

Editorials

Tribune

A class project

While a segment of our young people is subjected to rather harsh criticism from time to time, some of it justified and some of it not, we feel staff teachers, Jerry Waite and Bill Sanders and members of the Grade 13 Geography class at S.D.S.S. are to be commended. Several weeks ago, the group expressed a desire to travel by train to Moosonee and established a departure date of March 12. The expedition, to cost an estimated \$2,000, posed a sizeable sum for the kids to raise. With several means to this end available, they chose the most difficult -

earn it themselves. The result of this effort has been amazing. On Saturday, they took charge of the gas bar at Ringwood. The profit from this project was almost \$200. On the previous Thursday, they held a 'slave day', raising \$117.25. And on it goes. So while we tend to brand all teenagers with the same unsavory stamp, twenty-five students at Stouffville High have proved that where there's a will, there's a way.

Co-operation essential

Another incident has occurred to prove once again that co-operation and consultation between councils, planning boards and county school board is essential if the public is to be saved from 'paying through the nose' for capital school expenditures.

York County Board of Education was staggered when it was learned that a price of \$37,500 an acre was being asked for a school site property in Markham Town. The property in question is part of an area under development and some consultation with the developer prior to the 'go ahead' with the plan could have avoided the ratepayers being hit with these astronomical costs.

A similar instance occurred last year in Markham Township where the

planners had failed to make arrangements for a school site until after development had started and the price jumped to \$40,000.

In the current Markham Town dispute, an offer of \$13,200 per acre has been made but turned down.

It is the responsibility of the developers to see that such school sites are provided at reasonable cost and it is the responsibility of planning boards and council to see that they are provided. There is no difficulty in making such arrangements if they are done in the proper time. The folly of not doing so is now quite evident and will be more than evident to the heavily-taxed ratepayers who will now have this added inflated cost hoisted upon them.

A requirement for every school

The York County Board of Education will study the feasibility of opening a 'new' kind of school in September 1971, to stress the importance of such categories as curriculum, discipline, dress and deportment.

The proposal has been introduced by the Director of Education, Sam Chapman.

By suggesting that such requirements be re-introduced, is Mr. Chapman stating that such fundamentals no longer exist?

It would seem so. Without wishing to be branded as 'old fashioned', we say the pendulum of free and easy education has swung from the sublime to the ridiculous.

It's high time it was hauled back to a solid base - not at one special school but at all schools.

Since when, we ask, did such basics as discipline and deportment become outdated anyway?

Do we want our public and high schools to go the way of our universities where a system of student anarchy exists in many today?

We say no - and it doesn't require a committee of high-paid educators to prepare a report on the reasons why.

There is a percentage of people who are concerned about the direction all schools are taking, said Mr. Chapman. To this, we echo 'Amen'.

Editor's mail

I would like the opportunity to correct a false impression left by a letter and your note in The Tribune of February 26 concerning the recent drug education program at Stouffville District Secondary School.

The Drug Clinic was held on Thursday evening February 12. A printed notice addressed to students and parents, concerning the program during the week and the evening meeting, was given to each student from grades 7 to 13 on February 4 with the instructions that it was to be taken home to their parents that night.

The Tribune was not notified of the program or meeting, as we did not wish to sensationalize them in any way. We felt the meeting was for students, parents and teachers, and having sent a notice to the parents of 975 students, felt that we had contacted enough people. We feel that students are responsible enough to take information of this kind home, and did not wish to advertise it as a public meeting.

Thank you for the opportunity to present this information.

W.E. Duxbury
Principal

Dear Editor:
Parental responsibility - where does it

begin and end?

This is a question many mothers and fathers are asking themselves these days, particularly in light of reports of experimental drug use among a percentage of young people.

I was informed of the drug clinic at the high school, Feb. 12 - well in advance, contrary to the letter in The Tribune last week.

