

Editor's Mail

It's unfair

Dear Editor:
Thanks for the "kick in the pants" story on your Page 1 of last week's Tribune re lack of support from Stouffville parents in the softball house league.
The news item (and the accompanying editorial) were needed. Many of us are "viewers" rather than "doers". I'm as much to blame as anyone.
The reason I didn't attend the league's annual meeting is I don't want an "official" position. Undoubtedly others stayed away for the same reason.
I admit this is unfair. I shouldn't expect others to "babysit" our daughter through T-Ball, Novice and on up the ladder. We all should lend a hand.
I hope the league continues. Several hundred boys and girls will be "lost" next summer without it.

Rodger Black,
Stuart Street,
Stouffville

No regrets

Dear Editor:
This letter may sound hard-hearted, but I can't feel too sorry for the three Recreation Committee members who recently submitted their resignations.
They sound very much like three kids who walk off the diamond because no one will give them the ball. Surely, there's a more adult way of solving problems than quitting. Quitting, in my opinion, never solved anything.
The three gentlemen in question may be valuable assets to the board. However, never let it be said that anyone's so important that he can't be replaced. I know of several who would be pleased to serve in this capacity.
My comments may sound harsh and impersonal, but this is the approach I take to all matters of this kind.

Bruce Jordan,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.



Parks and Recreation members resign

ROAMING AROUND

"My cup foldeth over"

BY JIM THOMAS



"I don't even know you," my very own sister-in-law commented as I sat forlornly in the Women's Building at Markham Fair, Saturday.

I had been selected as a V.I.P. in the Celebrity Cake Decorating Competition and, wishing to add a little "flavor" to the affair, had dressed up as a lady(?), complete with a long gown, borrowed from my mother-in-law; a reddish-brown wig, on loan from my neighbor and a mammary system comprised of two Dixie cups, taken from the Fair Board's lunch counter when no one was looking.

Dressing up for the occasion, presented no problem. Jean, (my wife), was there to lend a hand. She "zipped me up" in short order. Even adjusted my "cups" so I wouldn't go on stage lop-sided. That was the easy part. But getting out of the blasted thing was something else. With no one to help, I couldn't unzip the zipper far enough to take the pressure off my chest. Even with the "falsies" removed, I was stuck. With nothing to lose except my dignity, I stuck my head out through the door and asked a gal, (that I didn't even know), if she'd please rescue me from my predicament. This, she did, although a trifle hesitant until realizing my pleas were truly sincere.

So much for the beginning and the end. The in-between-time was even worse. To get from the committee "change room" to the "reviewing stand", it was

necessary to walk through the General Exhibits Building, across a section of the grounds and into the Homemaking Section. This I did without incident. Unfortunately, I arrived fifteen minutes early, so had to sit—in full view of hundreds, maybe thousands. I could feel their eyes and hear their comments.

"It's a mannequin," said one.
"No it's not, she's breathing," came the reply.

"What's this world coming to. Those kind of people should never be allowed at a Fair. They're a bad influence," commented another.

"That's the big city for you," answered his friend, "it's getting closer all the time!"

One kindly lady, working with several others on an Historical Society quilt, invited me to sit in, but I had to refuse, explaining I'd forgotten my glasses and couldn't see to thread a needle.

The excuse, as weak as it was, (plus the fact she spotted my hairy legs), prompted her to return from whence she came. My assistant in this cake-decorating exercise was an extremely personable (and obviously professional) young lady by the name of Joanne Gibbons. She's an accountant on the staff of Markham Hydro and one destined for the "shock" of her life. For not only were her talents to be wasted on someone who knows icing only by its taste, but also on someone whose only claim to kitchen fame is

burning the bottom out of a nearly-new porridge pot.

Regardless, she proved herself a really good sport, knowing from the start we were destined for the booby prize which, speaking of "boobies", by the time the contest was about to begin, my left Dixie cup had collapsed, giving me the lopsided look my wife had first feared. Joanne, bless her, attempted to correct the deformation with only minimal success.

As for the competition, our task was to decorate a truck, and while we didn't win, (or even gain an honorable mention), I was more than pleased with the end result. We, in fact, produced the fanciest looking half-ton you'll see in Whitchurch-Stouffville, (or Markham for that matter), even side-panels covered with orange rosebuds.

The judges, said to be volunteers from the Toronto Humane Society, gave the nod to Al Wall and his creation of a brood sow and several pigs. Second was Don Bernard's leghorn hen and third, Alma Walker's hunk of cheese with mice running over the top.

Our truck—it didn't stand a chance. However, Joanne was honest. She suggested we might have done better had wisps from my wig not become part of the side-moulding.
You can fool some of the people some of the time!

KAMPS' KORNER

Lost in the shuffle

BY BILL KAMPS



I hope my first column gave Tribune readers a little chuckle. It sure gave me one when I saw the accompanying photo "Scoop" used. I grew out of that jacket and that hair-color at least ten years ago. Now, if "Scoop" will just pay me for one of these epistles, maybe I can afford a down-pament on a new jacket and a bottle of Grecian Formula to regain my lost youth.

The subject of this week's column, however, is far from humorous. It deals with the recent resignations of John Hutchinson, Cliff Dunkeld and Kim Rogers from the Parks and Recreation Committee.

Actually, it's amazing this kind of mass resignation hadn't happened before because the basic cause that finally drove these three men to quit in frustration is something that's plagued every volunteer committee in Whitchurch-Stouffville for years.

What is it? A total lack of communication between all the committees and Council, and an almost total lack of follow-up on the recommendations the committees make.

