

# Editorials

# Tribune

## Community spirit re-kindled

Where there's life, there's hope as the saying goes and 'life' was certainly in evidence here, Saturday morning.

It was the homecoming of champions - Juvenile Hockey Champions and, in spite of the hour (4 a.m.) the village, or a large portion of it, was on hand to receive them.

Those who were not aware of the fact that the team had won an Ontario Title, were made aware of it, as a cavalcade of

cars, assembled on rather short notice, moved bumper to bumper along Main Street to the Arena.

Who would have thought that a bunch of boys (some with long hair too) could, in a single series, lift a community's spirit up by the boot straps.

The Stouffville Juveniles have done it. Let's hope the fever's contagious - not only in hockey, but every endeavour.

## Existence often short lived

There is talk of organizing a ratepayers' association in 'The Ponderosa', Stouffville's newest residential development. We wish its promoters well.

Past experiences have proved however, that groups born from seeds of discontent, only flourish for awhile, then die a slow and agonizing death. There are exceptions, of course, but their numbers are few.

An organization of this kind must take a long hard look at its objectives. If its constitution is founded only on a campaign of complaint and criticism without practical recommendations and

suggestions, then it's doomed to failure before it gets off the ground.

And its executive, although possibly located in one area, must look beyond the boundaries of one subdivision. If not, then so-called 'pressure tactics' will only tend to antagonize rather than improve relations with other residents, many of whom may be experiencing some of the same problems.

Worse even than this however, is the adoption of an hostile attitude towards a council, whose duty it is to serve not one, but everyone.

Co-operation is the keynote to success. Without it - forget it.

## Before its too late

Stouffville Secondary School student body and the staff have so far shown themselves to be responsible and respectful of the opportunities and equipment being provided in this fine school. The staff is firm and shows a belief in students being in school for one purpose only - to learn. If this is not their aim there is no place for them there, and their place is out in the work-a-day world, to seek their own level.

However, all around us matters are not so bright. The audacity of many students is a frightening gauge of how great the so-called generation gap really is. They can quickly organize a protest on slightest provocation.

The situation at Toronto University last week showed up just how ridiculous matters have become. Many people were astounded to learn that a school was being called on to provide care for children of married students whose pregnancy was certainly no one's responsibility but their own, certainly not the school. Few educational heads are left who will exert themselves to be "boss" of the situation which the general public expects them to be.

Many oldtimers can recall when it was considered a privilege to attend school at all. Sure, there were marches then too, but most were to and from classes.

In these backward days students had to work to finance themselves for what education they received. They felt that they should take advantage of the opportunity to attend classes when they were available.

The young protestors have no hesitation in grasping the righteousness of their cause. They don't need the background of experience on which those of other years relied for judgment. They claim they "know where it's at," whatever that might mean.

But it may still not be too late for we stoddy members of this less hep generation to "get with it" too. It is possibly not necessary for this generation to provide so generously for the support of schools - they don't need them. They claim it is much better to spend the money on "doing their own thing."

Then there are the costly school buses - who needs them? Why just the students. In many cases a new system is being introduced whereby the student will not have to go to classes only when it suits his fancy. Classes could be shut down; there would certainly be a substantial saving there.

We know these are childish suggestions. Regardless of whether these audacious boys and girls recognize it or not the rest of us have a responsibility to see that they receive an education. If they are old enough to protest, they are old enough to realize they have a commitment to make the best use of the facilities provided.

The school board has the right to discipline if it wants to exercise it, but it knows too, that this responsibility belongs to the parents. They'd do well to exercise it - while they still have it.

## Editor's mail

Dear Editor:

If charity has to have a beginning and an end, then it must indeed begin at home. But it cannot end there, for anything that ends up where it starts, goes nowhere. Personally, I prefer to regard charity as having no beginning and end, but as infinite.

In selecting The Canadian Hunger Foundation for the proceeds of the Hunger Supper to take place, Sunday, it was favored because it is a Canadian effort and non-sectarian. More important, its sole objective is to end hunger by assisting self-help agricultural and food production schemes approved by the United Nations body (F.A.O.). As this is its objective, its funds necessarily go to projects overseas. A family on welfare in Canada is above the hunger level.

