

Editor's Mail

Plea for support

Dear Editor:
 An open letter to the residents of the Region of York:
 The public art gallery which serves the Region of York — The Latcham Gallery — needs your help.
 The gallery has been operating since 1979 with the purpose of promoting and developing appreciation of the visual arts. Monthly exhibitors with a variety of media are organized and presented without charge to the public.
 The Gallery wants to enrich the exhibition programme and art activity through catalogues, newsletters, lectures and workshops. The Gallery wants to acquire additional pieces of sculpture for its collection. These goals are costly. More money is required to fulfil these ambitions than is presently available.
 The majority of the Gallery's funding is received from the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville. A very active and dedicated group of volunteers work hard to raise additional funds through fund-raising activities such as bus tours, house tours, raffles and the annual year-end Premier Party. Membership is available at a yearly rate of just \$10 which offers patrons special privileges.
 The Latcham Gallery has been denied funding this year from the Ontario Arts Council in the amount of \$5,000.
 Please support The Latcham Gallery by becoming a member and/or making a donation to assist us in our present financial setback. An official receipt will be gratefully issued for income tax purposes.

Sincerely,
 Deen Glover,
 on behalf of
 The Art Committee
 of The Latcham Gallery



Latcham Gallery desperately seeks new memberships, private and corporate donations — HELP KEEP OUR DOORS OPEN



The Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1888

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GUEST COLUMN

Not hooked on fishing

By DENISE McDONALD

Some people are born with a fishing rod in their right hands and a tackle box in their left.

Others learn to perfect the art through years of casting into innumerable ponds and reeling in various arrays of footwear and rubber tires.

But for myself, I fit neither category and have been officially designated a hazard to the fishing population at large.

Having come from a long line of fishermen and women, you'd think I'd at least be able to master the basic techniques. Put the worm on the hook, cast out, reel in and take the fish off. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

For everyone except me, that is. During a recent expedition to the Trent Canal in Centennial Park, I officially retired myself from the world of worms, slimy fish and fishing lines that go everywhere but in the water.

After purchasing an angling licence, several friends and I packed up our gear and took off to our favorite fishing hole, frequented customarily by everyone but fish. However, being the conscientious sort, I reached into the car to make sure the licence was within easy reach; only to discover I'd left it in my purse at the campgrounds. A lot of good it was going to do me there.

Then I was told, much to my chagrin, I had to put those worms, squirm-

ing so nicely in the bottom of their cup on my hook.

Now, many people are afraid of bugs, while others shriek at the sight of snakes. But no one will ever get me to touch a worm. Just the thought of them squishing through my fingers is enough to put me off my favorite dinner.

Thankfully, a friend volunteered to help me out. I only wish he didn't have to make such a production of breaking the long ones into smaller pieces and wrapping them through the hook again and again. Somehow I always picture that little cartoon character on children's books screaming for mercy.

After my hook was finished being baited, I proceeded to walk to my favorite spot on the causeway, not realizing my friend was still holding the line. I've yet to find a recipe for barbecue thumb. Sorry!

But it wasn't until someone offered to cast out my line that I finally became annoyed. After all, there isn't anything more satisfying than watching your line sail out over the water and settle with a resounding plop some distance from shore. Maybe it has something to do with my baited hook sailing past someone's nose that really made them nervous.

Once my line was comfortably ensconced in the water, I sat down on the

bank to wait for some unsuspecting fish to come along and bite on my hook. But after sitting for an hour without anything happening, I teared in my line to find my worm had taken cover in a bed of weeds.

However, I knew my present trend of bad luck couldn't hold out much longer and I finally felt that all too familiar tug and pull on the line.

That's when the trouble really began.

I dislike taking them off the hook almost as much as I hate putting worms on.

First, I tried the bounce technique, holding the fish up by the line and bouncing it up and down until it fell off. It didn't work.

Next I tried casting it back in the water in the hope it would just swim away and never come back.

Someone even remarked they were impressed by the number of fish I had caught. It was the same one.

When all else failed, I returned to my helpful friends to take it off. But I still wonder why they didn't seem to do much fishing themselves.

When all was said and done, I lasted at this process for about an hour. After that, I was found reading a book in the car — and it wasn't on the joys of fishing.

After a day of sun, water and visions of trout cooking in butter over a low heat, we all packed up our fishing tackle and headed back empty-handed for a night in front of the campfire. I knew I should have reminded someone to bring the hot dog buns.

Editorials

Full ambulance service a must

You'd think a municipality the size of Whitchurch-Stouffville would at least be entitled to its own 24-hour ambulance service.

After all, Uxbridge at one point in time had two such vehicles serving a smaller population than our own ever-growing one.

But according to Councillor Ron Robb, the Ministry of Health for the Province apparently feels such is not the case.

True, they have seen fit to install an ambulance in our fire hall on a part-time basis, based supposedly on the pretext a number of pilot projects are in the works. If they're successful, they'll try it in Stouffville.

But what good is an ambulance that can't serve the population between the hours of 12 p.m. and 8 a.m.? Is this to say no one in our town will ever suffer a heart attack, be involved in a motor vehicle accident or suffer

injury between these times?

What about the two-month old baby boy who died July 6 while firefighters waited 30 minutes for an ambulance?

Come on now! Does someone really have to die before these so-called Ministry Officials wake-up and realize Whitchurch-Stouffville for what it is: A steadily growing municipality worthy of note.

Councillor Robb himself has been pushing these same people for years to no avail. He'd like to see tenders come up the Town can bid on for full service.

We say hats off to Councillor Robb.

Latcham Gallery invaluable

A decision by the Ontario Arts Council to deny funding to The Latcham Gallery in 1987 has helped cast a cloud of uncertainty over the public facility.

Since it opened eight years ago, the Stouffville gallery has enjoyed considerable success in promoting art appreciation among the general public.

Gallery organizers now plan to enrich and expand its program, but will not be able to accomplish this unless more operating capital becomes available.

It's now up to the people for whom the facility was originally intended — the citizens of York Region — to come to the rescue.

Residents are urged to obtain gallery memberships at a reasonable annual cost of \$10. Tax-deductible donations are also welcome to help ensure the continuation of one of the community's most valuable cultural assets.



Sewing class circa 1900

A Tribune reader recently submitted this photograph of a Stouffville sewing class taken prior to 1903. Sarah Chapman (who married William Burkholder) is pictured in the centre of the back row. However, Stouffville's Ruth Burkholder would appreciate some help naming the other women included in the historic portrait.

Editor's Mail

Mayor says thanks

Dear Editor:
 I want to take this opportunity to especially thank you and The Tribune for your efforts and interest in your community.

Council truly appreciates the Citizen of the Year award presented each year by your paper to a deserving resident.

Each event is exciting; however, I feel this is one of the special highlights of our festivities.

Once again, thank you. I look forward to the 1988 festival!

Sincerely,
 Fran Sainsbury
 Mayor
 Whitchurch-Stouffville