

Editor's Mail

Legislation carries a price tag

Dear Editor:

I wish to make comment concerning the request for tombstone support as submitted by the Lemoine Cemetery Board.

The province has a remarkable habit of requiring municipalities to do certain things, (some practical and some not), but by choice or neglect, Queen's Park declines to include a promise of subsidization.

If the cost is \$100 per stone, the expense related to ALL burying grounds in Whitchurch-Stouffville will be tremendous.

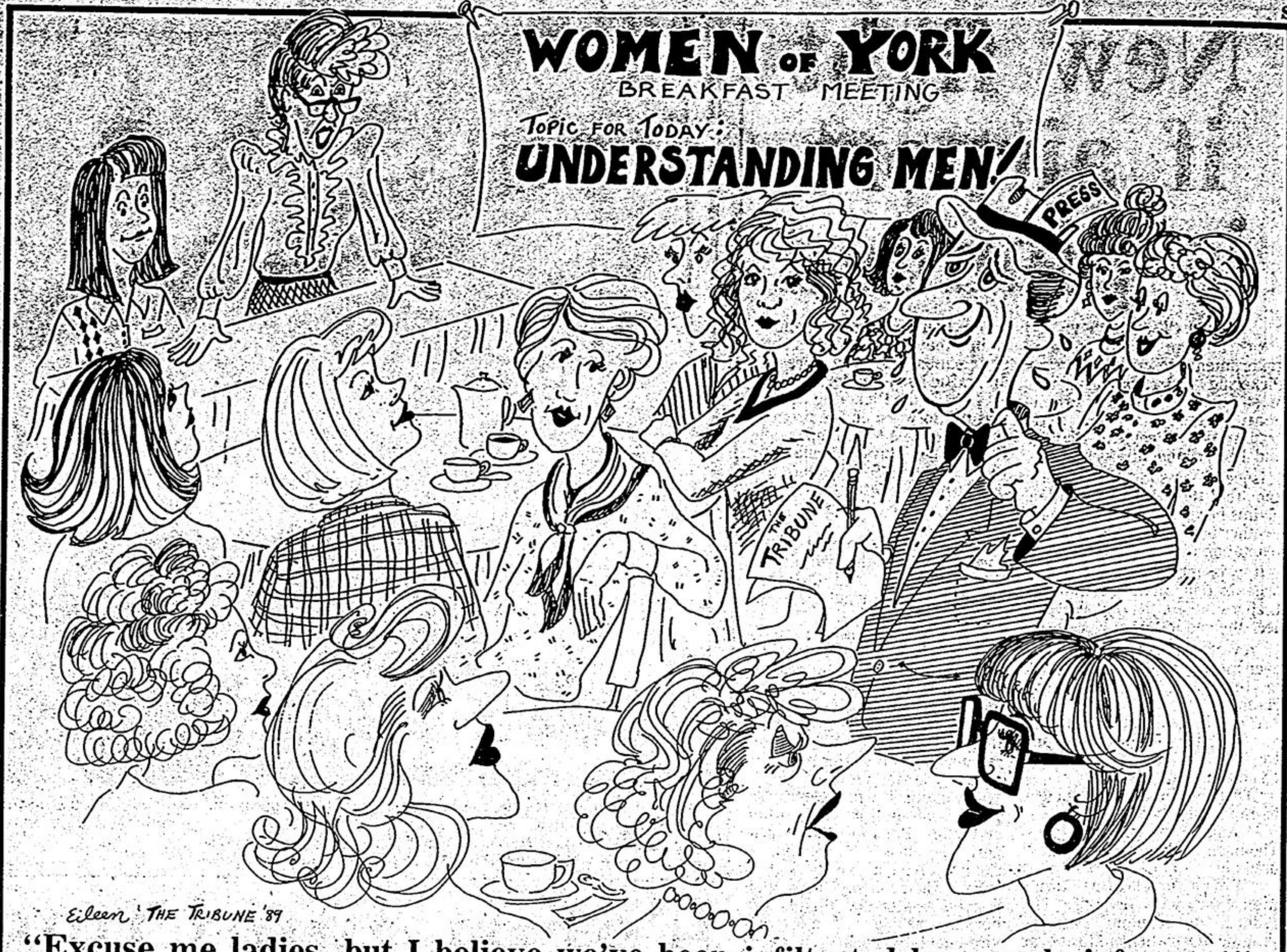
The number of sectional markers in Stouffville Cemetery alone is considerable.

One accidental death is one too many. However, the chance of this ever happening again is very remote, so remote, in fact, I'm surprised the recommendation has been made law.

I personally feel family members of the deceased should cover this cost or each municipality should be subsidized by the Ministry.

It would be interesting to know just how many sectional grave markers there are in Whitchurch-Stouffville cemeteries. Only through a 'head count' can the Town envision the total expense involved.

Sincerely,
Paul Goddard,
R.R. 2, Stouffville



"Excuse me ladies, but I believe we've been infiltrated by a male informer!"

The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND

Hospitality plus

BY JIM THOMAS

The Uxbridge Arena is by no means strange. I've been there many times.

Neither are the people. I know most by face if not by name.

Regardless, there's always a feeling of apprehension when I visit a 'home' away from home.

The first thing I look for is someone who can help. Otherwise, it can be a terrible waste of time standing around waiting for something to happen.

Fortunately, the camera, (at least the size of the camera I carry), tends to clue folks in that I'm not there as a casual spectator or parent.

Usually, the chairperson or the president will offer assistance. This, I appreciate.

One out-of-town event that never presents a problem is the Invitational, hosted by the Uxbridge Figure Skating Club. I've yet to meet a more organized body of willing workers. And helpful too. They bend over backwards.

So it was at the Club's 10th annual competition, spread over an entire weekend, starting Friday.

