

Editor's Mail Unfair

I very much resent the fact your newspaper, (and others), published the names of those people charged with drug offenses in the Whitchurch-Stouffville area. Supposedly, each is innocent until proven guilty. However, as far as the public is concerned, they're guilty and convicted.

I would have thought their identities could have been withheld until at least their cases came before the court. Then, of course, whatever happens is public information. I think the time has come for newspapers, (yours included), to adopt a policy of when and when not to use names of alleged offenders. At the present time, this decision would seem to be left to the whim of each editor or publisher. I consider it extremely unfair.

Howard Crispin,
R.R. 3, Newmarket

Spending

Councillors' comments re election spending, (Tribune issue of Nov. 26), were interesting.

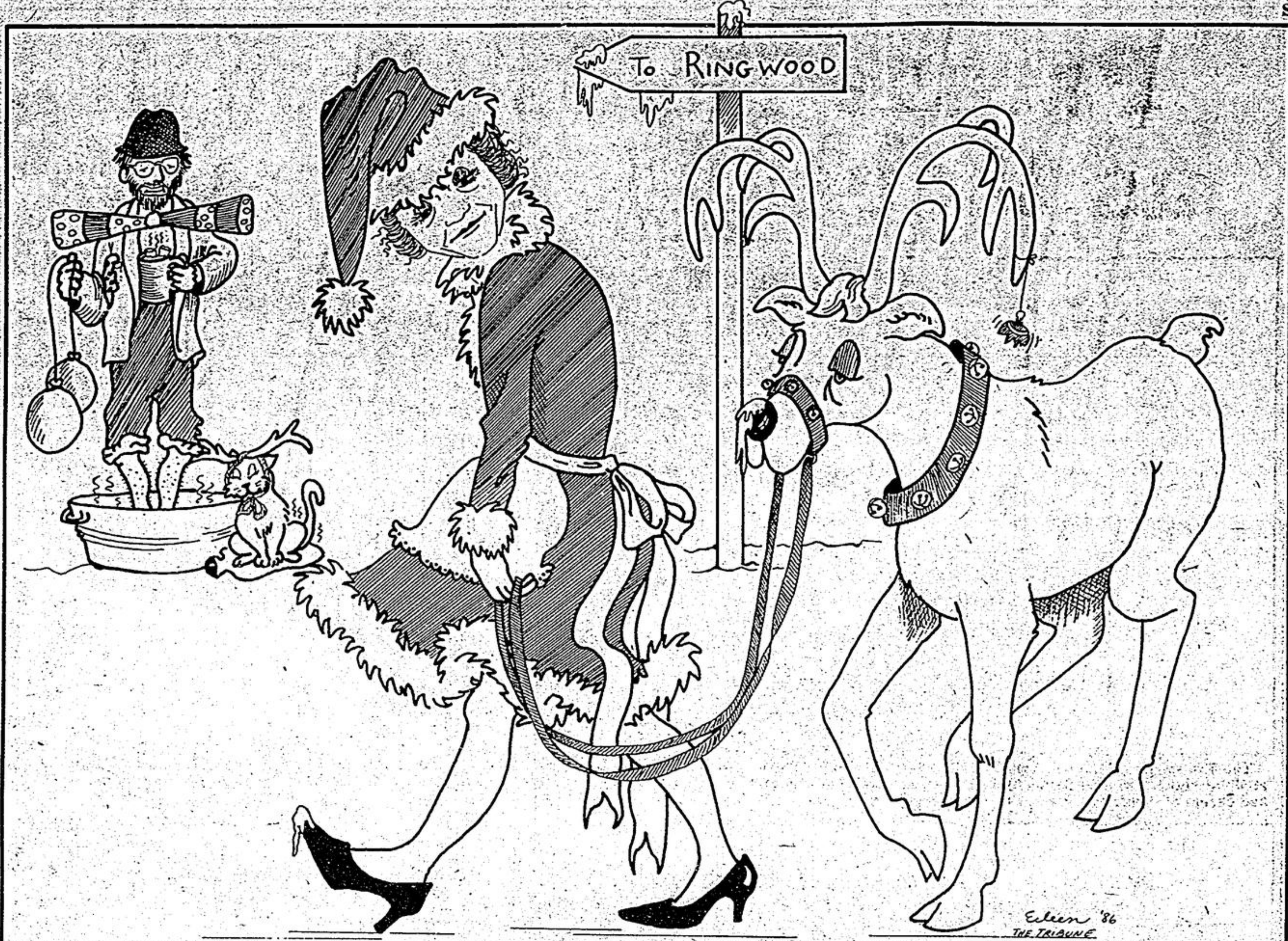
Strangely enough, I agree with each one. I also appreciate our mayor's stand. That position is a different ball game.

