

Editor's Mail

Pleased

Dear Editor:
We are a comparatively new family in Stouffville. We moved here only a few weeks ago from Scarborough.

While the change is a rather traumatic experience for our children (new school, new friends etc.), we're sure they'll adjust quickly; children usually do.

As for me and my husband, we're completely happy in our new environment. Our home is lovely; our neighbors are friendly and the community is exactly what we were looking for—small town, yet close to Toronto.

On occasions, I hear some of the native residents complaining about this and that; all very minor things in my opinion. I tell them each time they don't know how lucky they are. If we could have found a house to our liking, we'd have moved here long ago.

Sincerely,
Joyce Hendry
Hemlock Drive,
Stouffville

Generous

Dear Editor:
As a regular reader of The Tribune, the Page 1 story related to the donation of land for a new Missionary Church at Markham, greatly interested me.

Unfortunately, (I feel), the name of the donor was omitted. This, to me, is important. I'd like to know who this generous person is. After all, an individual doesn't give away property worth \$100,000 every day.

Would you please identify this person or explain why his/her identity must be kept secret?
Sincerely,
Isabelle MacGregor
R.R. 1, Unionville

Editor's Note: The property owners requested their names not be made public.

What happened?!!



PAT WHEELER
THE TRIBUNE

The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND



'My mom is special'

BY JIM THOMAS

May 12 is Mother's Day or Christian Family Sunday.

Why is this day so special?

What does YOUR mother mean to YOU?

At my request, this question was posed to classes of primary pupils in several Stouffville schools. Some of the replies follow.

Samantha Wright—My mother is very special. She makes my breakfast, lunch and dinner. She never ever forgets to give me Christmas presents. She always kisses me goodbye when I go to school.

Diana VanderHenne—I like it when my mother tickles me. Sometimes I tickle her. My mother makes my breakfast, lunch and dinner... sometimes. My mother walks me to school.

Sheila Browning—I love my mother because she's always there when I get home from school. Some of my friends have more things than I have but I have my mother all the time and they don't.

Alison MacDonald—I love my mother and she loves me. She never tries to act like someone else.

Ingrid Benson—My mother means everything to me. I know she doesn't have a lot of money but she makes up for that in other ways. When I start making money, I'll buy her dresses and things. I never want to be poor.

Jenny Irwin—I love my mother because she's the only mother I have.

Tara Marshman—I love my mother because she's nice to me, but not when I get into her perfume.

Crystal Goode—I love my mother because my daddy didn't. He liked somebody else better because he left us three months ago. I still see him but it's not the same.

Cheryl Jackson—My mother takes me places I want to go. She's very special because she's coming to see my tap recital. I'm a cave person. She bakes good cherry pie.

Jody Grabiec—I love my mother because she makes the best cake in the world.

Michael Szucs—My mother means love to me. She's very nice. We are special friends.

Nicole Burte—I can never love my mommy enough. Even when she gets mad at me for things that aren't my fault, I still love her.

Aileen Leadbetter—My mother is the nicest mom in the world.

Sander Katz—I love my mother because she bought me a puppy. She's my friend.

Daniel Barthau—My mother is special because she puts Care Bear sheets on my bed.

Emily Freeman—I love my mother because she takes me to Sunday School so I can learn about Jesus. The Bible says God is Love but God could love me no more than my mom loves me. With both loving me, I know I'm safe.

Darren Bartha—I love my mother because she makes money and also makes cakes.

Samantha Moore—I love my mother be-

cause I'm the only one she has to love her. My daddy used to or she wouldn't have had me.

Marie Leitch—I love my mother because she loves me as much as I love her.

Matthew Mitchell—I love my mommy because she helps take my slivers out. She also tucks me in at bedtime.

Yvonne Brown—I love my mother because she understands my problems.

Steven Lummiss—My mother is special to me because she puts three packs of fruit and my homework in a big envelope.

Kyle Osborne—I love my mother because she kisses me when she tucks me in at night.

Jennifer Arsenault—My mother means hugs and kisses. When I grow up, I want to be exactly like her. I hope my children will love me like I love her.

Robert Giles—My mother is special because she buys me lots of things, even candies from the Sales Barn.

David Greir—it would take a whole page to tell how much I love my mom. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't even be here. Think of all the things I would have missed.

Martha O'Neill—My mother is very special to me because she's both mommy and daddy to me. My daddy doesn't live with us any more but sometimes calls on the phone. When I call him someone else's mommy answers. I don't understand and I don't think mommy does either cause she cries a lot.

Editorials

An anti-P.C. vote

Bill Hodgson has been helping people 29 years.

That's what his pre-election brochure read.

Unfortunately, (for him), he tried for yet another term, another four years, and lost, not by a little, but by a lot, almost 4,000 votes.

Bill Hodgson, like so many politicians before him, couldn't quit, until forced to quit. He chose to carry on, (just one more time), even against the advice of those who knew his time had come. The voters told him so in no uncertain terms, May 2, 1985. Now, rather than retire, a satisfied winner, he leaves with bitterness of defeat.

Liberal Greg Sorbara may indeed prove himself an excellent riding representative. Only time will tell. But Greg Sorbara didn't defeat Bill Hodgson. Bill Hodgson defeated himself. This happens to parties and politicians who cling to the belief that re-elections are automatic. They're not. Bill Hodgson, (and many Ontario Tories), discovered this the hard way, Thursday, The Big Blue Machine, unless it can apply the brakes, is headed down a one-way track to oblivion.

While many people who voted Sorbara couldn't even spell his name, there's no denying the fact, his organization was excellent. Particularly was this so in Whitchurch-Stouffville. The opening of a campaign office here was a

first good move. The acquisition of enthusiastic volunteers was a second. As days extended into weeks, they could sense a swing. The momentum build-up reached fever pitch election day and exploded into delirium election night.

