

**Editor's Mail**

**A new frontier**

Dear Editor:

We are Americans who have made our home in Latin America for seven years. Lately, we are seeing much distorted news about the Americas coming out of the U.S. and would like to set the record straight for Tribune readers.

When we first moved to Costa Rica bag, baggage, grandmother, teenagers and pets, we spoke no Spanish and knew little about the country. But soon, our rural neighbors accepted us and graciously taught us their language, culture, and how a city-bred family could enjoy ranch life in a foreign land. Truly, our delightful adventures there merit a book, at least.

My husband's love for the sea (Pearl Harbor survivor, retired Navy), prompted a further move two years ago, to Colombia's Caribbean coast. We found a lovely, old coconut plantation on the Pan American Highway near Santa Marta, the oldest (457 years), most fascinating city in all of the Americas.

Imagine green palms waving in gentle ocean breezes, blue sea and sky, pounding surf and golden sand and, towering 19,000 feet over all and snow-capped the year round, majestic Mount Columbus. We feel we have much...incomparable beauty, fine neighbors, perfect climate, a stable, democratic government and a satisfying—low cost of living.

Like Columbus, we discovered a new frontier, with a vast potential and, being human, are driven to tell others about our dream come-true. If you are interested in the future of the Americas... and the Birds...write us by International air mail (35 cents a half-ounce) at Post Office Box 5222, Santa Marta, Colombia. It may take a while, but we promise to answer.

Now, from beautiful Santa Marta, we wish you salud (health), pesetas (wealth), amor (love) and the time to enjoy them all.

Sincerely,  
Juanita Bird  
(Mrs. Lewis Bird)



**Whoville's (Stouffville's) New Year's Resolution**

"Easy Mathilda, they're cheering not jeering!"

**The Tribune**  
Established 1888

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BARRY W. WALLACE Publisher  
ANDREW P. COOK Advertising Manager

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**VIEWPOINT**  
**My cause is always right(?)**  
—BY JIM IRVING—

"Think, but don't take it seriously." — Sign in a friend's bathroom.

'Tis excellent advice I would say. Especially appropriate when one is reflecting on things past, and/or trying to project some sort of reasoning into the future.

Is there really all that much sense in working one's self into hysteria, because one's favorite hockey team - be it clear water, or a winning hockey team - seems to be the one and only worthwhile endeavor at the moment?

And, if other people don't realize it, it's because they're selfish or stupid, or bestowed with some other such epithet easily dismissed as a misquote when it bounces off the printed page later on.

In the world of fanaticism, the cause is always right. Ramming it down the throats of all and tawdry is even moreso. That there should be no tolerance for the views of others, is as much a part of their credo, as is the acceptance the Leafs won't win, even in practice.

So be it. We are all a bit fanatical when we feel that rejection has taken place of the recognition so deservedly ours.

We'll then go to any lengths to get the latter. It is our feelings that our paramount; our sensibilities that are the only true sensibilities; our missions that are the only worthwhile ones.

There are no two sides when we are wrapped up in our own fanfare; hostility, hate and self pity are the luxuries we wallow in to support us in our troth.

The thing is, we all need more tolerance where the ideas, needs and concerns of our fellow man — yes, ladies, you're included — are concerned, even if at the time, the rightness of what we are teaching, seems only too obvious to us.

You know the kind of thing. Groups that jump without much thought on the nearest so-called liberal bandwagon, such as the universal laying down of arms, because, after all, who could argue against such peace-loving gestures?

But how many of these same people would remove the locks from the doors of their homes in deference to the local burglars?

Let them try it this week-end as a test of their faith when they're off at the ski chalet. Only, they shouldn't forget to take all their household goods with them.

Everything that is done, good, bad or imbecilic, we bring on ourselves, and it is important we remember the effect we have on others.

In the book, Sophie's Choice, perhaps the best novel of the past 25 years or more, there is a short piece where the following quotation is recalled: "At Auschwitz, where was God?" And the reply comes back: "Where was man?"

Think about it.

It might make 1983, to say nothing of 1984, '85, etc., easier to bear.

**Editorials**  
**Year ends on sour note**

For Canada and thousands of Canadians, 1982 was not a good year—high inflation, high unemployment and high interest rates kept the country in a state constant chaos with workers unsure "who would be next" on the pink slip list.

Twelve months ago, we predicted an upturn in the economy, something we didn't see. However, recovery signs (of sorts) are now appearing on the horizon—the cost of living is levelling off and interest rates are down. Unemployment remains our most pressing problem.

