

Editor's Mail The best

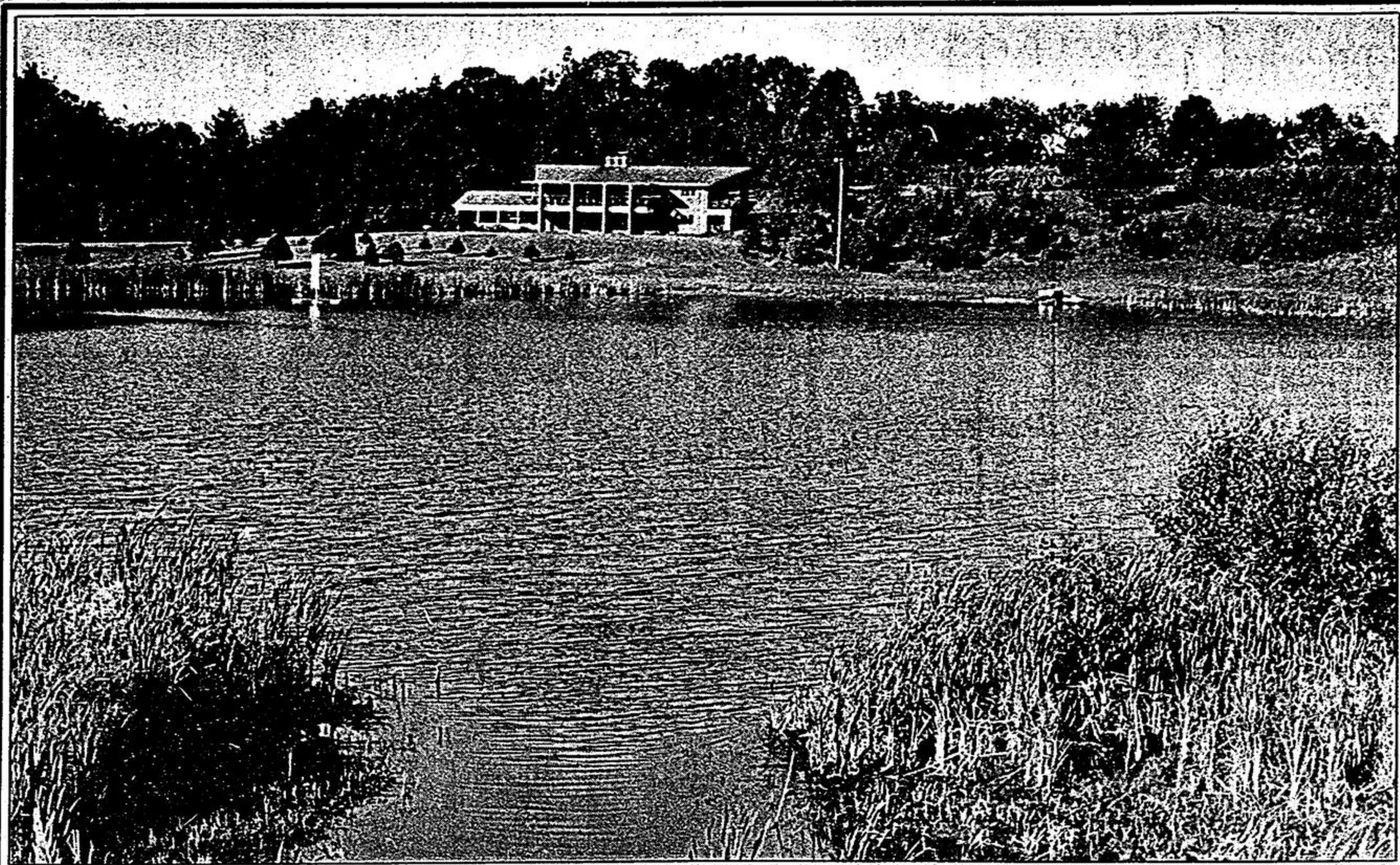
Dear Editor:
With respect to the unfinished areas of the Town's new Recreation Centre, I wish to make comment. I can well understand Council's hesitancy to bite off more than it can chew. Elected representatives, (especially in an election year), must keep a close eye on finances, particularly on our debenture debt. However, it's quite apparent, (from talking to people), that most folks would favor paying a few extra dollars and have the job done right. The cement stands are a disgrace and spoil the appearance of the whole building.
Although a segment of our population is feeling the pinch, most are willing to 'go for broke'. That's life today. They want the best and they want it now. A new Rec. Centre is no different.

