

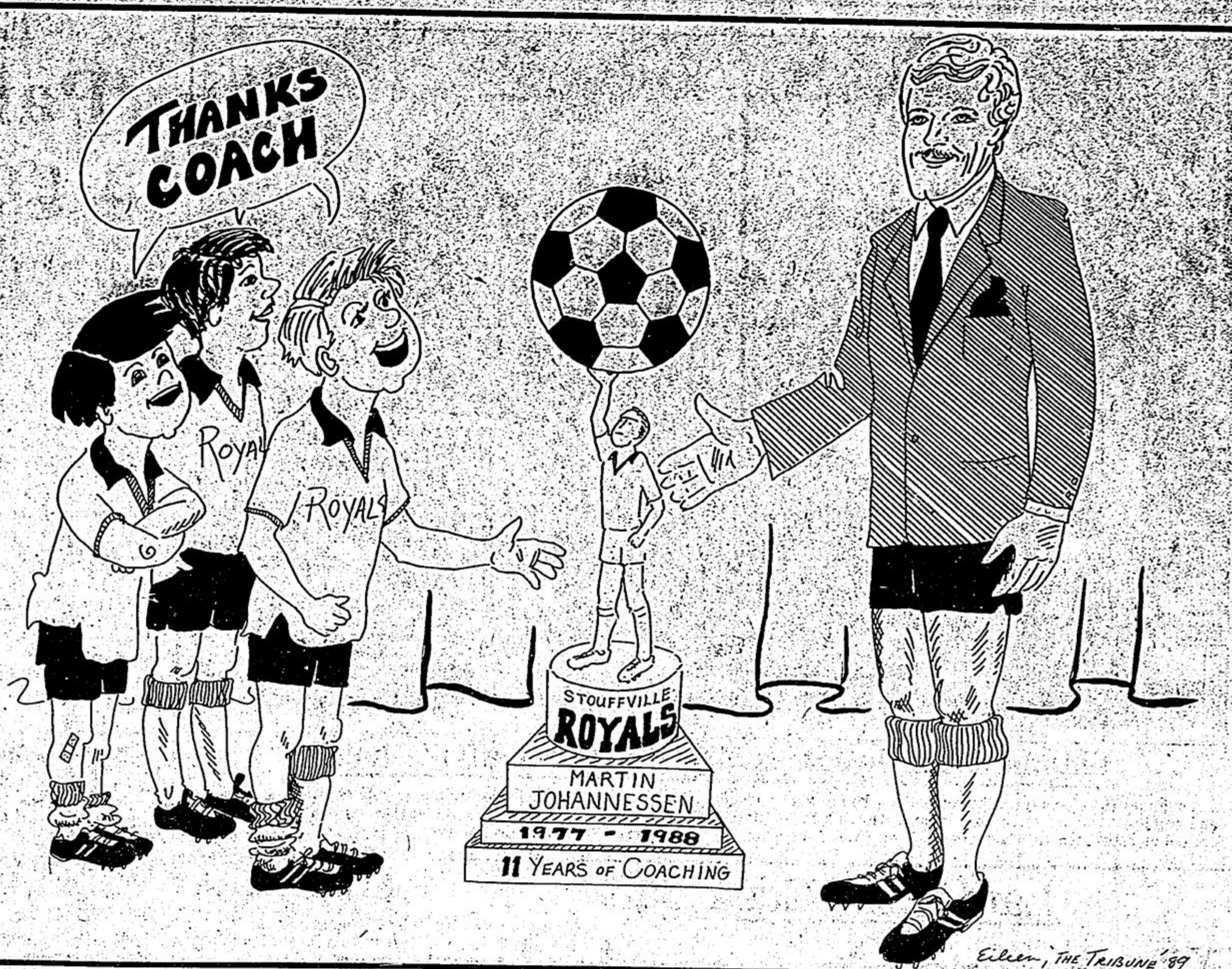
Editor's Mail

Deserved

Dear Editor:  
I was pleased to read in the Jan. 18 issue of The Tribune that former Uxbridge Councillor Cal Avery was honored by the Goodwood Ratepayers' Association.  
This tribute was well deserved. Mr. Avery had the well-being of the ratepayers at heart, not only in the Goodwood community but all of Ward 1.  
In fact, Mr. Avery's interests spanned all areas of the municipality.  
While I didn't always agree with his stands, he was never afraid to take a position and for this he was respected.  
Why he retired, no one will ever know. Word is, he became frustrated with the constant foot-dragging for which government at all levels is so well known.  
Through your newspaper, I wish to congratulate Mr. Avery on his accomplishments while in office, trusting he'll some day return to the political wars when memories of past frustrations have waned.  
Gordon Ferrando,  
R.R. 1, Goodwood

