

**Editor's Mail**

**Disapprove of Sunday market**

The following is a letter addressed to Norm Faulkner and management of the Stouffville Stockyards, a copy of which was sent to The Tribune.

Dear Sirs:

It is with very deep regret and disappointment that we read in The Tribune of your decision to open your premises to a Sunday Flea Market.

We have always enjoyed Stouffville as a quiet country town and are fully aware that change does take place. We also know full well that this added attraction will draw hundreds of cars through the town. This will only be the beginning as other businesses who have respected the long time practice of Sunday closing will want to join in the breaking of the quietness of the Lord's day.

Today, (May 17), Gordon Sinclair passed from the scene of Toronto. While he was at times, a controversial figure, he was respected for his integrity.

My wife and I have lived on Tenth Line South since 1943. We are aware of the additional traffic that has been generated since the Flea Market was started. This will now be the pattern for Sundays.

While we don't have the influence that Gordon Sinclair enjoyed, we do plead with you to reconsider your decision in respect of the wishes of the majority of Stouffville residents and adjoining community folk.

Sincerely,  
Albert E. Drudge,  
R.R. 1, Stouffville



"The last round-up"

PAT WHEELER  
THE TRIBUNE '84

**The Tribune**

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**ROAMING AROUND**



**I lost my right arm**

BY JIM THOMAS

This week I lost my right arm. My camera went on the fritz which, journalistically speaking, is one in the same.

Admittedly, the Mamiya I'm presently using, and have been using for almost a year, will never match the old Graphic that carried me through three decades of assignments. The Graphic was built to last, the Cadillac of press cameras. The Mamiya, while just as cumbersome, is cheaper to operate which, by today's standard of photo acceptability is "the bottom line."

Problem is, when something goes wrong, I'm beat. How different, the Graphic; just shake it, cuff it or kick it and presto, all would be normal as before.

My present picture-clicker has never been "right on" from the start. The focussing mechanism has always been a shade off the precision I need. To correct this, requires a minimum of two weeks in the repair shop, fourteen days I don't have until vacation time in July. So I've been limping along, trying to "make do" until holidays roll around.

This week, it happened. I received a telephone call, Friday, from Sjoerd Witteveen, the darkroom technician at our sister paper, the Economist and Sun in Markham.

"Something's seriously wrong with your camera," he said, "the faces are so blurred, I can't tell who they are."

He offered several suggestions, none of which seemed like solutions.

"Some are useable," he sympathized, "but they're not good."

By this time, I'd already covered a Ballantrae Tennis Club fashion show at the Deer Park Inn; the installation of a new president at The Silver Jubilee Club and our "Girl Next Door" feature. The fashion show, I couldn't do again and the others, well, a trifle inconvenient and just a bit embarrassing. For people never really believe it's the camera's fault. To most, it's just an excuse.

But how to correct it? I didn't have a clue. So I rushed down to George Ross of George Ross Photo Studio and threw the Mamiya at his feet. "Please help," I pleaded.

George never missed a puff on his rum-soaked cigar, as he checked the camera over from front to back. Five minutes later, after loaning me a part from one of his own, I was back in business again.

But not for long. Early Saturday morning, the phone rang again, this time at my house.

"They're worse than before, terrible in fact," said a voice, I didn't want to hear. "Better borrow another camera. There's something seriously wrong."

My knees went like jelly. By this time, I'd re-shot our "Girl Next Door" feature plus additional assignments including a

Markham-Stouffville Hospital Fund cheque presentation; the High School Band and a concert at St. James' Presbyterian Church. And there were just as many more I still had to do.

With hat in hand, I went back to George Ross. "Please help," I pleaded a second time.

The old master took one look at the lens. "How long has it been like this?" he asked, pulling it back to "normal" and snapping the lock in place.

I admitted I hadn't noticed. "Should make a big difference," he said, "try it and see."

So that's what I've been doing—trying it, over and over again; repeat assignments all weekend long. But I haven't yet seen the results. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

But folks have been great. Not a single person complained; despite the fact I've inconvenienced them terribly. I appreciate their co-operation.

Most I've been able to do again, the High School Band being the exception. You don't reconvene forty-five kids; at the snap of a finger. Besides, I haven't mustered sufficient nerve to ask. But I will, maybe by Wednesday, if I'm still here.

For, if the repeat pictures show no improvement, I'll take a flying leap from the top of the Duffin Creek dam; with camera in hand, we'll go down together.

**Editorials**

**Challenge for church**

On June 5, 1961, the first sod was turned for the present Christ Church Parish Hall on Sunset Boulevard, Stouffville. Participants in that ceremony included Rev. John L. Ball, Elizabeth Foote, Harry Bourne, Lionel Ford and Reeve Ken Wagg.

We counted it an honor to attend that historic event.

On May 27, 1984, almost twenty-three years later, the first sod was turned to start construction of a new church sanctuary.

We counted it an honor to attend this historic event also.

This project is the realization of a dream for the Anglican congregation. But it is not the end; it's really only the beginning. For, it was Rev. Arthur Walsh, former pastor at the Stouffville Missionary Church who once said: "For

a congregation to remain alive, it must be challenged." We believe this and so obviously does Christ Church (Anglican). For this is indeed a challenge. However, the project will be the means by which the membership will grow in both spirit and in strength as they witness this dream unfold before their very eyes.

Stouffville is a church oriented community. It was upon a rock of devout Mennonite faith that the town had its beginning. Since then, other denominations have established deep roots and the forest of Christian influence has flourished. It is by establishing goals and accepting challenge that progress is achieved. Christ Church (Anglican) took a major step forward, Sunday, an extension of a journey that began back in 1879—a proud moment in a proud heritage.