Sincerely,
Orville Fielder

Enjoyable

Dear Editor:
Through your valued newspaper, I wish to congratulate those merchants who participated in the Trade Show at the new Recreation Centre.
Not only were the exhibits attractive but the people in charge were outgoing and friendly. I enjoyed my time spent there immensely.
I'm pleased the Show is to be repeated next year. I hope it becomes an annual event.

Janet Graham,
Hemlock Drive,
Stouffville



Privacy is country living in Uxbridge Township

ROAMING AROUND

You too can quit

BY JIM THOMAS



"I can't quit."
I'd heard that sob-song so often, it almost had me believing.
It's a favorite saying of chronic smokers. You've probably heard it as much as I.

"I can't quit, try as I might, I can't quit." Usually it's said while peering through a haze of smoke so thick, you could cut it with a knife.

Many I know have been successful. However, just as many have tossed aside the cancerous weed, only to return more resolutely than ever, almost like making up for lost time.

"Sure, I tried it. At one time or another most people have. I think I was about nineteen or twenty at the time. Fortunately, I realized what could happen, tossed the half-filled pack away, and never went back.

On occasions since, I've puffed on the odd cigar, but only very odd. Just if someone happened to give me one, celebrating a new arrival or some such important event. At least with a cigar, you don't inhale, at least I didn't.

But don't try and tempt me now. It won't work. I hate the smell much less the taste. They're awful!

I guess I'm a rare sort of journalistic breed. Most newspaper men (and newspaper women) I know, should have chimneys inserted in their ears. They not only smoke, they smoke continuously, one cigarette after another. It's their way of coping with pressure. I prefer chewing gum.

When it comes to habits, the word "can't" isn't a part of my vocabulary. I say you can do anything if you try. And I'm proving it, even to myself.

My 'crutch' was coffee. I was a chronic coffeeaholic, as many as nine cups a day, three in the morning, three in the afternoon and three at night. Not only was it costing me \$31.50 a week, it was costing me (and the company), ten hours in time, time neither I nor they could afford to waste.

But money and time weren't my real reasons for quitting. It was family physician, Dr. Glenn Graham who put the bug

in my ear. He simply shook his head when I told him my sordid story.
"Better cut back," he said, "too much of anything is bad."

At fifty-plus, I wanted to tell him too much coffee was my only problem, but I didn't. He probably knew that anyway.

Yes, it was five weeks ago last Sunday that I went on the wagon. Folks, especially my closest friends, couldn't believe it, and still can't. Neither can my favorite waitress at The Regal.

Previously, she'd come running with a cup-a before I'd even ordered. Now she doesn't know what to expect—milk, chewing gum or chocolate bars. So she just stands there and let's me make the first move.

Usually, it's milk, but it could go sour by the time I make up my mind.

Like it is with the social drinker, temptations are everywhere. "Can I get you a cup?" "Hey, I'll buy you a cup." "Let's toss and the loser pays." "Aw, c'mon, join me in a cup." Some are pretty persistent.

So far, I haven't touched a drop, not one drop in thirty-seven days. And I feel great, sleep like a rock and eat like a pig. No withdrawal symptoms either.

I wouldn't be telling the truth, however, if I said I didn't miss it.

Mornings are the worst. A cup of coffee first thing, was a ritual. I'd have one if I wanted it or not. It was just the thing to do.

Also, after church. Can you imagine being tempted in church! At St. James Presbyterian, the perculator's bubbling both before and after service. That's when folks socialize. But I just stand there, almost anti-social. I'm sure they think I've gone a little doty. Often, I'm talking only to myself.

In a practical sense, there's an even greater price to pay. My self-exclusion from the Stouffville 'coffee club' has dried up a valuable news source. People tend to keep their distance from a guy sipping milk through a straw. These are the types one sees holding hands down on Isabella Street. The natives here are restless when someone they've known 40 years, suddenly makes so major a switch. It could be catching.

So now I have to prove I'm legitimate and win back their confidence. It may not be all that easy.

Regardless, I've accomplished something that ten years ago, I'd never have dreamed possible. I'm a graduate C.A. (Coffee Anonymous), and proud of it. It may not win me any Brownie points with Sanka but it's a real plus for Silverwoods!

Editor's Mail No smoking

Dear Editor:
I was extremely interested in The Tribune's editorial of Sept. 11 under the heading "Ban Smoking at S.D.S.S."

This is an extremely touchy subject, one that should be addressed.

I can well understand the principal's position. If he prohibits the practice, some students will do it anyway—in the washrooms and elsewhere.

However, by allowing students to smoke at another location, the school is saying "it's okay kids, go ahead and kill yourselves."

I agree with your editorial. There are many things we enjoy doing, but can't—because there's a law!

