Terrace Bay Schreiber

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We are multicultural!

What is multiculturalism?

The word 'Multiculturalism' means literally, 'many cultures', but it would be a mistake to interpret the word 'culture' too narrowly.

Although culture may refer to art, literature, music, dance, to folk traditions and so on, it should also include family relationships, social behaviour, beliefs, customs, life-style, perceptions regarding the place of the individual in the community, attitudes towards education, work, health, and responsibility towards society.

Multiculturalism includes and involves all of us, and should not be of interest to one specific group alone.

It is a state of being, and a way of thinking about our neighbours, learning about their customs and understanding their cultures.

It is the core of our society and flows from the presence of individuals and groups with diverse cultural and linguistic backgrounds, interacting, communicating, and appreciating each other's contributions to the community and society at large.

Canada has never been a homogeneous society and we are not so today. When the first Europeans came to this land, we were already multicultural, for there were many cultures and languages among the Native peoples who inhabited the continent.

Each subsequent immigration has helped to increase our cultural and linguistic diversity. Today, we have over 70 different ethnocultural groups living in this country and speaking as many- if not more- different languages.

The concept of multiculturalism thus encompasses all groups in the country. This includes the immigrants who have just arrived, and those who have been here for generations or hundreds of years.

Every individual and all groups that have become a part of our society contribute to our multicultural nature.

Multiculturalism exists in this country and makes Canada what it is today, and would continue to exist even if the government refused to admit its presence.

Government policy on multiculturalism is therefore an acknowledgement of a fact of life in the country as reflected in our population's ethno-cultural composition.

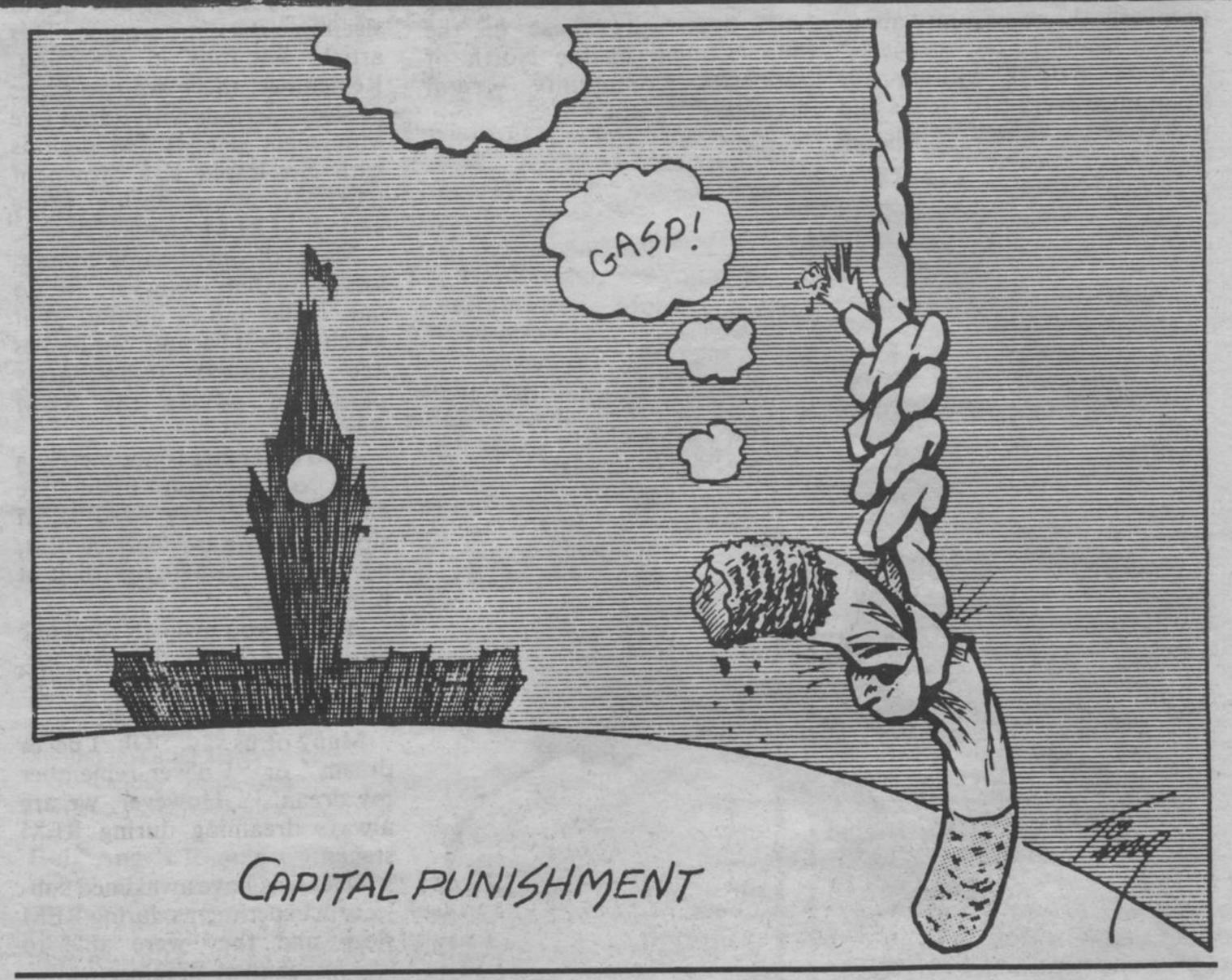
It is our obligation and responsibility to ensure that we all benefit from this wealth of diversity. We should open our minds, share experiences and learn to appreciate and respect each other's cultural heritage.

