

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.
Second Class Mailing Permit Number 0867

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Single copies 35 cents
Subscription rates per year
in-town — \$14.00
out-of-town — \$18.00
Member of Ontario Community Newspapers Association and The Canadian Community Newspapers Association.



Editorial

Now or never

If you are even remotely interested in renting a senior citizen's housing unit or even if you are not, you should still consider filling out a Ministry of Housing survey questionnaire (unless you have already done so!).

Odds are, though, you haven't. Out of over 350 surveys sent out earlier this year by the Township of Terrace Bay, only 100 were filled out and returned. The Township needs a higher response rate than that before it can approach the Ontario Housing Corporation with its subsidy application.

The Township's consultant for the project, Gerry Kowalchuk, said people should even let the Township know if they are *not* at all interested in renting such a unit. That way, the Township will have an even better idea as to what the demand actually is out there for this proposal.

Therefore, go down to the Municipal Office, pick up a questionnaire, and fill it out. It does ask some rather personal questions, such as what your current gross income is, but this information (which is kept confidential) is required to find out what kind of rental units would have to be constructed. Don't wait...do it today.



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

There has been a lot of talk lately about the so-called "drug epidemic." It is to laugh. Drugs are certainly a problem—who can deny that? But they have *always* been a problem, and they always *will* be a problem.

While no real drug epidemic exists, I have noticed a different kind of epidemic, one of self-righteous, paranoid hypocrisy, which is sweeping the world, mainly affecting our bandwagon-jumping politicians.

The national media have not been immune to this frightening trend, with hysterical editorials and risible, almost pathetic public service spots. It's *cool* to be an anti-drug fool.

Does anybody *really* believe that those headline-grabbing speeches by the President of the United States will

actually stop people from snorting cocaine or lighting up another joint? All of this would be comical in the extreme if not for the fact that El Presidente *et al* are being *serious*.

In almost every sector of society south of the border, from college sports to the military to the President's staff, drug testing has become the "in" thing to do, so much so that urinating into a bottle is now almost as widespread as the *dope* these tests are supposed to find.

I say "supposed to" because the reliability of these tests is dubious at best. I'm not talking about a 99 out of 100 per cent failure rate either. Studies have shown that the *actual* success rate is more like nine out of ten. Imagine having to take this test, being clean as can be, and still failing it. It *could* mean your job, which is why I cringe when I hear our

beloved Prime Minister even thinking about the possibility of perhaps, maybe, starting drug tests within the civil service.

We are being told we must all do our share to stem the drug plague, even if doing so temporarily abrogates our basic human rights. I say *nay!* If we allow this to happen, where will it end? When I say this could lead to identity cards and other totalitarian methods of public control, I'm not kidding. Drug tests, regardless of the honourable intentions behind them, are the thin edge of the wedge and *cannot* be tolerated even in a limited form for specific people.

Besides, even if you are allowed to refuse to take the test (though for many people in the States, the test is now compulsory), that refusal is usually interpreted as guilt, so you lose either way.

As I admitted at the outset, narcotics *are* a problem, and here I am also including alcohol and tobacco. The only difference is, *those* two happen to be legal. Any approach to drugs should not make such a lawful distinction. It's almost as if the adults in power are saying to the kids of today, "Hey, *our* dope is OK, but *your* coke and pot has *got* to go."

Therefore, instead of wasting our taxes on these sanctimonious tests or those ineffective commercials, we should begin a system of *educating*, not just *telling* our youngsters that drugs, *all* drugs, should be avoided.

I believe this should be a priority over just about everything else taught in school. After all, what is more important: knowing what a hypotenuse is, or knowing that drugs, in the end, are *always* dangerous and sometimes even fatal?



We must all realize that (to paraphrase Bertrand Russell) drugs create a temporary suicide: "The happiness that (they) bring is merely negative, a momentary cessation of unhappiness." On top of that, we should also find out *why* drugs are being used so often by so many. That information alone will help us to understand and, in time, maybe even stop the sale and use of dope. Drug testing *won't*.

