

# Editorials

# Tribune

## An official flag

The Village of Stouffville now has its own official crest. And while comment on its make-up has been somewhat reserved, one can only conclude that silence depicts approval.

The origin of the Stouffville crest dates back to 1967 when a centennial committee of that year introduced the idea and set funds aside to see the project through. It became a reality last month.

While each is entitled to his own opinion, we personally like it. The design embodies two identifiable struc-

tures, the clock tower and the flood control dam. The date of incorporation is also included.

With this work now complete, we feel a committee of council should be directed to set machinery in motion for the creation of an official village flag.

In 1977, Stouffville will mark its centennial year of incorporation. That's only seven years away. A flag is one phase of centennial celebrations that should be started well in advance.

## A raw deal

We have long been admirers of the strict operational routine practiced by officials of the Ontario Municipal Board.

Rules of procedure are followed to the letter of the law, sometimes to the embarrassment of speakers who tend to stray from the subject at hand.

While this businesslike approach is necessary to accomplish the most work in the least amount of time, we feel the O.M.B. should adopt an entirely different approach in the field of public relations. We refer in particular to the Hearing still going on and dealing with Uxbridge Township's Official Plan and Zoning By-

law. Here, the ratepayers of the municipality, interested in this all-important matter, are getting a raw deal.

In the first place, to begin sittings at 10 a.m. is, in itself, a rather inconvenient time. Worse still, to shift the Hearing from Goodwood to Whitby, created another hardship. To add insult to injury, the concluding arguments in the case are being heard, not in Goodwood or even at Whitby, but in Toronto.

Resentment indicated by one resident is well described in a letter on Page 11. We strongly endorse his remarks.

## A travelling generation

One only needs to scan the news columns of The Tribune to see that this generation is travelling around the world to a greater extent than any before. Not only are the young people already world travellers but they are getting a lot of their parents "up, up and away." Many thousands in the country and hundreds, right within our local area are being inspired to take journeys they would never have dreamed about a few years ago. In many cases it is through the example, the encouragement and persuasion of one or more of their children.

We have on our hands a real generation of travellers, and the students

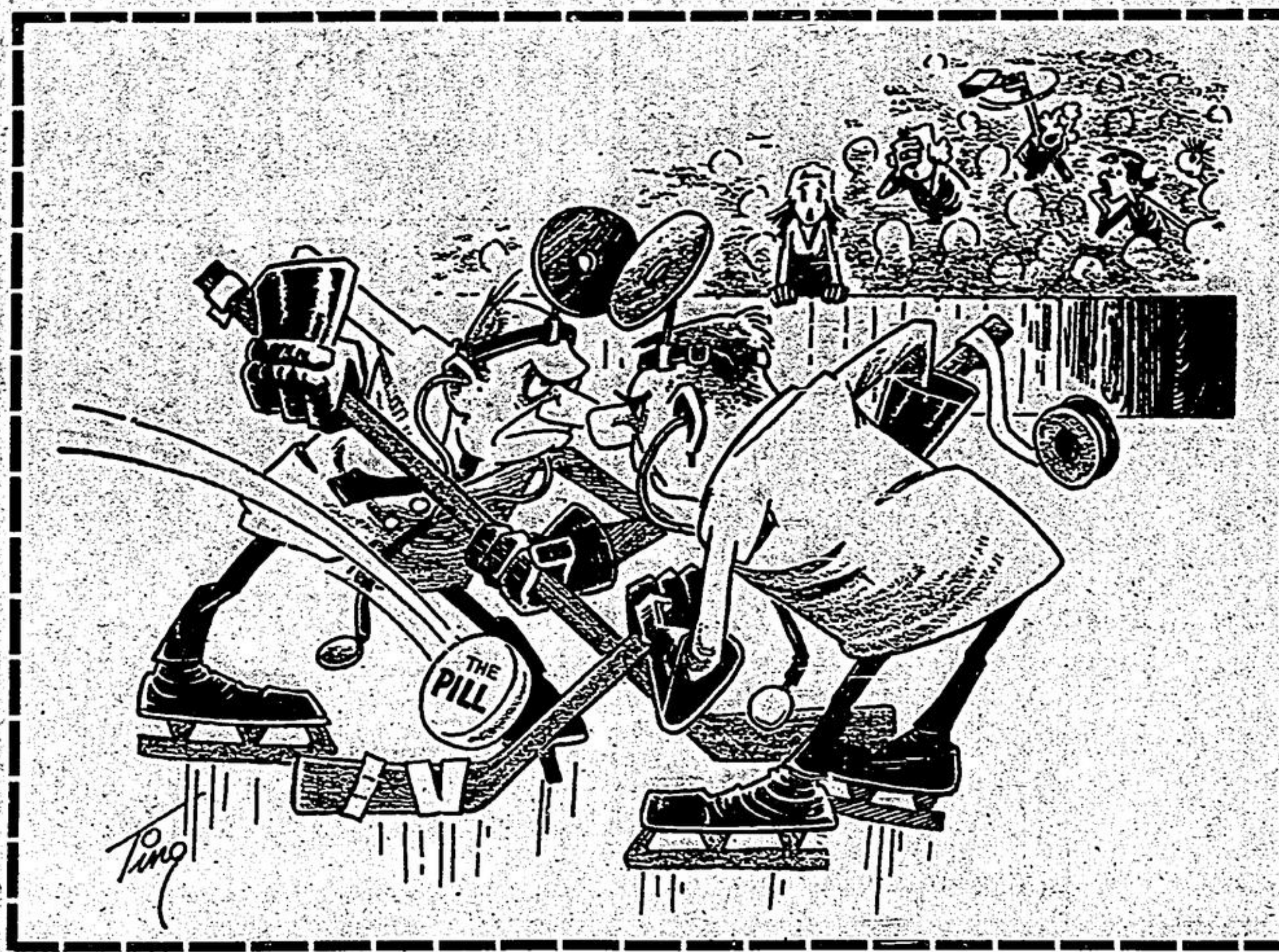
are chief among them. Europe fairly crawls with them during the summer and the remainder of the summer tourists who stay in the big hotels, or take the package tours, are in a great many cases the mothers and fathers of the adventuresome young students.

We have young people in Stouffville who have spent months, even years, as travellers in the British Isles, Europe and Asia. We predict that this new decade will see a great deal more of this terrific travel with the students and young people leading the way to even more distant and interesting places, places now little touched by the regular tourist groups.



A view from the top of the world

For visitors to Sky Loft Ski and Country Club in Uxbridge Township, the view alone is worth the price of a membership. This photo is taken from the 1,400 foot level, looking east. —Peter Harris



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Oh, the frustration of working

By BILL SMILEY



I've been thinking seriously about giving up my job as a teacher, and settling for a lot less money and a lot more peace of mind. And I'm not the only one.

Colleagues, right and left, are unhappy. One would like to go into the hotel business. An other dreams of buying some rough land on Manitoulin Island, and raising sheep.

Others, who have been teaching a long time, are planning to quit soon and take a reduced pension, rather than battle it out to the full term. They can't face another five years of teaching apathetic, lazy and insolent kids.

Another friend, who has taught happily for 23 years, says he used to look forward to every day of it. This year, he admits, he faces each day with a sort of vague horror. Still another is socking every nickel he can spare into investments so that he can get out while he retains his sanity.

Had lunch the other day with a chap who this year, after some years of running his own business, came into teaching — in the technical department. On his own, he worked 10 or 12 hours a day. At this lunch period, he didn't stop talking for half an hour. From the outside, he thought teaching was a snap. The pay was good, and the holidays looked great. Now, he's exhausted at the end of a teaching day, though he's done no physical labour. He said: "I never knew there were kids like these."

Perhaps we sound like a bunch of old fogies who are getting tired. Most of those I've mentioned are in their 40s, not quite in the old-fogey class. And they've enjoyed their teaching for years.

But another colleague is talking about going to the Northwest Territories. Another is thinking of taking a job in a steel plant. His wife, also a teacher, wants to get out and do social work, at less money. They are all in their 20s.

All of us are making quite reasonable salaries. It would be quite a wrench, financially, to quit, especially for those who have roots in the community, a mortgage, and growing children to educate.

But the malaise is there. And it's difficult to put your finger on the trouble. Our wives are getting worried. They ask, "What is wrong specifically?" And it's difficult to give an answer that doesn't sound trivial. It's a host of little things which add up to one word — frustration.

What is the trouble, then? I think there are two major sources. First, the pendulum has swung too far — from a system that was archaic to one with need permissiveness. Everyone is supposed to do his own thing. Sad truth is that a majority of teenagers hasn't got a "thing" to do. They want to be entertained, not learn.

They'll sit happily through a movie at school, chewing gum. But try to get them to talk about it, express their ideas, relate it to their own lives, and they groan with boredom. They're mentally lazy, as most teenagers have always been. Their favourite comment on a thought-provoking, stimulating movie, is "Stupid."

I've never believed in corporal punishment, either as a disciplinary deterrent or as a spur. But I'm begin-

ning to wonder. I am hurt and alarmed at the increasing lack of courtesy, the "who cares?" attitude of the kids, and the increase in plain, dirty-talk. (The language you can hear in a modern high school, especially among girls, would curdle your blood.)

You can imagine the joyous rapture of my wife to my proposal that I quit. Like the good little wife she is, she said she'd go anywhere with

me, and do anything, as long as I was happy. She made up a great list of where and how we could save money, without the salary.

But the reaction has set in, and in 100 casual, little hints she is revealing the utter folly of it all. But I was prepared for that, and I'm going to keep her thinking about a shack, and a pot-bellied stove, and potatoes, and porridge for a while yet. It'll do her good.

## Letters to the Editor

Recently, a petition signed by 27 residents in the East End of Stouffville, was forwarded to Mr. Ronald M. Hall, Supt., Area 2, York County Board of Education. The parents were requesting that pupils attending Grade 7 and 8 classes at the High School, be transported both ways by bus. The Board's reply reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. McIntee and Parents: I am in receipt of a petition sent to me by you on behalf of a number of co-signers who are parents of grades 7 and 8 pupils who attend the Stouffville District Secondary School.