Proud

Dear Editor:  
A brief response to The Tribune's Jan. 18 story and photo re the new medical-office complex at Sandford Drive and Main Street.  
If the 'real thing' is as beautiful as the artist's sketch, Stouffville will have a building of which it can be justly proud. I, for one, look forward to its completion.  
Gordon Kinsella,  
Stouffville



Eileen, THE TRIBUNE '89

ROAMING AROUND

Sexy sirens expensive

BY JIM THOMAS



The telephone is the most used and most abused facility in office or home. No, it's not a 'hang-up' of mine. It's the truth.

Think about it:  
How many times a week do you pick up the receiver and hear any one of the following?

"Sorry, but I guess I dialed the wrong number."

Or: "Good evening, this is Peter J. Broom, your friendly chimney sweep. Tell me, when was the last time you had your chimney swept? It's a requirement of the Fire Marshal's Office, you know."  
Or: "I represent the Jack Frost Perma-Seal Storm and Screen Door Company. We're offering a special this month and this month only. We can save you hundreds of dollars, but you must act now! Let us set up an appointment. One of our salespersons will be pleased call. There's no obligation."  
Or: "We just happen to be working in the neighborhood and noticed your driveway's in dire need of repair. We took the liberty to measure it and the price comes to \$1,069 plus tax. However, because we're in the area and doing driveways at the homes of (names supplied without request), we're able to reduce this estimate by \$69 and eliminate the tax. Interested?"

No, I'm not interested! Not in contractual business done over the phone, even if our chimney does need cleaning; our house requires storm windows and our drive looks like Farmer Brown's back lane.

Furthermore, I'm not likely to hire someone from St. Catharines, Sutton or Solina. I can obtain most services locally and if I can't, I'll leaf through the

yellow pages until I find someone who can, preferably someone I know and trust.

Presumably, telephone solicitations pay off, otherwise, the solicitations would cease.

Obviously, enough people must be nibbling the bait to make the 'catches' worthwhile.

What bothers me more than these is the recent 'craze' where males are encouraged to call specific numbers and listen in on conversations taped by sex sirens.

Since no screening process is in place, many of the callers are kids. Some make a 'game' of it, little realizing, (or little caring), that each pre-taped talk jacks up mom and dad's telephone bill by two to three dollars.

Initially, the hue and cry from parents was sufficiently loud to reach Ma Bell's ear. The company agreed to 'can' the gimmick. This caused a clamor at the other end. 'Hot line' firms claimed they'd expended hundreds, even thousands of dollars all for nought. So Bell backed off.

What's it all about?  
To find out, a picked up a Saturday issue of a Toronto daily newspaper and turned to the Sports Section. There, peering out from Page 65 was 'Holly'. The come-on ad read: "Don't forget this number. It's your special line. By dialing it, you'll listen in on some of my most private, romantic moments."

At the very bottom, (in small print), was the \$3 fee automatically applied to the phone bill.

I decided to expend three dollars of the company's cash.

The one-sided conversation went

something like this:

"Hi, this is Holly. Won't you please drop in some time. I'm so lonely. It's nice talking to a gorgeous person like you. Would you like to see me in my bikini? I'm wearing it under my coat. Would you like to do more than just look? Your hands feel so wonderful. You certainly don't fool around do you. You get sexier every second...." That's when my time ran out. Lucky it did. I was getting a weak in the knees.

But wait a minute, Holly had not one, but two numbers. I dialed the second and she returned.

"I can't believe my luck," she stated in cooling tones, "I'm working right next door. I'd love to share a cup of coffee. I like your style. Your touch is driving me wild. You make me tingle...." Again my time ran out.

Not wishing to squander an additional three dollars, I looked for something cheaper. I discovered Candy on Page 60.