My concern relates more to Board of Education where, like the mayor, a trustee candidate must canvass the entire Town.

For the person with a limited budget, (and running against a veteran like Harry Bowes), the consideration's unthinkable.

I observed that Mr. Bowes wasn't polled by your paper. I'd like to know his thoughts on the issue.

Elizabeth Hackner,
R.R. 1, Cedar Valley



ROAMING AROUND

It's a lost cause

BY JIM THOMAS



LOST! That's my middle name. Everywhere I go, I keep leaving things behind. It happens so frequently, folks who don't know me that well, swear I do it on purpose; just for an excuse to return.

Not true! I'm just plain forgetful. And it's not due to senility. I've always been this way, an ongoing memory lapse that's haunted me all my life.

Even as a kid I was continually forgetting things. One time, I fell off a stepladder at public school and severely sprained my wrist. I had to go to the hospital for x-rays and the attending physician put my arm in a cast.

So what happened? I returned to class and left the supportive sling at home. Over the past 50 years, I've lost so many things, the absentee articles would fill every Salvation Army box between Stouffville and Toronto.

At high school, the caretaker had a special Lost and Found compartment initialled J.T. It was seldom empty. "One of these times," said my Phys. Ed. teacher one day, "you'll walk out of the washroom nude." Fortunately, that never happened, but on many occasions then and since, I've had to do a quick zip at the last second.

This trauma of losing things is really a terrible conundrum, comparable to a chronic disease and just as difficult to treat. Only recently, at the conclusion of one of my "Girl Next Door" interviews, I was halfway to the car when the young lady called out: "Excuse me, Mr. Thomas, but you forgot something." I looked back and saw her holding onto my camera.

Kind of embarrassing. Note books, you know, those hard-cover steno pads, are extremely elusive. I'm continually leaving them behind. And they're important too for they usual-

ly contain a full week's news. Because they have a way of 'straying off', I always write on the front cover: "IF FOUND, PLEASE CALL 640-2100." This helps.

Have you ever inadvertently tossed something out and then spent an hour searching through garbage to retrieve it? I have, and do, every day.

Usually, the wanted material's right at the bottom, covered with everything from Kentucky Fried chicken bones to chewing gum and hot chocolate. What a mess!

While pens, pencils and even steno pads are cheap and replaceable, some items aren't: like glasses.

I never did find my last pair.

And a beautiful diamond ring, an engagement gift from Jean. I lost that too.

Hardly a day goes by that I'm not looking up and down Main Street for my car; can never remember where I parked it. Toe rubbers are another abstract odd-

ty. Saturday, following the Santa Claus Parade, I arrived home wearing only one. Not that it mattered much. The two were mis-matches anyway and neither was mine.

For Jean, this on-going losing streak has reached a point of total exasperation. "If you'd just put your things in one place, you'd know where to find them," she says. And she's right. Unfortunately, that 'one place' can extend from the house to the office and all points in between. It's the in-between places that prove so baffling. I range pretty far and wide.

This week, however, I'm ranging no farther and no wider than absolutely necessary. Why? Because I lost my coat.

Yes, for a second time, I've mislaid my beige winter 'wrap'. It previously turned up at the Stouffville Restaurant after hanging on the clothes rack there more than a month. Someone was curious enough to look under the collar and saw my name.

