garlic will give me the strength of a mule and the heart of a lion. It will give me relief from black fly and vampire bites. It will give me the pulse rate of a yogi. But what about they... you know, smell?

Ted claims the whole problem is that we've been eating the wrong garlic. The stuff he grows and tries to sell is a largely unappreciated



world is called Elephant Garlic. It is both larger and milder than the potent little brutes we're used to. In any case, says Ted, overindulgence in garlic is easily remedied. Whenever Ted has to deal with effete members of the outside, un-garlicized world, he simple gargles a glass of milk or chews a pinch of nature's neatest breath freshener... a sprig of raw parsley.

Well, Ted, you make it sound intriguing, but dammit, we're Canadian. We don't make impulsive moves on important questions like this. However, we do like to be fair. I've decided to give your garlic an impartial and eminently just trial.

First thing tomorrow, I'm going to plant a half dozen cloves around my peach tree.