

**The Tribune**  
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## Editorial

### Drop-In Centre dropped?

It was back on April 26 that a meeting in the Town of Aurora fully endorsed the operation of 'drop-in centres' as a means of combatting the drug problem, so prevalent in some communities within York County.

The Village of Stouffville was well represented at this gathering — both adults, and young adults indicating an interest in the program.

But that was seven weeks ago, and to our knowledge, very little has happened since.

The responsibility for setting up a student committee was left with the students. Once organized, its members were to meet with council and arrange for the use of high school facilities. No meeting has yet been held.

While originally, we were

somewhat pessimistic concerning the numbers of young people who would utilize such a Centre, a survey in May showed overwhelming support of this program. This should have been convincing enough to get something started.

School is out this week. This means, according to complainants, that dozens of kids, for the next two months 'will have nothing to do'.

While this 'free time attitude' may be difficult for most adults to understand, sufficient numbers were interested enough to help get the project going. But the onus was placed squarely on the young people themselves to put the wheels in motion. This was what they wanted.

But the time is getting late. Soon, it may be too late, for the Centre and some of its supporters too.

### A no-nonsense council

There is rapid deterioration within the ranks of Stouffville's municipal council.

We have observed it.

Visiting ratepayers (the few that do attend) have noticed it too — and commented on it.

This attitude is unfortunate. For if ever a no-nonsense, nose-to-the-grindstone approach to problems was needed, it's now, particularly with the village-township merger only six months away.

But the desire and enthusiasm, so apparent in previous years, is absent.

Why the change? We can suggest two reasons.

First, the personal approach is gone. Decisions made for Stouffville today, are for Stouffville-Whitchurch tomorrow. The let-down is psychological as members go through the motions of serving two masters. They are as caretakers or trustees until the expanded regime takes over.

But this should not be. While the

groundwork must be laid for the government-imposed regional system in 1971, Stouffville council is still serving the interest of Stouffville taxpayers and let no man lose sight of this fact. In the same way, a similar suggestion holds true in Whitchurch.

Members' terms of office did not conclude with the McKeough announcement, May 6. Nor will they end on the date of Area elections, Oct. 5. The calendar year extends through to Dec. 31 and until that time arrives, a 100 percent effort is expected from everyone — potential candidate or not.

While there is a solution to the first problem, to the second there is not. It occurred when Bill Parsons declined re-election last December. His experience on council has been missed.

On many occasions we disagreed with opinions expressed by the former deputy-reeve. But, at the same time, we always respected his willingness to take a stand. More councillors of this kind are required.

## Editor's mail

Dear Sir:

We are delighted to report that once again the Red Shield Appeal has been an outstanding success.

Mr. David A. Lewis, Campaign Chairman, announces that the objective of \$998,000 has been exceeded.

Thank you and God bless you, is the wish and prayer of the Salvation Army, now that the Campaign has been successfully brought to a close.

So many people helped, and now so many can be helped through such generosity and co-operation.

The contribution of the Stouffville Tribune in supporting the Red Shield Appeal has featured largely in this success.

On behalf of Commissioner C.D. Wiseman, the officers and workers of The Salvation Army, we express very sincere thanks for your interest and wonderful support.

S.A. Mundy  
Lieut. Colonel  
Campaign Director

Firemen, Gord Taylor's Marine and Mr. and Mrs. Al Robertson.

With the money, we purchased baseballs and bats as well as new jackets. The Ladies Auxiliary also entertained us with a banquet where beautiful individual trophies were presented.

We also thank you — The Tribune, for the coverage provided us throughout our O.R.S.A. playoffs and the fine championship photo. All was much appreciated.

Last, but not least, we thank the people for their support. To play before bleachers filled with fans helped us greatly in our successful bid for the championship. Many folks attended every game, even those played out of town.

It is our hope that the cup, cherished so much by the club, can be retained another year for Claremont.

Lenora McKenzie, coach.  
Dale Devitt, treasurer.

