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Current noise bylaw out of date

Whitchurch-Stouffville Council, prodded by complaints from rural residents who have heard far too much, is finally bringing its noise infraction bylaw up to date.

The residents claim they have been forced to leave their Woodbine Avenue house on occasion when revellers in nearby Simeon Park took their noisy parties to new decibel levels.

There have been similar complaints in the past about noise at the park, which is owned by auto parts giant Magna International.

Little has been done — or really can be done — to get visitors at the park to tame the volume at company outings.

But the current bylaw leaves police with little recourse and hardly protects those residents who are repeatedly assaulted with unacceptable noise.

A tougher bylaw will allow the town to pursue those who violate it, while more adequately protecting Whitchurch-Stouffville residents.



Cleaning up to prepare for cleaning lady

One of the first moves a lot of women make when they go back to work is to employ a cleaning lady, which seems like a sound idea, at least in theory.

I should point out that cleaning ladies are not a yuppie affectation, but a concept that goes back at least as far as my mother's time, when they used to be known as chars.

When I was growing up, we had two major-league cleaning ladies, who rejoiced in the names of Mrs. Frogget and Mrs. Tween.

As far as I can recall, Mrs. Frogget and my mother spent vast tracts of time sitting around the kitchen table, quaffing endless cups of Maxwell House and putting the world to rights.

I can't actually remember see-



kate's corner

kate gilderdale

ing any sinks being scrubbed or floors being vacuumed, and I've often wondered whether my mother didn't like to ask someone who was obviously a good friend as well as a "treasure," to do something as menial as cleaning, out the loo.

Mrs. Tween succeeded Mrs. Frogget at the considerable age of about 68, and continued to "do" for Mum until she was well past 80.

By that time, her failing eyesight and shaky hands meant that when she'd departed for home, most of the dirt and debris had been merely redistributed, and my mother would have to start all over again.

We also had a window cleaner called Mr. Anderson, who spent most of his time sitting on the throne in the outhouse reading my brother's comics.

On rare occasions he could be seen at the top of his ladder actually cleaning windows, while addressing a lengthy monologue to an empty room.

"Who's Mr. Anderson talking to?" I'd ask Dad, when I got downstairs.

"Me, I think," he would reply cheerfully. Then there was our gardener, with whom I fell hopelessly in at the tender age of 12. Mr. Morton was a fireman and sported a dashing moustache, a receding blondish hairline and a charming wife and two daughters.

Although he never declared his love for me, I was convinced that he was pining away in secret.

When I grew up and left home, I found a job in the office of a TV station in London, where I can't believe anyone made any money, because we spent most of our time eyeing the talent or writing silly letters to each other or going out for lunches which lasted from 1 p.m. until about 6 p.m.

Every month when the sales figures came out, we'd all be call-

ed into the sales director's office for a celebration or wake, depending on the state of the balance sheet.

It was hard to tell which was which, because they both consisted largely of knocking back more vodkas with lime than was prudent, and then trying to negotiate one's way back to suburbia on the London underground without falling into the path of an oncoming train.

To give me some free time away from my meteoric career, I decided to employ a cleaning lady, which was how Gladys came into my life. Gladys was 70

if she was a day, but she was incredibly efficient and used to do Herculean things like moving all the furniture to clean behind it.

Of course, I couldn't let a nice old lady do all that heavy work, so I'd spend my entire Sundays cleaning the house to prepare for her arrival.

I soon concluded I'd be better off muddling through alone. Now that I've got children and a job, a cleaning lady might seem the perfect solution to the rising tide of chaos which is a feature of Chateau Gilderdale.

But I don't think I'll ever be able to find the time to clean up before she arrives.

Editor's mail

Many thanks for support

Dear Editor, I wish to thank your correspondent Bruce Stapley for his comments regarding the Canadian Amateur Hockey Award I received.

The encouragement, cooperation and help of the following people helped me in receiving the award. I would like to thank them through your newspaper.

First of all, I would like to thank my wife and family for their encouragement and assistance.

The Provincial Womens Hockey Association is a dedicated organization and I thank them for submitting my name. I would also like to thank the players for their participation and for improving each time out.

A special thanks goes to the parents for allowing their daughters to play and their positive encouragement. The sponsors also deserve a big

thanks for their financial support.

It was a pleasure to receive the above award on your behalf.

Sincerely,
Cliff Dunkeld

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The Tribune welcomes letters from readers on current topics. Letters should be 500 words or less and typed or neatly printed. They may be subject to editing for length at the discretion of the editor.

They must be submitted by 5 p.m. Friday to appear in the Wednesday Tribune.

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