

Editor's Mail

Thanks

Dear Editor:
The Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville wishes to express its appreciation to all volunteers for time and effort devoted to the distribution of Blue Boxes, Nov. 19.
A special thank you to Steve Payne and the Recycling Group for promoting the program, organizing the volunteers and the appreciation party.
The number of volunteers who showed up to help indicates our Curbside Recycling Program will be successful.
A reminder to residents that our Recycling Program commences on the regularly scheduled garbage collection day beginning Thurs., Dec. 1.

Paul Whitehouse, C.E.T.,
Engineering Co-ordinator,
Whitchurch-Stouffville

Stranded

Dear Editor:
On Monday evening, (Nov. 21), while on my way home to Stouffville from work, I unfortunately ran out of gas.
I managed to pull off to the side of the Ninth Line as far as possible, then began waving for help, but all cars and trucks passed me by.
However, two men from Betz Pools stopped. Very embarrassed, I told them of my predicament. They very kindly gave me a ride to the nearest station, helped me obtain the gas, then drove me back to my stranded vehicle.
To these gentlemen, I say a big "thank you" — again.
Who said chivalry is dead? Not in Stouffville!

Mrs. S. Castonguay,
Bramble Crescent,
Stouffville



Eileen, The Tribune '88

The Tribune
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ROAMING AROUND

A professional face-lift

BY JIM THOMAS



"You look terrible!" How often have people said that to you?
Often, to me.
They don't mean to be unkind. They're merely stating a truth. However, it does little to improve one's self-esteem.
But often, I do look terrible. I admit it. Might as well. I can't hide it. It's written all over my face.
So it was Tuesday. I took one look in the bathroom mirror and gasped.
The guy staring back was a likeness I never wanted to see, and never want to see again. His eyes were baggy. His forehead furrowed. His hair dishevelled and his teeth tarnished.
He was a mess.
"Monday nights are taking their toll," I said to myself. "This burning the candle at both ends is no good."
"Admittedly, Mondays are rough; have been for 40 years. The 18 plus hours, (9 a.m. to 3 a.m.), really drag me down. It takes until Thursday to recover; sometimes longer.
Trouble is, the older I get, the longer it takes. It's harder to bounce back.
As I sat pondering the few years I may have left, the phone rang.
"This is Louise," a pleasant voice said.
"Louise, Louise, do I know a Louise?" I began asking myself.
Before I could enquire, she explained.
"I'm Louise from By All Means Aesthetics. I have a studio on Main Street, below Guaranty Trust. I'd like to give you a facial."
"A facial for men? Never heard of such a thing? It's got to be some kind of joke," I thought to myself.

Almost like reading my mind, she assured me it wasn't. "Men have them too," she insisted.
"Why not?" I replied. "I'll try anything once." The appointment time was set for 4 p.m., Thursday.
Louise Codlin, a very young looking grandmother-to-be, welcomed me into her parlor. It's an immaculate place, with bright lights and comfortable furnishings.
Louise, I was soon to learn, had entered the profession at the urging of daughter Denise and with the support of husband Barry.
The mother-daughter arrangement continued until August when Louise opened her own studio at 79 Main West.
Although I didn't want to hurt this lady's feelings, I'm always a bit suspicious of business transacted by telephone. Once burned, twice wary, I suppose.
The last time I was approached in such a way was 16 years ago. I fell for the come-on hook, line and sinker, only to discover later, the massage parlor was actually a cover-up, (with nothing covered up), for a house of ill repute.
Lucky for me, I escaped the place before it was raided.
But never in Stouffville, I said to myself, hustling out of the Office with the best wishes of staff.
Yes, Jean was forewarned.
"You may not recognize me when I return," I stated, "I'll be a new man."
She replied something to the effect that anything new would be an improvement over the old.
And she was right. I did look terrible! I was certain Louise was, on the up-

