

Editor's Mail

Vandalism

Dear Editor:
I sincerely hope Durham Regional Police put forth a concentrated effort and catch up to the persons responsible for the desecration of our Goodwood Cemetery.
One has to see the vandalism there to believe it—stones toppled and smashed that can never be satisfactorily repaired.
If officers are fortunate enough to nab the culprits, the judge would be well advised to sentence them to a week's hard labor fixing up these markers under the supervision of a taskmaster who would see to it that the work's done right.
This might impress on these hoodlums the fact our community does not take such stupidity lightly.
Sincerely,
Cyril Baker,
R.R. 1, Goodwood

It's legal

Dear Editor:
I never cease to be amazed at your continual opposition to the sale of alcohol at social gatherings.
You don't seem to understand that this is "a way of life" for the majority of people.
So why knock it, particularly when I presume you've never tried it?
And why try to enforce your teetotaling practises on those who see nothing wrong with an occasional beer? After all, it IS legal!
As far as Town Council saying "no" to beer gardens, etc., requests of this kind are almost automatic. Politicians know which side their bread is buttered on even if some newspaper editors don't.
Sincerely,
George Barton,
R.R.1, Cedar Valley.



A barn-raising event at Town museum site

ROAMING AROUND

Tannis an inspiration

By JIM THOMAS



"What a challenge to complete the course: what an inspiration to us all!"
This comment was made by Jack Watson, Tenth Line South, as he trotted across the Finish Line and into the auditorium of Latham Hall. His reference was to Tannis Topping, stationed at the half-way point for the Stouffville Terry Fox Walk, Sunday.
Tannis, as most of you know by now, is the vivacious Whitechurch-Stouffville girl who, at age 13, was stricken with leukemia.
For many parents, this would have been "the end of the world". But not for Ted and Peggy Topping.
For many patients, this would have been a "why me?" lament.
But not this determined teen.
Eight years and a bone marrow transplant later, she's her normal self again, full of vim, vigor and a zest for life.
I spoke briefly with Tannis, Sunday afternoon. She was doing out soft drinks to walkers and joggers in front of the Library. I was soon to know what Jack Watson meant when he spoke of "inspiration". She made my day.
"I'm running on my own power," she said, "no medication, no vitamins".
As we talked, the wind brushed through her gold-red hair.
"Is it----?" I started to say, then stopped.
"Real?" she answered, noting my probing embarrassment. Sure it's real--



Tannis Topping

all-new," she said, recalling my awareness that once she'd worn a wig.
Then she laughed, a "don't be nervous" sort of laugh that prompted our conversation to continue.
Tannis is back at Seneca College again, enrolled in the second year of a somewhat delayed Graphic Design degree course. She has her own apartment at Avenue Road and Lawrence.
"I've met a whole new group of people," she says, "they know me as Tannis (not the girl who had leukemia or the student who lost her hair)". "I like it this way". Sure, if they ask, she tells them, but most don't because they'd never guess. She can eat whatever she wants and she's gained back the fifteen pounds she lost. "It's great to be able to wear all my old clothes," she says.
Tannis was seventeen when she first learned of her illness. Telling her, was the most difficult chore her mother ever had to face. She wasn't quite sure how her daughter would react.
"Unbelievable", is the word she now uses, recalling their discussion of four years ago like it was yesterday.
And, like yesterday, it's all in the past--only a memory. For now, there's a whole new world out there for this 21-year-old with the sparkling smile. She'll see part of it this week, when she travels by air (expenses paid) to Los Angeles, California for the taping of a personal appearance on "Our Magazine", a TV program hosted by CBS.
This is the same television feature that Tannis used to watch from her room at Princess Margaret Hospital.
However, that too, is just a memory, refreshed every six months when she returns for periodic checks, or as Tannis put it, "when I go back to see my friends."

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Community says thanks

"Unbelievable". That was the word used by Goodwood Cemetery Board member Harry Woodland to describe the generosity of Reg Tompkinson, R.R. 2, Uxbridge.
Mr Tompkinson, owner and operator of the Uxbridge Memorial Company, has agreed to repair each of the thirty tombstones, damaged by vandals during the night of Sept. 11---without charge.
A minimum of sixty hours is involved plus materials.
"I've been in business 27 years, I think I owe the community something," Mr Tompkinson told The Tribune.
"We suppose every businessman does, but to repair a cemetery site desecrated to the extent of the damage done at Good-

wood, goes far beyond what anyone "owes" a community. Hence the response of "unbelievable".
It goes without saying that after visiting the grounds, the Board was obviously at its wits-end to know what to do. To do nothing would be unacceptable. To complete repairs would be impractical. Being a volunteer committee with limited funds, they were caught in an unsolvable bind, that is until Mr Tompkinson, on his own accord, came to the rescue.
While undoubtedly, the Cemetery Board will be voicing its own personal appreciation, this newspaper, on behalf of Goodwood area residents past and present, says a sincere thankyou.

