

STOUFFVILLE

COMMENT

# Council off to rocky start

More of the same?  
Is council doomed to repeat the history of the past council, where in-fighting, confusion and a lack of cooperation reigned for much of the three years?

One would hope this is not the case.

However, the recent wrangling over the off-track betting restaurant in the east end has brought these questions to the fore.

Ken Prentice, keeping his profile high following his election loss, asked council whether the discussions surrounding the restaurant were held in camera or not.

This touched off a debate which seemed rather ludicrous.

It was not presently clear if any-

### Our View

one knew whether the meeting was held in camera or in open council. Prentice's point was that council should only enter into an in camera session when matters of finance, personal or legal matters are at stake.

The matter was eventually settled, but we would hope that on any future issues, such confusion will be avoided.

We must give our new elected officials their due.

They are, with the exception of two, new to the game.

Two more are not new to the game, but have been sitting on the sidelines for three years.

We should, therefore, chalk the

incident at last week's council meeting up to inexperience, and the outbursts we can chalk up to some municipal posturing and jostling for position.

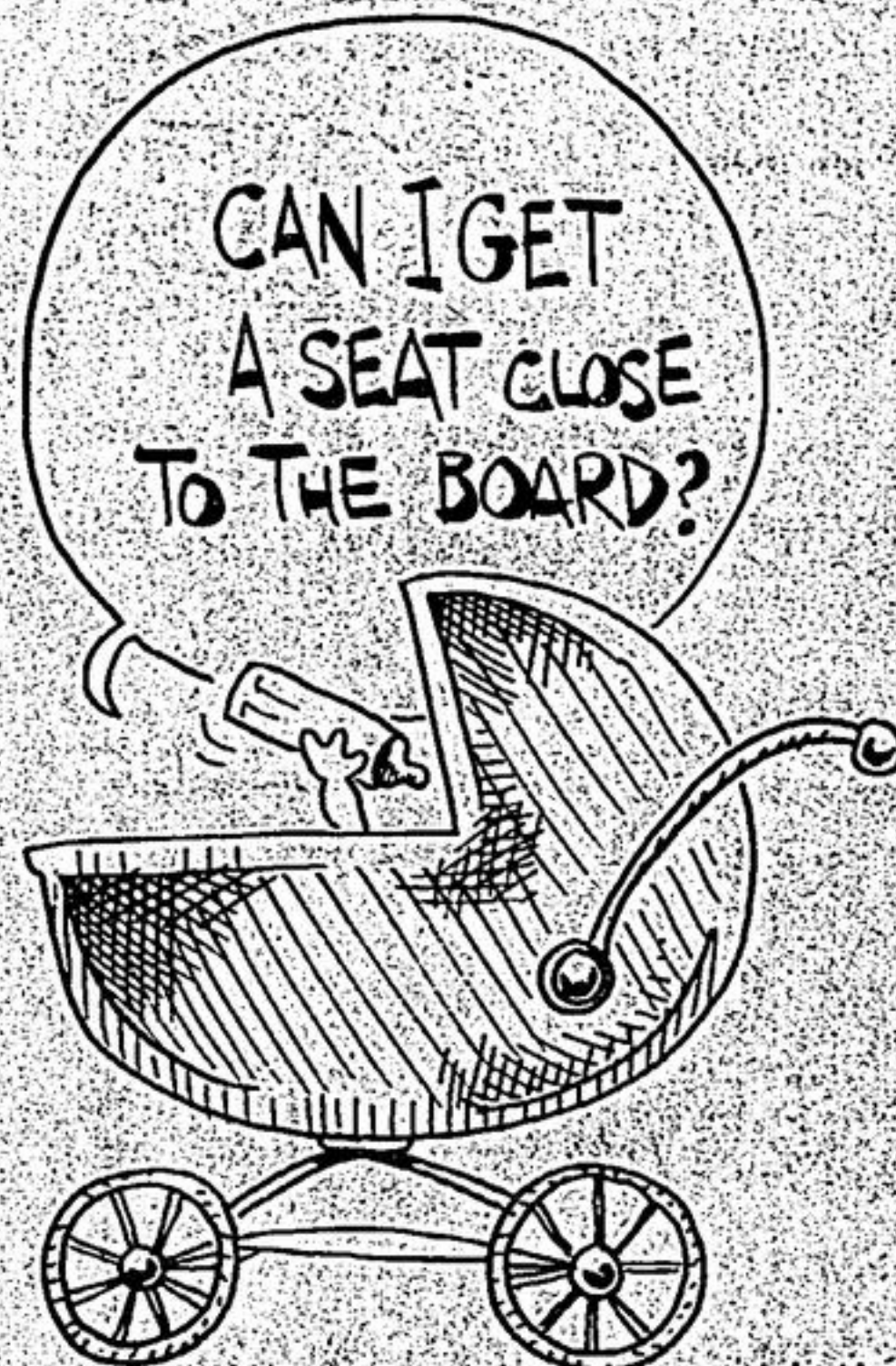
But Mayor Emmerson must assert his authority and establish the ground rules for making the council work cohesively.