The people who serve on the Town's six volunteer groups, spend long hours considering the best ways to manage their areas of responsibilities, whether it's Community Centre, the Library or the Arena. Most of them do it for no pay

whatsoever. They pass their recommendations on to Council and what happens? By and large, they get lost in the shuffle, delayed for countless reasons or not dealt with at all.

Why? Because members of Council haven't the time to handle all the material that comes their way. Because we only pay councillors a part-time salary, we only warrant part-time councillors.

The problem is aggravated when Council is considering the subject of recreation facilities, probably because when you reach an age where you decide to seek a Council seat, recreation has taken on a meaning that doesn't include ice arenas and swimming pools.

The resignations of Messrs. Hutchinson, Dunkeld and Rogers doesn't surprise me, only saddens me because all three were outstanding committee members with a deep commitment to improving the Town's recreation facilities. There's not a single wild-eyed radical among them, so one can be sure their actions stemmed from long-standing problems. However, it does serve one vital purpose—to point to the absolute need for a new Town employee whose sole job it would be to keep track of committee recommendations; know exactly which projects Council has decided to act upon and who is responsible for carrying them out; how long these

projects take and which ones are still outstanding. A regular report should then be given in open Council, with reasons why committed projects haven't been completed.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not calling for a \$50,000-a-year administrator to pad the bureaucratic ranks. No, I think a woman should take this on, working maybe three days a week.

Reverse chauvinism? Perhaps. But women have a great track record in this Town for getting things done; for organizing projects and following them through.

Let's face it, women are stubborn. If you doubt me, look at the ladies operating the Figure Skating Club, the softball and soccer leagues, etc., and the battles they've successfully fought over the years.

A woman could do this job very well. She would serve as a permanent liaison between Council and the volunteer committees, with a strong mandate to see to it that things get done and recommendations are no longer swept under the broodloom.

Whitchurch-Stouffville has lost the services of three good people. Let's make sure we don't lose more.

The Tribune

JAMES THOMAS
Editor

ESTABLISHED 1888
BRUCE ANNAN
Publisher

JOE ANDERSON
Advertising Manager



EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Audrey Green
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Bryan Armstrong, Terri Bernhardt
REAL ESTATE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: Joan Marshman
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Doreen Deacon
NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. tel. 640-2100. Single copies 25c. subscriptions \$15.00 per year in Canada \$45.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspaper of America. Second class mail registration number 0893.

The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes Azon Free Press, Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Weekend Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, The Georgetown Independent, The Hamilton Wentworth Post, The Markham/Thornhill Economist and Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Newmarket Era, 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

640-2100

Editorials

A truly great Fair

What additional superlatives can be used to describe the 128th annual Markham Fair that weren't used last year and the year before that?

The truth is, there are none. When the weather's right, as it was this year, there's no country exhibition quite like it anywhere in Ontario. That's what knowledgeable fair-goers tell us and we have no reason to doubt their testimony.

The executive, working as a "team", have established a system whereby all corners are covered. The only thing beyond their control is the weather and when it co-operates, the rating soars to "excellent".

Cedar Grove's Barry Little headed up this year's successful event. With his "roots" deeply embedded in Markham soil, Barry brought to the Fair a modest dignity that established the theme for the entire show. Yes, it was indeed "The Place To Be In '83".

It was back in 1977, seven years ago, that the Markham and East York Agricultural Society made the big switch to the new site. Remember the rumblings—

the dire predictions? "Markham Fair is leaving Markham," some said, "it will never be the same".

In part, they were right. It hasn't been the same, it's been better, better to the extent it's now looked on as the best fall fair in the province.

Thousands attended Saturday, and again Sunday. Still, with so much space, the grounds and buildings never seemed uncomfortably crowded.

While this is truly Markham's fair, the very location, so close to Whitchurch-Stouffville, makes it feel like our fair also. The geographical proximity has undoubtedly influenced more and more people here to participate.

We trust this newspaper's involvement has played some small part too. The Tribune looks on it as our fair also. It's through this kind of close co-operation that the end result spells certain success. Congratulations Board of Directors and your hundreds of helpers on a job well done. You have just cause to be proud of your accomplishments.

Not a full-time post

"While the mayor fiddles, Rome burns," stated an unsigned letter received by The Tribune this week. The writer's reference was to Mayor Eldred King attending the International Plowing Match near Ottawa while the Town's recreation hierarchy was (or appeared to be) falling apart at the seams.

Other verbal comments, along much the same line, were heard on the street. We consider these types of criticisms as "cheap shots". With two of his sons participating in International competi-

tion; we would expect the mayor to be there; in fact, we'd question his personal priorities if he wasn't. Further, doesn't every elected official deserve a vacation like each of us? Managing this Town isn't yet a full-time job, demanding a full-time salary. It just seems that way.

It's a sad thing too, if the operation of this municipality's business must be solely dependent on one person; that the mayor can't enjoy a few days' away without the "affairs of state" collapsing in chaos.

A worthwhile mission

Stouffville's Anglican Church deserves full marks for its Pantry Shelf program that collects, packs and delivers food and clothing for the destitute of downtown Toronto.

The need is urgent. That's what those, working in the field, keep saying. Unfortunately, donations aren't constant. Folks must continually be reminded of others' misfortunes. Then they respond.

To make the giving more convenient, food containers have been placed in both the I.G.A. and A. & P. Your consideration is requested.

Christ Church (Anglican) is open Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Saturday mornings from nine until eleven. Committee members include—Joyce Nailer, Kathleen Glazin, Ursula O'Connor and Barb Schell.