Winter fun for kids

Parents of pre-teen children, living in the area of Rupert Avenue, Westlawn Crescent, Elm Road and beyond, are appreciative of Hunt's Hill, the permanent man-made snow slide that provides enjoyment for dozens of children every winter.
It's located in the west-end parkette, immediately south of the tennis courts.
While Mickey Hunt, this newspaper and the Town Council of that day, can share credit for its being there, it has always seemed unfortunate that projects of a similar nature weren't carried out in other subdivisions.

Perhaps they weren't considered soon enough.
So this oversight doesn't occur in the Dulverton Development, (Fairgate Heights), we're recommending the creation of Lehman's Hill while there's still time.
Several hundred families will eventually evolve from this build-up along with several hundred boys and girls, all potential toboggan and sleigh-riders.
So let's give the kids a place to ride their sleighs and toboggans---right in their own backyard, and at very little expense.

A success in dollars

The amount of money raised through the Terry Fox Walk, Sunday, will be sizeable, perhaps surpassing that of last year. The credit for this, however, is due mainly to two people---Jack Watson, Tenth Line South and Terri Surman, Manitoba Street. Together, they raised close to \$4,000. Other participants added to the Walk's financial success, regardless of total pledges.
However, for a project to be completely successful, it requires numbers, not

dozens but hundreds.
Whitechurch-Stouffville, while not a large municipality, could do better in this regard than it does. The turnout, Sunday, seemed small.
We think the Terry Fox Walk is commendable, one that should be continued. But it will continue only if there's active participation. We can't count on the Jack Watson's and the Terri Surman's to carry the rest of us forever.

KAMPS' KORNER

Politics is my beat

BY BILL KAMPS



It was a hot and humid day at the end of July when someone knocked at my front door.
There stood Jim "Scoop" Thomas with a worried look on his face.
I immediately thought: My cat's dead! Or my kids have gone on strike at the A & P! Maybe my subscription to The Tribune has expired!
As it turned out, what Scoop wanted was far worse than any of the above. He asked me to write a column for the newspaper.
No wonder he looked worried!
My topic, he said, should relate to politics in Whitechurch-Stouffville.
Now, I was worried. To begin with, I can't write. My thoughts flow onto the page in never-ending sentences. Further, punctuation and grammar are foreign countries I've never visited. (However, if I start thinking of that, it might destroy my creativity, or so they told me back in Grade Four.) So, with grave misgivings, I told Scoop I'd give it a try---for as long as the subject matter holds up. I don't have to remind my reading audience that politics can become very boring.
And so I attended a Council meeting Tuesday night. (Good idea, I thought, if that's what I have to write about).
To start, I'd like to give Fran Sainsbury a verbal bouquet for the work she did this summer organizing the Great Face-Lift of the Town Hall. This job has

been on the books for years, but nothing was done until Fran took charge. Now, when visitors walk in the front door, they won't think they're in a bus depot. The Council Chamber has a carpet on the floor; the seats are re-upholstered; there's a new corkboard; a new and accurate clock; new signs to tell you---finally---what's behind the closed doors; a new hair-do on Margo Marshall and a new dress on Fran.
Unfortunately, the men on Council demonstrated no changes whatsoever. Tom Wood, for example, was having trouble speaking. (I guess a summer at the cottage would dry anyone up); Jim Sanders was also stumbling over his bylaws, (cut an inch off his beard and his lower lip might function again); Jim Rae looked good after his stint as an amateur mechanic that taught him, (the hard way), what the underside of a tractor looks like; Wilf Morley was co-operative and the Mayor was debonair. His voice carries well, right to the back of the room, but when he confers with the Clerk, no one can hear a word of her reply. Council is hereby advised to purchase a small P.A. system for Pat (Muir) so the people in the stands will know what's going on.
The remainder of the meeting was "packed" with such exciting debates as whether Council should reply to a letter of thanks re a golf tournament; whether a horse-drawn hayride should cross

Main Street and total wonderment at the Committee of Adjustment who finally succumbed to delusions of grandeur and TWICE in one night ruled against Council's recommendations. Beautiful.
As you can see, most of Council's work is drudgery and long hours. But it's necessary if the Town is to function properly.
Sure, it's easy to throw brickbats at politicians, (and many of them deserve exactly that), but they also deserve bouquets when they do things right. In the weeks ahead, I'll be handing out both.

-Letters-

In recent weeks, The Tribune has received many letters on a wide range of topics. We appreciate this. The newspaper is meant to be a "sounding board" for reader praise and complaints.
On occasions, however, letters are exceptionally long and repetitious. We would prefer they be short and to the point. Also, some are unsigned and the writer's identity is unknown. These must be discarded.
The Tribune does not demand a signature for publication, but the writer must identify himself (herself) to the editor before the letter can be accepted.