Those on council with divisiveness on their minds had best examine a new approach.

The electorate will not tolerate the antics of the previous three years.

Voters elected the new members in part to work together, to bring about positive change in our town and to spend time in council productively.

Anything less is unacceptable.



NEWS ITEM: CHILDREN AS YOUNG AS THREE MAY ATTEND SCHOOL.

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## Stouffville Tribune

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## Tracy bids a fond farewell

"Are you bossy now mommy?" Kody asked when he heard of my new post at The Etobicoke Guardian.

"No son, your mom was born bossy," his dad quipped.

The two men in my life were discussing the reason I won't be returning to Whitchurch-Stouffville in March as planned.

Instead, I have accepted a promotion with our sister paper in the City of Etobicoke as managing editor.

The other day I drove back to Stouffville for a farewell lunch with my former boss, Andrew Mair, and couldn't believe how close the office actually is to my Jackson's Point home.

What used to be a serene drive south along Hwy 48 is now a horrendous dogfight along the 401 to reach a destination that seems never to end.

It's sort of like driving

halfway to Florida each and every week.

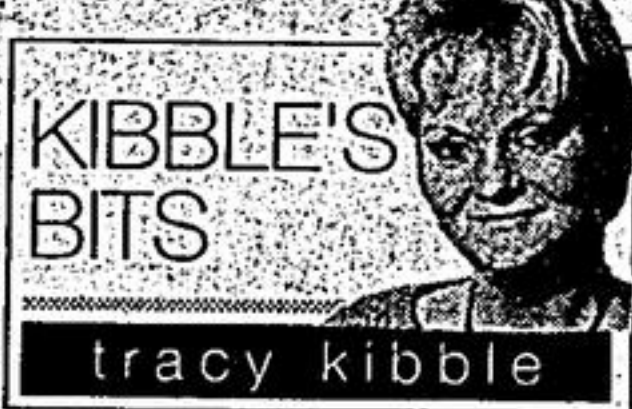
Despite the longer drive, becoming part of the Metroland management team is an endeavor I've strived for since learning the ropes from my days at *The Tribune*.

I have officially put to rest my reporter's cap after five years covering a most interesting beat - Stouffville council, et al.

I had never even looked at a town council agenda before entering the Main Street *Tribune* building in 1989 and had never talked to a politician before in my life.

And after five years of covering some of the most interesting, cat-scratching, crazed and yes, even dynamic council meetings ever to hit the GTA, sometimes I wish I never had.

Stouffville will always be a special place to me, since my journalism roots began and took off in your cozy rural town of 18,500.



tracy kibble

I have to admit when I first learned a reporter's position was up for grabs in Stouffville, I had no idea where it was - except for a visit or two to the flea market.

I have a long list of wonderful memories in Stouffville and had the pleasure of meeting many unforgettable people in the Friendliest Town in Ontario, or is that Music Town, Ontario or was it Close to the City, or uh, oh my - my heart goes out to the new reporter.

