

Editor's Mail

No deals

Dear Mr Thomas:

I wish to commend you for the editorial opposing "the dump deal", published in the Dec. 8 issue of The Tribune.

On occasions, I have criticized your paper with regard to the reporting of this very important subject. Therefore, I felt it only fair I should let you know just how unpopular your opinion will be with our mayor, the council and the Chamber of Commerce.

Perhaps the behavior of our mayor and the entire council at the inaugural meeting, Dec. 7, will make the remaining residents of Town aware of how their opinions are valued by the people they elected to safeguard their well being.

Several attended that meeting because it was their first and last chance to show their displeasure with council's decision to make a deal with York Sanitation. They listened quietly and patiently in the packed chamber, halls and stairway until the formal part was over. However, to watch Mayor King rudely vacate the council chambers, followed by other members, while Mrs Gornell was speaking, shocked me and made me ashamed. My already weak faith in politicians is general. However, it was utterly destroyed as far as Whitchurch-Stouffville Council is concerned, Dec. 7, 1982.

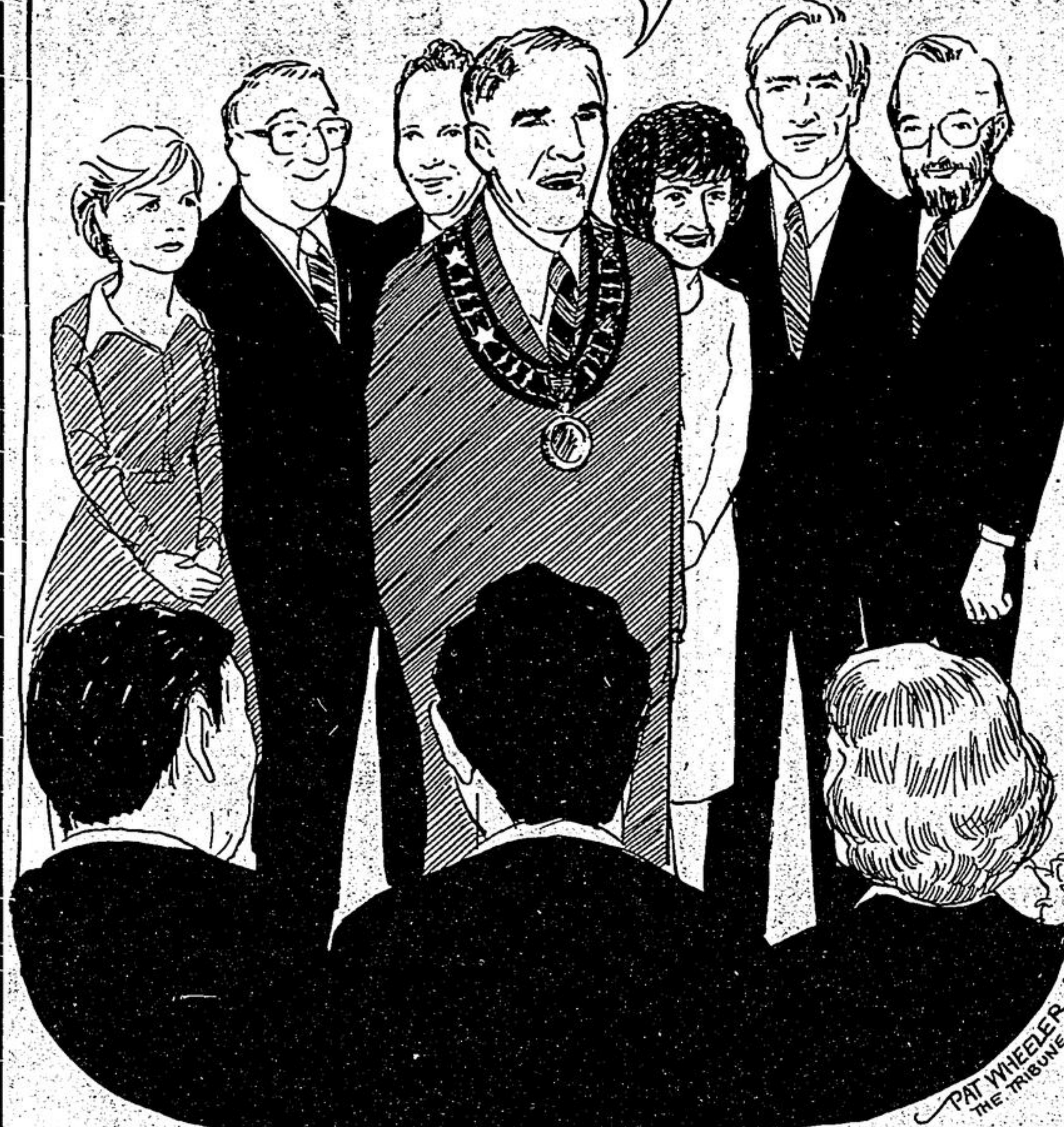
No one on the present council was given a mandate by the voters to make a deal with York Sanitation regarding the dump site. Negotiations did not involve council until after the elections. I therefore challenge our mayor and the elected and acclaimed councillors to obtain such a mandate from the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

If the majority indeed agree with council's actions and plans, then maybe I can return to my normal family life and the fun things I used to do before I became involved in helping to save all of Whitchurch-Stouffville from the effects of the dump site near Hwy. 48.

