

# Opinion

## I'd like to thank the little people

I tried to juggle. It's tough.

I don't mean jobs, friends, dinner engagements or political theories. No, I mean office supplies. The real honest items. Hey, it's tough enough simply getting ahold of the stuff — prying it away from the hoarding hands of fellow employees.

But true juggling of office supplies is difficult. Especially when you have no juggling experience. Nothing is the same size or weight. You could simply use identical items, but where's the challenge?

I tried to learn to juggle one-handed, figuring the coordination of only one hand (is that like solo synchronized swimming?) would be easier to deal with. I began to improve.

After a short time I was able to keep the battery and the bottle of liquid paper (not whiteout, which sounds like an ANC hit squad) in the air and under some control.

Of course my juggling muscles are not fully developed, so I was forced to quit prior to cramping up. I have never seen a juggler, even an amateur, sweat during a performance. That's how I know I'm not a juggler. I sweated. I sweated badly, though more out of concentration than physical effort.

Looking like I just emerged from the shower I paraded my fledgling skill around various offices here at the paper, being careful to avoid the office of publisher Ian Oliver, who would likely think my demonstration a frivolous waste of working hours.

I had two excuses prepared. First, I was practicing ball control techniques for our invincible football team the "Canadian Champions" or, second, I was researching a column. When he wouldn't fall for the former... well, you're reading it.

I once saw a juggler whose act, and this guy was a professional, was to juggle the four major food groups. For whole grains, he used



**Reaume With a View**  
with BRAD REAUME

bread; vegetables, an apple; meat, I think he used raw liver; dairy products, for that... he could have used cheese, but that doesn't play on Broadway. Yep, he used ice cream.

How he did it, I'll never know, but he inspired me. It's not just the juggling that is neat but the story around the act of coordination. That's why I chose office supplies. At home I might try to juggle remote control units.

Hey, what an act! I juggle remote controls for the television, the CD player, the VCR, and the microwave, all the while changing the channels, music, movies and cooking times. I could make it big in Vegas. Wayne Newton is always looking for a quality opening act. This could be big. Goodbye, little town blues.

Of course, now I have to go into serious training. I have to immerse myself in the history and myths of jugglers. I have to work on my muscles for strength, flexibility, and stamina. I have to get coordinated with my producers, agents, and promoters — not to mention eyes and hands.

I have to continue to develop my act so next week *Reaume With a View* will feature Juggling II — The Comeback. Yeah, and then Juggling III — Sequel to the Comeback. The movie rights, the fame, the power, the women... oh, the whole wild ride.

But I won't forget my fans, my public, those little people who made it all possible. Now where did I put that battery?

## Our family is home... at last

"Is the bedroom still there?" I asked my husband apprehensively over the phone.

Between the time we had purchased our new home and the time when we actually took possession of it, friends, relatives and total strangers had eagerly offered their condolences by recounting horror stories of buyer's remorse.

One couple had bought a townhouse and when they walked in as owners had discovered the basement bedroom missing. The previous owners had taken down the walls and carried them off, along with the carpeting.

We were fortunate; our downstairs bedroom had remained intact. But something else was missing — the shower curtain rod. I might have expected the previous owners to remove their shower curtain, but did they have to take the rod as well?

What's more, the bathroom in question has an unusual set-up. The window is above the tub, necessitating plastic curtains to protect it from excess moisture. The owners had taken this curtain. Have you ever tried to find plastic curtains? I ended up buying a shower curtain and cutting off the bottom half.

Sometimes, I am told, house owners will depart with the light bulbs. In our case, none were removed. The owners were also generous enough to leave behind drapes for all the windows except one, even though we had only specified two venetians and the living room drapes.

I missed out on the opportunity to be the first person to step into our new home, since I was 100 miles away bidding my time at the cottage.

We had given ourselves three days before the movers were to deliver the two large containers of our belongings. It was time enough, I reckoned, to add a bit of spit and polish to the house. I left this task to my husband and eldest son who, as far as I can see, did a minimal amount of work.



**On the Home Front**  
with ESTHER CALDWELL

No windows, no venetians were washed. Floors weren't even vacuumed, let alone washed.

My husband reasoned that the movers would only mess it up again. Shelf paper was removed from the cupboards and although they wiped off the shelves, a sticky residue remained. Cobwebs stayed put.

I arrived with a carload the evening before the movers were due. My husband had emptied his apartment of junk, which was littered throughout the house. The place was beginning to look full.

Early the next morning, the three movers pulled into our driveway. For the next six hours, I directed traffic. Most of the boxes were identified by their location in our former home but that didn't guarantee a similar location in the new home.

The basement took the brunt of this onslaught until row upon row of boxes were piled right up to the ceiling.

I complained to my husband about his workshop paraphernalia dumped in the laundry room — rather than in a garage which we no longer have. (No, the previous owners did not take it with them.) And he complained about my books filling up the recreation room, a corner of which would eventually become my office.

My mountain of boxes is shrinking a little, but my enthusiasm for unpacking has waned too. Besides, the books aren't complaining. They're in no hurry to be rediscovered.



## Anorexics may die through dieting

When Mary was 18 years old, she was a 5 foot 6 inch tall beauty, the belle of the ball. Then something happened. She got married that year and immediately began to lose weight. Within three years she was down to 47 pounds, and her obsession with food had caused her divorce.

