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A life on the line

An OPP officer was killed recently, and two others injured, near Kenora. Several others have put their lives at risk to track down the suspect. The following poem was sent to me by a member of the local OPP detachment. The author of the poem is unknown.

*Somebody killed a policeman today,
 And a part of Canada died.
 A piece of our country he swore to protect,
 Will be buried with him, at his side.
 The beat that he walked was a battlefield too,
 Just as if he had gone off to war...
 Though the flag of our nation won't fly at half mast,
 To his name they add a gold star.
 Yes! Somebody killed a policeman today,
 Maybe your town or mine,
 While we slept in comfort - behind our locked doors.
 A policeman put his life on the line.
 Now his ghost walks the beat, on a dark city street,
 And he stands at each new rookie's side:
 He answered the call, of himself gave his all,
 And part of Canada died.*

They don't work if you don't wear them

Dear Editor,

Most of the people who died in boating accidents last year drowned in inland waters; many were within a few feet of safety. Most of those who drowned owned lifejackets, but when they died they were not wearing them.

The Royal Life Saving Society Canada (RLSSC) urges people who use small boats to make sure, before leaving shore, that every one on board is wearing a well fitting lifejacket or personal flotation device.

The law requires that each boat must have on board a Department of Transport approved personal flotation device, in orange, red or yellow, for each person.

However, the RLSSC warns that if the lifejacket is tucked away inside the boat and not worn boaters take a chance on becoming a boating statistic. Most fatal accidents are capsizes or falls overboard. They happen suddenly, without warning and with no time to get into a lifejacket.

If boaters fall into the water, lifejackets keep them afloat while they tend to the urgent business of climbing back into or onto their boats or keeping still in the water to forestall hypothermia until help arrives.

Remember, your personal flotation device is the best 'life insurance' policy afloat, but it won't work if you don't wear it!

Be WATER SMART.. make every trip a round trip... wear your lifejacket or personal flotation device.

Royal Life Saving Society Canada

A little local history

* In 1959 the citizens of Terrace Bay took part in the first municipal election.

* In June, 1960, Costa's new grocery store was officially opened.

* During the depression years (1932-1938) the Trans-Canada Highway was started to provide work for the unemployed.

* May 16th, 1885, the last spike was driven into the track at Noslo, near Jackfish.

* In 1871, McKellars with two natives, staked a property near Jackfish. This is believed to be the first gold discovery in North-western Ontario.



Plain common scents

The burgundy BMW (vanity plate EGO 1) squeals to a stop directly in front of the NO PARKING ANYTIME sign. Vaulting from the driver's seat, a slim, tousle-haired businessman checks his Rolex wrist, hefts a slim attache case in one hand and a Toshiba laptop computer in the other as he jogs easily towards the glass doors leading to an exclusive-looking condominium tower. A liveried doorman opens the door, bows and touches his cap to our hero, who flashes a Kennedyesque smile of acknowledgement.

"Have them wash the car, will you Johnson? I'll need it again at 7:30." The young man, still smiling, disappears in a hiss of closing elevator doors.

Sound like anybody you know? Well, if he's not in your life now, he will be soon. Here's a little more data so you'll recognize the chap when he shows up:

He flies business class, likes Gershwin music, has a TV in his bathroom and keeps his laptop in his study. He plays the stockmarket -- and the field, having several amours on the go at all times. He also works out with a personal trainer and wears white Jockey briefs under those top-of-the-line custom-tailored suits.

This...person...is also, I am happy to report, the overcooked figment of a gaggle of advertising copywriters working on the Chanel perfume account.

They made the guy up.

It's all part of a campaign to promote *Egoiste*, a brand new perf -- sorry, "men's fragrance" due to be launched this fall. According to a company spokesman, Chanel's doing fine in the regular perfume trade. "The place left to develop the business is in the men's area."

Seems to me Chanel is a bit late off the mark - *Brut*, *Old Spice* and *Canoe* have been trying to spiff up male spoor for a few decades at least, but better late than no show, I suppose.

Besides, it's not as if it's a flamingly radical idea or anything. Ancient Greek and Roman males routinely doused themselves with

everything from cinnamon to oil of quince. The emperor Nero spent the equivalent of \$200,000 on rose oils and rose petals for a single celebration.

The Roman Empire may have crumbled into ashes, but it smelled good on the way out. Romans had perfumes for their arms, perfumes for the hair, perfumes for the chest -- even perfumes for the eyebrows. The elders of the up and coming Christian church looked on with extreme and flinty disfavour. When the Roman Empire finally expired, so did the male perfume business.

And it pretty much stayed that way for several centuries. Now, Chanel hopes its new line, *Egoiste*, will reawaken the dormant dandy in us all.

I don't think it's going to work. Not for me, anyway. I don't know anybody like the mythical Chanel critter who opened this column -- and if I did, I wouldn't brag about it.