Sincerely,
Gitta Damm,
R.R. 4, Stouffville.

"ON BEHALF OF THE 1983-85 COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE, I WISH TO WELCOME YOU TO THIS, THE INAUGURAL MEETING. I

WOULD IMPRESS UPON YOU THE FACT THAT WE ARE THE SERVANTS OF YOU THE PEOPLE AND YOUR EVERY WISH IS OUR COMMAND"



The Tribune
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ROAMING AROUND
One sport that's still fun
By JIM THOMAS

It's Sunday afternoon and here I sit, barely able to move. Instead of being all primed up for a busy work-week ahead, I'm stiff as a board. No, I didn't spend Saturday downhill skiing at Blue Mountain or Dagmar. I went bowling. It was the semi-annual father-son, mother-daughter tournament at the local alleys. I coaxed Neil into allowing me one more chance to make amends for my terrible showing back in '81. He (reluctantly) agreed, knowing full well I'd put him to shame again—which I did. Aside from one game of 235, our scores were all in the mid-100's, far below anything likely to win us a trophy. But that's not the part that hurts; it's my legs and my arms. They ache all over. Obviously, I used muscles I never knew existed, but I do now, and how! I only hope they'll soon go back to sleep, so I can get on with my day-to-day chores minus all this pain and suffering.

Despite these personal complaints, I really had a great time; for the association was fun. Neil and I, I'm sorry to say, don't get together often enough. Undoubtedly, it's the same with most fathers and sons; too busy and then it's too late.

Neil loves bowling; better than any sport he's ever tried. I appreciate the fact there's an organization available (Stouffville Youth Bowling Council), that affords him the opportunity to take part.

However, the various Y.B.C. leagues don't "just happen". Someone must make them hap-

pen. And it's to this "someone" I wish to say thanks.

John and Valerie Tait moved to Stouffville from Montreal four years ago. Like all newcomers to a small town, they were interested in getting their children "involved". For daughter Bonnie, then only six, bowling seemed like a natural thing. Later, Steven, now seven, took up the sport with little Kathy, just five, still waiting in the wings.

Initially, John lent a hand at keeping score. However, it wasn't long before he was the key person at the top, a position he's held just about two years.

"I enjoy working with kids—seeing them improve," he says. He honestly admits that following several summer months away from the alleys, he can't wait for the fall season to start.

At age 40, this computer systems analyst could find other things to occupy his spare time following a hectic day at the office. Yet, he spends up to three days (and evenings) a week with his young proteges who range in age from four to eighteen years. He's also taken a couple of courses on bowling instruction. "Unfortunately, my own game hasn't improved any," he says with a smile. He bowls in the Monday Night Men's League.

Doesn't your wife become annoyed at you spending so much time away from home? I asked.

Big John shook his head. "She's used to it, besides, she's the treasurer," he replied.

Daughter Bonnie and son Steven are interested in other sports as well, John says, including hockey and soccer, but bowling comes first. "They love it," he claims.

Like in all things, there's a right and wrong way to bowl. But John doesn't believe in forcing a boy or girl to adopt a particular style, but rather "do it his or her own way". He's a strong advocate of tournaments, claiming such competition provides young people valuable experience.

Although John expresses complete satisfaction with the operation of the league, he'd like to see more involvement by senior teens. Right now, there are only eleven in this division with room for thirty-six. "I'm not sure why the interest wanes at this level," he says.

The registration fee is a very reasonable \$2.50. The cost per week is \$2 (Bantam) and \$2.75 (Juniors and Seniors). A grant from the Town plus a chocolate bar sales campaign covers expenses for an awards' banquet each spring.

Yes, thanks to John's ability to organize programs properly, last weekend's Twosome Tournament went off like clockwork. And while it may take me until next weekend to recover (and next year to live down my score), we still had fun. And that's the name of the game. Without the John Tait's of Whitchurch-Stouffville, there would be neither—fun nor games.

Window on Wildlife
Fond memories recalled
By Art Briggs-Jude

They came together under the great influence of the outdoors; young men, strong in mind and body, learning and yearning for experience. They asked for time and understanding and, on occasion, a little guidance and direction. Not one, but many religious denominations were represented in this group who prevailed on me to join them and form a Rover Scout Crew. And in this senior branch of the boy scout movement whose motto is "service" and whose program is based on King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, these young adults flourished.

By trial and error they learned how to back-pack and lightweight camp in summer and winter. Along the same lines they developed the skills of survival through much exposure to outdoor living. To some, this knowledge and these experiences came hard, to others it was easier. But all gained a great measure of satisfaction and self reliance in the deeds they accomplished and the comradeship they shared. Happiness to them was being out under the stars in the open spaces, or pitting their skills against other crews in friendly Rover Moot.

