

Editor's Mail

A policy

Dear Editor:

I like the idea of town land marks being named after native residents of the municipality.

I also think it's a nice gesture when streets or roads bear the names of former reeves and mayors.

I believe this should be Council policy. To me, Stouffer Street means something while Hemlock Crescent means nothing.

I hope the name Lehman's Park as suggested recently, becomes a reality. The Lehman family are a well-known and respected part of the Stouffville community and have been for years.

Let's keep the identity alive; the same goes for people like Mr. Laushway, Mr. Ratchiff, Mr. King and Mr. Wood.

We owe each of these people a great deal. Their dedication should not be forgotten with the passing of time.

Sincerely,
Margaret Hogan,
Stouffer Street,
Stouffville

History

Dear Editor:

I applaud Town Council's move to establish an historical committee in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

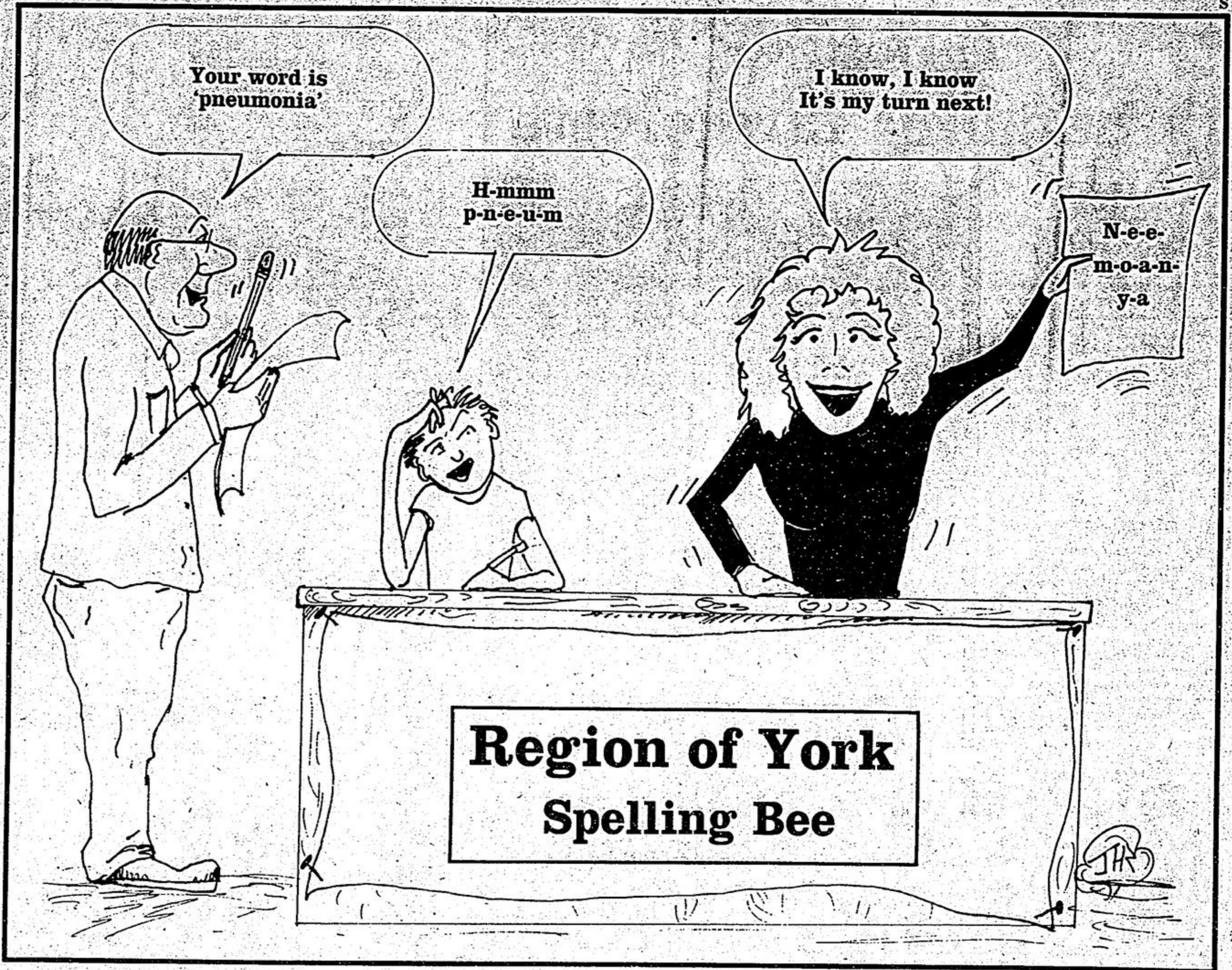
I'm certain there are many people who would welcome the privilege to serve on it.

