

Editor's Mail

Trying

Dear Mr. Thomas:
I fully support the Town's Culture and Recreation Committee and its practice of 'taking meetings to the people'. In this way, members are placing the onus of responsibility on residents of individual communities where the meetings are being held. If they fail to respond, then at least the Committee has done its part.
While I'd like to be positive in this regard, I do not anticipate a stampede. Most people aren't inclined to attend evening gatherings of this kind unless they have complaints.
I would hope, however, that Committee members aren't disappointed by this and elect to 'call the whole thing off'. Through perseverance and patience, the policy may eventually reap dividends. At least the Committee will have the satisfaction of knowing it tried.

Sincerely,
David Price,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.

Obsession

Dear Editor
In reply to the letter from Jacqueline Boyd of Stouffville under the heading "Female Breasts An Obsession", I will remember a snow sculpture here of a nude male, down to the very last detail.

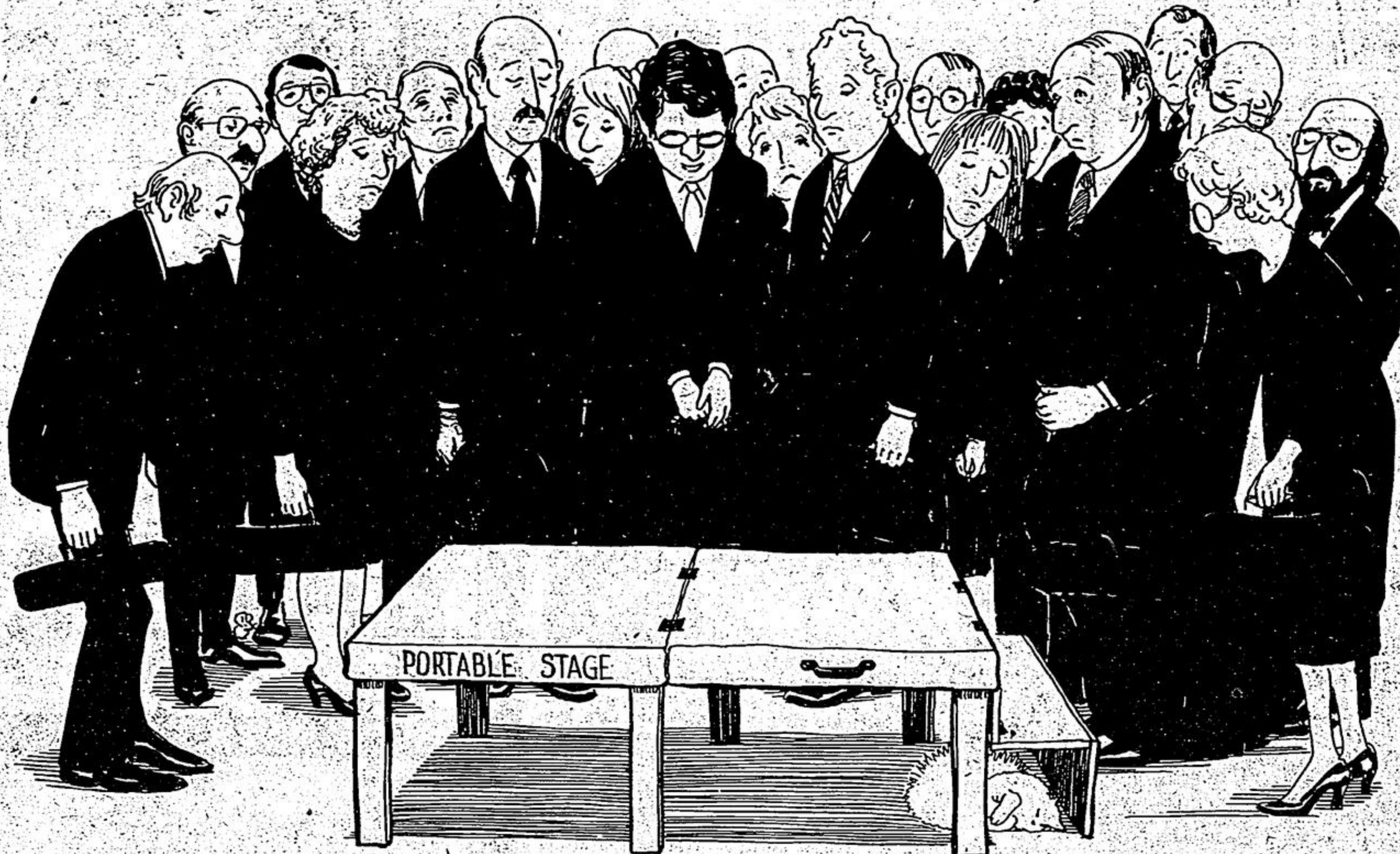
The sculpture had to be destroyed due to the fact ladies were lined up on the street in their cars, causing traffic jams. They all wanted a peek.