Because support of the Hunger Supper is urged by various churches in Stouffville, it does not mean that there is no charity at home. Right here in Stouffville, various churches have recently

formed a service whereby anyone in need of help (not expert help, but just the help of a human with two hands and a heart) may get it if it is at all possible by phoning these numbers, 640-3544 or 889-1720. Persons to increase the panel of helpers are urgently needed.

Robert Leach

Dear Sir:

Members of the York County Board of Education would appreciate it very much if, through the medium of The Tribune, they could make known to community church groups, ratepayers' associations, service clubs and the like, that they are happy to attend meetings of such organizations to discuss all aspects of the board's operation.

Education, the direction it is taking and its increasing costs are a concern not only to the board of education but to the community at large. Members of the board would therefore welcome the opportunity of meeting with local groups



## SUGAR AND SPICE A kitten for Easter

By BILL SMILEY

Somebody ought to do something about Easter. It's much too flexible. It's supposed to be a time of rebirth and rejoicing.

But you can't really be swept away by a feeling of rebirth and new life when there is still a foot of snow on the ground and the wind cuts to the marrow.

I'm not knocking Easter. I like it. I love the sackcloth and ashes feeling, and the gloomy dirges of Good Friday, when even the pubs are closed. And there is a joy and triumph in the Easter Sunday hymns that can't be surpassed. I think even by the Christmas carols.

Easter is also one of the days that keeps many of our churches from becoming extinct. Some primitive instinct brings out the wayward, the fallen, the sinners, and the Easter Sunday collection is the best of the year. You meet old church friends you haven't seen for a year. And won't for another.

This year, we were sent a Manifestation. No, it wasn't from the Department of National Revenue, although it is pretty good at providing such things.

We had a birth in the family, and were privileged to witness the blessed event, an experience which must convince the most hardened cynic that God does see the little sparrow fall.

Our kitten had a baby. This may seem a contradiction in terms, but she is a bare adolescent, yet she managed to produce, with great yowling labor pains,

of all kinds, to answer questions, explain board policy, outline budgeting procedures and makeup, discuss educational trends within the county.

Program chairmen, please note! Requests for speakers should be directed either to individual trustees or to the writer at Box 40, Aurora; or call 884-8131, 889-0660, or 727-3141.

It should be borne in mind that trustees always have a large number of board or committee meetings to attend and so may not be able to speak at your meeting unless they get sufficient notice. However, every effort will be made to get speakers as required.

(Mrs.) Margaret McLean, Communications Officer.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

Heart Month in Canada is now over, and on behalf of the Canadian Heart Fund, Ontario Division, please accept our sincerest appreciation for your co-operation and assistance during our financial campaign in February.

Our objective this year was \$1,000,000, and although all returns are not in as yet, we are quite hopeful that our objective will be attained - maybe surpassed.

Without your willing co-operation in communicating our needs to the public, the Canadian Heart Fund would not be able to express such an outlook.

Heart disease is everyone's problem, and again our thanks for helping us bring to the public attention that research should be everyone's responsibility.

ONTARIO HEART FOUNDATION  
(Miss) Esther M. Richards,

## Make parents proud

Dear Mr. Thomas,  
One boy and twelve girls! Quite a handful? Not in the least. A baker's dozen to make any and all parents proud to say they belong to you or with you.

I am referring to the Stouffville 'Centurion' Color Guard. In the past few weeks you have read of the accomplishments of their Captain but do you know who else is in the Guard? I do and I'm very proud of each and every one.

Their conduct at Guard shows in Ontario and U.S. is admirable - they are responsible and respectful. They work hard and are presently practising for two shows in New York State - one being the International Color Guard Championships in Rochester.

They are a credit to their parents and community and I feel they should all receive recognition.

Everyone in Stouffville should be proud of 'The Centurions'. Members are - David Christie (drummer), Bev Aiken, Jill Barber, Lois Farthing, Tyrell-Ann Holden, Denise Kamps, Arelene McFadden, Margaret O'Hara, Maureen O'Hara, Vicki Roberts, Allison Small, Susan Steckley, and Arelene Yakeley.

