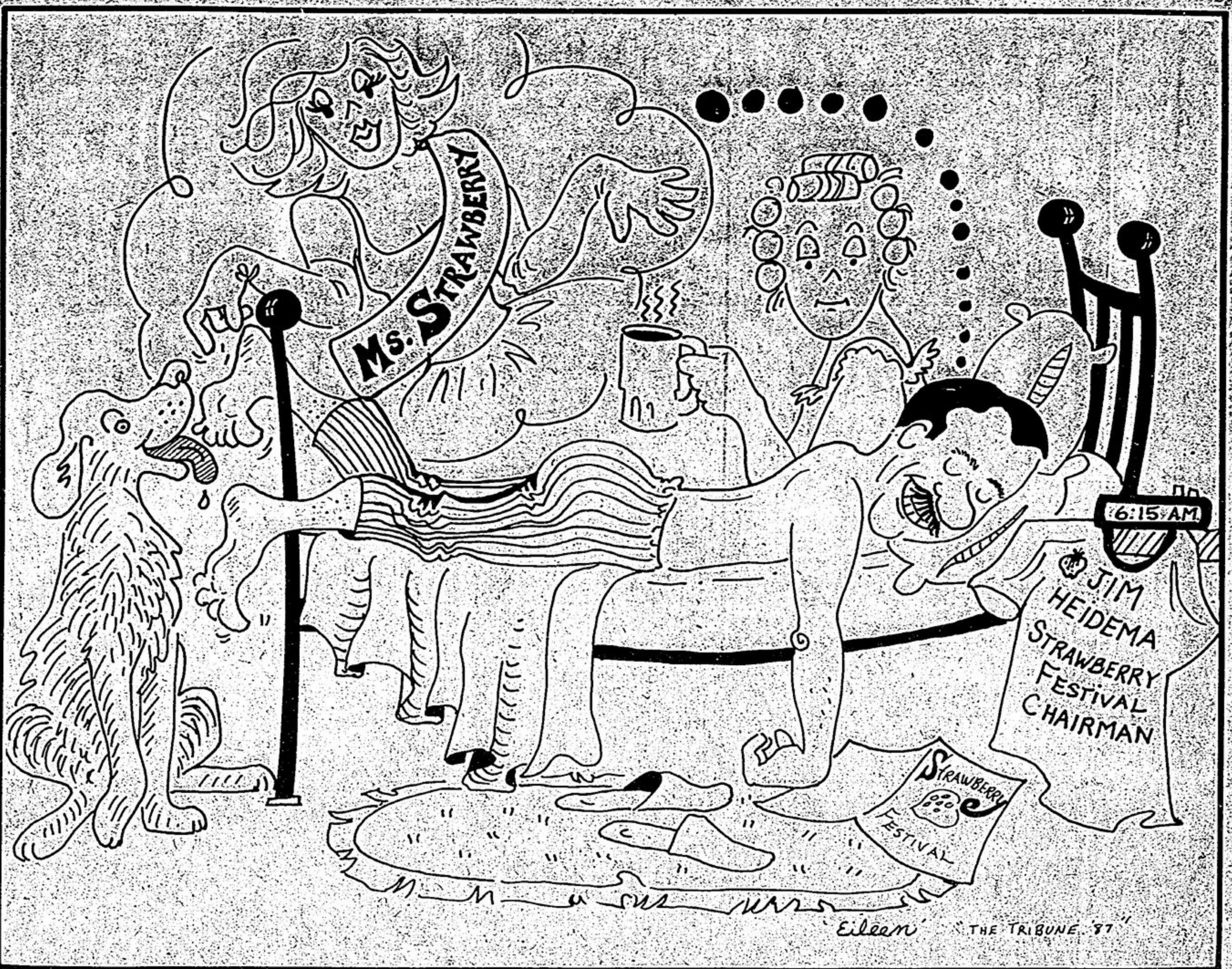


Editor's Mail
Guests

Dear Editor:
Please pardon the scrawl. I'm writing this note while driving along Hwy. 47 and will post it at the closest mailbox.
We are travelling coast-to-coast with side trips to various cities, towns and villages. One of these stops included Stouffville, (or is it Stoveville?) Sunday noon! Our timing was perfect. It was your Strawberry Festival.
Not since leaving our real home have we been made to feel so welcome. We were treated to strawberries, cake and whipped cream. We enjoyed a lively dance program on stage and we sat in on a portion of an outdoor community worship service. My husband and I appreciated all this so much we hated to leave.
Apart from the food, the entertainment and the religious fervor the friendliness of the people we met has left an indelible impression.
You can be sure that if our return trip takes us anywhere close to your fair town, we'll drop by for a longer stay.
Ted and Sheila Perkins,
Penticton,
British Columbia