A greater awareness of other cultures enriches our concept of life, and helps to promote a more tolerant and unified society where the different ethnic, cultural and racial groups can live harmoniously for generations to come.

If you have any interest in this subject, please contact Peter Monks at 825-9361. Ethnic groups/interests or multicultural interests and heritage preservation are great fun!

"Weakness in character is the only defect which cannot be ammended."

F. La Rochefoucauld



Letters to the editor

Resident distressed by lacking medical professionalism

To the editor:

I'm submitting this letter in an effort to bring to the attention of the people of the north our sadly lacking medical system. I'm sure anyone who has spent a significant amount of time in this area is well-aware of its inadequacies.

Last month I experienced firstrate health care. I travelled 1,500 km to be part of an experience which for some is commonplace but for us "Northerners" is far too uncommon.

Due to inadequate staffing, poor funding, geopgraphical isolation, etc., we suffer from an inadequate system. The contrast is alarming.

Today my son and I had the opportunity to experience firsthand the ironies of a system that is pathetically less than perfect. To clarify my position I must first express that I am not pointing my finger at anyone, merely relating an experience.

We entered the hospital at 4:10 p.m. and expected to wait until our family doctor had concluded his office visits before my son would be examined. At 4:30 p.m. the pain worsened and I inquired politely with the doc's receptionist as to whether we would get quicker attention in the Emergency department.

All common courtesy was thrown out the window and her surly reply was "Go wait in the emergency if you want."

Only 1/2-hour later we were told by an efficient and professional emergency room nurse that there was only one doctor available in the hospital and that his office visits took priority.

We waited 1½ hours- in that time my son recovered, to my relief.

see medical page 8

Arthur Black

From my garage to your garage

By Arthur Black

It's hard to believe that they're sprouting already. Just a few short weeks ago all those front lawns were covered with snow and whipped with bone-chilling winds that nothing could survive. Now the snow is gone, the grass is green and already the beggars are towering over the lawns, even climbing up the sides of buildings and hydro

Lower that can of 2-4-D madam...stand easy with that Whipper Snipper sir...I'm not talking about pokeweed, bindweed, chokeweed or any of your common lawn and garden variety vegetative infestations.

I'm talking about yard sale signs. They're a surer sign of spring than vireos on the verandah or potholes in the pavement, are yard sales. An indication that hope springs eternal and a reminder that junk is forever.

That's what yard and garage sales are really about -- junk. The fact that money changes hands at yard sales is almost immaterial. The Higher Purpose of the yard sale is to keep that junk circulating. It moves from my attic to your basement, from your basement to my garage, from my garage your rec room.

I wonder why we like them so? Lord knows most of us don't need any more baggage in our lives, but every Saturday and Sunday you'll see carsful of beady-eyed people, crawling down side streets and back alleys, eyes peeled for the cardboard signs or the telltale traffic jams that bespeak a yard sale in progress. I know families that have given up going to movies and baseball games in favor of yard sales. Each Friday evening they scour the want ads in the newspaper, plot their course as carefully as Captain Cook in search of the Spice Islands, then spend their weekends blissfully prowling from one address to another.

Going to gaage sales is only half of the experience of course. The other half comes when -- due primarily to the tons of thoroughly useless detritus you've picked up yourself at garage sales, the sickening realizatin dawns on you that

you have to hold one yourself.

As a battle-scarred and shellshocked veteran of two full-fledged yard sales allow me to give any greenhorns in the audience a word of advice.

The word is don't

Hold a garage sale, I mean.

Better to mail your junk to a Third World country, haul it to the dump, even dig a hole in the back yard and bury it -- anything but hold a garage sale. You're not strong enough. Nobody is.

But I know you're going to ignore that advice. You have visions of dollar signs dancing behind your eyeballs. You think once you unload those two and a half lawn mowers, the torn trampoline that the kids won't play with, the patio umbrella that the squirrels got to and all those stupid books that Harry's been collecting for years, you'll probably have enough money to take a little holiday together.

I can tell you that you're going to need a holiday -- and not necessarily with your loved oned, because you may not be speaking

to each other after the garage sale, -- but don't plan on anything pricey. The average take from the average yard sale is \$11.99 -- and that's before you order in a pizza because you're too baffed to make dinner.

I really wish you'd reconsider. Hosting a full-fledged yard sale is not good for the heart. Oh, sure it's kind if refreshing to participate in a little primary capitalism -- no T-4's to make out no value-added ta to reckon, no Vise or Mastercard slips to juggle -- just simple, straightforward dickering. You want this? I own it. How much you gonna pay?

That's the Up side. the Down side is that when you hold your yard sale you will witness human behaviour at its least attractive level -- naked greed. Total strangers will park in your driveway for the opportunity to make fun of your taste "You're asking two dollars for that? I can get five of them for two dollars down the street!"

The other thing is dignity. For people who insist on holding yard sales, there is none. And let's face

it, your mother didn't raise you to spend a Sunday afternoon popping blood vessels in your head as you try to blow up your kid's used wading pool (five bucks -- as is) to prove that it doesn't leak.

But there's a much more important reason not to have your yard sale. Look at it this way: Holding a yard sale is going to punch a huge hole in your weekend. You have to man the cash box from dawn on Saturday until the last die-hard haggler shuffles off your trampled lawn on Sunday night.

You realize what that means, don't you?

Just think of all the yard sales you'll be missing.