

Editor's Mail

Heritage revived

On behalf of the Whitchurch-Stouffville Historical Society, Secretary Fenella Smith has written the following letter to Town council. It reads:

The Whitchurch-Stouffville Historical Society would like to bring to your attention three items of our disappearing heritage.

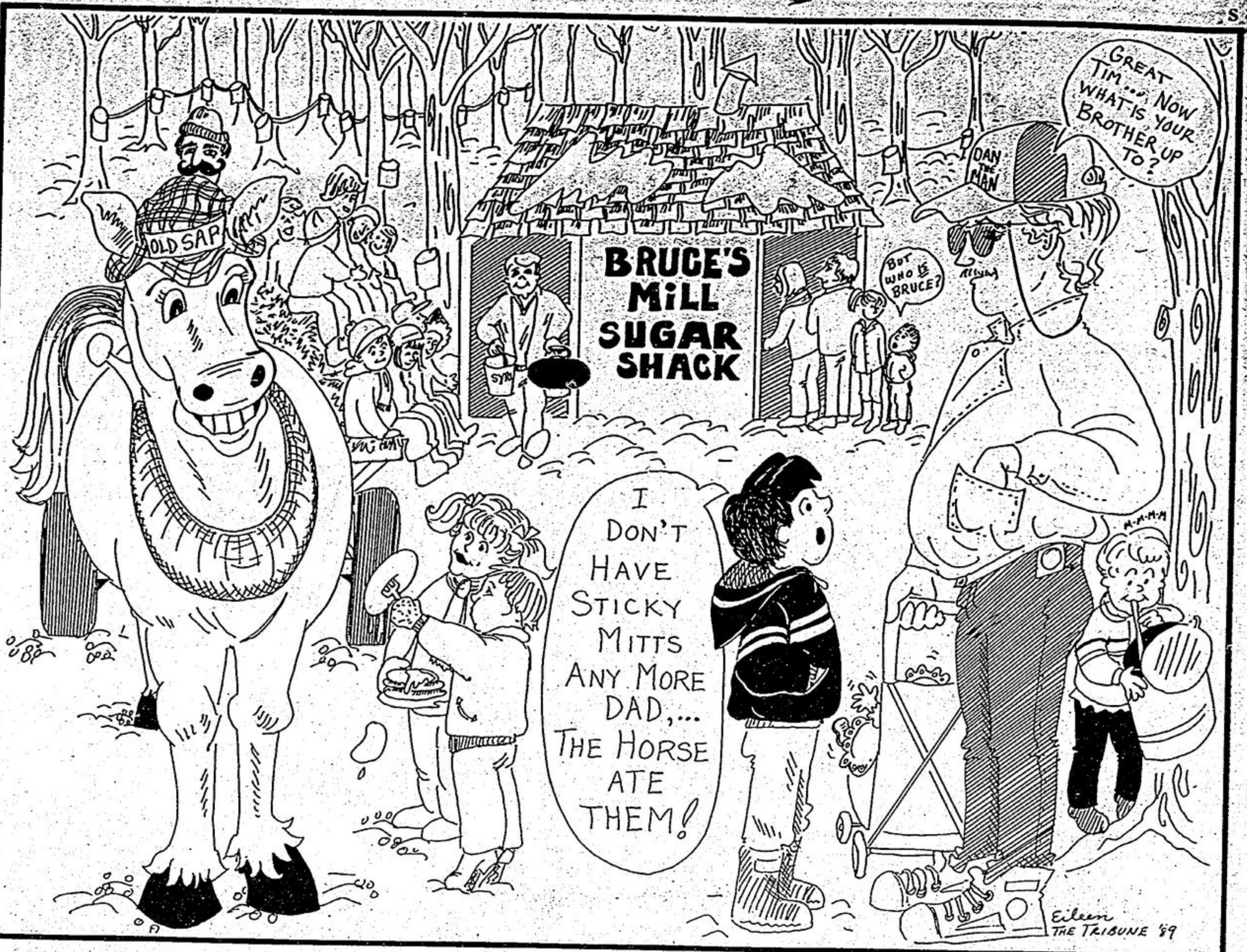
First, the Society suggests the drinking fountain presently located on the north side of Main Street by the CN tracks, (under the billboard), be repaired to full working order, and relocated on the Library grounds.

