

# Editorial Page

Tel.: 825-3747

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by Laurentian Publishing Limited, Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ont., P0T-2W0 Tel.: 807-825-3747. Second class mailing permit 0867. Member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Assn. and the Canadian Community Newspaper Assn.

General Manager.....Paul Marcon  
Editor.....David Chmara  
Admin. Asst.....Gayle Fournier  
Production Asst....Carmen Dinner

Single copies 40 cents.  
Subscription rates: \$15 per year / \$25 two years (local) and \$21 per year (out of town).

## Schreiber Slowpitch format leads the way

The Schreiber Mixed Slowpitch Tournament wrapped up just over a week ago and it was one full of excitement, rivalry, and, for the most part, good spirited competition.

The playoffs took place over the course of a week during which games were played every evening, and the final part of the tournament took place all day Saturday and Sunday.

It was quite a contrast to see the way the Schreiber Mixed League is run compared to the one in Terrace Bay. Another contrast was the amount of spectators that went to view the Schreiber tournament compared to the numbers that show up to see the games played in Terrace Bay.

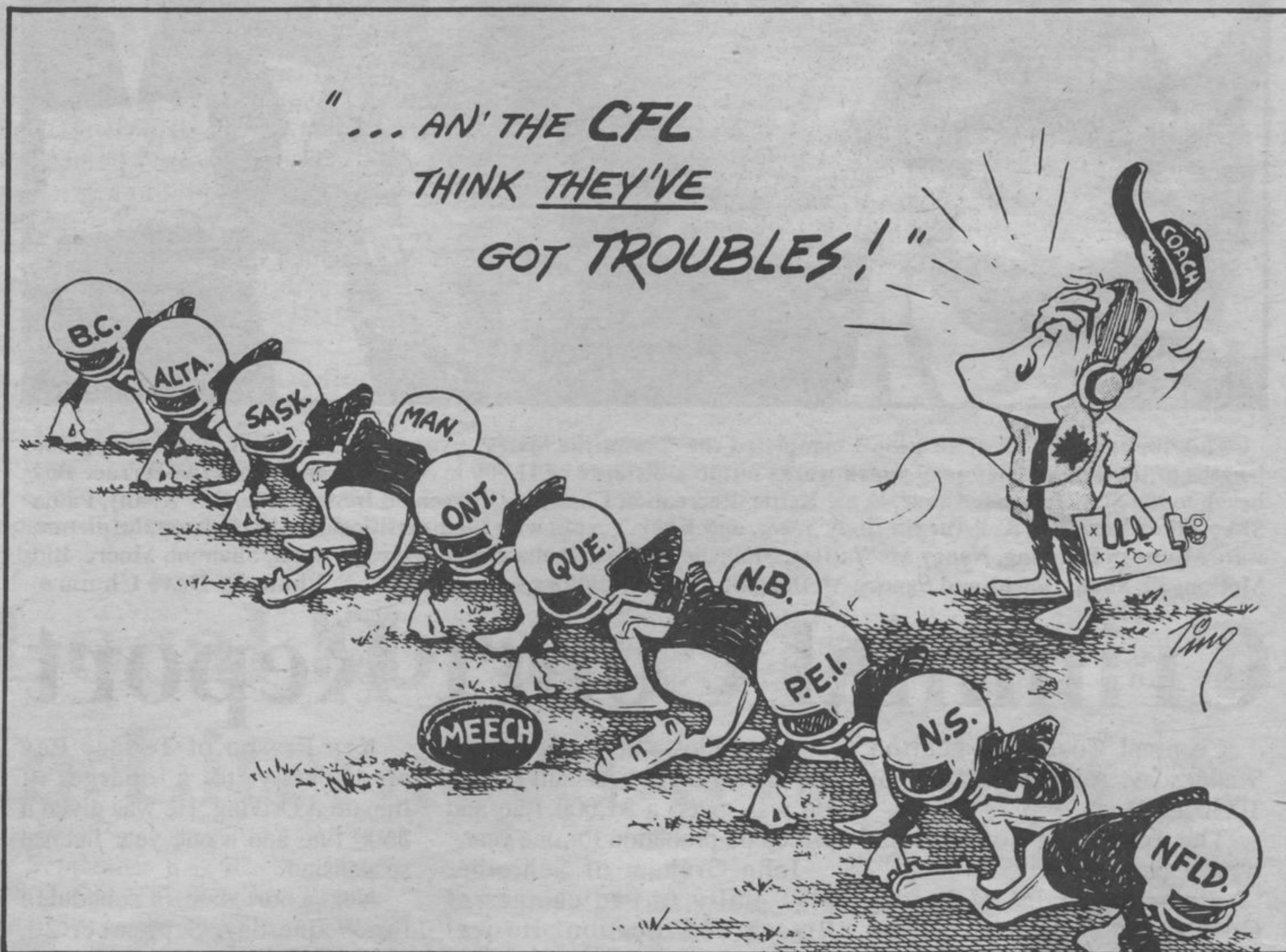
Dozens of cheering fans yelled and honked in support of their favorite teams during the Schreiber contest, yet if anyone shows up for the playoff games in Terrace Bay it's usually a young son or daughter of a player - or maybe a stray dog or cat.

