

Editor's Mail

Quiet trucker praised

Dear Editor:

If prizes were given for considerate performance to gravel truck drivers, Davey White of Tindale Ave. would be a winner.

While many are hoping for another hour or two of sleep, Davy starts his day at 5 a.m.

With engine as quiet as possible, he literally crawls at a snail's pace down Tindale Ave. to Main St.

He misses the various drain holes that stick up or down an inch or so, and never accelerates on the corners. One almost has to see him to hear him.

This is his every work day, year-in, year-out performance, and it's time Davy White gets a public thank you.

Sincerely,
The Byers

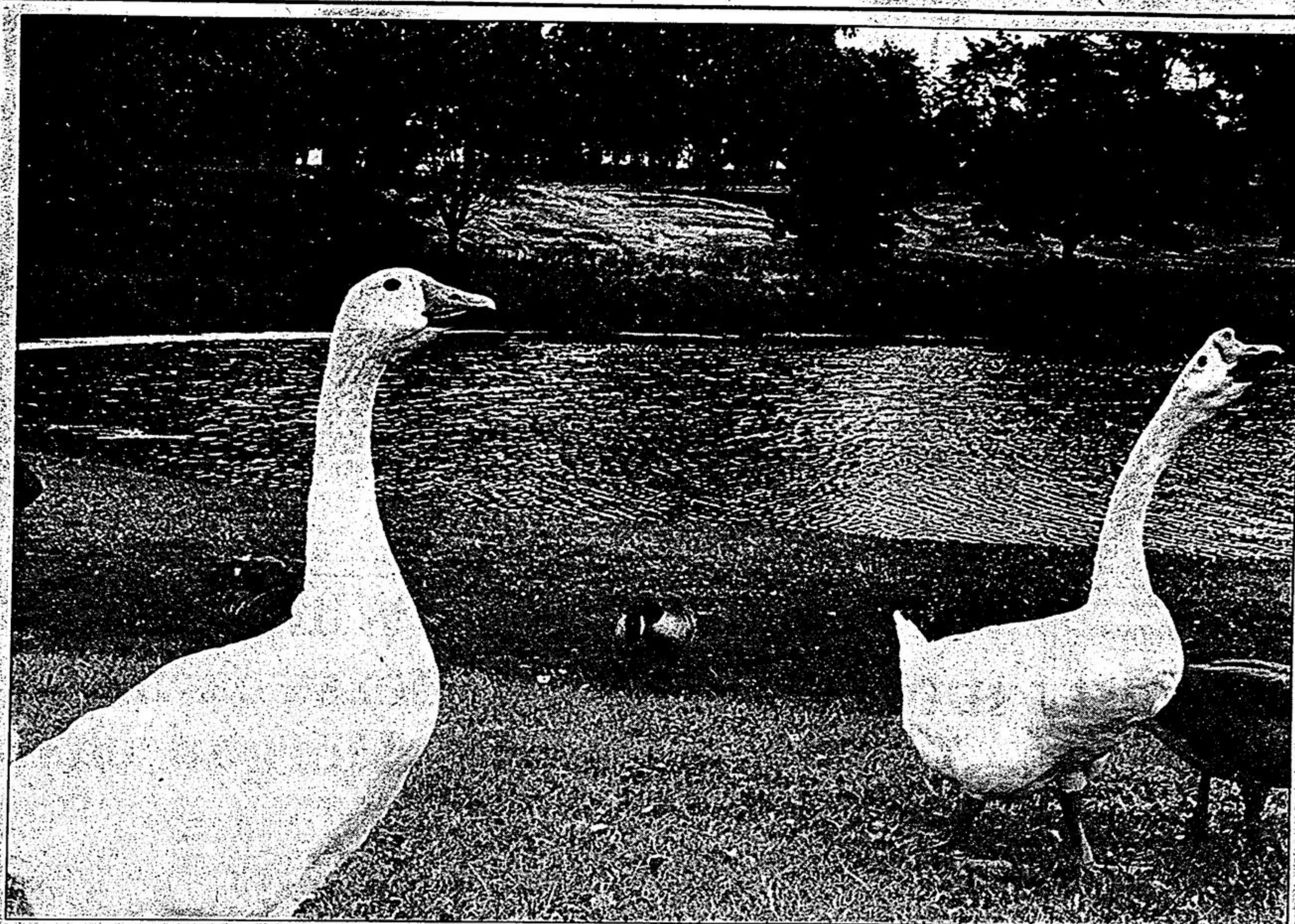
Coverage 'super'

Dear Editor:

Thank you for your super coverage of Music Mania this year. Without The Tribune's constant and positive publicity and flattering photos, Music Mania '87 would not have enjoyed the success it did.

Thanks again Jim and Denise, from me personally and on behalf of the entire Music Mania cast.

Sincerely,
Doris Harvey,
Producer



Geese take a gander at Claremont nature preserve

Geese, both of the tame and wild varieties greet visitors to the sprawling Claremont Conservation Area in north Pickering. The nature preserve, operated by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, is located on Conc. 7 southeast of the hamlet of Claremont.