Dear Sir:

A thought — the cart before the horse? I'm thinking of pollution — every pathetic phase — air, water.

We of the Markham area have raised \$30,000 on a march for Union Villa. That's very commendable. I contributed \$10 — happily, cheerfully, proudly.

Now, we are building a centre for handicapped children. Again, I say wonderful. I'll help all I can.

However, what good are these projects if sewage is still being poured into waterways. Markham, Unionville and Stouffville have this terrible problem. We help people with one hand and kill them with the

Although a new softball season is already underway, my letter has very much to do with last year.

On behalf of the Claremont Girl's Softball Club, I would like to thank everyone who helped in so many ways, to make the season of 1969 so successful.

A softball team must meet expenses. If they can't, it will not survive long. We had expenses and, thanks to the many people and organizations in the community, ours were met. This was due mainly to assistance from the Legion Ladies Auxiliary, the Lions Club, the



### SUGAR AND SPICE

Oh, for the life of a teacher

By BILL SMILEY



Show me a teacher in June, and I'll show you a character with a crumpled shirt, a wrinkled brow, and a desperate look in his eyes. His spirit is treading the lush green of the golf course. His inward eye is contemplating the dark swirl

of water under a log in a trout stream. And his winter-fat, pudgy body is there in the classroom, which is more like a steam bath. Room temperature, 90 degrees.

Before him loom about 30 students, eyes glazed, minds turned to

other. How about a 'walk' to raise money for suitable drainage and sewage systems?

Second thought — the word 'ethnic'.

I am a Canadian. I was born in Canada of Russian and French parentage. I resent being referred to as an 'ethnic'. I am not an 'ethnic', I am a Canadian. This word, I feel sure, was devised by white Anglo-Saxon Protestants to drive a wedge deeper between Europeans on both sides of the English channel.

This lousy, foul word encourages the Italian people to band together in tight little groups. It is a form of protection. And in these tight little groups, they retain all their European customs, including language.

These people can contribute to Canadian culture — not by

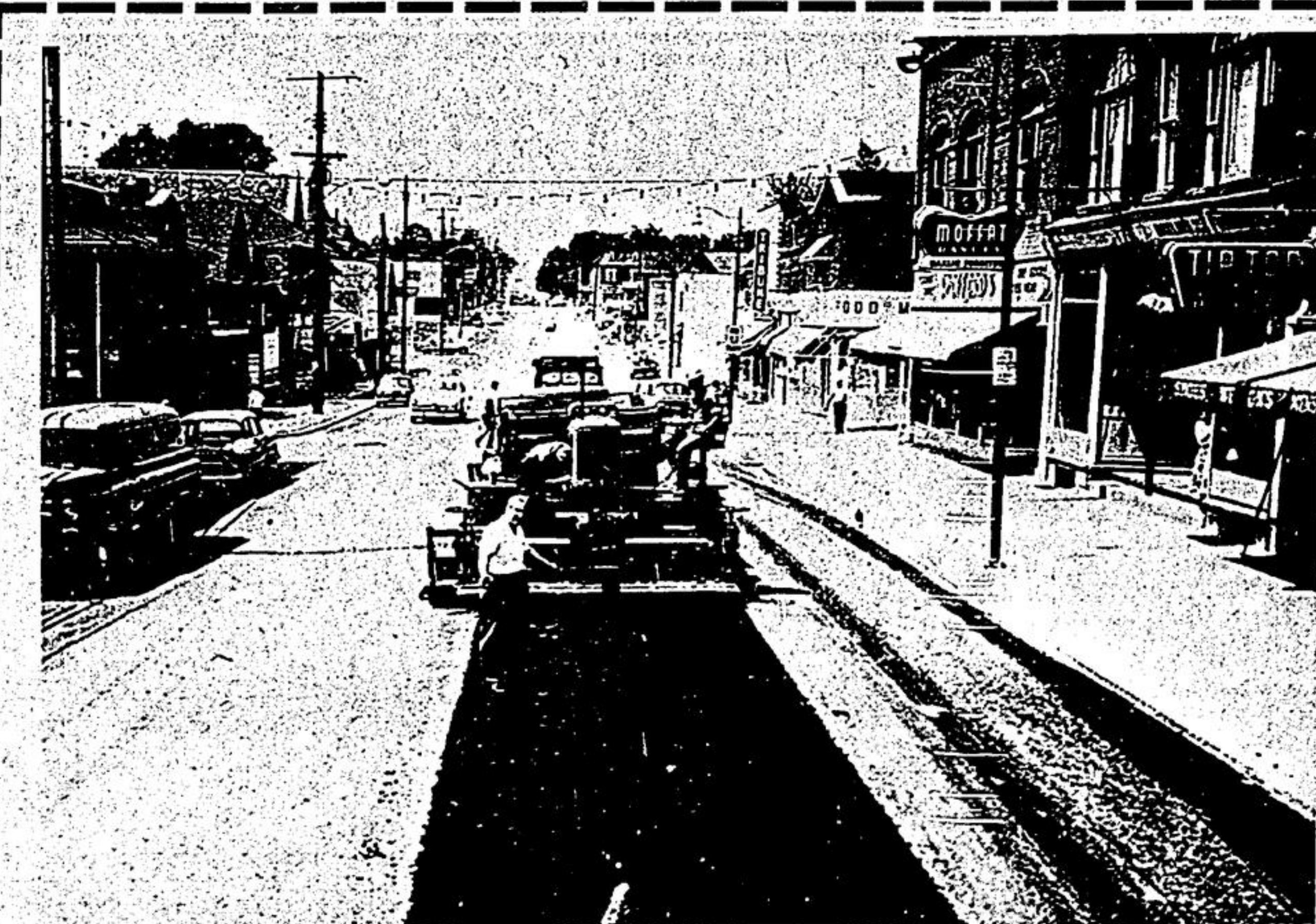
remaining a tight-fisted, unapproachable band, but by putting forth an effort to learn the language of Canada — English. And the same goes for the French, the Ukrainians, the Doukabor, the Fins, the Latvians and Germans.

I do not object to people teaching their children another language, in fact I'm all for it. I know two, besides English. But in our house, English comes first.

Lily C. Brooks  
Markham

### Hits "big time"

Rick McLeish of Sunderland and Rick McLeish of Boston are one and the same. The hardball hurler has been picked up in the N.H.L. draft and could possibly see action with Bobby Orr and company this coming season.



### Portraits from the past

Stouffville reeve Ken Wagg signals the start of the new road-paving project on Main Street. It

marked the beginning of the end — many months of dust, dirt and detours. The date — August 3, 1961.

—Jas. Thomas

### Money talks

Some throat and cough syrup firm is missing the boat by not acquiring the sales' promotion service of auctioneer Alvin Farmer of Gormley. Mr. Farmer had three sales on three successive days last week — June 18, the estate of the late Arthur Brown, Boyer Street; June 19 — the effects of Leslie Wideman and the late Suzannah Wideman, Main Street East and June 20 — a private collection of antiques, the property of Mrs. Mervin Bunker, Altona. Contrary to reports, Alvin did not sing a solo at the morning service in the Gormley Missionary Church, Sunday.

something important, like a swim, or a joyride, or just lying in the sun.

Chief difference between them is that the kids are arrayed in their coolest, while he, adhering to some ancient and ridiculous tradition, quietly steams in his swaddling of shirt and tie, jacket and trousers.

The students are there only because they have to stick around to write last-hope tests, and find out whether they've been promoted or have to write the "finals". The teacher is there only because somebody, in his infinite wisdom, has decreed that school will continue until a certain day in June.

It's not exactly what we in the so-called profession's jargon call "a good learning situation."

Someday, someone with some common sense is going to close the schools on the first day of June, and open them on the first day of August. June is a month for joy in Canada, not imprisonment in a sauna bath. The days are long, the mosquitoes haven't really found the range, and the world is green and glorious.

