

Editor's Mail

Too hot?

I cannot resist the urge. I get from time to time and so, must once again, add my two cents worth of comment via your newspaper.

Penny No. 1: I couldn't help but think of the time-worn saying: "If you can't stand the heat (Councillor Margot Marshall), get out of the kitchen". I personally don't believe your Jim Holt is trying to create any friction, albeit, he may be a bit of a s--- disturber.

Penny No. 2: I agree with Council's decision to turn down the application for a French restaurant on Church Street North in Stouffville. However, I disagree with the logic. The decision is wise or certainly has merit when the reason given is because resident neighbors objected. Zoning is the only protection people have when they pick and choose a place to live. The decision is not particularly wise when the reason given by Council to turn down the request is because THEY do not see the need for another restaurant. I don't particularly believe the money will be spread too thin between businesses. I would like to believe that the business that provides quality products with good service will thrive and the rest will, for the most part, deserve credit for how hard they try.

Sincerely,
R.S. (Bob) Lewis,
R.R. 2, Stouffville.

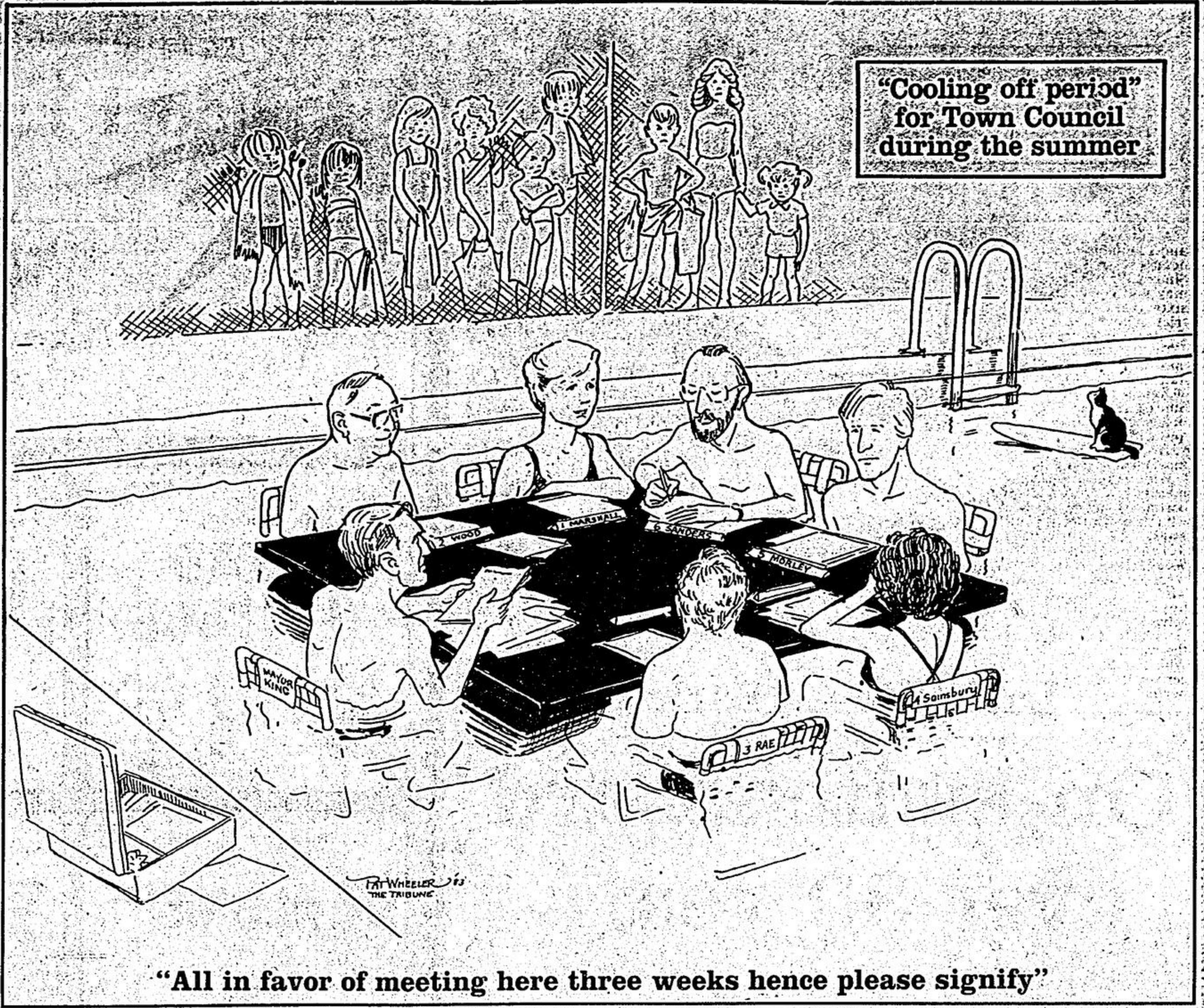
Dear Mr Thomas:

