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Editorials

A project with potential

The skating was perfect; the ice smooth as glass. It's been this way (between rains), most of the winter. Yet Sunday, only a handful of kids (and fewer adults) were there. It was the same all summer, a place with so much potential but few users. The site is the man-made lake between Edward and Church Streets, north of the high school, a recreation area within walking distance of most, that's virtually ignored. Why is this so? The answer's simple. Except for a pond of water or ice, there's nothing there — no trees, no benches, no tables, no change-rooms, no washrooms, not even a decent road in and out. Some folks seem to prefer this kind of setting; natural beauty, they call it. And this is understandable, we suppose, because their only interest is walking the family dog. However, the site could represent so much more if someone in authority would utilize a little ingenuity and imagination. When the Metropolitan Toronto and

Region Conservation Authority (of which Whitchurch-Stouffville is a part), completed this project, many side benefits were envisioned. But as with so many other things, nothing happened. First, the Town said it didn't have the right. Later, the buck was passed on to the local Conservation Club. Now, seven years down the road, the feeling seems to be that the area must first be developed, before anything can be done. Poppycock! This site could have many uses and should be used; not only by residents fifteen to twenty years in the future but by residents now. And it all could be accomplished at very little expense. Sure, Whitchurch-Stouffville is a contributing municipality as far as the M.T.R.C.A. is concerned. The return on that 'investment' has been extremely generous, however. So with that thought in mind, a few dollars expended on improvements to the property would hardly incur much criticism; more likely praise.

'Sinc' has served riding well

Sinclair Stevens, present federal member, Cabinet Minister and PC candidate in York-Peel, has served the local riding well, and we see no reason to change. Mr. Stevens has been the first, to open an election office in Whitchurch-Stouffville. The office is located in the Stouffville Plaza.

"Sinc", as he has become familiarly known, has gained prominence as an excellent debater in the House of Commons, as a capable finance critic, and locally as a Member who listens to his constituents. Mr. Stevens is vigorous in his efforts to

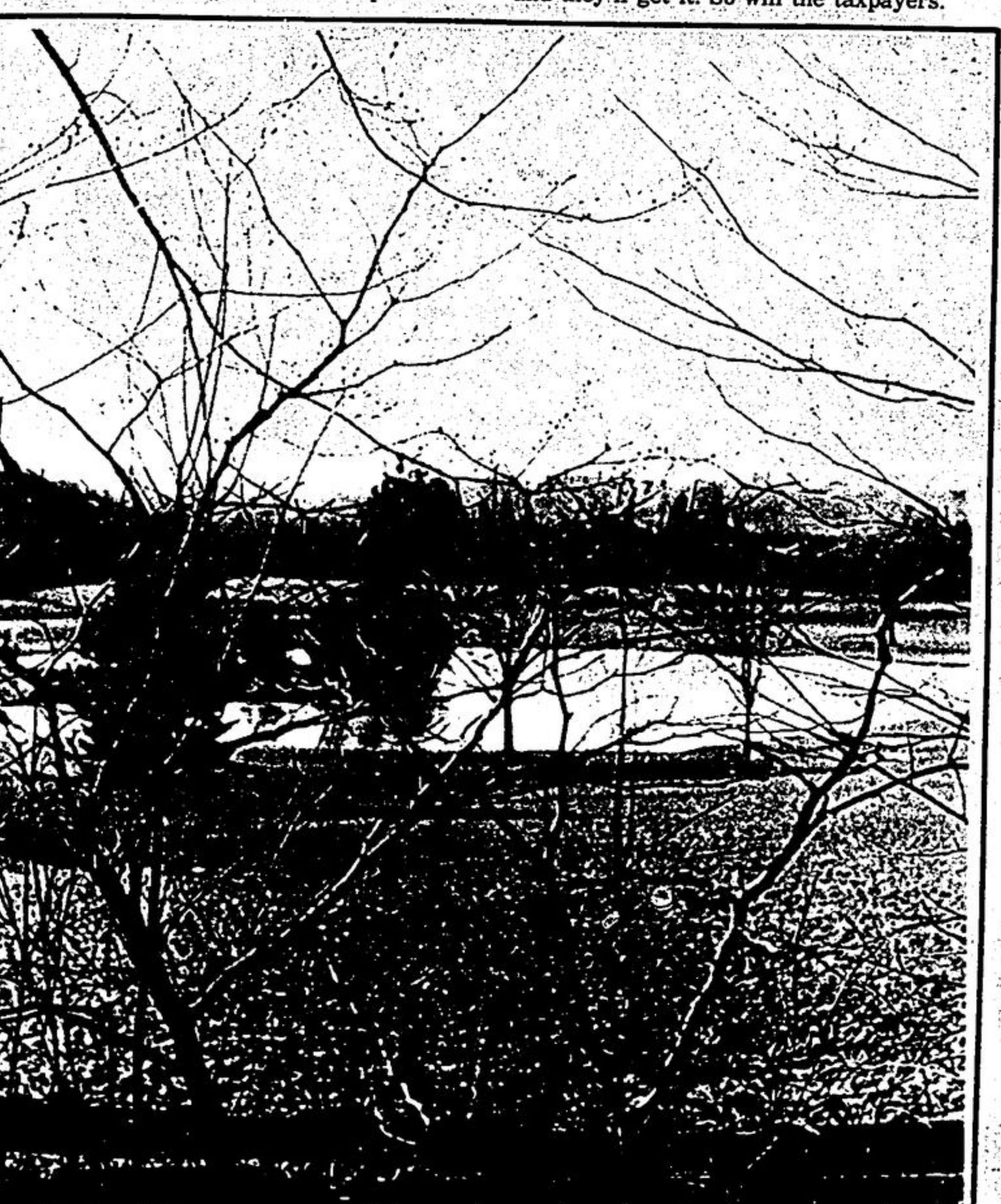
Who needs the aggravation?

