

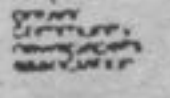
TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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C.W.L. wants government to act quickly

The federal government is being urged by many groups, one being the local Catholic Women's League, to move quickly towards legislation that will protect the unborn.

The nationwide C.W.L. is asking each of its 128,000 members across the country to contact her local member of parliament urging him or her 'to work with haste to enact legislation that will protect human life at every stage of its development and safeguard the life, liberty and security of every human person including unborn children.

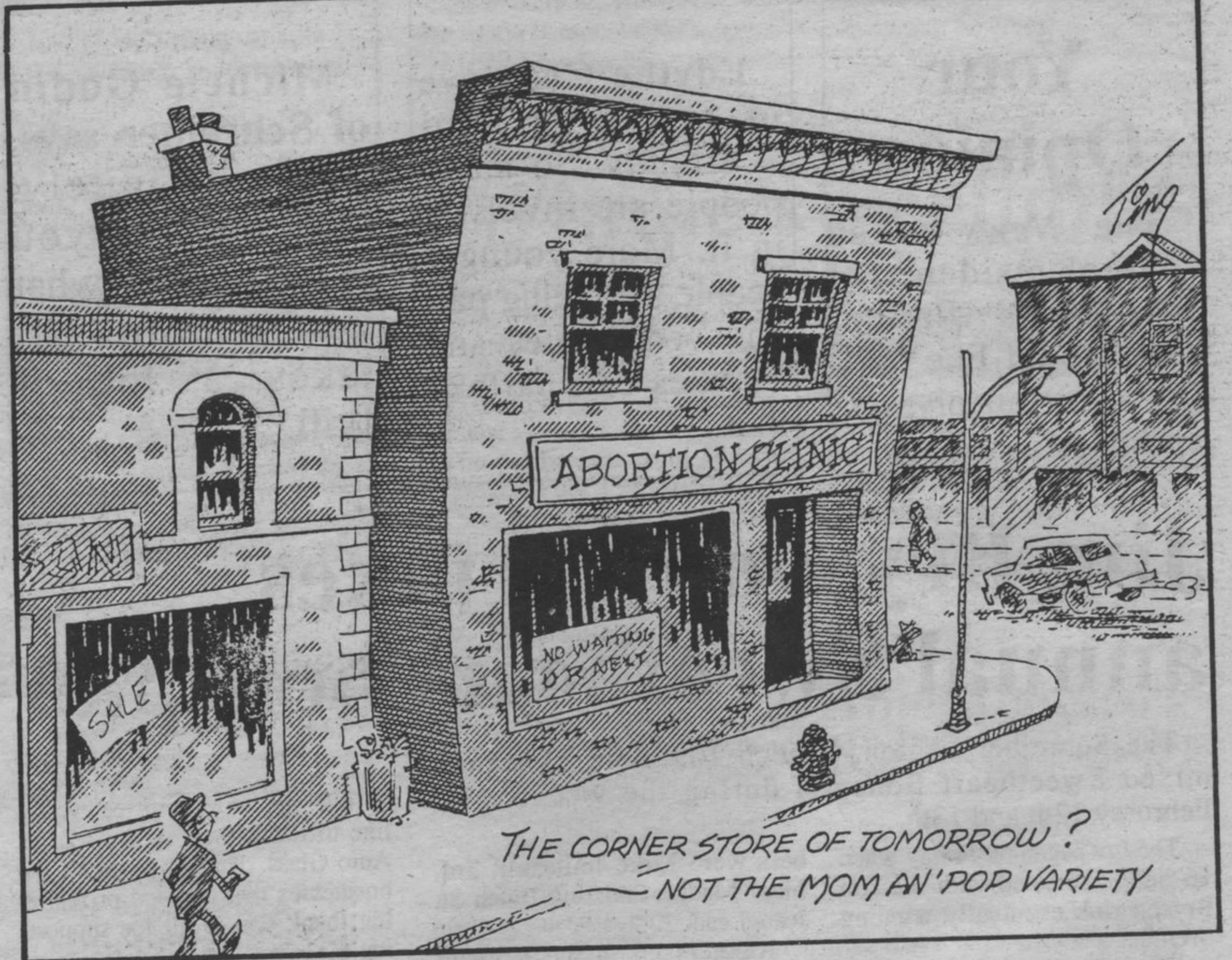
In a statement released on behalf of the 128,000 members of the C.W.L. of Canada, Mrs. Irene Lefort, national president, said, "It is the belief of the C.W.L. that the right to life is sacred from the moment of conception to natural death. We wish to reaffirm the authority and responsibility of parliament to protect the life of unborn children.

