



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Downtown's new lease on life

It's happened, just as we hoped it would, a whole new psychological outlook on Main Street in Stouffville.

The flower containers and benches, all part of the Business Improvement Area plan, plus the trees, a project by the Town, with assistance from the Lions Club, have created an atmosphere of co-operation and 'togetherness' like no one would ever have believed possible; and all within so short a period of time.

One can sense it and see it too — people returning to a part of the community that's showing new signs of life.

The comments we've heard have all been positive — praise for a committee that's worked so hard to put this program across. Quite a challenge, from a barren 'wasteland' of asphalt and concrete to what's visible today, with more to come in the years ahead. It's almost too good to be true.

The Tribune echoes the enthusiasm voiced by others and says "well done". Recent accomplishments are indeed a feather in the committee's cap. Now, instead of looking to others to see what can be done, others can look to us and see what Stouffville did.

And we're not through yet.

### Who needs the aggravation?

In refusing a 'motocross' competition in an area of the Ninth Line, near Hillsdale Drive, Town Council did the right thing.

Members had nothing to gain and everything to lose by doing otherwise.

The motorbike club, originating out of Oshawa, had the decency to approach the municipality and request permission. This much can be said for meet organizers. A less co-operative group could have moved in, had

their fun, then moved out when police moved in. This they chose not to do.

However, it must be said also, that Whitchurch-Stouffville's concern was not their concern. The location was merely convenient for their purpose.

Perhaps a council in the Region of Durham might have been a little more sympathetic, but we doubt it. Who needs that kind of aggravation?

### Lead in academic excellence

On occasions, we North Americans (Canadians included), consider ourselves a cut above folks from foreign lands.

We (Canadians in particular), may not come right out and say it or even show it, but in quiet conversations, such feelings are often revealed.

When we 'natives' find it difficult to stick our heads inside our hats, we'd be well advised to study the academic excellence of New Canadians or children of New Canadians who, in terms of years, have been here only a short period of time.

In many instances, their learning accomplishments should represent a learning experience for all of us. For example, here in Stouffville we have young people like Jim, Michael, Margaret and Nancy Ku; Bettina Rentsch, Michelle Wang, Brian Wong and Indie Persaud; at Markham High - Murad Ali Ismail, Mark Kortschot and John Maduri; at Uxbridge High - Bill Lautsch, Andrew Eng

and Linda Maniw and at Pickering, Michael Arnts, Regina Crwatz, Yee Wah Quan and Manoj Ravindran, to mention only a few. All honor students who'll make their marks in this world.

While the numbers here are high, the percentage is likely higher in Toronto. The same is also holding true at the university level, new-comers to this country, 'head of the class'.

While some may pass this off as "just a coincidence", we don't. We see these teens as young people who, like their parents, firmly believe in the "work ethic," an ambition many native Canadians have lost. We like the free ride; coast along at someone else's expense.

But not the people or parents of people mentioned above.

While this may be a bitter pill for some of us to swallow, perhaps, in the long run, it's just the medicine we need.

#### Editor's Mail

### Filthy language

Dear Editor:  
I like John Stephens' reports on what's doing with the York County Board of Education. He writes in "laymen's language" which is more than I can say about discussions that sometimes take place in Board meetings.

However, I take strong exception to his stand (July 3), under the heading "Let penalty fit the crime". He felt that obscenities voiced by a student shouldn't have warranted a suspension by the principal.

Mr. Stephens wrote: "The words Joey used are not uncommon on school grounds or elsewhere in the community". The trustee's statement is correct, but this doesn't make it right.

I personally have heard language on school properties plus ball diamonds and arenas that would "curl your hair". This kind of reaction by students, should be curbed. It's irresponsible.

School principals should be supported, not criticized for coming down hard on this kind of conduct.

The fact Prime Minister Trudeau gained notoriety over his famous (infamous) 'fuddle-duddle' quote, was due to the fact the media picked it up and blew it out of all proportions.

I may be old-fashioned and four-letter words may be in style, but I'd back any principal (or teacher), who'd take my son to task (even suspend him), for talking in such a manner.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Beatrice Malcolm,  
RR 3, Stouffville.

Dear Editor:

I don't consider myself a bigot, in fact I admire all New Canadians. In many respects, they put we 'natives' to shame.

