



The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Board's new 'weapon'

Secondary School teachers in this area as well as several others have carried out their threat for mass resignations. It is supposed to be a free country and, on this basis, the teachers are free to adopt any course they consider best to achieve their ends. However, one cannot but question the leadership when the strategy of mass resignations is carried out.

It would appear, in our opinion, that a pile of resignations to a school board is the equivalent of handing your opposition a cannon-ball and inviting him to drop it on your right foot. With resignations in their hands, the school board has a potent weapon for negotiating purposes, rolled into a neat little package. The shortage days are over and

board members may well realize this as a golden opportunity to do a little weeding in the staff garden. The boards concerned could well take the position that now you have all quit, "we will take you, and you, and you, if you want to come, but you and you can stay out as we have made arrangements for more suitable replacements."

The teachers, for their part, who express a great deal of concern about public support, could well find more, if they became an out-and-out union. Their lofty exclamations of professionalism, which is supposed to preclude striking, as the man in the street would say, simply "turns people off". Nurses have come out of their professional shell and joined unions and there has been little denunciation.

### Minister wins respect

Dare to be a 'Daniel'. Such a man is Ontario's Housing Minister, Robert Welch.

He proved this, Thursday, by attending a meeting in the Community Centre at Cedar Grove, a site comparable on this occasion to any biblical 'lion's den'.

The majority of people present, (including some not remotely related to the project), undoubtedly did not anticipate many straightforward replies. For high-ranking politicians are professionals at being evasive. But not Robert Welch.

He stated his position clearly; accepted personal protests sincerely; and answered all questions honestly.

Despite this, there were few 'converts'. There seldom are when the word 'expropriation' rears its ugly head. Nevertheless, Robert Welch is a man to be respected, not only for what he said, but how he said it. We were impressed.

However, despite his sincerity, we raise two questions. First, while the Airport proposal is indeed a federal matter, we contend it was initiated by Ottawa, with the full knowledge (and co-operation) of Queen's Park. Secondly, we feel the Airport and Cedarwood are so closely related, they must be considered as integral parts of an over-all Plan.

Can one proceed without the other? Can they co-exist? These are important considerations that cannot be ignored.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Editor: I seldom write letters to the local paper, but I feel I speak for many parents of Grade 8 students who sent their children to Stouffville Secondary School, Friday. In fact, I may also be speaking for parents of students, Grades 9 through 13.

First, for the pupils who remained in class (Grade 8), I'm told there was little discipline at times, and on occasions, none at all.

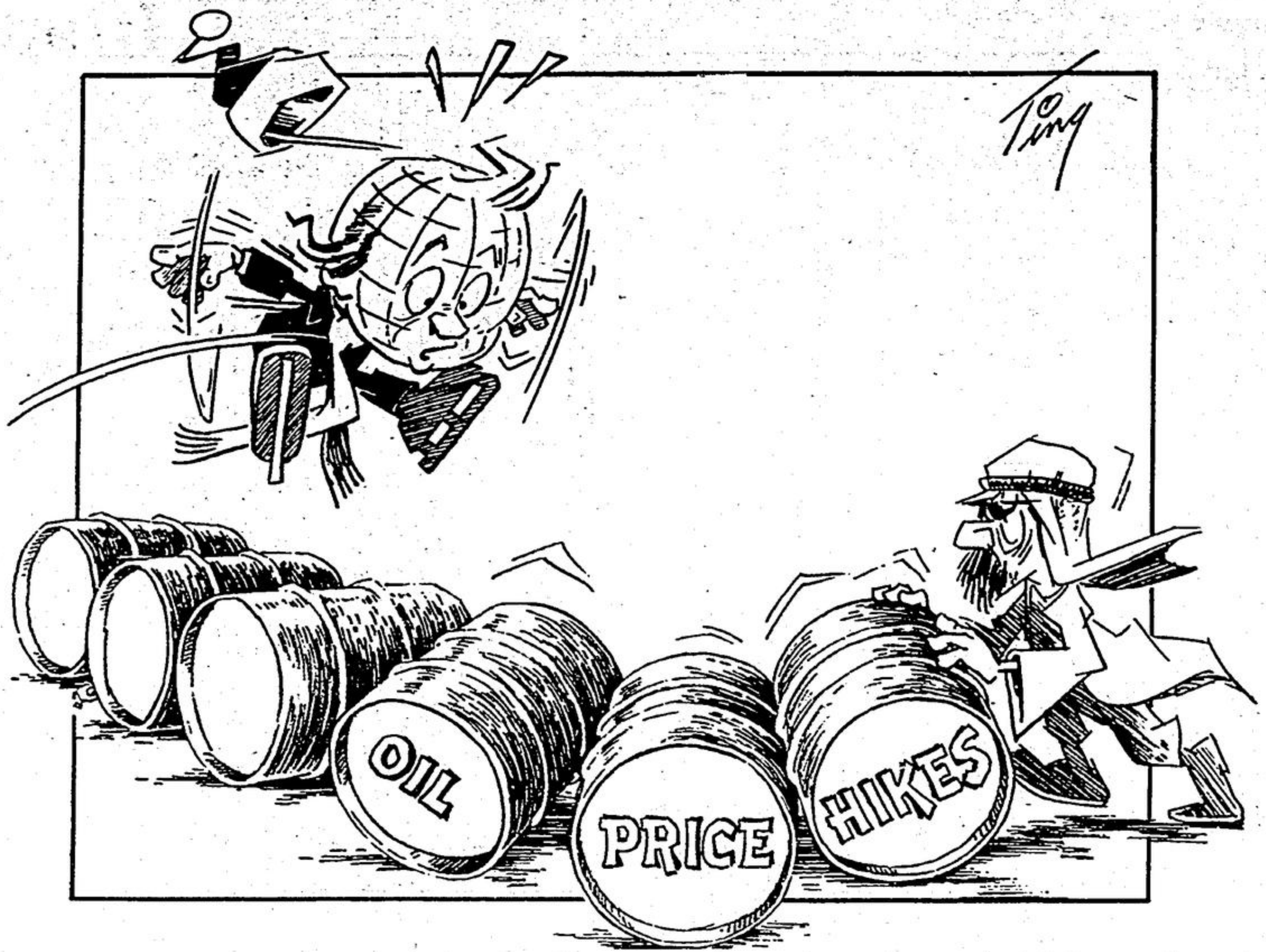
Those who wished to work, were disturbed by those who didn't. And with no supervision, this would naturally occur.

