



**The Tribune**

Established 1888

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## Editorials

### Businessmen need a 'voice'

On Nov. 9, 1971, a \$400,000 fire destroyed a one-block area of downtown Stouffville.

And the effects of that loss are still being felt; psychologically and financially. The vacant site remains a scar on the face of Main Street.

However, this particular location is not the only point of concern. There are rumors of pending business sales and, worse still, close-ups with no sales.

For the latter to occur, right at this time, would be tragic.

For as long as most native residents can remember, Stouffville's downtown has been looked on as a progressive business section, with excellent stores and shops to serve the needs of everyone.

But time changes things, and these same merchants, to remain competitive, must

change with the times.

That is why we say a Businessmen's Association should be reorganized here — immediately.

Those who participated in the pre-Christmas promotion program here, know the enthusiasm that was stimulated through close co-operation.

That enthusiasm, that kind of co-operation should not 'die' after five weeks, but continue on through fifty-two.

The Businessmen (and this could include the Plaza merchants too), need a 'voice', a loud voice, in pointing up present problems and seeking out future solutions. This 'voice' can come only through proper organization, something Stouffville's business community lacks.

### Editor's Mail

### Teacher walkout illegal

To the Editor:

York County high school teachers are on the verge of a massive walk-out beginning Feb. 1st. Resignations have already been handed in to the school board, so after the above date, students will be left floundering for the rest of the school year. Unless of course some miracle happens and the teachers and board reach an agreement.

Both the Federation, of teachers, and the York County, committee of trustees, have agreed to keep all current proceedings behind closed doors. So, only a chosen few know what, if anything, is going on. This leaves the general public, the tax payer, and perhaps even some teachers in the dark.

I, as a parent of five, four in York County system and one in University, am strongly opposed to the teachers resigning their duties at mid-year, unless of course they are ill or have some other pressing personal need. Surely our educators can pursue a more intelligent and scholarly solution to their problems than this militant alternative.

Our youth are influenced to some degree by their teachers views and attitudes. When these views are in direct conflict with parents teachings they can only lead to confrontation. Most young children are taught by their parents that the use of force and other militant tactics are undesirable traits. They are instructed to, "go to their rooms . . . talk about it . . . think it out."

However, their teachers find that even

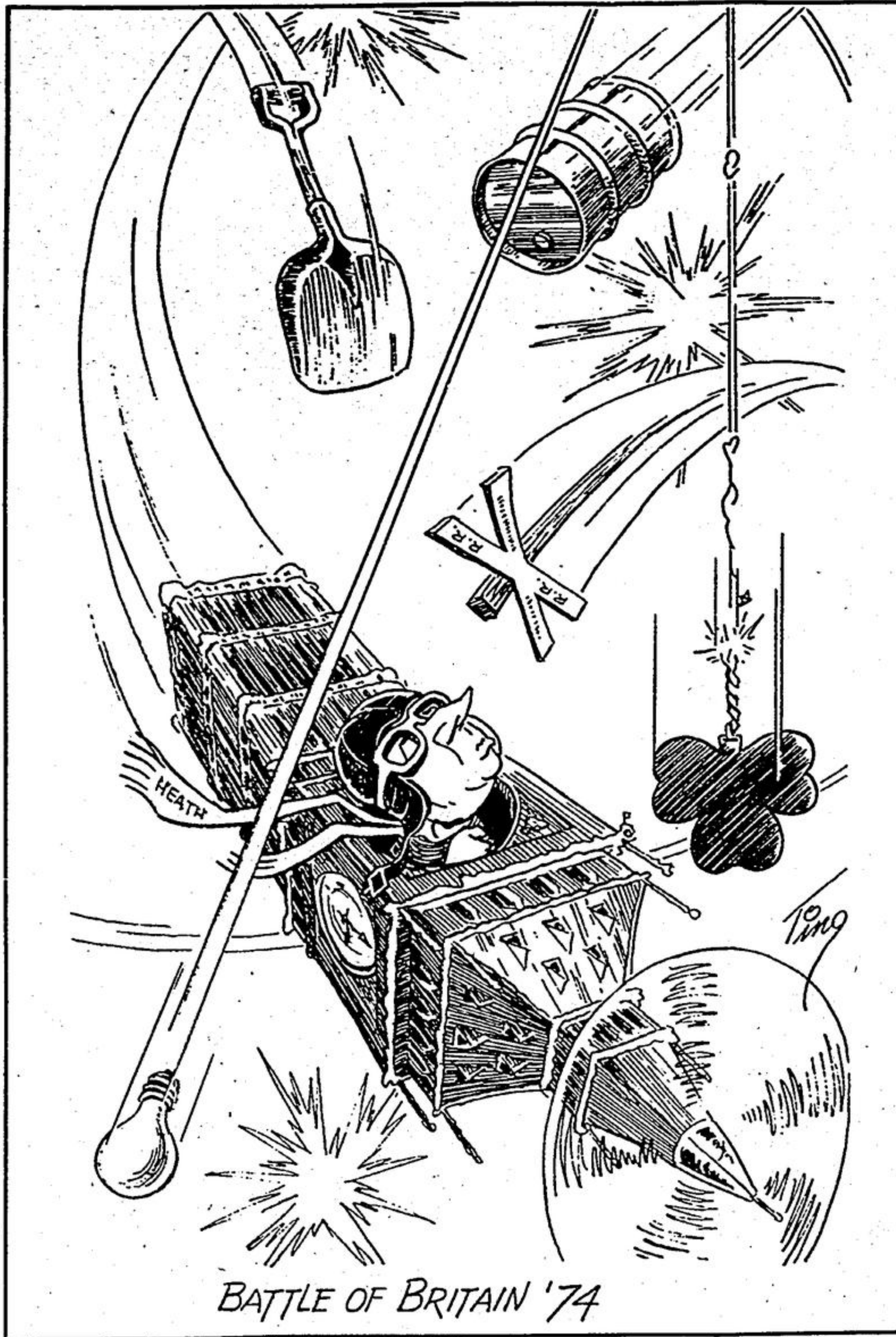
after months of negotiations they are still at a loss for words when it comes to settling a dispute by arbitration.