I'm also an interdenominational person — Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Anglican, who cares? Not I.

Making these points clear (so that your paper isn't flooded with letters of complaint), I wish to make another. It relates to Board of Education trustee John

Stephen's rather strange stand (in my opinion), on the sex instruction film "Taking Chances". In two separate articles published in The Tribune, his approach has been extremely negative. He seemed to be thrashing around, trying to find someone to blame for the fact it's been made available to schools in York Region. It's interesting to note also, that the same Mr. Stephens was one of the trustees that voted to have it "shelved", awaiting a committee report that I doubt we'll ever receive.

John Stephens is a Separate School supporter with a 'voice' at the secondary school level, and a strong voice, I might add. Could it be that his R.C. attitudes towards birth control are showing through? I'm suggesting they are. Why else would he be so blatantly opposed to the film?

What policy his church holds on the question of sexual 'caution' should give way to common sense. Because, in so many instances, 'caution' was ignored, 487 teen pregnancies occurred in York Region in 1978. Argue that one, Mr. Stephens.

Sincerely,  
Howard Adams,  
Stouffville, RR 3.

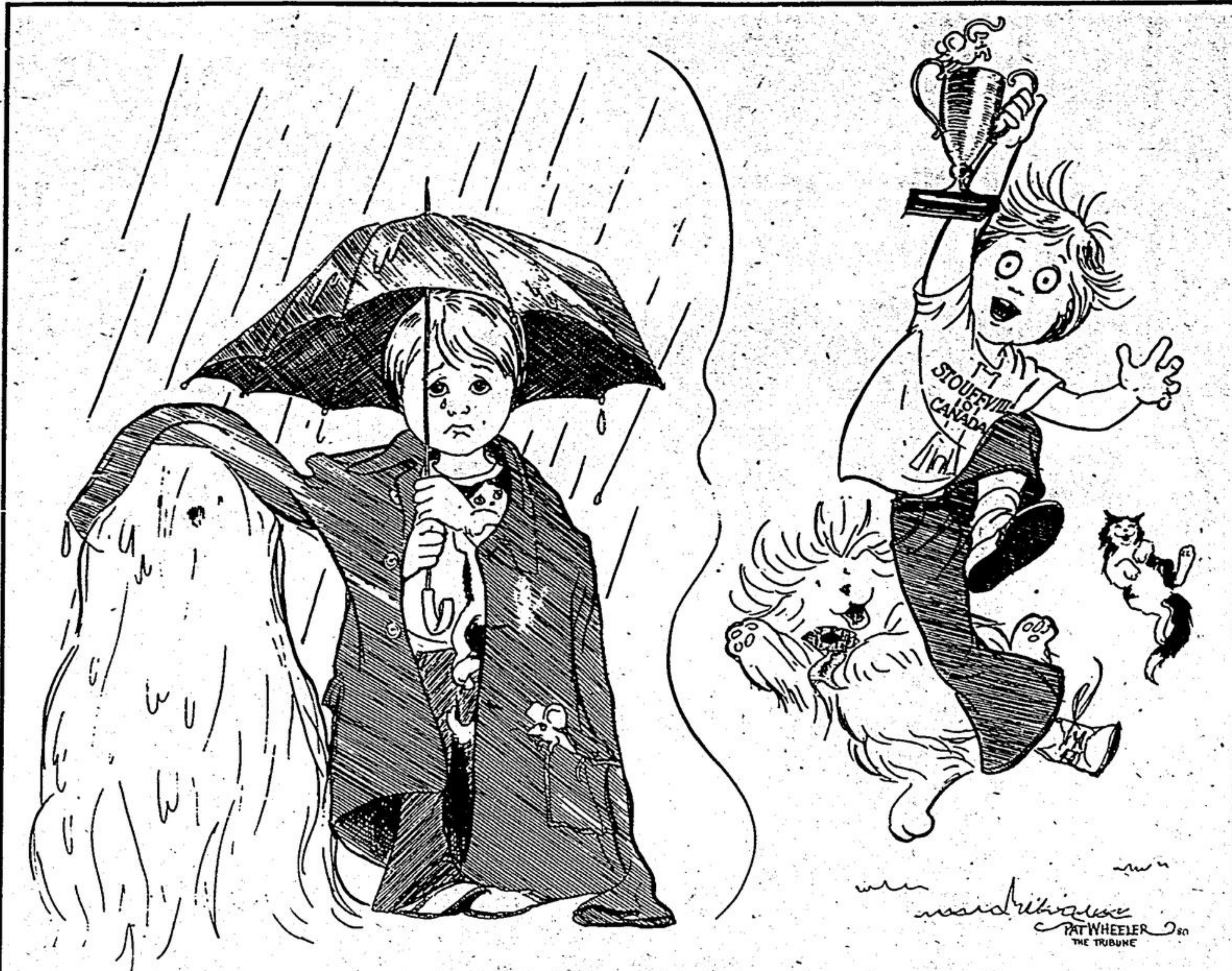
Dear Editor:

Through The Tribune, I wish to compliment the committee in charge of the Main Street improvement program. So much has been accomplished in a short time, it's unbelievable. I find it a pleasure to shop downtown again and my friends say the same.

If this is only the start of a five-year project, the end result in 1984 should be really something. I'm looking forward to that day.

To the persons responsible, congratulations. You've created an atmosphere that's "catching" and I sincerely hope you reap some benefit from your hard work.

Sincerely,  
Hilda Moore,  
North Street,  
Stouffville.



Saturday, June 28

TRIBUNE PET SHOW

Saturday, July 5

### Roaming Around

## One plant becomes a plague

By Jim Thomas



There's a plant (more like a shrub), growing at the front of our garage, that taunts me every time I go outside. My wife's responsible for it being there. She kind of took pity on it after finding the 'misfit' among other flowers she brought home back in May. A sort of 'ugly duckling', she didn't have the heart to destroy it thinking maybe it could be something rare, a sort of horticultural 'first' for Stouffville.

She planted it in the most prominent spot she could find, plainly visible from any angle as well as the street. And boy how it's grown, away ahead of the petunias and marigolds.

What bothers me about this 'squatter' is the fear it's an old nemesis of mine, a memory from out of the past that's come back to haunt me. Yes, like it or not, I think it's mustard.

While dandelions are bad enough, mustard is worse, so serious, in fact, I thought it only fair that I warn my good friend and neighbor Vic Little of the pending 'plague'. But strange as it may seem, it didn't bother him a bit. "It's nothing that the mower won't cut," he said, promising to come over and inspect the 'intruder' first-hand.

This he did, and I'm glad. For he says it's not mustard at all. Mind you, he can't put a name to it, but claims it doesn't resemble

anything he knew "down on the farm". Regardless, I'm watching it closely. I don't want to wake up some morning and find the front lawn stricken with yellow jaundice. It can happen you know. Ask any farmer.

When I was a kid, pulling mustard was a favorite (?) past-time. When the weather was unsuitable for more meaningful work, father would point to the back fifty and suggest we pull everything yellow short of buttercups. How I hated it, not that we had very much. We were one of the lucky ones. An hour or two would do it; until the next time. It was an ongoing thing.

If ever we complained, father would remind us of a property in the next mile and a quarter, so infested with the stuff, it extended like a massive yellow blanket from one fence row to another. "How'd you like to start into that?" he'd say. The very thought of it made me weak at the knees.

Looking back, I realize dad was right. The secret to keeping the bad weed under control was pulling it out before it could spread. And our old farm's still mustard-free today, a kind of memorial for which I accept some credit.

However, in reality, I'm wondering if I should or I shouldn't. For Al Wall, York Region's knowledgeable minister of

agriculture tells me the growing of mustard is a common cash venture right here in this area. To prove his point, Al sent along a story by John Madill, a staff member at the Kemptville College of Agriculture Technology. Under the heading of "Mustard - Ontario's New Crop", Madill begins his piece by saying: "After 300 years as an unwelcomed intruder, mustard had found a home in this Province. Grown commercially for the first time in 1976, when farmers in Eastern Ontario planted 1,100 acres, the success of last year's harvest occasioned an increase to 3,500 acres in 1977 with equally encouraging results". Writer Madill then goes on to describe the steps necessary to obtain best results.

So, while I hate to admit it, those little grains of mustard seed that I tried so hard to eradicate, have come back to haunt me — even to my own front door.

No, it won't win a red ribbon at next month's Horticultural Society's flower show nor will it take a prize at Markham Fair. However, with the seed selling for something like twelve cents a pound, it might keep 'Prince' supplied with Dr. Ballard's for a month. And so it should for, when it comes to regular watering, he gives it more attention than anyone.

