

**Editor's Mail**

**Garbage!**

The following letter has been mailed to all B.I.A. (Business Improvement Area) members in Stouffville. It applies to a section of Main Street from Albert Street on the west to Park Drive on the east. It relates to 'garbage' and reads: Dear Member:

Garbage is picked up on Main Street, Stouffville, daily Monday through Friday.

The B.I.A. is again asking Members to PLEASE not put their garbage out on Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday. Garbage should go out Sunday night for early pickup Monday morning.

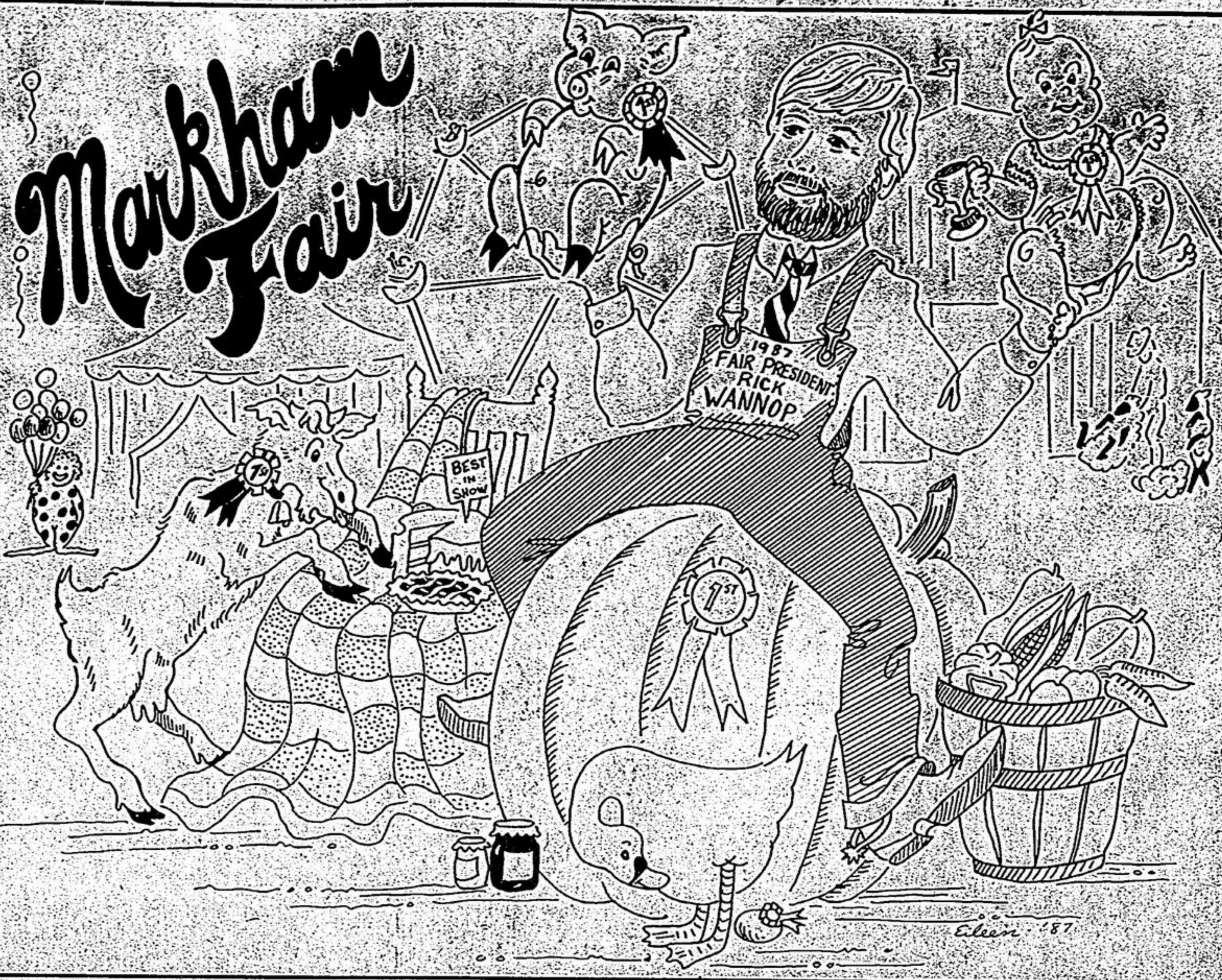
Since Stouffville is a part of the fastest growing area in Ontario, first impressions are important. Visitors to our town on weekends, see garbage strewn along Main Street and leave with a bad taste in their mouths. They may not return during the week to do business in YOUR stores.

The B.I.A. is spending your money to make the downtown a beautiful place in which to shop, to work and to live. Right now, we are defeating our own purpose. **GARBAGE GOES OUT SUNDAY NIGHT!**

Not only is this practice important to visitors but considerate of the town folk who enjoy walking, jogging and window browsing on weekends.

Sincerely,  
Sandy Stronach,  
President  
Michael Larkin,  
Vice-President

**Markham Fair**



**The Tribune**

ESTABLISHED 1888

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**ROAMING AROUND**



**Me of little faith**

BY JIM THOMAS

I like to think I'm the Blue Jays' biggest fan. Well, okay, maybe their second biggest.

For I have to admit when it comes to B.J. euphoria, few folks exceed the visual excitement displayed by Weekender columnist Bruce Stapley.

"Hey, how about those Jays. Did you catch the game last night? Wasn't that something?" That's Bruce's greeting every time he enters the Office, at least every time he enters the Office after a Blue Jay win. Even when Toronto was on an early-season eight-game losing streak, Bruce never lost hope. "Don't worry, they'll turn it around," he would prophesy optimistically. And he was right. They did. And how!

I've always been a baseball follower. Even as far back as the 50's, I thought nothing of driving to Cleveland to catch a game with my hero Indians.

When Toronto landed an American League franchise, I switched allegiance to the Jays. And I've held them in high regard ever since even during those frustrating building years.

No, I'm not a fair weather fan. In fact, I detest boosters who climb on the bandwagon only to go along for the ride.

Like now. These people are everywhere, caught up in the excitement of pennant-drive fever.

They're easy to spot. They mention players long since retired, some even deceased. They talk plays common to basketball and football but not baseball.

Oh well. Everyone likes to back a winner.

In all honesty, the Blue Jays have tested my patience on many occasions. When they slid from first to third, behind both the Yankees and the Tigers, I thought they'd never come back. But they did.

Down 3-0 to Detroit, Friday, I thought they'd never come back. But they did.

Down 9-7 to Detroit, Saturday, I was sure they'd never come back. But they did.

Trouble is, they did it but I didn't hear it. I lost confidence and turned my radio off. Not until arriving home an hour later did I learn the good news and all the excitement I'd missed. Belatedly, I joined the celebration long after 46,000-plus fans had left the Stadium.

For this reason, 'me of little faith' takes a back seat to co-columnist Stapley. He, at least, remains true to the cause. Never once has he given up on his heroes.

But who could comprehend this kind of comeback, two games in a row? Even the 46,000 on-site spectators were left rubbing their eyes in disbelief. And no wonder.

Regardless of what happens from here on in, this was a series to be remembered.

Who can forget? Not I. For it taught me a lesson the great Yogi Berra would etch in stone:

It's never over til it's over.

As for remembering, I trust my family has a good memory too. For I'm making my 'want list' public for Christmas '88; one gift and one gift only:

A reserve seat for the first game in the Dome.

And I promise not to leave before it's over, regardless of the score.

**Editor's Mail**

**Sanctions no solution**

Dear Editor: Last year at the Commonwealth Conference in London, England, Margaret Thatcher and her government were on the receiving end of a lot of di-

plomatic abuse for not going along with sanctions against South Africa.

Mrs. Thatcher's reasons, in my opinion, were valid. She saw no morality in putting thousands of people out of work in South Africa and the United Kingdom. Both are large trading partners.

Prime Minister Mulroney along with several other Commonwealth leaders, endeavored to change her mind but without success.

The Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh were greatly affected by a boycott from many Commonwealth countries but were not cancelled.

It's now over a year since these sanctions and boycotts were put in place. So what's happened? Nothing has changed in South Africa except the results of the last election made dissolution of apartheid further away than ever, mainly because of outside interference.

What is our policy with regard to South Africa now?

It changes like the wind. With no hard and fast policy statement from the Government, we are left only with what we read in the newspapers.

On other Government policy matters over the last two to three years, we have had so many contradictory statements from Ministers, it's little wonder the Conservatives are at the bottom of the totem pole in public opinion.

Sanctions never worked against Italy when that country invaded Abyssinia, or against Rhodesia before it became Zimbabwe, nor against Russia when it invaded Afghanistan.

So why do countries persist in the application of sanctions and boycotts when they know from history they're not effective and only hurt those they think they're helping?

There are so many holes in the fence, the penalized country can easily survive in spite of punitive measures.

I suppose it 'looks good' from a political point of view, especially to Third World countries, if we go along with this kind of upside-down thinking, but it does nothing to help the oppressed.

Sincerely,  
Adam Johnstone,  
R.R. 1, Stouffville

**Editorials**

**Fran earns her stripes**

A single voice at the regional level of politics can be 'a voice crying in the wilderness'.

This is the position Fran Sainsbury often finds herself as mayor of Whitechurch-Stouffville; a flea tickling a dog's back; a mouse gnawing on a lion's ear. Mayor Sainsbury is more than merely tickling and gnawing, however. She's biting, so hard she's attracting attention and obtaining results.

On Thursday, Mayor Sainsbury tossed all her cards on the Council table and issued members a challenge — put up or explain the reason why.

What she wanted was a trade off — Whitechurch-Stouffville to assume that section roadway from Tenth Line North through to the York-Durham boundary and York Region to assume the York-Durham townline from Hwy. 47 to York Road 30 (Main Street East).

Mayor Sainsbury also agreed that Whitechurch-Stouffville would assume Hwy. 47 from Ringwood (Hwy. 48), to Lincolnville, (Bloomington Road), after this section has been upgraded to Ministry standards, (four lanes).

The vote was 10 to 7 in her favor.

While in some politicians' eyes, this may not be viewed as a major victory, in our view it is; not from the standpoint of what was accomplished but from the fact something was accomplished. Yes, the mouse has to bite pretty hard, just to attract the lion's attention.

Mayor Sainsbury, to her credit, is not afraid to let her 'bite' be felt and her voice heard. Ten members listened. Thursday. That was sufficient.

Sometimes, when one speaks long enough and loud enough, the message gets through, even the message from a voice crying in the wilderness.

**Their pride never died**

Several years ago, this newspaper carried an editorial related to what it claimed was the steadily deteriorating state of the business area of Claremont. Residents of that day, quite naturally, took exception to these comments.

Criticism hurts. So does the truth.

The truth was, Claremont, as a 'business' community was rapidly becoming a non-entity. The Sarco Plant had closed. The CPR station had been demolished. The once-thriving Chas. Cooper Ltd. Hardware had been destroyed by fire and several smaller stores had 'closed up shop'.

Generally, the situation looked bleak. In most towns and villages, when a business 'slide' begins, one of two things happens. The community tosses in the towel and admits defeat or it digs in its heels and alters its image.

With respect to Claremont, the latter appears to be occurring. Out of a somewhat dishevelled and chaotic business state, a new sense of desire and determination is emerging.

Those persons spearheading the 'new look' business profile, realize competing with big 'chains' and shopping centres is a lost cause. So they're taking a different approach. They intend to make Claremont unique with attractive gift shops and boutiques; not unlike Unionville.

Such a project will take planning expertise and financial help. The Town of Pickering must provide both.

With co-operation all round, (as is occurring in Stouffville), Claremont will rebound from a position of privation and pauperism to one of substance and pride. In our opinion, it's already made the turn. We see better days ahead.



**Queens past and present in spotlight at Markham Fair**

The next four days, (Oct. 1-4), will be busy times for the 1987 Queen of Markham Fair, Wendy Ford and her attendants, Annika Hannan and Susan Ilott. So it was with the queens of Markham Fair's past. Pictured on the right is Martha Mulholland Fair Queen in 1973 and on the left, Cathy Michaud, Fair Queen in '74. Martha, now Mrs. Ed-

ward Gardhouse, resides at R.R. 3, Schomberg. She's the mother of Rebecca, age four. Cathy, formerly of 14th Avenue, Markham, now lives in Scarborough. The Fair's Historical Committee is featuring a display of queenly candid photos dating back 14 years.

—Jim Thomas