

TERRACE BAY
SCHREIBER

News

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sharing a common appreciation of acrobatics and politics

Two cultures met and shared an evening of entertainment last Wednesday at the Schreiber Arena. The Acrobats of the Pagoda, a travelling troupe of young Chinese performers, shared a common appreciation for strength, beauty and humour with those who had the fortune to be present.

Those who planned and arranged the event deserve much credit. The show was a well-choreographed and thrilling display of a tradition and art with a 2,000 year history behind it.

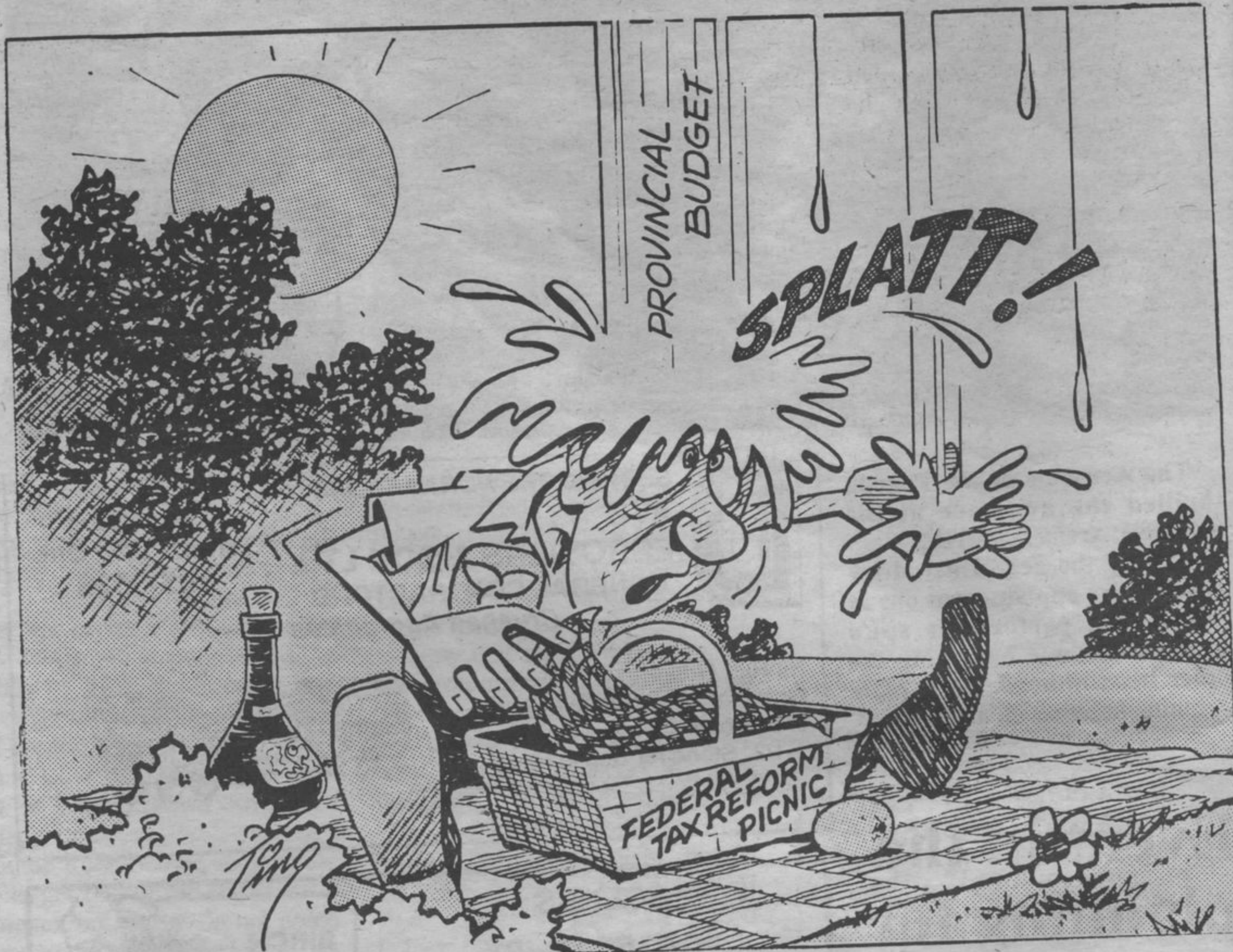
The poetic motion of Chinese acrobatics has a vivid history combining religious ceremonies and daily life. The richly adorned costumes lent a particularly exotic air to the occasion, but it was the humour which really created a bond between the performers and the audience.

