



The Tribune

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Established 1888
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Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680.
Single copies 20 c, subscriptions \$10.00 per year in Canada, \$26.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and The Georgetown Independent.

640-2100



361-1680

Editorials Stop playing games

Last week, we were incensed. The thought of a secondary school teacher, a youth leader and instructor, sitting immobile in a classroom, refusing to distribute time-tables; unwilling to give out text books, made us angry.

And we translated that anger into words, calling it a stunt, degrading to their profession and to themselves. That opinion has not changed.

Whether by force or by choice, this hard-line policy was carried through, we do not know. Nor will we ever know. But of one thing we're certain. Such action must surely have pricked the conscience of the dedicated staff member, those individuals who, through the years, have given unstintingly of their time in the service of others.

But, like it or not, they were caught, caught in the grip of a prolonged labor-management struggle in which nobody wins.

And so also, to a lesser extent, is this newspaper caught.

Sure, we could have simply sat back, closed our eyes and pretended nothing unusual was happening at Stouffville High. It would have saved us the aggravation of angry phone calls and critical letters. But, like teachers, we also serve the community, even

a larger segment of it than they. And we feel obligated to speak out when, in our opinion, an injustice is being done. Tuesday, Sept. 4 was such a day.

While those closer to the labor scene than we, claim that legally, the strike had to proceed until a teacher vote was taken, we maintain that modification of the rules could have been carried out here, particularly when an affirmative vote, Thursday, was almost a certainty.

However, as the teachers correctly state, there are two sides to this distressing story. The Board is by no means blameless.

We say there's something wrong when employees within a system must go eighteen months without a contract. We say there's something wrong when a two month vacation period goes by without a settlement then, at the 11th hour, an agreement is reached. We say there's something wrong when a Board can spend funds on a professional negotiator, yet scrimp on necessities within the classroom.

We say there's something wrong when both sides play games at the expense of the students.

We say the time has come to bury the hatchet and get on with the business at hand.

Need proper balance

Another fast-food outlet has made application to establish a business here. The pre-selected site is on the north side of Main Street, west of Patrick Motors.

So who needs it? Certainly not Stouffville. We're being fast food served to death with each business obviously struggling to make ends meet. And now another comes along to make things tougher still.

We don't question the firm itself. The chain is good; one of the best. But there's not sufficient consumer traffic here (except on Saturdays) to support any more. If this one lives, another will die.

The Town, we feel, should strive for some kind of balance. Too many of one thing is bad. And one more fast-food outlet is one too many.

No more initiations

High School initiations are dying. The sooner they're dead, the better. This goes for Stouffville as well as others in York Region where the ritual is still practised.

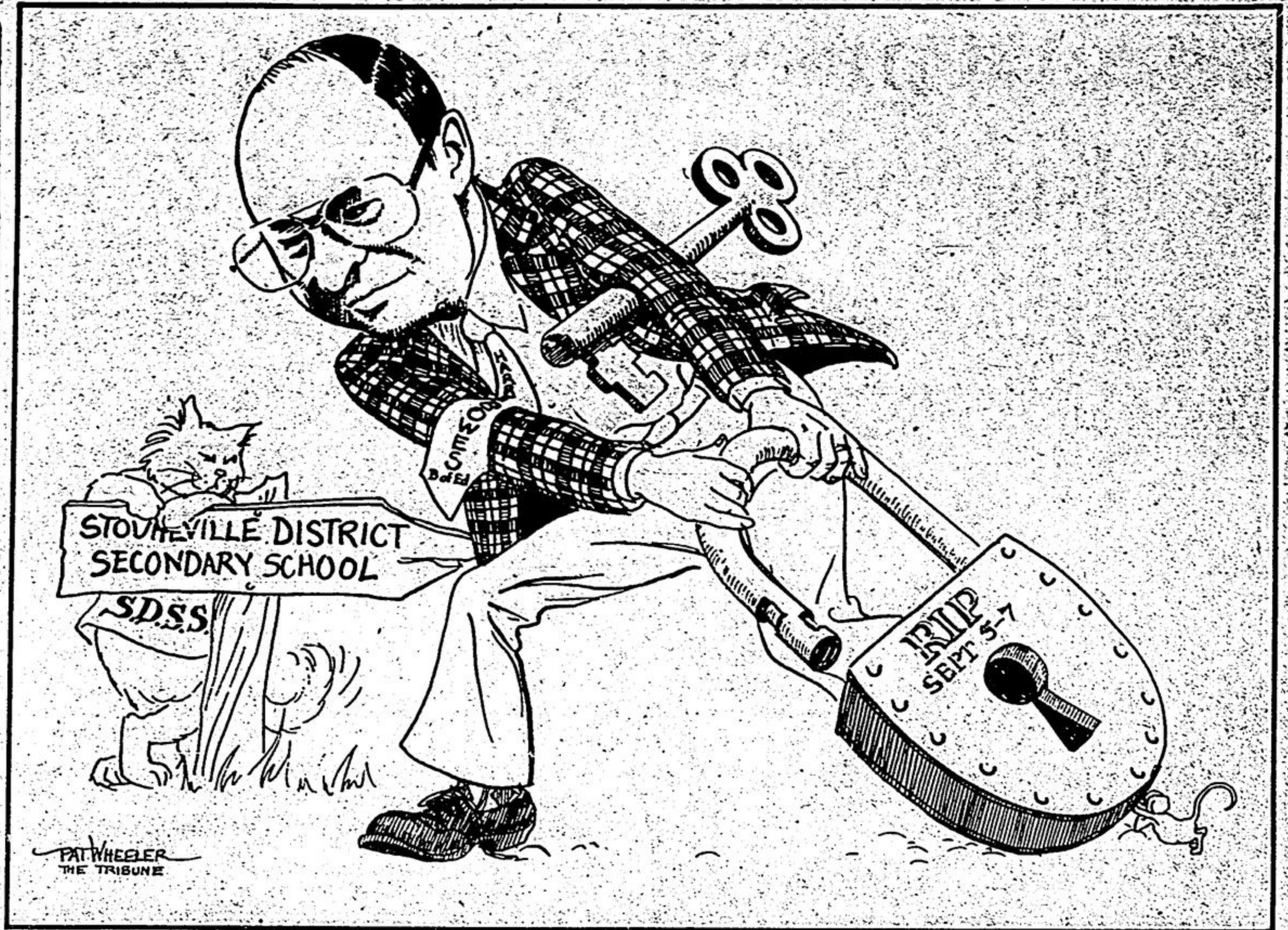
The welcoming 'rites' accomplish nothing, particularly at S.D.S.S., where many of the students are in their second year. The purpose, as we understand it, is to embarrass the newcomer. What it does is degrade the school.