You'd almost think these women had never seen a nude male before.

I live only a short distance from the beach. There, the girls lay around, watching the men in their tight-fitting bathing trunks. Comments concerning sexy legs, etc., are often overheard.

No, Jackie, it's not all one-sided.
Sincerely,
Victor Foote,
Port Perry.

TOWN COUNCIL HAS APPROVED A PORTABLE BANDSTAND AS A BI-CENTENNIAL PROJECT.



WEBSTER'S DEFINITION: 'PORTABLE - THAT WHICH MAY BE EASILY CARRIED BY HAND OR ABOUT THE PERSON.'

PAT WHEELER
THE TRIBUNE



The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND



Snowbirds fly South

BY JIM THOMAS

It's Sunday afternoon and Stouffville's all but deserted—even more deserted than usually is the case on a Sunday afternoon. And it's not because of near-zero visibility, although that should be reason enough to keep most folks indoors. It's due to the fact half the populace has gone South.

You don't believe it? Then try calling people. No answer. Talk to people. They're leaving the next day. It's March 'break' time and the great migration's begun or well underway, depending on how early the start.

What hurts most is the (apparent) ease of departure, much like I'd talk about a trip to Mongolia or Dickson's Hill; nothing to it, just "pick up and go".

I wish. For years now, we've been discussing just such a holiday, but so far, as a family, it's advanced no further than the discussion stage. Yes, it's been another winter of panting, puffing, and plunging while neighbors all around are revelling in the sun-soaked scenery of warm sandy beaches and beauties in bikinis. It doesn't seem fair.

But time waits for no man. Weary of me trying to make up my mind, (and scrape together sufficient shekels), daughter Cathy is living a teenage dream. She and three of her friends, (yes, all girls), are soaking up the sun. They left Thursday and will return Monday—by car.

While thousands of Moms and Dads experience this sort of thing every winter, and think nothing of it, it's all very new to us; and, yes, we're worried. I

suppose we wouldn't be responsible parents if we didn't worry, and I'm sure the parents of Cathy's three friends are worried too, and will continue to worry until all are home safe and sound.

In discussions prior to her leaving, Cathy brushed aside our concerns with the casual comment: "I'll be okay". Still, after having seen the movie "Where The Boys Are" and reading dozens of news stories about beach parties and the like, we're keeping our fingers crossed. Stouffville's hardly comparable to Miami. And I'm just not talking about the weather.

To put our minds (partially) at ease, each of the gals has agreed to take turns

calling home every evening. The parent receiving the call then calls the other three. So far, everything's worked out well.

We've made other suggestions also like: Don't drive when you're tired; don't pick up hitch-hikers; don't go out alone at night; don't get too much sun; don't carry too much money and so on, a lengthy list of don'ts that we trust someone of nineteen will have the common-sense to follow.

And that, I guess, is the bottom line—TRUST. There comes a time when every son and daughter must spread his (her) wings and fly. And every March 'break', thousands of Canadian 'snowbirds' do just that—spread their wings and fly South.