As far as I can remember, (and that's a chore in itself), my last assignment was Parkview Village. The date was Sunday, Nov. 30. I went there to pick up my wife and daughter, participants in a Sunday night service. And I wore the coat home.

Since then, I've retraced every step searching and searching without success.

Value wise, it's not worth that much. The lining's torn; the pockets are ripped, the buttons don't match and there are jam stains all down the front. Regardless, with a little cleaning and mending, it would possibly last through one more season. Now, I'll either have to purchase a replacement or succumb to pneumonia.

So please, if you see a beige all-weather coat just hanging around and looking lonely, give me a call. I can be reached every day, (and most nights), at 640-2100.

Solutions

"Isn't it awful?"

That's the comment I keep hearing from people with regard to the drug arrests in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

Where have these folks been for the past five years? Or is this a new generation of parents, totally unaware of where the drug scene is at?

I would suggest it's a combination of the two.

Rather than confine our concern to 'streetcorner conversation', I feel public meetings should be arranged in each of our communities. What we need are solutions rather than observations.

Cynthia Cooper,
Albert Street,
Stouffville

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Editorials

A community service

Parkview Village is part of The Mennonite Home Association of York Region.

So also is Parkview Home for the Aged and Parkview Apartments.

As a single entity, it's a non-profit operation.

More importantly, it represents a very distinct service to this community. In fact, nothing we know of serves this community as well.

It's looked on with pride by all those even remotely associated with it.

Our Council must surely be aware of this; of the high profile image it holds within the Town. And yet, it would seem the Parkview administration is continually placed on the defensive whenever it makes a move to expand.

The application to build 20 units of cluster homes at a site on Ninth Line South is an example in point.

Although the proposal was first initiated back in 1982 and hoped-for construc-

tion was to have started this fall, the board has since been advised of several 'hidden' charges heretofore not included in the costing of the project.

Road improvement is one. Ditching plus provisions for a man-made drainage pond is another. Unanticipated sewer and water expenditures is another, all totalling many thousands of dollars.

While determined to see the project through, the Parkview administration admits the cluster scheme could be scuttled if servicing costs soar out of sight.

Quite naturally, the tenant must absorb these increases. Even now, some may be having second thoughts.

We strongly urge the Town to re-think its position. Establishing charges after the fact, is not our idea of fair play.

And while Parkview Home for the Aged may be receiving a 'free ride' through exemption from taxes, we consider it dirty pool to stab the administration in the back in an attempt to get even.

A thing of beauty

It's beautiful. That's what people are saying about the lighted clock tower in Stouffville's Civic Square.

Most folks appreciate the good things they see. What they can't see are often ignored—out of sight, out of mind.

The clock tower at night is now very visible. It's Council's donation to the Business Improvement Area.

The Town's plan is to expand this peripheral lighting system to include the front of the municipal building. We commend Council on this latest beautification project and trust the 'fever' will continue to contaminate the entire downtown area—and beyond.

Parade only!

Stouffville's Santa Claus Parade, another good one, has come and gone.

It was well attended. Thousands lined Main Street from Tenth Line North through to Westlawn Crescent. But afterwards—nobody. In fact, even Santa Claus was a 'no show' at the Town Library and The Silver Jubilee Club.

It seems people come to Stouffville on parade day for one reason only: to see the parade. Afterwards, it's straight home.

Rather than a follow-up, we feel a pre-parade extravaganza should be arranged—a Festival of Lights on the previous Friday. Markham does it extremely well. So can we.



These were 'the straightest girls' at S.D.S.S. twenty years ago

Back in the 1960's, Stouffville Dist. Secondary School held an annual Posture Queen Contest in which the 'straightest girl' at S.D.S.S. received an engraved Posture Oscar courtesy town chiropractor Dr. Jerome DeLaurier. This particular year, ten young ladies participated. They are, (left to right), Bonnie Smith, Janet Winn, Judy Leblanc, Janine Bass, Sue Schell, Elaine Clendenning, Caroline Wood, Marg Burkitt, Anne Duxbury and Marlene Storey.

—Jim Thomas