

Editor's Mail Candidate hits back

Dear Editor:

I am writing in response to your editorial in last week's paper which seemed to suggest that I have no right to enter the Whitchurch-Stouffville mayoralty contest.

I would like to begin by pointing out that when the Ontario Municipal Act was created, the legislators chose to make any individual who is legally an adult eligible for municipal election.

If, in their wisdom, they had thought it was necessary to be 35 or 40 years old to run for mayor, they would have specified this qualification in the Act.

One of the most useful purposes of any municipal election is to bring up new issues and stimulate public discussion about ways in which the municipality could be improved.

As the only mayoralty candidate under the age of 50, I sincerely believe that I have a legitimate viewpoint — and legitimate issues to discuss.

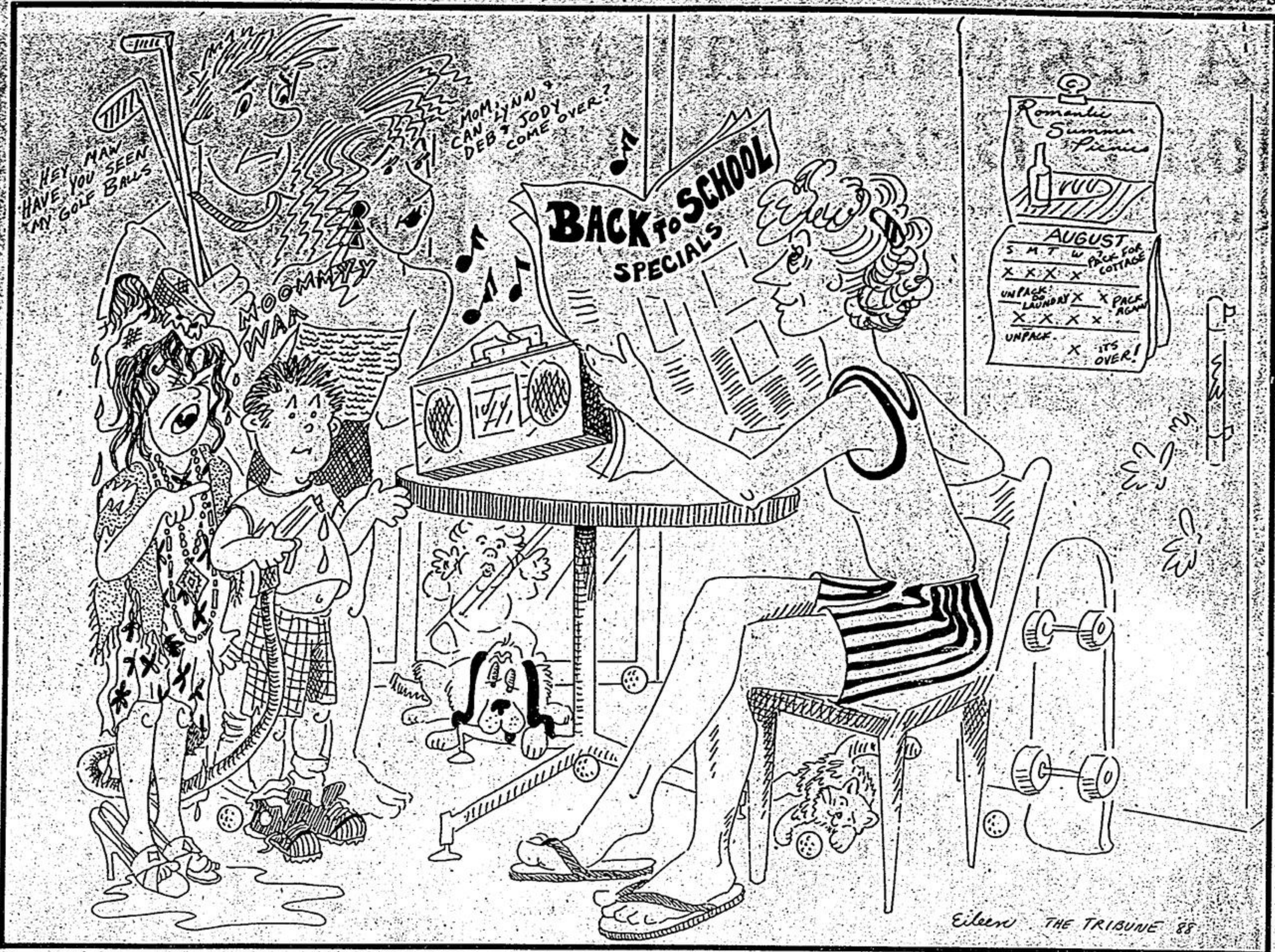
I grew up in this town, and my friends and I had nothing to do but play hockey. I'd like to see the next generation of kids with decent recreation facilities.

