

**Editor's Mail**

**Recycle**

The blue boxes are coming!  
The blue boxes are coming!  
If every community in North America should know the nightmare of a garbage dump in its backyard, our town should.

I trust this memory will serve to remind each of us of the long, frustrating and difficult task of closing a landfill site, even though it was located close to our fresh water supply.

Blue boxes won't solve the garbage crisis, but they're certainly a step in the right direction.

If every member of the community — man, woman, teen and child will make himself-herself a little more aware of recycling, what a difference it will make.

However small one's effort, a little sacrifice makes for a great achievement when we ALL accept the task as our personal responsibility.

If we are to leave an environment fit for the next generation, we MUST begin today. Let each of us make a sincere effort to educate and encourage the full use of the blue box.

This community could set an example the whole world will envy.

Good things start somewhere. Let's hope it's in Whitchurch-Stouffville, a place we're all proud to call home.

Sincerely,  
Marion Wells,  
R.R. 4, Stouffville



**The Tribune**

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**Editorials**

**Our responsibility**

An exciting election is anticipated in Whitchurch-Stouffville. Four of eight positions are being contested. Focus of attention is directed towards the mayoralty, with three in the race. Other seats up for grabs are Ward 3; Ward 5 and Ward 6. Acclamations are assured in Ward 1; Ward 2; Ward 4 and Board of Education. Since the majority of candidates seem to be keeping a low profile, the onus of responsibility rests with the ratepayers. The opportunity to see and hear will occur Friday, Oct. 28 at Stouffville Dist.

Secondary School. Attendance of the electorate is vital. The who's who of Election '88 follows: MAYOR — Wilf Morley, Fran Sainsbury, Crawford Thomson. WARD 1 — Margot Marshall; (acclamation); WARD 2 — Ron Robb, (acclamation); WARD 3 — Johan Aalink, Nick Tatone; WARD 4 — Wayne Emerson, (acclamation); WARD 5 — Marie Adams, Doug Alles; WARD 6 — Don Bigioni, Jim Sanders. BOARD OF EDUCATION — Harry Bowes, (acclamation). In previous years, attendance at the all-candidates meeting has been disappointing. So has the turnout at the polls. Sixty percent didn't bother to vote at all. We can do better. It's your town. The Council are only its caretakers. Let's make sure we elect the best people possible to take care of our interests.

**It's scary**

Bystanders joked about it afterwards, but to us, it was a scene that left us shaking in our shoes. On Friday night, a northbound truck driver, obviously inebriated, lost control of his vehicle on Durham Road 30 (Uxbridge-Stouffville townline), wiped out several guide posts and mailboxes before coming to a stop in the southbound traffic lane. Fortunately, no innocent motorists were involved. One driver had the presence of mind to turn into a private laneway to avoid collision. Bad enough was the fact the accused gave police a hard time before being ushered into an ambulance. Worse, was the fact this chap had twice been arrested on impaired charges in the last eight weeks, once Aug. 30 and again Sept. 25. Yet, he was still on the road Oct. 14. For some unexplained reason his vehicle wasn't impounded. This highway menace was held in custody pending a bail hearing, Monday. "What the courts didn't do, we did," a senior officer told The Tribune. So what now? In all likelihood, he's again free as a bird, and will be until the case is heard, six months to a year from now. The public deserves better. Instead of 'just another accident', a motor manslaughter case could have resulted. Read this and weep; weep for the innocent who must share our roads with such morons.

