

Editor's Mail

Thank you everyone

To The Editor:
On behalf of the Stouffville Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society, I wish to thank The Tribune for coverage of the 1984 Terry Fox Run.

Special thanks to the Stouffville Lions Club and the Stouffville Fire Department for their help along the route.

To all in Town who participated and supported this event in any way on this Special Day, my appreciation. Pledges and donations totalled \$7,209.00.

Sincerely,
Dixie Sellers,
Chairman

Election required

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I for one appreciate very much Council's decision to hold up any appointment concerning a successor to Mayor Eldred King.

I feel, and strongly so, that this important position should be filled by election.

If the time period had been less, say a month or two, an appointment would have been fine—to complete the term. However, a full year is far too long for our Town to be 'saddled' with someone who isn't the choice of the people.

To 'choose from within' may make sense to those 'on the inside', but who's to say there isn't someone 'on the outside' capable of filling this position? All should have equal opportunity.

Through your newspaper, I commend Council for agreeing to 'a cooling off period' before reaching a decision on this matter.

Sincerely,
Alfred Galt
R.R. 3, Stouffville

WHAT'S THAT LARRY? ... THIS MARKHAM FAIR WAS ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS?

HE'S THAT CUTE GUY IN THE NEW TV CORN FLAKES COMMERCIAL ... YOU KNOW ... WITH THE CIRCUS CHARACTERS BEHIND HIM!



PAT WHEELER BY THE TRIBUNE

ROAMING AROUND

No needles and pins

BY JIM THOMAS



I hold an intense dislike for dentists—and physicians.

Nothing personal. Most seem like real nice guys.

It's the 'weapon' they (sometimes) use that hurts. It's the needle, a mental menace that's haunted me all my life.

By now, every reader must know of my hang-up. They should. I've written about it enough times. However, there are occasions when I must set aside personal inhibitions when a story's at stake. Such an occasion was Sept. 22.

It was the previous Thursday that a lady called the Office. "Are you aware acupuncture's come to Stouffville?" she asked. I honestly admitted I wasn't. "I think you should look into it," she suggested. "I had a treatment and it worked wonders for me." She gave me the name of Dr. Allen R. Turner, Stouffville Chiropractic Health Centre, 120 Main Street West.

With fear and trepidation, I 'ventured' into Dr. Turner's office two days later and introduced myself to his smiling receptionist. Much to my relief, she said he was busy and asked me to come back around noon.

A two-hour reprieve, I thought as I travelled on to St. Mark's Fall Fair.

But an appointment's an appointment.

At precisely 12:10, I was back, silently hoping the lineup of patients would stretch past the sidewalk. But it didn't. I was ushered into the good doctor's 'inner sanctum' for a first-hand look at his acupuncture apparatus.

It seemed harmless enough, at least it had no threatening tentacles (wires) that might grab me around the neck.

Dr. Turner referred to the treatment as "meridian therapy" whereby a flow of electricity passes along meridians or pathways to twelve major parts of the body—the liver, the gall bladder, the kidneys, the heart, the spleen, the stomach, the lungs and so on. Information on each is recorded by computer and automatically type-set for instant reading.

If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it. There are only three of its kind in Canada, Dr. Turner said. He described the results as "phenomenal."

At the conclusion of our fifteen-minute interview, I thanked him for his time and turned to leave. That's when he put me on the spot.

"I'd like to try the system out on you," he said.

"Not me," I replied. "I couldn't stand it."

"You won't feel a thing," he answered. (That's my dentist's favorite saying too.)

"Maybe some other day," I continued, shuffling towards the door. "I'm in a bit of a rush."

He looked disappointed, so disappointed, I began having second thoughts.

"You're sure they're no needles?" I asked.

"No needles," he promised, "you won't feel a thing."

First, I had to remove my shoes and socks and then roll up my sleeves. He proceeded to touch various points of my wrists and ankles with a tiny metal device, not unlike an electrified cow-prodder we used down on the farm.

The reaction was much different, however. I didn't feel a thing.

But the computer did. It rattled away like crazy, providing a medical print-out in minutes.

The result: Both my spleen and bladder are out of kilter, nothing to get alarmed about, but out of kilter just the same. This comes, I fear, from slouching at the keyboard and drinking too much coffee.

While I can straighten my spleen through improved posture, my bladder's obviously reached a point of no return. For I suspect there's not a chiropractor in Canada that can cure a confirmed coffeeolic.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

The best of plans---

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE



It's often been said by people who have the hobby of attracting birds to their backyards, that any effort put forth in that direction will almost always come back many times over. From our own experiences we found this to be entirely true. Yet sometimes the hoped-for results differ greatly from the actual users. Like the fellow, for example, who puts up a phoebe nesting shelf and finds a hen robin has moved in and asserted squatters rights. Or again, the housewife who finally convinces her husband to build that martin house only to discover after it's up, that a pair of crested flycatchers have claimed it, and are chasing any and all the martins away.

A friend of mine once had to cut down his backyard apple tree to make room for an addition to his garage. "It doesn't yield that much fruit," he said, "but every year our neighborhood robins build a nest there and I'll miss them". I suggested he put a covered shelf on a pole to give the birds a nesting place. He did just that. In fact, he went all out with a cedar pole and a rustic stained platform, well-bracketed, and roofed on top. He even had the wide open side face away from the wind.