Our municipality is rich in historical buildings. These should be designated as such and, (if possible), preserved.

I would suggest that if such a committee had been in existence ten years ago, the C.N.R. Station would still be standing, refurbished and put to good use.

It's removal, in my opinion, was a 'crime' against the community.

Sincerely,
Mabel Holway,
Main Street,
Stouffville



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ROAMING AROUND



To give and to grab

BY JIM THOMAS

Hardly a day passes that I don't receive an invitation to something.

If it's a function out of town, the invite usually comes by mail. Often it's backed up by a phone call.

"The Consulate General of West Pakistan is holding a press conference at 1065 University Avenue, Toronto, at 12 noon, Monday," the caller usually says, "an important announcement is anticipated. Since you haven't yet replied, we wish to confirm your intentions." More often than not, the voice is female, making it all the more difficult to say 'no'.

Rather than sound unappreciative, (or start a Third World War), I respond by thanking the embassy for its kindness, but explain the timing is such that I cannot possibly attend.

"The conversation usually concludes by her saying: "Lunch will be served at one."

That's the icing on the cake—lunch!

If anything will entice newspaper editors, (sometimes the editor's entire staff), to attend press conferences, it's the temptation of a free meal. Men (and women) of the media love to eat and drink. They may never take down a note, but they'll take down a sample of everything on the table.

In short, we're free-loaders.

I was too—once. But not any more.

I learned my lesson twenty years ago. It occurred at a softball banquet, one to which I'd been invited. On my arrival, one of the players commented: "I might have known you'd be here when there's free food around."

I'm not sure if he meant it the way it sounded, but I took the suggestion seriously. Never again have I attended a

banquet without at least requesting I pay my way. With this policy, I can eat a third piece of pumpkin pie with a clear conscience.

Passing up a meal is no sacrifice. It's simply fair play. And that's the way I too wish to be treated—fairly.

Most times I am; sometimes I'm not. First the positive.

For several weeks, our car had been sounding awful. And every time I took it out, it sounded worse.

I knew, (or thought I knew), the problem. It's the transmission, I said to myself, one of these days it'll drop out on the road.

Knowing the cost of this kind of repair, I kept right on driving and the thump kept right on thumping.

Finally, I could stand it no longer. I stopped in at Giles Chev-Olds in Stouffville and poured out my soul to co-chief mechanic Bill Holden.

"Let's have a look," he replied, sounding much like our family physician.

"Give it to me straight," I responded, "I think it's the worst."

He peered under the hood while I put the gear-shift in 'drive' and stepped on the gas.

Before I could say 'Pontiac Parisienne' he'd disappeared into the garage and was quickly out again, this time armed with a wrench.

"An engine mounting's loose," he said, "I'll have it fixed in no time." And in no time it was fixed; the noise had ceased.

"How much?" I asked.

"Not a cent," he replied, "glad to help."

What a relief. I was still saying thank-

you two blocks down the street.

The second 'nice guy' gesture occurred the very same week.

I dropped in on the roadside vegetable stand operated by Metro Terentiuk, east of Hwy. 48 near Dickson's Hill. There, I purchased a basket of potatoes, a couple of cabbages and several other things. I knew we'd use, all fresh from the field.

Metro and I got to talking and he told me about the rough season with the wet weather and all. Then he did the stangest thing. He began giving his produce away.

"Try this," he said, "and this, and one of these." As he spoke, he kept popping apples and other items into the bags; not just mine but others as well.

