



The Tribune

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Editorials

Pride in the class of '78

Just over 200 students received graduation and honor graduation diplomas at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School's Commencement Exercises, Friday night.

Parents of these young people must have been proud. They had every reason to be; not only of their sons' and daughters' academic accomplishments, but of their appearance. Immaculate.

For girls to attend such functions appropriately dressed, is taken for granted. For boys, however, teachers have come to expect the unexpected. They've been known to sit with fingers crossed, hoping for the best but anticipating the worst.

Not so for the Class of '78. Boys as well as girls were groomed and dressed for the occasion, a compliment to their school, their community and to themselves.

Even persons, with no association whatsoever with the students on stage, were loud in their praise. The pendulum of self-respect, that had swung so "far out" a few years back, has returned to normal—at least in Stouffville. Hopefully, elsewhere too.

Young people, even today, many not look on this as important. But it is, as they themselves will learn when they round the next bend in the road.

First impressions are important. We were impressed on Friday night.

Police under surveillance

We were seated alone in a Stouffville restaurant, one evening last week, when a York Regional Police Constable entered.

He ordered a cup of coffee to take out to the cruiser.

However, when he put his thirty cents down on the counter, the waitress shoved it back. Twice more he offered to pay and twice more she refused.

Finally, he placed the money back on the counter and left.

The waitress meant well. It was her way of saying thanks. "The police are always dropping by here," she said, "I appreciate it. It's a nice feeling to know they're around."

So what's a cup of coffee?

Plenty. Police officers, whether they realize it or not, are under constant pressure. They're watched, continuously. Most observers are friends. Some are not. One wrong move, minor though it may be, can lead to trouble. The Sheldrake accusations point this out.

Law for the rich and you

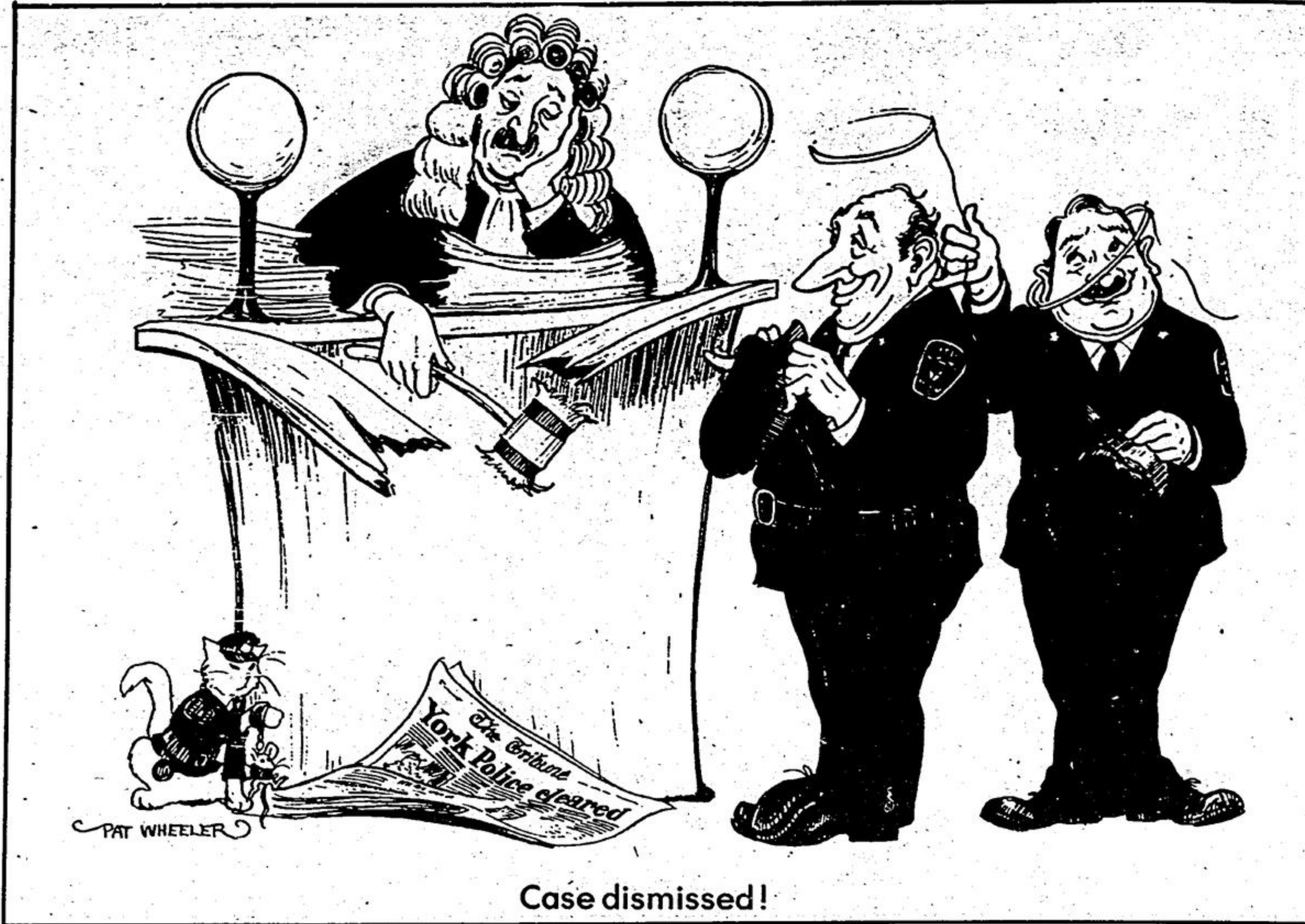
There's a law for the rich and a law for the poor; a law for the influential and a law for the subordinate.

