

**Editor's Mail**

**"Unfit"**

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
Thank God for a local media where an individual can offer both beefs and bouquets. I hope you'll publish my letter—a beef in the strongest form.

Last week, I had occasion to visit the Latham Gallery of the Town Library. I took along our eight year old girl—to the Library but, out of curiosity, we dropped into the Gallery, to look around. I got the shock of my life.

The display there is, in my opinion, just pornography, the same sort of thing we decry in many movies. However, there's a difference. The movies at least give us advance warning but Latham Gallery does not. I think the powers-that-be should hang a "Parental Guidance" or "Adult Only" sign above the door. That way, a parent such as I would be spared the agony of trying to explain this adult weakness of admiring the female form minus clothes.

People who see "beauty" in this sort of thing, wouldn't be caught dead looking at the centrefold of Playboy. One is considered art and the other is not. I guess we change our morals to suit our purpose.

One bouquet to the artist—the stained glass framework is beautiful. Unfortunately, his choice of subjects leaves much to be desired.

Sincerely,  
Elmer Perkins,  
Manitoba Street,  
Stouffville.

**Well done**

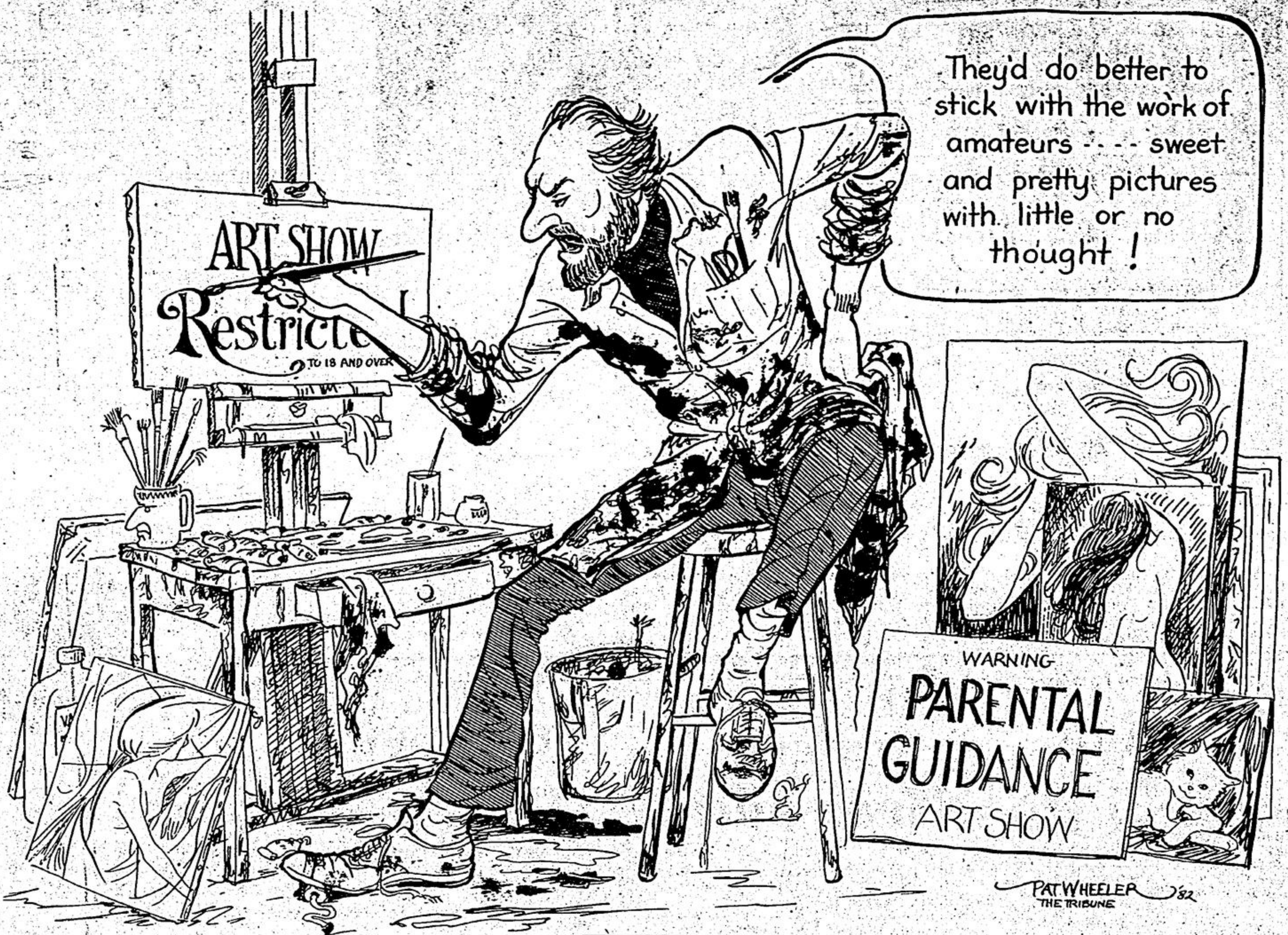
Dear Jim:  
I wish to thank you for your coverage of the Mount Joy Public School reunion. It was characterized by good taste, imagination and kindness.