"Our membership reflects a cross-section of the women of Canada; women working inside and outside the home; married women, single women and single parents. Members range in age from 16 to over 80 with no income, low income, middle or high incomes; living in rural areas, small towns and large cities," said Mrs. Lefort.

"We believe our members will give parliamentarians a fair, balanced and accurate view of what many Canadian women believe. They are realistic, practical and deeply concerned women who care about the life and health of both the mother and the child."

The statement made by the C.W.L. is being sent to Catholic parishes across Canada and to every member of parliament.

Our local chapter of the C.W.L. strongly believes in the previous statements. For more information contact any local C.W.L. member.



Letters to the editor

Reader says council sets wrong example

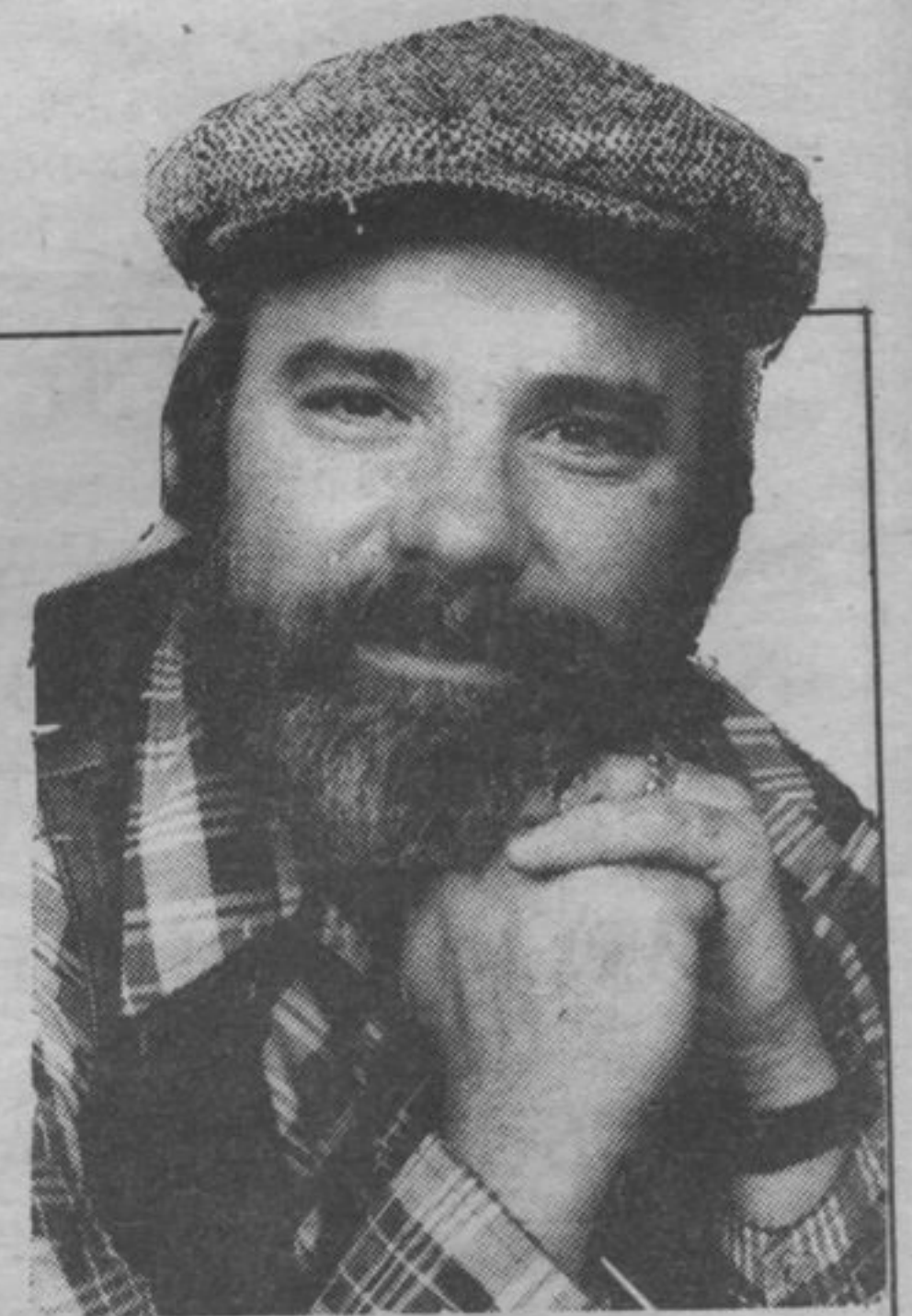
THE NEWEST FRAY IN TERRACE BAY BETWEEN the township council and local business operators over locating an A&W operation in the recreation centre is a good example of why municipal councils should not tamper with the private sector.

