

Interactivity in smart environments

Marc Coquand, Linus Lagerhjelm, Mattias Cederberg and Simon Asp

Supervised by Helena

Umeå University

November 1, 2016

Assignment 1

Abstract normally in form of a title

The evening of Saturday, August 27th, 2011, the volunteer fire department in Prattsville, New York held its annual clambake. The event has not historically been associated with temperance, but that year, the festivities broke up early. Prattsville is a sleepy town of fewer than 1,000 residents in the northern Catskill Mountains, about 100 miles inland from the Atlantic Ocean. It's leaf-peeping country, not tropical storm country. But a hurricane was moving up the East Coast, and Sunday's forecast called for rain. Meteorologists had predicted that the Catskills would get a peripheral spray, rather than the storm's brunt, which was slated for New York City and Long Island. Still, Tom Olson, who was then fire chief, intended to be ready.

Contents

Introduction 4

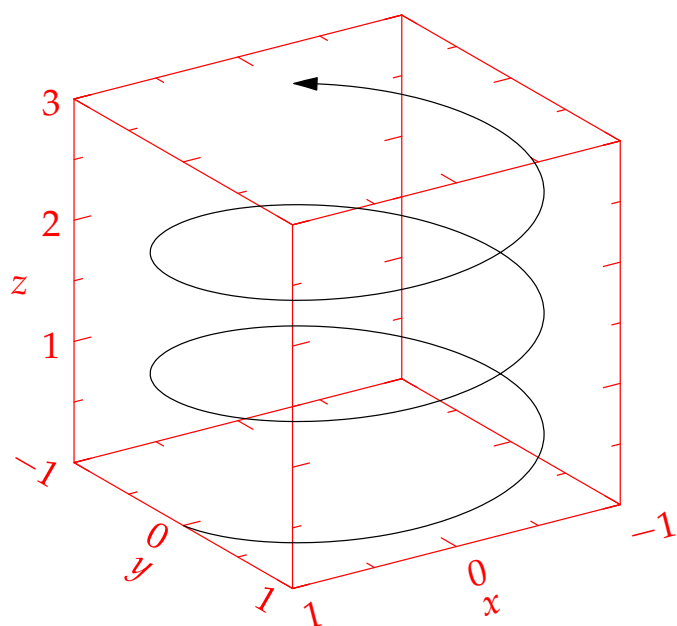
Introduction

The evening of Saturday, August 27th, 2011, the volunteer fire department in Prattsville, New York held its annual clambake. The event has not historically been associated with temperance, but that year, the festivities broke up early. Prattsville is a sleepy town of fewer than 1,000 residents in the northern Catskill Mountains, about 100 miles inland from the Atlantic Ocean. It's leaf-peeping country, not tropical storm country. But a hurricane was moving up the East Coast, and Sunday's forecast called for rain. Meteorologists had predicted that the Catskills would get a peripheral spray, rather than the storm's brunt, which was slated for New York City and Long Island. Still, Tom Olson, who was then fire chief, intended to be ready.

In his late 40s, with an average build and short, dark hair flecked with gray, Olson has lived in Prattsville all his life. Soft-spoken almost to the point of shyness, he delivers mail for a living, and cannot help but know most everyone in town. Until 2011 Olson primarily associated flooding with cold weather. When he was young, the Schoharie Creek — a gentle tributary of the Mohawk River that runs along Main Street, past the firehouse — used to jam with ice, forcing water onto the road. On such occasions, the fire department had often helped pump out waterlogged basements. He suspected that Sunday might be similar.

Olson woke around 6:30AM at his home in the hills above town. He got in his Dodge Ram 3500 pickup, a 2006 model that would not survive the day, and drove down to the station, where he monitored the creek. Rain fell hard and warm through the humid air. Though he felt no panic, at 8AM, he decided to man the firehouse, sounding its alarm to summon to duty roughly 15 firefighters. As they arrived, he sent them on foot in crews of three and four to knock on the doors of homes he considered likely to flood. It might be wise, he thought, to suggest to people living in low-lying areas that they take shelter at the firehouse.

Image 1: This is a margin figure.



"This is a very inspirational quote right here. Very quoteworthy if I may say so myself."