

# EDITORIAL

## Could You Help Your Child

BY JANET CORPE

Last Thursday, April 22, after a hockey tryout, one little boy was struck with near tragedy. After playing very well and impressing the coaches he was thrilled with himself. As people were milling around in the lobby he asked for a quarter to buy something at the machines. As any parent would, his mom gave him one. He disappeared into the crowd of kids at the gumball machines. Moments later, as his uncle stood talking to another parent, the little boy came running with terror in his eyes attempting to say "I'm choking, I'm choking". The uncle started abdominal thrusts, 911 was called and with the help of three police officers and a nurse they did not succeed in getting the jawbreaker out. Thankfully they must have been moving it enough for him to get some air in.

As we waited what seemed like an hour, but was really closer to 7-11 minutes for the ambulance, he turned blue and lost consciousness. I know this isn't pleasant to read but it was even more terrifying to watch.

Those who have taken CPR expect that their efforts will succeed. However, that night they did not. When the ambulance arrived his oxygen level was low. His jaw was in spasm so it was impossible for the paramedics to look in his mouth, but they were able to get his oxygen level back up to 100%. As he was laying on the Emerg table the jawbreaker had dissolved enough for him to cough it up. When he had enough strength he spoke to his mother so then we knew he would be okay.

The little boy is fine now and his mom thanks everyone who helped him. He was a lucky boy to have a number of CPR trained people around to help him. No, they didn't succeed in removing the jawbreaker but they can take comfort in the fact that their efforts were moving it enough for him to breathe. I'm sure a lot of parents left that night feeling very useless and wondering if they could help their child in an emergency. Please address this issue. Trained professionals aren't always around. I have a few concerns with this event. The first is what if the ambulance was on another call? Then what? Secondly, someone wanted to put him in a van and take him to the hospital. He would get no oxygen in the van. The other drivers around the van would only hear the horn honking and wonder why. They might not move over for it. Or worse, the van could get in an accident on the way there. Please, please never do this. Especially after 911 has been called. The best chance is always the ambulance. Thirdly, do we not have tiered response here in Halton Hills? If someone calls 911 and asks for an ambulance with paramedics, is that all they get? If the dispatcher knows the ambulance is on its way to Acton, why wouldn't she call the fire department,? They carry oxygen too.

Halton Hills has the power to remove dangerous jawbreaker machines from their public buildings. I'm not suggesting all machines be removed. Just the ones that could cause tragedy. Responsibility also lies with the parents that they must watch what their children are buying and that they don't run around with food in their mouths. Quite a few children witnessed this and hopefully their parents were able to help them to understand it and learn from it. The arena attendant said he had never seen that happen before and hopefully with the Town's help it will never happen in their public buildings ever again.



**FOOD FOR THOUGHT:** Don Warren, Principal of Robert Little school receives a cheque for \$250 from Prosperity One Acton, recently, for the school's Food for Thought Program, which provides a healthy snack to students throughout school the week. On hand for the presentation were Tracey Jubenville, left, and Louisa Lamberink-Van-Wijk. —Danielle McIsaac photo.

## Living in the 80's

There are too many makeover shows on television now. From "Extreme Makeover" to "What Not to Wear" (two versions, UK and USA) to home makeovers like "Trading Spaces" to "Makeover MaMAs," it's just too much.

However, there is one I always watch...Queer Eye for the Straight Guy. The name itself is enough to send cold shivers down the spine of those of the homophobic nature. The Dude, like most straight guys, was severely cautious of this show in the beginning. Now, like many, he watches along with me knowing that the five gay men are not out to change the world, just make us more fashionable.

One night, although I had already seen the episode, I was almost forbidden to change the channel. "Hey, I haven't seen this one. What are you doing?" he asked as I reached for the remote. There we stayed for an hour watching as a man who previously decorated his apartment with trash can finds himself transformed into one hip guy with a complete knowledge of entertaining, skin care and, now, a fashion sense. I became the sixth gay guy as I told the Dude he too should use the Tea Tree Moisturizer they recommended for men. Responding with no more than a grunt, the idea of going to the Body Shop to buy



By  
**Angela Tyler**

moisturizer was too much 'gay' for this heterosexual man. Even though discouraged by the anti-moisturizing event, I continued to watch the self-proclaimed 'fab five' while the Dude was away the following weekend.

This week's task was to give a television v-j (or video deejay) an improved style. As they browsed the trendy shops of New York City for what he should wear, I discovered I had something in common with the subject. I could be totally in-fashion. As they integrated what they called his retro rock 'n' roll T-shirt collection into his new clothing choices, I knew I was now old enough to own my own retro wear. I had those T-shirts too. No longer did I need to rob my mom, dad or sisters treasures, I had my own. It was a sad and happy event at the same time.

The next morning with memories of the \$5 concert series that used to be at Kingswood Music Theatre at Canada's Wonderland, I scurried for my own retro look. I dove into the rubber-maid box filled with clothes tossing aside the UB40, Bruce Springsteen and

other such shirts. At the bottom of the pile was my prized possession...my Lou Reed shirt. It was the shirt I lived in for years. Lou Reed, New York; it screamed rock 'n' roll.

Suddenly, my thoughts returned to the night of the concert. That night an eclipse occurred and Lou took a break in his performance so the entire audience could go up to the lawn and look at it. There, my friend Megan and I ran into others from Acton, like Steve Tailffer. Everyone looked up in awe at the glorious site then returned to have Lou finish an amazing show. It was perfect. In the end, Megan and I hopped in my 1985 blue Mustang, cranked up Lou's tape (pre c.d.'s) and drove home by the glow of the moonlight. We were living blissfully in the 80's.

I wore my faded black and more than slightly worn T-shirt proudly that day, knowing that the retro look really wasn't my thing. That was confirmed when the Dude saw me, looked confused and asked, "what's with the T-shirt?" It didn't matter though, if I couldn't wear retro, I still had my Lou Reed tape in my collection.

That's the great thing about retro...if you're old enough to have your own original retro, you're old enough to have the great memories as well.



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