I have enclosed a copy for you (and for each of the persons who signed the petition) of the York County Board of Education's policy statement on the transportation of pupils.

Subsequent to the receipt of your letter, Mr. Bruce Hunter, our Area Business Officer, who is responsible for transportation arrangements in Area Two, travelled over to Stouffville and measured the distances from the various residences indicated on your petition to the Secondary School. His report states, "I checked the distances, and the farthest anyone would walk could be 1.7 miles if they went by Harding Gate". Your letter did state that the distance the students walk is on the average of 2 miles to school. Mr. Hunter checked the distances by the millimeter of his car. Thus according to our measurements, the homes concerned are all within the 2 mile limit provided for by the York County Board transportation policy for students in grades 7 and 8.

You mentioned in your letter that the school system is responsible for your children attending classes at the high school and that there is no choice in the matter. You are entirely correct in this matter — the York County Board of Education endorsed a proposal made by this office to more effectively utilize the existing

accommodation at the high school and to eliminate the need for portables at Orchard Park School.

I feel I should point out to you that the distance from your homes to the high school is almost the same as that to Orchard Park Public School. I can hardly agree then that because the children are attending classes at the Secondary School that the distance they have to walk is increased considerably.

In your letter you indicate, "The children of the west end have bus service in the morning to Orchard Park Public School at a nominal cost". I should point out to you that those children who have bus service from the west end of the village of Stouffville to Orchard Park Public School are those children in Kindergarten who live beyond 3/4 of a mile from Orchard Park School and those pupils in grades 1 to 6 who live beyond 1 mile from this school. In addition, a small number of pupils have been issued with temporary bus privilege cards as there was some room on the bus serving this area. No one using this service, to our knowledge, pays anything towards this bus service other than the funds directed to the County Board through the Municipal tax rate. If you or your group are aware of anyone charging children to ride on our buses I would appreciate it if you would bring the matter to my attention.

In summary, then, I must indicate to you that according to the Policy of the York County Board of Education your request cannot be granted. Children, who are in grades 7 and 8, are not entitled to transportation until their walking distance to school is beyond the 2 miles stated in Board policy.

Should you wish to, discuss this matter further I shall be pleased to meet with your or your group.

R. M. Hall, Superintendent, Area Two.

# ROAMING AROUND

## The State vs... Norman Cassimiri

By Jim Thomas

Norman Cassimiri of Stouffville is as well versed in the loopholes of the law as most lawyers.

He should be.

He's tested the authority of the statutes often enough. And with considerable success too.

By now, his name is familiar to almost anyone. Certainly, it has absorbed more than a fair share of printer's ink in the last few years.

To those who do not know him, this fifty-two year old husband and father of three, owns and operates the Mansion House, a kind of sophisticated title for a three-storey boarding establishment on Main Street.

The majority of tenants who reside there are decent, law-abiding folks. They don't bother Norman and Norman doesn't bother them. But when something new comes a-calling, trouble seems sure to follow.

That something new included three young girls, Penny, Caroline and Faith. The trouble that followed occurred Jan. 24. Norman found himself facing three separate charges of indecent assault.

The provincial courtroom at Richmond Hill was 'comfortably' filled, Friday. Most of the cases were rather routine and dispensed with in short order by Judge Russell G. Peares. The police, the press and some of the public were loath to leave, however. They were there to see the show — the State vs. Norman Cassimiri.

It's strange, in a case of this kind, how every observer suddenly becomes an expert on Law. They will assess in their own shallow minds, the guilt or innocence of the accused. They will attempt also, to second guess the decision of the Judge. There's a little bit of Perry Mason in all of us.

Here is the scene. On one side, the defendant, nattily dressed in a light brown suit, white collar and tie. Hardly the image of one who had spent five previous days and nights behind bars.

Three rows back in the gallery, — the plaintiffs, giggling carelessly between whispers.

Facing the bench, the Crown Attorney, a city-bred man, a bit bored by suggestions of suburban scandal.

To his left, the defendant's solicitor, attempting to save his client and himself but not doing too well at either.

And elevated over all, the Judge, determined to eliminate the legal entanglements, meant to impede the progress of justice.

Like a game of chess, each makes his move. On the first play, the charges are reduced and the accused pleads guilty. Next, the defendant seeks permission to change his plea. A request for adjournment is refused. The solicitor threatens to withdraw. A recess is granted. Ten minutes later, the case resumes. The solicitor apologizes. The apology is accepted. The defendant retains his solicitor. The case proceeds. Evidence is presented. A conviction is registered. There is a plea for leniency. The sentence is imposed. Four months in jail. The courtroom clears.

But the argument does not end there.

In the corridor, on the stairs, in the lobby and on the sidewalk, the discussion goes on. The Q.C.'s of make believe are having a field day.

Why all the interest? Why all the talk?

The answer is simple. The plaintiffs are girls and the public over reacts to situation like this.

On whose side then, would the sympathy lie if Norman Cassimiri had clipped a male boarder on the back?

The truth is, no one would really care.

But girls — uh-uh, that's different.

As one police officer put it: It's quite alright to stare at the show case, but don't lay a hand on the merchandise.

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