Here in Whitchurch-Stouffville, it was a positive council that accomplished much. The Town's Official Plan was approved; the firehall was enlarged and a new tanker-pumper truck was purchased; land was acquired to accommodate a proposed recreation complex; the Dulverton subdivision agreement was signed; Stouffville's sewage disposal plant was expanded to accommo-

**Let police pay own way**

Should the Region of York absorb the cost of police trainees attending college courses at Aylmer?

Do elementary and secondary schools pay teachers' way through universities? Do ministers obtain their degrees at the expense of churches?

Of course they don't, except under very unique circumstances.

So why shouldn't police officers foot their own bills? If this is the profession they desire, then, like the teacher and the minister, each should meet the necessary expense.

date 8,000 people and several estate subdivisions were given the "green light" to proceed. There were other accomplishments as well, most not as major in scope as the ones just mentioned.

Unfortunately, the accolades this past council deserves, suddenly went sour with the realization "a deal" was in the works that, if approved, would allow York Sanitation to utilize the present landfill site, east of Hwy. 48, another 2 1/2 to three years.

We're opposed to any extension of the June 30, 1983 deadline date as established by Environment Minister Keith Norton. Mr Norton set it and the Town agreed to it. There should be no backing down.

Because of this possibility, however, the year ended on a sour note. Many people are concerned that the Town's about to "cave in" under pressure and frankly, so are we. We'd be pleased if council proves us wrong. We'll all be wiser after Jan. 19.

While the Police Association may balk at York's withdrawal of the financial "free ride", we don't see they have an argument. Like in so many things during these economically troubled times, "the honeymoon is over", or should be.

Judge Donald Shearer, York Police Commission chairman, says he likes the concept of "pay your own way". He hints, however, that he may be old-fashioned.

So are we, judge, so are we!

**Maintain dump deadline date**

pricked my conscience. I'm fully in agreement with the Citizens' demand for the June 30 deadline to be maintained—no deals whatsoever.

I hope I speak for all residents.

Sincerely,  
Janet Melrose,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville.

**"If I was the mayor...."**

**BY COURTNEY WALLIS**  
What would I do if I was the Mayor?  
I'd first take an oath, to promise and swear  
To take care of my people, the old and the new  
To give them a Mayor they could look up to.

xxx xxx xxx xxx  
I'd open my hot-line, each week for one day  
And let the folks tell me what they had to say.  
I'd make sure my Council was one they'd admire  
And if they caused trouble, they'd have to retire!

xxx xxx xxx xxx  
And when winter was over, with the coming of my hot-line, each week for one day  
And let the folks tell me what they had to say.  
I'd make sure my Council was one they'd admire  
And if they caused trouble, they'd have to retire!

xxx xxx xxx xxx  
And when winter was over, with the coming of spring,  
I'd hire a choir for the Main Street, let everyone sing.

The water's an issue I'd surely tend to,  
With no co-operation, then I would sue.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
I'd open a centre for those who keep fit,  
And a club for old ladies, they do like to knit.  
I'd spend many dollars and give my right arm  
To finally silence that night fire alarm.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
I'd put up new street lights, to shine in the dark  
When one wanted to take a late stroll in the park.  
And when Dulverton came with an aim and a plan  
I'd send them directly to Councillor Fran.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
I'd visit each family, I'd know each by name,  
I'd make sure their pets were quiet and tame.  
I'd bring in new policemen, each wreathed with a smile  
I'd have big parades extending a mile.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
The schools would be clean, poor teachers put out,  
And business would find it had plenty of clout.  
The first of July, they'd never forget,  
And non celebrants would deeply regret.

And people of Stouffville who pollute a lot,  
Would firstly be followed and secondly caught.  
If newcomers came and felt ever so strange,  
A welcoming party, I would arrange.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
Our town would be lovely, a sight to behold,  
The clouds would be silver, the streets paved with gold.  
And all of the citizens would be fully content,  
They'd rave of their town wherever they went.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
There would be full coverage of all of the news,  
By at least sixteen papers, the people could choose.  
There'd be recreation from winter to fall,  
With everyone's troubles, they'd give me a call.  
xxx xxx xxx xxx  
So this is my platform I offer to you,  
If I was your Mayor, I'd be loyal and true.  
I'd handle the town with style and a flair,  
What more could you ask of any Mayor?