My other concerns have already been reported in your newspaper.

This is a democracy, Mr. Thomas, which means we enjoy a society that permits freedom of speech as well as freedom for any qualified individual to stand for office.

I think you did me a disservice by suggesting that as a young adult, I have no right to stand in this mayoralty contest.

Crawford Thompson
Mayoralty candidate



If big is better, then here are suggestions

We're missing an important election issue. The province and the municipalities are playing ping-pong with affordable housing, while the price of the

average home in the area is about 10 times the average salary.

We hear on the radio of the decay of the environment and say "Oh something should be done," as we finish our coffee and throw our Styrofoam cup away.

We want an indoor pool, but we also want bigger municipal offices. Meanwhile, softball and hockey are the only sports for which we have above-average facilities, and municipal employees are getting less room to do more work.

But these issues are not the ones I wish to address. Indeed, they are simply a symptom of a larger issue.

We wanna be Big! In our modern and industrial world, it's the urban values that prevail, and the bigger something is, the better.

We all must force ourselves to keep from gasping at the romance of big cities like New York (oh!), London (gasp!), Berlin (gee whiz!) or Tokyo (wow!).

But Stouffville? Most have us have been through it. You know, you're on vacation

Speaking Out By Chris Garbutt

somewhere, and a friendly type asks you where you're from. What do you tell them? Some are even embarrassed to say.

I can sympathize. My first week at university in Ottawa, I was meeting hundreds of people who wanted to know my geographical origin.

After hearing "What's a Stouffville?" 40 or 50 times, I gave up and started saying "Near Toronto."

Let's face it. We're obsessed with size. We want the people in the big cities to think that we're as cool and sophisticated as they are. We want them to know who we are.

And people just aren't impressed when you tell them we're up to 17,000 in population. It may be impressive to those of us who remember the days we were under that elusive 10,000 (it wasn't that long ago), but it just doesn't cut it with the dashing and high rolling urbanites.

It's not that we haven't tried. A lot of things have happened that should gain Stouffville international notoriety.

We had the CPGA championships, and I know for a fact that this town's name appeared in newspapers across the country. We also have a member of the latest Stanley Cup champions.

Even our polluted water several years ago failed to bring us the fame we expected. We're Canada's Strawberry Capital, we have a historical plague, a clock tower, two provincial highways (not including the 404), and a Main Street just like any other big city.

Yet we still can't get anything better than a condescending label of " quaint" or even "sleepy."

We wanna be big. We want the hustle and bustle of the city. We want a McDonald's.

This is why the upcoming municipal election is so important. If we're going to be classy like those big city folk, we're going to have to acquire some of the extras that they have.

I have a few suggestions for the candidates to add to their platform.

A Dome: That's right. A domed stadium. Toronto's got one. How can we compete unless we get one too? And we could have a contest to name it. The possibilities seem endless.

With a dome, we're sure to get a major-league baseball team, or we'll at least host all the best slowpitch tournaments.

Too expensive, you say? Okay, how about a lighted soccer pitch?

A Map Maker: You say want to put Stouffville on the map? What better way than this?

