

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

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Call the professionals

This week the *News* has a story on the McCausland Hospital Ambulance Service. A lot of people don't seem to realize that the people who work in the service are there for even the simplest task such as moving an elderly person from one place to another- just transporting someone who can't walk (for whatever reason) to another locale. The service will move someone who can't get around well- this does not mean to the hospital necessarily, it could be just to another residence.

Dave Schinbein, manager of the McCausland Hospital Ambulance Service, wants people to realize that fact and another fact as well. He said there are a lot of cases where people who have hurt their backs have been brought in to the hospital by a family member or a friend in their car.

Schinbein's motto for what could happen when people are moved in this manner: "You can wait 20 minutes for the ambulance or you can spend 25 years in a wheelchair- it's your choice!"

That statement sounds frank and straightforward- and it is.

Schinbein says a lot of this occurs (people bringing in injured people) and he says he can't stress enough that all people have to do is call the ambulance (825-3746). Someone who has injured their back should be moved only by professionals.

The service exists to help people with whatever situation they find themselves in. The ambulance officers are trained to provide treatment as varied as applying a splint to emergency child birth (see story on page 3).

If you sprain your foot, don't be shy to call for an ambulance. If you burn your arm, don't be afraid to call. (The *News* learned that someone's pregnant cat got hit by a car and the owner called Schinbein to see if he would assess the damage. He was there in a flash and he told the owner the cat would be fine).

Schinbein believes there is a lack of knowledge that the service exists and just what it provides. He says the ambulance service is not just there for serious accidents. (Of course you would call if anything serious did occur).

Once again, if someone you know cannot walk on their own, or if you sprain your ankle or burn yourself and don't know what to do, don't be hesitant to call the professionals- the McCausland Hospital Ambulance Service 825-3746).



Letters to the editor

Awards go to Northern residents

Corps d'elite Ontario award

Mr. Gilles Pouliot, MPP for Lake Nipigon Riding, is pleased to announce that Mr. Paul Mengelberg of Longlac, and Mr. Ernest Leo Chiasson of Marathon, Ontario, will soon be recipients of the Corps d'Elite Ontario Award, presented by the Ministry of Tourism and Recreation.

This award is designed to recognize the significant accomplishments of Ontario volunteers in the field of recreation. Mr. Pouliot believes that outstanding volunteers deserve a

special thank you for their work.

The contribution made by volunteers can vary immensely. For example, there are volunteers who work on local recreation committees, while others are directors of provincial recreation organizations.

Each year, up to 35 volunteers will be eligible for the awards at the provincial level and up to 15 per region will be selected across the province.

Nominations for the provincial awards will be reviewed each year by a committee of parks and recreation leaders from the

ministry of Tourism and Recreation.

The regional award recipients will be chosen by selection committees in each of the five regions.

Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Chiasson will be presented with a framed certificate and a distinctive lapel pin, following the reading of a citation which outlines each volunteer's achievements.

For further information contact: 1-800-268-7192.

Arthur Black

Expanding the technological vision

By Arthur Black

It probably doesn't show, but the fact is, this column you're reading is being written -- sorry, make that "processed" -- on a home computer. A Tandy 1000 EX BIOS if you want to get technical about it.

Yes amigos, the old Page Six Luddite has finally bowed before the juggernaut of modern technology, set his battered Olivetti manual up on the shelf and gone with the phosphorescent flow.

Any difference? Well, it's quieter and there's less messy ribbon to change. My editor likes it better too. He gets all the paragraphs in proper order now, without the familiar strikeovers, henscratches, wavy red arrows and cryptic directions like "Insert copy 'A' from page four between paras two and three on page one".

The machine even covers off my somewhat eclectic grasp on the English language. The program I use proofreads everything I write. Mind you, it's not foolproof. I could write for instance "My computer is simply two clever four words." and it'd be none the wiser. It doesn't

differentiate between "two" and "too" or "four" and "for".

But it's tough for me to get hot for technology. I am a Certified Clumsy Person, born at least two centuries after my time -- could have handled science in the age of wind-powered ships, horse-driven carriages and kerosene-powered street lamps. In a world of lasers, silicon chips -- hell, even electricity -- I might as well be living on the second moon of Neptune.

But dammit, I'm being seduced by my computer. I've only had it a couple of months and already I know I'd never choose to go back to a typewriter. Just as anyone who's mastered the elementary hunt and peck of typing would be highly unlikely to revert to a goose gull pen, so it is with my home computer. It is simply too fast, too sensible, too comfortable. My old Olivetti would feel impossibly clunky and antiquated now.

So how come I don't feel entirely at home with it? Is it that old sci-fi cliché about Sinister Computers Taking Over the World?

I don't think so. To use a

computer -- even a relatively homespun one like mine -- is to recognize the limitations of the genre. The difference between a computer and the human mind is the difference between a filing cabinet and a garden.

The brain drinks in life just as it comes -- great ideas... itches behind the ear... the smell of steak broiling on a backyard barbecue three doors down... residual venom from that run-in with the parking lot attendant -- takes all that in and somehow extracts from it our points of view, our attitudes, our beliefs, hates, loves.

A computer, on the other hand, simply stores facts that we can summon up at the push of a button -- providing we know which button to push. A book called *The Cult of Information* by Theodore Rooszak puts it much more succinctly: "Computer memory is no more like human memory than the teeth of a saw are like human teeth. (To suggest that) computer memory is superior because it remembers so much more... is precisely to misinterpret what experience is..."

