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Editorials

A heavy vote anticipated

One of the heaviest turnouts in years is expected at the polls for the municipal election in Whitchurch - Stouffville next Monday. The large number of candidates in the field, plus the interest stirred over the question of growth in the municipality will undoubtedly make for a heavy vote. The dropping out of some council members and resultant new candidates in the field, plus a run for the top office, all add to the interest that has been steadily growing.

Interest at some elections in the last decade has slumped badly but an apparent realization that the town has reached a

crossroads seems to have caught on and will manifest itself at the polls. Many will vote hoping to bar further growth, while others will cast ballots hoping their choice will be a little more lenient in having the Town progress.

It is gratifying to see so much interest generated. This is democracy at work at the grassroots level. As a newspaper we have supported and promoted the idea of a more lenient program of development for both housing and industry. This Monday the residents will have their opportunity to decide.

Town quiet on Hallowe'en

The quietest Hallowe'en in years. Stouffville maintained its sanity, Friday night.

Long looked on as one of York Region's "trouble spots", the downtown area was virtually empty by ten o'clock.

There was no property damage of any amount; no senseless fire calls and the egg bombardment that turned the Main Street into a giant omelet last year, was reduced to a minimum.

What brought about the change? Several things. First, the police made their presence felt - early. As many as a dozen officers were on patrol by six o'clock and they "walked the beat" continuously till ten. They didn't assert their authority; they didn't have to. The crowd (what crowd there was), wasn't allowed to congregate at any one location. With nothing to see, they quickly

dispersed and went home.

Second, a word of praise to the young people themselves - and their parents. The kids just didn't show and those that did, were (for the most part), well behaved.

The weather was also a factor - it rained; not hard but hard enough to take the fun out of standing around.

Last, and maybe least, this newspaper refused to "get caught up in the act". Previously, we announced the likelihood of dire things happening here and how police would assume control. This year, following consultation with Deputy Police Chief Robert Hood at Newmarket, we agreed to say nothing. It helped.

What indeed could have been "black Friday" in Stouffville, was instead, the happiest Hallowe'en in years. May it always be this way.

Stouffville boy turns pro

Stouffville's Keith Acton has made it to "the big time". He's a professional hockey player, the first since Bob Hassard to attain such heights.

It's a feather in the cap not only for Keith himself, but also for the minor hockey system here, that coached him through his formative years. The per centage of those who make it

as opposed to those who don't, is small. Keith Acton has beaten these odds, and with an organization whose lineup is hard to crack.

But not without a lot of sweat and possibly a few tears. For being a pro, the best, doesn't come easily. But Keith has shown it can be done. He's an example to all of us, on and off the ice.



A sure sign (some say) of a long cold winter

What this little woolly-bear caterpillar is telling nine year old Shannon de Verteuil is that it's going to be a long, cold winter. The "sure sign" is the width of the dark

"saddle" on the caterpillar's back. While many will refuse to take 'fuzzy-wuzzy' seriously, it's best to be prepared just in case.



Roaming Around

Pumpkin pie -- nothing like it

By Jim Thomas

Pumpkin pie is, without a doubt, the best dessert going.

As far back as I can remember, it's been my favorite. As a kid, attending Sunday School picnics and church suppers, I invariably made a 'pig' of myself.

I well remember trying to second-guess the servers. I always "parked" myself in a spot where I was sure a pumpkin pie would be placed. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. When it didn't, I ended up with something sour like rhubarb or cherry. When it did (if no one was looking), I'd sneak off two at a time; for good reason. Seldom did the same pumpkin pie make the rounds twice.

As I grew older (and bolder), I made my specialty known to the gals in the kitchen. And since it mattered little to them who ate what, they usually, quite casually, set a virgin sample right in front of my plate. Envious on-lookers, far out of reach, undoubtedly realized some hanky-panky was going on behind the scenes, but no one ever complained to the pastor; at least none that I know of.

Those boasting professional culinary skills, probably know the difference between a pie produced from pumpkin out of a can as

opposed to one straight from the field. I don't, nor do I care. To me, they all taste great.

But none taste the same. Some are thick, light and creamy. Others are thin, dark and spicy - with crust that fairly melts in your mouth.

The fresher, the better. That's why, whenever I see pumpkin pie on a menu, I'm suspicious. For strange as it may seem, it's a poor seller, so it may sit around for a week or two and taste like reclaimed rubber. That, I hate.

Travelling the bazaar circuit this fall, it would seem to have been a better-than-average pumpkin season. I've never seen so many pumpkin pies in all my life. On Saturday, I bought two, one at a craft show in Ballantrae and another from the U.C.W. in Stouffville. Having skipped lunch, I ate the first one myself. The second was gone before supper.

It was the same the Saturday before. I purchased one at the Presbyterian Church bazaar. Jean bought another. Both were consumed at a single meal.

While I hate to be selective, when it comes to pumpkin pie excellence, the wives of the

Markham Lions have cornered the market. Bar none, theirs is the best. At the Fair, I must have eaten a dozen pieces, and could have eaten a dozen more. After the tenth trip to the counter, I didn't even have to ask. They had it ready and waiting.

