

Comment

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Enumeration fundamental to democracy

They're bound and determined to get you.

If they miss you the first time, they'll come back.

Enumerators have been assigned the thankless job of tallying up all eligible voters for the coming big campaign.

And it's supposed to be the last time you'll have to be bothered.

The national register of electors will be kept on file in Ottawa after this campaign blitz, and by the end of the month, everyone in the country who can cast a vote will be logged in.

It cannot be stated enough how important it is to provide the information and to be available when the enumerator comes around.

There is an element of inconvenience, but with the assurance that this will be the last time. The campaign enumerators will be coming to your door this week, April 10 to 16, and the returning offices are now open.

Bright yellow badges will signify the enumerators when they come to your door. All you have to give is your name, address, sex, date of birth and the confirmation of citizenship and that you are over the age of 18.

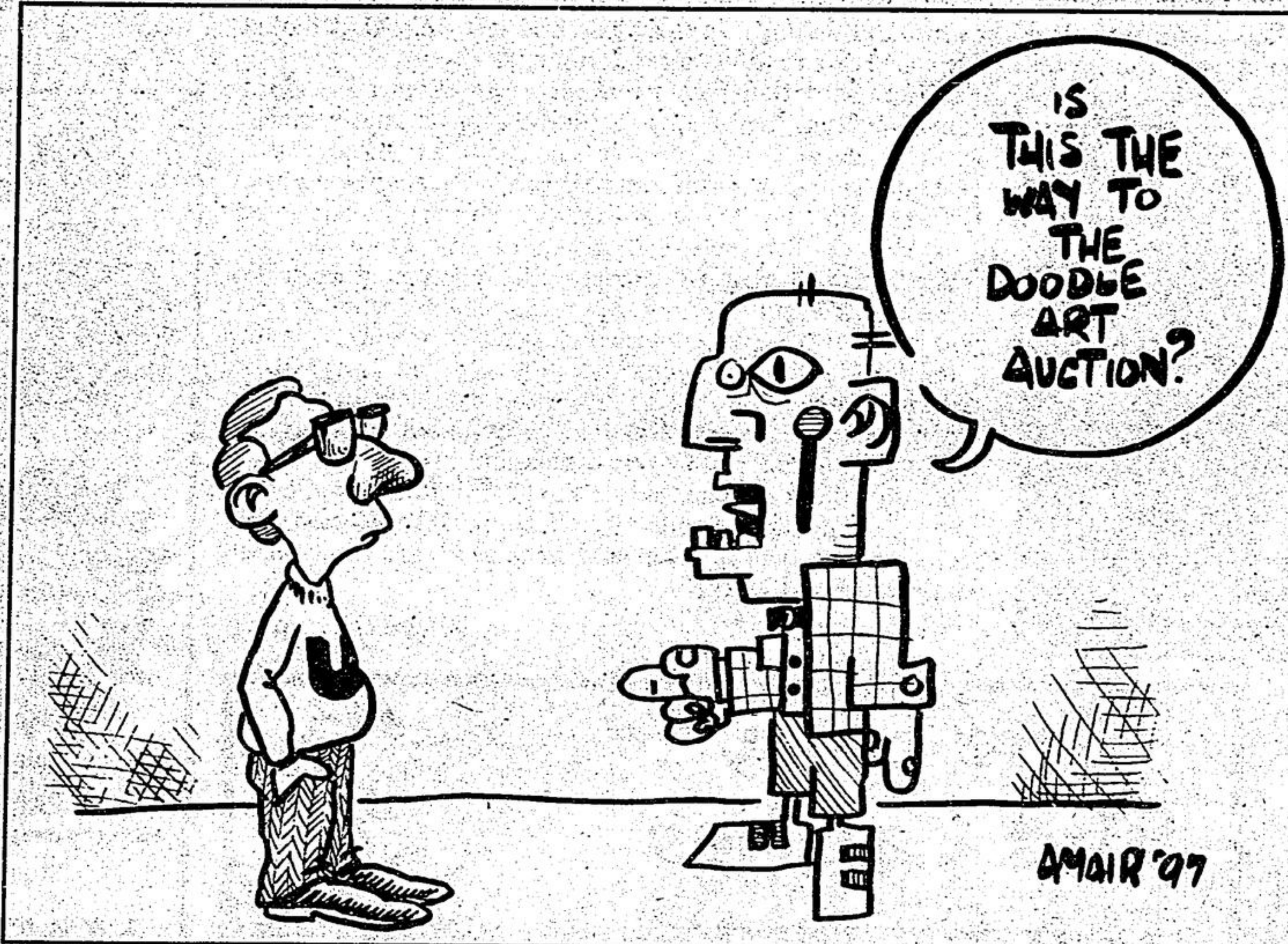
Should you miss the visit from the enumerator, he or she will return. If you are still not at home, you will be compelled to complete a mail-in registration form to be mailed immediately. Residents currently outside the country

should be contacted by family and friends to inform them of the register. The list will be compiled by April 26. The benefit of this enumeration is obvious. However, the data

bank will eliminate further enumerations, which are the single most costly aspects of an election. By eliminating enumerations, millions will be saved.

This cost-saving will be truly beneficial.