I would go one better than that, however. We should go all out to attract a business that makes globes. The only condition would be that on their globes, they replace Toronto with our town. We could also encourage marking it with a star instead of an insignificant dot.

People in other countries would wonder what this 'Stouffville' is (and how to pronounce it), but not wanting to seem stupid in front of their friends, they would just assume that it's the capital of Canada.

A Canal: Cities like Ottawa and Peterborough have people come from everywhere just to take a boat cruise. And if it's scenic enough, they might just stay.

Besides, we have to hook into the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system. That's our link to the world. It's the only thing Toronto has that we don't.

So come on Stouffville, let's make this an election issue. Won't it be great when Torontonians are forced to say, "Oh, well it's about 30 miles south of Stouffville."

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Delay in Big Pipe a blessing

Whitchurch-Stouffville Mayor Fran Sainsbury is frustrated that nothing is being done to provide for future growth and development in Town.

Last Thursday her frustration boiled to the surface when she crossed verbal swords with Markham Mayor Carole Bell at a meeting of York Regional Council.

Mayor Sainsbury contends that the Region of York has been dragging its feet on the issue of whether Stouffville will be able to hook into the York Durham sewage system (known as the Big Pipe).

The Big Pipe carries sewage from Newmarket, Aurora, Richmond Hill, Vaughan, Markham and towns in Durham Region to a large sewage

treatment plant at the mouth of Duffins Creek on Lake Ontario.

By contrast, Stouffville has a small, local sewage treatment plant to handle its waste water. However, the Stouffville plant is almost at capacity and the provincial government won't let the town expand it for environmental reasons.

Stouffville's only hope for future growth is to hook into the Big Pipe by running a 10-mile trunk sewer line south to Markham.

To Mayor Sainsbury it's a simple problem with a simple solution. But the Town's request has raised questions about future sewage treatment needs for other municipalities both

those on the Big Pipe and those who aren't.

And so a major study is underway that will lead to an overall plan to increase sewage capacity in York Region. It will probably mean that development will come to a halt here in the short term.

In the long term, Stouffville will probably get what it wants to allow orderly urban development in the Stouffville area. But, perhaps it's good to have a pause now to look at population growth for the next quarter century and come up with a balanced plan for orderly development.

The current delay could be a blessing in disguise.

Youngster is finally won over at school

BY MARGARET STAPLEY

Did you happen to see that six-year-old boy coming slowly into the schoolyard the morning after Labor Day? Did you wish you could read his thoughts? They probably go something like this:

I don't care if the old school still does look about the same, it doesn't have me fooled. Last year when I was here only half-days in kindergarten, I couldn't wait to get into Grade 1. But now I don't think I'm ready for real education yet.

I first got cold feet when I woke up this morning and remembered what day it was. I told mother I'd changed my mind about Grade 1 and all she said was: "Of course you're going to school. This is the day you start learning to read and write."

She couldn't have said a worse thing. That's what was bothering me the most. The teacher would probably expect me to read and write something right away. I turned on the waterworks.

"I don't feel too good in my stomach," I blubbered.

"That's all right, dear," said my mother. "I'll write a note to your teacher and if you still don't feel well at recess, you can come home."

I don't know why my mother

had such a funny smile on her face while she was writing the note, but the main thing is I've got it and I sure plan on taking advantage of it.

Kindergarten is just a softening-up job. For a year they let you think school is all fun and games — and then they start throwing books without pictures at you.

One of the kids going into Grade 2 told me the Grade 1 teachers is an Old Dragon, but I've got nothing to be scared about.

I've got the note from my mother and if I don't come home at recess, she'll come to see if I'm all right. Oh, oh, here we go in. Better take a big breath.

So this is the Grade 1 classroom. I'll grab a desk near the door — it might come in handy if the Old Dragon starts anything.

That must be her up near the front. Hmm, she doesn't look too bad, but she doesn't have me fooled. I remember how the wicked queen in Snow White and the witch in Hansel and Gretel disguised themselves.