Together

Dear Editor:
My thanks to the organizers of Strawberry Festival '87 in Stouffville, and to all others connected with it.
I liked the idea of the programs being centred in the Park. This tended to keep everyone together and made for a real 'community' affair.
My personal thanks to McNeil Pharmaceutical. This firm is indeed a corporate citizen without equal in our town.
Lorraine Patton,
Aspen Crescent,
Stouffville



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ROAMING AROUND
Goodbye to mom
BY JIM THOMAS

Mom's gone.
No, her passing wasn't totally unexpected. She'd been in declining health since Christmas. Regardless, I was completely unprepared. The last seven days have been the worst week of my life.
The same, I'm sure can be said for my father, my brothers and my sister. The stark reality of mom's death still hasn't sunk in. For, in our minds, she was the type of person that could, and should live forever.
Such was my human weakness. However, a telephone call from Scarborough Centenary Hospital on the evening of June 22, quickly brought me back to reality.
But too late.
Mom had already said her goodbyes by the time I reached her bed.
While extremely prejudiced in this regard, it must be said that to know her was to love her. And this we did with all our hearts.
But did we always show it? This is where the guilt complex creeps in. Words now are such a waste. Even tears seem trivial.
Mom was the most caring person any son or daughter could ever know. She continually gave and gave, never expecting anything in return; even thanks.
Would you believe, I once bought her an electric kettle. Seventeen dollars it cost. But she took it back and returned me the money so I could pay an overdue account at business college.
Christmas, birthdays and anniversaries were never forgotten. Between times, five and ten dollar bills were often found hidden in unlikely places.
"Just a little something for the children," she'd say later.
Mom was brilliant; a mind so sharp it boggled mine. The greater the challenge, the greater she was challenged. She allowed nothing to stand in the way of solving a problem.

My calls for assistance extended far beyond the Pythagorean Theorem. But never once did she let me down.
If only I could say the same.
While pride in her family ran deep, there was so much more I could have done; more visits, more thanks; more little things that would have meant so much.
It's too late now. The eulogizing's over. Personal regrets remain. Also the memories.
Yes, we had good times; wonderful times.
Mom never forgot her roots. She loved the little town of Beaverton near where she was born and grew up. Nothing gave her greater joy than a trip back in time to the days of her youth. She could recall the name of each and every property owner in a running community commentary that extended over several miles.
Visits always included a stop-over at the Old Stone Church where her parents, grandparents, brother and sister-in-law are buried. To her, the adjoining cemetery was hallowed ground. Many a silent prayer was whispered over grave sites there.
And what stories she could tell; of her growing up years; the friends she had and the people she knew.
We would sit spellbound, weighing on every word.
Life, it seems, was more exciting then. At least she made it sound exciting.
While mom grew up in the horse and buggy days, she kept in touch with the times. Through the media of newspapers and television, she knew more about the exploits of Pierre Trudeau; the double-talk of Brian Mulroney and the war cries of Ronald Reagan than I'll ever know. Her declarations often put me to shame.
She talked of the TV newscasters like they'd become close friends. Nor was she ever backward about saying which ones she liked and which ones she 'en-