I couldn't believe the co-operation.

First, I received a news release, including the names of all Uxbridge and Stouffville participants. It was so well written, I didn't have to change a word.

Next, by personal delivery, came a press pass, a badge and a personal note that read in part: "I look forward to seeing either you or one of your staff. Thank you for your continuing coverage of this major Uxbridge Skating Club event." It was signed, Valerie Kolenbrander, co-chairperson.

Included in the 'package' was a program listing all skaters' names, their home clubs, the dates and times of participation and when the medals would be awarded.

What more could anyone ask?

But there was more.

I hadn't taken ten steps inside the door when I felt someone tug at my sleeve.

I turned to see a smiling skater in a beautiful canary yellow dress. I guessed her age at about eleven.

"Remember me?" she asked.

"How could I forget," I replied, thinking she must be a distant family relative.

She wasn't fooled.

"I'm Tiffani Foster," she continued, "you took my picture last year."

It was then I did remember. But little Tiffani wasn't so little any more. And her accomplishments had grown too.

"First, a bronze; then a silver and now a gold," she enthused.

I offered congratulations and said I'd look forward to taking her picture again.

She literally jumped for joy, clasping her hands together in a buoyant display of delight.

Tiffani didn't know it, but she'd done me a favor. Here was a girl who'd remembered me twelve months after the fact.

I couldn't help but wonder if it was my nose, my ears or my camera. I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

While Tiffani 'broke the ice', the warmth for which the Uxbridge Skating

Club is so well known, wafted across the room.

First came Valerie, (Kolenbrander); then Gerry, (Morrison); then Patty (Cake); then Julie (Ozolins); then Mayor Gerri-Lynn O'Connor and more.

Each thanked me for coming.

They didn't know it but the privilege was mine.

I attended the '89 Invitational not once but three times. This gave me an opportunity to see past the organization and take a look at the participants.

I was impressed.

While all parents see in their sons and daughters budding Brian Orsars and Liz Manleys, not once did I hear a mom or dad complain.

"You did well, really well," said a father to his daughter, a member of the Bradford Figure Skating Club. The little gal beamed.

After they left, I checked the result. She placed sixth out of eight.

"You skated up to your potential, that's all anyone can ask," commented a coach to his protege from Cobourg.

"Thanks," the boy replied.

How different from some competitions I've attended.

You've heard the criticisms too:

"Those judges are unreal." Or, "It's the last time we'll ever bring you to this place."

Occasionally, a few choice words are reserved for the media:

"How come you're taking her daughter's picture and not mine?" is a common query.

But not Friday; Saturday either. The atmosphere was one of total appreciation.

Wayne Hemington, the extremely capable MC, added to this feeling by praising the local committee for its efficiency and thanking the visitors for taking part.

What impressed me most was the good sportsmanship displayed by all skaters. There was no cat-calling or boozing; the exact opposite. Guest skaters were cheered just as loudly as home members as they stepped to the podium to receive their medals.

It was truly a mutual admiration society shared by young and old alike.

"One twelve-year-old skater, I believe, spoke for everyone when she said:

"I really love coming here. Everyone's your friend and this helps especially when you lose. That's when you need friends the most. We all want to win but we all can't. I didn't win but I learned a lot. Skating's all I care about right now. It's my life. I can't wait till next year. I'll be back and maybe win a medal. But even if I don't, at least I'll have tried. That's all my mom and dad expect of me."

I asked her to autograph my program.

"I have a daughter about your age," I said. "I want to tell her I talked to a REAL winner."

She beamed as she carefully wrote her name across the cover.

Later, as I saw in the car, I picked up the program and noticed a PS had been added. It said: "You made my day." And she made mine.

Editorials

Airport welcomed here in Stouffville

Here we go again. The slightest hint of a resurfaced Pickering Airport proposal sets the bloodhounds baying.

Their rantings are merely echoes of what we heard before; with less supportive facts.

We trust the politicians, both federal and provincial, will turn deaf ears.

Municipal officials don't dare. They're too fearful of the consequences. They want to keep their jobs.

To relieve congestion at Pearson, the Pickering site is a natural. Why? There are many reasons.

First, the federal government owns the land.

Second, the noise disturbance will affect few people.

Third, the land-use for agricultural purposes is minimal.

Fourth, most barns are in an irreparable state.

Fifth, some houses have already been demolished.

We could go on.

The fear tactics employed by anti-airport antagonists no longer send project proponents running for cover. Their ravings have a hollow ring. The old chestnuts have been done to a burn.

For example — a passenger plane could ram the Pickering nuclear power station. What poppycock!

The Markham-Stouffville Hospital would be located at the end of a proposed runway. Says who?

The need must be proven. Take off the bladders!

Make better use of sites at Ancaster and Buttonville. The Not-In-My-Back-Yard syndrome is alive and well with People or Planes (POP).

While construction of an international airport in Pickering would be a boon to area business, Stouffville has the most to gain.

It would be the answer to the town's dead-end water and sewerage conundrum. For certain, services would have to be extended to the airport site, only a stones-throw from Stouffville's south-east boundary. A whole lot cheaper than hooking into 'The Big Pipe,' a mile south of Hwy. 7.

Further, the Pickering-Markham townline would undoubtedly become an arterial road, linking up with Hwy. 407. This would lessen Saturday traffic on



What a difference five years makes

Less than five years ago, this was the make-up of Whitchurch-Stouffville Council. The festive occasion was the Town's Strawberry Festival in the Park. Members (left to right) are — Councillor Jim Sanders, Councillor

Margot Marshall, Councillor Wilf Morley, Mayor Eldred King, Councillor Tom Wood, Councillor Fran Sainsbury and Councillor Jim Rae.

— Jim Thomas