

Editor's Mail

Expensive

Dear Editor:
I was one of the many hundreds who attended the Mennonite Bicentennial Festival at Harbourfront on the holiday weekend.
I enjoyed the event very much. However, I didn't enjoy the price for parking. In my opinion, \$17 is nothing short of fraud.
It would seem the city, (or whoever), charges 'all the traffic will bear' in that area, assuming, I suppose, that if one can stay at The Harbour Castle Hilton, a \$17 parking fee is peanuts.
At \$2.50 a bushel for wheat, the expense to me was highway robbery. I'd much rather have made a \$17 donation to the Mennonite Central Committee for overseas relief.
Sincerely,
Ralph Buckner,
R.R. 1, Gormley

Contrast

Dear Editor:
While not a Mennonite in the true sense of the word, (my first cousin married one), I believe there are no finer people in this country. They are genuinely honest, strong of faith and extremely generous.
What a contrast, I would suggest, to the money-grubbing parking lot operators in the Harbourfront area of Toronto. I came close to mortgaging the car to get home.
I would suggest that, in many instances, it's more expensive to park, (in Toronto), today than to pay the admission to where one is going.
Sincerely,
George Riley,
R.R. 2, Markham



The Tribune

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Editorials

A thin line on conflict

Conflict of interest—the tentacles of suspicion are reaching out in all directions. Indeed, if this foolishness continues, it will strangle activities of municipal politicians in just about everything they attempt to do.
What had previously been restricted to federal and provincial levels, (the Stevens-Fontaine affairs), has crept into the Whitechurch-Stouffville camp, with the request last week that Mayor Fran Sainsbury withdraw from discussions related to proposed development at Bloomington.
Mayor Sainsbury resides south of the hamlet.
Following hurried consultation with fellow councillors, she complied.
While in our opinion, there have been past instances of conflict here, Councils of recent years have been extremely cautious in this regard. But where does one draw the line?
If there's a conflict between Mayor Sainsbury and build-up around Bloomington, the same could be said of

Councillor Jim Rae and estate development at The Maples of Ballantrae.
Carrying the suggestion a step further, it might be argued that Councillor Wilf Morley is in conflict with regard to the Dulverton Development or Councillor Jim Sanders with regard to development by Victoria Woods.
Should Councillor Margot Marshall withdraw from discussions related to a proposed hotel on the Town side of Davis Drive?
We think not.
Nor do we think Mayor Sainsbury need have excused herself from the hearing, Aug. 5.
Apart from the fact it was not a decision-making meeting, neither she nor her property is directly associated with the discussion at hand. This, in our opinion, absolves her from conflict allegations.
The mayor, however, felt discretion to be the better part of valor which, under the circumstances, was the right move. Who needs the aggravation?

ROAMING AROUND

Old cars still like new

BY JIM THOMAS



I remember.
There were a lot of "I remembers" at the Whitechurch-Stouffville Antique and Classic Car Show, Sunday.
Memories—that's what these shows are all about, even moreso for the spectators than for the owners.
"Yes sir, my father had one just like that," commented a bearded chap, pointing to gleaming 1930 Model 'A' Ford displayed by Leo and Sherry Knight of R.R. 2, Claremont.
"Just like my grandfather's," said a man in his fifties, "it had a brass radiator too." He was talking to John Brumwell of R.R. 2, Gormley. John's Model 'T' dates back to 1915. It's a beauty.
My own enthusiasm for cars spans the 20-year decade of the 40's and 50's; in fact, I was car-crazy. Just how car-crazy is borne out by recalling how I'd sit for hours by the side of Hwy. 7 and keep count of every make and year of automobile that passed. Later, I'd total my score to see which was most popular.
When the fall models made their debut, I'd ride my bike for miles just to catch a glimpse of a new one parked in somebody's drive. The Canadian National Exhibition, for me, was an entire day spent in the Automotive Building. The midway was nothing.
Yes, I was a new-car nut. And I still am. But the models today are so many and so many look the same, I can't keep track. The only variation is in the grill. In some instances, even grills are obsolete.
On Sunday, I tried to coax my three sons into attending the car show at Vandonr, without success.
"Who wants to look at those old things," Barry replied.
"Not interested," said Neil.
So I went alone.
Apparently they see nothing exciting about a 1959 Buick Invicta with an all-