A walk-out of the magnitude that you teachers propose is unconstitutional, ill conceived and illegal. By law our children are required to attend school regularly. You, contracted to teach and that is what you should be doing. If some one teacher is not satisfied with his or her working conditions then he or she should certainly be heard and if no agreement can be reached amicably, then perhaps that teacher should try his luck elsewhere. Why should every other teacher take issue?

It is unfortunate that our Ontario Government had no other choice but to order the teachers to stay on their jobs. A parent, often in the same position as the Government, faces this type of decision regularly. Even you teachers might agree, that the parent who, when in confrontation with his child, faces the facts, lays down the law, and sees that it is carried out is a winner in the end and so is the child.

Strikes, walk-outs, slow-downs, or days out, have no place in our school system. Teach our children by showing them how problems should be solved. Negotiate, talk, agree, disagree, give, take and then SOLVE your problems. Set our children a good example.

A parent,  
Bess Payne



BATTLE OF BRITAIN '74

## Need frank and honest communication

Dear Mr. Thomas:

Let us all give three cheers for Mrs. Colbourne, Mr. Hunter and any other York County School Board members who have the insight to realize how far this feeling of estrangement has undermined teacher-board-administration relations. (Stouffville Tribune, Jan. 17-74)

This thing has been allowed to go too far. Only concentrated effort by both sides, starting with some frank and honest communication, will mend the rift that has been undermining quality education in this county.

Not very many years ago the formation of this Board necessitated some slashing changes which had to be done by an administration suited to whipping a large, diversified, multi-million dollar corporation into shape. Well, that has been done now, and the inevitable resentment is more than apparent. It is not only time for communication, but as Mr. Hunter has stated, a reversal of strategy is absolutely necessary.

Thought for today: Perhaps redundancy is reaching its ugly head at the senior administration level.

Yours truly,

John H. Lindop,  
Warriner St.,  
Stouffville.

Dear Editor:

The Tribune's editorial of Jan. 17, pointed to the hazards of operating snowmobiles on roads.

I agree. I feel such drivers are risking their lives by continuing this kind of practice.

However, there's another matter related to the tragedy that prompted your comment. And that is the insistence by some car-owners in leaving their vehicles parked on unlighted rural roads, thus posing a hazard to everything (including snowmobiles), that pass by. It should be against the law.

David Lawson  
R. R. 3, Stouffville.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

### Just call me grandpa Smiley

By BILL SMILEY

Yes, you may call me Grampa. The kid arrived three days too late to be any use as a tax deduction. But we can't all be perfect.

Aside from that, he is. Perfect. According to the ladies. He's a dandy little fellow, with rosy cheeks, his mother's auburn hair, his father's eyes, and his grandfather's sweet little rosebud mouth. He's very peaceful and sleeps a lot, so he doesn't seem to have anything of his maternal grandmother in him.

There are certain occasions in our lives that are peaks, even though most of the time we seem to be down in the valleys.

These are the times when something special happens. They don't have to be milestones, like graduations and weddings. In fact, these are often so formalized, they can be excruciatingly dull.

No, I mean those rare events that are crystal clear, even with the passing of years. I don't remember a thing about my birth, for example, and that was supposed to be something important.

But I remember vividly the day in public school when I was sick, sick, was too proud or too shy to ask to leave, and vomited on the classroom floor and all the way down the hall to the lavatory, with my best girl watching the whole sordid thing. I was nine, and that was my first affair. It died in the bud.