We're convinced of this fact after a provincial judge handed down a one year suspended sentence to rock guitarist Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones.

Richards was found in possession of a quantity of heroin and subsequently charged. Judge Lloyd Graburn's decision makes a

mockery of the legal system for you can bet your bottom dollar any ordinary person would not have got off so easily, in fact, there are likely many in jail today for crimes of less severity.

Mind you, one of the conditions is that the rock group must sponsor a benefit concert for the blind in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Sure, maybe after the Leaf's beat out the Canadiens for the Stanley Cup.



Case dismissed!



Roaming Around

Pre-'55 graduations - a blank

By Jim Thomas

I occupied a V.I.P. seat at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School's Commencement Exercises, Friday. Not because I consider myself a "Very Important Person", far from it. But only because I carry a camera. It's easier taking pictures from the front of the auditorium than from the back.

I've been attending Graduations at S.D.S.S., over twenty years. Still, I've never been able to overcome the apprehensions that accompany such occasions. What if...? The very thought of all the terrible things that can occur, keeps me in a state of nervous tension throughout the event.

What if I trip over the bandstand and land in the piccolo player's lap? What if, while bending over for a low-angle shot, I split the seat of my pants? What if my camera should suddenly 'die', or, worse still, explode. The entire audience would stagger home in a state of shock.

These are major concerns. Then there are the minor problems. Like, the mother who asks for a particular picture of her daughter when you're running short of film; the student who walks past the point where you had ex-

pected her to stop or the graduate who suddenly turns her back just as you're ready to 'shoot'.

You'd like to do a re-run, but can't. There's no to-morrow.

Friday's program was handled with such precision, my head was in a whirl all night. Every time I looked up, there was someone new on the receiving end of a diploma or an award. If my camera had been a machine gun, I couldn't have kept pace, let alone switch holders, change films and cock the shutter.

So I missed a few; some important ones too; but, as you should know by now, I'm only human.

How long have Commencements been on the go in Stouffville? A few folks were asking, but unfortunately, I don't have the answer.

The Tribune of 1954 tells of the school's official opening. The date was Nov. 26. Board members at that time included - Don Chadwick (chairman); Ernie Bray, Ted Edwards, Andy Williams, A.G. Thompson and Albert King. Mr. Chadwick was the master of ceremonies; Rev. Douglas Davis offered the dedicatory prayer and a girl's choir of 40

voices was led by Ron Mercer. However, there's no mention of any awards' presentations or graduates.

The first we would find was Dec. 2, 1955. Ten students, four girls and six boys, received honor graduation diplomas. They were - Joyce White, Barbara Hastings, Marie Schell, Ann Lintner, Jim Coultice, LeRoy Heise, Arnold Boyd, Allan Stouffer, Wm. McMullen and George White.

The valedictorian was Allan Stouffer.

Academic awards were presented to - Joyce White, LeRoy Heise, Bruce Cake, Lorne Avery and Caroline Ogilvy. The Student Council President's Plaque was received by Barbara Hewlett. The School Band was directed by Mr. H.J. Waite. A play concluded the program. It was entitled "Shy Charlie" and directed by Mrs. H.R. Button. The principal, 23 years ago was Mr. O.E. Robbins.

