

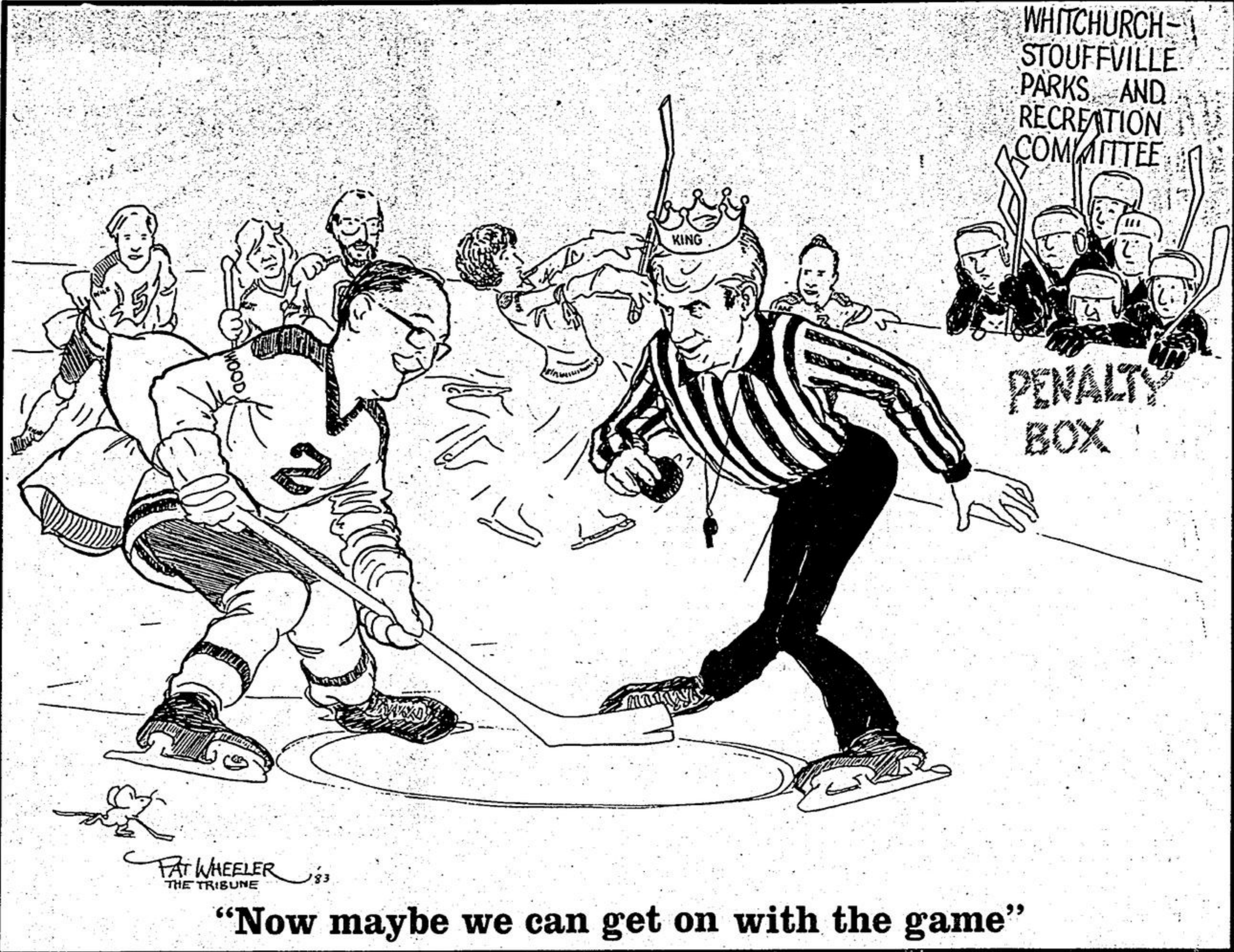
Editor's Mail

In praise

Dear Mr Thomas:
 In my opinion, it's time to put in a good word on behalf of our mayor, Eldred King.
 Our Town doesn't know how lucky it is to have a dedicated leader of his knowledge and ability.
 There's not a subject or an issue within the municipality that he can't discuss in a factual and forthright manner. I've never met a man so completely aware of what's going on.
 Mr King is not one to make rash decisions. This being the case, he's often looked on as being slow to action. People tend to forget that a hasty decision can be a wrong decision and cost us dearly.
 From what I have seen of Mayor King, he has made all the RIGHT decisions, simply because he's taken the time to think things through carefully and logically. He shouldn't be faulted for this but rather should be praised.
 Sincerely,
 (Mrs) June Pringle,
 R.R. 1, Cedar Valley.