The fountain was originally built in remembrance of John Hodgins, stationmaster in Stouffville for many years. His son, Donald, is agreeable to moving the fountain to a site more accessible to the public. Second, the portion of Church Street South, through the Park, south of the gates, used to be known as Sangster Grove. This name was incorporated into an arch that spanned the gate posts.

The Society would like to see this arch located, if still in existence and re-erected. The original name of Sangster Grove should be reinstated at this location.

Third, the guns, once located in the Park, have been missing from the display platform for a long time.

Are these guns still in existence? Is it possible to replace them? They were, after all, part of Whitchurch-Stouffville's history.



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ROAMING AROUND
A death in the family
BY JIM THOMAS

Sugar's gone. The last of our white rabbit 'twins' passed away peacefully in her backyard burrow, Friday.

Her death wasn't entirely unexpected. The hop in her legs, so much in evidence last fall, had been visibly missing the past two weeks. She could muster up only enough strength to reach her food. More recently, even that was left untouched.

We knew the end was near. Sugar, like so many previous family pets, was a product of the Sales Barn. Mary-Lynn bought two at one time; five dollars apiece I think she paid. The other was Pepper. Pepper predeceased her companion two years ago.

While we welcomed the addition of Sugar and Pepper we feared the end result. Rabbits, as we all know, have a way of multiplying rapidly, even in captivity. We visualized a whole yard full of bouncing bunnies; the neighbors' yards as well.

Sure would be rough on the rhubarb. Admittedly, it's hard to tell the gender of the wee ones. Mary-Lynn assured us, both were girls; the 'salesman' said so!

For six months we kept our fingers crossed.

Although fighting's not unusual for sisters, Sugar and Pepper got along amazingly well. On occasions, they'd scrap over a carrot or a lettuce leaf but for the most part they shared and shared alike.

The two grew large in size, but not so large they couldn't squeeze out the smallest of holes. Merry chases about the yard weren't unusual.

There's a lot to be learned from rabbits. In addition to getting along together, they have to be the cleanest animals in the world. Their snow-white coats were always spotless and no unsavory orders ever wafted from their pen.

Their eating habits too were simple. One serving of pellets daily plus an occasional carrot and whatever greenings happened to be handy.

Spring housecleaning was the highlight of their lives. It was then we let them loose. Oddly enough, they never strayed far from home.

While rabbits are hardy creatures, ours were always warm. Before the snow would fly, the pen was completely enclosed in plastic. Sugar and Pepper were cosy as two bugs in a rug. Around mid-April, the wraps would come off, letting the sun shine in.

How they loved it, frolicking through whatever hay was left.

We enjoyed it too. Except for an occasional starling or sparrow, from November through March, they were the only signs of life in an otherwise stoic backyard scene.

Trouble is, one becomes too attached. They're part of the family. You want to think they'll live forever. This cannot be.

We've been through these sudden pet departures so often, we should be able to take them all in stride. But such is not

the case. Each expiration prompts a brand new flood of tears.

First there was 'Tessie' the canary; then a hamster, plus two ducks, two dogs and numerous smaller creatures including a praying mantis.

Where will it end?

I hope it never does. For whether it has two legs or four; hops, trots or flies; our house will always be home to whatever the kids decide to keep.

This gilt-edged invitation, while seemingly generous, must meet certain requirements.

The paperboy, for example, might find a crocodile a bit intimidating.

Editorials

A good lesson in life

York Region Board of Education has refused to rescind current legislation and permit smoking on school property. Trustees did the right thing.

