

The Terrace Bay - Schreiber News is published every Tuesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, 13 Simcoe Plaza, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2W0 Fax: 807-825-9233. Office hours Tuesday-Friday, 9-5. Second class mailing permit 0867. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Association and the Canadian Community Newspaper Association.

Single copies 50 cents. Subs. rates: \$18 per year. Seniors \$12 (local); \$29 per year (out of 40 mile radius); \$38 in U.S. Add GST to yearly subs.

**Publisher**.....A. Sandy Harbinson  
**Advertising Mgr**....Linda R. Harbinson  
**Editor**.....Darren MacDonald  
**Advertising Rep**.....Cheryl Kosteci  
**Admin. Asst**.....Gayle Fournier  
**Co-op Student**.....Marvin Fulton



## Tobacco companies shouldn't be allowed to advertise to kids

I have a vivid recollection of my first cigarette. It was in high school—my senior year, as a matter of fact. I sat with two friends in Tim Horton Donuts—on our lunch break of course—in Sydney, N.S. One of my friends pulled out his plastic pack of “rollies”.

In case you've never heard of them, “rollies” are those cigarettes you make at home with a tin of tobacco, a box of empty filter tubes, and a hand-operated machine. You simply stuff the tobacco in the slot at the top of the machine, stick the tube at the end of the slot, and pull the handle. Instant cigarette.

Except Glenn—that's my friend's name—wasn't very good at making them. The cigarette he gave me was kind of wrinkled in the middle, and tobacco was falling out of the end. Anyway, I smoked it with gusto, and promptly threw up, refilling several of the coffee cups scattered across nearby tables. Then I broke out in a cold sweat, I turned green, my head started spinning and I threw up again.

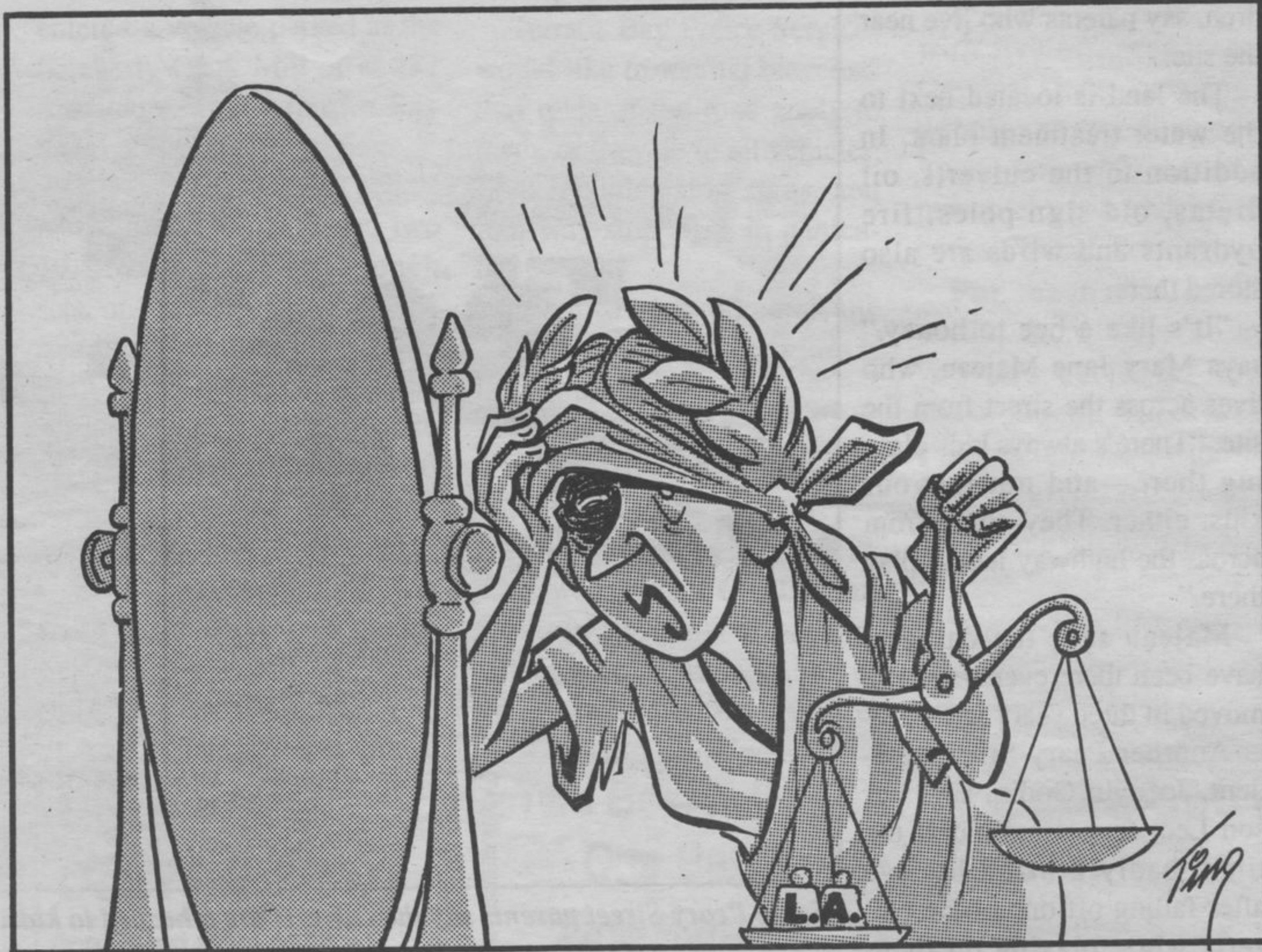
Thus started a five and a half year habit which cost me thousands and thousands of dollars until I finally managed to quit for good last summer. If you've never done it, nicotine is as addictive as heroin, and it's really, really hard to quit.