Students from Grade 9 up, roamed the streets all morning or sat in the restaurants, while buses performed a jitney service back and forth, first delivering, then picking up.

The Board of Education, in their usual top-level terminology, called it a 'non-instructional day'. Far better for everyone concerned if the Principal had turned the lock on the door, Thursday night, and left it that way.

As for 'non-instructional', I'm beginning to think this term readily applies at S.D.S.S. whether the teachers are present or not. The system, in my opinion, is all wrong, and the results are obvious.

Mrs. Jacqueline Baker, Stouffville, R.R. 2.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### He's called (poor thing), Nicov Chen

By BILL SMILEY

What's in a name? Quite a bit, if you're going to be stuck with it for the rest of your life.

When the young people were trying to think of a name for my new grandson, I started pondering on this whole business of Christian monikers.

Naming of children seems to go in cycles. And the names in one generation seem either ugly or affected to the people of the next generation.

There was a time when girls were quite happy to be called Pearl or Ruby, Mabel or Myrtle or Elsie. If a girl were given a name like that today, she'd run away from home at the age of five.

The same period produced boys' names like Elmer, Horace, Marvin, not to mention those two great poets, one Greek, one Latin: Homer and Virgil.

That was known as the bad period to be tagged. Before that was the romantic period. In my mother's family: "the boys were dubbed things like Drayton, Elson, Lionel, Ivan. On my wife's side, her mother was Sophia, and her mother's sisters were Charlotte and Esther.

Those ladies wound up as Sophie, Lottie and Acey, but the damage was done. My wife's mother named her Ivy and her sister Iris, but they didn't turn out to be a couple of clinging vines. My wife hates her name so I call her Suse, which seems to suit her.

My own mother was on the ebb-tide of the romantic period, but she did name her daughters Florence and Norma. They wound up as Floss and The Brat, so it wasn't too bad.

With the boys' names, my ma wasn't too bad, but my brothers are Byron Arnott Keith

and Donald Allan Blake, and I'm William Bryant Thomson.

Not too awful, really, but my brothers emerged as Blake and Arnott, I have been called Billy, Bill, Willie and Will, among other things, but have never been known as William, except in legal documents.

I was the lucky one, I grew up in an age of Jacks and Bobs and Bills and Joes and Toms. A Gordon was suspect, and a Homer was hooted out of the gang, unless he could find a nickname like Stink or Piggy or Greaseball or some such affectionate nomenclature.

In my group, there was a Harold, an Arnold and a Clayton. They were tolerated because they became Smokey Oakes, Goon Imeson and Pappy Warren.

After my generation, a new wave of snobbery set in, as women started calling their kids after heroes in Ladies Home Journal and British novels.

There sprouted a whole crop of Peters and Stevens and Michaels and Jeffreys and Christophers and Marks and Matthews and Nicholases and Davids and Ians. There wasn't a George or a John in the lot.

And the girls got it too. There were Samanthas and Natalies and Sonyas and Patrices and Lisas and Pamelas and Elizabeth Janes and Rhondas and Deborahs.

My God, were there Deborahs! I have five of them this year in a class with twelve girls in it.

Finding a girl called Mary these days is just as tough as finding a boy called John.

Oh, I'm not blaming the parents all that much. It's no joke, choosing a name. We were going to call our first-born Judy, because it was to be a girl. It didn't have the right plumbing, so we named it Hugh, after a Sir Hugh Smiley in Ireland. And do you know, the

old skinflint didn't even put our boy in his will!

Second time around, we took no chances. The kid was to be called Kim, which would suit either sex. We thought it was different. The only Kim around was Kim Novak. A dozen years later, there was a Kim on every street-corner.

