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Publisher.....Sandy Harbinson
Advertising Mgr.....Linda Harbinson
Editor.....Robert Cotton
Sales Representative.....Lisa LeClair
Admin. Asst.....Gayle Fournier
Production Asst.....Cheryl Kostecki



Creekside garbage bin symbol of old attitudes

Last Monday morning the students of Schreiber Public School set out to improve the fish habitat in Schreiber Creek by removing garbage and planting trees on the banks.

This project came about as a result of the students' concern about the condition of the creek and National Wildlife Week presentations made in the school over the past several years by Ministry of Natural Resources Conservation Officers.

The Canadian Wildlife Federation sponsors National Wildlife Week and its work in the schools has been a successful attempt to encourage students to have a caring, nurturing attitude towards their natural environment

When the students arrived on Langworthy Street in Schreiber they saw a plywood garbage bin set on the north side of the road between the culvert and the creek bank. The bin had no floor and the ground in side was covered loose household garbage that is leaching right into the stream. The path this leachate took when it rained was a clearly visible trough in the earth.

How can children be expected to develop better attitudes towards the natural environment when they see such blatant disregard for it by adults.

Those responsible for placing the poorly constructed garbage bin on the bank of the stream have shown their insensitivity to the environment as have those people who have thrown loose household garbage into it. Their view of the world is old and out of date.

The children are interested in the earth's future, in wildlife's future, in your future and in their own future. They are working hard to secure that future. This is evident by the work of the students in all of the schools. They are trying to bring garbageless lunches, recycle their pop cans and clean up their school yards. On Earth Day the majority of the clean up work was done by children, church youth groups, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. They need the continued support of adults - adults who will encourage their positive attitude towards their environment and their future.

The garbage bin on the side of Schreiber Creek stands out as a symbol of old attitudes that can no longer be tolerated. It must be rebuilt and moved to another spot.

Robert A. Cotton



Members of the Schreiber Public School Grade 7-8 class pick-up loose garbage lying around the garbage bin where Langworthy Street crosses Schreiber Creek.



Insects for dinner

If you get a dinner invitation from Bruno Comby, phone him up right away and tell him you can't make it. Tell him your gerbil died, tell him your hair fell out, tell him you're having a stomach transplant that evening -- tell him anything, but don't show up at his place at supertime.

Unless you're a gastronomic adventurerer of the first water.

Why? Well, Bruno Comby is author of a new book called *Delicieux Insectes*.

There now. You don't have to be Yves Fortier to figure out what the books about, do you? Delicious Insects we'd call it in English. Bruno Comby writes about the pleasures of eating bugs.

But before we croon "Yuk!" in two-part harmony, let's think about it for a moment.

Number one: We're obviously doing something wrong in the food department right now, because millions of people on the planet are going hungry.

Number two: Vegetarians say that part of the problem is our addiction to meat. They have some telling statistics. Such as the fact that the acre of land it takes to feed one calf could be used to raise 5,000 pounds of potatoes.