We all just stood there, not knowing what to say.

"It's getting near the end," he explained, "everything has to go."

He made it sound like we were doing him a favor by taking the produce off his hands. But we all knew differently. Metro's generosity is common knowledge.

While I dislike ending a column on a negative note, into everyone's life, a little rain must fall.

Mary-Lynn, our youngest, was recently plagued by an infected tooth. A root canal was the only answer.

We made two trips to Toronto. The check-up and the 'operation', (combined), lasted less than an hour.

The bill for this service totalled \$515.00!

That's right, five hundred and fifteen dollars!

The computer choked when the cheque went through and so did I.

On one hand, a mechanic 'donates' his skills and a gardener gives away his produce.

On the other, an orthodontist drills for gold.

It pays to shop at home.

Editorials

Santa came too soon

This newspaper has always been a strong supporter of York-Peel M.P. Sinclair Stevens.

That opinion, with respect to assistance to constituents within the Riding, has not changed. His presence at the official opening of Parkview Village and Sunday's Remembrance Day Service, even during a period of personal turmoil, says a lot for the man. Persons of lesser intestinal fortitude would have found excuses to stay away.

There comes a time, however, when even we must draw the line. We refer to

Try a little courtesy

Bumper-to-bumper traffic week days between 5 and 6 p.m., and Saturday mornings has become a 'way of life' for residents of Stouffville.

Indeed, residents of Stouffville are part of the problem. Most Toronto-bound commuters, Monday through Friday, arrive home within this time period. Saturday's congestion, of course, is another story.

What irritates people most is not so much the back-up on Main but inability to break into the traffic flow from the majority of side streets. Nothing less than a bulldozer would prompt some drivers to stop.

This shouldn't be.

We would urge motorists to try a little courtesy. While 'yielding' to side street drivers may not be a common practice in 'the big city', Stouffville hasn't reached this uncaring stage yet and we hope it never does.

Our history

We're wholly supportive of an historical committee for Whitchurch-Stouffville.

Formation of such a group has been talked about several years. Now, it seems, it will finally get off the ground.

Councillor Jim Sanders, long an advocate of Town history preservation, is certain to find many supporters. Council should have no problem acquiring volunteers to fill committee positions.

While Council has frowned on creation of a LACAC organization here, the historical committee's constitution requires 'teeth' or its accomplishments will be limited.

the \$350,000 hand-out authorized by the Progressive Conservative Cabinet to defray Mr. Stevens' legal costs.

We're dumbfounded by this decision. Had payment approval come later, after the Member had been cleared of all wrong-doing, we would have applauded the move, but certainly not now.

Bad enough, that taxpayers across this country should be 'stuck' for close to \$2 1/2 million with respect to the on-going Parker Inquiry, but to be tagged with an additional \$350,000 at this stage of the hearing, is asking too much.

Mr. Stevens, we would suggest, could do himself and his overly zealous Cabinet a big favor by refusing the donation until all the 'dirty linen' has been hung out to dry.



Claremont has produced some fine ball teams

Over the years, the Claremont community has fielded some fine ball teams, both men's and ladies'. This club won the Community League Championship back in the early 60's. Members are: Front Row, (left to right), Earl

Pilkey, Gord Gauslin, Lloyd Pascoe, Bill Towner and Wayne Redshaw. Rear Row, (left to right), Earl Gauslin, Reg Sanderson, George Jerome, Al Hall, Jim Cruickshank, Dave Beverley, Jack Hall and Scotty Murray.

—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail

Rabies apathy

Dear Editor:

Because I reside in the country, I'm very much aware of the ever-present threat of rabies.

So far this fall, there have been four anti-rabies clinics in the Whitchurch-Stouffville area, one at Musselman's Lake, one at Ballantrae and two in Stouffville.

In addition, one can always take his/her pet to the veterinarian five days a week.

I see no reason to keep warning people of the danger. Those who haven't acted by now obviously care little about their dogs and cats or are willing to take the chance.

The media can't force precautionary safeguards on people. Some, it seems, must learn the hard way.

Sincerely,
Geoff Bailey,
R.R. 4, Stouffville