With respect to Mayor King's statement concerning the "hog at the trough", I would suggest there are many "hogs" in Stouffville when it comes to using water.

I know of people (right on our own street) who allow their hoses to run all night, just to escape attention. They have the greenest lawns and the best gardens on the block but the smallest hearts.

It reminds me of sugar rationing during World War II. The shorter the supply, the more some folks tried to hoard. Fortunately, not everyone adopts this kind of selfish attitude.

Sincerely,
Phyllis Thompson,
Stouffville.



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ROAMING AROUND

The black ribbon award

By JIM THOMAS

This is the age of equality. Anything a woman can do, a man can do—as well. And vice-versa. While those of my generation, and older, will question this theory, it's best to keep mum. No use stirring up a hornet's nest. However, you know and I know there are many things a woman can do that a man can't do—as well. And vice-versa.

To disperse the storm clouds that are likely to gather over 54 Main Street West, (related to the vice-versa), I'd like to point out the dilemma into which I now find myself, in this connection.

It has to do with a letter I received July 20 from Jennie Mann, wife of the secretary-manager of Markham Fair, and the affirmative reply I'm dashing off in tomorrow's mail.

The opening paragraph reads:
Dear Jim: You are invited to participate in a Celebrity Cake-Decorating Competition at the Markham Fair, Sat., Oct. 1 at 1 p.m. You, (that's me), will be teamed up with a person who is a Cake Decorator and it will be her (his) responsibility to prepare the cake to be decorated. It will also be her (his) duty to supply all decoration and the equipment to be used at the time of the competition. Just prior to the contest, the name of your team-mate will be made known to you. All teams will be given a specific amount of time to create "a masterpiece". At the end of the allotted time, all cakes will be judged and then auctioned off to the highest bidder. Your (that's me again) responsibility is to be a good sport; have a lot of fun and decorate your first prize-winning cake. R.S.V.P. by August 15".

For someone who had to sneak into his Grade 10 Art Class via the fire escape, this task represents a monumental challenge that will undoubtedly end up in disaster. I know it, the kids know it and my wife knows it. But obviously the committee chairman doesn't, otherwise she'd never have risked the law suits that could follow. Penalties for "shooting" a fellow contestant in the eye with an icing gun at thirty paces are severe, even if the act is not intentional. Let the Fair Board be warned and arrange the necessary liability insurance. I offer no guarantees, and this goes for spectators as well as participants.

Although admittedly a rank amateur when it comes to cake-decorating, I appreciate the talents of others. It's magnificent what some people can do—a touch here, a touch there and presto, rosebuds come to life as if by magic. Maybe mine will too; all depends on the patience of the pro with whom I'm associated. I hope she's a descendent of Job.

When my wife and kids read Jennie's letter, they broke into gales of laughter. They know my limitations.

"Paul's got a neat grease gun," said Barry, "you could use it for practice".

"I hope the building has a high ceiling," commented Cathy. "Better if they did it outside".

"If nobody'll buy it, (the cake), don't bring it home," warned Neil.

