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NEWS ITEM: Trustees vote to close Webb Public School

"Treasured memories that will last forever"

Editorials

Street no place for students

A 'bust' in the 'square' world, that stands for failure. And that, in our opinion, was the end result of a drug-abuse seminar held at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, May 1.

While a cross-section of the 200 people present may have applauded the panel, the reaction as we saw it was only out of respect. For the majority of parents undoubtedly left with an empty gut feeling that nothing basic had been accomplished.

However, no parent could say he (or she) wasn't warned. "Don't expect instant solutions," commented the moderator, "everyone reacts differently. These people (the panel) are here to enlighten us and tell us where to go for help".

They told parents that, granted, and a lot more. But not the kind of specific information most wanted to hear.

What parents want to know (and are entitled to know) is: "Is there in fact, a drug problem at Stouffville High?"

If the answer is "yes", then the question that follows is: "What is Stouffville High School doing about it?"

As we feared from the outset, panel members, with the exception of ex-student Kelly Park, had no direct association with the Stouffville scene. So they spoke in generalities — presenting facts and figures anyone can read in dozens of informative books. But what's happening at S.D.S.S.?

If our Board representative, the administration, staff teachers and the police are at a loss for a means of curbing this curse, we offer one suggestion. Establish a policy declaring that section of Edward Street, opposite the High School, "off limits" to student loiterers from eight o'clock in the morning til five o'clock in the afternoon.

To compensate for this, the unused quadrangle within the school complex, could be transformed into a student meeting place, with certain freedoms and certain controls. It could be prepared and maintained by the students themselves.

BUT GET THE KIDS OFF THE STREET! At that location, they're vulnerable to every parasitic pusher in town.

Young people have spoken

The young people of Stouffville have spoken.

Response from 550 students at S.D.S.S. has indicated in an extremely forceful manner, (95 per cent), the need for more planned activities in town. Furthermore, the majority (60 per cent), want these activities to take place at locations other than the school itself. They mention the Arena and Latham Hall as two.

We agree with the poll on both scores.

For the non-athletic kid between the age of thirteen and eighteen, this town's a bore. For the athlete, there's so much going on, he (or she) hardly knows which way to turn.

This leaves us with a clear-cut question, one the municipality must face. What can we offer the non-athlete?

It's a simple thing to ignore this responsibility, shrug it off like the problem doesn't exist.

"Let them make their own fun, like we

used to do," is a common reply, or "nothing but a bunch of bums anyway" or "they'll only cause trouble, who needs the aggravation?"

Such negative attitudes will never accomplish anything. We're merely burying our collective heads in the sand.

If organizations and committees within organizations can be set up to look after team sports like fastball, soccer, bowling, hockey and rugby, there's no reason something similar can't be arranged, dealing with more passive forms of recreation.

While young people's interests should be uppermost in members' minds, activities could be extended to include adults also.

The challenge is here. All we have to do is meet it. We would urge the Whitchurch-Stouffville Recreation Committee; the various Community Centre Boards and recreation representatives from Council to put their heads together and get something going.

Sugar and Spice

Home-ownership impossible

By Bill Smiley

My heart goes out to all the young people who have been saving to buy a home. At today's interest rates, they have about as much chance to achieve their ambition as I have of being chosen Best Dressed Man of the Year.

Let's take a typical example, and reflect on the grim picture a couple with young children face when they want a home of their own, with a bit of lawn, a little garden, some room for their kids to explore and set some roots.

By dint of cutting every corner, pinching every portion, Dick and Jane, who have two kids called Jick and Dane, have amassed a total of \$5,000 over their five years of wedded bliss.

They've been able to do this only by eating cheap food, eschewing all luxuries, such as drinks, steaks, movies. They have taken moonlight jobs on their holidays to make a few extra bucks. And of course they have both been working, sending the kids to daycare, for which they have to pay. Their only concession to entertainment has been a black and white TV, an old car in which they occasionally venture forth for a picnic, and extremely careful sex.

But I still feel sorry for Dick and Jane. They had a dream, the old Canadian dream of owning your own house and a bit of land, and it's turning into a nightmare.

They don't want to be up there with the Vanderbilts. They'd settle for a very modest home, around \$40,000, if there is still a detached house in the country for this price.

Dick would work on improvements and Jane would make it warm and lively with her unerring sense of taste.

So they decide to take the plunge. With their hard-saved cheque for \$5,000 clutched in

one of their hopeful hands, they go to the bank or a trust company to borrow the rest. No problem, as the ads said a few years ago.

Then comes the crunch. The bank manager, or the realtor, or the trust company bird, welcomes them with the warmth of an undertaker, and fiddles with his pencil, and mutters Canadian dollar and interest rates, and finally gives them a figure. For the \$35,000 they still need, at 15 per cent a year, their — uh — interest would be \$5,250.00, just \$250.00 more than they walked in with. To say that Dick and Jane are stunned would be like saying that Pierre Trudeau is humble.

