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A housing dilemma

Surprising results emerged last week from a survey of Whitchurch-Stouffville residents: they support the idea of basement apartments in single detached homes.

But that didn't change the bleak picture for a single mother here, who will likely be evicted from her basement apartment because of current bylaws that ban the development of such "accessory housing."

Town officials, however, have their hands tied in the approach to create an affordable housing market. To its credit, the Town commissioned this study to get a blueprint of what housing is needed in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

But to turn down an application, which was brought forth in good faith by a landlord, negates all the declarations and promises to tackle the housing crisis being faced in Whitchurch-Stouffville and indeed, York Region.

There is no dire need for blanket changes to property zonings. Site specific requests can be dealt with by town officials on their own merits. More than one generation can live separately in the same house. So too, can single parents share a house with a landlord.

The need for change is painfully apparent.

Murder: If only cats could talk

If only cats could talk.

The other day I dreamt of a cat I once owned. I didn't mean to own her and I wouldn't have except her previous owner was murdered in cold blood.

The dream brought back unpleasant memories of how I obtained "Buzzy."

The gruesome story began in 1982 when my boyfriend of the time and myself docked his swanky boat at a waterside restaurant in Balsam Lake's Rosedale area.

We were enjoying our usual two-week camping vacation - but it came to an abrupt end.

As I tied a feeble knot through the rusted dock ring, I looked up at a Toronto Sun newspaper box, only to be greeted by the beautiful face of a girl I had met with my brother and his girlfriend.

Her name was Claudia - young,



kibble's bits

tracy kibble

beautiful, successful. She was also in love.

I wondered why Claudia was on the front page of the Toronto Sun.

When I saw the phrase "MURDERED ON 21ST BIRTHDAY," I couldn't believe it. I was partners with this girl during euchre games at my apartment. We munched on chips together.

The story grew worse for me when I opened the paper to page two. There in a full-page, black-and-white shot, was a picture of my oldest brother looking so sad I thought I would die. I wanted to reach out to him. He looked sadder

than I'd ever seen him. And he was leading his crying girlfriend away from Claudia's Toronto home after going there to pick her up for a planned birthday dinner - Claudia's 21st.

The picture had all the elements of a perfect newspaper photo - it showed anguish and distress. But it was my brother!

I immediately phoned him and offered my Richmond Hill apartment to him, since Claudia's home - the home he shared with her and her boyfriend - was off limits due to a police murder investigation. He brought the cat - left ignored in the house through the confusion - to my apartment with him.

Police were baffled by the grisly murder, one where the victim was stabbed repeatedly with kitchen

utensils - performed with a hateful and sick hand. The young girl was left to die in a pool of blood, naked on her bed. Police thought the killing was sexually oriented.

But it turned out that wasn't the case.

The full story finally came out, but it was too late.

My brother tried everything to cheer Claudia's fiance up, after the murder - he even came over to my apartment to see the cat.

In fact, it seemed strange that one of Claudia's girlfriends was hanging around with her other friends quite a bit, smoking Claudia's brand of cigarettes, sticking close to Claudia's man.

But no one thought anything of it. After all, they were all friends, right? It was good to be out and try to forget - together.

But after the murder-suicide which followed, everyone knew why this girl had been hanging around so much. With Claudia out of the way, she was free to set her sights on the man she loved - the

man she killed Claudia for.

Another strange day would follow.

I was at work at a Toronto bank downtown when I heard the news on the radio. Claudia's boyfriend was now dead too.

When I phoned my brother he couldn't believe it, but it was true.

The girl that loved "Jim" had admitted doing away with Claudia and was claiming her love for him over a bottle of whiskey.

When he didn't take the news well, she shot him dead in his parent's basement and then took her own life.

Now Claudia is gone, her boyfriend is gone and the girl who was desperate for his love is gone.

Even my cat, who I grew to love through the years, is gone too.

Stories like this are supposed to be reserved for Max Haines or Unsolved Mysteries aren't they?

If only cats could talk. After all, the feline saw everything.

My brother had pried her away from Claudia's dead body.

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Editor's mail

Library expansion needed: resident

Dear Editor,
 I am writing to urge the residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville to support the recent proposal for the expansion of our community Library.

My family has lived in many communities, and I have never encountered a library of the calibre of the one we are all so fortunate to have here. The staff is helpful and knowledgeable; the range of materials is excellent and the community programs for people of all ages make the library one of the most valuable resources we have.

Six thousand people in this town hold library cards, and many more

take advantage of the wide range of programs offered by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library.

I am particularly impressed by the welcome the local library offers to young people. Teens have very few places to gather in this town; the library encourages them to study, prepare school projects and socialize, and on weekends in particular, they fill the library.

In the last few years, it has become evident that our expanding population is straining the present resources of the library severely. More book space is needed; better research resources for students;

more study areas; a larger reading area for the many people who enjoy browsing through the fine collection of periodicals.

I can think of no better investment for local officials to make in the future of our community than to endorse the present proposal for expanding the library and its resources.

Council has indicated that it would like to hear from residents on this issue. I hope that every reader who enjoys our library's services will call or write to their council member.

Sincerely,
 Suzanne Wallis