**ROAMING AROUND**

**Among the stars**

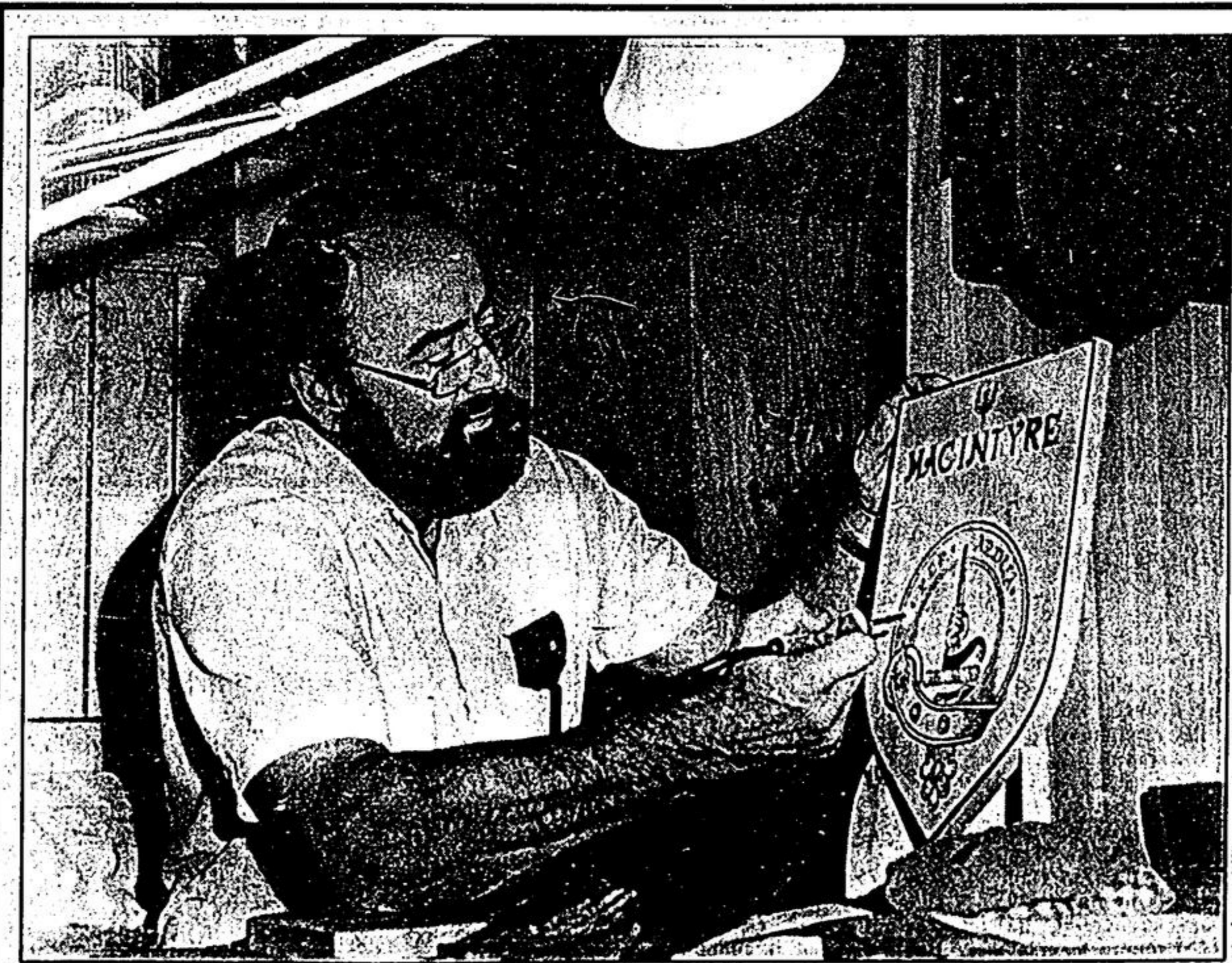
BY JIM THOMAS



Seldom do I rub shoulders with the upper echelons of society. It's not that I don't have the opportunity — invitations arrive almost weekly. No, this newspaper isn't singled out for special attention. Neither am I. It's just that media coverage is important to organizations, especially those organizations subsidized through the public purse. Big business support is important too. If the Toronto Star, for example, pours several thousand dollars into a project, it should receive some credit. It's the recipient's way of saying thanks. Despite the sincerity of these gilded invites, I never respond, for a number of reasons. First, the people involved aren't usually from Whitchurch-Stouffville. Second, the admission price is invariably high. Third, I don't have the time. And fourth, I feel very ill-at-ease amid such surroundings. Thursday was different. Mary Elson, a teacher on the staff of Goodwood School kindly called to tell me her sister, Donna, (Cummings), and Donna's partner, Marion, (Marshall), were to be honored at a high-profile 1988 Arts Awards Ceremony in the Metro Toronto Convention Centre near the CN Tower. Wow! This is something, I said to myself. Here's a young lady, born, raised and educated in Goodwood who's soared to the pinnacle of architectural design success. If any individual fits the mould 'small town girl makes good,' Donna does, the self-motivated conversation continued. I called Donna at her downtown office.