While the custom has been modified over the past several decades, the idea's all wrong.

Instead of putting the new kids down (something most don't need), a committee should be appointed to lift them up; make them feel at home. Who needs the aggravation of being set apart, made fun of and laughed at in an environment that's already totally strange and often foreboding?

We feel Stouffville High should place itself above this sort of thing, maybe even come up with something new.

Forcing a student to make a fool of himself isn't our idea of how to greet a 'guest'.



PAT WHEELER THE TRIBUNE

Roaming Around

Empty room - full of memories

By Jim Thomas



"It's in the quiet moments that our nicest thoughts come to us."

This brief but meaningful message hangs above the desk where I'm writing this column. I'm in Susan's room, a part of our house and a part of our life that's terribly empty.

For, now nineteen, she's left the nest, enrolled in the first of a three-year Bachelor of Music degree course at Sir Wilfred Laurier University, Waterloo.

The decision was her own; certainly not mine, for two reasons. First, I didn't want her to go; to leave home. Because this is where she's always been. She was never one to travel far afield. Second, I was (and still am), afraid for the future; her future—that teaching positions will be no more plentiful in 1983 than now. It all seems so risky.

But Susan has always been one to accept challenges. I guess that's why she's accomplished more in nineteen years than I have in fifty.

"But Dad," she once said, following an after-dinner discussion, "how'll I ever know if I can do it, if I never try it?" How does a father argue that kind of logic?

Originally, it was medicine. She was sure

she wanted to be a doctor. However, all those extra years in school seemed a bit much, so she turned her thoughts towards a medical secretary course at Seneca.

I was elated, so much so, I took her to the Finch Campus so she'd see the college for herself. She was impressed and so, I guess, were they, impressed enough to okay her application without question. But it was plain to see her heart wasn't in it. It was university or bust, so I said no more.

Eight of us travelled to Waterloo a week ago Sunday. Only seven of us returned; the longest two hour trip in my lifetime. And the week and a half since, has been an eternity; not a letter, not even a card.

Stupid postal service! We know she's hesitant to call because we'll think she's home-sick. And we're afraid to call because she'll think we're worried. We hope she's not because we're not. Just concerned; trusting everything's all right.

As much as we try to hide our true feelings, Susan's absence is a 'break' in our lives that's difficult to mend. Because memories of her accomplishments, "the good times", are everywhere; all around us.

Her room, for example, the seven Bike-a-Thon buttons she earned from 1971 to 1977. Her Pierre Trudeau badge from 1967.

The thirty ribbons won through nearly a decade of Markham Fairs, and her proudest possession, the K. J. Beamish Silver Cup, tops in the Eighteen and Under Class in '78.

Her Beginner's Junior and Intermediate Red Cross swimming certificates; trophies for public speaking; from music festivals; for Skate-a-Thons and softball championships.

Her High School Letter. Prized pictures—receiving All-Round Cord from Guides; her diploma from Grade 8; her certificate from Grade 12 and her last farewell to Grade 13.

A caricature completed by Leda Lewis at the Anglican Church bazaar in '74. And above, a full color photo of The Antone Indian Family, a group she loved so much.

But above even these, a few framed lines taken from Matthew 6, verse 33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you!"

That's been Susan's motto and because of it, all things have been added unto us.