Would I want to join them? While I'd never tell my kids, lying prostrate in the sun and sand isn't my idea of a holiday. If all sounds pretty boring to me. But shovelling snow is pretty boring too, particularly when you've shovelled the exact same spot only two hours before. So, until I receive a report first-hand, I'll rest my case.

But who knows? Maybe I'll be so impressed with what I'm told; my next column will be datelined Ft. Lauderdale or I'll land a permanent position with the Miami Herald.

Dream on, Jim, dream on.

Editor's Mail
Pleased

Mr. Thomas:
As a parent of a competitor attending the Uxbridge Invitational Figure Skating Competition, I wish to compliment your paper on the excellent coverage provided this event.

The newspaper in the town where I reside, hardly ever recognizes competitions of this kind, even in our own rink let alone in an arena in another community.

You'll never know the thrill a boy or girl receives from seeing his or her name in the paper, let alone an accompanying photograph. Congratulations on a job well done.

Sincerely,
Proud Mother

Editorials

A benefit to Town

A proposal, put forward by the Firefighters (Bethesda Group), to establish a satellite village between Warden and Woodbine Avenues in Whitchurch-Stouffville, should be welcomed by the Town.

It's a self-contained community, a veritable 'gift', unlike anything offered here before. Let's grab it before the applicants change their minds.

To point out only the problems and not consider the benefits is wrong. Local planners should see it as a challenge and indicate a willingness to make it work. Let's assist rather than hinder its progress towards reality.

Whitchurch-Stouffville, in our opinion, has everything to gain and nothing to

lose. The lone request from the owners is to keep the streets clear of snow, no monumental task to be sure.

By saying "no" to a development of this kind, planners are condemning the earlier creations of communities like Gormley, Ballantrae and Bloomington. Yet, at the same time, they've allowed all of these to grow. So, how different is this. Far better, we say. For here is a hamlet planned for a purpose; a hamlet maintained by the people who own it; a hamlet that poses a financial risk to no one; a hamlet that will do Whitchurch-Stouffville proud.

Let's accept the challenge and make the Rolling Hills of Gormley Green a reality.

A top priority

We appreciate the fact the York Region Board of Education sub-committee on finance is attempting to cut costs. It was for this purpose, the committee was established. However, before members suggest removal of the summer school program, they'd be wise to re-think their priorities.