I'll go and give her the note and see what she does. There, I knew it, she's smiling while she's reading it. So, she thinks it's fun-

ny that a little kid isn't feeling good, eh?

Oh, she's an Old Dragon, alright. What a year this is starting out to be. Look at those kids sitting there waiting to be put in the oven.

Now the teacher is making us stand up when she calls out our names. Hey, who's that neat little blonde girl? I don't remember her from last year.

She must be new because the teacher is smiling and asking her all about herself. Holy smoke, the poor kid's going for it and smiling back. I'd better warn her the first chance I get.

Now the Old Dragon is sitting at her desk and opening a book, saying she's going to read us a story. Well, it'll just be wasted on me 'cause I've already heard all the stories in kindergarten and from my mother. I'll just sit here and drum my fingers on my desk, tum ta tum ta tum tum...

Hey, what's that about some dopey rabbit wanting red boots like some duck he met? Maybe I'll listen for couple of minutes so I can tell my mother about this dumb bunny when I go home at recess.

Now the rabbit has been to the Wishing Pond and got the boots, but he's changed his mind. He's

back to the pond to wish them off and get a pair of red wings like some bird he saw.

Boy this character is sure hung up on red. There, he's got the wings and he's going home.

Oh, oh, I was afraid of this. His mother doesn't recognize him and won't let him in. Serves him right for wishing for such weird things.

Gee, this is getting serious. That rabbit can't get any place and it's getting dark. Why doesn't he go back to that Wishing Pond and wish those silly-looking wings off?

Attaboy, rabbit old kid, he did. I bet his mother will let him in now. Yep, she did. That wasn't a bad story after all. The Old Dragon is sure putting on a good act.

Whoops there's the recess bell. I'll tell her I've got a pair in my stomach and squeeze out some tears. Wait a minute, there's the new girl going out.

Maybe I won't go home yet, at least not before I've had a chance to warn her what she's in for.

Hey, three other guys are talking to her. Darn it, I wish my mother had let me wear my cowboy boots. I'm always a big hit with them on. Oh, well I'll just hang around a few more minutes

and see if I can get her alone. Dum da dum da dum...

Oh gee, there's the bell to go back in. Better head for home. Or maybe I'll stick around for awhile — don't want anybody to get the idea I'm a fraidy cat.

Here's my desk right near the door if I have to escape in a hurry. What's the Old Dragon doing now? Yikes, this is it! She's passing out magazines, which she'll probably make us read something out of. I'm getting out of here.

Hey, whose hand is that on my shoulder? "Uh, what's that, Old...er, I mean teacher?" Oh, she says we're just going to cut out pictures of things and she's going to print their names on the blackboard.

She wants me to pass out the scissors. Well, if she really needs my help that badly...

Here I am at the new girls' desk. Better make sure her scissors are working. Hey, she gave me a big smile. Guess she knows who the bright guy is in the class.

Now the teacher is patting me on the head and telling me what a good job I did. Funny, she reminds me a bit of my mother.

That can't be the lunch bell already. Hope my mother has my

lunch ready so I can hurry back to school. My teacher might need me to help her again this afternoon.

Zoom, zoom, here I am home. "Hi mom. Gotta eat fast and scoot back to school. What do you mean how to I feel? I feel great."

I wonder why my mother's got that funny smile again. Never mind, gobble up my favorite cheese dreams, gulp my milk. Now upstairs to the bathroom. There, that's that.

Oops, there's something else I've got to do while I'm up here. Now downstairs and out the door before my mother gets a good look at me.

Here I am back at my good old school. I might even try some reading and writing this afternoon, kind of help my teacher out with some of the kids who aren't ready for Grade 1 yet. I'd like to get my hands on whoever started that Old Dragon rumor.

Notice anything different about me? Yep, got my cowboy boots on. Those other guys won't stand a chance with that new girl now and I bet my teacher will really be impressed.

Look out Grade 1, here I come. I can't wait for next year and Grade 2.