'Mother'  
(Mrs. Joan Kamps)  
Rupert Avenue

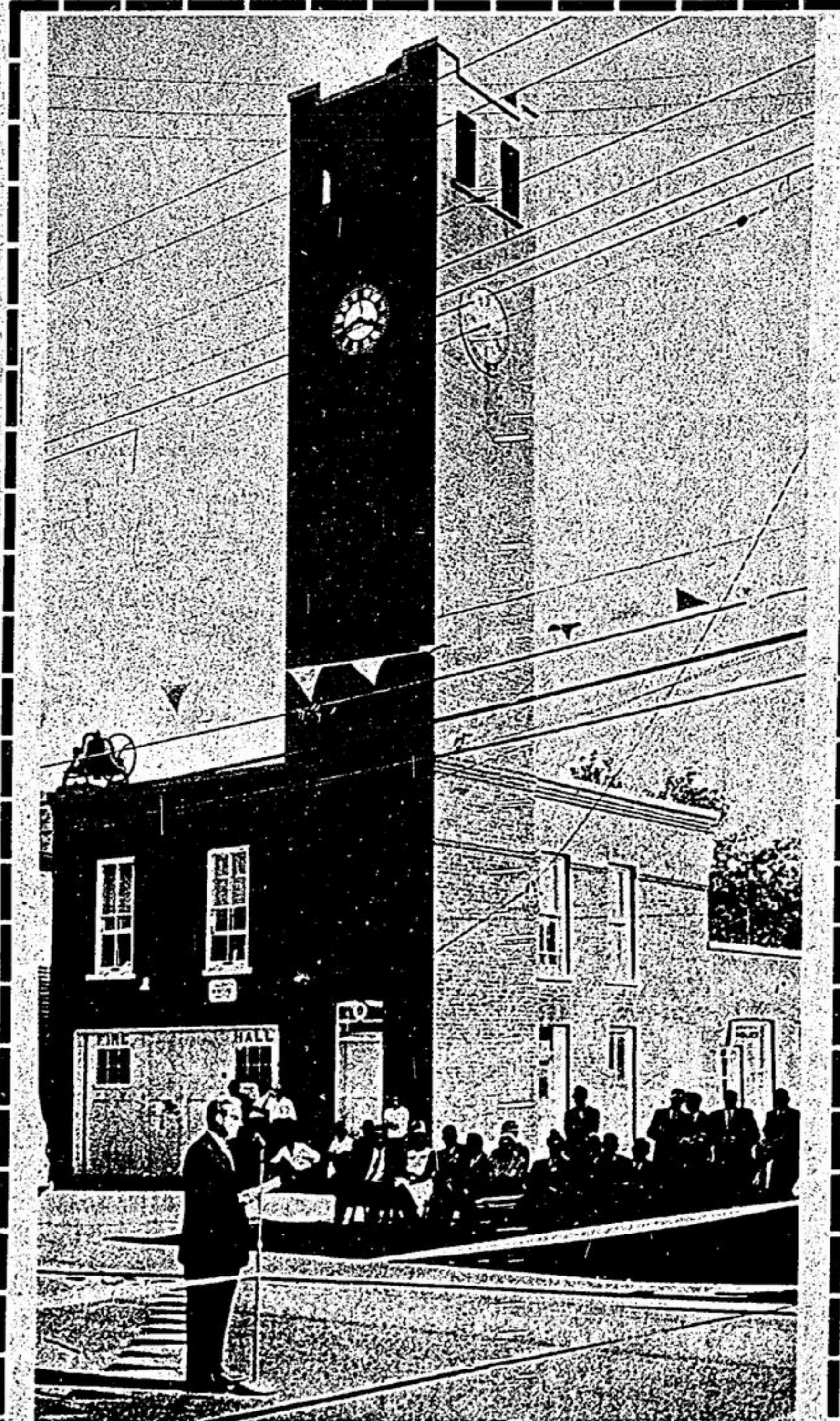
in the living room, boring her with the shots I had almost made. Pip was sitting on the best chair in the room. She was acting in a rather peculiar fashion, stretching her legs in all directions. I remarked on it. My wife agreed and went over to look at her. BLAM! Too late. The water sac, or whatever, had burst all over the brocade upholstery.

With one fell swoop, I snatched her up and deposited her on a blanket, and bingo, she popped a kitten - something resembling a tiny, dead dinosaur. Child-bride though she was, Pip's instinct worked and she licked and licked until the infant's heart began to beat.

Isn't it remarkable how a cat will clean up the entire mess, leaving her offspring sleek and shining? And isn't it amazing how a mere chick of a kitten by the act of giving birth, turns into a complacent, mild-eyed, smug mother, nursing by the hour with her motor going on all cylinders?