Not that the previous ruling was bad. It seemed to work well at Stouffville High.

But the new bylaw is better. It can be made to work at S.D.S.S.

Previously, the smoking students congregated in an area north of the cafeteria. Now, they mingle on Edward Street, a puff and a wheeze south of the school boundary.

Let them. They're hurting no one except themselves.

However, when the puffers and wheezers trespass on private property, they're hurting others — they've gone a step too far.

They should be charged.

Before taking this route, the principal should appeal to the smoking students, requesting co-operation.

The property owners should do the same.

We're certain most will comply. Those who don't will face arrest.

Trespassing is not an indictable offense that places a record against the accused. Conviction carries only a fine, nothing more. However, a fine should be sufficient to discourage repetition.

But to smoke or not to smoke is no longer the issue.

We have here a lesson in life that young people would be well advised to learn.

Laws hopefully are made with the good of the majority in mind. Such laws should not be changed because a minority feel slighted. That's when the tail wags the dog.

Trustees are not telling students they can't smoke. At the same time, they're not condoning the habit either. What they're saying is: "If you must smoke, do so outside school property."

The trespass law speaks for itself.

Authority must rule, otherwise anarchy takes over.

We can't let this happen, not even on a pin-point scale.

We have sufficient respect for the students of Stouffville High to believe commonsense will eventually reign.

Since September, the smokers have attempted to prove their case. They were successful in having the legislation reviewed. The initial ruling was upheld.

Abide by it!

Left out

More than 160 community-based housing sponsors have received the green light to develop plans for over 17,600 non-profit units in 77 municipalities across Ontario.

More than 10,500 of these will be created in south-central Ontario including Ajax, (150); Markham, (100); Newmarket, (102); Pickering, (336); Richmond Hill, (150) and Uxbridge, (24).

But nothing for Whitchurch-Stouffville!

Why? No reason's been given but lack of water and sewage capacity would seem to be the answer.

Without these services we'll die on the vine.



Fund organizers present cheque for \$16,415.28

The Ernie Kennedy Trust Fund, opened by Paul Ramer, (left), and Frank Busato, (right), at The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, (Stouffville Branch), back in December, was closed out Saturday. A cheque in the amount of \$16,415.28, was presented to Mr. Kennedy Sunday. The highly respected Tenth Line South father of two lost both arms in an industrial accident, Dec. 13.

—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail
Be happy

The column on the Religion Page of the Weekender, (Feb. 24), entitled 'Does God Hold Any Grudges?' by Al Ward, really bothered me.

If Mr. Ward wants "a little sign-writing with no airplane", he's out of luck. But if he wants a realistic miracle, he should stop for a moment and look at the world around him.

Our existence, for example. Our nature. Did the sun rise today? Do you have a home? Do you have a family? Do you have a job? If so, what worries you?

I think Mr. Ward, you should stop thinking about what's wrong with God and start thinking about all the good things.

God is perfection. I'm sorry if thinking about God makes Mr. Ward unhappy. It makes most of us feel very happy.

I don't enjoy reading about personal complaints about God. I'd rather hear about someone who's content with God and believes in Him; to share their inspirations.

The Bible's not a book of fairy tales. It's true.

I'd suggest, Mr. Ward, you read it before writing about our so-called 'Imperfect God'.

Marissa Stapley,
Grade 5 student,
Stouffville Christian School

An insult

I'm writing in reference to the correspondence from Howard Tapscoff, R.R. 2, Claremont. I wish to clarify my understanding of the descriptive 'agricultural slum'.

An agricultural slum is a run-down farm, with run-down buildings, ditches and roads, such as are presently found in the airport area of Pickering.

With respect to Mr. Tapscoff's statement that the land is farmed better than ever before, I claim this is totally untrue and an insult to the farmers who originally worked the land and have since moved from the area.

Gary Herrema,
Chairman,
Region of Durham