The best

Dear Editor:
 I take strong exception to the letter from "Disgusted", published in the sports section of the Nov. 9 Tribune.
 If the writer lacked the intestinal fortitude to reveal his name, I don't feel his opinion holds an ounce of credibility.
 I say the location for our new Rec. Centre is the RIGHT site. I also say that history will record Eldred King as being one of the best, if not THE best mayor (or reeve) this town has ever had.
 And I'm not afraid to back up my opinion with a signature.
 Sincerely,
 Percy Langille,
 Vivian.



"Now maybe we can get on with the game"

The Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1888

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ROAMING AROUND

It was a royal affair

BY JIM THOMAS

The Royal Agricultural Winter Fair—what's there? The kids chorused as I announced I'd be attending the show for a second time within a week.

Before I could reply, they answered their own question with descriptives like "just pigs"; "a few cows and horses"; "sheep and goats"; "hay and straw".

Said Mary-Lynn, our youngest: "Why do you have to go all the way to Toronto to see that?"

To most kids, that's what the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair is—pigs, cows, horses, sheep, goats, hay and straw. That's because most have never been there.

But how does one get them there? My invitation fell on deaf ears. Each had a hundred and one things he and she wanted to do. And the very fact the Royal has no midway, really threw cold water on whatever enthusiasm I could generate. All said they'd wait and go to Markham, Uxbridge and Brooklin fairs "like before".

I agreed, knowing full well their minds were made up.

To be honest, I'd have probably said the same had someone invited me to the Royal a week before I went on my own. For forty years had elapsed since I last visited the place. I thought it was boring then and considered it unlikely anything had changed. Well, either I have or it has; perhaps both. This time around, I found it so interesting, (even exciting), I was anxious to return.

The Royal is professional farming at its best, maybe a bit too professional for we who remember the physical rather than the mechanical. All that has changed.

Changed too is my attitude towards this Fair. It's not just a show of pigs, cows, horses, sheep, goats, hay and straw as the kids had said and I, through lack of knowledge, had left unchallenged. It's these plus a whole lot more. Even after two trips, I failed to see it all.

What interested me most, I guess, was the crowd—thousands and thousands of people, both city folk and country cousins exchanging greetings and excuse me's as they jostled from one area of the Coliseum to the other.

No one seemed in a hurry; the exact opposite—the men with their hands buried elbow-deep in each pocket and the women, carrying, tugging and even pushing pint-sized offspring through tidal waves of humanity. While none seemed to complain, it made me weak just to stand on the sidelines and watch.

And eat! Just about everyone I saw was consuming something. One mountain of a man had a chocolate-coated icecream bar clenched in one hand and a hot-dog in the other. He was eating them both—together!

What amazed me most was the variety of displays—everything from flowers to fish; apples to potatoes and cows to cars—far exceeding anything I had imagined.

While international in scope, the involvement by participants from Whichurch-Stouffville, Uxbridge, Goodwood, Clarendon, Mount Albert, Gormley and Markham is phenomenal, and so is the success they enjoy; first-place entries in many divisions, grand and reserve grand championships too. When it comes to high class exhibits plus showmanship, this area doesn't take a back seat to anyone.

So there you have it folks, a Fair as regal as its name. I liked what I saw and I intend to see it again next year—with my kids—as many as I can drag in that direction. But it won't be easy. They're still convinced that, without a midway, it's really not a fair at all. And, perhaps they have a point—something the Royal Board of Directors should consider when they meet to make plans for 1984.

KAMPS' KORNER

Bill's dieting for dollars

BY BILL KAMPS

Well, here I sit—wasting away to a mountain after a week on my diet. My ties have stopped fitting properly and my belt has suddenly become an inch longer. I am definitely saving money on groceries, but am forced to endure incredible abuse from the people who accost me in every aisle of the A&P, demanding to examine the content of my buggy and accusing me of sneaking cookies under lettuce leaves and melba toast. (The cookies are for my dog.)

I sure appreciate all the diet hints everyone is giving me. (They range from drinking two quarts of carrot juice a day to standing on my head.) However, I'd really appreciate it even more if you'd sponsored Ged and me for a few cents a pound. A good guess about how many pounds and ounces Ged and I lose by March 1st could win you a great dinner and scintillating conversation. (I read that word somewhere and have been dieting to use it.) All the money pledged will go to the Recreation Centre and not to the dinner. We promise.

Speaking of the Rec Centre—the plans I saw in the Council chambers last Tuesday are terrific in their basic design and utilization of space. However, I feel very strongly that Phase One of the project must include a community meeting hall in some form. It's one of the most crucial needs this town has—space that could be used for recreation programs, meetings, dances, musical and theatrical performances. If designed properly, there could be room for day-care programs and a drop-in centre for teens with games equipment and a snack-bar—with a basic rental fees for such functions as weddings and receptions. (And let's not forget a qualified staff to plan the activities we're so sorely lacking here.)