Anyway, I just want to tell all the residents who I had the good fortune of meeting that Stouffville citizens share a true passion for the town and to remind you all what a

peaceful, unique place you live in.

Don't stop fighting for it. I would have loved the opportunity to quiz the new mayor, Wayne Emmerson, though.

Wayne and I already worked together as politician, media hack back in 1990 when he was ward councillor.

I do remember one incident where both Jim Mason and I wrote tongue-in-cheek columns after a council meeting in the upstairs lounge at the rec complex where acoustics were less than adequate.

Wayne took offense to our ribbing about not being able to hear what was going on the entire meeting and publicly slapped both our wrists during the next meeting.

I hope he's lightened up a tad since then or he'll go crazy trying to deal with his new tasks as mayor.

Good luck to Merlin, Michele, Yvonne and the rest of the as-of-yet still sane civil servants in the town - from what I hear, you're going to need it.

Farewell, Whitchurch-Stouffville, you are near and dear to me.

To all my co-workers, friends and the people I have been blessed to know along this stretch of life's highway, I wish you all the best.

It has been fun. Love always to a special place.

## I was born too late or too soon

As a child of the '60s, I had, until several days ago, considered myself the epitome of aging cool.

I grew up and worked in swinging London and, as an educated insider, was well aware that Carnaby Street was strictly for wannabes and American tourists.

Real cats knew the action was on Portobello Road and Kensington High Street.

My illusions were rudely shattered by an obscure little British television program, brought to me by Bravo! and niftily titled 'When the Quiff was King.'

Covering the late fifties and early sixties, it featured such best-forgotten acts as Frankie Vaughan, Billy Fury, the Applejacks, Jim Dale and The Three Bells (a trio of extremely well-upholstered young women, adorned in tacky sugar pink bridesmaids' dresses and sporting obviously fake long blonde hair).

Even more depressing were the fans, all perfect clones of 'mummy' and daddy, the boys done up in suits and looking for all the world like miniature chartered accountants; the girls adorned in Sunday best dresses, with hooped petticoats.

Squeaky clean and unforgivably conformist, they showed me up for what I must have been.

Luckily my offspring were out when the program aired, or it would have been impossible to protect them from the truth or to stop them laughing at their mother's predisposition to selective memory syndrome.

There was Cliff Richard, singing the hit song from his treacly musical, 'The Young Ones' and looking more like a lawyer from Lethbridge than a revolutionary hero of the young and hip. There was his main squeeze, a dead-



kate gilderdale

ringer for a happy housewife as depicted on a Betty Crocker cake mix carton?

These paragons of virtue had neatly cut hair, beautifully pressed duds and a vocabulary which would have made a vicar smile. Pony tails and earrings (matched pairs, one in each ear) were worn only by the female of the species.

As in all musicals of the time, the lovelorn duo burst into song with embarrassing frequency in the unlikelyst venues and no one turned a hair. In fact, the rented bystanders, instead of rolling about with helpless laughter, showed a distressing tendency to join in.

Even when girls screamed at their rave raves during what passed for a rock concert, they did it with dainty decorum, giggling self-consciously in case anyone in authority (which in those unenlightened days meant parents, teachers and the police) was watching.

Preston Manning would have loved these kids, who probably also did all their homework, never left trails of clothing on the kitchen floor and would no more have worn jeans on Sunday than sworn in the classroom.

A phone call across the pond to my mother confirmed that I was born either too soon or too late.

When I told her that her granddaughter favored black nail polish, she gave a knowing little chuckle and replied, "So did I when I was her age."

It's a bit much when your own mother turns out to have been way cooler than you.

## Send us your letters to the editor

The Tribune welcomes your letters to the editor.

Letters should be no more than 500 words in length and can be typed or neatly handwritten. Your letters can be on any topic, but *The Tribune* reserves the right to edit for length, libel, grammar and spelling and good taste.

Letters will not be returned, unless requested of the editor. Due to space constraints, not all letters may be published, however, we endeavor to print as many as possible within a time frame that maintains news value and topicality.

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