



Guest Editorial

by Millie E. Barrett

(Reprinted from the Nipigon Gazette)

Went to bed early. Slept well, up at 6 a.m. Beautiful morning. That's where I should have stopped. Right there. But, oh no. Must hear the news, you know. Got to keep abreast of things, eh? Radio on. And the rest is all downhill, on an ice road. With no brakes.

So Sault Ste. Marie gets 13 million bucks to expand their present Forest Research Station. Good for the Soo. I'm glad for them. They can use it, no doubt. But I'm not glad for us.

Northwestern Ontario NEEDS A FOREST RESEARCH STATION. We have never had one. This is where most of the trees grow, and this is where most of the bush industry is. But who cares about that minor petty annoying little detail?

We have never had a Forest Research Station. And damn little forest research. Ask the experts - (We already have). Forest Research in NWO ranges from dismal to non-existent. With nothing in between. What do you think our chances are of getting any - NOW? You said it, chum.

Okay. Pull up your socks, wipe your tears, and off to work. Pick up the "Times-News" at the office. Oh no. Mistake No. 2. And it's not even 9 o'clock yet!

There - on the Front page. "North Could Lose a Seat". What - again? Yeup. Could happen. "They" are doing another "Riding Review" - Whenever they do one of those, guess who gets it right in the ear? Every time. And guess why? - "Declining Population."

Now that's interesting. Allow me to quote - "At the time of the last redistribution, the government notes, the North was given 15 Ridings, although fewer were warranted by population compared to the Southern portion of the province. Since then the gap between the North and the rest of the province has widened."

So our population is 'declining', eh? Seems to me I recall, painfully, that some 10 years ago we - (up here, you know) were subjected to a great P.R. blast from "them" - (Down There, you know) about an all-time perfect "Design for Development" in which it was planned that all sorts of dandy things were going to happen 'up here', including "development" - new business and industries, new roads and so on, and a projected **increase** in population of some nice round percentage which I can't recall now.

Since then - Well, what's the use of talking?

Let's see now. The economy of Northwestern Ontario is based on the forest industry. The forests are in decline because we've been cutting the trees down faster than we can grow new ones. If we don't find out how to grow new trees faster, and look after what we've got better, the economy will decline along with the forests. And as the economy declines, you bet your boots the population will decline right along with.

But we can't get a Research Station to find out how to look after the forest better, because 'they' have decided to expand the one at the Soo and let it go at that. That's their token 'commitment' to the forest industry and the economy of the North. And all us peasants up here should be grateful. No doubt.

The Research Station at Sault Ste. Marie has never been able to serve Northwestern Ontario, and never will be able to serve Northwestern Ontario, and they are the first to say that. But who wants to listen to that kind of disagreeable news? Let's not be so hard to get along with, eh fellas? Heh Heh.

Naw. There's an easier way to deal with the whole thing. Let the population of the North decline. Just a few more years and we can do another "Riding Review" and get rid of all those pesky Northern Ridings completely. Always were a bit of a nuisance anyway, eh, fellas? Heh Heh.

Love that quote - "Since then the gap between the North and the 'rest' of the province has widened"

How profoundly true.

And 'they' ain't seen nothin' yet.

Northern Affairs

Deciding on siding - how to get your money's worth

Siding has a popular way of giving homes a facelift. As well as reducing maintenance and blocking drafts, installing siding may provide a good opportunity to have additional insulation blown into wood-frame or brick-veneer walls.

The Product

Although aluminum is very popular, siding is also available in various types of vinyl, wood and other metals. When deciding what kind to use, examine your reasons for having it installed. If, for example, ease of maintenance is a major factor don't choose a siding which requires regular washing, painting or staining.

The Company

Unless you install your own siding, selecting the right company is the most difficult part of the job. You will want a fair price, good workmanship and after sales service. That's why it's important to shop around. Make sure you get at least three written estimates. Deal with local businesses who have earned good reputations in the community

and ask the contractors for names and addresses of people for whom they have recently installed siding. Call them to find out if they are satisfied with the work. Better still, take a look at it yourself.

The Contract

Your next step will be to examine the contract carefully. Make sure you understand everything in it. The following terms must be included in every contract according to the Consumer Protection Act:

— the names and addresses of the seller and buyer

— a detailed description of the goods and services - this should enable you to identify all of these clearly

— a detailed statement of how you will pay for the work

— an itemized price list of goods and services

— any warranty or guarantee on the goods and services

You should also insist on having starting and completion dates and the responsibility the contractors take for workmanship included in the contract. In addition,

you should look for any blank spaces in the contract. Mark them N/A (not applicable) or Nil.