dured'.
She loved 'Three's Company', 'The Honeymooners' and 'Lawrence Welk'.
The Arthur Godfrey Hour was an old favorite on radio.
Mom knew hard work; most pre- and post-depression farmers' wives did. But she never complained.
Would you believe fifteen hungry mouths to feed at a threshing? Even more at a silo-filling. And not even an electric stove or a refrigerator!
Would you believe gathering fence rails for firewood and melting snow for wash water?
But she never complained.
On top of these and other duties, she maintained one of the prettiest flower gardens and one of the finest vegetable gardens in the neighborhood. She also took pride in her flock of chickens. And they returned her care and attention by providing much-needed 'egg money' for those little 'extras' a mother of four so often requires.
Mom loved music, and nothing gave her greater joy than a family sing-song around the living room piano.
Her favorite hymn was 'Unto The Hills'.
Mom excelled in public speaking. She could rise to any occasion, even at a moment's notice; and often did.
She had an unwavering faith in God and tried her best to impart this steadfast conviction on her family.
She seldom missed a service at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and only last July participated in a sod-turning ceremony for the new sanctuary.
Yes, 1986 was quite a year for mom. She left no stone unturned, no deed undone.
If only I could say the same. But I can't. The time I seldom had to spend has all been spent. There's no time left.
Live life today, as if today were all, a writer once said.
Mom did, every day. And a family of four is the richer for it.

Editorials

Faith in humanity has been restored

Our faith has been restored — faith in politics; faith in parliament; faith in people.
The death penalty has been turned down.
Sanity has emerged victorious. So has commonsense.
A poll of MP's (supposedly) predicted otherwise; which only goes to prove it's never safe to assume anything.
The electorate (supposedly) wanted otherwise, which only goes to prove it's never safe to presume anything.
The polls were wrong; so were the people. Parliament and all of Canada slept with a clearer conscience last night.
Naturally, the losers in this emotional issue are upset; even angry. There are rumblings some parliamentarians intend to keep the issue alive; keep on stirring the pot. Forget it. The reinstatement of capital punishment is dead. Long live sensitivity and understanding.
The vote was 148 to 127, a margin of 21. Quite a spread seeing the prognosticators were calling it 'close'. Obviously, some MP's changed their minds at the

eleventh hour. If Prime Minister Brian Mulroney had a hand in this, (and we think he did), then his star in our opinion poll has risen immeasurably.
But what of our own MP's? On which side of the fence did Sinclair Stevens sit?
At this point in time, we're not sure. But we intend to find out. After a 1 a.m. session, Tuesday, we didn't want to wake him at six.
Originally, he had said 'yes'; bring back the noose. If replies to questionnaires meant anything, he was standing on safe ground. The Riding was firmly on his side; or he on theirs. We shall see.
Regardless, parliament has spoken; on the side of commonsense. Except for the mumbblings and grumbblings of a few sore losers, the issue will be laid to rest, hopefully, forever.

Growing

Even with the Canada Day edition (addition) of Strawberry Festival Week still to go, the event can already be described as a tremendous success.
Jim Heidema, this year's chairman, with the help of past-chairman Jim Kidd and many other willing workers, selected the best of previous years' experiences and put them all together for one complete program.
The Festival no longer has to be 'sold' to Whitechurch-Stouffville. It's selling itself as seen by the larger-than-ever audiences at most events.
But there's another reason. Crowds are growing because Stouffville is growing. There's more participation because there are more people to participate.
Just another benefit of urban build-up.
Keep the Festival going and keep Stouffville growing. The two go hand-in-hand.



Rare orchids grow wild in area woodlot

Orchids may be common to Hawaii and Florida but in this area? Local horticulturalists may find this difficult to believe, but it's true. The photo (above) is proof. While the exact location can't be revealed, (for the plants' own protection), the site's not far from Stouffville. Thirteen blooms have been counted so far.
—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail
Thanks

Dear Editor:
If space is available, I wish to express my appreciation for Saturday's activities related to the 1987 Strawberry Festival.
I was especially interested in the 'People Parade' and the many persons involved. My personal congratulations to Mr. Winters for putting it all together and to Mr. Heidema for taking on the Festival chairmanship.
Both were big responsibilities. Thursday's Pageant was a marvellous affair. All the girls looked so beautiful and displayed a talent that was all their own. Lorne Boadway, as our 1987 Citizen of the Year, received the recognition he so richly deserves.
The same can be said for Ray and Joanne Steel, the Town's Sports Personalities of the Year. The accolades are long overdue.
To everyone involved, my thanks.
Sincerely,
Margaret Beard,
Thicketwood Blvd.,
Stouffville