Well, like all grandparents, not wanting to interfere, just trying to be helpful, we tried to ram a name down my daughter's throat for her infant.

But most of the good ones were gone. In her own family connection, there are already: a Peter and a Paul; a David and a Hugh; a Steven and a Patrick; a Matthew and a Darcy. All the good ones were gobbled up.

We suggested Geoffrey and Mark and Michael and others, and at each, she'd say, "Echhh, that reminds me of..."

The kid was a week old. I was getting desperate. I asked my students to help me. They really tried. They came up with Charley and Cool-hand Luke and Jim and Oscar. Big help.

Well, I know the suspense is killing you, I'll tell. They named the poor little kid Nicov Chen.

Nicov (pronounced Kneecove) is a character in a Dostoevski novel. Chen (pronounced Shen) means in Chinese "first-born".

Her mother's face didn't fall more than a foot. My bloodpressure went up only twenty points.

However, he said smilingly, it's kinda cute when you get used to it. Russian; Chinese, and his last name is Sieber, which is German. A real conglomerate.

As soon as he's up to mine, I'm going to call him Kneecap.



### Water springs eternal

Nature can be beautiful in any season. This scene is on the property of Lloyd Britton, conc. 7, Whitchurch-Stouffville.

near Lemonville. The ice-bank surrounds an ever-flowing artesian well. The water drains into a nearby pond. Jim Thomas



## ROAMING AROUND

### Frustrations of an expectant father

By JIM THOMAS

One week ago this date, (Sunday, Jan. 27), we were expecting the unexpected.

Yes, the weary old stork, undoubtedly 'pooped' from five previous trips, was again winging its weary way towards 381 Rupert Avenue.

Taking all things into consideration, I had pin-pointed the bird's flight path at somewhere over Hudson's Bay. This, I thought would bring him in for a safe, sure landing about 3 p.m., Wednesday, my afternoon off.

But something happened. The venerable old guy got caught up in tail wind and drifted in on Tuesday around noon.

It's a girl. No, we didn't plan it this way, and yes, we're contributing to the population explosion, but what's a fella supposed to do when, (for us anyway), the only acceptable safeguard is a handshake — and that, at ten paces.

Shocked, you ask? Not now. The initial 'jolt' came last May. My nerves have settled a little since.

However, had the wee gal ignored the services of Air Transport Command, and arrived C. O. D. from Simpson's, I'd have been a bit suspicious.

But unprepared. Boy, were we unprepared.

For Neil, now five, was to be 'IT' — three and two, that seemed sufficient for folks of moderate means.

So we did what most parents do when they reach 'the end of the line'. We gave everything away; well, almost everything.

About the only useable item I could scrounge from the basement was the carriage; and it was hard to find — completely buried; out of sight, out of mind.

My wife, however, acting on a woman's intuition, I suppose, had stashed away a few personal things, more likely for memory's sake than anything else. Now, they're a necessity.

In the role of expectant parenthood, the mother-to-be has the lead. And so she should. However, the part played by poor old Pop, while not so exhausting in a physical sense, is a terrible strain mentally. I know. I've been through it six times now, and the last was worse than the first.

Trouble is, for us anyway, it's always a rush. And rushing invariably creates problems.

For example: On Hwy. 48, en route to hospital, we were caught behind a slow-moving garbage truck. I couldn't pass and he wouldn't pull over. Nothing to do but wait. On the Bloomington Road, we trailed a string of four loaded gravel trucks. Grin and bear it. At Vandorf — a speed trap! Luckily, the officer was out of his car. Over the distance, four traffic lights. Hit everyone 'red'. Still, eighteen miles in twenty minutes, not bad.

While the road hazards, when you're in a hurry, are frustrating enough, the 'ordeals' once inside the hospital, is worse. I acted badly.

For instance, with Jean in obvious pain, I refused to give the receptionist my name until

she summoned a nurse. She insisted and so did I. The result was a standoff.

"Who is your physician?" she enquired.

"Dr. Graham," I answered quickly.

Doctor Graham, calling Dr. Graham, the lady monitored into the P.A., with no response. And no wonder. For Dr. Graham was still in Stouffville. She wanted our hospital physician, a kind of built-in delivery system they have now days. With prompting, I remembered his name and she corrected the call.

Next, I couldn't find my Insurance Certificate which, in a hospital, is an unpardonable sin. I had everything else, from a Sunoco Credit Card to my Driver's Licence, but no Insurance. But, after ten minutes of frantic searching — success.

Then, I had to fill out one of those private family forms, a thing I dread. They ask such personal questions like: "What year was your wife born?"

H-ummm, now let me think. I'm 44, and my birthdate is 1929. I'm older, but how much older? Four years or is it six? I'm not sure.

She types in 1933, with a question mark. Second question: "When was the last time your wife was in hospital?"

Another toughie. Let's see, this is 1974 and Neil is five, so that would make it 1969, or was it 1970?

She types in 1969 with another question mark. And so on.

But that's all history now. The most difficult question must still be answered. Her name. My choice is 'Finis' which, in Anglo-Saxon means 'The End'.