

Editor's Mail Disgrace

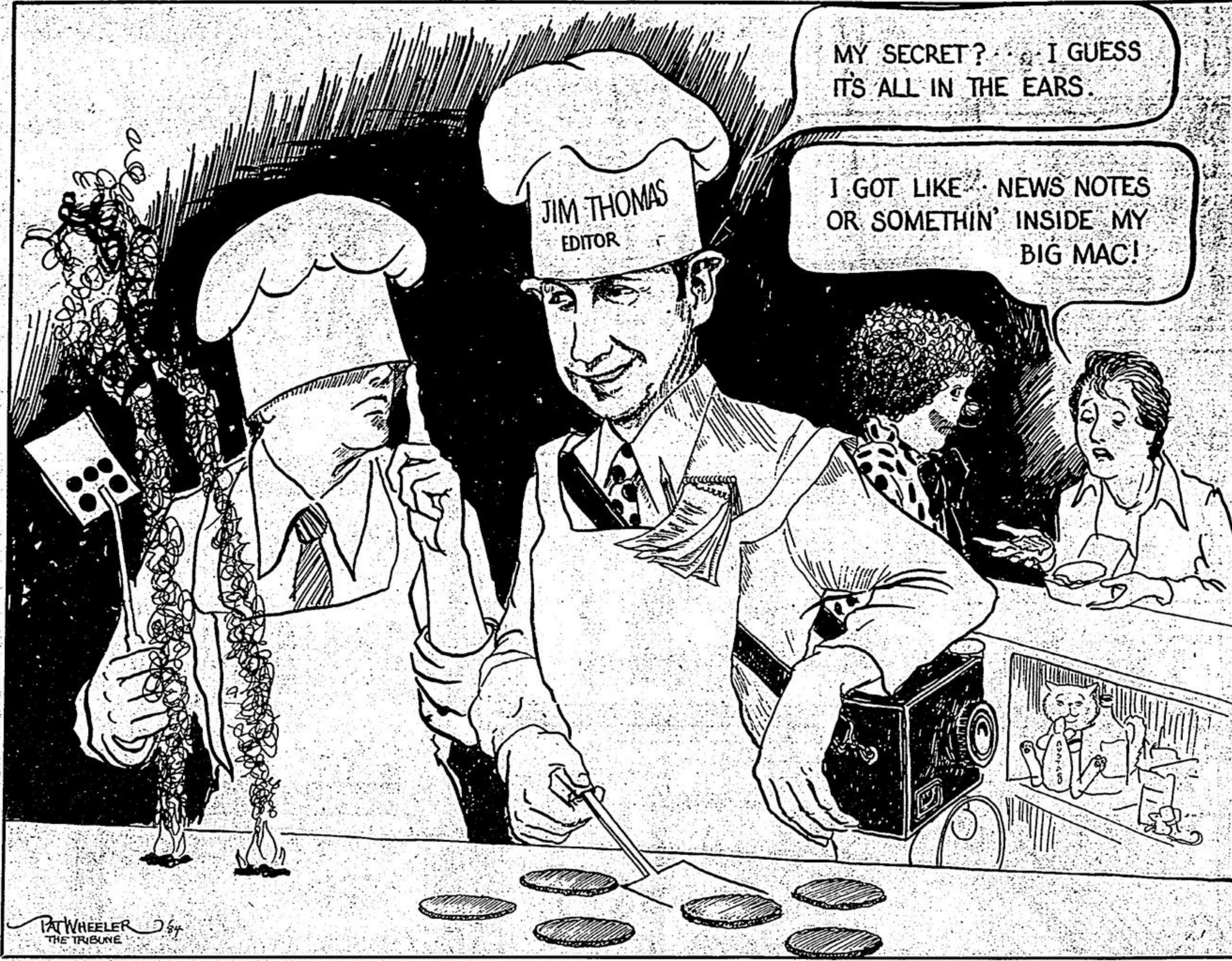
Dear Mr Thomas:
I disagree strongly with your stand on a mid-term election to fill the office of Town mayor.
Our Council can spend our tax dollars fast enough without throwing \$17,000 out the window on a vote to fill a position that's really only a chairman's post.
When one realizes that less than 40 per cent of the residents vote in an election every three years; one can visualize the turnout for a watered-down election with only two positions at stake—mayor and Ward 2.
Who needs it? Not the taxpayers of Whitchurch-Stouffville. As far as I'm concerned, the Council term could be extended to five years instead of three. While democracy must be served, the whole election process, (municipally), is a waste of time, effort and money.