I think if Men's perfumes are going to take off, perfume makers will have to offer more attractive essences. I don't know any guys who want to smell like tangerines, crushed almonds or the scent gland of a civet cat.

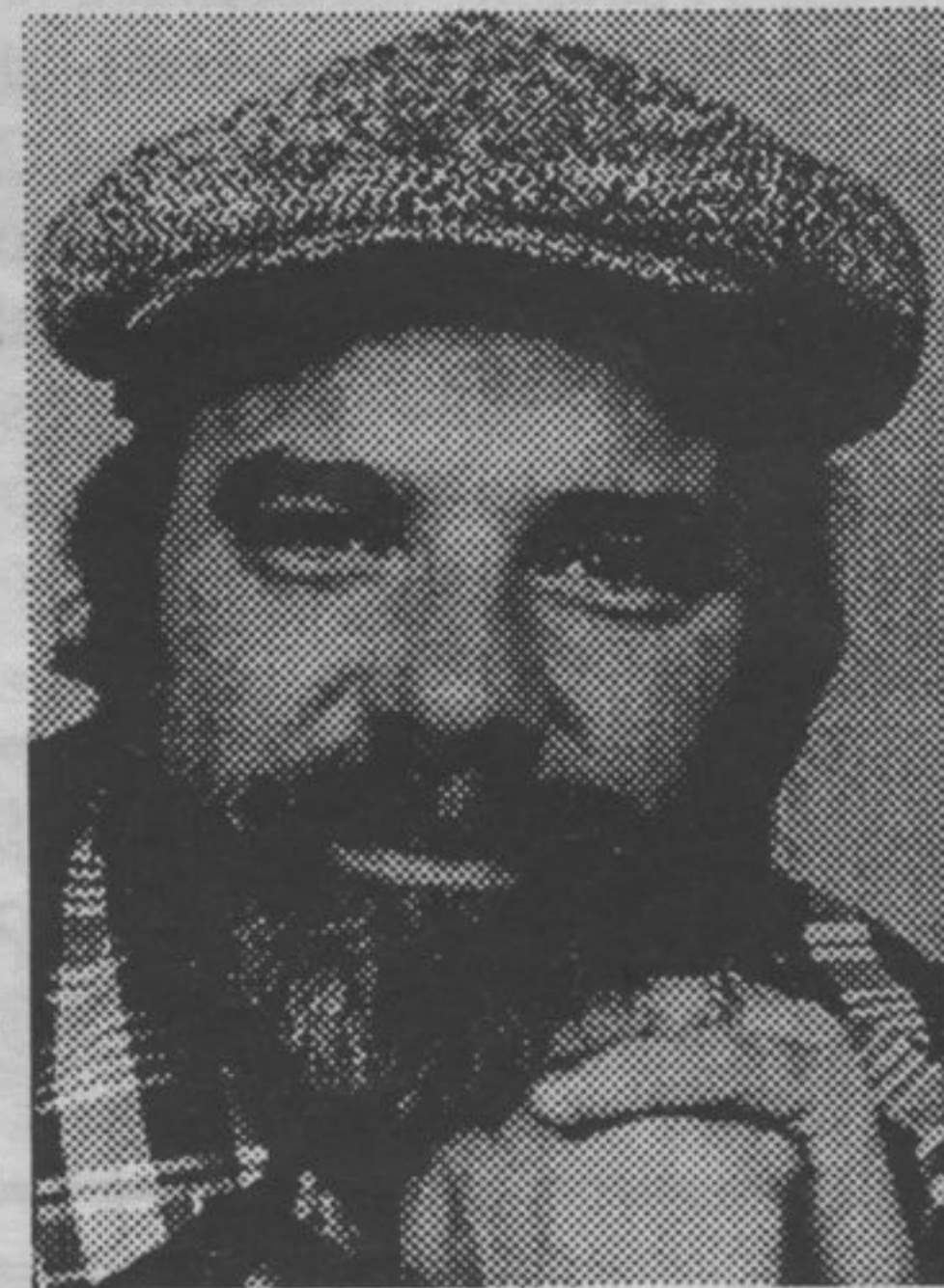
Personally I've never had any desire to smell like a spilled spice rack or an old English saddle, either.

No, what we need are perfumes that reflect manhood. Authentic aromas. Essential essences. Plain common scents, if you will.

Such as...oh, I don't know -- *Eau de Lumberjack*, perhaps? How about *Truckers Toilet Water*? *Cabbies' Cologne*? I'm sure Toronto jocks would snap up *Blue Jay Bath Salts* -- and I'll bet men's wear stores in Edmonton wouldn't be able to keep *Eau de Oilers* in stock.

There's a future for men's perfume alright, but not for me. I won't be dabbing any *Egoiste* behind my ears or on the back of my wrists. Just the usual soap and water. The world will have to take me as I am.

Eau natural.



Arthur Black