Sugar and Spice

Good to get back to work

By Bill Smiley



Man, it's good to get back to work after a long, hot, wet, cold, dry summer.

A good many teachers, with a long summer holiday, do something exciting, interesting, or at least constructive.

Some go on exotic trips to faraway places, and return to bore you with their experiences for the next ten months.

Others go to the Stratford Festival, or take a course in potting pottery, or go on a long boat trip in their own boat, or have an affair, or make fifty gallons of peach wine, or grow a beard.

Still others build a patio, or tear down a barn, or take a summer course to improve their qualifications, or prepare their courses for the fall term. Or something equally dull.

Every year, it's the same thing with me. I make great plans for the summer, around the middle of June. Write a book, go to the Yukon or Newfoundland, revisit boyhood haunts, have an affair, grow a beard and long hair, catch a hundred bass, shoot a par round in golf.

And this summer, as so often, I accomplished absolutely zilch.

I barely got my weekly column written. I travelled no more than 120 miles from home. I re-visited nothing except the town library. The only affair I've had was with a big cedar chair in my back yard. I'm clean-shaven and short-haired. I caught one nine-inch bass. I did shoot a par in golf. On one hole.

I'll have to admit what my wife suggested every second day all summer, "You're a lazy bum."

Well, we're not all perfect. I did get quite a few meals. Peanut butter sandwich and banana for breakfast. Fresh-made sandwiches from The Oasis for lunch. Chicken pies, fish and chips, turkey dinner, Salisbury steak and gravy, all of them frozen, for dinner. Sometimes, when my menus began to repeat themselves, I'd send out for Chinese food.

One night, carried away by some wild primitive instinct, I actually cooked up fresh potatoes, green beans, and a chunk of \$2.98 sirloin. But made the mistake of making steak gravy. It came out looking like the inner side of a diaper, and nobody could eat the steak.

One other memorable meal was a stew I made. The usual stuff—onions, carrots, meat, a couple of spuds. It tasted a little flat, so I hit the spice cupboard and chucked in a few shots of everything but mustard, then squirted in about half a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. That steak had body and je ne sais quoi that my old lady tried to figure out for days.

Aside from the cooking, there wasn't much to do. For various and sundry reasons, too miscellaneous to list, we weren't able to do any of the things we'd planned. Maybe that's why we would up with a phone bill nudging the \$200 mark. Per month.

A sick brother, the colonel, in hospital in Montreal, flown out from James Bay after a collapse. The break-down of a deal to rent a camper and go visiting.

Worrying, and trying to help, as my daughter prepared to head for the other side of James Bay to teach Indian kids music. Five years ago, that girl could hardly write a cheque. Now here she was, arranging all the

details of a major move, with two small boys: travel tickets, baggage shipment, getting a piano crated, trying to dispose of a car that won't start, and coping with a hundred other problems. Jolly good for her.

And getting through yet another wedding, this time a niece from Edmonton, with my old lady running in circles over gift clothes, and all the other garbage connected with weddings.

Wanted to see Kim and grandboys off for the north. Did you ever try to get a hotel room in Toronto during the C.N.E.? Travel agent called twelve hotels, and the only thing she could come up with was a deluxe double, whatever that is, at \$76.00 a night. A little rich for the blood, what? A one-night stand we could hack, but we wanted it for four. What would you do? I won't tell.

So, all in all, the summer was a big, fat bore. Not any help was me with a fat, arthritic foot when my wife was fit, and she with some kind of horrible sore back when my foot was fit.

It didn't help that the lawnmower went on the blink, and I flatly refused to take it back to the robber who charged me \$55.00 to get it going the last time. "Let the dam' grass grow. That way the neighbours won't be able to see that I haven't painted the falling-down back porch."

Oh, it wasn't a total loss. I had a serious chat with my contractor neighbour about building a back deck to the house to replace the tumbled heap of stones onto which the French windows presently permit access. We may get it done next year. Neighbour's too busy.

I called a guy twice to come and do some brick-work. He'd be there for sure. Haven't seen him yet. Water tank in cellar began to leak. \$200 for a new one.

Sat by the hour, looking at cedar summer furniture, stripped to a grey-white by five years of weather, and studied just how it would look when sanded and stained and varnished. It's too late now to get it done this year.

Read three hundred books. Watched three hundred third-run movie. Almost blind from reading. Piles bad from beer.

Man, am I glad to be back to work!



Stream improvement in Stouffville to cost \$700,000

Work is continuing on the \$700,000 stream re-channelization project in Stouffville. Cost of the program is being shared by the Metro and Region Councils.

servation Authority and Dulverton Developments Ltd. The contract is expected to be completed by mid-December. —Jim Thomas.

Editor's Mail

Two sides are playing games

Dear Sir:
The labor-management strife that once again has made itself felt across York County, indicates just how far two sides will go to justify their existence and inflate their own egos.

I feel the Board of Education and the Federation are using both the teachers and the students to make political points since neither seems to be showing any willingness to give in. It's a game where nobody wins.

Max Workman,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.