Sincerely,
Katherine Penny,
R.R. 3, Newmarket

Proud

Dear Mr Thomas:
I'm sure I speak for many when I tell you how much I appreciated your Roaming Around column concerning the visit by the African children to Stouffville, Oct. 13.
Although neither my son nor my daughter was involved as a host or hostess, the parents of the young people who were, must indeed be proud.
This was a learning experience for both groups that they'll never forget.
I think there's a verse in the Bible that reads: "A little child will lead them." I feel there's a lesson here that could be put into practice by many adults.

Sincerely,
Beatrice Russell,
North Street,
Stouffville



PAT WHEELER
THE TRIBUNE

ROAMING AROUND

A welcomed guest

BY JIM THOMAS

Remember when your parents invited the school teacher home for supper? Perhaps this wasn't a common practice in town, but in the country, it was a real important event. It happened at least once a year. Each family took a turn.

I remember my mother writing out the invitation, specifying the date and time. I also recall spreading the word. "The teacher's coming to OUR place," I'd say to every kid I met.

Since our place was situated at the extreme south end of the Section, the visit constituted a two-mile walk. This trek, while commonplace to us, must have been something of an ordeal for our guest. For teachers in those days seldom drove cars—they couldn't afford cars!

My mother, an expert meal-maker, regardless of occasions, always went one better on this particular night. In addition to food fit for a king, she'd put out her best china, her best knives, her best forks and best spoons; even spread a white tablecloth. Yes siree, it was special.

It was much the same when the minister came to tea. However, most times he dropped in unannounced and only stayed

a short while. In the presence of both the teacher and the pastor, we kids were always on our best behavior.

On Saturday evening, we relived a part of this experience like turning back the clock forty years. Our minister was our guest.

Without exaggeration, I've never seen our house so excited. Not because the visit was special but because the visitor is extra special. I've never met a man; let alone a minister, quite like Herb Gale. He's a recent arrival at St. James Presbyterian Church.

Herb is everything our congregation was looking for in a pastor. Continuously increasing attendance is proof of this. Further, he's personable, understanding, energetic, talented, enthusiastic and compassionate. He appears equally at home with children, teenagers, married couples and seniors. As one member put it simply: "He's heaven-sent."

While all these things have made him an instant favorite, there is one problem. He's a native of the South—Charlotte, North Carolina, to be exact. His most common expression is y'all.

Y'all are invited to the manse for social time following service.

Y'all come out to the pot-luck supper, Friday night.

Y'all should support the fall bazaar this Saturday, and so on. It's become his personal trademark.

When we smile, he laughs. For he knows it's different, not in Charlotte but in Stouffville. However, we wouldn't change the expression, (or his accent), for the world. It sets him apart.

But what are the likes and dislikes of a North Carolina minister when it comes to food? This was the problem facing my wife. She wanted him to feel at home.

I wasn't much help, suggesting things like southern fried chicken, hamburgers and hotdogs. She, instead, settled on basic staples such as pork chops, scallop potatoes, turnip, jellied salad, apple pie and ice cream.

I, (as usual), was wrong. She (as usual) was right.

Yes, to be sure, it was a night of y'all—y'all pass the potatoes; y'all pass the pork chops and y'all pass the apple pie; an evening we enjoyed to the full.

W'all hope to get together again—real soon. This guest, an appreciated reflection of southern hospitality, can't come to tea often enough.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

Wildlife transistors

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

The day had been a scorcher that carried on into the dark hours. Arriving home from a late meeting, I parked the car and instead of going right into the house, strolled under the arbour behind the garage. As I paused there taking in the tranquility and slight cooling of the late hour, a menacing voice broke the silence. "Hold it right there. Put your hands on your head and turn around slowly." Just as I was beginning to comply in a somewhat shaky manner, another voice pierced the stillness. "We got him this time chief." Then there was a loud scream followed by the words, "tune in next week to the thrilling adventures of Boston Blackie, ace detective." I disgustingly headed for the back door with the commercials words "try Zambuck for heat rash," ringing in my ears.

Since my neighbor Earl Wideman put the radio in his cherry tree to keep out the ravaging robins, (and forgot to turn it off), I have discovered this Marconi magic works well on other forms of threatening wildlife too. In fact just a month or so ago at a remote parking place south of Algonquin park, vacationers were having their stops all pulled out by the resident porcupine population. You see, these prickly-coated munchers were cutting into the campers holiday time by nipping the brake liners of their parked cars. However, a transistor radio placed under the threatened autos, curbed the pokies of their fluid drive.
This season, in our regular rotation planting, we found that our sweet corn was no longer afforded the protection of the electric fencing. So, rather than re-route the jolting wires to keep out the rampaging raccoons, we simply ran an extension cord out to a radio in the corn

patch. Placing it on a low wire stand and covering it with a pail kept the rain and dew off. And, since coons are mostly nocturnal foragers, we pulled the plug in the daytime. So far, we haven't lost a cob and we're not sure whether that can be attributed to the talk shows coming out of WBZE Boston, or the French language programs that come in loud and clear from rural Quebec, under certain weather conditions.