And guess what happened? Why a robin took advantage of his handiwork alright, but instead of putting its mud and grass cradle on the shelf, the birds chose instead to fasten it on the bracket

beneath. At any rate he still had his friendly robins nesting nearby. Another good example of some feather-folk effort that became misdirected, happened at our farm this spring. When the bluebirds arrived a little earlier than usual and were greeted with a mini-winter, we tried helping them out. Feeding bluebirds has never met with much success, but you still keep trying, hoping you'll come up with the right solution.

Knowing they were wild fruit-eaters, made us think some kind of fruit might appeal to them. So we tied old apples on the dead elm where they often came to warble, and split a couple of oranges and did the same. Along the top of the gate-board where they often perched, we put some clumps of raisins, and strung some more of these dried fruits on the briar bushes close by. Still, I was not totally satisfied with this fruit salad, so I went rummaging around in the freezer. Somewhere near the bottom, I came up with a small package of thimble-berries, that somehow were missed before and were about to be missed again.

Soon, we fashioned a small pouch from a bright orange-colored mesh bag. Then we shaped and strengthened it with several lengths of wire, lined it with a plastic baggie, and dumped in about half a cup of the wild berries. This had to be the greatest attractor since the hum-

mingbird feeder, I thought, as I hung this berry bag on a branch of the old oak. But alas, for all our effort, the only thing that came and went regularly was the rain, snow, and cold weather. So as things settled down weatherwise, the starlings ate the raisins, the bees finished off the oranges, and the apples finished off themselves by falling from their wires. Yet the sturdy berry bag hung in there, even though it was seemingly snubbed by all. Then about a week ago all this changed.

One morning, we noticed a real live bird on the berry bag. But it wasn't a bluebird, it was a yellow and black bird, a female oriole. And it's been coming every day since. Not only that, but it has its mate hooked on the stuff and this bright orange and black songster arrives in a flash of dazzling color. Today, both birds were there sharing the contents together.

However, the orioles don't have a monopoly on the berry bag, because the woodpeckers have discovered it too along with the hummingbirds. Yet, with all the feathered comings and goings, we're not even sure the birds are going the berries or simply sampling the juice. The main thing is they're using it. In fact, I've just returned from filling it up again, and, for our money right now, this bag is the berries.

Editorials

Mayor by the people

Whitchurch-Stouffville's without a mayor, in the true sense of the word, until Council decides, Oct. 9, what route to take. The two-week 'waiting period' approved Sept. 25, was a correct decision. It gives both the politicians and the public an opportunity to assess the situation.

Should Council agree to fill the vacancy by appointment, the Town will still be without a mayor. For the only legitimate successor to Eldred King is a candidate elected by the people.

We said this earlier and we say it again.

Council, we believe, are prone to choose from within. But who are they to say, who should fill this important post for the next eleven months? And what criteria have they set?

Several reasons have been put forward for NOT holding an election. One is time, ONLY eleven months, has been stated.

In ONLY eleven months, with the

wrong man or woman at the helm, this Town could go down the drain.

Another reason is cost. The expense of an election is something like \$15,000. We say fifteen thousand dollars is peanuts compared to what's at stake.

That old bugaboo called 'experience' keeps raising its head; how a mayor should 'graduate through the chairs' and 'earn' the position. We don't buy this argument either. Some of our country's finest leaders were inexperienced and, in some instances, relatively unknown.

This brings us to the question of who; who on the inside looking out and who on the outside looking in?

Our inside choice is Councillor Wilf Morley. However, Councillor Morley has said definitely he won't be a candidate.

Our outside choice is Chamber of Commerce president Ged Stonehouse. At this point in time, Mr Stonehouse is non-committal. But he hasn't said no. Where there's life, there's hope.

Reaching the masses

The 129th annual Markham Fair was a success. Any four-day event that attracts upwards of 100,000 people, must be described in those terms.

However, there were feelings of disappointment. Some, closely associated with the Fair, admitted to being a trifle 'let down' by the attendance, particularly on Friday. The 'mob' of school children that usually frequent the grounds, didn't materialize. There wasn't the usual shoulder-to-shoulder multitude of humanity. Saturday or Sunday either. And while this improved spectator-exhibit visibility, it left organizers wondering what went wrong.

We offer several suggestions: Markham Fair, as old as it is and as large as it is, requires a public relations committee headed by a P.R. professional.

This committee and this individual must sell Markham Fair to the two million inhabitants of Metro Toronto via advance press, radio and television publicity. They must promote the Fair as the thing to see and the place to be, only a half-hour's drive from the city.

There are those who, firmly believe Markham Fair sells itself, and it does, to

those who've experienced it once. But there are thousands who haven't, in the Town of Markham itself. For the area is changing rapidly. The Board must reassess its priorities to meet this change.

We offer these recommendations also: A system that will transport drivers and passengers from the 'back fifty' parking area to the fairgrounds and return; a parking site for senior citizens in the area reserved for exhibitors; paved walkways between all buildings; permanent four-day ground and vehicle passes for all exhibitors; a family admission charge not to exceed eight dollars; a public address system from the manager's office to pre-selected points throughout the grounds and hourly announcements of events—where they are and at what time.

While school participation is good, a "selling job" is required in this area also, on all aspects of Markham Fair, and to teachers as well as students. The child Fair-attender, today is the adult Fair-attender-tomorrow. The Board must retain this association through all age levels, a difficult but not impossible task.