**Positive approach**

The Whitchurch Ratepayers Association, (for want of a better name), is planning a public meeting, June 6 at the Ballantrae Community Centre.

While neither the date nor the place has been confirmed, (hopefully it will be by press time), our informant is usually reliable so we take it to be true.

We're wholly supportive of ratepayers' groups. We feel they're not only beneficial but essential. They help keep people informed and politicians honest. We're bothered by one tendency, however—negativism. Most are born with chips on their shoulders and die when problems are resolved. Seldom are

such associations established to support anything. Most are based on opposition.

We're not suggesting this is the sole purpose of this organization. It's still too early to say. However, from what we've seen and heard to date, this is the stance they seem to take.

There are many fine projects in Whitchurch-Stouffville that could stand a boost—building up instead of tearing down. The Whitchurch Ratepayers Association could give themselves and the area they serve a 'shot in the arm' by being more positive. Political decisions are not always wrong; they're often made to seem that way.

**Appreciation Night**

The Region of York will say its farewells to Allan Wall, Friday night.

The event, arranged by some of the areas' leading agriculturalists, will be held at Markham fairgrounds. More than 500 are expected.

The occasion is a fitting tribute to one who has served York Region well. The location is also appropriate; for Al Wall was always close to Markham Fair, not only during show dates but at annual meetings too.

As the region's agricultural representative, he gave farming a status that symbolizes the high-profile profession it is. He felt just as much at home discuss-

ing crop problems in a fence-corner as debating subsidies at the Legislature. He was a man for all people.

Al Wall also displayed an intense interest in the youth of York Region. He, along with his associate, Phyllis McMaster, promoted 4-H programs at every opportunity. Together, they made a great team.

Friday evening is Allan Wall Appreciation Night. Some tickets may still be available. Two contact numbers are 640-1117, (Harvey Brown) and 640-4107, (Terry O'Connor). The event, including a dinner and dance, begins at 6:30 p.m.

**WINDOW ON WILDLIFE**



**Blackflies are back**

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

The scourge of the outdoors is back and amongst us. To some the black fly is a signal the bullheads are biting, but to most of us it means bug dope, headaches, and irritation. Often this insect's blood-thirsty hey-day is just the climax to several manoeuvres designed and guaranteed to cause aggravated mayhem: They seem particularly adept at finding and exploiting openings to the skin and their countless numbers is only surpassed by their ability to avoid being swatted. In cloud form they swirl around us like aerial piranhas each on determined not only to get the first bit, but albeit the biggest.

In the mouth they taste bitter, in the nose they trigger sneezing; in the eyes they scratch and burn, and in the ears their buzzing comes close to upsetting your equilibrium. Even when a person is veiled with suitable attire, these midge vampires persist in making personal contact. Down the neck, up the sleeves, around the beltline, and into the pant legs they burrow; crawl; and itch. Their ultimate goal; a large chunk of your anatomy.

Of course, like poison ivy and bee stings, some people are more susceptible to black fly bites than others. I have seen some individuals bloodied in the space of a short time, while others end up with a few hard centered blotches. But whether you have one or a series, black fly bites are always both painful and annoying. And while the application of insect repellent to the cuffs, neck, face, and hands keeps these hump-backed pests from gaining a bite hold, perfume, shave lotion, and scented soaps draws them like

a magnet. If fishing or working outside at this season keep your shirt cuffs tight with wide rubber bands and your pants tucked into your boots. The headnet mentioned or a more liberal application of repellent is almost a must to keep these vicious bloodsuckers at bay.

In some areas depending on the season, black flies are so abundant as to cause undue suffering and even death in

extreme cases, to farm animals. Lately our cattle, sheep, and goats have been doing their feeding after dark, seeking the shelter of the barns from the hordes of buzzing pests. Wildlife too are not immune to their annoying attacks and in the case of deer are driven to the highest open ridges to take advantage of the breeze usually found there. Some species of black flies carry and transmit a type of waterfowl malaria which is said to account for nearly half the deaths in our wild ducks and geese.

The life cycle of these pests interests our curiosity as to where the countless hordes come from. Actually the eggs are laid on the leaves or rocks at the edge of fast flowing streams. From here the larvae hatch and drop into the water where after reaching about a 1/4 inch in length build cocoons. These cocoons resemble moss in bunches growing on the rocks in the stream. When the adults emerge and break free of their small chambers, they rise to the surface on a bubble of trapped air and take wing.

There they join the other insects that form nine-tenths of the world's animals. The fact they they outnumber man by some 300,000 to one, and that in one square foot of the forest floor, there is more life than there are humans in the world makes us realize where we stand on the numerical pole. Luckily for us, in the case of the black fly, only the females suck blood. That's encouraging news by about 50%, because yesterday while down in a hollow planting trees, I thought all the black flies in the whole country were trying to sample my blood type.

**Editor's Mail**

**Conscience**

Dear Editor:

As a member in the congregation of a church in the Stouffville area, I appreciated The Tribune's report on the Ministerial Association meeting.

These pastors, it seems, weren't at all backward about speaking their minds and although their stands varied somewhat, a common purpose was apparent.

Thanks to organizations like the Ministerial, this community has a conscience. These gentlemen may not speak for everyone but certainly they represent a cross-section of opinion in a very church oriented town. That's what makes Stouffville so special, so unique.

Sincerely,  
Joseph Fazzari,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville.