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# Editorials

## Another sensational show

Following a show like Music Mania '80, editorial comment is expected—and necessary. For, after all, the program and its participants are as much a part of this community as this newspaper. In fact, from the hundreds of unfamiliar faces in the audience, Saturday, it's outreach beyond town boundaries may be greater than The Tribune.

However, strange as it may seem, appraisal is difficult. For what could be said this year, was likely said in '79 and '78 and '77—back down the line to the very beginning.

Variety, of course, is the key. What appeals to some, doesn't to others. However, when something of everything is offered, the patrons are sure to go home happy. They did Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday. Standing ovations, not easily earned in Stouffville, followed each performance. That, in itself, was proof of success.

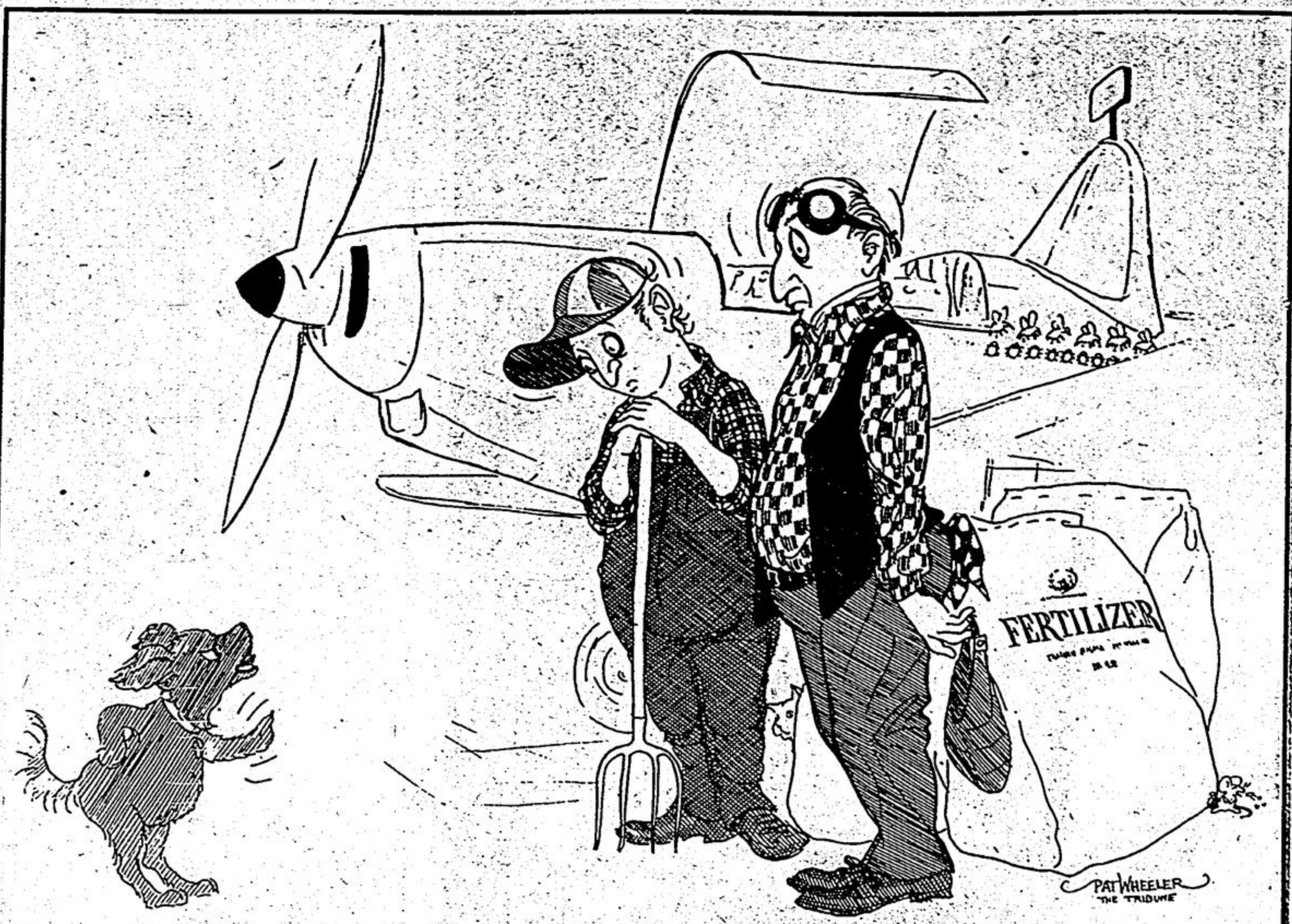
Yet people tend to compare. Was it the best yet?

We can't say. No one can say. Twenty years is a long period of time. However, to refresh readers' memories and prove our

point, we'll quote from a Tribune editorial of May 5, 1960 under the heading "A Fine Performance For A Good Cause". It reads: "We commend the members of the Stouffville United Church Couples Club for their excellent two-night Minstrel Show in the auditorium of Stouffville District High School. It's been many a day since so many people received so much enjoyment for such a wonderful cause. The proceeds will be forwarded to the Retarded Children's Association. For two nights, the true meaning of community co-operation and good-natured fellowship was returned to our town. In this day and age of rapid residential growth, we have often felt that much of that once-proud community spirit has waned under the hustle and bustle of a work-a-day world. Our faith was once more restored when sell-out crowds gave the talented troupe a rousing ovation at the conclusion of each performance. It was entertainment at its best".

That was our appraisal of Music Mania's first show, great then, great today. What's even more satisfying, the cast is already talking about 'to-morrow'.

Music Mania '81—may it go on forever.



NEWS ITEM: Pregnant dog halts farm fertilizer flights

## Sugar and Spice



# A good letter writer I'm not

By Bill Smiley

IN MANY ways, I am one of the worst people I have ever met. And one of them is in not answering letters.

I wish it were not so. I wish I were meticulous and tidy and had my income tax return filed at least two days before the deadline, and liked cats, and shined my shoes at least once a week. But I'm not and I don't.

That's just a sample of the things I don't like about myself. An entire list would fill this column. But not answering letters is right up there near the head of the list.

It was brought home to me today, end of March, when I received in the mail my annual card and gift from an old friend and one-time room-mate at college, Norm Lightford.

Every Christmas, arriving end of March this year (great mail service, eh?) he sends one of those beautifully illustrated calendars, and a warm card. And I have never seen him, or written to him, or telephoned him, for about thirty-five years. Of course, the turkey never sends his address, but I could find that with a little effort.

Poor Norm. I shouldn't say that. He's now a dental surgeon in Ottawa with a large practice, a happy marriage after a lousy one, and a family.

But I did him a dirty one time. Away back in the fall of '41, I decided to join the Air Force. Not because I thought I could bring Hitler to his knees in short order. Not at all.

Mainly because I was falling badly behind in my studies because I had fallen badly in love with a girl from Rio de Janeiro who had to go home, leaving me bereft. Enlisting was a

good way out.

Only one problem. I was sports editor of the Varsity year-book, Torontonensis. I had some scruples, but not many. I didn't want to leave them without a sports editor (scruple). So, I suckered my room-mate, Norm, into taking over. Result? He failed second year dentistry, and had to repeat, while I was off in the wild blue yonder. (No scruples).

And just here on my desk, is another example of my non-letter-answering perfidy that bothers me, but doesn't seem to go away, like a headache or a cold.

It's a letter from Tony Frombola, of Oakland, Cal. It is dated October 4th, 1979. It begins, "Dearest Bill," and ends, "Well, Bill, old buddy, I sure wish I was hand-carrying this up to you; it sure would be nice to have a few for old times sake..."

Tony had tracked me down, after thirty-four years. Last time I'd seen him was on a troop-ship home from England. He was a Typhoon pilot, a prisoner-of-war, and we had "escaped" together after our camp was taken over by the Russians.

He was also one of the great con artists, and I'd written a column about this aspect. Somehow, through the "old buddy" network, he'd learned about it, and spent four months trying to find out where I was. He phoned me one night from California. And I've never answered his letter.

Today I had a long-distance call from a woman, asking if she could reproduce one of my columns for a meeting of school trustees:

The column was critical of schools. I said, "Sure." She said "Thanks very much." I said "O.K." Communication instant. If she'd written me, asking, she'd never have heard, yea or nay.

What really has rubbed into my skin this major flaw in my character is the number of letters that pile into our place, from exotic lands, bearing incredibly beautiful stamps, for our son Hugh.

After nearly five years in the wilderness, he gets letters from Iraq, Paraguay, Argentina, Ireland, and so on. There are two from the United Nations building in New York, another from Florida, many from Quebec. He has friends all over the world. Maybe he writes back to them.

I don't even write letters to the editor, no matter what inanities appear in print.

But it's all going to change. After all, a man controls his own destiny. I am definitely going to answer all your letters, Norm, Tony, Winnie, Floss, Norma, Blake, Uncle Ivan, nephew Paul, cousin Laura, and all you readers. The minute I retire.