I heard many complimentary remarks about the account engineered by you in your newspaper.

Please include me among your many friends.

Sincerely,  
Frank Pringle,  
Washington Street,  
Markham.

**NEWS ITEM: Some offended by nude art**



**The Tribune**

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 640-2100

**ROAMING AROUND**

**From ashes--a beautiful home**

By JIM THOMAS



It was the afternoon of May 23, 1981. I was attending an auction sale on the 5th Conc. of Whitechurch-Stouffville when a Markham volunteer firefighter hurried over. A report had just come through on his portable radio, telling of a blaze in the area of Kennedy Road and 18th Avenue, Markham. He pointed to a column of black smoke already visible in the sky. "It sounds serious," he said, "thought you might like to check".

I thanked him and left, not knowing what to expect.

Daytime fire calls are seldom serious; they're usually spotted in time. But night alarms are a different story; they often have a head start. However, on this occasion, the amount of smoke plus the fact police had established road blocks at both Warden and Kennedy, indicated this was no farmer destroying a stack of spoiled straw. Yes, this was indeed serious—this was the 150 year old home of Barry and Marlene Nicholson in the community of Cashel, R.R. 1, Unionville.

My heart sank when I reached the scene. Half the house was already gone and only a shell remained of the rest. Barry and Marlene stood on the lawn, staring into the blackened ruins. For them, it must have seemed like the end of the world.

I wanted to offer my sympathy, but what's a person to say at a time like that? So I said nothing; didn't even advise them of my presence; just took a few shots and left. That was 14 months ago.

Last Saturday, I returned and was accorded an extremely warm welcome. Marlene, home alone when I arrived, was later joined by her husband. We sat and talked in the breakfast room of their new residence, overlooking a neatly-trimmed lawn filled with flowers, shrubs and trees. For me, the transformation was hard to believe. For them, a nightmare had turned into a dream. But the memories remain, memories they'd just as soon forget, but can't.

On that afternoon of May 23, Marlene recalled filling the garden tractor with gas. She had planned to cut the grass. However, before she even started the machine, a spark ignited the fumes and the entire unit was enveloped by flame. Her cries for help were heard by neighbor Harry Forrester who came quickly to her aid.

Marlene's first thought was to move the car, but the keys were upstairs. She remembers running into the house and closing some of the windows. Seconds later, extreme heat was popping glass all over the floor. She attempted to escape through a rear door but was met by a wall of flame. She ran out the front, put the dog in the car and backed the vehicle out of harm's way. Firemen from the Unionville Station were on the scene in about eight minutes, but there was little they could do. The loss was estimated at \$100,000 including priceless antiques, gifts from her grandmother.

Despite the heartache of that fateful day, Barry and Marlene feel they have much for which to be thankful. The fact no one was in-

jured is reason enough. "I really believe someone was watching over me," Marlene says.

The handsome couple don't deny the fact the 1 1/2 storey house was exactly what they'd been looking for. "We were living in Willowdale at the time," recalled Marlene, "and Barry saw it—it was just what we wanted". That was nine years ago this October.

But that's all in the past. They now have a new home, on the same site, that's also "exactly what they wanted". The contractor was 'Buster' Nesbitt of Ballantrae.

However, more than the 'ingredients' that go into a house, Barry and Marlene discovered something of greater importance—a close contact with family and friends. For example, Fred Hume "a neighbor down the road," offered them a home over the winter; a gentleman at Victoria Square, (that they didn't even know), came over five weekends in a row to help with clean-up; Marlene's parents and sisters "pitched in" and so did others in the community.

There were times, Marlene admits, when they wondered if it was all worthwhile; if it might have been better to have gone out and bought another place. But now they know they did the right thing. "Suddenly, it all came together," she said, "it's a good feeling to be settled again; we're very happy".

So are their friends and neighbors. Saying goodbye is never easy in a close community like Cashel. That's what makes life in the country so very special.