Council is right- there is nothing wrong with competition. But a council DOES NOT have the mandate to take part in CREATING that competition nor

to decide how that competition should apply.

Perhaps in its wisdom (or lack of it) council has lost sight of the purpose behind operating a recre-

ation centre in the first place. Has council looked back in the municipal records to see if one of the reasons for constructing the rec centre was to provide com- see page 6



fight. If Charlie's going out, he wants to go with a bang, not a ... hiccup.

Which is why Charlie made his offer last week: ten thousand U.S. greenbacks to anybody who can cure his hiccups.

And please -- don't waste Charlie's time with the obvious old chestnuts like blowing into a paper bag or having someone jump out and scare him. Charlie's tried every hiccup cure your mother ever taught you and several hundred more.

But they -- if you think you have something that'll work, drop him a line. Charlie Osborne, Aitken, Minnesota.

Oh yes, and you better do it fast. Charlie Osborne is 93 years old.

He's been hiccuping non-stop for the past 65 years.

Arthur Black

Sixty Five Years of Diaphragmic Spasms

"A cough is something you yourself can't help but everyone else does it just to torment you."

Ogden Hash was right, you know. Whenever your obedient correspondent (which is to say, Yours Truly) gets a cough, I expect my entire corner of the universe to go on 24 - hour medical alert. I want every hospital emergency ward within a 100-mile radius to be notified. I require my local druggist to place himself on round-the-clock standby, ready to use his personal vehicle if necessary to ensure that I had an adequate supply of expectorants, suppressants, antihistamines and nasal sprays. I demand that close friends and even casual acquaintances be available to discuss, drip by drip and honk by honk, my latest symptoms and my ongoing state of agony.

When I, on the other hand, am hale and hearty and someone else has the bad grace to bark

or sneeze or sniffle...

I want to kill them.

Last night, at 3: 05 AM, my Sainted Companion and Peerless Partner through the Perils and Pitfalls on The Pathway of Life...coughed that most idiotic of all coughs --- the hiccup ('Hiccup' to us unlettered louts).

And I? Why, I was a veritable Mother Theresa of solicitude and compassion. Right up until the clock's big hand got to 15 and I realized that she was hiccuping louder and more persistently than before.

After considering ear muffs, heavy sedation, a medley of Kate Smith arias at maximum volume and (fleeting I swear) asphyxiation by pillow --- I gave up, went downstairs and crashed on the sofa. Next morning I showed her my passport photo., Her case of hiccups fairly flew out the window.

Hiccups. Is there a stupider affliction that can wrack the human frame? Such a simple malfunction. "A sudden spasm of

the diaphragm" my Medical Dictionary calls it.

And yet so damnably unpredictable. "Most hiccups go away within an hour" says the Dictionary. "The hiccup is not serious in itself, but see the doctor if it goes on for more than three hours."

Yes, well you would have a tough time selling those blandishments to Charlie Osborne. Mister Osborne is a resident of Aitken, Minnesota, where nothing much of consequence ever seems to happen. But one tiny thing did happen once, back when Charlie was just a young farmhand. He remembers it well.

It was a warm October afternoon and Charlie was slaughtering hogs down by the smokehouse. He had one carcass secured by a chain and was trying to haul it over a tree limb, but it was too heavy for him. Holding the hog off the ground as best he could, he turned to shout over his shoulder to his wife to come and give him a hand. He opened his

mouth to yell "Hilda!"...

But instead he hiccuped.

Then he hiccuped again.

And again.

And he's been hiccuping ever since.

An Illinois doctor told him that the strain of lifting the hog carcass probably ruptured a blood vessel going to his brain. Charlie reckons that sounds about as good as any other explanation.

What he does know for sure is that since it happened he's spent more than \$40,000 on doctors, evangelists and quack remedies and nothing stops his hiccups. Sometimes they drop off to only one every five or six seconds, other times they climb to a high of 40 per minute. But they never stop. Night and day. When he's eating or sleeping or talking or taking a shower, Charlie Osborne has a constant, hated companion.

"I'm used to them now," says Charlie between hiccups "but I get awful sore. Someday it's gonna kill me I suppose."

Well perhaps, but not without a