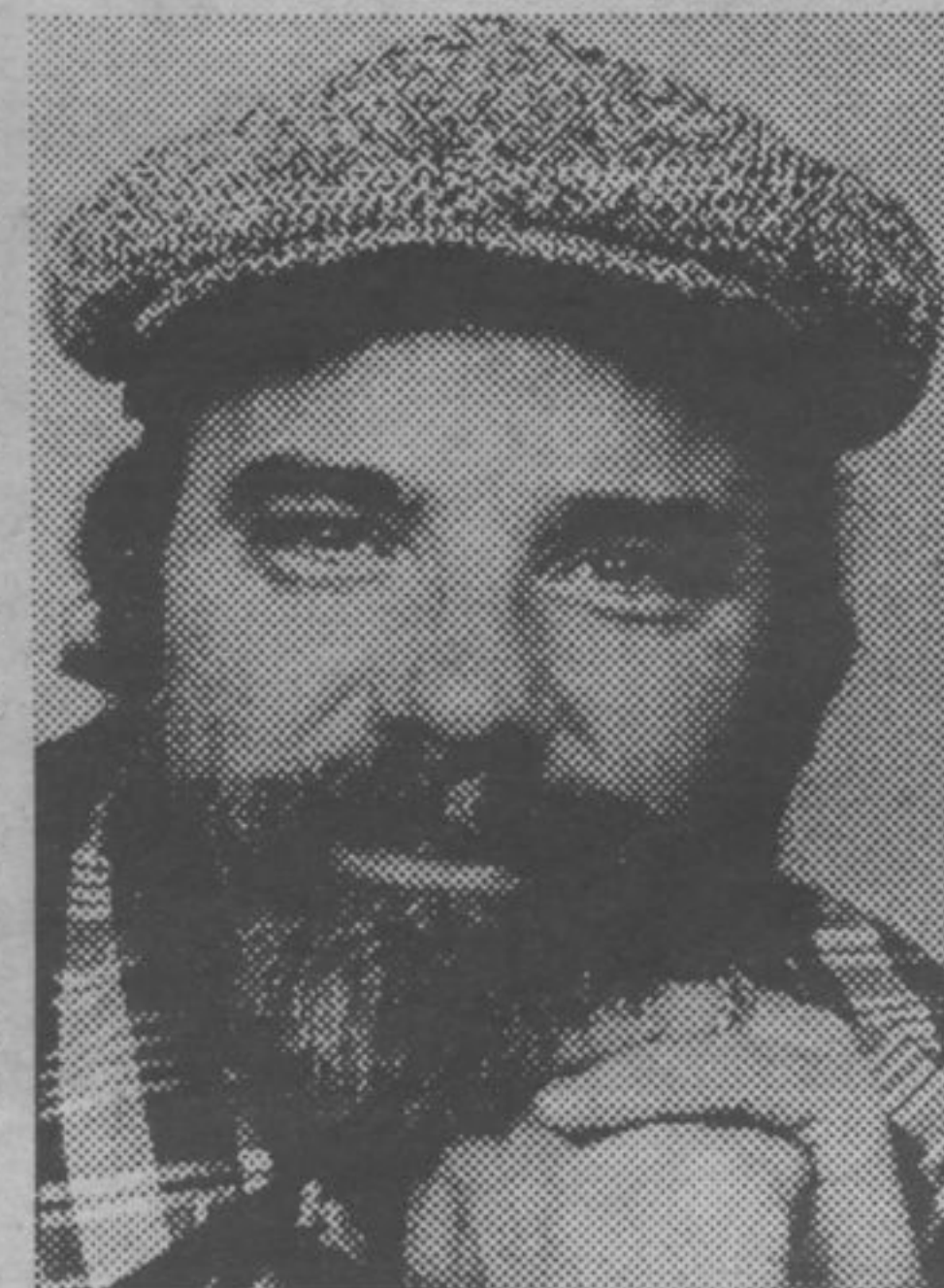
Ah, but that's several light years from sitting down to a plateful of creepy crawlies, isn't it? It's one thing to munch tofu burgers with a divot of alfalfa sprouts on the side; it's something else to face down a forkful of fricasseed cicada wings or french-fried June bugs.

But again, let's take a deep breath and think about it. Other cultures prize insects as rare taste treats. In Papua-New Guinea, certain species of ants are the *piece de resistance* at important feasts. In South Africa, moth caterpillars are considered a delicacy. Other cultures around the world lick their lips at the thought of locusts, flies, termites, and crickets.

"The idea of eating insects seems a little startling in a civilization where they are not eaten" writes Comby. That's putting it mildly

Bruno. Where I come from, the idea of eating insects is enough to get you tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a Vapona No Pest strip.

It's blasphemous but it's not unheard of. There's a bottle of Mexican liqueur in my cupboard that has a larva floating around in the bottom of it. Right beside the bottle is a jar of jellied ants somebody gave me for my birthday last year.



Arthur Black

Mind you, both of them are unopened.

Then there's the protein argument. Chicken is 23 percent protein. Locusts and grasshoppers contain a whopping 75 percent.

Which brings up another good reason for turning our knives and forks on insects: biologists acknowledge that insects are our biggest competitors for food and fiber -- why not cut out the middleman and go head to...antennae?

Consider: large swarms of locusts regularly strip

crops in the Third World, bringing famine and death. Normally we call that a plague.

Why not call it dinner?

A large swarm containing 400 billion locusts, would render down to nearly 10,000 tons of solid protein.

Besides, according to an Oregon University entomologist, we North Americans are already eating bugs -- about two pounds worth each, annually. The bugs are in our processed food, ground up into invisibly small chunks in everything from strawberry jam to frozen broccoli.

Why fight it? Heck, my front porch light attracts enough bugs to keep me in protein for a month or two. Then of course there's always pretty good pickin's on the car grille.

Sure! All it takes is an attitude change! Pass those candied bumblebees over here.

What's matter? You've heard of Humbugs, haven't you?