—Chris Shanahan

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GUEST COLUMN

Reporter tells his story

—BY CHRIS GARBUTT—

I'd like to make a few things clear. First of all, I am the summer student, working as a reporter here at The Tribune. I think that needs no explanation. Second, I'm okay. In fact, I'm probably in as good shape as I've ever been. For those who don't already know, although it seems like everyone does, I'm the one who passed out at the scene of an accident last week. It wasn't my first choice of topic for this column, but I decided I ought to say something about what happened. It's actually kind of embarrassing. Here I am, Chris Garbutt — aspiring acc reporter trying to get the scoop. And what happens? I black out! Instead of unobtrusively finding the facts, I create another 'casualty' for the emergency crew to deal with.

Right now, I'm working on a number of excuses for this unfortunate incident. One is that I didn't really faint, I tripped. It was actually a crack in the sidewalk that made me fall.

Or I could say I was pushed. Yeah, some person, disgruntled by a less than complimentary story, (more likely someone whom I owed money) decided to get revenge. Someone pushed me — yeah, that's it.

The best one I can come up with is the 'participant observation' line. I really wanted this story, so I threw myself to the sidewalk, unconcerned about the pain I may endure. You've heard about reporters chasing ambulances? This re-

porter got to ride in one. In this way, I could get the facts firsthand, examine the anatomy of an accident from start to finish.

Not convinced? Well, I'm not surprised. I was on deadline, and I wasn't doing anyone any good sitting in the hospital. The truth is I blacked out.

I arrived at the scene a few minutes after the accident occurred. I was fine for about 10 minutes. I took some pictures, and looked for someone who might know what had happened. Then one of the children, a victim of the accident, asked a question of the people attending to him.

"Is this a dream?" he queried. An attendant assured him that it was the real thing, but that question shook me.

Suddenly the reality of the situation dawned on me. For us, the many bystanders who had stopped to look at the scene, it was like a dream: We were there, but still removed from it. We could walk home, say how awful it was, and forget about it.

I guess it was then I began to feel a bit unsteady. I can't be sure why — perhaps I was feeling sympathy pain. Maybe my over-active imagination put myself in the victims' shoes.

Whatever it was, I decided I had better sit down. So I leaned against a tree, waiting for the nausea to pass. That was smart.

Then I decided I was fine, and I'd bet-

ter get back to The Tribune office. That was dumb. I stood up, and (as the doctor later explained to me) all the blood rushed out of my head. I took a few steps, and the next thing I remember is being leaned against a wall.

I didn't feel any pain, but I did notice I was bleeding, and my front tooth was chipped. I figured I'd fallen, but for all I know, someone may have taken me by the lapels and beaten the tar out of me. I don't know — I was unconscious at the time.

I was taken to Scarborough Grace Hospital where I spent an hour waiting, and about five minutes being examined. A few swabs of alcohol, a trip to the dentist the next day and I was good as new. Well, a few abrasions on my face and hands served to remind me of the fall! But the only thing really injured (and I use this well-worn cliché reluctantly) is my pride.

Now, a week later, the cuts and scrapes are almost gone, and it really does seem like a dream. The boy and girl involved in the accident are out of hospital and are going to be okay. It's something they never should've had to deal with, but it's over now, and they will likely look back on this as a bad dream as well. As for me, I'll just keep doing my job here. And if I ever feel faint at the scene of an accident, I'll just stay put for a while.

Editorial

Co-operation essential

Those interested in purchasing surplus Pickering Airport property have banded together to prepare for the federal government's imminent sell-back program.