But what of the years previous to this? Were academic accomplishments not rewarded or even recognized. Apparently not in the newspaper. Two hours of searching revealed nothing.

Past graduates who can enlighten us a little, please call.

Council Capers



Becky's chair is something special

By Ed Schroeter

Becky Wedley fought a tough battle during this year's municipal election campaign. She could accurately claim hers was the most sought after seat on Whitchurch-Stouffville Council. Not only did she have to cope with a challenge from political novice Ron Robb, but she almost had to fend off attacks from within her own camp.

While she grappled with grumpy constituents who grumbled about everything from snow removal to regional roads, everything over which the Town has no control, two incumbents eyed her seat.

I understand why. It's so much more comfortable than all the rest. They have little interest in Councillor Wedley's political title, you see. It's her furniture they want. Her chair.

During the last council meeting, just before Monday's election, I thought I detected a gleam in the eyes of both Councillors Bill McNalley and Bill Kamps. They seemed to be hatching some kind of a plot, or about to lay an egg.

Becky, absent from the session in order to wage war against her opponent, would have been unable to defend the chair. Both Mr. McNalley and Mr. Kamps seemed envious. If they did want it badly, however, they were able to contain themselves.

To see what all the fuss was about, I snuck up to the council chambers, early one morning, and tested all the seats for myself. This was legitimate research, I told my editor.

Sitting in Becky's chair was an enriching experience, after suffering several uncomfortable minutes in the others. I'd describe the feeling as being akin to that of slipping into a hot tub after a first try at roller skating.

It's not hard to understand the two gentlemen's desire for the chair. For two years they've been suffering from pains and back aches. Contrary to popular opinion, councillors don't normally die at the hands of an angry electorate—they succumb sitting down on the job.

The two members probably realized they'd cut down on chiropractors bills and the cost of Absorbene if they could get their hands on this exquisitely crafted piece of furniture.

Even if Ron Robb had won, he wouldn't have claimed her chair. Councillors Kamps

and McNalley had already been haggling over it, like relatives over deceased aunt's estate.

The chair itself is somewhat of a mystery. No one, not even Mrs. Wedley, knows where it came from. Becky came into possession of it four years ago, when she first entered office. Her original was uncomfortable, partly due to

her limited height. Then, like magic, a new one.

I personally think it's some kind of a political bribe. After sitting in the regular chairs for more than one session, a councillor would give his life for such luxury. Either that, or the Tooth Fairy's gone crazy.

Editor's Mail

Airport must wait

Dear Jim:

The statement by M.P.P. George Ashe, reported in the Nov. 2 issue of The Tribune that "There is a great possibility the Pickering Airport will be revived", seems almost impossible in these hard economic times. Yet, the prospect of another "Mirabel" at likely double or triple the cost, does not seem absurd when you take into account that a second airport was very dear to the hearts of the Trudeau Cabinet.

Mr. Ashe was also reported as stating that if the current federal-provincial report on transportation shows proof the airport is in fact needed, then "let's get on with it". Executive reports and studies indicated the urgent need for Mirabel and yet it is still only lightly used and loses 50 million dollars annually which, of course, the taxpayers must pick up.

In view of the substantial cuts the federal government is making in social service grants to the Province, plus the 11 billion dollar deficit in federal spending (13 billion next year) and the cutbacks made by Ontario in education and health care, a second airport is something that will just have to wait until we can afford it.

E. Brangers,
RR 2, Markham.

"We'll pay"

Dear Editor:

I am disturbed at the notice that has appeared in The Tribune the past three

weeks—a procedure for requesting special legislation.

If successful, it would authorize the council of the corporation to pay any judgement, costs and legal expense against or incurred by any employee or member of Council who gets into trouble during working hours.

This in essence means that anyone elected or employed by the Town in the future may or may not be a responsible person. The taxpayer will pay for their performance either way.

Bob Lewis,
Stouffville, RR 2.