It was an entertaining and educational experience. After watching it, one realizes there is no difference really between their culture and ours. With acts such as the "360 degree Back Flip" and "Balancing on a High Wire," they obviously have something in common with our government!

Bicyclists must beware, and so must drivers

With riding season here, bicyclists must exercise more than their muscles; they must exercise common courtesy and safety. Local motorists driving on the highway have had more than likely to keep a third eye on a bicyclist swaying along the shoulder of the road.

Pedestrians walking on the streets and along the plaza have to keep watch for the younger riders as they weave in and out of 'obstacles', but it must be the parents' responsibility to teach their children bicycle safety for everyone's sake.



Letters to the editor

MPP says funds long over-due

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the North of Superior District Roman Catholic Separate School Board on the

recent allocation received from the Ministry of Education, valued at \$49,000 to assist the Board with renovations at Our Lady of

Lourdes School in Manitouwadge and to add to the portable complex at St. Martin School in Terrace Bay. see 'Means' on page 8

An Eye for an eye — a fridge for the cell

One thing that distinguishes humans from all other tenants of this orbiting mudball called Earth, is our talent for chastising our own kind. In the department of meting out punishment, we're maestros -- have been all down through history. The Romans spiked Christ (and countless thousand other malcontents) to a cross of wood. The French lashed Joan of Arc to a stake, piled kindling around her feet and made a bonfire of her. In 1632, in the sleepy little burgh of Salem, Mass., the good citizens arrested 150 men and women and sentenced 31 of them to death for being witches. Nineteen were hanged, two died in jail and one was slowly crushed to death with heavy rocks.

When it comes to righteous vengeance, we are nothing if not inventive.

Not that there was anything unduly harsh about 17th century Salem's idea of justice. At the same time, there was a law on the books in England that sent people to their death for thefts of anything valued at 13 and a half pence or more. And up until 1839 you could still go to the gallows in Canada for any of 230 offences, one of which was steal-

Times sure have changed -- and so has our concept of criminal punishment. We've come a long way from the days of slave galleys and ball and chains.

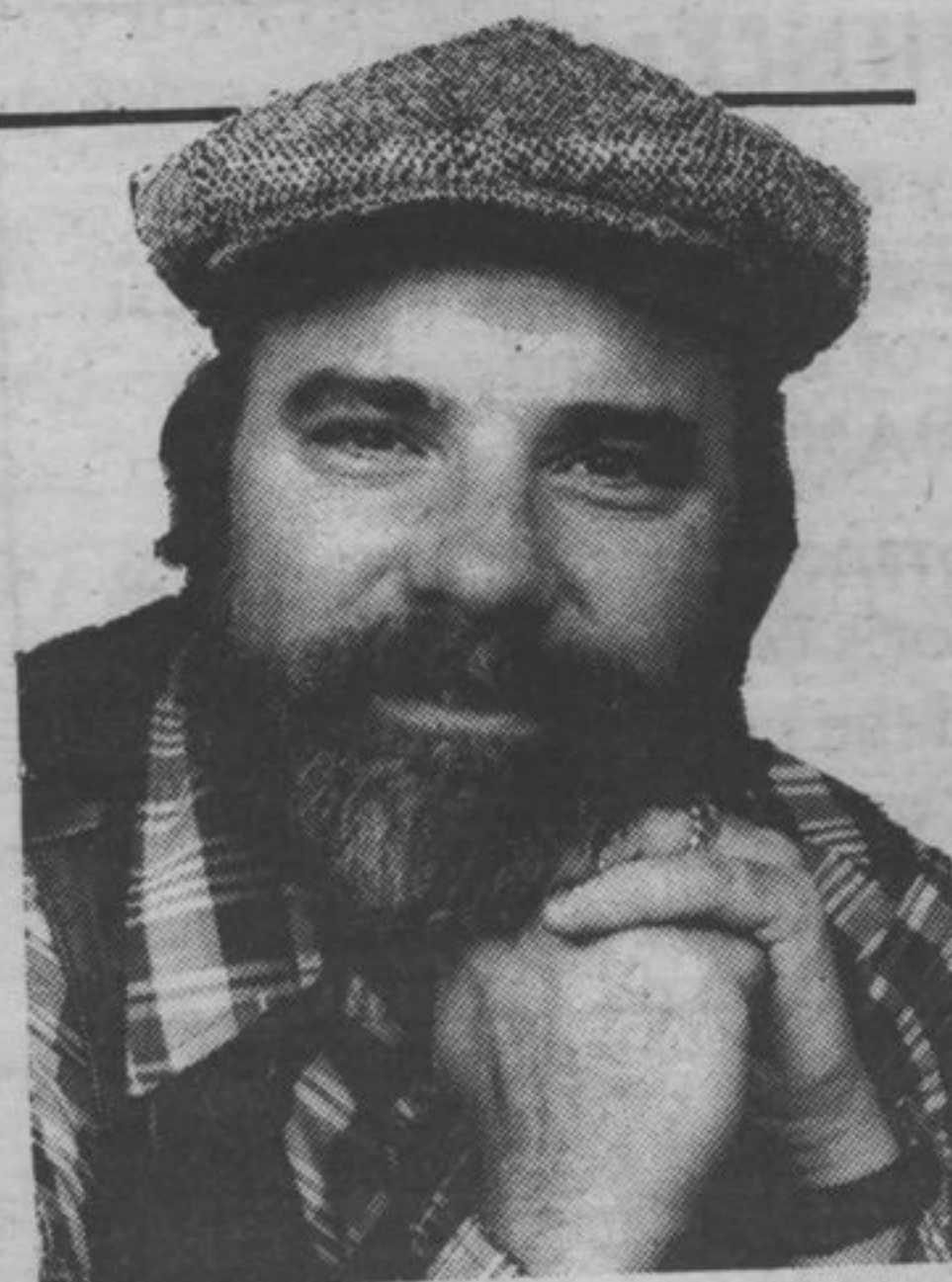
Perhaps -- with all due respect to Clayton Ruby, Civil Liberties pitt bulls everywhere and the blindfolded lady with the weigh scales in her hand -- perhaps, a pace or two *too far*???