Make every effort to be enumerated. If you are not home, fill in the form left for you. It's important.



Color me impressed with local testing business

Let's talk color.

About a month ago, I agreed to a company request to go under the microscope. After 20 years, the corporation decided it was time I showed my true colors.

I climbed up on the microscope to let everyone take a peek. Here's what they saw: I'm shy, on gold; got plenty and equal amounts of blue and green and I have an abundance of orange.

Now for the Big Explain. Janice Parviainen, an Uxbridge resident and owner of JMP and Associates, put yours truly, two other reporters, one editor, two photographers and three bosses together in a conference room in a Markham hotel for three hours. We were all put to the test—The True Colours test to be exact.

The company hired Janice to answer the following questions: What makes them tick? Do they tick together? If so, how? Janice provided the answers.

I like the True Colors test. You can't fail it. It has nothing to do with intellect or the lack of it; nothing to do with know-how or the lack of it and nothing to do with money or the lack of it.

Colors are used because people, including children, understand them. Because of the colors, nobody has to deal with psychological jargon.

Janice told us that test takers experience an understanding and a noticeable feeling of "self." If the test takers are wise, they'll celebrate the differences from those at work, home, school and at play.

The first segment of the test takes about an hour. The questions are delivered in an objec-



tive test format. The results are known immediately.

Here's a sampling of what it's all about. If you want instructions given in a clear and concise way and prefer your environment orderly, you, my friend, are

Parents take back seat when offspring need car

Home is a place where part of the family waits till the rest of the family brings the car back.

—Earl Wilson.

I recently spent another delightful Friday afternoon at that well-known hangout for Grade 11 parents—the driver examination centre. On this occasion, I was accompanied by my daughter, who was taking her road test, and her friend, who joined her to provide moral support.

The centre itself exudes all the charm of a hospital waiting room, its walls painted a shiny beige and festooned with posters about safe driving practices as opposed to safe sex. Stunned-looking parents sit abandoned in moulded plastic chairs, while their offspring, trying to appear nonchalant, line up to register, giving no sign that they are related to any of the golden oldies in the vicinity.

While we wait, I take an inven-

gold. If gold is your dominant color, you follow through with promises and work hard providing you're reminded that you're on the right track. Things that are important to you are tradition, home and family. You like rules, routine and require punctuality. You don't like waste or change that it too sudden. Since you're gold, you plan, plan, plan.

If you seek close relationships and are sensitive to obvious and underlying feelings, seek an harmonious environment that offers an open and interactive atmosphere with real approachable

people, you've got a strong blue streak. Since you're blue, you are a nurturer by nature.

If you're patient, an analytical thinker, a problem solver and logical, you're heavily shaded in green. The world of ideas is important to you; you love intelligence and logic and hate redundancy. Since you're green, you take a skeptical approach to life. You need proof.

If, like me, you're simply wonderful, you're orange. We oranges like motion, lots of action. We're keen on humor, prefer hands-on work; can do 20

things at one time and we're optimistic. Take it from an orange, we need freedom. We seek it, cherish it and, if need be, we'll turn into freedom fighters to keep it.

True Colours is a useful thing. It helps us identify our unique characteristics; helps us with our children, our love and work mates. If you're gold, married to an orange, have two blue and one orange child, work for a green and work with three golds, two oranges, you've got a life.

If you want more info on True Colours, call 852-4704.

tory of the examiners, clipboards tucked under their arms, who make their way briskly towards their waiting victims in the parking lot. They all look rather stern, like school principals who are about to announce detention for the whole class unless the culprit owns up.

Clare sallies forth to the car with her friend (it is clear that mothers must take a back seat in this particular rite of passage) and they talk and giggle for almost an hour before the friend is ousted in favor of the examiner. I stand at the window, but finally cannot bear to watch.

Clare's friend gives a running commentary. "She's backing out... watch for that car! I don't think she's seen the stop sign, I don't think she's going to stop..." I shut my eyes and block my ears and troop back into the waiting room, where the two of us sit and chat nervously for 20 minutes.

Suddenly, across the room, I see



my daughter, waving a yellow sheet of paper and grinning rapturously. She rushes over, hugs us both and says, all in one breath, "I passed, I passed, can I have the car tonight?"

A large black cloud passes over my delight at her success. The car, which, just because he paid for it and continues to fund its maintenance, Mr. Wallethead somehow considers his, will now be the subject of an ongoing custody battle between himself and the children.

My Tercel wagon, which a friend recently described as a recycling depot on wheels, boasts a manual transmission and so far

I have managed to avoid imparting the mysteries of its operation to my beloved son and daughter.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that no two people in a family require the same amount of leg room for driving. Thus, when Mr. Wallethead enters his car after I've been driving it he gets wedged between the steering wheel and the seat.

His frustration is augmented by the fact that, as soon as he turns the key, Tori Amos comes pouring out of the speakers at 900 decibels because one of us forgot to eject the tape and turn off the radio. He has not finished backing out of the driveway before the warning light announcing a severe fuel shortage comes on.

This also serves as a warning of looming paternal displeasure, as he tries in vain to figure out how we could have got through a tank of gas in 48 hours. I guess he's never taken the scenic route to Ballantrae.

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