She was admitted to the hospital "in danger of dying" of starvation. She was in fact a terrifying sight, a walking skeleton. Mary had anorexia nervosa.

While anorexia is a life-threatening disorder — about 5 per cent die from their self-imposed starvation — anorexics are not usually considered to be suicidal. Instead, they have an intense fear of being fat, and they perceive virtually any fatty tissue as a sign of obesity. As a consequence, they deny themselves food and the starvation is a result of trying to avoid being fat.

The three most common symptoms of anorexia nervosa are:

- There is no physical cause for weight loss;
- An intense fear of being fat;
- Refusing to eat enough to gain or maintain body weight.

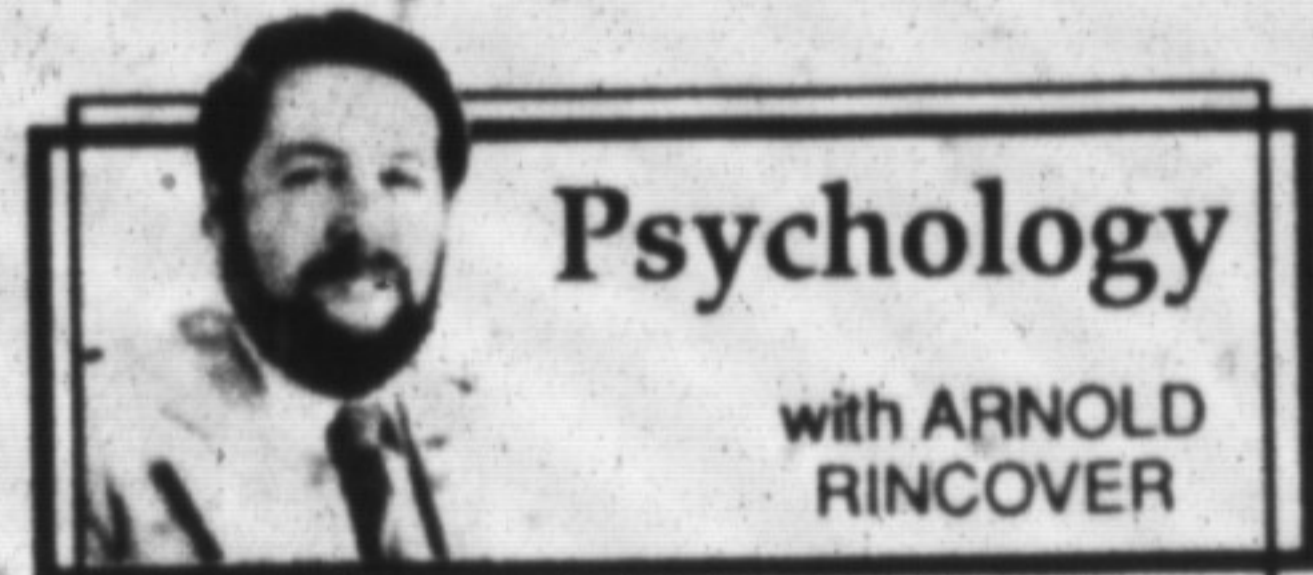
Anorexia is far more common in girls than boys — estimates range as high as 20-1 — and approximately one of every 200 school-aged girls is anorexic.

The problem usually starts in the teenage years and frequently coincides with "amenorrhoea" (failure to menstruate regularly), which may occur even before weight loss is noticeable.

It often starts with dieting, to look more attractive, which then continues beyond all reasonable bounds. Anorexics may then take laxatives and exercise frantically to further help them lose weight.

Many anorexics do not admit to ever getting hungry. Those that do either force themselves not to eat or else engage in bulimia (binge eating, followed by self-induced vomiting).

About 50 per cent of anorexics engage in bulimia. They are often secretive about it — some have a boyfriend and live at home, yet the parents and boyfriend don't even know about it.



**Psychology**  
with ARNOLD RINCOVER

Most anorexics deny they even have a problem. They don't recognize the problem because they are thought to have a distorted body image: Despite ribs and hip bones sticking out, skull-like faces and broomsticks for arms, they do not view themselves as too thin. In fact, many feel they are still too fat.

Anorexics are not deviant in most other ways. They are often described as "good" girls, well-behaved, conscientious, with good grades and often above-average IQs.

Therapy is a two-stage process. First, of course, weight must be added to remove the immediate danger. This often requires hospitalization and intravenous feeding to get victims to take any nutrients. The second stage is to change their attitudes and perceptions so that any weight gains may be maintained in the future.

Behaviour therapy programs are often used to get a person to eat (and take them off intravenous feeding).

Privileges are allowed only if she eats at least a few bites of her food. Consequently, she must eat in order to have company, listen to the radio, watch TV, go for a walk, receive mail, or whatever. Usually this is effective. Mary for example, gained 17 pounds during three months on such a program.

Maintaining the weight, however, remains a problem. Despite the many different types of therapy that have been tried, none have proven successful in changing patients' attitudes and perceptions about weight and food.

Consequently, some patients continue to improve — apparently motivated by their improved health and social life — while others (25 per cent or more) begin to deteriorate again after leaving the hospital.

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