By August, the sun has lost some of its blast, the days are shorter and the first wild lust for the lushness of summer has abated. School could run from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., and there'd still be a decent chunk of a summer day to be enjoyed.

It's not only the heat that makes June rough for teachers. It's the last-minute panic. There are 64 memos from the office, telling you to be in three places and doing three different things, at the same time. Or so it seems.

There are the final exams to set, supervise and mark. There are marks to be mustered that would murder a mathematician, and written down in six different places. There are new books to be ordered, and old books (about 10,000 in my case) to be sorted and counted and stored. And everything is to a deadline that always seems to be yesterday.

Some of the young, new teachers find it a traumatic experience. Something like trying to milk a cow while looking over your shoulder for the dangerous bull known to be in the same field. The oldtimers just get irascible, and ignore the bull.

But who can complain? There is the deep satisfaction of knowing that Joe Dough has passed and somebody else will have to teach him next year, that Naughty Nancy, she of the cocky walk and the talky talk, has her ring, and will be driving nobody crazy next year except the poor simpleton who gave it to her.

There is the sincere satisfaction of knowing that some of your graduating students will probably contribute a lot more to the world than you have, as doctors, nurses, teachers, engineers.

## ROAMING AROUND

The Service was simple

By Jim Thomas

Timmy's dead.

The little guy that, for one brief week, seven wonderful days, brought so much joy into the lives of five children, is no more.

He's gone where all good tadpoles go.

It's our second sad experience with household pets.

The first was a canary. We called it 'Tessie' — and a colorful creature it was too.

While we could never teach it to sing a note, the fact that it was an eating, breathing being was quite enough.

But one evening it stopped eating.

By morning, it had stopped breathing.

It marked the first sad day in our early months of marriage.

The second was Friday. Barry, who had 'adopted' Timmy as his very own, went out to feed him, as was his custom, around the supper hour. He returned quickly, his forehead furrowed and his face a visual expression of deep concern. I don't know what's wrong, he said hesitatingly, Timmy won't move. I think he must be sick or something.

While sick he might have been, his condition then was long past the recovery stage.

But how does a father explain 'death' to his seven year old son — the realization that a life has ended when, for both of them, it had really just begun. I tried, but failed — terribly. He cried like I was sure his heart would break.

But you know, I sometimes feel that there's a purpose behind such things. Here, for example, was one small tadpole, whose place in nature's social sphere would never advance further than the status of a lowly garden toad. But yet, its untimely passing had welded our family unit together as no other single incident had ever done before. It provided us with a time to stop to think about the ordinary things of life. About life itself.

The burial service was simple and very very private — held under the shade of a large Chinese Elm, located in one corner of the backyard.

The children were all there, from the oldest down to the youngest, with Barry, the last to arrive, still sobbing — his eyes red-rimmed. For him, it was a final parting between friends — too final.

For many months, he had urged us to buy him a pet — any kind of pet. But feathers and fur present allergy problems at our house. So much so, that even the neighbors' dogs and cats keep their distance. But a tadpole — that was different. Timmy was accorded a royal welcome.

But now he's gone, placed reverently in a little 'two by four' trowel-dug trench with a flat water-washed stone for a marker.

But the memory remains. For it was Cathy, just five, who summed it up best for all of us. "Say daddy," she said, "if Timmy was a tadpole down here with us, I'll bet he's a goldfish in heaven".

Tears vanished and smiles shone through.

### Prove it!

Today's youth are supposedly very pollution conscious. But pollution, takes many forms, some we see and some we don't.

On Saturday evening, several boys dumped a portion of one garbage container in the centre of the sidewalk near the intersection of Market and Main Streets in Stouffville. Within the space of about five minutes, at least a dozen young people came by. They walked through it, over it and around it, but not one was concerned enough to pick it up. We did.

### Bare spot

No, the drill didn't run out of grass seed at the base of the 'mole hill' in Stouffville's west end park. The bare spot is intentional — the new site for a future softball diamond.