chrome jewel-box grill and elongated tailfins that slice through the wind like two sharp knives. Or a robin's egg blue 1953 Cadillac Eldorado purchased new for \$7,700 and now worth upwards of \$30,000.
Old things, true; but refurbished to look like new. That in itself, (to me), is exciting.
Winner of The Drivers' Choice was a 1938 Plymouth convertible, owned by David and Margaret Allen of Meadow Heights Court, Thornhill.
Winner of The People's Choice was a 1965 Bentley, owned by Bob and Fenella Smith of 19 Albert Street, Stouffville.
Runners-up in the two categories were Bob Hagerman of Newmarket with his 1937 Packard and John Brumwell of Gormley with his 1915 Model 'T'.
While the Plymouth and the Bentley are beautiful automobiles, there's more to winning these awards than polished metal and gleaming chrome. I found both Dave and Margaret, and Bob and Fenella extremely personable people. They stayed with their cars all afternoon and answered in detail the dozens of questions folks wanted to ask. Some others did not; in fact, for much of the time some others were nowhere to be found.
There were 110 vehicles on display.
As I toured the site, Sunday, I wondered at the future of the antique and classic car industry.
What models on our roads today will replace the Model T's, the Model A's, the Packards, the Hudsons, the LaSalles and the Studebakers?
What from 1986 are destined for induction into the Classic Car Hall of Fame?
There are undoubtedly those who know, but won't tell; despite the fact none of us will be around to prove them right or wrong.
And neither will I, so here's my prog-

nostication—the Pontiac Trans-Am, the Ford Thunderbird, the Chrysler New Yorker, the Lincoln, the Ford Crown Victoria, the Camero and the Fiero.
These, I suggest, will prove good investments—should they last so long.
Yet, who back in 1915 and 1930 would ever have thought we'd still be admiring Model T's and Model A's?

