

Weary

The P.O.P. (People or Planes) people have emerged from the woodwork again; still the same old line about the same old issue — The Airport!

It seems no matter what's planned anywhere, a group is established to oppose it.

We all make garbage but no one wants a landfill site.

We all travel but no one wants an airport.

We need schools but no one wants a school bus parked next door.

We all appreciate nature but we don't want pigeons as neighbors.

Local gravel companies employ hundreds but gravel trucks are a menace.

The 'Not In My Backyard' syndrome is alive (and sick) in Whitechurch-Stouffville as well as every other municipality across Ontario including Pickering.

Personally, I'm a little weary of it all.

Gordon Johnson, Altona

Support

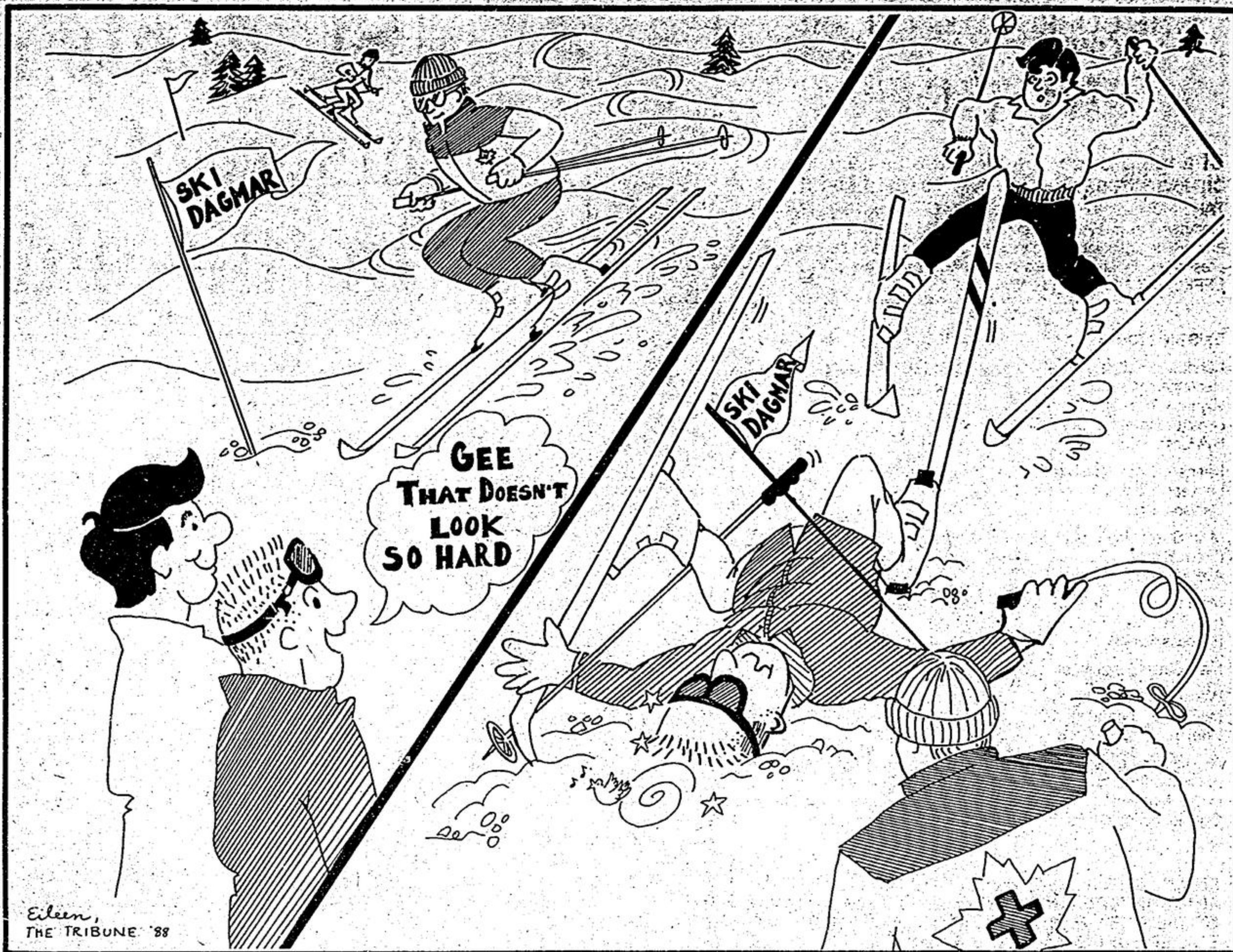
Karl Winterstein of Clarendon made a good point in your issue of Jan. 6 when he explained the heroics of racing pigeons during World Wars I and II.

If what Mr. Winterstein said is true, (and I don't doubt for a minute it isn't), then perhaps he should involve the Legion Branches of both Clarendon and Stouffville in his fight.

The veterans, better than anyone, should be acquainted with stories in this regard.

If Mr. Winterstein could gain the support of the Canadian Legion across Ontario, even across Canada, it would give his campaign the assistance it undoubtedly deserves.

Gordon Kinsley,
R.R. 3, Stouffville



Eileen,
THE TRIBUNE '88

The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND



Dorian's loss my gain

BY JIM THOMAS

I'm continually losing things. In fact, if the situation wasn't, at times serious, it would be humorous.

Maybe forgetfulness is a chronic illness that comes with old age. If so, there's no hope. For there's no cure.

Even tying a string around my finger doesn't help. The reason for it being there simply slips my mind.

Over the years I've lost more items than could be listed on a page of this newspaper. And not just pens, pencils and notepads, but big things, important things, worth hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

The tale of my missing overcoat has been told and retold so many times, I won't bore you any more, only to say I found it hanging in the Stouffville Restaurant six months after I'd invested in a replacement.

Rubbers! I've lost enough pair of puddle-waders to restart production at the Hamilton Firestone plant.

I never did find my first pair of glasses. Seventy-five dollars they cost with no insurance.

Prudential wouldn't touch this high-risk customer with a ten foot pole.

Who can blame them?

Before we were married, Jean gave me a beautiful diamond ring. It must have cost a bundle. But, you guessed it, I lost it too.

Six years ago, while on vacation in Washington, I even lost our car. We spent three hours of a sight-seeing afternoon, tramping up and down Pennsylvania Avenue searching for a 1982 two-tone brown Chevrolet stationwagon. Yes, we found it — on another street!

Half the time, I can't even find my car in Stouffville.

The most embarrassing occasion was the day I lost my pants while swimming at Lake Simcoe. I insisted on saving a few dollars and changed in the privacy(?) of the back seat. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of tossing my trousers out the window and up on the roof. I think they dropped off somewhere between Leaskdale and Sandy Hook.

Anyway, I drove home pantless in a soggy bathing suit.

Hardly a Monday morning goes by

that I'm not calling Jean. "Would you have a look around the house," I ask, "and see if I left my (blank) there somewhere?" Several hours of searching later, I usually find the article hidden under a pile of paper on my desk.

This being my weakness, I feel for people who encounter the same problem. For this reason, The Tribune maintains a Lost and Found box at the front counter. Even now, it contains two pair of glasses, a woman's ring and umpteen sets of keys.

Hardly a week goes by that someone doesn't bring in something. We welcome the opportunity of trying to help.

So it was Saturday.

John Layland, Bernick Crescent, Stouffville, handed in a wallet he'd found near the corner of Main and Market Streets. Almost automatically, I checked for identification, and found it. Dorian A. Baxter, 132 Millard Street, Stouffville, the driver's license read. I decided to take it around.

I supposed Mr. Baxter had pulled into his drive only minutes ahead of me. The tire tracks were still fresh in the snow.

"I believe this is yours," I said, handing the billfold back. He appeared a trifle startled, then relieved.

