

Editor's Mail Disturbed

Dear Editor:
I find it very disturbing that residents of Westfield Estates would even consider going to the Ontario Municipal Board without first consulting the owners of the Stouffville Flea Market concerning their problems.
Troubles, it seems, relate mainly to garbage. Mr. Faulkner appears anxious to correct this.
It irritates me that home-owners, some new to the community, would want to curtail, even evict an operation that's been here more than a quarter of a century.
As your editorial so correctly stated, little wonder the Federation of Agriculture is so fearful of encroachment by subdividers within the farming community. The two are not compatible. The Flea Market, (Sales Barn), was once a farmers' market and, in some respects, still is.

Gordon Martins,
R.R. 3, Stouffville

A ball

Dear Editor:
As a mother of two elementary school-aged children, I wish to express my appreciation to the staff of the Whitchurch-Stouffville Library for their excellent program during March break.
My children had a ball. I enjoyed it too.
The work that went into this project defies description.
The donation provided by the Lions Club is money well spent. Congratulations all round.
(Mrs.) Julie Hayward,
Hemlock Drive,
Stouffville



GOODWOOD P.S.
PRESENTS
ROBIN HOOD
APRIL 13th & 14th
8 P.M.

"When I told you to practice your part I didn't mean for you to take it so seriously!"

Eileen, THE TRIBUNE '83

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—ROAMING AROUND— The downward path BY JIM THOMAS

"You're like vintage wine," a gentleman commented at church, Sunday, "the more you age, the better you get."
I had news for him. For as well-meaning as his statement was meant to be, at that very moment, I felt like the patriarch Methuselah.
He supposedly lived to be 969.
Sunday was my sixtieth.
That's right, I reached the big 60 on April 9.
Little wonder I felt a wee bit down. For 1929, (my birth date), ushered in the worst depression the world has ever known.
People were jumping off tall buildings; throwing themselves under speeding trains and going for long walks off steep cliffs.
It was the year of the crash! I and a few thousand others have been tarnished with the terribleness of those times; all painted with the same brutal brush.
With already two hungry mouths to feed, another bawling brat was the last thing my parents needed. To make matters worse, my baby brother arrived 12 months later.
Together, we initiated the start of 'the dirty thirties'. No one would have blamed my parents if they'd stuck our collective heads in a Ninth Line snowbank; and left us there.
But fortunately, (for us), they didn't. We somehow survived that onerous ordeal and so did they.
But the stigma remains. Every time I write 1929 on anything, my hand shakes,

just like the country did sixty years ago.
For these, and other reasons, I didn't go around boasting about this upcoming birthday milestone. Why? Because it's a mark of which I'm not particularly proud.
Face it Jim, you're old, old, OLD!
I don't need to tell myself. People keep telling me.
Comments like: "How soon are you gonna put your feet up?"
"Lookin' forward to the pension eh?"
"You must be thinkin' about retirement."
One well-wisher said simply, "I'm sorry."
Me too.
Strange isn't it that sixty is only one year more than fifty-nine, yet people's reactions are so different.
For instance, when I drop in weekly to see my 'Girl Next Door', the parents see no need to chaperone the interview.
When I put 60 cents in the IGA Coke machine, I receive 70 cents in change.
When I make a deposit at the Bank of Nova Scotia, the teller fills out the slip.
When I order a prescription at the IDA, the clerk points to a special on Ex-Lax.
When I climb aboard the subway at Finch and Yonge, an elderly lady offers me a seat.
When I cross Main Street on a Saturday morning, Flea Market traffic comes to a halt.
When I visit my favorite restaurant, the waitress suggests broth.
When I arrive home from work,

there's warm milk on the stove.
When I eat Shredded Wheat, I first soak it in hot water.
When the president of the Silver Jubilee Club sees me coming, he holds open the door.
When 'Doc' Graham takes my blood pressure, he shakes his head.
When I walk past O'Neill's, Polly Milton shakes my hand.
When I arrive at an accident scene, the ambulance operator says "room for one more."
When I inadvertently 'crash' my daughter's sleep-over, she says "room for no more."
When I lit the candles on my birthday cake, the heat alarm went off.
When I quietly sneak in at 4 a.m., the dog-alarm goes off.
At church, I'm an 'elder'
At work, I'm an editor.
At home, I'm plain dad.
At night, I'm plain dead.
On Sunday, I turned sixty.
Felt no different than Saturday.
Lord, give me a five-year extension.
So I'll qualify for the pension.