But unlike many people, I started down the road of the hacking cough and smelly breath relatively late in life—I was 18. I couldn't imagine trying to give it up had I started when I was 14. Or 13. Or 12. I've seen kids as young as eight smoking. Imagine.

So when cigarette companies target children in their ads, it's particularly heinous. An 18-year-old idiot is one thing, but a little child is more susceptible to an advertisers pitch than anyone. Even today, when I see someone in a movie light up, I get a hankering for the weed. But it's the *image* of cigarettes as something desirable that's attractive, not the actual cigarette.

As many health professionals have pointed out, cigarettes are the only product that will kill you when used exactly you're supposed to use them. Many people become alcoholics, but most drink in moderation. In comparison, the vast majority of smokers are addicts. I remember what a relief it was to meet another smoker—another addict, someone else who wouldn't disapprove of my habit.

My parents and sister still smoke—as do some of my friends—and everyone one of them support the idea of a total ban on cigarette advertising. Most smokers don't support increased taxes—not with smokes at \$ 6-7 a pack already—but if it means fewer kids will be able to afford to buy cigarettes, it's worth it. If I could have afforded to, I probably would still be smoking.



## Monster bigger than Godzilla

You like those corny old monster movies? Me too. *Mothra*. *King Kong*. *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*. Not to mention those Japanese bargain basement brutes like *Rodan*—and my personal favorite—*Godzilla*.

For those of you who choose not to rot your cerebellums on this junk, *Godzilla* was a 400 foot high Lizard critter untimely nudged from the mists of prehistory. For millions of years he slumbered peacefully under the earth's mantle somewhere off the coast of Japan until disturbed by meddling human nuclear scientists. *Godzilla* woke up very cranky. He took his bad mood and his blow torch breath on a people stomping rampage over hill and dale of old Nippon, flattening villages, incinerating condos and playing crank the whip with commuter trains until...

But I won't ruin it for you. *Godzilla* will be on the Late Show one of these nights

You really ought to watch these old celluloid creakers if you can. You'd be amazed at some of the unexpectedly familiar faces you can pick out if you look closely. Would you believe Perry Mason in *Godzilla*? Yep, the actor Raymond Burr is there—although it's easy to see why he missed an oscar nomination that year. And check out the movie *Them* next time you get a chance.

Sharp-eyed viewers will be able to winkle out Davy Crockett (Fess Parker), Marshall Mat Dillon (James Amess) and the unmistakably angular features of an unsmiling Leonard Nimoy.

I guess Mr. Spock must have taken an acting extra job while he waited for his executive appointment to the Starship Enterprise to come through.

I've always been fond of the fictional monster heroes, but I never thought I'd see the day when there would be a real one to get goosebumps over.

