

**LETTERS  
POLICY**

The Sun-Tribune welcomes your letters. All submissions must be less than 400 words and must include a daytime telephone number, name and address. The Sun-Tribune reserves the right to publish or not publish and to edit for clarity and space.

Letters to the Editor,  
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# OPINION

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Don't exaggerate divide at Musselman's Lake

Re: Musselman's - A Lake Divided, Aug. 6.

I think you missed the boat, so to speak, in your article.

Never has this community been more united. You mentioned the Friends group has 10 members, but failed to mention the Musselman's Lake Residents Association has more than 300 members.

Also left out of your article was the fact the MLRA has the backing and participation from every street organization at the lake and the Friends has none.

The issue here isn't environmental - it's transparency and accountability.

The Friends have collected tens of thousands of dollars in government and private grants towards their projects. The residents of the lake have had no public input into these projects and there has been no public accounting for these funds, we feel.

This is plain and simply not right.

This group pretends to be all

about the environment but when we had our biggest ever environmental disaster - the massive crappie fish die-off - the Friends were nowhere to be found.

Many of the residents suspect it was because there was no money to be made for the clean-up.

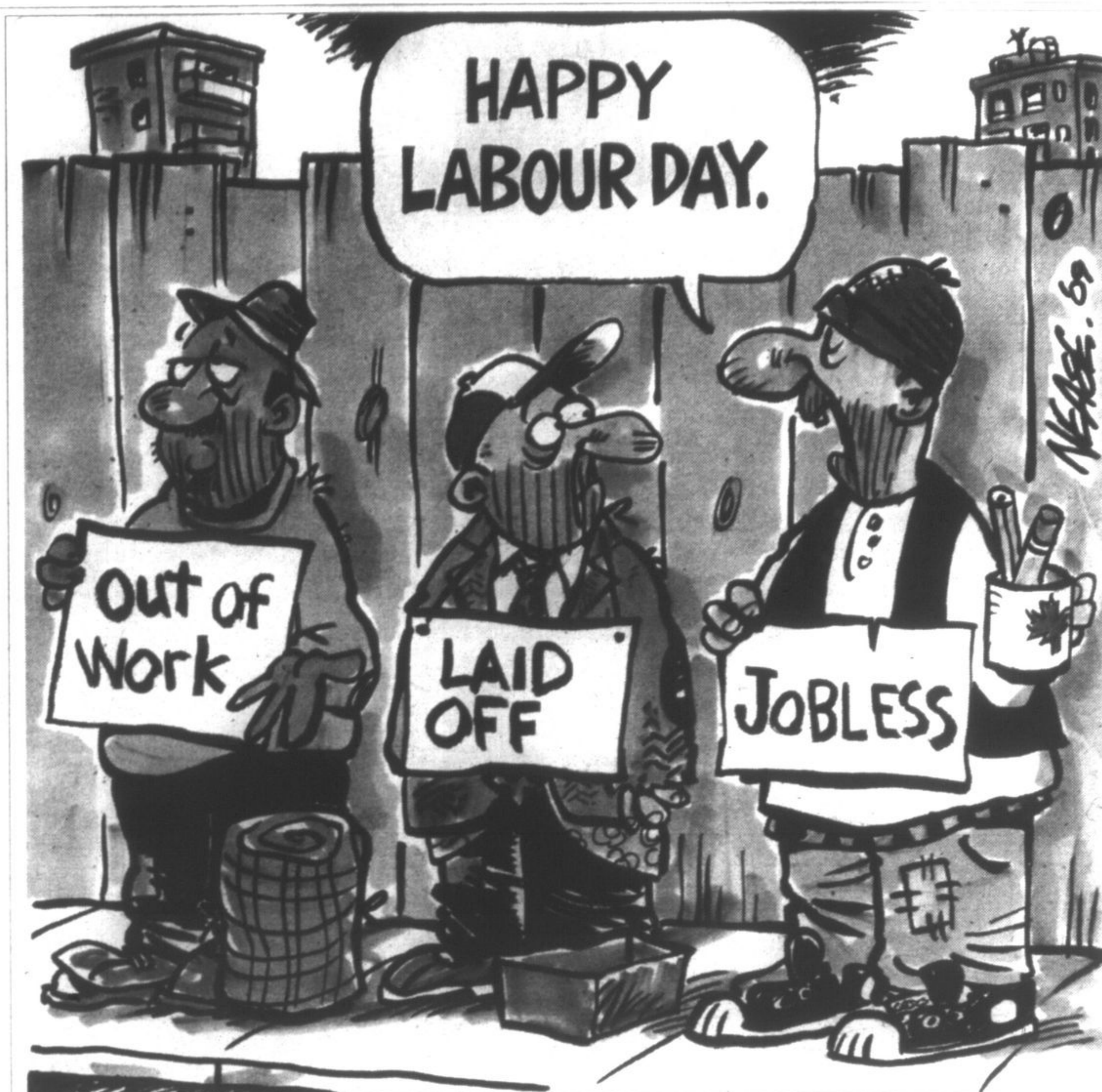
In closing, every community is going to have residents that don't work and play well with others. We have only 10 out of 2,000 residents. Please, let's not exaggerate their importance to the community.