Lately, our large growing turkey gobblers have been getting a premature chop from foxes, coyotes, and whatever. When the casualty list numbered six over 15-pound birds, in broad daylight, something had to be done. Sitting in the barn loft with a high-powered persuader was not only time consuming but none productive. It was time to fight fur with fear.

A transistor radio was placed in a bluebird house on the line fence behind the barn, and the garden-based radio was moved to the base of the ridge. Of course these radios are going full blast, so at times our fields sound like a hot-rodgers' convention. But it seems to be working. Now, if the predators don't get wise, we might even hook up a few more radios. It's even possible, that another year, some loud speakers will be set up, so we can broadcast just the types of sounds we want amplified. I'm thinking of obtaining some tapes of the old "Gang Busters" radio programs, or the sound track from "The Battle of the Bulge." I must remember though, to turn it off during the hunting season, I wouldn't want the neighbors to think they've been caught in the feuding crossfire, of the Martins and the Coys.

Editor's Mail

A waste of money

Dear Editor:
A lot's been written concerning the need for an election in Whitchurch-Stouffville to fill the position of mayor.
I believe this would have been wrong—for a wrong reason. There wouldn't be enough interest to warrant the expense.
I'm not saying this is the right attitude but, in my opinion, it's the way it is.
The ones who were promoting the need for an election, (your newspaper

included), are close to the political scene. However, the majority of people are not. Most don't even know the ward they're in or the name of their ward representative.
As I said at the outset, apathy is a wrong reason for not having an election, but one must be a little bit practical when it comes to spending fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

Sincerely,
Doris McIntyre,
R.R. 1, Cedar Valley

Editorials

Town must decide two arenas or one

If construction proceeds according to schedule, Phase 1 of Whitchurch-Stouffville's new \$2.5 million Recreation Complex, will be completed by mid-March. That's less than six months away. There's much work to be done.

By work, we're not thinking in terms of cement and mortar, but rather organizational work, to have a program in readiness when the facility's finished.

We pose the following questions: Is Council planning to hire a Rec. Centre manager? If so who? When? And for how much?

Is the Rec. Centre, (arena), to operate all year round? If so, what programs are planned for this spring and summer?

What does the future hold for the present arena? Is it to be retained? Demolished? Or 'put on ice' until Council learns if it's required?

If the Town operates two arenas, will it require two arena managers and double the staff? If so, at what cost?

Can the Town afford to operate two arenas? Can it afford NOT to?

While the new facility will be lovely to look at, in practical terms, it will offer no more than what we now have. Because of this, members of Council and the Recreation Department will want to give the demolition issue a long, hard look before moving in this direction.

Our Town is growing. So also is interest in recreation. We predict the new arena will be booked to capacity before it's officially opened. We hope it is. We also hope there's accommodation elsewhere for the spill-over that's sure to occur. But most of all, we hope Council insists on year-round operation of our new facility, not September through March as is the case at the present time.

Policy is paying off

We're a fortunate people. We live in close proximity to, yet conveniently separated from the rat-race of the city.

If we don't appreciate this fact, others do. House pre-sales and home re-sales are brisk. Agents for Revenue Properties Limited, (Westfield Estates), were besieged by enquiries on the weekend. Six estate sites were sold before the project officially opened. Agents for Green

Park, (Deer Park Estates), say much the same, and the demand for homes in Fairgate Heights is obvious by 'sold' signs everywhere.

We like what we see, not only the speed with which lots are being 'snapped up', but with the type of homes being built. They're a credit to council, planners and contractors alike. May this sound policy continue to be our Town trademark.

Truly a Wonderland

Whether or not you're a fan of Canada's Wonderland, a review of the 1984 season presents some fascinating facts. For example: The thirty-one rides, featuring four roller-coasters, attracted 20,394,000 people. The roller-coasters alone thrilled more than six million with the Dragon Fyre the favorite. The five live stage shows included a cast of 200 talented performers from Ontario and Quebec and the diving team plummeted more than 2,000 times from the 60-foot level of Wonder Mountain.

And how's this for a shopping list? In a

period of just over four months, visitors consumed 120,000 pizzas, two million soft drinks, 150,000 pounds of cheese, 20,000 heads of lettuce, 95,800 pints of strawberries, 156,000 metric tonnes of french fries and 35,000 litres of ice cream. A total of 3.1 million meals were served.

Fifty-eight thousand flowers, shrubs and trees were planted throughout the Park last spring.

Wonderland—it's a project that's living up to its name and only a thirty-minute drive from Whitchurch-Stouffville. We should be so lucky.