So what gives? Why the drastic difference when the towns are of similar size? The Schreiber Mixed League boasts 16 teams whereas the Terrace Bay Mixed League has a mere six.

Granted, there may be more shift workers in Terrace Bay because of Kimberly-Clark, but that alone can't explain the vast differences between the two leagues.

The format of the Schreiber playoffs lends itself to a greater degree of excitement and enthusiasm as well. The playoffs start up early in the week and conclude during two days of energetic competition. In Terrace Bay, however, the playoffs drag on with teams playing one game a week over the course of five weeks. Hardly the way to build up any spirit of competition between teams and among fans.

The Terrace Bay Mixed League should take a good, close look at the way the Schreiber Mixed League is run and adopt their format. More enthusiasm, excitement, competition and participation would be the result.



## Minnova encouraged by local participation

An open letter to the residents of Terrace Bay, Schreiber, Rosspoint, and surrounding area.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the many people of this area who took the time to participate in our Open House on August 26.

It is very encouraging for us to

see that the people along the North Shore have taken such an interest in the Mining Industry.

Traditionally, mining brings with it a "less than admirable" reputation and I firmly believe that is primarily as a result of a

Continued on page 5

The News welcomes your letters to the editor. Feel free to express comments, opinions, appreciation, or debate anything of public interest. Write to:

Editor  
Terrace Bay/Schreiber News  
Box 579  
Terrace Bay, Ont.  
13 Simcoe Plaza  
P0T 2W0

So we may verify authorship, please sign your letters and include your phone number.

# Alone among six billion people

It happened right in the middle of that heat wave a few weeks back. It was high noon, the sun was beating down like a cosmic klieg light and I was driving home from town with the car windows wide open. The cicadas whined, my shirt clung clammily to my back, the wind through the car window felt like it came from an open hearth smelter, but at least it was a wind.

I was driving slowly. It was the kind of day on which doing anything quickly was too revolting to think about. I checked out the brown lawns, the limp-leafed maples, the shimmer of the sun bouncing off car hoods and mailboxes, old Mister Pelto lying on his lawn getting a tan...Wait a minute.

Nobody this side of a mad dog or an Englishman would lie out in a killer heat wave like this -- least of all Mister Pelto.

He's a senior citizen, and like most senior citizens he'd be too canny to mess around with the noonday sunshine.

So how come he's lying on his lawn? Inescapable conclusion: trouble.

While this Holmesian exercise in deductive reasoning is going on in my head, my car continues to chug away from the scene. By the time I get stopped, turned around and back to Mister Pelto's driveway, I realize the tableau is even more incongruous.

Mister Pelto is lying awkwardly on his side, sweat dripping off his nose. He is wearing a sun hat and gardening gloves.

He does not even look up when my tires screech in the driveway.

Heart attack, I think to myself. Or stroke.