I'm looking at the predicament of poor Ivan Beosky. Ivan, in case you missed the headlines, is an ex-Wall Street trader -- subspecies: fast and loose. Ivan made hundreds of millions of dollars on the stock market and he did it by lying, cheating and conning. In the end, Ivan got too greedy and was caught with both hands in the till. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to jail.

Sort of. It wasn't a jail that any inmate of Okalla or the Kingston Pen would recognize.

Ivan was incarcerated -- if that's not too strong a word -- in a "correctional facility" on Lompoc, California. It's an arrangement that Ivan requested in return for squealing on some of his former colleagues -- and if you could see the Lompoc promotional brochure, you'd know why.

There are no guard towers or searchlights at Lompoc -- in fact, the cell doors aren't even locked.



Arthur Black

If Ivan gets bored watching TV or reading books from the library, he can always stroll down to the prison tuck shop and pick up a pint of Haagen-Daz ice cream, or perhaps a nice fat Partagas cigar -- both treats available for a mere

\$2.50.

Not that it's all fun and games at "Club Fred", as the Lompoc Camp is known in prison parlance. They have to make do with one of the eight pay phones in the lobby. And they're not allowed to wear business suits or carry more than \$20 in their pocket at any time.

Sure it's tough -- but these people are being *punished* remember? Poor Ivan Beosky. Just because he stole a measly \$150 million or so, he has to spend the next three years in that hellhole. I hope society is satisfied.

And before you allow yourself a wry Canadian chuckle about the ongoing insanity in the United Flakes of America, direct your gaze to the system of jurisprudence this side of the border -- specifically to the rapp sheet of this elegant looking gentleman, one Real Simard.

Real's a charmer -- a former hit man for the Montreal Mob. Nobody -- not even Real -- is sure how many people he's murdered -- he's admitted to 5, but it could be 35 -- in any case, everybody knows for sure that he did in Mario Heroux. Simard confessed to that murder and is currently serving a sentence of life impris-

onment for it.

Sort of. Actually, Real made a bit of a deal with the authorities too. In return for putting the finger on some of his fellow underworld oven and refrigerator in his cell. Oh yes, and just in case he happens to be tied up and unable to come to his private telephone, the police have laid on an answering machine to field his calls.

There's more. Because of his cooperation with police, Real Simard -- a convicted multiple murderer remember -- gets an eight hour pass every two weeks. He sometimes uses it to go to fancy restaurants, or, if conditions are good, Real will head for the slopes. He's a keen skier. Now that warm weather is here, Real will be spending a lot more time pursuing his fair weather passion -- golf. Check out that guy in the lime green slacks on the first tee. Try out the tentative 'bonjour' on him, if you like, but by all means let him play through if he wants to. Could be Real Simard.

Aw, but don't get yourself upset about this. He's only serving life, remember.

Which means that with time off for good behaviour, he'll be back on the streets before you could work up a half-decent petition.