Let's give the taxpayers and their children a break. Let's not force them to wait another ten years for some basic and necessary facilities.

Last Tuesday was another exciting night at Council. Besides the usual lengthy communications from York Region and the provincial and federal governments, they had a stimulating discussion as to where a special display on soil conservation should be placed. After Fran Sainsbury explained to Tom Wood that all taxpayers are landowners despite what he thought, the councillors agreed to put the soil in both the Town Hall and the Library. Don't miss it!

The Mayor was in good form, addressing Jim Sanders as "Councillor Rae" at least five times during the evening. Either the Mayor's half-glasses need to be exchanged for full-sized specs or old age is creeping up.

As the evening wore on, I was tempted to leave. However, the sight of the three reporters scribbling furiously made me fear I might be missing something important. I decided to manoeuvre myself into position so that I could examine their writing pads and discovered all three were completely covered with doodles. The worst of it was their doodles were far more artistic than mine, so I silently acknowledged defeat and left.

Editorials

Oppose 'open' Sunday

The question of legal Sunday store openings is almost certain to come before the Dec. 7 meeting of the Stouffville Business Improvement Area Board. While most members are undoubtedly aware such a recommendation is in the wind, the outcome, following discussion is anybody's guess.

As a member of the B.I.A. and the business community, we stand opposed—for several reasons.

Admittedly, the Sabbath is no longer "the day of rest" it once was. However, we consider it unfair to expect members of staff to work both Saturdays and Sundays which, in some cases, would be necessary where the business operation is small.

We feel it's unfair to expect members of staff to work Sundays at all, regardless of ability to alternate working hours.

We feel store openings on Sunday, in Stouffville, is contrary to provisions contained in the Lord's Day Act.

We feel store openings on Sunday could prompt the Stouffville Sales Barn (Flea Market) to follow suit and thus continue the traffic flow through town all weekend.

We feel that because store openings on Sunday will be strongly opposed by the church community, business here will be hurt instead of helped.

We feel there's sufficient opportunity to purchase goods, Monday through Saturday, (plus Friday evenings), without extending the business week into Sunday.

We feel much has been done and much more can be done, to make the Stouffville business community attractive to shoppers without providing the so-called "convenience" of Sunday store openings.

We feel (and fear) store openings on Sunday will be looked on as business greed rather than business need.

We are suggesting that if a consumer preference vote was taken in Stouffville, to-morrow, Sunday shopping would lose by ten to one.

Mayor can't do it alone

Mayor Eldred King attended a turkey shoot, Saturday, sponsored by the Canadian Progress Club, with proceeds going to the Town Recreation Centre Fund.

Mayor King was present, not to win a Christmas turkey or get in some target practice, but to represent the municipality at a fund-raising event.

We ask, how much can be expected of any man?

He's everywhere, not (necessarily) because he wants to be but because (he feels) he has to be. For the sake of himself and his family, this kind of "dedication to duty" must stop.

Eldred King is a member of what is known as "the old school". He's of the opinion that, if you want a thing done right, you do it yourself. He refuses to delegate authority as much as he should, even though, on occasions, two and three members of his Council are present at the same event—sitting there, standing there, but doing nothing.

Surely, Jim Sanders can lay a wreath; Fran Sainsbury can cut a ribbon and Wilf Morley can turn a sod.

Mayor King manages the municipality with the same singular resolve, displaying impatience with people who make decisions and those who don't; the end result being, he makes the decisions himself.

Mayor King is tough, make no mistake about that. However, he must remember he's working with employees and volunteers who are not so tough, even young and immature. Some degree of patience and understanding is required.

Apart from this, he cannot continue to manage the municipality alone. He must pass responsibilities (and problems) onto others' shoulders, and let the chips fall where they may.

The mayor of a town is much like the editor of a newspaper. When people make a request, they expect a response—a positive response. Sometimes, they're surprised when the answer is "no". Unfortunately, for Eldred King, (and some newspaper editors), that word isn't part of their vocabulary. However, their successors will learn it—fast, and most folks will quickly forget "the do-it-yourself guys" ever existed.

Editor's Mail

Extend smoking ban

Dear Mr Thomas:

I wish to make comment re the principal's intended ban on smoking in High School washrooms.

Such a situation may indeed pose a problem. He and his staff know best. I'd like to say that the practice of smoking 'outside' the school is also a problem. It hurts the image I'm sure the administration wishes to present.

While the smoking area is not on school property, it still puts the school in a bad light.

I'd like to suggest the principal extend the ban to include all of Edward Street adjacent to the school. This would necessitate students walking only a few steps to the south if the habit compels them to 'light up' before going to class; not a major inconvenience.

As for a smoking area within the school, my response is a definite 'NO'.

Sincerely,
 Barbara Burns,
 Albert Street,
 Stouffville.