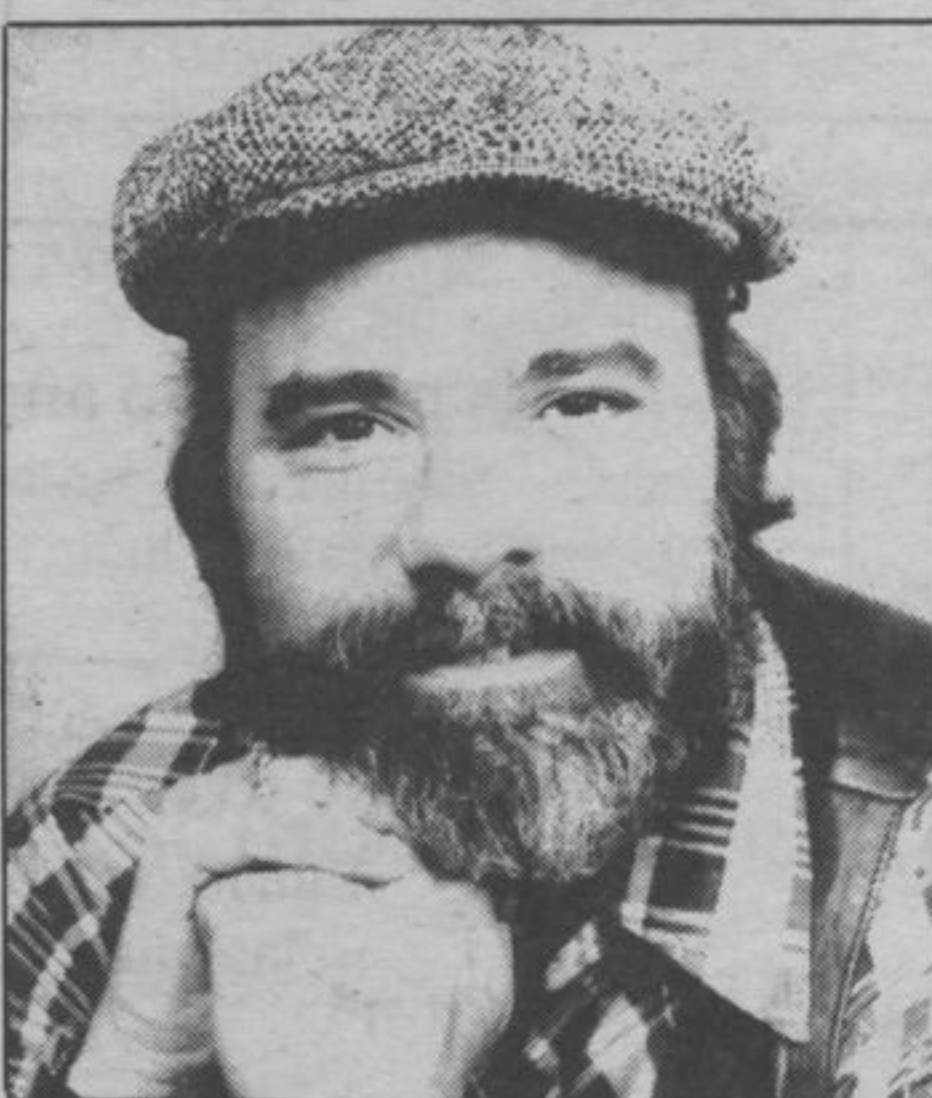
A young kid in a delivery van has already spotted the man on the lawn, and gone to a neighbour's to phone for an ambulance.

Warily, I approach Mister Pelto. Maybe he's already dead!

"What happened?" I ask

stupidly. To my surprise he opens his eyes and says in a clear, calm voice "I fell. I think I broke my elbow."

Oh God, I think he's right. He's lying on his right side with his left hand braced against the grass and the



### Arthur Black

elbow in question jutting up in the air. The elbow is an ashey blue-grey and painfully distended. It looks like there's a billiard ball under the skin.

So what do I do? Move him? Fat chance. Mister Pelto is a big guy. I'd never get him

off the ground.

Besides, didn't I see on Marcus Welby or St. Elsewhere that you should never move victims until you're sure of the extent of their injuries?

Where's the kid who went for the ambulance?

Where's the ambulance? How did I get this far in life knowing so little about elementary first aid?

Then a miraculous thing happens. While I'm standing over Mister Pelto trying to shield his face from the blazing sun, I see out of the corner of my eye a young Yuppie-ish-looking chap dismounting from a ten-speed bike.

He is wearing racing gloves and spandex biking shorts. He comes over, bends down, murmurs in an aside, "It's alright, I'm a doctor." and - praise be - takes charge.

Within seconds he has Mister Pelto propped up, resting comfortably and the elbow (which was dislocated, not broken, popped safely back in place.

He asks Mister Pelto all the relevant questions. Does he have a heart condition? No. Does it hurt when he breathes? No. Can he extend his fingers? Flex his wrist? Yes and yes.

And then he asks Mister Pelto about his wife or kids or relatives and Mister Pelto says "I'm alone."

Just those two words. And that's what still ricochets around my skull when I remember the incident. Not the hideous heat, not the grotesque billiard ball elbow. Not the whiff of death or the miracle of the cycling doctor.

Just Mister Pelto saying those two sad words: "I'm alone."

There are now six billion of us buzzing and crawling around the Beehive Earth -- more human beings than there have ever been before.

We live strung out side by side in subdivisions, stacked up in high rises above and below each other. We've never been more crowded.

And in many ways, we've never been more apart.