"I didn't find it, I'm only delivering it," I explained. He shook my hand warmly, enquiring as to my name and the name of the finder.

I gave him both, attempting to minimize the small part I'd played. "Glad to help," I said.

On Sunday morning, a beautifully wrapped package arrived at St. James Presbyterian Church. A similar one had also been delivered to Mr. Layland's home. The note attached to mine read:

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I have just written a note to Mr. Layland in which I attempted to express my sincere gratitude to him for so graciously precipitating the return of my wallet through you.

As I told him, it was a double surprise this morning. First, I hadn't missed my wallet and secondly, to have someone graciously return it, with all the contents, money, cards, etc., completely intact!

In a world that is all too often advertised as being filled with aridity and disenchantment, your actions and those of Mr. Layland filled me with a sense of deep gratitude to Almighty God.

It's wonderful to know there are people like you out there in this world, people who prize honor and virtue above the external advantages of rank and fortune.

Should there ever be a time in the future that I might be of service to you or your church, I do hope you will not hesitate to contact me.

In closing, I shall take the liberty of using the words of Shakespeare... "I can no other answer make but thanks, thanks and ever thanks."

Sincerely,
Dorian A. Baxter,
132 Millard Street,
Stouffville

Believe me, Mr. Baxter, if I made your day, your letter also made mine.

Editor's Mail Message

Dear Editor:

Karl Winterstein of Clarendon made a good point in your issue of Jan. 6 when he explained the heroics of racing pigeons during World Wars I and II.

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Sincerely,
Gordon Kinsley,
R.R. 3, Stouffville

Editorials

Leave nature unspoiled

It may be an optical illusion, but it appears the bush area surrounding what was once known as Lehman's Pond, south of Millard Street in Stouffville, is slowly decreasing in size.

It seems this section of nature unspoiled is being spoiled.

There's little doubt would-be developers have their sights set on this property. While heavily wooded and wet, such problems can be easily overcome by modern machines and fill.

We say hands off! This site should be left untouched.

Once residential inroads are made, the Town can kiss it goodbye. Soon, nothing will be left.

As scrubby and as scruffy as the site may seem, it lends an 'atmosphere' to Stouffville that can never be replaced.

If Council hasn't already done so, it should declare this area 'off limits' to residential build-up. It's value will be greater appreciated by generations to come.

Ban outside storage

The entire length of Hwy. 404 from Steeles Avenue through to Davis Drive opens up many future possibilities for properties both east and west.

All one need do is look at industrial build-up taking place north of Hwy. 7. We see an extension of this right through to Newmarket.

And why not? One need not be a Conrad Black to appreciate the value of an arterial thoroughfare to firms who appreciate both the advertising and transport services it provides.

We're surprised then, that the Town of

Richmond Hill would even consider open storage on lands in this location. We're not surprised that Whitechurch-Stouffville stands opposed.

Open storage is unsightly. We've yet to see a site that isn't.

There may well be places for such operations, but the Hwy. 404 industrial strip isn't one.

It would seem Whitechurch-Stouffville must not only plan the future of the Hwy. 404 corridor to the east but cast a wary eye to proposed development beyond its boundaries to the west.



Board of Directors, Markham and East York Agricultural Society — 1968

The Markham and East York Agricultural Society, (Markham Fair Board), held its annual meeting and election of officers Jan. 13. This photo dates back to 1968, twenty years ago. Board members are: Rear Row (left to right) — Bob Tran,

Bruce Ramer, Mac Cosburn, Barry Little, Olive Shadlock, Cora Brodie, Ellis Britton, Bob Thompson, Howard Cosburn, Bill Walker, Dalt Rumney, (unknown). Front Row (left to right) —

Fred Spring, (secretary); Mary Wilson, Bert Gardhouse, Joe Tran, (president); Charles Reeve, Bill Sutherland, Gerry Mann.

—Jim Thomas