Editorials On-site inspections

Succeeding MPP Greg Sorbara was not an easy chore.
Bill Ballinger would be the first to admit this.
Sorbara served Whitchurch-Stouffville well. He gave provincial politics the high profile image it so badly needed.
The electorate here was willing to mark time with Ballinger; let him get his feet wet; learn the ropes.
This he's done with unbelievable speed.
Bill Ballinger's approach differs greatly from that of Mr. Sorbara. The former MPP was more of a 'loner'. The present Member seeks help. And in requesting assistance, he goes to the top.
The presence here, Friday, of Transportation Minister Ed Fulton, at

the site of the Summitview School 'hazard' plus the 'trouble spot' near Canadian Tire, shows the distance Ballinger will go to serve this Riding.
In the past three years, Whitchurch-Stouffville's had more high-profile government people visit the municipality than in the last thirty.
Telephone talk's cheap. Correspondence is cheaper still. Plans, even promises can be pigeon-holed, forgotten. But on-site visits create definite impressions from which should come positive results.
Bill Ballinger, to his credit, is doing his job.

A vacuum on Main St.

Businesses come and go.
Some disappear suddenly; here today, gone to-morrow.
Others simply change hands; a similar operation under new management.
Some are missed; others aren't missed at all.
However, the thought of west-end Stouffville, minus Lloyd Britton Auto Sales, is difficult to imagine. Yet, such a vacuum will occur the end of April. Lloyd and Marg have sold the site, their 'home away from home' since August, 1975.
This was more than 'business'. This was 'community', in every sense of the word.
The volunteer billboard, that publicized everything from wedding anniversaries to church bazaars, was, in itself unique. However, those who knew the initiative behind this project realized it was only an extension of the good corporate citizenry continually displayed by its owners.
Such 'outreach' can never be replaced.
We know, we speak for Whitchurch-Stouffville and friends many miles beyond when we say Lloyd and Marg Britton will be sadly missed.
Business folk of such stature are difficult to find.
Their leaving is Stouffville's loss.



Musselman's Lake landmark site is sold

Glendale Beach and pavilion on the north side of Musselman's Lake has been sold. The purchase price of the 11-acre property is said to be "about \$2,000,000".
Owner Gord Hamilton, (above), confirmed the sale, Friday. He described the offer as "too good to turn down."
—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail A cause

Dear Jim:
Tickets are now available for the Thickson's Woods Wildlife Art Raffle.
The prizes are fabulous.
Nowhere else will anyone have the opportunity to win such super works by some of Canada's finest artists.
Seventeen framed pictures have been donated, originals including one by Robert Bateman.
Thickson's Woods Heritage Foundation is a non-profit organization established in 1983. Its purpose is to save the unique 16-acre woodlot and marsh east of Whitby.
All proceeds from the sale of tickets will go to paying off the remaining mortgage.
The draw will be held April 26 at 7:30 p.m., in the Whitby Public Library, 405 Dundas Street West.
For tickets call Edge and Betty Pegg, 649-5023 or write Thickson's Woods Heritage Foundation, Box 541, Whitby, Ont., (L1N 5V3).
Edge and Betty Pegg,
R.R. 2, Claremont

Fed up

Dear Editor:
I'm fed up with reading about the problems caused by smoking students attending Stouffville High School.
Harry Bowes is right! It's not a Board of Education matter. These young people aren't within their jurisdiction.
Trespassing's an offense. Let the police issue charges. A few summonses would clear up the situation in a hurry.
Graham Charters,
Bramble Crescent, Stouffville