## Parents seeking solutions

This newspaper whole-heartedly supports the Drug Awareness Program planned for Thursday evening (to-night) at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. We support also the in-class discussions at the elementary and secondary student level. It's high time we took the wraps of this curse that's plaguing a segment of our young people and took a look at just where we're headed. For some, it's already too late.

It's a simple matter for Board personnel, trustees and administrative staff included, to brush the problem aside and pretend it doesn't exist. Or, if it does, it's really nothing to get concerned about.

"Stouffville's no worse than any other high school in the County", is a common expression. This may well be. But is it any

better? From what we can gather, the same serious situation exists all over.

So what do we do about it?

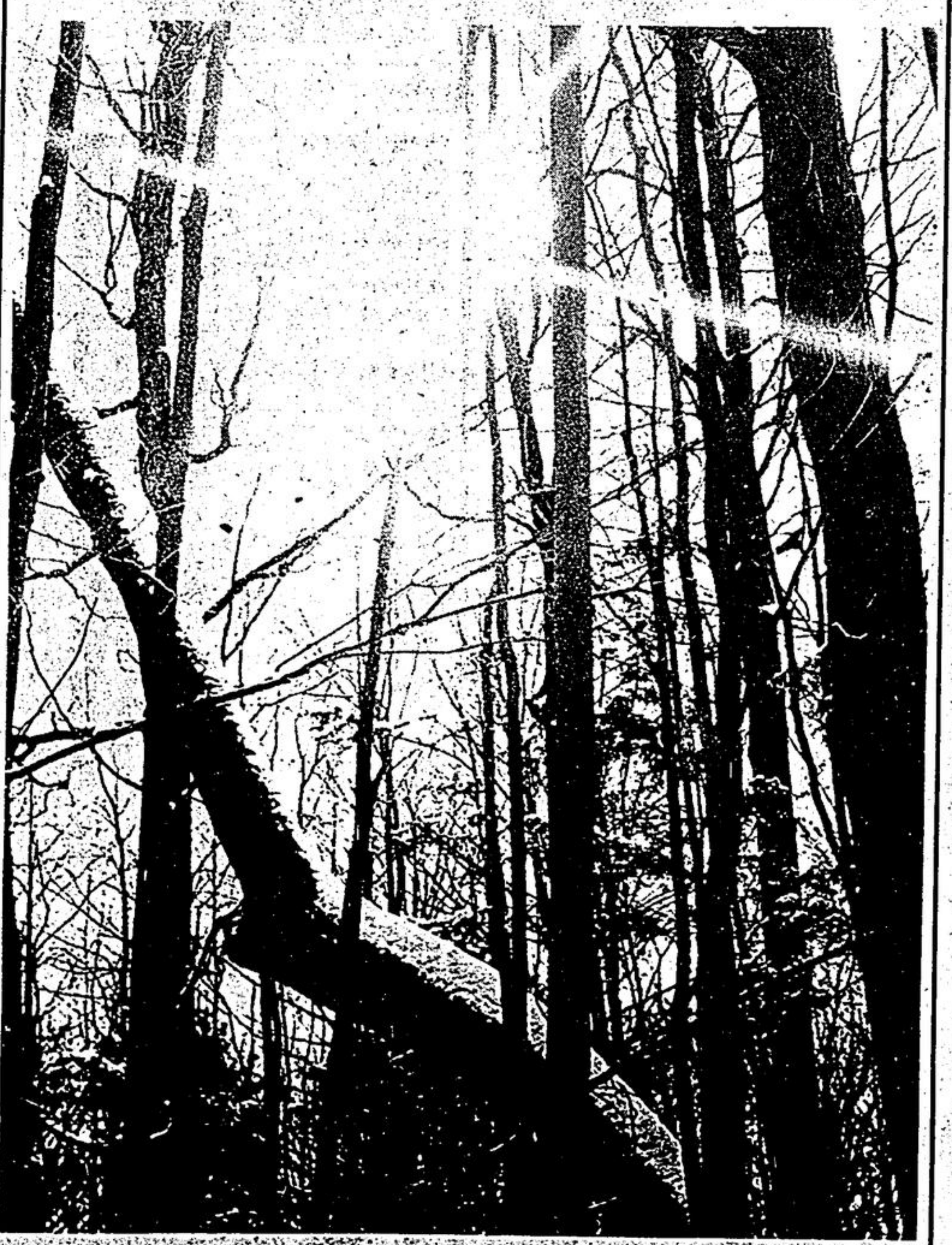
That's what teachers and parents (we hope), will learn to-night.

Principal Mervyn Witherow is the first to admit most people "are in the dark". He's right.

Despite the fact drug use (and abuse) has been with us at least for the last ten years, parents are no wiser on how to cope than they were in the late 60's. Why is this? One reason is that distribution of drugs is an "under cover" thing. The identity of the distributor is "top secret". Second, most mothers and dads are easily lulled into thinking "it can't happen to one of ours". For many, it has and it will.

So again, what do we do about it?

We'll be looking for answers to-night.



Winter dies hard in a wooded region of Uxbridge

Winter arrives early and dies hard in some areas of Uxbridge Township. In case you hadn't noticed, it snowed last week, nothing much, only a few flakes, but they lingered long enough to remind one that "winter's not far behind". This picture of snow-coated trees was taken near the Brock Road, south of Coppins Corners.

—JoAnn Thompson.

## Roaming Around

# A clean sweeper

By Jim Thomas



People often remark on the tidiness of Stouffville's A & P Plaza. Mind you, they may not know why. They only know that it is. And maybe to some, that's all that matters.

Regardless, through this column, we'd like to introduce you to the person responsible; the man behind the brush and broom who, Tuesday through Saturday keeps the west end shopping centre in immaculate condition.

He's Bill Whelan, father of six (five still at home), and a resident on Valley Road, Musseleman's Lake.

Actually, it was Bill's son who answered the ad when the job came up just over five years ago. The owner, however, suggested the duties were such that someone of more senior years should handle. So the father applied and was hired.

For Bill, the timing was perfect. The company where he was employed had moved its headquarters to another part of Toronto. Driving to and from the new location was more of a hardship than the work itself. So Bill was looking to make a change.

If the switch in positions has been good for him, it's been doubly good for both merchants and shoppers. They appreciate the plaza's immaculate appearance as much as Bill appreciates the challenge.

And it is a challenge, for folks, while well-meaning, are sometimes careless. "They don't do it on purpose," says Bill, with reference to dropping refuse at their feet, "they don't seem to think". At times, he becomes frustrated. That's when he slips into his "office" at the side of the A & P and "shouts at the four walls". "There, no one can hear me," he says.

Bill Whelan's day begins at 7:45 a.m., and

he works through until five, hardly ever stopping unless it's bitterly cold. He's his own boss; no clock to punch and that's what he likes. He admits he's dog-tired at the end of eight hours, but come morning, he's ready to go again.

Bill describes the plaza merchants as "pleasant people" and his employer, known also as Bill, as "a good guy".

The hard-working caretaker says he sees the same faces time and time again but knows very few folks by name. He speaks with great respect of the many senior citizens who come by to shop, including one gentleman in a wheelchair and another who drops in regularly to purchase ice cream for his wife.

In addition to keeping the walking area and parking lot in ship-shape, Bill also cuts the grass, a sizeable chore in itself. He can't mow it all in a day. He tried it once and nearly died.

Bill says it's difficult to organize his cleaning duties because refuse is where you find it. The strength and direction of the wind can also be a factor.

As in any job, humorous incidents crop up from time to time. Like the one occasion when a lady inadvertently "deposited" several letters in his garbage bag instead of the postal box. "I had to go chasing after her to give them back," he said.

Money scattered about the pavement is common. One time, he grabbed a bill right out of the air. "It just came floating by," he said. He also found a wallet in one of the pay telephone booths. Through identification, he was able to return it to the owner.

Bill Whelan, the man and his job. He's doing what he likes and likes what he's doing. Certainly, no one could do it better.

## Plain People



**BERT SEARS**  
 Rupert Ave., Stouffville

Bert Sears, Rupert Avenue, Stouffville, has been involved in two main community activities before and since coming to Town—the Scouts and Cubs and the Lions. At Markham, where he lived for two years, he served as a Cubmaster. Here in Stouffville, he was a Scoutmaster. In addition, he was a Cubmaster for the Fairbanks Salvation Army Pack and served as Camping Chairman for the Vaughan District. His membership in the Group Committee spanned twenty-five years. He was responsible for starting one Markham Pack. He holds the Coveted Wood Badge. When he considered it time for a change, he joined the Stouffville Lions Club. Since 1971, he's worked on the barbecue committee, the Christmas tree committee and the bleatathon committee. Now retired and spending a portion of the year in Florida, Bert recalls his forty years with the C.N.R. While with C.N., he was union president in the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America. At St. James Presbyterian Church in Stouffville, his work as a volunteer handyman is much appreciated. Bert and Ivy have two children, a son, Tommy, a physical education co-ordinator with the Region of Durham and a daughter, Gwendolene, a captain and registered nurse in the armed forces. She's stationed at Ottawa. They have two grandchildren. Because of people like Bert, Whitechurch-Stouffville's a better place in which to live.