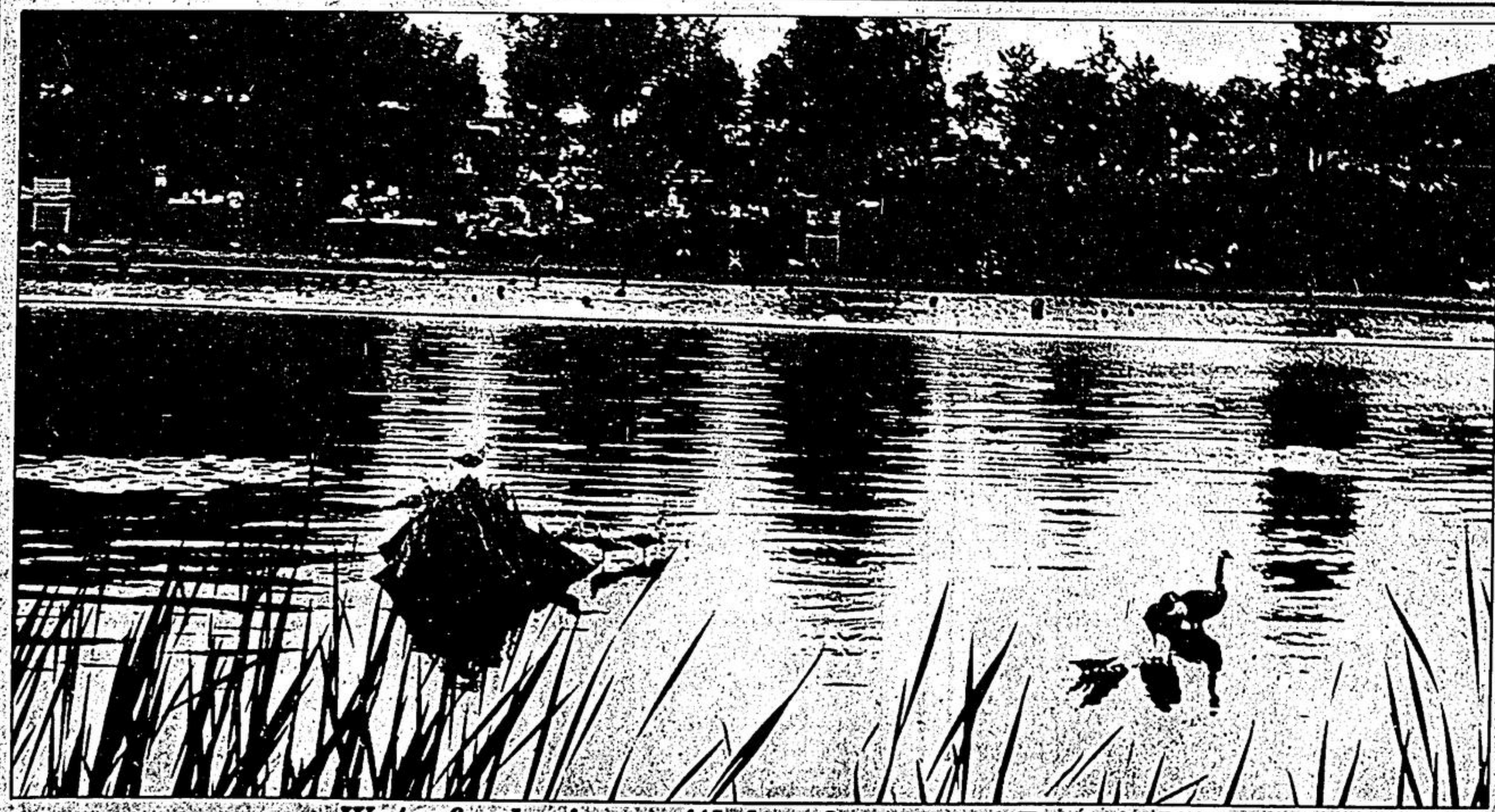
The Brougham Community Centre was filled to overflowing July 15 as potential buyers met to prepare for the dispersal.

Airport tenants and other residents are understandably anxious to initiate the project, and they've formed a steering committee to keep an eye on future developments.

While this is a positive start, one must question the rationale of allowing the group to be chaired by a person who readily admits he has no intention of buying any of the excess 3,800 hectares (9,300 acres).

Al Graham, a Claremont resident who lives outside the airport zone, appears to be primarily concerned with continuing the People Or Planes fight that he and many others waged in the early 1970s. Last week he again attacked the feds for having left the citizenry in the dark on this latest development, even though he's well aware that Transport Minister John Crosbie recently announced it'll take six months to get the re-sale program off the ground.

Mr. Graham is not taking the right approach. Co-operation, not confrontation, is essential to successfully implement this vital first step in the long-awaited revitalization of the 7,530-hectare (18,600-acre) Pickering Airport site.



Waterfowl mixes with beach-goers at Bruce's Mill

Picnickers have flocked by the thousands to Bruce's Mill Conservation Area in recent weeks to take advantage of all the warm-weather attractions offered at the Whitchurch-Stouffville park. In this photograph taken Sunday afternoon, waterfowl including Canada Geese and seagulls were undisturbed by the noisy public beach antics carrying on just to the east of their idyllic setting.

—Chris Shanahan

Gallery defined

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following description of public and alternate art galleries applies to Stouffville's financially-strapped Latcham Gallery, a public facility requiring increased community support to maintain its present level of services.

Public and alternate galleries are distinct from commercial galleries. As non-profit, publically-funded institutions they do not depend on the sale of artwork for their survival. Their priority is to make art available to the public and to raise the awareness and appreciation of various artforms. When considering approaching a public or alternate gallery for an exhibition of your work, it is important to understand this distinction.

Public and alternate galleries each grew out of very different stimuli. The mandate of the public art gallery is to inform and educate the community, and to preserve the cultural heritage. Each gallery varies in the degree to which it fulfills this mandate; some of the larger galleries are able to collect and exhibit old and contemporary masters, whereas smaller galleries usually produce more modern shows often utilizing local talent. A public art gallery is established through the desires, initiatives and financial backing of a group of artists, a municipality, a university or college in the community. The gallery is inextricably tied to the interests and needs of its particular community.