For two dollars, she promised a romantic interlude. I wouldn't never forget! Call me right now, she urged, and I'll tell you a bedtime story that'll keep you awake all night!!!

I obliged.

This gal really laid it on. She called me "gorgeous and...wild!"

"I'll do anything for you, anything you ask. Please make me your slave, she cooed.

Then, she hung up.

With my telephone expense account almost taxed to the limit, I decided to try one more time.

Although last, 'Hearts Desire' wasn't least. It offered five choices. I punched in No. 5.

This gal had the ability to switch the telephone into a television. "I want you," she purred, "I've caught your eye."

"I feel your warm breath against my ear; your fingers burn into my flesh. Showers of delight are cascading through my inner being. I want to be alone."

So I left her alone, trusting a few ice cubes in the tub might cool her down a bit.

As yet, she hasn't called back.

Nor will I; Holly or Candy either.

It's the stupidest gimmick ever perpetrated on a gullible public.

But there's a sucker born every minute. I was one. Sunday. And I'll be left high and dry if The Tribune's January phone bill lists four calls to San Francisco.

Stupidity

Dear Editor:  
The custodians of York Region accepted the same contract that they had rejected one week before. Does this make sense? Not to me.  
The one-week strike was an exercise in frustration for the teachers and the students for the anti-strikers and presumably for the Union.  
More pointedly, I see it as an exercise in stupidity.  
Sincerely,  
Calvin Brady,  
R.R. 3, Stouffville

The Tribune

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Editorials

Firefighters provide lesson in efficiency

Invariably during pre-election speech-making, the Whitchurch-Stouffville Fire Department comes in for its fair share of praise.

And rightly so.

They do an excellent job.

However, we can't help but smile when we hear verbal bouquets being tossed about at random.

Are the compliments for real? Or are they mere platitudes, prompted by the fact each volunteer has a vote?

The politicians know, as do we, that there's no closer fraternity than a group of firefighters. Come hell or high water, they stick together like glue. And this is good. We'd hate to see it any other way.

However, excluding Councillor Ron Robb, himself a firefighter in Metro, we wonder if politicians really know what goes on after the siren sounds.

It would indeed be an education if they learned.

This past week, the chief, the deputy-

chief and brigade volunteers were called out to three serious fires, two involving houses and one, a business.

Quick response, coupled with on-site efficiency, resulted in the saving of all three.

We can speak with authority because we were there. We saw our firefighters in action and witnessed the result.

Volunteerism, so much a part of the Town, is symbolized day after day, week after week by our Fire Department. We hope this aspect of community service continues many years into the future, not only from a standpoint of economics but with respect to fraternal teamwork so obvious to those of us privileged to witness it first-hand.

A needed service

At the pre-election public meeting in the Vandorf Hall, Nov. 2, mayoralty candidates were questioned concerning the likelihood of a small plaza in that community.

Wilf Morley was opposed while Fran Sainsbury and Crawford Thompson reserved their decisions pending submission of plans.

While in many instances, strip plazas are eyesores, they can and do provide a convenient service.

In our opinion, Vandorf requires such a facility.

Residentially, the hamlet has grown considerably in recent years. On the other hand, there's been little or no commercial growth. The time has come to consider some shopping conveniences in the community.

It's true, the General Store is a hamlet landmark. It warrants protection as best Council can. However, there are other requirements of residents currently being provided elsewhere. This business should remain at home. We'd like to see this plaza proceed under close scrutiny of Planning



From boys to men — the team that grew up together

The Stouffville Royals Soccer Team has grown up together through eleven seasons under the capable leadership of Coach Martin Johannesen. On Saturday, the players and their parents held a reunion in Stouffville's Latham Hall to honor Mr. J. Coach Johannesen (left rear), is pictured here with 'his boys'. Rear Row (left to right) — Jim Shadforth, Jay Edwards, Lindley Mussell, Joe Waldherr, David Petramala, Jim Murby, Karsten Henze, Philip Wesholowski. Front Row (left to right) — Colin Hales, Kyle Findlay, Jeff Carney, Greg Cook, Derrick Schellenberg, Vince Nardi, Wallace Barbour and Craig Johannesen. Jim Thomas