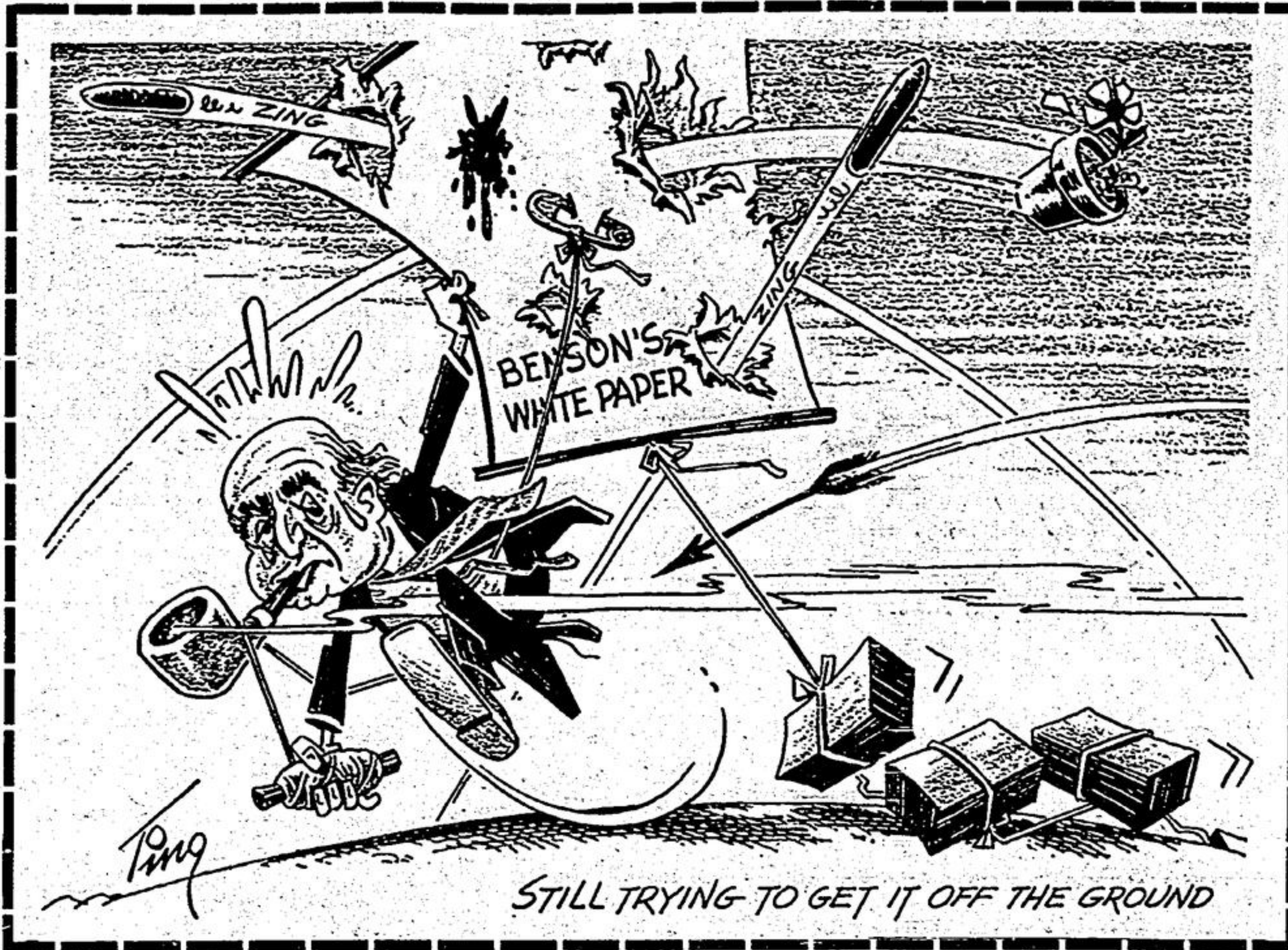
Neither my husband nor I attended. Why? Because we both feel our home is the best place to discuss this kind of problem. And we have - in a very serious manner, many times.

While no parent can be 100 per cent sure that their sons or daughters will not yield to this kind of temptation, we have sufficient confidence in our son, to believe he will not. We feel there are limitations on just how far parents can go.