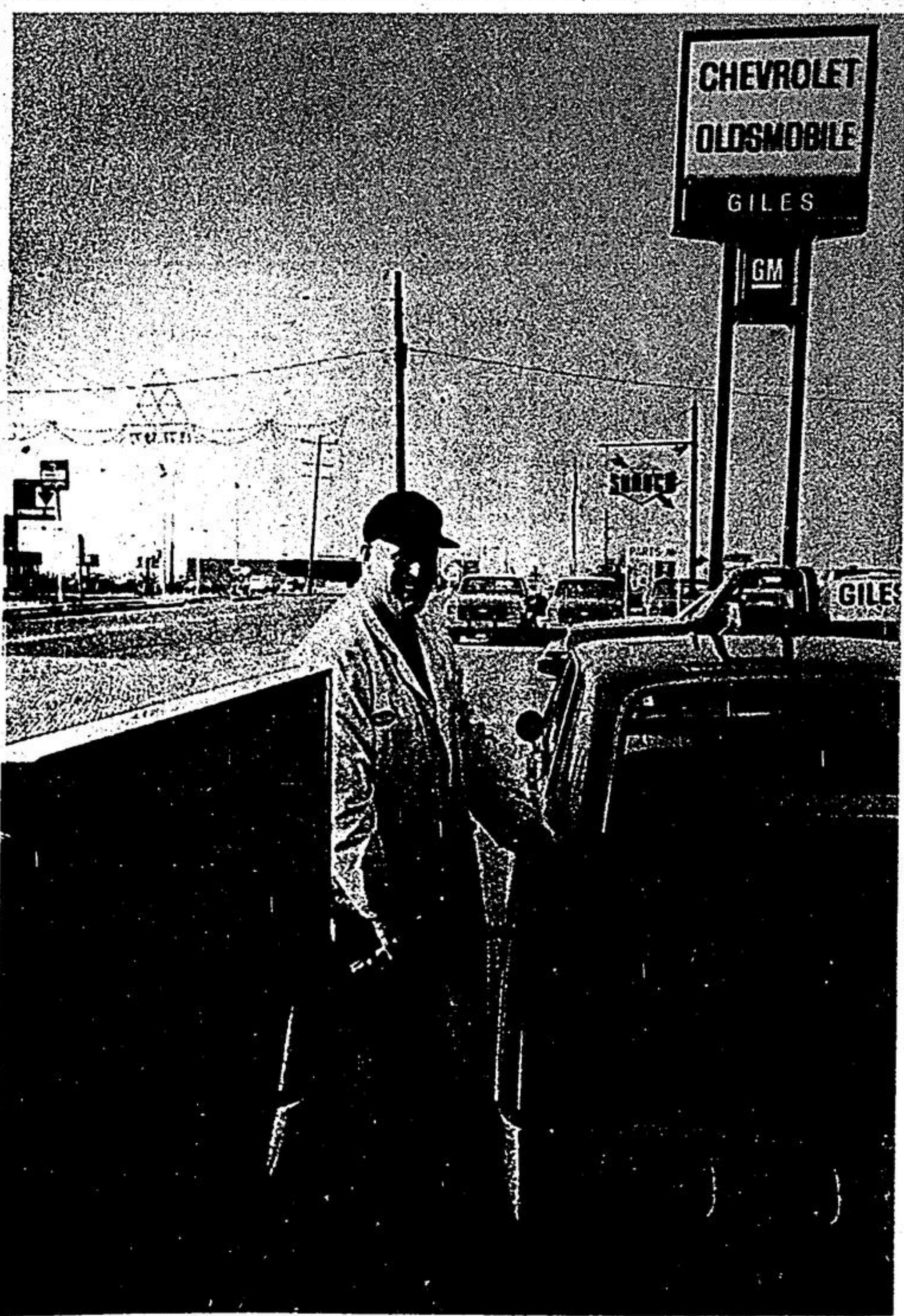
Fine program

Dear Editor:

Don't say I'm prejudiced. I didn't have a son or daughter in the honor graduation class at the high school's Commencement, Friday evening. However, even as a neutral observer, I was impressed with the appearance of the young people on stage to receive their diplomas and academic awards. They were a fine looking group of kids.

My appreciation too to the well-spoken remarks delivered to the graduates by Mrs. Stuart. What I saw on Friday, she obviously observed all last year. My congratulations on a fine program.

Ethel Middleton,
R.R. 2,
Stouffville.



Friendly gas service is gone

After 19 years continuous service, the gas pumps are gone from Giles Chev-Olds, Main Street West, Stouffville. Gone too is Ambrose Pullen, the genial attendant who

became everybody's friend. However, Ambrose hasn't gone far. He's still an important member of the Giles Company staff, re-posted to another position.

—Ed Schroeter.