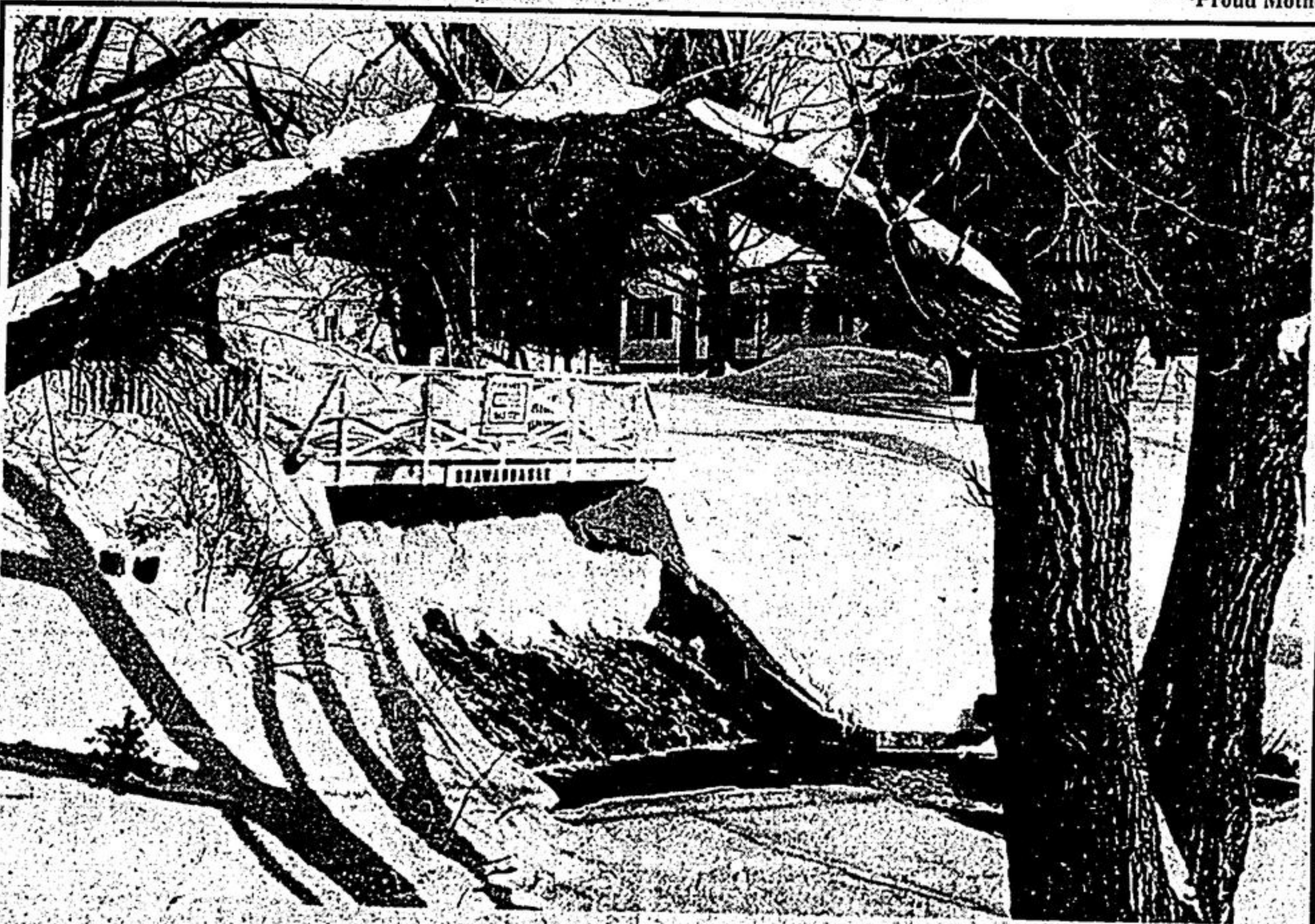
Summer school, in our opinion, ranks close to the top.

We are not dealing only with single subjects here or two or three marks. We are dealing with future careers, yes even lives. There are hundreds of young people who, if not been for this last-ditch academic reprieve, would not be where they are today. Many, once over this hurdle and later enrolled in a course of their choosing, have gone on to academic honors.

All together

Whitchurch-Stouffville's Canada Day and Bi-Centennial events will be celebrated on the same weekend.

The dual program has been placed under the umbrella of one organization. The chairman is Councillor Tom Wood. This is a community event, one that requires the participation and cooperation of everyone. In the weeks leading up to this giant celebration, there will be many meetings. If you have something positive to offer, please lend your support. Your assistance will be appreciated.



Old man winter retains its icy grip

Whitchurch-Stouffville's 'Little Niagara' is attractive in any season, even when it's covered with ice a week before Spring. The property, long an area landmark, is located on the Stouffville Road near Warden Avenue. The owner is Michael Larkin, R.R. 2, Markham.
—Jim Thomas

Sure signs of aging

You're getting old when:
Everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.

The gleam in your eye is from the sun hitting your bifocals.
You feel like "the morning after" but you haven't had "the night before".

Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D.

You get winded playing chess.

Your children begin looking middle-aged.

You join a health club but don't go.

You decide to procrastinate but never get around to it.

You know all the answers but no one asks you any questions.

You look forward to a dull evening.

Your knees buckle but your belt won't.

You turn out the lights for economic rather than romantic reasons.

You sit in a rocking chair but can't get it rocking.

Dialing long distance wears you out.

Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you see a pretty girl go by.

The little gray-haired lady you help across the street is your wife.

You have too much room in the house but not enough room in the medicine chest.

You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.