In the months ahead, members of Whitchurch-Stouffville Council will be accused of many things. For it's an election year.

However, with the exception of funds wasted in support of mid-Victorian bylaws, big-spenders they're not. Quite the contrary. We feel they don't spend enough on projects and programs that would contribute to a better community.

Knowing Council's usually tight-fisted monetary policies, it came as a surprise to learn that the Town will soon have its own Canine Control Department. This is a mistake.

Dogs and dog-owners have been problems



Beauty in simple things

Scenes like this can be appreciated every day. But how many stop long enough to look? JoAnn Thompson of The Tribune's editorial staff saw something here that

many might miss, and captured it with her camera. The location is a section of the Claremont Conservation Area in Pickering.



Hey Fred.....want the loan of my presidential wardrobe?

Sugar and Spice

Politicians back in harness

By Bill Smiley

I will not think about the election. I will not write a word about the election. I will put the election right out of my mind. I am not about to let an election spoil my new year.

There. How do you feel about another election? Probably much as I do. Another sixty million dollars out of our pockets to pay for the damn thing, and when it's all over, we'll have another bunch of liars, or the same ones, back in the House. It makes one puke.

Silly sods. Our glorious leaders. The arrogance of those in, and the lust for power of those out, is no new thing in our Canadian political history, but nowhere has it been better focussed upon than in the past few weeks.

Clark's Tories, whose favorite epithet for the past decade has been "arrogance", walked into the House of Commons, after six months of non-government, stinking of the stuff.

As though a divine light had suddenly fallen upon the party, they immediately broke most of their election promises, and superciliously informed the nation, and parliament, that it was going to have to bite the bullet: more inflation, more unemployment, more taxes. A little power is a dangerous thing.

Like a toothless lion, the Liberals, leaderless, in disarray, and informed only last May that nobody wanted them to govern the country, or at least that a great many didn't, cuffed the new boys with its clawless, but powerful paws.

Like jackals, the NDP, with nothing to lose, ran yelping in to tear off some choice bits of meat from under the nose of the toothless lion.

Like looters in a riot, the people who sell gas and cigarettes, and everything else that would raise taxes, joyfully hoisted their rates, before the budget had passed, adding the tax and a little more, to make it come out in round figures, a favorite game for years.