Buyer Protection

Under the Business Practices Act no company is allowed to engage in unfair business practices by making false, misleading or deceptive claims. If you feel the contractor made clear misrepresentation, you may send a letter cancelling the agreement. If this doesn't bring satisfaction, you may take the contractor to court under the act.

Under the Consumer Protection Act you may cancel a contract made with an itinerant (door-to-door) seller within two working days of receiving your copy of it. You may cancel by sending a registered letter to the company or by delivering it personally to the address on the contract.

For further information contact the Northern Affairs Office, located on the lower floor, Peninsula Building, 2 Gilbert St., Marathon or telephone 229-1153 or Zenith 33160.

Arthur Black

Ailments

SCENE: A doctor's office, circa 1983.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: A doctor and Mr. Armbruster, a patient.

DOCTOR: "Well, Mister Armbruster, what seems to be the problem?"

PATIENT: "Just about everything, Doc. I'm falling apart. I don't even know where to start complaining. I've got these painful callouses on both index fingers. My right wrist throbs like hell. I have these ugly knobs on my ankles and knees. My breasts sting ... and every time it's a sunny day, my whole face goes numb."

Sounds serious doesn't it? It isn't really. Mister Armbruster's just a fairly typical example of a modern Homo Sapiens. All of his symptoms have been turning up in doctor's offices with increasing frequency of late. So much so that the medical profes-

sion has come up with names for them.

Calloused digits? That's what you call your Video Finger. It shows up on the hands of video arcade fanatics who spend hours jamming the "Fire" buttons on machines like Space Invaders.

A throbbing wrist is a condition that flares up every year about this time, when the lawn starts to grow and sedentary homeowners turn into frenzied Toro-jockeys trying to impose brushcuts on their patches of green.

To run their lawnmowers they have to start them. And to do that they have to give a sharp tug on the starter cord - using a wrist that has passed the winter doing nothing more strenuous than changing TV channels.

Voilà! Lawn Mower Wrist.

You have to travel a little further south to encounter serious outbreaks of knobbed ankles and knees. California is the epicen-

tre of this disease, where it shows up on beach boys who spend hours kneeling and balancing on surf boards as they await the perfect wave.

This puts a lot of pressure on the ankles and knees, which respond by growing protective (if somewhat deformed-looking) layers of skin. The medical shorthand for this condition is Surfer's Ankle.

As for Mister Armbruster's breast pains - he's probably a jogger; he probably wears a shirt when he runs. A lot of runners have been complaining about this one over the past few years. Doctors speculate that the problem is caused by friction between the shirt and the breasts, which causes irritation.

Or, as it's known in medical circles - Jogger's Nipple.

Finally we come to Mister Armbruster's numb face. This is the newest ailment to show up, and it

had Grant Gwinup of the Arizona College of Medicine really stumped for a while.

Three of his patients - all women - came to him complaining of identical symptoms. They said the area below their eyes, their cheeks, their noses and even their upper teeth felt ... numb. Doctor Gwinup could find nothing physiologically wrong with them, so he decided to investigate their lifestyles - what they ate, what medication they took, their sleep patterns ...

It wasn't until he got to what they wore that he struck paydirt. Doctor Gwinup discovered all three women had one thing in common. They all wore sunglasses - the large, saucery kind - and had been for two or three weeks before the problem began.

He told them to give up the specs for a week. Presto! The problem disappeared. Doctor Gwinup concluded the sunglasses



pressed on a facial nerve, which led to the "dead face" problem.

Naturally, they're calling that one Sunglass Syndrome now.

Video Finger. Lawnmower Wrist. Jogger's Nipple. Surfers' Ankle. Sunglass Syndrome - I can't help wondering what our predecessors who lived through cholera and smallpox epidemics would make of "diseases" like that.

SCENE: A doctor's office, circa 1983.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: A doctor and Mister Armbruster, a patient.

PATIENT: "Well Doc, what is it? Tell me. I can take it. Herpes? The Big 'C'? How long have I got? Give it to me straight, Doc."

DOCTOR: "Mister Armbruster ... I'm afraid you're a victim of an advanced case of ... Twentieth Centuryism."