We were as delighted as she was, and had a glimmer of that feeling grand-parents must have when the first grandchild arrives. What really shook me, though, was my wife's reaction. Normally, if anyone drops so much as a crumb, a bit of ash, or a drop of coffee on her precious furniture, all hell breaks loose. And there's her good chair, with a great stain on it, and she tosses it off as nothing.

She became all soft and motherly, and was heating milk and tucking in her kitten and lifting it on her hand to look, with the inevitable accident.



## Portraits from the past

Beginning this week, The Tribune will publish pictures out of the past, but still not beyond the memory of most residents today. Remember this Date? It is Sept. 8, 1961, the official opening of Stouffville's new \$370,000 Main Street. The reeve of that day, Kenneth W. Wagg, addresses the audience.

-Jas. Thomas.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Keeping the home fires burning

By Jim Thomas

A supporting spectator contingent, estimated at 800 ecstatic fans, accompanied Stouffville's Juvenile Hockey Club to Aylmer, Friday for, what proved to be the Championship Game of the Year.

I was not a member of that mass migration, a fact some folks may consider strange. But I had good reason for remaining at home - three in fact. And I'm glad I did.

First, unlike most village residents, Good Friday is not a holiday for me. It's the same as any other Friday in a work-a-day week. Mind you, the old town was pretty dead, the Main Street a proverbial 'morgue', but then, who can predict what might occur. Be prepared, I always say.

Secondly, having reached the ripe old age of forty, I've got to watch that pressure gauge that could blow its cork under excess nervous strain. I have a history of congenital hockey fever that gradually worsens with the advent of spring playoffs. Knowing this, two other younger and stronger Tribune penmen were assigned to the Aylmer beat. Even with them, the excitement took its toll. One is still fighting to survive.

Thirdly, I was at the arena as the players, their girlfriends and accompanying fans boarded three buses en route for a date with destiny. As coach Jake Harman took a last-minute head count of his boys, I cornered him for a departing comment. "What's it going to be," I asked bluntly, "four straight or back here on Tuesday?" "This is it," he answered quickly, "we're going all the way - tonight." I knew he meant it. But lacking his kind of optimism, I made arrangements for a phone call at the game's end. At 11.30 it came - loud and clear - we won, we won - it was 4-3 or was it 5-4? - I'm not sure - but anyway, we beat 'em by a goal - should be home in two hours - see you then! Click - the conversation ended, but the homecoming-hurrah had just begun.

I immediately called the reeve and the wheels of organization were put in motion. Assistance was requested from the police - Stouffville, Whitchurch, Markham and the O.P.P. at Oak Ridges. Fire Chief Walter Smith 'sounded the alarm' and volunteers Jim Rennie and Lloyd Jennings responded.

But it takes more than three police cruisers and a fire truck to make a parade - it takes people. We kept two lines going continuously - and the response, even at two o'clock in the morning was amazing. Not a single person - that's right, not one, expressed resentment at being roused from a sound sleep. That's what I call 'community spirit'.

The communications' system didn't end there. We agreed to stop every car on the street - both coming and going. It's surprising how many folks are on the go at 2 a.m. Here again, the co-operation was one hundred percent - or almost. Two or three roared right through, possibly fearing some kind of armed holdup. One couple, all the way from Montreal, stopped - expressed their congratulations en francais, and drove on.

The anticipated arrival of the team was set for 2.15 - a wild guess mind you and a mighty poor one. The boys stopped to eat, somewhere between Aylmer and Hespeler, throwing the horn-tootin' schedule two hours off base. The players' bus pulled into Ringwood at four.

The long wait failed to deter the enthusiasm. The procession stretched out more than a mile and the noise was deafening. Bedroom lights flashed on, people peered out through parted curtains, some stood out on the street while others joined in with the cavalcade of cars down to the rink. It was a great conclusion to a great series for a great bunch of boys. A little 'whoop-de-doo' on Main Street, even at four in the morning seemed a fitting tribute to an Ontario championship team - our first in 18 years.

To those however, who resent such mid-morning shenanigans - (and there were some), we offer no apologies.

We did it, because we felt the occasion warranted it. And we hope some day, the same good fortune will come to town again.

But don't blame the police.  
And don't blame the firemen.  
If you must castigate someone, the reeve resides at 62 Park Drive No. 14.

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