Like so many hyenas, the stock markets of the country, rejoicing in a swing to the right, sang hosannahs while stock prices soared. And went to the waiting wall when they collapsed, after the so-called "government" fell.

If you feel like me, you'll be muttering, "A curse on all their houses."

So, exhausted politicians stagger back into the harness of the campaign trail, mouthing the same old cliches, trying to stir something in the dull, sullen pond of the Canadian voter, who has never been more disillusioned.

The media, which feeds on disaster as cancer feeds on cells, is having a field day.

And you and I, Jack, when the smoke has cleared, will pick up the tab, as usual.

Every vindictive bone, and he had a lot of them, in John Diefenbaker's buried body must be chuckling, as he watches Joe Clark make an ass of himself.

Even the dust of Mackenzie King must be stirring a bit as he overviews his beloved Liberal party putting sticks between the spokes of the government's wheels, a tactic at which he was a master.

Mike Pearson, wherever he rests, will be chortling and relating the whole thing to a baseball game he once played, in which the biggest bat on the team struck out, with the count three and two.

Rene Levesque is probably smoking eight

From one who knows

Bilingual benefits are far-reaching

By LYNE COUTURIER
 In today's society, with so much stress on bilingualism and multiculturalism, it's a definite asset to be able to speak two languages.

You stand a better chance at having a successful career since there are more possibilities for promotions.

When you know two languages you also have doubled the learning power since you can read books written in a language other than English.

Meeting people is an important part of our lives. Think of all the folks one could meet by being able to communicate with them and learn something about them and their culture.

When you travel, you can converse with local residents, looking them in the eye instead of having your head buried in a pocket dictionary or relying on a friend to translate for you.

You can walk into a restaurant, open the menu, and actually know what you're ordering instead of being surprised when the waiter brings something altogether different.

Living in Canada, the ability to speak French is a definite plus. French and English are two universal languages. Travelling to any European country presents few problems.

Now, in Canada, there are more and more French-speaking people. New French schools are being built each year. In Toronto, for example, there are six French elementary schools, one high school and one bilingual college. There's a French newspaper, a television and a radio station.

There is, however, a problem which

arises in regards to the instruction of French in English elementary and high schools. There is too much stress placed on grammar and verbs. Certainly these are vital in any language but too great an emphasis is placed on them.

Most English students following these classes become easily bored, frustrated and eventually drop-out of the course. They don't always realize they are depriving themselves of something that could be of great benefit later on.

Perhaps schools should concentrate more on teaching French at a purely conversational level much like night school courses offered for adults in colleges and universities. Isn't it more important to be able to communicate with someone and to make yourself understood rather than worry about the spelling or the grammatical function of a certain word?

Another problem which occurs is practice. Living in a completely English environment deprives you of that. Once you step out of the doors of the French class, it's back to conversing in English. Probably not another French word or phrase is uttered until the next French lesson.

Making French classes mandatory in high schools is not the solution. Forcing someone into doing something will not get the best results. The interest and the will to learn must be present. Somehow these courses will have to change their format and make them more attractive to a student.

Being able to speak two languages is something of which to be proud, and communication is an art which plays a major role in our lives.

Plain people



GEORGE MILLING
 520 Rupert Avenue, Stouffville
 George Milling isn't on staff at Stouffville's Orchard Park School. But to the principal, the teachers and students there, he's "one of them". For he's in one class or another almost every day, providing assistance whenever and wherever he's needed. A resident at 520 Rupert Avenue since moving to Stouffville, ten years ago, he's employed as a full-time fireman in North York, working out of the station at Finch Avenue and Don Mills Road. "I love it", he says of his involvement at Orchard Park. George and Linda Milling resided in an apartment on Yonge Street before coming to town. Since the move, their family has grown by two—a daughter, Karen, now six and a miniature poodle called "Fifi". During the summer, George enjoys getting in a few rounds of golf at Gormley Greens. He and Linda are members in the congregation of Grace Anglican Church, Markham. Because of people like George Milling, Whitchurch-Stouffville's a better place in which to live.