There should be a law against smoking at Stouffville High.

A survey, conducted at the H.S. last year indicated a large majority of the students don't smoke and are opposed to it. Why give in to the minority?

With all the information at hand pointing to the hazards of smoking, the principal would be doing these young people a favor by prohibiting the practice and making it stick.

Sincerely,
Helen Bertoli,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.

Editorial Changes for the better

Suddenly it's fall—and Markham Fair.

This agricultural exhibition, one of the best in Canada, opens next Wednesday, (Oct. 2), and continues through Sunday. If weather conditions prove favorable another attendance success is assured. Certainly an excellent program of events, (including the Tommy Hunter Show) has been lined up to attract people of all ages.

While the move to the new site, (McCowan Road and 18th Avenue), completed in 1977, has proved beneficial to Markham, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville has also gained tremendously from the location change. Only a mile from our southerly boundary, we, more than ever, feel a part of the Fair and it shows through increased participation. This is particularly true of local schools. Last year, Whitchurch-Highlands won the award for most total points.

Markham Fair, like anything else, must change. The public is always looking for something different. The Fair Board must be innovative, agreeable to change. At the same time, it can't be radical in its approach. It's difficult to improve on excellence.

This year, several positive variations have been implemented. The acquisition of a train to move people from the parking area to "where the action is" is a great idea, one that will be appreciated by thousands, particularly seniors. Previously, we heard this as a main complaint. We trust on-site public trans-

portation will become a permanent fixture at the Fair.

Another improvement is paved pathways connecting all buildings, plus ramps providing easier exit and entrance for people in wheelchairs.

No alcohol whatsoever will be sold on the fairgrounds this year. Some may consider this a step backwards. We don't. Personally, we're tired of all the John Barleycorn promotions under the guise of "community service."

Several years ago, we brought down the wrath of an official of the Markham Minor Hockey Association when we criticized the operation of a Fair beer tent under the sponsorship of the M.M.H.A. Our opinion hasn't changed and we laud the powers that be for its decision.

Also, we like the inclusion of an inter-denominational church service on the Sunday, (Oct. 6), at 11 a.m. This missing link in the Fair's chain of events, may take several years to establish. We trust the board will give it a fair chance.

We realize these inclusions and alterations only scratch the service. To appreciate everything Markham Fair has to offer, new and old, come see for yourself. The dates again—Oct. 2 through Oct. 6.

A fight for survival

Whitchurch-Stouffville has done it again, placed another entry in the Canadian Plowing Championships.

Eric Timbers will represent this Province next year in competition at Olds, Alberta. He was the reserve grand champion at the International near St. Thomas last week. Darryl Hostrawsser of Belwood, Ont., was the grand champion.

This means our town currently has three plowmen in top level competitions. Next week, Floyd Forsyth and Ken Ferguson will compete for the Canadian Title at Corn Hill, New Brunswick.

Whitchurch-Stouffville is indeed the home of professional plowmen. As build-up continues and the area becomes more urbanized, such accomplishments can be quietly shoved into the background. This must not be allowed to happen.

Winning a championship in plowing is as deserving of praise as in any other area of endeavor. Yet, the battle continues for recognition, even survival.

Whitchurch-Stouffville is the last bastion of plowman visibility within the Golden Horseshoe. Let's keep it alive as long as possible.



Plowing his way towards a Canadian Championship

The accomplishments of Whitchurch-Stouffville plowmen like Floyd Forsyth, (above), are praised by a Tribune reader, Mr. Forsyth, along with Ken Ferguson, also of Whitchurch-Stouffville, will be competing in the Canadian Plowing Championships at Corn Hill, New Brunswick, next week.

Editor's Mail

Top skills

Dear Editor:
Once again our local plowmen have brought honor to the Whitchurch-Stouffville area.

Floyd Forsyth and Ken Ferguson will compete next week in the Canadian Championships at Corn Hill, New Brunswick. Eric Timbers was the reserve champion in Provincial competition at the International Match near St. Thomas last week. He will now advance to the Canadian at Olds, Alberta in 1986.

While your newspaper has publicized these and other accomplishments, I often wonder if the rank and file really appreciate the skill required to reach these levels.

Although not a Match plowman by any stretch of the imagination, I understand just how good an entry must be to win either a grand championship or a reserve grand championship. Our town plowmen are doing this with regularity.

I for one appreciate the positive publicity provided Whitchurch-Stouffville through the accomplishments of these men. Perhaps the symbol "Plow Town Ontario" wouldn't be such a bad idea. In my opinion, we've earned it.

Sincerely,
Ernest Campbell,
Vivian