

Editor's Mail

Irrational decision

Dear Editor:
As a neutral observer to the "chaos in recreation" that has beset Whitechurch-Stouffville, it would seem Council is acting irrationally in its attempt to remedy the situation.
To appoint the chief librarian as a recreation co-ordinator, without first clearing that appointment with the Library Board, is a strange way to fill a position.
If the Library Board rejects the recommendation, what then?
If the Board approves the idea, will its services suffer?
It would seem to me these questions should have been answered before the proposal was made public. Either way, it only creates further controversy.

Sincerely,
Fred Forbes,
North Street,
Stouffville.

Opposed

Dear Mr Thomas:
I've been told that you personally are a member of the Business Improvement Board in Stouffville.

While you've undoubtedly a mind of your own and will vote according to your own conscience, I'm asking you to consider people like myself when the issue of Sunday shopping arises.

I'm strongly opposed.
Surely, a six-day week gives folks time to purchase what they need without extending the practice into the Sabbath. This, to me, would not be business 'improvement', but rather business degeneration.

Sincerely,
Isabelle Scott,
Main Street East,
Stouffville.


SUNDAY SHOPPING



PAT WHEELER '83
THE TRIBUNE

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KAMPS' KORNER
Smudge on the moon
BY BILL KAMPS



On the night of Nov. 22, a full moon shone over Stouffville.
Many people still hold to the belief that a full moon causes humans to behave in strange and peculiar ways. This suspicion was confirmed by members of Town Council that evening.
Debate raged through most of the meeting over whether or not Council should retire the current Parks and Recreation Committee and take over the members' function themselves.
For once, I completely agreed with Councillor Jim Sanders who admitted Council hasn't the time to effectively supervise recreation activities in this Town. Jim's key word was "arrogant", as in "it's an arrogant move on Council's part". Even though I agreed with him, Mayor Eldred King and Councillor Wilf Morley obviously did not.
Jack (the runner) Watson, attended as a delegation of one and spoke very effectively. He pointed out that the Parks and Recreation Committee both directly and indirectly affects more people than any other volunteer group in Whitechurch-Stouffville. He also said this particular problem shouldn't be confused with the issue of the new Recreation Centre as the two are unrelated. Jack will never make a politician—his statements are too clear and concise.
Councillor Margo Marshall voted to disband the Committee. She suggested a steering committee of user groups be established. If that proposal was ever carried out, you'd end up with a group that would stretch from here to Markham—totally unwieldy and unworkable.
Councillor Morley quoted various functions listed in the Town's Master Plan concerning recreation that he wants Council to carry out. These suggestions would be terrific if we had a full-time Council with unlimited time to address these problems. But we don't, in fact, there are countless complaints concerning the amount of time Council takes to process anything.
Mayor King talked about the effective liaison that existed when he and others served on the Town's various committees over the years. My response to that is, to ask if the Parks and Recreation Committee was so effective, how come all our facilities became so run down over those years?
Several accusing fingers were waved in the air but none really pointed to the people who might have been responsible for the breakdown of recreation programs in Whitechurch-Stouffville. In my opinion, the members of the Parks and Recreation Committee were not at fault, but rather it was the failure of Council to appoint one member of Town staff to supervise their activities, to check on what was being accomplished and what wasn't, and to report to Council. This created the breakdown in communication.
Despite the uproar in the local Press; the anger exhibited by many citizens and the folks who advised Council they were making a big mistake, the Town's Parks and Recreation Committee was voted out of existence.
In my opinion, Council took a giant step backwards with this decision, but I sure hope I'm wrong. As citizens, I urge you to keep a close eye on our recreation programs and our recreation facilities over the next year, then decide for yourselves.
No, this isn't a humorous column. There's nothing humorous about my subject. As I drove home, the face of the full moon was frowning—or was it? Perhaps it was just the smudge on my glasses.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE
In search of a meal
BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE



The autumn color was at its brilliant best; fiery reds, golden yellows and every shade in between, all etched in patches and places with soft forest green. It was enough to make a man want to become part of that real-life mural and head for the hills. So much so, that on such a beautiful day, I thought it might be a good idea to heed the beckoning call and ramble across the fields and on up into the hemlock woods.
And while Kim, our short-haired pointer had partridge as her priority, I was hunting for something else. Actually, there were two good reasons why I was not following the dog's lead. First, the leaves were still so thick on the trees that the chance of sighting a spooked grouse was about as good as spotting a deer in a grown-over beaver meadow. And second, the few frosts we had experienced this fall, were spaced fairly well apart, allowing the soil temperature to remain relatively warm.
These factors were in my mind, along with October's over-abundant rainfall, as I searched the woodlands and fence rows for the main ingredient of a gourmet meal. Yet, while all the signs were in evidence along the forest pathways, the real prize remained as elusive as it had on some previous outings. However, as hunting in any shape or form is not measured in terms of take-home items, my meanderings amidst the splendor of the autumn season was an invigorating experience.
Now Nature may have been saving something of her natural beauty for another time, but on this particular day, it appeared as if she was coming close to putting on a command performance. How else can one describe the brilliant backlighting of splendor as the sun focused on the silver trickle of a tiny stream. Even the scars and etches of the higher watermarks along the rocky watercourse, took on a new dimension when trimmed with clumps and sprigs of the vivid leaf patterns. Here and there in the sheltered vales, moss-green ferns held especially brilliant samples of forest artistry up for display on their arched plumes.
Actually, it was in just such a vale that we had discovered the reason for hunting the area every autumn. And while that initial encounter occurred four years ago, we had never since been able to bring another big one home for the cook. It seemed we were always too late and they had disappeared, or too early and they had not yet arrived.
Bending low to avoid the sharp twigs of a dead pine, I caught a glimpse of something white through the stands of the timber ahead. No need to search on all sides now. I carefully picked my way through the trees with my eyes glued on that patch of white. Now I was almost upon it. I brought up my arm to ward off a protecting branch, then reaching out at full arm's length and caught the giant puffball up with both hands. It was a beautiful specimen, fresh and clean with no blemishes. Close to my face, I could smell the mushroom-like fragrance and my palate danced with the prospects of those large butter-browned slices.
Puffballs and mushrooms are a big bonus to any autumn outing. Maybe it's because conditions have to be just right for their development or you have to happen along at the right time to garner a share, that makes them so much in demand. Yet, it's a sure bet if you get to know the edible kinds, there's a heap of good eating lying around. In fact, one of the most touching farewell parties ever attended took place in World War II. No, the boys from "A" and "B" flight were not bidding adieu to companions or places in the U.K., but rather were wondering out loud through mouthfuls of mushrooms on toast, where the next such savory meal was coming from. You see, this writer had discovered the short grass area where the airdrome was akin to a vast mushroom garden. So our departure to the Continent would mean we would be back to plain serviceman's food such as Spam and smoked kippers once again.

Editorials
Invitation to accidents

How many fatalities; how many injuries and how many thousands of dollars in property damage accidents must occur in the Lincolnville area before corrective measures are taken to remove existing hazards? Crossing the Bloomington Road from or to Hwy. 47 is a game of Russian roulette, particularly for slow-moving vehicles. The pavement is too wide and the speed limit too fast to permit a cross-over in safety.
The collision, Wednesday, between an eastbound tractor-trailer and a southbound farm tractor and grain wagons, is a prime example of how inadequate (and confusing) this intersection is.
The confusing part relates to the fact there is no longer one intersection there but seven. Motorists, unfamiliar with the area, are prone to make mistakes, serious and sometimes fatal mistakes that must be attributed to engineering errors.
While this was not the problem in Wednesday's crash, it has been on other occasions. It's time the Regions of York and Durham along with the Province took a long hard look at the hazardous situation they've created and do something immediately to correct it.
The multitude of exits and entrances onto Hwy. 47 are unnecessary. Further, the main north-south, east-west intersection requires some form of protection. A lower east-west speed limit would help plus flashing red and amber lights.
When this interchange was created about ten years ago, the Whitechurch-Stouffville Council of that day, expressed alarm at the accident toll. Councillor June Button, for one, recommended the Region of York reassess the engineering layout and, if necessary, institute improvements. Nothing, to our knowledge, was ever done.
We only know of the serious accidents, the ones where fire and ambulance services are required. Residents in the area, tell of many more.
The two levels of government, we fear, are again playing the "numbers game" where so many vehicles are required to constitute a need for traffic lights. So while they sit and count cars, the accident toll climbs.
Municipal councillors, apply some pressure and stop this needless carnage.

Honor to be nominated

An eleven-year-old Stouffville girl, a Grade 5 student at St. Mark's Separate School, has been nominated for Junior Citizen of the Year in Ontario.
Tracey Bell, daughter of John and Joan Bell, 68 Stouffer Street South, has been credited with saving the life of six-year-old Roger McMann, son of Wayne and Carol McMann, 86 Tenth Line South.
Roger jumped into the deep end of a motel swimming pool at St. Petersburg, Florida, last spring and was rescued by Tracey, who, according to eyewitnesses, responded immediately to Roger's brother's calls for help.
To our knowledge, this is the first time anyone from Whitechurch-Stouffville has ever been nominated for this award.
She may not win, in fact chances of winning are slim. However, this does not take away from the fact Tracey's indeed a hero, deserving of community praise and thanks.

Difficult to replace

The end of the year will mark the beginning of retirement for York Region's likeable Ag. Rep., Alan Wall.
This may very well sound like a pleasant event. For Al, we hope it is. For the Region, it isn't. He leaves shoes that will be difficult to fill. He's done a marvellous job for the farmers of York.
It was back in 1959 that Alan Wall first set foot in what was then York County. And he too, had big shoes to fill, succeeding the late Moff Cockburn, a highly respected friend of the farmer. However, Al proved himself equal to the task and now will be sorely missed.
Undoubtedly, there are other capable people in the wings. But the adjustment, particularly to a stranger, will take time. For those of us who have "grown up" (and older) with Al, things won't seem the same.

Day of rest
Dear Editor:
Genesis 2:2-3 reads: "And on the seventh day, God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it."
The Stouffville merchants have six days in the week in which to remain open until 9 p.m. Let Sunday remain a quiet day of rest.
Sincerely,
Mrs Arthur Cook,
Manitoba Street,
Stouffville.