Computers also have a huge

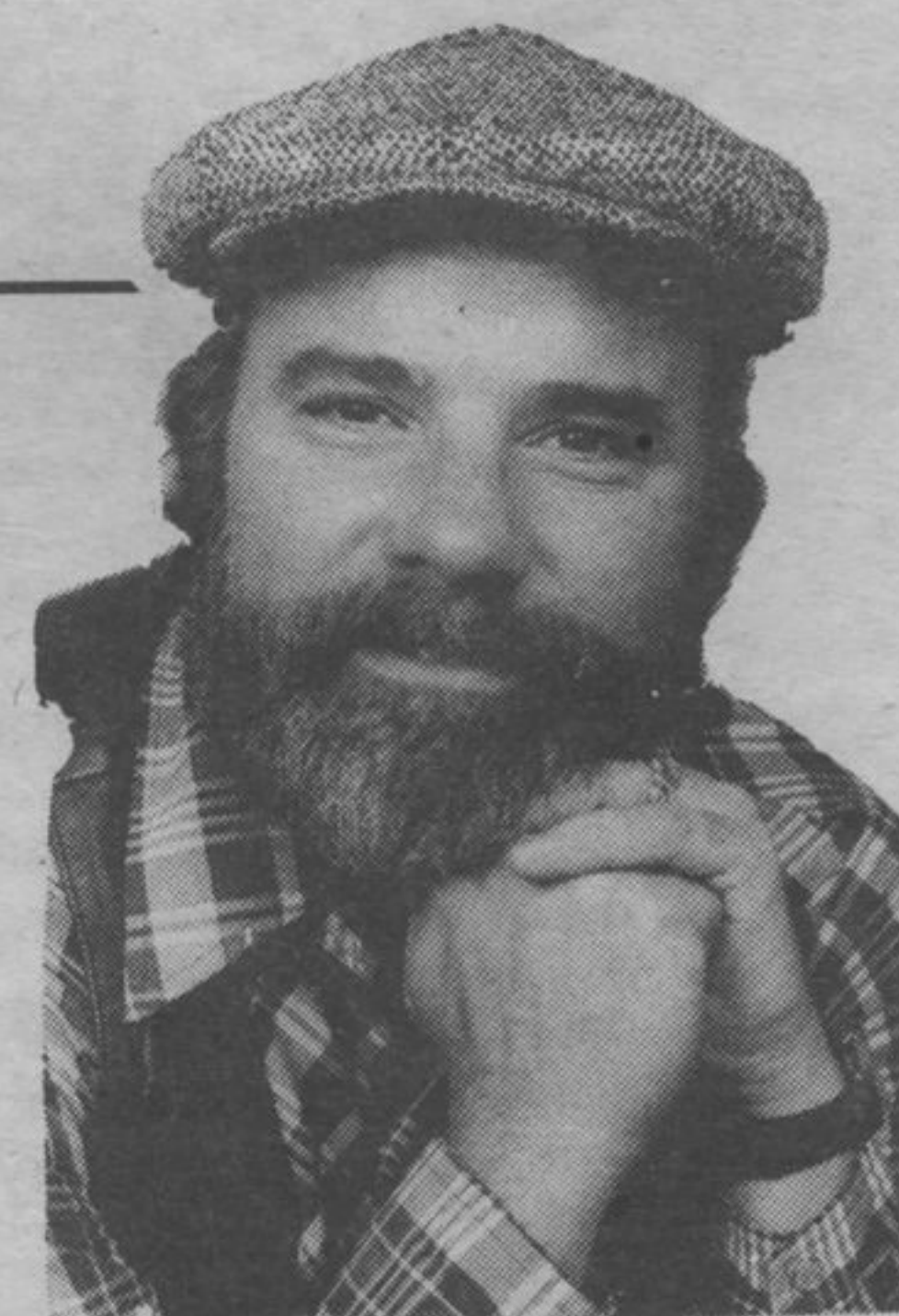
Achilles Heel. It's access to information. The only way my computer can get information is for me to feed a disc into it (expensive and not always available) -- or for me to sit here laboriously transferring the knowledge from my source, through my ham hands and into the memory bank.

You want Aunt Edna's letter on file? You have to type it in. You'd like a permanent copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*? That Playboy interview with Woody Allen? Einstein's Theory of Relativity? Start Pecking, bucko.

This fills me with the same sadness I felt when I realized that every silver-tongued oration Cicero delivered meant that some poor slob of a Nubian slave had to sit scratching feverishly on a wax tablet.

I'm no technological visionary, but I know that some day, home computers will routinely feature a slot into which you can feed sheets, newspapers, books and even voiced thoughts or observations that will all go directly into the machines memory bank.

In the meantime it's important



to keep the whole concept of new-fangled machinery in perspective. Never forget the story about NASA's search for an ultra-modern, state-of-the-art writing utensil that could be utilized by astronauts. The requirements were daunting. The new lithographic transcription system had to be capable of producing written characters in a vacuum, upside down if necessary, with a relatively limitless supply of fuel, ribbon or whatever. Expense was no object--this was for the Space Race.

The word went out. Presumably geniuses around the world bent their considerable grey matter to the task -- until NASA received a crusty, five-word telegram from a correspondent in Germany. The telegram read: "Have you tried a pencil?"