As future cub and scout leaders, they spent many weeks under canvas helping packs and troops in countless ways. Every task was

undertaken, from erecting tents to assisting with camp programs or even filling in for ailing Akelas. At times the rover crew would set up their tiny tents in a remote section of the campgrounds and invite the different packs to pay them a visit. Here the kids would be given an insight into lightweight camping and wood-lore, and served hot biscuits baked in a real stone oven.

Of course all crews over the years have their share of hilarity and this group was no exception. One of their patented methods of lighting a cub pack's council fire was to string a fine wire from the centre of the unlit tinder to a tree on a hill overlooking the camp. Then, just at dusk when the leader brought the kids back from a short hike, an Indian chief in full head dress would appear on the skyline above them. In a booming voice he would call on the great spirit of fire and with his bow unleash a couple of flaming arrows into a nearby creek. And while the cubs were still squatting in awe, a third flaming arrow, this one weighted and attached to the taut wire would come sliding down and ignite the camp fire before their very eyes. However, on one occasion, the scout assisting the chief got carried away with the application of gas on the cloth-wrapped arrowhead and in the confusion kicked over the container. It seems all the cubs got to see that

evening was one fast fleeing native and one hawthorn tree going up in smoke and flames. These and other yarns were bantered back and forth as the Wm. H. Merritt rover crew held a reunion in St. Catharines. Here at the site of the 9th World Invitational Rover Moot, we shook left hands for the first time in over 20 years. Now grown men with wives and families, they came from many places in Ontario and from many varied occupations. A master chef, a furniture refinisher, a computer programmer, a hydro liner, an x-ray instructor, a school teacher, a floral designer, a fruit farmer, to name a few, but all successful in their various undertakings. Many are still involved in some capacity in the scout movement and every last one, including this writer, agreeing that Rovering had a very influential effect on moulding their lives.

But for one more day, I was again their skipper. I looked at my old crew as we toured the campsites of a dozen different countries. Then I looked at the new breed of youthful faces, roasting pigs and cooking curry, stringing rope and building towers; and my mind drifted back those many years. They came together under the great influence of the outdoors; young men strong in mind and body, learning and yearning for experience.

Editorials

Walkout was wrong

What does the Concerned Citizens' Committee mean to elected representatives of Whitchurch-Stouffville? Should the membership be ignored or, for the time-being just be tolerated in the hope that some day, they'll quietly disappear, sort of dry up and blow away.

We feel the time has come for Council to "lay it on the line". Certainly, a "statement of fact" could be no more damaging to the ego of any group than the unpardonable exodus of the elected elite at the inaugural assembly, Dec. 7.

On occasions, this newspaper has been severely castigated by individuals of this organization for opposing, not their purpose, but their methods for bringing this purpose about.

So they voiced their opinions and we voiced ours. But never have we been "closed" to hearing "the other side". Town Council, on the other hand, by "walking out" as it did, showed utter disrespect and contempt for an opposing view and total disinterest in what their spokesperson had to say. We cannot condone this kind of conduct.

Most councillors, with two years' experience under their belts, are well aware all's not "peaches and cream" in politics, even in a municipality the size of Whitchurch-Stouffville. The kicks in the teeth must be absorbed along with the pats on the back. That's life.

Who protects police?

Is it any wonder that police officers are so often critical of the courts? Is it any wonder many of these same officers resign in disgust? Police constables, being only human, must lose their respect for the law when they see it go "soft" through a court system that continually favors the accused.

Such a case was heard in Newmarket Court just this month. A 19-year-old had been charged with assault after an officer was kicked in the groin and struck in the face while attempting to place the youth in a cruiser.

The young man said he couldn't remember anything of the incident since he'd drunk sixty ounces of liquor while attending a party earlier that same evening. So what happened? The judge was sympathetic to the accused and let him off. He felt the lad had no control over himself and wasn't capable of forming any intent to assault the officer. He also said that because of the accused's intoxicated state, he couldn't understand his "rights" under the Charter.

We ask—does being drunk allow one individual to assault another? Does being drunk make one immune to the law? Does an arresting officer, only doing his duty, have no "rights"?

In our opinion, a person who acts so irresponsibly, automatically forfeits his "rights". In showing no respect for the law, he should receive no respect from the law.

Taking this case a step further, we cannot help but wonder what the judge's reaction would have been if the arresting officer's injuries had been fatal. Would he still have concluded that the accused "wasn't capable of forming any intent"? We wonder.

'Our' hospital

The proposed new hospital, destined to serve this community, has been moved closer to "home", at least in name.

It will henceforth be called "The Markham Stouffville Hospital", a decision by the Board of Trustees we applaud.

Residents here, can now feel an integral part of the fund-raising campaign. Also, by recognizing our town, the trustees are recognizing Arthur Latham, the one whose foresight in purchasing the property, made the project possible.