

Editor's Mail

Town store is unique

Dear Jim:

I'm sure that Mayor Eldred King's statement "if there is some other way to assist the Third World, other than through the efforts of the Prime Minister, it would be beneficial" (Tribune issue, Sept. 15), struck a responsive chord with many of your readers in the Whitchurch-Stouffville area.

With the first anniversary of Stouffville's Care & Share Shoppe occurring next month, perhaps it would be appropriate to again remind the community of the purpose of this unique store.

Staffed entirely by over fifty volunteers from Stouffville and environs, the store provides a sales outlet for crafts from around the world.

The creation of these products provides additional income for thousands of Third World families. As we purchase these attractive gift items, we share in a very real way with many whose resources are truly limited.

This program is sponsored by the Mennonite Central Committee, an organization dedicated to providing worldwide relief assistance wherever it is needed.

The community should be commended also for the generous donations of quality used items which are then sold in the stores. The revenue from the sales of used clothing, toys, household goods and a multitude of other useful products, goes to Mennonite Central Committee, to assist in the many relief programs operating world-wide.

The annual Black Creek Pioneer Village sale held each September, is also a very tangible expression of assistance to many people in developing countries. Local volunteers supported this year's very successful event, raising almost \$35,000 for Mennonite Central Committee.

Let us continue to seek new and innovative ways of sharing with those in the human family who are less fortunate than ourselves.

Sincerely,
Herb Diller, Chairman,
Care & Share Shoppe Executive.

WHO WAS THE JOKER THAT SAID YOU HAD TO JUMP OUT OF THE PUMPKIN AT THE OPENING CEREMONIES ?



PAT WHEELER
THE TRIBUNE '82

The Tribune
Established 1888

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EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving
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NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. tel. 640-2100. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$13.00 per year in Canada; \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspaper of America. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner/Newmarket Era, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Weekend Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, The Georgetown Independent/Action Free Press, Markham Thornhill Economist, Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Mississauga News Weekend Edition, The North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Oakville Friday Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News.

640-2100

ROAMING AROUND
New-car fever a disease
By JIM THOMAS



Where have all the tire-kickers gone? In case you didn't notice, General Motors introduced their new '83 automobiles last week. I would hardly have known if I hadn't spotted introductory banners emblazoned across the front windows of dealers' showrooms. I'm not even sure what day it was—Wednesday, maybe Thursday. Regardless, it was a pretty low-key affair, almost like GM was saying "we're here, folks—I know you're not interested, but, like us or not, we're here".

While times may be tough (at least tougher than ten to fifteen years ago), there are dozens of clunkers out there breathing their last, just as there were in the 60's and 70's. After all, they can't run on forever. Doesn't the Canadian auto industry care or do they conclude all potential buyers will be investing in Toyotas, Datsuns and Volkswagens? It would seem so.

How different from the good old days. Most of us can recall when the unveiling of new car models was a really big deal—right here in Stouffville. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler would subsidize full page ads in this newspaper and crowds would jam local showrooms. Dick Coffey and Jim Bartley (Coffey and Bartley Motors), even cleared out "the back shop" and held a dance. Quite a do.

Mind you, not everyone who drank coffee, gobbled donuts and dos-a-doed a partner, drove home in new Fords, Chevs, Pontiacs and Plymouths, but it put people in a car-buying frame of mind. The husband would start wondering if "old Betsy" (his car not his wife) would last him through the winter; that maybe, just maybe, he should try swinging a deal. One thing would lead to another and before long (maybe five weeks' delivery time), a brand spanking new one was parked in his driveway.

Owning a new car or a 'new' used car, for that matter, is a thrill second only to buying a house. At least it was. News of the "arrival" would spread like wildfire, greeted with even more enthusiasm than the coming of a baby boy or girl. At least with 'it', folks had advance warning, but the car was always a complete surprise.

The pride of car ownership knows no age. However, for a boy in his late teens or early twenties, nothing can quite compare. It's something he'll always remember. You do and so do I.

My initial purchase was a 1942 Chev. I bought it from Cec Hendricks and the late Charlie Ward at what was then called Maple Leaf Auto Sales in Stouffville. Despite the fact it was eight years old and had been driven over 70,000 miles, it gave me good service. I paid \$800 for it, the exact same amount I was allowed on a trade-in a year later. This time, I "stepped up" to a 1950 Meteor coup, the finest used vehicle any thirty-dollar-a-week "kid" could want to own. It was tight as a drum and could fairly fly. I treated that car with the greatest respect and it returned my affection ten-fold.

Since then, I've had seventeen, five Pontiacs, four Chevs, four Fords, two Meteors, one Volkswagen and a Buick. Two of the seventeen have been used, the rest new.

I guess, because I "grew up" on Fords, I've always been partial to them. Unfortunately, there are "lemons" in them all. I guess I've been lucky. I struck only one, but that's a story I'll tell another time.

The present Pontiac I drive is a good one—as good as I've ever had. It seats six comfortably and rides well; no complaints.

However, because two cars in our family are out of the question (although I'd like a little puddle-jumper for Jean), close inspection of the '83's is only a waste of the salesman's time and mine. Still, it doesn't cost anything to look and who's to say what a lucky Wintario ticket could bring.

Trouble is, G.M. for one, seems hesitant to promote its products. New car introductions are no longer a fever; more like a disease.