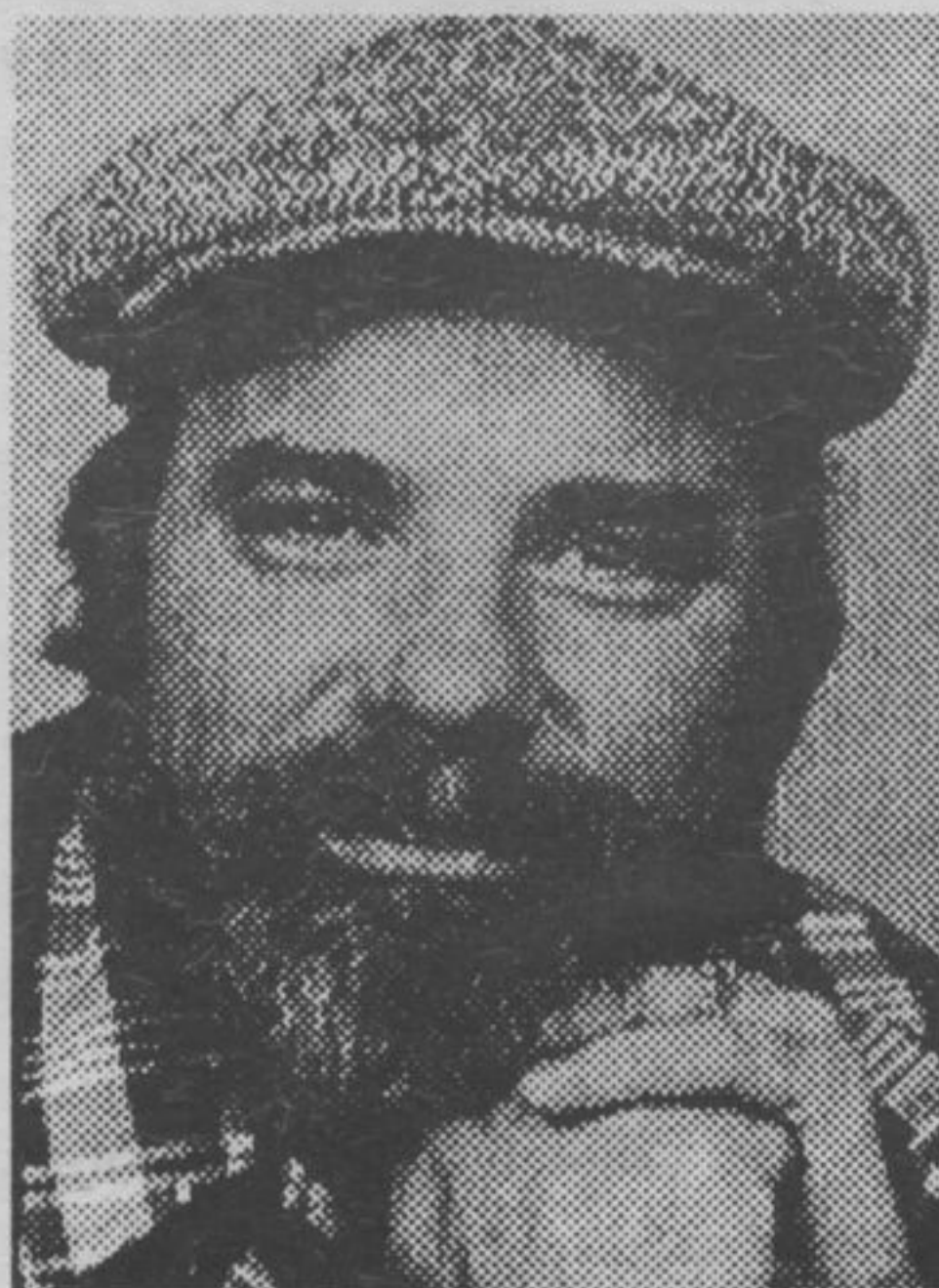
I was wrong.  
How about this for a monster profile: a creature that dwells underground, is at least 15 centuries old, feeds on dead and decaying matter, weighs at

least ten tons, is impervious to fire and...

It's alive. Here. In 1992.

And I'm not kidding.

*Armillaria Bulbosa* can be found in a huge hardwood forest tucked away in the northwest corner of Michigan, near the Wisconsin border. Scientists have confirmed that it's there; that it has survived at least one giant forest fire; and that it has been living quietly in that hardwood forest since about 1,000 years before Columbus took his famous westward cruise from Spain.



Arthur Black

A couple of other attributes that should put *Armillaria Bulbosa* in the Horror Hall of Fame: it is impossible to decapitate. If you lop off one section of it, it doesn't even wince. In fact, if you got a giant machete and chopped *Armillaria Bulbosa* in half, do you know what you'd get?

Two *Armillaria Bulbosas*.

Just so you can sleep tonight, I should tell you that the creature under discussion here is a fungus. The largest fungus ever discovered, but a

fungus for all that.

If you went to the hardwood forest where *Armillaria Bulbosa* lives and stuck a spade in the forest floor, you would hit the fungus with your first shovel. But all you would see would be white fibrous threads running every which direction.

That's it. Aside from some sweet smelling mushrooms that appear above ground once in a while, that's all there is to *Armillaria Bulbosa*. Except that there's a helluva lot of those threads underground—about 40 acres worth.

And anything that big has got to have some potential in the Hollywood Horror movie market. What it needs is a sexier name. *The Monster that Masticated Michigan*, maybe. Or how about *The Humongous Fungus*?

Whatever they call the movie, I'll buy a ticket.

And the next time I bend down to pick a mushroom, I'm going to ask permission first.

### Subscription Order Form

PLEASE SEND ME A COPY OF THE PAPER EACH WEEK

NEWS Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario P0T 2W0

Within 40 miles...\$19.26 Outside 40 miles...\$31.03  
USA...\$40.66 Seniors...\$12.84 Inside 40 mile radius only  
Prices include 7 per cent G.S.T.

Enclosed is my cheque.....

Bill me later.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....