"You can have the loan of my silly putty," said Mary-Lynn.

"Don't make a fool of yourself—again," urged my wife, remembering how I once tried to ride a donkey in a comic baseball game at Greenwood and nearly got killed.

Scott as they will, one thing they all seem to be forgetting is the word "celebrity". This is no ordinary cake-decorating contest. These are hand-picked participants and I feel honored to have been asked. Heck, I could be rubbing elbows with such Very Important People as Fair President Barry Little; Town Mayor Eldred King; M.P. "Sinc" Stevens; Premier Bill Davis or Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. I'm not about to pass up an opportunity like that.

But who's to be my assistant? This is all very hush-hush; no names revealed until minutes before the competition's about to begin.

This could prove self-defeating. For one look at her "helper" and she'll undoubtedly head for the nearest exit.

Editorials
Let magic festival live

Whitchurch-Stouffville's Magic Festival '83 was an ambitious venture—perhaps too ambitious.

When receipts are weighed against expenditures, the Town could end up owing about \$9,000. This is a figure that must be reckoned with.

What happened? No one has the answer, nor, at this stage does it really matter. The event is over and the bills must be paid. However, Council will undoubtedly want to take a long hard look at the project before issuing its budget stamp of approval in '84.

But as concerned as members may be, we would suggest they not act too hastily and kill something that's still in its infancy. Two years is insufficient time to judge any project's true worth. Give it another chance.

We feel, that for a town the size of Whitchurch-Stouffville, the program was too ambitious; that is, if organizers must depend almost solely on support from within the municipality. If, however, thousands can be coaxed out of Toronto (as is the case with the Sales Barn every Saturday), then the project is certain of success. This is the risk the Town must face. It worked in '82. It didn't in '83.

We like the Magic Festival idea. Because it's unique, it makes Whitchurch-

Stouffville unique. The publicity, most of it good, is worth something. If nurtured for awhile, it could become priceless.

We offer two suggestions: If the present level of entertainment is to be maintained, then the committee must do a "selling job" in Metro. If the program is to be geared to a more localized audience, then a budget cut-back is required.

Rome wasn't built in a day. Neither was Magic Town, Ontario.

A bargain

By now, most Stouffville residents will have seen and likely paid their half-yearly water bill, covering the period from January through June.

It's up considerably—from about \$24 to \$30.60 or \$61.20 for the year.

Despite the sizeable hike; (twenty per cent), we've yet to hear a complaint. Nor are we likely to, for water here is still the cheapest commodity available. Townsfolk seem to appreciate this.

Although we pay less than anywhere else in York Region, we also use more, the highest on a per capita basis in the Region. This should prompt the Town to place all water customers on meters. Although the fairest plan (use more-pay more), we hope this never happens. For the cost would undoubtedly double. However, metered water will come eventually. In the meantime, let's appreciate the bargain rates we now enjoy.



Grade 7 class at Orchard Park School—1968-69

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the opening of Orchard Park Public School. To celebrate the occasion, a reunion of former teachers and students is planned for this fall. Pictured here is a Grade 7 class. The year is 1968-69. Members are: Front Row (left to right)—Gayle Fretz, Debbie Lee, Doris Lehman, Colleen Phoenix, Kim Heaton, Joanne Smith, Wendy Baker, Janet Madill, Nancy Roper, Jill Schell, Yvonne Schell, Ruth Burland. Centre Row (left to right)—David Harris, Jack Goudie, Bill Giles, Wasilka Stefanoff, Georgina Clarke, Laura Seymour, Beth Clarkson, Lori Yeomans, Kim Lewis, Astrid Jaago, Chrystal Farrier, Mr. I. Hodge (teacher). Rear Row (left to right)—Michael Sprague, Wayne Peck, Michael Hall, Bruce Johnston, Wayne Collis, Paul Burkholder, Gordon Fockler, Dean Robertson, Salvador Bevan, Jeremy Williamson, Jack Holder, Jim McVicar, Wayne Bowes and Derek Love.