Editorials

Doom and gloom report

This newspaper has always been a solid supporter of York-Peel M.P. Sinclair Stevens. We can't recall a federal campaign when, editorially, we haven't advocated his re-election. He's been a strong 'voice' in the Riding.

There are occasions, however, when "Sinc" and most opposition members, both federally and provincially, fall into the "trap" of finding nothing good to say about the government or the state of the country. Their dialogue is often described as "gloom and doom"; and rightly so. Mr Stevens' most recent epistle, an 18-page document, falls into this category. It's negative in its approach from beginning to end. Every household in the Riding undoubtedly received a copy. Count yourself lucky if you didn't.

While Mr Stevens' castigation of the Trudeau Liberals may be warranted in some areas, surely no one can honestly state that throughout the 343 days of the 30th Parliament,

something of a positive nature wasn't accomplished. If so, then the Conservatives along with the N.D.P. and Liberals should hang their collective heads in shame.

Mr Stevens, in his pamphlet, uses such words as "dangerous"; "devisive" and "destructive", hardly the type of uplifting talk we Canadians need at this time.

While no one is so naive as to think a Conservative M.P. would toss too many bouquets in the direction of a Government he hopes to defeat, Mr Stevens should not think the electorate that simple-minded that it can't read between the lines and take the report with a grain of salt.

Then, at its conclusion, a petition, insisting that a federal general election be called immediately. Mr Stevens leaves room for six signatures. That, hopefully, is the number in the entire Riding who would read that far.

Hallowe'en on Saturday

Hallowe'en this year, falls on a Sunday and, unless altered by Council or by the people as a directive to Council, it will be "celebrated" that date—Oct. 31.

We feel a change is necessary if, for no other reason than to remove the conflict between a pagan ritual and the Sabbath.

Apart from this, many residents will resent their Sunday evening being disturbed. But more importantly, there's a greater personal risk involved due to a heavier volume of Toronto-bound traffic.

While police and firemen may well prefer a Hallowe'en Sunday, the Town must think past

the crime and hooligan aspect of the occasion. Because, for the most part, it's a fun night for kids. Kids, we suggest, will have more fun on the Saturday.

The last thing we want is confusion, and confusion is sure to occur if a change isn't made. For "trick-or-treating" will take place both evenings. Once is quite enough.

If, as ratepayers, you have strong opinions on the subject, (as we do), pass on the word to the member that serves your ward. He'll undoubtedly respect those views when the issue comes to a vote.

Window on Wildlife
Duck down—a command?
By Art Briggs-Jude



Sometimes I think I'm getting old, senile or maybe a bit of both. Whatever, it's becoming increasingly difficult to communicate with people and understand their actions.

I suppose some folk would even call it the result of the generation gap, although the most notable example of this phenomenon occurred on the last field trip I led. On that particular occasion, the teenagers were lagging far behind the leader after only a few miles of bush travel.

But what really gets the tease under my saddle is the way they change things these days. In many cases, it's apparently just for the sake of change.

And no, I'm not talking about the fiasco of metric conversion. Goodness knows, we've had that little morsel par-boiled, barbecued and blanched so much, a person doesn't know the correct measure for a regurgitation. The things I'm finding hard to swallow are not only the subtle changes in the names of birds but alas, the carte blanche acceptance by the general public of these name changes.

Take for instance, the Baltimore Oriole. One day I pick up the newspaper and discover this flashing orange and black beauty has had its name changed to Northern Oriole—simple, un-

imaginative Northern Oriole. How could they? No plebsicite; no vote, no Baltimore Oriole. Just like that! I'll bet most of us never even knew they were contemplating a name change. It's enough to make a Meadowlark moult.

Another good case in point is the Myrtle Warbler, a common, hardy species that's been known to visit our backyard on numerous occasions during the winter. This, in itself, is quite an achievement for an insect-eating warbler, when the mercury's way down and the white stuff is way up. So what do they do to this little bird that was originally named because of its fondness for the berries of the wax-myrtle shrub? You're right, they changed its name to, of all things, the Yellow-Rumped Warbler. Do you know there are a half-dozen Yellow-Rumped Warblers flitting around, but only one relishes the fruit of the wax-myrtle shrub. Yellow-rumped indeed. It sounds almost obscene.

Of course, all of these changes didn't happen over night. In fact, most have been in effect a number of years. But my point is, that, they had their original names for a number of years too, and in my book, they haven't changed at all.

So when I hear some relatively new bird-watcher exclaim in glee: "There's a Dark-

Eyed Junco," I bite my lip, knowing it really is, or was, a Slate-Colored Junco.

There are times, however, when it's impossible to remain silent. I'm thinking of the occasion when a pretty park ranger pointed to a Canada Jay in a nearby pine. She called it a dull-sounding Gray Jay.

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, "did you say Gray Jay?" She nodded. I puffed awhile, burning inside, yet not wishing to make a scene in front of others. Finally, I found the words coming again. "Couldn't we have a chat about now?" I almost demanded. "Of no sir," she coyly replied, "the Yellow-Beast Chat doesn't range this far north". By this time, I was becoming completely unglued, because all I wanted to do was talk to her about the jay's name change.

So you see, I do have a bit of a communication problem, and a strong resistance to change without a darn good reason.

But surely I'm not alone. There must be others out there like myself, ready to climb up on a perch and call a halt to some of this nonsense. For, if we don't do something, we'll all wake up some morning to find a field guide full of no-name brand birds or discover, all too late, that they've taken the goose out of Canada.