While I believe the letter from the two girls was written in all sincerity, it was disappointing. Young people today seem to call for more freedom and yet, when faced with a problem, they place the blame on the shoulders of parents.

My husband and I are firm believers in the old and possibly 'square' adage that goes: 'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it'.

With our son, it's - so far, so good. 'Square' parents.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Plenty of billy in the old goat yet

By BILL SMILEY

Two recent letters have accused me of something inexcusable—losing my zest.

One was from a chap I haven't seen since we played together as kids. He said a recent column showed a 'negative' approach and beseeched me not to feel that way. I think he's also a health nut of some kind, because he urged me not to let any "forn" body, such as nicotine or alcohol, to enter my system. (You're right, Bob, your spelling is terrible, but thanks anyway.)

Another was from a lady whose daughter I taught. She said I sounded as though I had the mid-winter blues, and cheered me by telling me that her daughter thought I was great, even though she had hated school. Thank you, too, Mam, and I know your name, though you didn't sign it.

But don't worry, chaps. I might sound a trifle misanthropic at times; I always have. But there's plenty of billy in the old goat yet. I don't intend to slash my wrists. At least, not until the present curling bonspiel is over, I need them.

We have a great institution at our school for pulverizing those February blues. Once a year, we throw the curriculum out the window and do something sensible. We have a bash

called Frosty Frolics.

This year, a computer couldn't have picked a better day. Ten below, piles of snow, and a brilliant sun. Everybody in colorful garb: Boots and parkas and scarves and hats of all hues.

The day began with a leg auction in the gym. Girls hid behind a curtain, with only their legs showing. Boys bid on the legs. One French teacher, male, was knocked down for \$3.25, and the highest bid was over \$7. All proceeds to support a foster child in Hong Kong.

Then a grand march to the lake, for games on the ice. Snowshoe races, broomball in which everything goes, including tripping teachers at every opportunity, tug-of-war, and just plain horsing around and wrestling in the snow. No holds barred. A fine sublimation of sex.

Other groups split for curling, skiing, snowmobile rally for a trip out around the island, snooker, tournament, swimming, skating.

The beauty of the day is that it's so amateur. There are experts in every field, of course. But you could watch fat, middle-aged teachers, eyes bulging with horror, as they tried downhill skiing for the first time ever. Or little Grade 9 kids, weighing in at 80 pounds, trying to get a 40-pound curling stone over the hog line.

Everyone back to school after lunch for a check-in. Then a karate demonstration. To my amazement, and terror, I saw three of my Grade 12 Tech boys up there, smashing one-inch boards with their bare knuckles and bare feet,

kicking and chopping with blows that would kill, flipping each other around like pieces of rubber hose.

Cold sweat crept into my armpits as I remembered that I'd thought, once or twice of ousting these individuals, physically, from my class. That is a thought that will never again cross my mind.

Afternoon. Everybody off to the hockey game, or back to the ski hill, or stay and watch the basketball game, or bog off to the poolroom. Or skating or swimming.

All sorts of other things going on, too. Snow sculpture. Choosing of a snow queen. This year, in a student body of about 1,300, with perhaps 35 Indian students, the Queen was a beautiful Indian girl. How's that for a blow against the WASPS?

And so it went, with a big windup dance Saturday night. But the melody lingers on.

This mid-winter madness has the effect of literally melting the thin red line which separates teachers and students. How can you maintain your dignity when some 14-year old girl is yelling at you, "Sweep! Sweep, you dummy!" Or when some five-foot Grade-niner stops to help you up, when you've sprawled in a hopeless tangle on the ski hill?

The whole community kicks in, with free swimming, curling and ski tows.

We all discover that we're human beings. Biggest discovery of the year. Should have one every term.



Beyond the gate

A lock and chain bar would be visitors from this lane on the third concession of Uxbridge. Beauty beyond the fence can be enjoyed only by the holder of the key to this snow-covered hideaway. —Peter Harris

ADAMING AROUND

A letter to Debbie and Judy

By Jim Thomas

Last week, The Tribune published a rather pointed letter from two students of Stouffville Dist. High School, dealing with drugs, their use and abuse by a segment of young people today.