Despite an extremely busy work schedule, she took the time to fill me in on all the background information I needed. At least I thought I needed. But one thing was missing. I wanted to be there and witness the presentation in person. The ceremony was scheduled for 7:30. But I promised Jean I'd take her to choir practice at eight. So I arrived on the scene around nine. My presence immediately attracted attention; first the camera and then my dress. The Mamiya (circa 1974); looks like a recovery from Noah's Arc. My mis-matched sports attire wasn't exactly the 'black-tie gala' described in the ad. A comely miss cut off my advance ten steps inside the door. "Can I help you?" she asked, her x-ray eyes searing through my tweeds. "I'm here to photograph two of the award recipients," I replied. I advised her I wouldn't be attending the banquet. At \$125 a plate, she probably guessed. However, to my surprise, this lovely young lady went out of her way to help. She told me exactly where to stand to catch the VIPs coming out. She summoned an usherette to show me to a seat and even went backstage to notify Donna and Marion of my presence. I couldn't believe it. For a moment, I felt like one of THEM. This feeling quickly faded as I sat next to the ceiling in the giant Convention Centre, not unlike a seat in the greys at Maple Leaf Gardens. The on-stage glitter was dazzling. But the ceremony was informal. The audience tittered and the celebrants laughed, almost like ordinary humans. Later, I had an opportunity to mingle

with the elite of society as they exited the hall. The styles! Like nothing I'd seen before, at least not on Main Street, Stouffville. There were short ladies in long skirts and long ladies in short skirts. The leathery look is obviously in; so is fur, (real or imitation, I couldn't tell). Cigarette holders are popular with the female artist aristocracy. The men; some waddling-like stuffed penguins; appeared many years older than their mates; (sugar daddies) no doubt. Many sported shoulder-length hair and greying beards. I noticed they kept a tight hand-hold on their curvaceous escorts. However, I posed no threat. But you can't tell a book by its cover, as the saying goes. Donna and Marion, while beautifully dressed, appeared very down-to-earth. They thanked me several times for coming. "All the way from Stouffville," Marion exclaimed. I assured them it was only a half-hour drive and the honor was all mine. And it was. I felt privileged to attend. I may never be exposed to such elegance again. This is truly how the other half lives; the bright lights of Broadway, Front Street style. Not Front Street, Goodwood, but Front Street, Toronto. Regardless of location, Donna (Tindall) Cummings hasn't forgotten her roots. She's proud to call Uxbridge Township home. Hopefully, Uxbridge Township hasn't forgotten Donna — the small town girl who made good. If time and tide have erased those memories, let this column serve as a reminder. Donna's a credit to herself and her community.



**Vandorf crest-creator displays his skills**

Bill Richardson of R.R. 1, Gormley has come up with a novel hobby — creating Scottish clan crests. Mr. Richardson displayed the products of his skill at the 'In Praise of Hands' bazaar, Saturday, in the Vandorf Community Hall. A pine wood crest sells for \$49.50.

**Editor's Mail**

**Deserved**

Dear Editor: I was pleased to read the Page 1 news story in the Sept. 28 issue of The Tribune, complimentary of Whitchurch-Stouffville's Clerk-Coodinator Mrs. Pat Oakes. I have had occasion to meet Mrs. Oakes, several times, (always on business). Apart from her efficiency, which I never doubted, I have always found her extremely cooperative and pleasant, despite the pressures of a heavy work load. Often, I feel, these people who work behind-the-scenes do not receive the credit they deserve. It's the out-front politicians that are continually in the limelight. (Mrs.) Jeanne Hurst

**Revival**

Something wonderful is happening in Claremont. New homes, new neighbors and a new spirit of pride and co-operation are transforming this community into a truly enjoyable place in which to live. In keeping with this trend, I compliment The Tribune in providing several 'Claremont Corners' pages in your Focus Section. This helps consolidate the good feeling that permeates our village. (Mrs.) Marion Curtis, Claremont