Musselman's Lake is a great place and most of us feel very lucky to live here.

RICK WIGMORE  
MUSSELMAN'S LAKE

### WHAT NAME WOULD YOU PUT ON ARÉNA?

► What name would you put on the new Weldon Road rink? E-mail your suggestions to jmason@yrmg.com We'll publish your suggestions next week



## Election talk gets some minds racing

In the same way I often find myself almost taking up serious running whenever the Olympics are on TV - or maybe I'll take up race walking in my quest for gold (I love the way they pump their arms and trot along, defying the judges to say they don't have both feet on the ground at all times) - I find myself fantasizing these days about what it would be like to run for Parliament, what with another election in the air thanks to Michael Ignatieff, that smart guy from Harvard who's returned to his homeland to save us from our own stupidity.

Such as what I would say in my acceptance speech at the big gala celebration at the Fickle Pickle, the confetti and streamers raining down.

Something like "Hi, mom!" or "Can I write this off on my taxes?" or "Would you like to see my \$10-million happy dance?"

Although the truth is, being a bit of a slow-talker, like Ignatieff, (except that the thoughts I am trying to spit out aren't as deep, just poorly thought out) with a bit of the foot-in-mouth syndrome like the one that used to hit Mel Lastman every three days or so - did I mention I am occasionally clumsy, like Gerald Ford, the former president and one-time college football star who fell down the stairs when he was getting off an airplane? - I'm sure the media would feast on me like crows on a dead skunk.

It would all get rolling after my cam-



Bernie O'Neill

campaign headquarters alerted the press and I went down with my \$200 and 500 signatures on my nomination papers, (or whatever it is you have to do to become a candidate - win at a game of Xs and Os against the returning officer, pass a breathalyzer test, get at least five correct answers while watching an episode of Jeopardy! The Teen Edition) - only to find out it was not me that needed to sign the nomination papers 500 times, but rather 500 different people. Who knew?

CANDIDATE THROWS SUPPORT BEHIND HIMSELF

'I'll sign anything', confused Parliamentary hopeful says, fearing he needs glasses

Embarrassed, I promptly drop out of the race, only to have a clerical error result in the names of only those who have dropped out of the race, put on the ballot.

Talk about bad luck.

I'm elected in a landslide, beating out the spoiled ballots (which included scribbled comments such as, "None of the above," "Who allowed this guy to run?!" and "Has some computer virus left the names of the real candidates off the list?") by a 2-to-1 margin.

While the results are being challenged in court, I have work to do.

Ribbon cuttings are always important. You need to look good in a hard hat and also be able to wield a pair of scissors without falling backward into the basement that the backhoe has dug, just when the cameras flash.

NEW MP PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH AT CONSTRUCTION SITE

'Developers undeterred: say they'll name new auto mall in his memory'

Or I'd be chauffeured around in my limousine and see some poor citizen standing at a bus stop in the pouring rain (a Stouffvillian taking the bus? That's unheard of!) and roll down my window to offer a ride, only to be mistaken for some kind of stalker.

Later on I'm standing beside the police chief at a press conference as the two of us promise to capture the Limousine Loonie (or LIMO LETCH in the Toronto Sun), as the papers call me (him... I mean, the suspect), and go on about what the world is coming to, etc., the way a Conservative candidate might to get the law and order vote.

Days later I decide to get rid of the

limo, and instead travel by bicycle, a bold move hailed by environmentalists and the NDP. (They were going to shorten their name to the Democratic Party, but they should have changed it to just the Party, a name young voters could get excited about.) My popularity shoots up, and I decide to continue travelling by bike from December through March, to avoid the environmentalists' wrath and save on car insurance.

MOUNTAIN-BIKING MP FOUND FROZEN STIFF IN SNOWBANK

'Environmentalists want petrified politician packed in ice till spring, then composted'

Meaning to cancel the road through Memorial Park, I accidentally sign a federal order cancelling the new hockey rink, which is torn down overnight.

MP SENT PACKING the headlines read, as incensed residents descend on my constituency office and burn the place to the ground.

Sensing a need for improved PR, I pledge to bring tranquility to Musselman's Lake. I head out by canoe from Cedar Beach, waving to my remaining supporters, both of them, never to be heard from again.

Citizens speculate as to whether I've ended up in the drink, or simply ditched the canoe and fled to Western Canada, where I resume my training as a potential Olympic athlete.

Stouffville resident Bernie O'Neill is a York Region Media Group editor.