**Editorials**

**Library building 'public'**

"Morals" is a highly sensitive subject in Whitechurch-Stouffville, moreso than in Metro-oriented municipalities like Markham and Richmond Hill.

When a morals' issue arises, be it a questionable book in the local library; a topless female dance act in an area tavern or sex education within the secondary school system; residents here sit up and take notice. And this is good, for it keeps educators and politicians on their toes. They think twice before pushing certain pieces of legislation through, even though it may meet their personal acceptable standards.

The latest incident arousing a flurry of criticism here, is the current display of art (photography) by Jack Dale in Whitechurch-Stouffville's Latham Gallery. It's reception

has run the gamut of ho-hum to seething anger. Many of the photos are of female nudes, transferred onto stained glass.

While the process is indeed unique, (even beautiful), the choice of 'models' leaves much to be desired. We see it as exploitation in a most blatant form. That, more than a morals' issue, leaves us cold.

However, the Latham Gallery committee is undoubtedly informed in advance as to what a particular display entails. These members must decide what is acceptable and what is not. In future, they should keep in mind that such shows, like the library itself, are "public"—open to everyone, men, women and children so, when in doubt, turf them out. Who needs the aggravation?

**Inspect property first**

No municipal planning committee can properly fulfill its obligations unless members are completely familiar with various properties under consideration.

On occasions in Whitechurch-Stouffville, this problem becomes apparent. One can tell by the questions asked, that some haven't a clue as to the location of certain sites. Decisions on a basis of ignorance are unjust.

**No starting date in sight**

What's happening with regard to the proposed 500-home Dulverton development on the northerly outskirts of Stouffville? That's what people keep asking. The answer, in a single word is "nothing"; nor will there likely be until interest rates drop, the economy improves and real estate starts moving again.

The Dulverton agreement has been signed, but the Plan of Subdivision has not been reg-

istered. The Town has extended the registration date to Aug. 31. However, there's no guarantee this deadline will be met nor one in the immediate future, unless the economy does a turn-around.

The municipality, we feel, has gone that extra mile, in an effort to get this development rolling. Now, nothing short of assuming control of the site, seems to be left. Let's hope we're spared that aggravation.

**IN MY OPINION**



**Adults grab sports' spotlight**

BY JIM HOLT

One of the most interesting phenomena to occur within the Town in recent years is the growth of adult recreation.

Prior to 1978, there were comparatively few (by today's standards) adult ball or hockey teams. Which makes one wonder what the grown-ups did for extra curricular enjoyment.

The tide started to turn when someone, somewhere, published a report that berated Canadians for being in poor shape. Compared to Scandinavians, the average Canadian 25 year old was in as good a physical condition as a 60 year old Swede. The report, condemning us to somewhere between thirtieth and thirty-fifth in the international fitness scale, was a crushing condemnation of our sloth.

The report came as a shock to most people, who, after years of watching their kids belt the ball into the outfield; skim down the boards to flick the puck in the net; or boot the ball between soccer posts, had not given a thought to their own physical condition.

All of a sudden everyone became fitness-

conscious. Not only did we witness a glut of fitness-clubs but, amateur sports took off like the wind.

The outcome has been a resurgence of interest in sports of all kinds that, in turn, has produced a healthier nation.

Locally, things never looked better. The Ballantrae Tennis Club, formed just two years ago, now has a membership of nearly two hundred; of which only one-third are juniors (under 18 years).

The Mens' Amateur Hockey League is another example of phenomenal growth. With eight teams on their roster (and about forty to fifty hopefuls waiting to join) only the lack of ice-time precludes further growth for this 24 years—and-over group.

This year has seen an explosion in slowpitch competition. Previously hailed as "a girls' game", the guys suddenly realized its spectator-value and advantages over fastball. There is now a 12 team York-Durham Mens' Slowpitch League; limited to future expansion only by lack of diamond space.

Most are unaware of the sharp drop in sports registration among younger people which, according to local organizers, is likely to continue for years to come.

The turnaround is really no surprise. Statistics predict that by the year 2,000 more than 60% of Canadians will be over 60 years of age. This, coupled to a plummeting birthrate, makes for interesting speculation on the future of amateur sports.

Will we see increased emphasis on traditional games, with accommodation made in the rules for those in their fifties and sixties, or will we turn to more gentler pastimes?

Whatever the outcome, we can be assured that the declining number of sports-conscious youngsters will be felt in the not too distant future. Where, then, will we find our superstars of tomorrow—in the geriatric wards of the old folks home, or the wheelchairs of the over-eighties?

One thing is certain. It's going to be tough finding a coach for the Oldtimers' squad.