Black N' White

Young hero saved tiny girl's life

By Arthur Black

What's your greatest fear? Some folks would answer "wide open spaces", for others it's "being in a crowded room." A lot of people freak out at the thought of being up in the air, while others wouldn't enter a cave if you hauled them in by block and tackle. Water terrifies a good many people. Fire does it to others. Some can't bear darkness; others fear the light.

I don't know what my absolute greatest fear is, but I know one that's in my personal Top Ten. It's the Fear of Being Useless. I don't mean everyday, run-of-the-mill useless. Heck, I'm a pro at that. No, I'm talking about Big Time, capital "U" Useless. Which is to say, coming up flat when someone's life is at stake.

It almost happened to me once. I was dining in a hotel restaurant when suddenly a woman at a nearby table lurched to her feet, hand to her mouth, eyes bulging like ping pong balls. She was choking on some food -- might die in fact, if somebody didn't get up and do something fast.

I reacted as I do in most crucial, life-and-death situations. I sat there like a

piece of furniture while the woman turned cobalt blue and started to wobble. Fortunately another diner had the presence of mind to thwack her between the shoulder blades. Whatever had been clogging her pipes ended up on the lapel of her dinner companion and in a few minutes she was digging in to her Surf 'n Turf once again.

Put me right off the chow though -- always does when I realize how inherently unheroic I am. I can take out the trash, help little old ladies across the street and sing seven rare verses of The North Atlantic Squadron, but bring on a life-threatening crisis and I become pure couch potato.

Which puts me about as far away from Brent Meldrum as a body can get. Brent, who lives in Massachusetts, is an authentic hero, albeit not a very big one. He doesn't even come up to my belt buckle and he only weighs about 45 pounds, but there's nothing unusual in that because Brent Meldrum is only five and a half years old.

Young Brent is a TV lover like most kids his age and he was watching the tube one day last summer when his personal Moment of Truth came up. He

was with his pal, Tanya Branden, in the Meldrum living room. Brent's mother was next door in the bedroom, preparing to go out and do some shopping. Suddenly that subsonic listening facility that all parents develop told Mrs. Meldrum that all was not well with the kids. She perked up her ears.

"Are you choking?" she heard her son ask. Mrs. Meldrum rushed into the living room to find six year old Tanya, her face bright red, convulsing on her feet. Worse still, silly little Brent was coming behind and putting his arms around her -- *lifting her right off the ground*.

"I screamed at him to get away from her" recalls Brent's mother. "I started to panic, trying to decide should I phone for help? Should I run next door?"

Brent ignored his mother with that elaborate disdain five-and-a-half year old boys do so well.

"No, ma" he told her, "I saw this on *Benson*." Whereupon Brent hoisted the choking girl off the ground, squeezed, and banded her down on her feet. After that, as Brent matter of factly puts it: "She bended over and she coughed