Across the border in the Region of Durham, things are different. The Health Department there, spoil sports that they are, won't allow pumpkin pie to be sold in such a manner. At least that's what I was told at Uxbridge Fair; fear of contamination or some such foolishness.

"But I've come a long way," I protested. "Sorry, Sir," replied the lady apologetically, "but those are our orders". So I settled for apple instead, a poor substitute, as good as it was.

In the weeks since, I've more than made up for that trivial disappointment. The truth is, I've eaten so much pumpkin pie, I'm beginning to feel like a pumpkin; maybe look like one too. But better than a jack-o-lantern as one person in our household suggested as a front porch substitute, Hallowe'en Night.

Window on Wildlife

Most dogs are very clever

By Art Briggs-Jude

Sometime in early September, when the evenings were still warm and pleasant and nice to sit outside in, our dog Tar suddenly broke the solitude. Racing around behind the house, she encountered a large porcupine coming from the nearby woodlot. But unlike a previous "porky" she had tried to catch, the dog this time simply circled the quill-covered animal and kept at a safe distance. And while many dogs never seem to learn the unpleasant consequences of skirmishes with skunks and porcupines, our dog seemed to remember. Those 7 sharp spines in the muzzle and tongue had got her thinking and after watching her cautious antics I got to thinking too.

I began to remember some of the other dogs I had known that showed a little extra intelligence in their encounters with wildlife. Probably the smartest dog I ever owned was a fox terrier. This breed is noted for its rat-catching ability and our Fido was no exception. When we went into the chicken pens at night, this dog would have a field day catching these rodents under the feed troughs and loose straw. And to make sure none escaped I would plug all the holes except the one by the door during the afternoon feeding. Then I'd switch on the dimmer lights around 9 p.m. and ram a piece of a broken axe handle down the remaining hole. A dozen or sometimes more big grain-eating rats would scramble for cover. And while the dog caught and dispatched most of these on the floor, a few rats would invariably climb the roosts and hide up under the sleeping hens.

These pen length roosts were too high for the dog to jump on and too crowded with hens to allow Fido to run at will. So when I saw him making like a circus dog, walking on his hind legs trying to locate the remaining vermin, I'd pick him up. Now holding the terrier under my arm we'd move along the rows of roosting chickens and he'd literally sniff out the rats like a four legged smoke detector. When Fido started to whine and carry on, the rat would usually leap from its hiding place and the dog would have it almost as soon as I dropped the squirming animal. Then the dog would come

racing back and leap into my arms for another sniff-out.

One noon hour though he displayed his intelligence to an even greater degree. He had cornered a weasel under a narrow ledge just inside the barn door. I heard the fuss and figured he had another rat pinned down there. Now as I approached the dog pushed his muzzle under the ledge, whereupon the weasel promptly bit him right on the snoot. Well that did put the pup back on his haun-

ches, but only for a moment. The next thing I knew he was actually playing checkers with that weasel by turning his head slightly and offering his ear to the opening. In a flash the needle-toothed animal grabbed that piece of soft cartilage and Fido snapping his head around caught the weasel in a lethal grip.

Yep I've had and seen some smart dogs. Why one time a beagle we had went right up inside a hollow tree after a raccoon and then.....

Editor's Mail

Two sides-same story

Dear Editor:
 Last night (Oct. 28), I attended an open meeting to meet Wayne Andrews, the new councillor candidate in Ward 4.

Mr. Kamps, the incumbent in Ward 4 and his campaign chairperson were also in attendance, sitting opposite each other across the room. They were certainly welcome and I was looking forward to an interesting evening with the two candidates together at the same time. Unfortunately, it turned out differently.

The chairperson for Mr. Kamps appeared to try and needle Mr. Andrews by asking repetitious questions and Mr. Kamps displayed outbursts of anger with almost every issue raised.

It was obvious to everyone present that this inexcusable behavior was meant solely to disrupt the meeting. Mr. Kamps' manner of speaking was, in my opinion, neither constructive nor informative. My congratulations to Mr. Andrews who managed to rise above the situation. He maintained a cool head and answered all questions in a sensible, thoughtful way. He proved an interesting man to listen to and had some well thought-out ideas on how to solve some of the problems in town such as the Saturday traffic.

It was the general consensus of everyone

at the meeting that if this is the way Mr. Kamps behaves at Council meetings, then it's time we had a new representative in Ward 4.

JEAN BELISLE,
 William Street,
 Stouffville.

Dear Jim,

It is my understanding the POWR Group is upset that I attended an open meeting held Oct. 28 in the Legion Hall by the candidate they are sponsoring in Ward Four.

This meeting was advertised as "public" and "open" which I interpreted to mean open to anyone who cared to attend. Because I had not met Mr. Andrews, and was not familiar with the reasons he had decided to oppose me in this election, and because, unlike Mr. Andrews, am a resident of Ward Four, I felt at liberty to sit in.

The somewhat heated debate which ensued was, I felt, an honest and valuable exchange between Mr. Andrews and myself, and certainly served to enlighten those in attendance as to the positions each of us holds on a number of vital issues. And I am sure Mr. Andrews would agree with that assessment.

BILL KAMPS,
 Councillor,
 Ward Four.