

**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) 826-3747.  
Second Class Mailing Permit Number 0867

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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



## Hallowe'en Safety For Children

### 1. Wear a light-coloured costume

Pedestrians are more visible in light-coloured clothes. Retro-reflective tape is available commercially and should be added to clothing to heighten visibility.

Note that retro-reflective is different from fluorescent. Fluorescent colours are reflective only in daylight; retro-reflective items are designed for nighttime use and will "glow" when car lights shine on them.

Look for flame-resistant labels on ready-made costumes or material to be used for costumes.

### 2. Make-up is better than a mask

Masks can obscure vision. Make-up is more fun and creative.

### 3. Wear a short costume so you don't trip

Costumes should be designed so that children can walk easily without entangling their feet or tripping.

Comfortable, well-fitting shoes are a must. Also, no bike riding; costumes can get caught in the spokes.

### 4. Use a flashlight

A flashlight can help children see and be seen more clearly.

### 5. Trick or treat on one side of the street, then the other side

Avoid crisscrossing the street, even in quiet neighbourhoods. Always walk on the sidewalk. If there are no sidewalks, walk on the left side of the road facing traffic.

### 6. Go out with parents or friends

Basic safety precautions are needed even on Hallowe'en. Younger children should be accompanied by a responsible adult. Older children should go out in groups.

### 7. Discuss your plans with your parents

Parents and children should map out a route for trick or treating and set a time limit.

### 8. Never go inside a strange house, apartment or car

Children should trick or treat only at homes included on the plan agreed to by their parents. Avoid poorly-lit homes.

### 9. Have a parent check your treats

Treats must not be eaten until they are checked by a parent. Discard unwrapped or loosely-wrapped items.

Give children a meal or a snack before they go out so they won't be tempted to eat before they get home.

### 10. Know the Block Parent homes in your area

The Block Parent home is a safe haven for children who are frightened, injured or lost.

## Letters to the editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. They can discuss any topic but are subject to alteration, in length and content, at the discretion of the editor.

Please send your signed letters to: *The News*, P.O. Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0, or drop them off at the *News*, located centrally in Simcoe Plaza.

## Arthur Black

*The truffle is not an outright aphrodisiac, but it may in certain circumstances make women more affectionate and men more amiable.*

*from A Handbook of  
Gastronomy*

By Arthur Black

There are many ways to tell human beings apart from all the other forms of life that slither, saunter, flay and flutter kick across this planet, but one of our most curious distinctions is the use of aphrodisiacs. No other earthly form of life that I'm aware of feels compelled to gobble potions in order to stimulate the procreative urge.

Aphrodisiac. What an odd concept. My dictionary defines it as "any drug, food, etc. that arouses sexual desire." The "etc." category is pretty interesting.

Throughout history some people have believed that they could firm up their sex drives by downing quantities of everything from the aforementioned truffles to lobsters, ginseng, even asparagus. A 17th century herbalist by the

name of Nicholas Culpeper fingered the humble peach tree as a plant of questionable morals. "Venus owns this tree," he sniffed, "...the fruit promotes lust." The Latin poet Ovid pronounced honey to be an outstanding aphrodisiac while modern Lotharios lean to a heady blend of champagne and caviar.

I suppose our quest for the perfect love drug would be goofily amusing if we confined ourselves to munching and sipping on various fruits and vegetables, but we don't. Somewhere back in our primeval past people got it into their heads that perhaps certain animals -- or parts thereof -- contained the key to a lusty love life. It was probably an exciting moment for whoever came up with the notion, but it was a major Bad News bulletin for the rest of the animal kingdom.

Since then, man has been chasing down and cooking up just about anything that has a heartbeat in his search for the ultimate aphrodisiac. Some medieval big-domes prophesied that the horn of the unicorn was what they were after. Unfortunately, that proved to

be a little too rare -- the unicorn being a mythical creature and all.

Accordingly, mankind has had to make do with various "second bests" -- powdered rhino horn and narwhal tusk to name two substitutes. Never mind that rhinos are grumpy, reclusive beasts that command the veldts of Africa and are stoutly opposed to giving up their nasal adornments. Nor matter that narwhals prefer to hang out 40 fathoms down in the frigid waters of our Arctic wastes. The harder potential aphrodisiacs are to find, the better aphrodisiacophiles seem to like them.

Unfortunately it's getting more and more difficult for Old Momma Earth to indulge the whims of her egomaniacal human tenants. The rhinoceros is now on the endangered species list -- which makes slaughtering him just for his horn all the more obscene. But as a victim of aphrodisiac hunters, the rhino's not alone. Love potioners are now fixing their crosshairs on the Bengal tiger. Reports from India indicate that Chinese hunters are trapping and killing tigers along the Sino-Indian border at an appalling rate. Seems the Chinese have

come up with a "wine" made of tiger bones, pickled tiger sex-organs and cheap brandy that is reputed to turn a diffident lover into, well, a bit of a tiger, I suppose. It's no joke. Indian officials claim there are at least 110 illegal distilleries set up on the Chinese side of the border, rendering tigers into wines as fast as they can catch them.

But first prize for obscenity in the pursuit of aphrodisiacs must go to the Japanese. You know the coelacanth? It's a fish. A homely, primitive-looking denizen of the deep that is so rare it was believed to exist only in fossil form until a fisherman hauled a live one up in his nets off the coast of South Africa, back in 1938. Scientists were delighted, not to mention amazed. *The Guinness Book of Records* still dubs it "the biological find of the century."