### Sugar and Spice

## School's out-at long last

By Bill Smiley



I'd like to be able to say that the end of year for a teacher is fraught with sadness, as the delicate flowers you have nurtured during the year (and most of whom have turned to weeds,) leave you.

Not so. Rather it is a lifting of several stones from a man who is being 'pressed' to confess. The pressing was an old-fashioned method in which ever-heavier stones were placed on a man's chest until he said "uncle".

Not so. On the last day of school a teacher walks out of the shoe factory, which most schools resemble and is beholden to no man.

Except his wife, kids, dog, car, boat, bank manager, and his garden. But it's better than being beholden to a lot of gobbling young turkeys whose chief aim in life is to destroy your emotional equilibrium, and a gaggle of administrators whose chief aims in life are discipline, attendance, dress, drugs, and the entire mid-Victorian world that is crumbling around them.

Things have changed quite a bit in the twenty years I've been teaching. In my first year, my home form gave me a present at Christmas and another at the end of the year.

This went on for some time. They may have thought I was a dull old tool, but we parted with mutual respect and good wishes for a happy summer. There was always a gift: one year a bottle of wine and three golf balls, another year a table lighter that didn't work; another year a pen and pencil set with thermometer that still works.

But golly, in those first years, there was a little sadness. Joe had turned from a gorilla into a decent lad, hiding his better instincts behind a mop of hair. Bridget had turned from a four-eyed eager beaver into a bra-less sex symbol. I wished them well, unreservedly. Nowadays, if my home form gave me a

present on the last day, the first thing I would do would be to send it to the local bomb squad. If they cleared it, I would open it with tweezers and a mask, wondering which it contained: dog or cat excrement.

Ah, shoot, that's not true either. They might put an ice-pick in my tires, set a thumbtack on my chair when I wasn't looking, write the odd obscenity in their textbooks, two words, with my last name the second one, but they wouldn't really do anything obnoxious.

Just because I thumped Barney three times this year with my arthritic right fist doesn't mean that we both believe in corporal punishment. We're buddies, and I'm going to keep an eye on my cat this summer in case it's strangled.

And little Michelle doesn't really hate my guts, even though she deliberately stabbed herself in the wrist with a pen on the last day of school, came up to my desk, looked me straight in the eye, sprinkled blood all over my desk and pants, and asked, "Are you sure I have to write the final exam?"

I'm kidding, of course. Those kids in my home form look on me as a father. Not exactly as a father confessor, mind you, or a kindly old father. More the type of father whom you put the boots to when he comes home drunk and falls at your eager feet.

In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if they give me a present on our last day. Perhaps a cane; possibly a hearing aid. Presented by Robin, an angelic-looking little blonde who kicks Steve, just ahead of her, right behind the kneecaps in the middle of the national anthem, and makes him fall forward, kicking backward.

The more I think of them the more nostalgic I get for the year we've spent

together. At least, I am spent. They're not. They haven't invested anything, so there's nothing to spend.

On second thought, I'm not a father figure to them. I'm a grandfather figure. In the last few weeks of school, before it was decided who would be recommended, and who would have to write the final, I noticed a definite increase in solicitude and kindness.

If I dropped my book from senile hands, they would pick it up, and instead of throwing it out the window, would hand it to me gravely.

And they became nicer to each other, probably out of consideration for my increasing sensibility. Instead of tripping the girls as they went to their seats, the huge boys would pick them up and carry them.

Instead of throwing a pen like a dart when someone wanted to borrow one, they would take off their boot, put the pen in it, and throw the boot, so the pen wouldn't be lost in the scuffle.

And speaking of scuffles, there have been very few of late. Oh, the other day, there was a little one, when Tami, five-feet-minus, grabbed Todd, six-feet-plus, and shoved him out the window, second-storey. No harm done. He was able to grasp the sill, and when she stomped on his fingers, managed to land on his feet, some distance below, in the middle of a spruce tree.

Maybe it's all been worth it. They haven't learned much, but I have, and that's what education is all about.

Three years from now, I'll meet them somewhere on the street, in a pub, in jail. The boys will have lost their 14-year-old ebullience and the girls will be pregnant, and we'll smile and love each other.