With both their jobs, they gross \$22,000. After the Revenue Department is through with them, they'll be lucky to have \$18,000. More like \$16,000. But that's still quite a bit, isn't it?

Take off another \$4,000 just to eat and keep clean and maintain the old rusty car. Take off a few hundred for telephone and hydro and medicare, and all the other deductions from their pay checks, and it's another \$1,000 they haven't laid hands on. We're down to \$11,000.

Of course, if they have a house, they won't have to pay rent. That will save about \$3,600 a year, if they happen to be living in a slum.

But that \$3,600 will be gobbled up by taxes, fuel and all the other things that houses gobble.

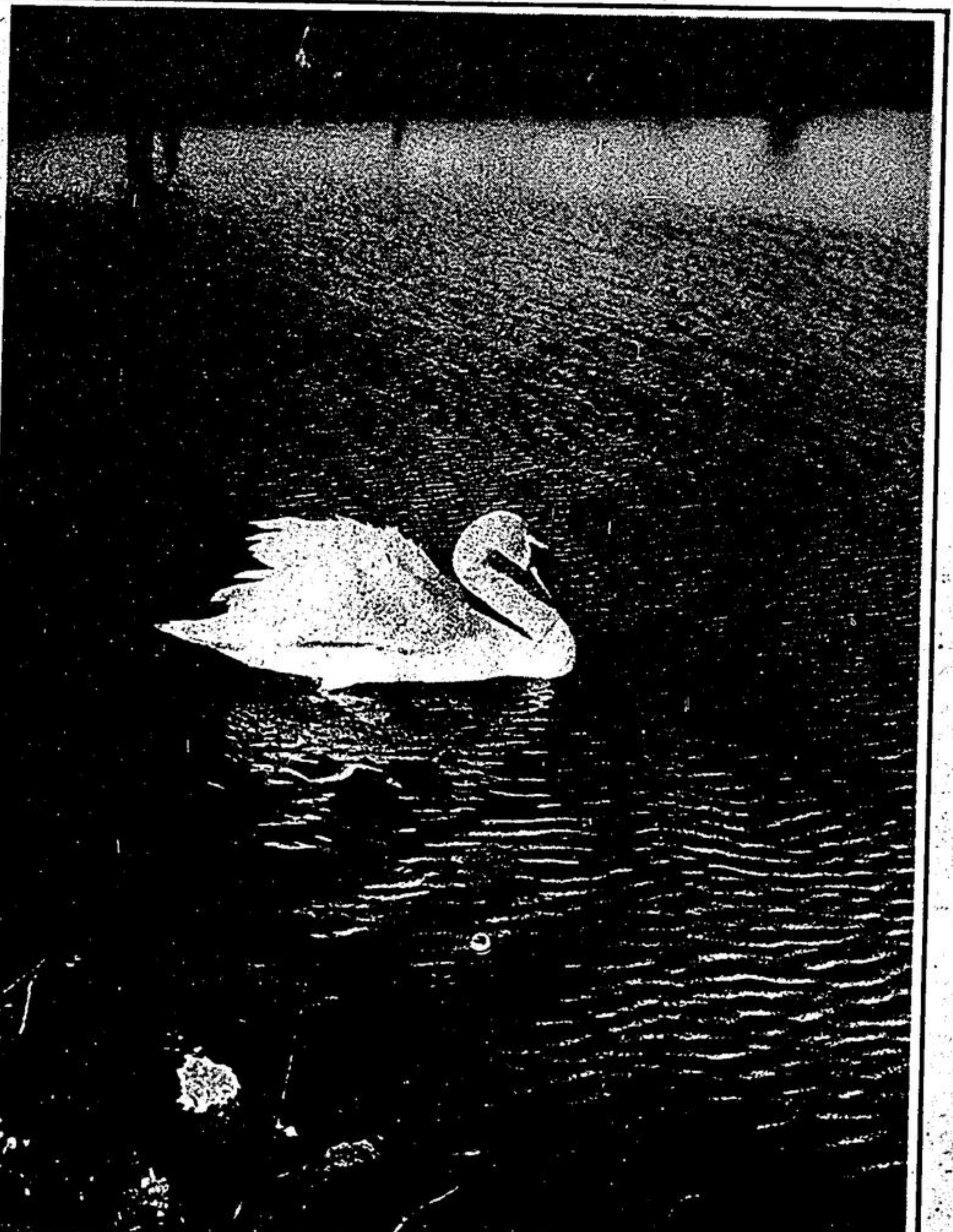
Then there's that \$5,250.00 a year interest on the mortgage. They are left with around \$5,000 a year to pay for clothes, toothpaste, repairs to everything, dental bills, and all the other flack of modern living. And they still haven't bought a washer and dryer, a stove and refrigerator, and color TV, or a second car, all the absolute necessities for a proud house-owner. Poor devils.