I remember a baseball game, in my teens. I was at bat. Bases loaded, two men out, the count three and two. The next pitch was ob-

viously low. I dropped my bat and started to jog to first base, forcing in the winning run. "Stee-riike three!" bellowed the umpire. Game over. Instant ignominy.

I'll never forget my first real job. Arrived at the docks about midnight, thrilled beyond reason. I was going to be a sailor. Found a bunk. Couldn't sleep, with the excitement of it all. My heart resembled a drumming partridge. Had a big breakfast and prepared to enter manhood. I was seventeen. My boss took me in tow, gave me some brasso and a rag, led me into a men's urinal, pointed at the brass foot-plate and said, "Clean it."

Another big day was the one on which I passed my wings test. I had flunked one two days before because the intercom was almost useless. The instructor would tell me to do a steep bank to port and I'd do a slow roll or a loop. He took a dim view. It looked like washout and back to manning pool to wash dishes for the duration. But I got a second chance, flew like Jonathan Livingstone Seagull and walked on air for weeks.

Another time that is etched in my mind is my first visit to London. As the train neared the great city, I was trembling so violently I couldn't light a cigarette. It was probably the thought that I, a small-town, small-time boy, was actually about to enter the setting of a thousand stories, the home of kings and queens, the fertile spawner of a vast empire. I didn't stop shaking until I'd downed two pints of bitter.

You'd think a chap's first operational flight against the enemy would be a highlight. Mine wasn't. I was too busy or ignorant to be even scared. All those red and green things zipping past the cockpit might as well have been Christmas tree lights, instead of tracer bullets.

But I don't suppose I'll ever forget the day I was shot down. One minute there was the snarl of engines, the whack of cannon shells, the crump of flak and the dirty black spots in the sky, as shells burst. Mates all around me.

Next minute there was total silence. No engine. No mates. No flak. Just the blue sky above, the dun earth below coming up swiftly but dreamily and me thinking, "Well, there goes that date with Tita in Antwerp tonight."

There are lots of other peaks. The day I decided I was in love with a girl, once and for all, and took the plunge, after deciding that I wouldn't marry until I was forty and had explored every means of escape.

And the day my son was born. Hugging the knowledge that I was a father and had a son, even though I was in hospital a hundred and fifty miles away when he was birthed.

And the day my daughter was born, slipping into the world as easily as she has slipped in and out of equally ridiculous situations ever since.

Anyway, the birth of my grandson was one of the peaks. I can tell. You can't fool an old peak man like me.



### ROAMING AROUND

### 'Private' visitors attract attention

By JIM THOMAS

Sunday evening is my 'roaming around' night in Stouffville.

Between the hours of 7 and 8:30, I make a general tour about town, concentrating my visual checks on homes in the subdivisions and on the back streets.

Where I spot three or more cars parked in a driveway or strung along the curb out front, I jot down the house number, then make a point to contact the Mr. or Mrs. later and collect the names of family visitors.

But numbers of cars is not the only criteria for inclusion in The Tribune's Society Column. A foreign licence is always a sure thing. And by foreign, I mean non-Ontario.

On one occasion, I spotted a marker from Hawaii; and on another, from the Yukon. Each resulted in good little 'visitation' stories.

There are other signs too. Mobs of children romping about a yard, suggest company's a-callin'. Adults, it seems find it easier to talk when the kids are outside.

Keeping 'tab' on people this way, is a tough chore in the winter, what with darkness setting in early and all. However, in the summer, it's simple. I can cover a good deal of the route by bicycle; even stop and talk to a few folks along the way.

But this kind of thing, sad to say, has lost its appeal.

The community is changing, and the weekly newspaper, (for better or for worse), must also change.

I can recall, not too many years ago, when 75 percent of inside-page copy comprised the goings-on in every hamlet throughout the area. The Tribune had country correspondents at Lemonville, Altona, Mt. Zion, Mongolia, Melville, Atha, Bloomington, you name it, and there beside a telephone was an energetic housewife, with pad and pencil, making notes of every morsel of news to come her way.

Mind you, some weeks the pickings were pretty slim, but seldom, if ever, did they let the paper down.

Now, only seven survive.

Here in Stouffville, it's much the same. Call up some folks and ask them for a list of Sunday visitors and they think they're talking to some kind of 'nut'. And they'll tell you so — not as blunt as that, but direct enough to get their message through.

Some, undoubtedly, have good reasons to keep their personal visitations private.

An example comes to mind. It was during one of my 'routine patrols'

on a Sunday, that I noticed a real classy car parked in the drive of a subdivision home. I knew it didn't belong to the family, for I'd seen their station wagon around town many times.

So, I innocently added their name to my list.

On Monday morning, I called, and a man answered. Since I dislike talking to husbands about such things, I asked for his wife. But she was busy so, I could see no harm in asking him.

