

Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted
courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



Born in 1979, Cam Fella was purchased by Norm Faulkner and Norm Clements of Stouffville in 1981. During his illustrious career, Cam Fella won 28 consecutive races, including the Canadian Pacing Derby, the American National, US Pacing Championships and the World Cup, and was inducted into the Canadian and the US Harness Racing Halls of Fame. He died in 2001 at the age of 22. Cam Fella Blvd. in Stouffville is named after this legendary pacing champion.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month believes your opinions are important, and encourages you to voice your comments or concerns in a Letter To The Editor. We accept all letters, but only publish letters which have been signed. We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer. While Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month reserves the right to edit letters, due to content or length, in most cases letters will be published as written.

Fax your letters to: 905-642-2368, or e-mail to: withwrinkles@hotmail.com or mail to WSTM, Kate Gilderdale, 6111 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., L4A 3R4

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month is on the web.
Look for us each month at: www.stouffvilleonline.com



Kate A 'la carte

The Scent Of A Lemon

I was eating my fat free Astro Yogurt last week when I began to idly peruse the contents listed on the label.

It turns out that the yogurt, which is also described on the label as 'no fat', actually contains 0.3 grams of the stuff. Now, this is not a lot of fat, in fact it's very little fat in the grand scheme of things, but it is not 'no fat'. Ever eager to broaden my educational horizons, I looked up this anomaly on the Internet (some people have too much time on their hands) and learned that, in adspeak, under 0.5 grams is legally considered a big, fat-free zero.

Once upon a time in Canada, the government decreed that fat began after a modest 0.1 grams, but our friends south of the border stepped in and upped the ante to 0.5 grams. That led me to wonder whether Saddam Hussein was simply following American advertising guidelines when he denied that he was harbouring weapons of mass destruction.

He may have had some hanging about in a bunker, but only about 0.3 megatons, which is under 0.5 megatons, which meant that he could legally claim that he had no weapons of mass destruction according to the rules governing disclosure on food labels. After all, state-of-the-art advertising is a marvellously elastic concept, ever ready to push the glazing-over-the-facts envelope among the conspicuous consumption community, and with globalization all the rage these days, why not follow the practices bravely pioneered by our great corporate leaders?

Consider laundry detergent and fabric softeners, which come in a plethora of aromas, from After the Rain and Mountain Breeze to Lemon Fresh, all allegedly inspired by nature. No lemon I have ever tasted quite captures the subtle waft of chemically-induced additives, masquerading as citrus fruit, which permeate everything from bleach to furniture spray. Just try putting a slug of that in your gin and tonic and see how long you keep breathing.

Then there's the latest telemarketing wrinkle which enables advertisers to dump messages directly into your voice mailbox without calling you first. When I contacted the CRTC, they told me they were looking into whether using your private telephone line as a free advertising medium is an acceptable business practice. To save them the trouble, I offered them the obvious answer, but apparently they're still thinking about it.

The prevailing view seems to be that all's fair in love and advertising, and nowadays you can even visit your piece of fruit on the web. I first became aware of this phenomenon when my girlfriend called and announced with a strangled cry, "My pepper's got a website". This important breakthrough in customer annoyance techniques is made possible by those nasty little stickers which cause you to rip lumps off the skins of tomatoes and plums in an effort to meet the daily intake of fruits and vegetables recommended by Canada's Food Guide.

Attempts to get your attention, shoppers, have never been more ubiquitous. Go to the mall and you will be assailed by advertising voice-overs for hair salons and tuxedos. Visit the grocery store and you'll find yourself stepping around what looks like a blob of supermarket roadkill, to discover, on closer inspection, that this section of the floor is brought to you by a manufacturer of genetically modified foodstuffs.

On the other hand, if I ruled the world we'd still be reading our commercials on cave walls. As Milton Berle once observed, "We owe a lot to Thomas Edison. If it wasn't for him, we'd be watching television by candlelight".

Seasons Greetings



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STOUFFVILLE