They might just make it, if they were prepared to eat porridge and spaghetti for the next twenty years, never take a holiday, stayed healthy and each got an extra job. They could always send Jick out babysitting and Dane out shining shoes, but they won't be ready for another ten years.

By that time Dick and Jane will have paid about \$50,000 interest on a \$40,000 house, and nothing on the principal.

Forget it, Dick and Jane. Take your five thousand, blow it on a good holiday, and go on welfare. You'd be better off, and without the stress, would live an extra ten years.

So much for the Canadian dream. And I don't want some accountant writing and refuting my figures. They're close enough.



The king of pond castle

A beautiful swan was the lone occupant of a pond, Saturday, when a Tribune cameraman happened by. The bird glided silently back and forth across the surface, unmindful of the 'intruder'. The location is Louella Farms, 7th Concession of Whitchurch - Stouffville near Lemonville. —Jim Thomas.

Window on Wildlife

Portrait of a fox

By Art Briggs-Jude

The distant landscape came to life under the careful scrutiny of my 7 x 35 binoculars. A crow flapped lazily across a shallow ravine, a groundhog hugged a patch of hillside green. Three white gulls stood immobile in a newly cultivated field. Part way up a rolling slope, where several mounds broke the pattern of an old hay field, a rusty movement caught my eye. Focussing even more intently on that far-off spot, I was rewarded in seeing the form of a red fox standing beside one of the holes. Then I discovered three small chocolate-brown youngsters frolicking on the dunes beside it.

To get a group portrait of that wildlife family was going to be a formidable task, yet one that with some luck and past experience I felt I might be able to achieve. At least it was worth a try. In a few moments the surrounding terrain had been carefully surveyed and the wind direction noted. Now with a route firmly implanted in my mind, I moved the vehicle to the shelter of a nearby gully. A few minutes later, dressed in an old brown jacket and with a camouflaged hunting hat pulled down almost over my eyes, I began my approach.

One of the lessons you learn very quickly when trying to stalk animals in the wild is the keenness of their three senses. What to you might be a challenge for a picture is to them their means of everyday survival. The snap of a twig, a slight movement on their horizon, the warning scent carried by the breeze, are

all signals that must be heeded in their life and death struggle to exist. Keeping all these things foremost in my mind, I slipped under a sagging section in the fence, and maintaining a low profile worked my way through a patch of young poplars. From here it was hands and knees to a boulder strewn fence and a long pause to peek at my unsuspecting subjects. They were still there. I again checked the wind and using every available clump of cover, moved closer. Now it was belly down, push with the feet and pull ahead with the elbows. My eyes never left the adult animal as I inched forward, moving only when her attention was drawn in another direction than mine. My movements now were painfully slow, careful, deliberate. Noise was becoming a factor that had to be reckoned with.

An hour and a hundred yards later, I gently poked my sponge-wrapped camera between some tufts of grass and focused on the fox. Now at a distance of less than forty feet she almost filled the frame with my 205mm lens.

The shutter clicked, she moved her head. I advanced the film, she turned at the sound and stared right at me. For what must have been a full five minutes we stayed that way, eyeball to eyeball without as much as a knowledgeable blink. Finally she shifted her gaze up the valley. I took a long deep breath, knowing she hadn't seen me, then clicked the muffled shutter again....

Plain People

BETTY vanNOSTRAND
 R. R. 1 Gormley

Betty vanNostrand, R. R. 1, Gormley, is probably best known in Whitchurch-Stouffville for her work as a municipal councillor, three years in the Township and two years in the Town following the introduction of regional government. However, there's a volunteer side to Betty that many may not know. For example, she was an energetic member of the Community Centre Board at Vandorf. Some of her proposals in the park there, are still very much in evidence. It was through her (and others) efforts that the century-old Bogartown School was preserved for a museum. She was a charter member of the Whitchurch Museum Board. Her membership with the Vandorf Women's Institute spans more than 25 years. She has served as both president and secretary. She was an elder in the Wesley United Church. Betty was a campaign organizer in Whitchurch for the Aurora and District Cancer Society and a volunteer driver for patients requiring transportation to hospital. While on Town Council, she retained her associations with the Vandorf Community Centre Board, the Museum Board and the Whitchurch-Stouffville Recreation Committee. At present, she's the Property Manager for the new O.H.C. senior citizens' apartment on Timothy Street in Newmarket. Michael and Betty vanNostrand reside on the Vandorf Sideroad, east of Woodbine Avenue. They have three sons, David of Gormley; Paul and Gary, both at Fort St. John, British Columbia. It is because of people like Betty vanNostrand, Whitchurch-Stouffville's a better place in which to live.