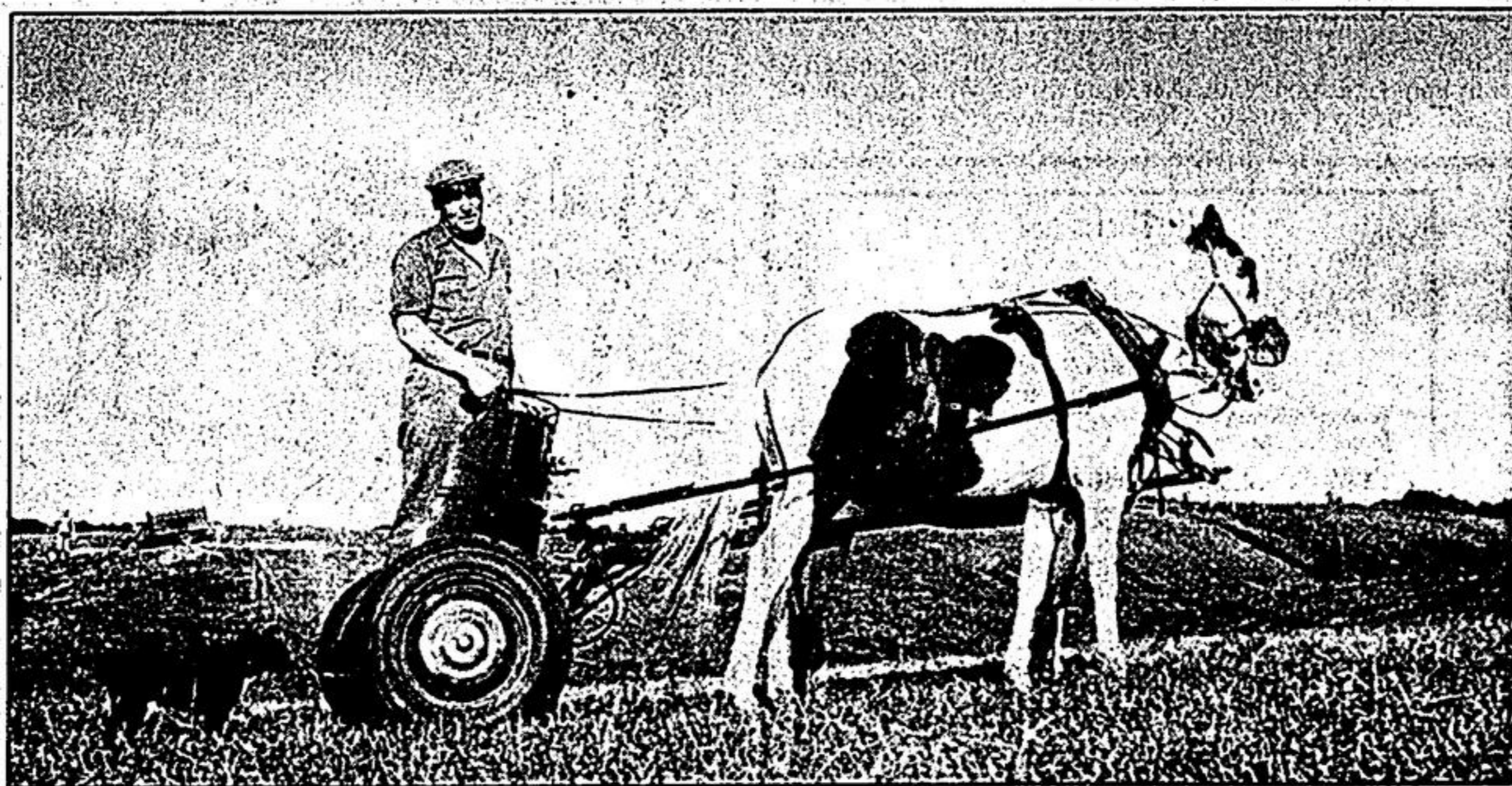
Window on Wildlife

Will watch for results

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE
Following his proposal made in late January, Natural Resources Minister Vince Kerrio recently announced the creation of an Ontario Resident Angling Licence.
Effective in 1987, all persons living in Ontario between the ages of 18 and 64 will pay a \$10 annual fee for the privilege of fishing in provincial waters. A short term licence costing \$5 will also be sold, allowing four consecutive days of fishing. Young people, up to age 18; senior citizens, disabled persons who require daily help and Indians fishing on reserves are exempt.
The main difference between this new permit and the \$3 fee Darcy McKeough cast and later retrieved in the early 70's is more than the seven dollar cost factor. It is the commitment by the Ministry to utilize this \$10 input in ways that will best help our sagging fresh-water fishery. In effect, it is a user-pay charge to which the two-and-a-quarter million residents of Ontario, (that do fish), will contribute.
Anglers were adamant in their stand that any fees derived from such a proposed licence would be used to improve fishing. However, Mr Kerrio's announcement of fisheries improvement sounded sincere. Re-stocking; more fish culture stations; construction of fish ladders for natural reproduction; restoration of fish habitat; research and improved enforcement capabilities; they all sound like good ideas to me. He has also established a Fisheries Advisory Committee to counsel him on where best to spend the money.
So far, it seems the Minister has stick-handled his way through the opposition and, with majority support, has the net in sight. However, any evasive action on his part in failing to bulge this net in favor of the Ontario angler in the immediate future, will leave him high and dry like the proverbial fish out of water. For not only Rick Morgan, representing the 50,000 Ontario Anglers and Hunters will be watchdogging this latest Government endeavor, but all others who occasionally or continually wet a line.
While we are the last province to legislate a resident anglers licence, we may be the first to realize such an about-face in our fisheries. It can't happen too soon.

Smile of the week

Dear Editor:
Why do so many comical and embarrassing situations occur in churches and schools?
The following comes to mind. This also occurred in church.
For several Sundays, a bat frequented the basement. We all knew it was there but since it wasn't bothering anybody, no one tried to catch it.
Then one Sabbath morning, the little creature decided to come upstairs. It flitted harmlessly about the sanctuary for several minutes. Some saw it and some didn't.
At a point in the service when the choir was scheduled to sing, it headed in that direction, apparently attracted by sound waves made by the sopranos.
The members valiantly retained their composure until the bat became entangled in one lady's hairnet. Then all h— broke loose. They ran for the nearest exit while an elder went to the aid of the woman.
Order was restored only after the winged rodent was caught and released to the great outdoors.
Sincerely,
Brian Hillier,
R.R. 1, Claremont



Chariot racing was once an exciting area sport

Back in the early 1960's, chariot racing was a popular sport. Competitions were held at various fall fairs including Markham. One of the competitors was Henry Michell of

Markham and later of Stouffville. Mr Michell is pictured here prior to a cross-country practice run. —Jim Thomas