In it, the writers, who we'll refer to only as Debbie and Judy, raised the question of apathy among parents, due to the fact that so few responded to an invitation to attend a discussion clinic arranged through the Drug and Alcohol Addiction Research Foundation.

At the expense of widening the generation gap or being accused of supporting 'The Establishment', I feel it's high time someone came to the defence of all long-suffering Moms and Dads, the main targets of criticism every time a John or Mary strays from society's beaten path.

With this thought in mind, I address this reply to—

Dear Debbie and Judy: Although I don't know either of you personally, I will presume you are sixteen - perhaps seventeen years old. At any rate, the wording of your letter leads me to believe you are girls of considerable academic maturity.

When I was your age, life had its problems too. But the standards were not established by the minority. You let your conscience be your guide.

Now, I have a daughter of my own who, in less than four short years, will be a teenager too.

She will also face problems. And there will be times when we will not be around to whisper in her ear. But she'll choose wisely because, we trust, she'll have learned the difference between right and wrong. It's as simple as that.

No mother or father can walk hand in hand with a son or daughter, 24 hours of every day. They can't be expected to.

For there comes a time when responsibilities must shift - gradually, then completely. At age 16, the mould is in the fire. The shape of one's character is set. If the workmanship is good, the product will last.

The latter, dear Debbie and Judy, is up to you.

No trade-in

An auto dealer bought himself a cow and received the following itemized invoice:

Basic Cow	\$200.
Two-tone Exterior	45.
Extra Stomach	75.
Product Storage Compartment and Dispensing Device	60.
4 Spigots at \$10. each	40.
Genuine Cowhide Upholstery	125.
Dual Horns at \$7.50 each	15.
Automatic Fly Swatter	35.
Total Price	\$595.

A tight squeeze

For a town of 10,000, Markham must have the smallest police building in North America. The structure is so small, in fact, the officers must line up on the right to change shifts. In addition, Chief Fred White hopes to add a lady clerk to his 9-man force which leaves one to conclude that come Spring, things could be 'bustin' out all over.

A co-incidence

Two licence applicants at the Murphy Bureau, Main Street East, learned that they had received consecutive plate numbers last year although both are complete strangers and had arrived in separate cars.

Polluted air

I'm as pollution conscious as the next guy, but why do people have to go overboard on this kind of thing. An example of this is contained in a comment by ward 5 councillor John Kruger of Pickering Township. He has expressed concern over a proposed hydro tower line for Pickering due to the fact that the transmission of signals represents a form of air contamination. Now, I've heard everything. The next thing, they'll be trying to stop seagulls from flying over Lake Ontario - water pollution, you know.

ONTARIO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION

The Tribune

Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor

NOEL EDEY, Advertising

Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$7.50 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0696.

Dear Friend and Roamin' Countryman:

Lend me your ear, while I blow my foghorn. Not that the sound will clear the air, but warn against impending danger.

The danger lies in adopting a biased opinion. Perhaps fog does not envelop our "explanations", as your editorial "One for all" states, but rather the eyes of the observer. In fact, you explain and validate our position. The article speaks of "the entire Christian world supposedly united".

Agreed. The churches are supposedly united. It is an unreal situation - pleasant, but pointless. The ecumenical dream is a sacred cow, eating up the fat of the land, but producing no milk, meat or moos. Maybe it needs a papal bull to gain fulfillment. But woe betide the person who opposes it - he is at best a crank, at worst a bigot.

Nevertheless, our convictions, based upon God's Word, demand honesty, and therefore we have excused ourselves from participation. We are, however, eager to join with Christians, recognizing Biblical principles, not religious politics. Thus, a Women's World Day of Prayer meeting will be held in Stouffville, Baptist Church on Friday, March 6 at 7.45 p.m.

An open invitation is given to all ladies to attend.

Gordon T. Gooderham,
Pastor,
Stouffville Baptist Church.