and-up the moment I entered her parlor.
"Take off your clothes, but NOT your pants," she stated firmly. "Call when you're ready."
Two minutes later, I was stretched out on an elevated cot, fully prepared for whatever fate had in store.
Louise worked meticulously, explaining each step of the procedure.
First, she put a heating pad under my back. Then she massaged my shoulders and neck.
Boy, it felt good.
After ridding the skin of impacted impurities, she lathered my face with cream.
"How do you feel?" she kept enquiring, obviously detecting an up-beat in my heart.
"Great," I kept replying.
"People love to be pampered," she responded.
Although I requested she down-size my nose and ears, Louise explained she was an aesthetician not a surgeon. I tried to understand the difference.
"Ordinarily, the 'operation' takes about 90 minutes; but since I had to attend a 4-H Awards Ceremony in Newmarket at eight, I asked her to cut the procedure short. She agreed.
Yes, I left that studio with a bounce in my step, completely rejuvenated and ready to face the world.
"How do I look?" I enquired of Jean en route to the bathroom for a peek in the mirror.
"Hard to tell in the dark," she answered. However, through the crack in the door I distinctly heard her say: "Pretty hard to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Editorials

A town that cares

Patients and friends of patients looked on with subdued curiosity, Friday, from a vantage point in the east wing of York County Hospital, Newmarket.
"Must be a rock star," one whispered to another.
"It has to be someone important, that's for sure," the party whispered back.
A chauffeur-driven limousine was parked out front. A cameraman was pacing up and down the hall. Several student friends were watching in anticipation. It led bystanders to believe something special was about to happen.
Finally, one gentleman could stand the tension no longer.
"What's going on?" he asked.

As briefly as possible, we filled him in on the details; how a 17-year-old Stouffville girl, near death following a motor vehicle collision, Oct. 16, had recovered sufficiently to be allowed to go home.
His forehead furrowed as if to ask: "Is that all?"
Then he shook his head in amazement as an orderly wheeled Debra (Surman) through the sliding doors and out to the waiting limo.
Folks who don't know Stouffville, shouldn't be expected to understand the 'feeling' that accompanies injury and illness to 'one of its own'.
It's a community like no other in this regard.
People, young people in particular, are important to our town. May the community with a conscience, never outgrow this concern.

Hoopla over

The Blue Box hoopla is over. The project's been praised, publicized and promoted to the hilt. Now we get down to business and put into practice what this newspaper has advocated for years — curbside pick-up.
It starts Thursday, (to-morrow), Dec. 1.
While not a total solution to Whitchurch-Stouffville's garbage problems, it's a beginning. Let's make it work.

Be a part

Two important community events are upcoming this weekend.
The Festival of Bells is planned for 7 p.m., Friday, at the Clock Tower in the Town Square.
The Stouffville Santa Claus Parade is Saturday at 2 p.m.
The Festival, now in its second year, started small. The Parade, now in its 22nd year, started small also.
The challenge is to grow. There's really no alternative. Events must grow or they die. Like a town, there's no standing still.
Both the Festival and the Parade have roots. They're nourished through participation.
Be a part! Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. It only happens once a year.



Music Mania choristers tune up for Friday's Festival
It'll be a grand night for singing, Friday, when the Festival of Bells takes place in Stouffville's Town Square. Members of the Music Mania chorus will be on hand along with a student choir, from Summitview School. Last Friday, six Music Mania choristers held an impromptu rehearsal at the clock tower including (left to right) — Doris Harvey, Carolyn Duggan, Jim Brazier, Sue Lavine, Ed Warlow and Karen Altridge. The real thing is this Friday at 7 p.m.
—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail

In touch

Dear Editor:
I'm not a political person. The truth is, politics in any form holds little interest.
Regardless, I'd like to make one observation.
I think it's admirable when our premier, (David Peterson), takes time out of his busy schedule to visit communities like Whitchurch-Stouffville. If my memory serves me rightly, this was his third time here in four years; some kind of record.
Also, the fact former MPP Greg Sorbara arranged a breakfast meeting for mayors in rural York Region and MPP Bill Ballinger hosted a meeting here with Education Minister Chris Ward in attendance, speaks well for our area representatives.
The 'grass roots' of politics is where it's at. While the provincial Liberals have made mistakes, they haven't forgotten the 'little people' of Ontario which was more than one could say for their predecessors.
Sincerely,
Gordon Cottrell
Elm Road
Stouffville