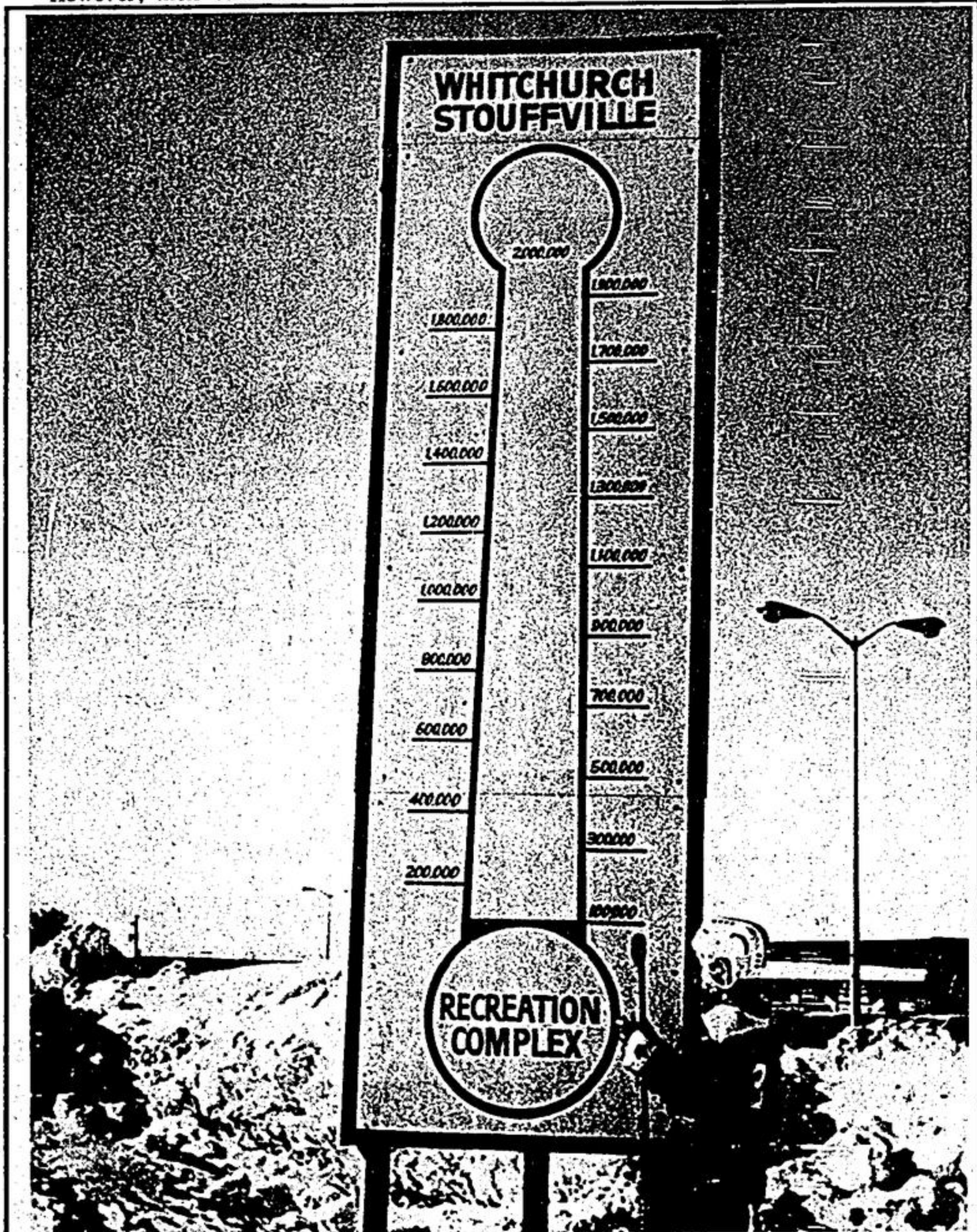
"I understand you folks had company from out-of-town, Sunday," I said, "You mind giving me the names for the paper?"

"Company?" he questioned, "I didn't know about any company. But I was away all weekend . . . a convention in Chicago. Just got in a few hours ago. S'funny my wife didn't say something. Hang on, I'll let you speak to her."

So I started all over again. But before I could finish, there was the obvious 'click' at the other end, and the line went dead. Only then did I realize just how 'private' visitors can be.

So, Mrs. Jones, enjoy your cup of tea with Mrs. Smith. Nobody will know, because nobody cares . . . not any more.

But remember Mrs. Smith, should you host Mr. Jones, tell him to park his car around the corner.



### It's a start!

It's two million dollars short of completion but a 'thermometer' in the A & P Plaza indicates that a start has been made on a new Recreation Complex for Whitchurch-Stouffville. Sponsors of the project

are hoping that an initial phase might be completed for Stouffville's centennial in 1977.

—Jim Thomas.