How could a P.C. stronghold like Whitchurch-Stouffville suddenly switch allegiance?

There were several factors. First, the Town itself is changing. This is not the Whitchurch-Stouffville of 1981 and certainly not the Whitchurch-Stouffville of 1977. Young couples with young families were attracted to a younger man. Sorbara projected this image with Hodgson, a senior citizen.

Second, Hodgson's wishy-washy attitude with respect to the landfill site, hurt him badly. His refusal to go against the grain, to stand up and fight for his own constituents against an immovable Environment Ministry, angered a cross-section of the electorate.

Third, to be associated with a Party leader, displaying all the charm and charisma of a cold fish, won him no Brownie points.

Yes, Bill Hodgson's time had come. Unfortunately, everyone knew it except Bill Hodgson himself. The voters had to tell him.

Old politicians never die, they just fade away.

Town badly treated

Politically, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville is "getting the gears".

Six months ago, it was announced that the municipality's \$416,000 Wintario Grant for Phase 1 of the new Rec. Centre wouldn't be available until 1986. Council protested, but to no avail.

Then, April 18, (two weeks before the provincial election), this newspaper was told the earlier decision had been reversed and the funds would be forthcoming in '85.

On May 3, (one day after the election), we learn payment will be made in 1985 or 1986.

What goes on here? Either someone's playing games or the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing. It sounds to us like a bit of both.

Whitchurch-Stouffville needs this money and it needs it NOW! We say some people in authority should get their communication lines unscrambled or stop playing politics at the Town's expense. We don't find the on-again, off-again funding promises the least bit amusing.

The second issue that irritates us greatly is our M.P.'s failure to follow through on the no-sale promise of the Silver Jubilee Club building at Main and Market Streets in Stouffville.

On the strength of what we were told, the Club's executive and members of Council were assured (by this newspaper), the building would NOT be sold.

Now, we're told, it WILL be sold and the Town, if it wants it, WILL be forced to pay market value price.

Council, caught in a bind, has agreed, although what it will use for money, we're not quite sure.

With taxes skyrocketing, this additional expenditure is the last thing we need. Nor should it be necessary.

From two levels of government, Whitchurch-Stouffville is "getting the gears". We don't like being "used", and Council should take a dim view of the practice also.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE



Worm-picking project

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

With all signs of spring so apparent, it's only natural that a young man's fancy should turn to thoughts of—worms. Yes, it's the fishing season. The time every Isaac Walton imitator lays down his tools, lifts up his rod and angles off to the nearest waterway. And you can be sure included in his complement of high-tech tackle will be a can of ordinary, down-to-earth worms. For worms are, pound for pound, the best all-round fish bait. With such widespread use it's not too difficult to see why every fishing person at sometime or another gets involved in picking worms.

Yet worm-picking itself can range from a lad digging a few for early May trout, to a professional picking thousands a night for a bonafide bait dealer. Operating the Frisky Frog Bait Shop in Gormley, brought me full cycle as far as worm-picking was concerned. There were several reasons why it was necessary for me to go out gathering in my sleeves. The fact my supplier quit, two nights before a long weekend, stuck out most prominent in my mind. Faced with a wormless weekend, I pleaded with him. Listen, I said, "you just can't unbuckle your worm-picking harness and ride off clean into the western sunset because of a letter from an old flame in Moose Jaw? Before he could answer, I added, "now, can you?" and "Not to all places, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan?" I was beginning to get a little

fired up myself. He responded by dumping his whole lot of worm picking paraphernalia in my truck and slamming the door.

Once home, I phoned Duke Campbell, whose horse farm butted up against our back fence. "How's chances of picking worms in your south field?" I asked. "No problem, help yourself anytime," he answered chuckling. "Had a bunch in last spring from Toronto, mostly women," he continued. "Just before bedtime, when I went out to check one of the mares, all the horses were acting up. Then I noticed these people all sitting up behind the barn, smoking on them 'big Cuban cigars.' I got them out of there fast."

That night, I set out in a soft drizzle, dressed in the manner of a Sudbury nickel miner—hip boots, yellow raincoat and amber-colored head lamp. On each leg was strapped a large, empty juice can and over my shoulder hung a small haversack full of sawdust. In one hand, I carried a pall brightly marked with strips of fluorescent tape. After a difficult fence climb, I reached the richly manured horse pasture. The wet night had the worms hanging it all out like so much spaghetti. Leaving the pall near the fence, I headed out across the meadow stooped over slightly like an orangutang, picking frantically with both hands. In an hour I was ready to head for the pall to dump my can cargo.

That's when I heard the train whistle for the nearby crossing. My already aching knees went even weaker. I remembered Duke saying he had brought in a bunch of new thoroughbreds and I knew what that shrill whistle would do to these new horses. Now I moved as quickly as possible towards the safety of the fence, spurred on by the sound of oncoming hoofbeats. Weighed down on each leg with bulky boots and worm ballast, I galloped with the speed of an ancient swayback heading for Le Pages. To add to my woes, my haversack somehow swung to the front, pulling my neck and head down even more.

The stampede of horses was getting closer, but the fence wasn't. I tried to spot the fluorescent-marked pall with my head lamp, but it was not in sight. In my eagerness, I had covered more ground than I realized. Now it seemed my own gasps of breath were mingling with the snorts of the thundering herd. In another instant they were upon me. My light went out and I was flung to the ground. Sharp steel cut into my body in several places and I let out an agonizing yell as the animals charged past. Somehow one hand found the switch on my headlamp. The eerie glow showed blood on my other fingers. A porch light flashed on and my wife called out, "what happened? Are you alright?" Yeah, I answered sheepishly, trying all the while to extricate myself. I just crashed into the barbed wire fence.