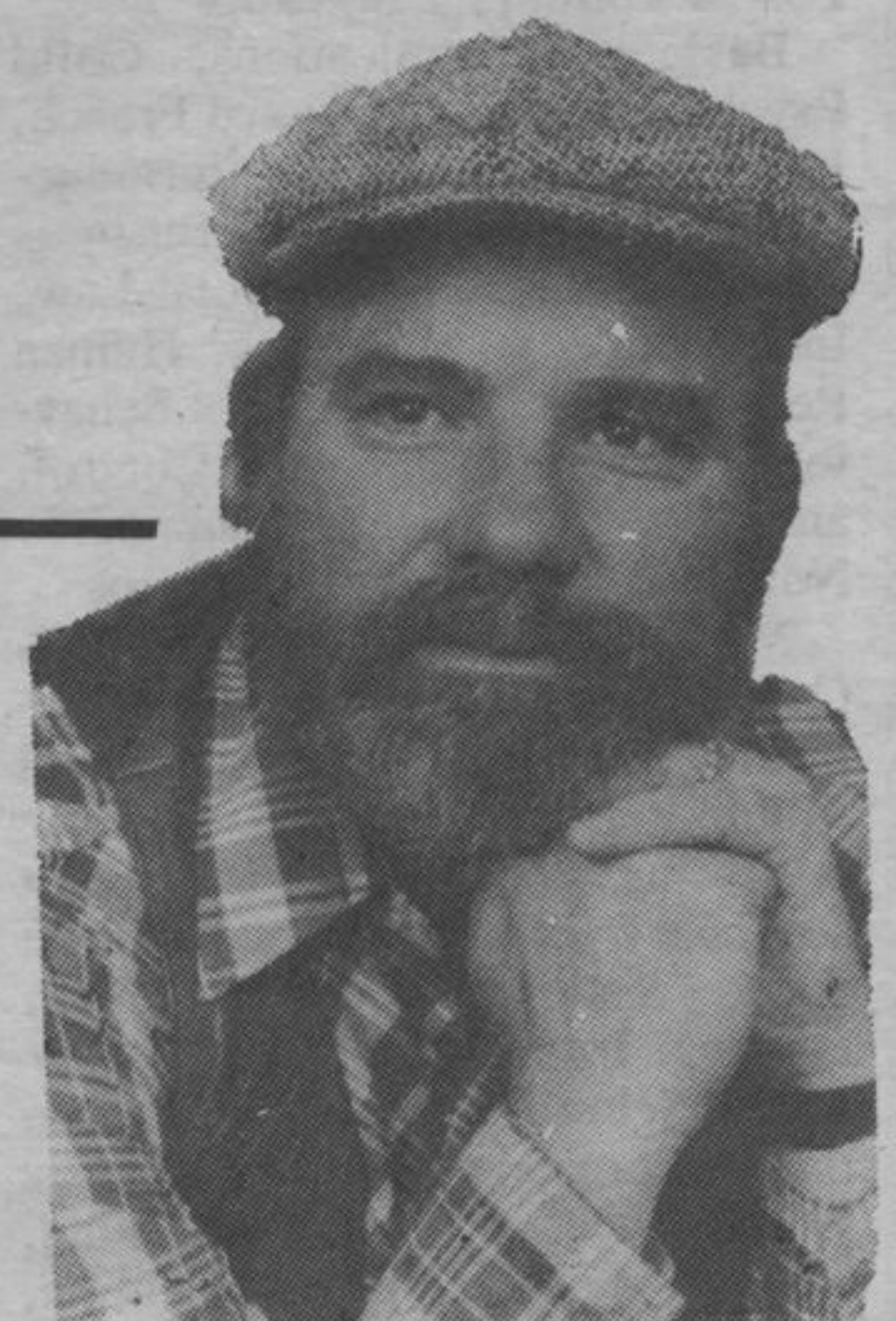
and it plopped out."

The candy, that is -- the one that had been lodged in Tanya's throat. Brent had employed a life-saving technique that had been demonstrated in an episode of the TV show *Benson*. It's proper name is the Heimlich Manoeuvre.

Brent, whose command of English lags slightly behind his command of situations, calls it the Time Lock Remover. Tanya's parents think that's close enough.

This is one of those rare and delightful news stories that touches everyone who hears about it. Even Robert Guillaume, the actor who plays *Benson* and got "Heimlich'd" on the show Brent saw, is thrilled. "It's amazing" he marvels. "I think it's the closest I've ever come to a miracle. I mean, for a kid that young to do something like that... what can you say? I'm almost speechless. I just want to take the kid and hug him."

A lot of folks do. Brent's been in *People* magazine. His story's been told in *Time* and *Life* and *Newsweek*. TV and radio shows have been after him and the mail has been pouring in. Even



Doctor Henry Heimlich, inventor of the technique, made a special pilgrimage to the town of Lynn, Mass. to meet the youngest-known practitioner of his manoeuvre.

About the only person who isn't thrilled seems to be Brent himself. Being a hero can get in the way of important stuff. "Everybody's calling me. When I'm watching cartoons it's brrng, brrng, brrrrng. How come everybody is asking me these stupid questions?"

Aw, have a heart, Brent. It's just that most of us are about ten times older and one-quarter as bright as you. We're jealous, that's all.

Will Rogers once said: "We can't all be heroes because somebody has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by."

Well, I feel like giving little Brent a great big hand.

But out of respect, I'm going to wait until the first commercial break.