And just last month -- even more exciting news: a team of West German biologists diving in a submarine off the coast of Madagascar actually filmed a half-dozen coelacanths swimming along the ocean floor.

Alas, scientists aren't the only humans interested in what is perhaps the last pocket of coela-

public and the police to question lawyers and judges?

For example, in our lawyer-infested society, the lawyers with

continued on page 12

## Letters to the Editor

### Lawyers above the law?

The Editor:

Every Canadian should have a very keen interest in the Royal Commission investigating why Donald Marshall spent 11 years in prison for a crime he didn't commit.

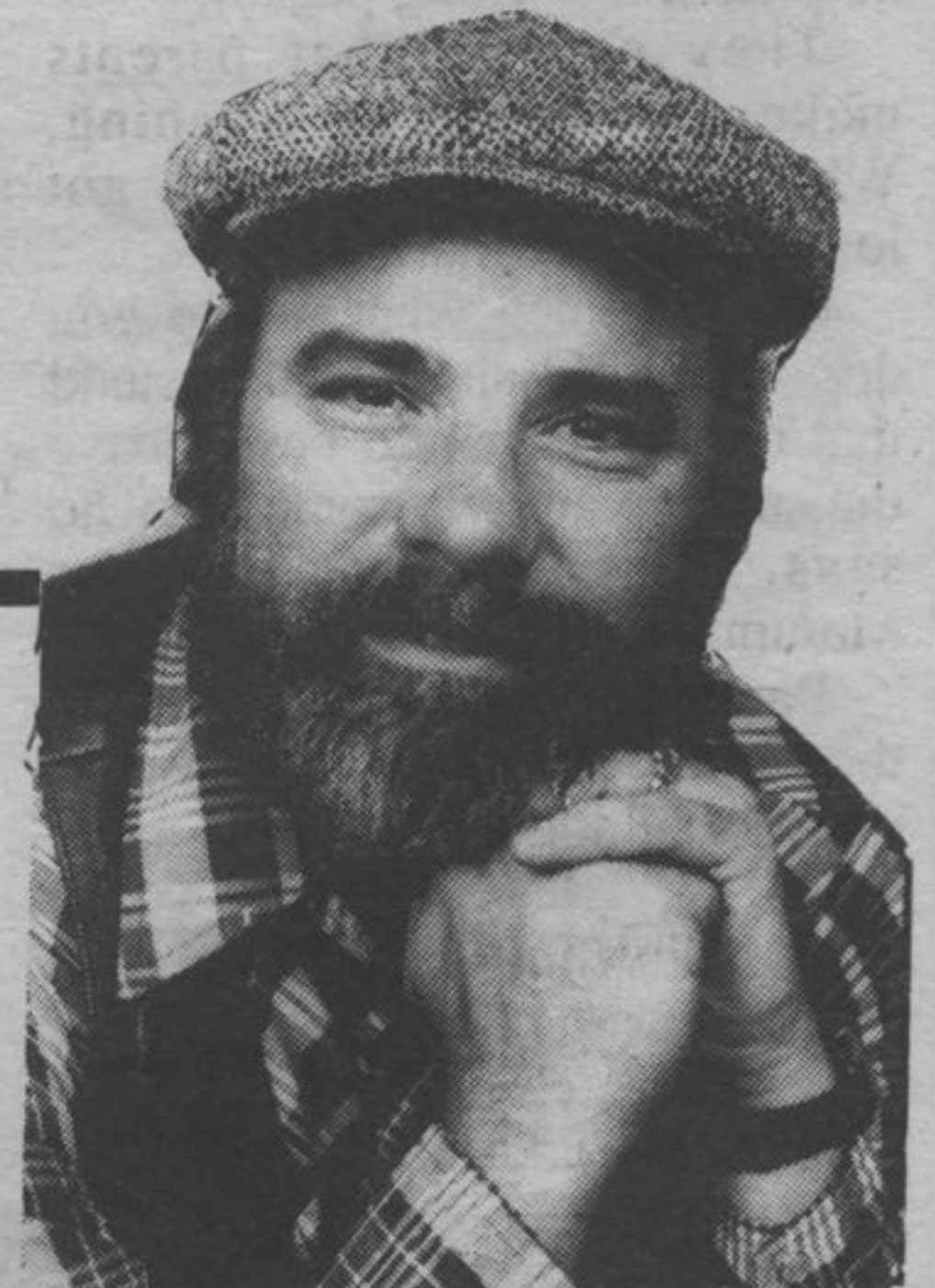
In the end, this Royal Commission, like those in the past, will likely blame the police for all the wrongs that may have taken place during the arrest and trial of Donald Marshall.

Once again, the things the police said and did will be made public, while what the lawyers did to their clients is private and not available for public scrutiny.

Why is the lawyer's prestige more important than that of the police?

To this point, this commission, like others before it, is merely lawyers investigating the police.

If this commission wants the truth, why doesn't it allow the



canths on the planet. Word has come that Japanese tycoons have been spreading yen around the fish markets and seaside taverns in West Africa. They are buying coelacanth carcasses on the black market. Officials estimate they may have taken as many as 200 so far.

For what? Why, for grinding down into aphrodisiacs of course. Anything that rare must be a powerful aphrodisiac, right?

I don't know if the Gods have nay special plans for aphrodisiac hunters in the afterlife, but if there's any justice at all they'll spend a goodly chunk of eternity running, pink and naked across an endless African plain, pursued by a herd of their victims bent on vengeance.

Particularly rhinos.

With their horns intact