

## Editor's Mail Other side

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
The July 21 issue of The Tribune which included both your own editorial comment in addition to letters from concerned citizens, amply demonstrates that some who haunt art galleries suffer from a conglomeration of afflictions among which I will number myopia and "hardening of the attitudes". Although I am not a doctor, perhaps the following might serve to set those above on the road to recovery.

The concerns expressed by your paper, break down into two broad categories: (1) Sexism and (2) Pornography. Let me deal with each of these in turn. As to the first, Jack Dale's photographs constitute, if anything, a strong feminist statement. His earlier pieces deal literally with the social fragmentation of women, an idea which was prompted by the artist having read Germaine Greer's "The Female Eunuch". The stained glass pieces, further this theme. Each, given an intentionally trite title, illustrates that women are often reduced to or objectified as bodily parts (Back, Front), attitudes (Quiet) or roles (Wash). But the strongest statement was found in the three works on the south wall. There, dehumanization surfaced as women as cheerleaders ("they have mouths, and speak not; they have eyes and see not"); dumb blond on TV or a beauty pageant queen. Each image is paired with a biblical quotation in which the basic humanity of womanhood is underscored. Such contradiction between image and quotation creates irony; a type of humor found in much of Dale's work.

As to the charge of pornography cum immorality, one needs here to distinguish between nakedness and the presentation/exploitation of nakedness. I am certain no one finds nakedness in itself obscene. It is the context which creates the latter. If this were not so, then many of the world's greatest pieces of art would have to be tarred with the same pornographic brush, and hidden away in museum basements so as not to offend.

The Latham Gallery is not in the business of exhibiting pornography. I found nothing lurid or prurient in Jack Dale's exhibition and have no more difficulty in discussing this work with my own children than I would a Rembrandt nude or a piece of classical nude sculpture. As the above would suggest, if anything, Dale's context is polemical not pornographic.

One further point of clarification: I am not the Chairman of Latham Gallery (that position is in other very capable hands), but rather its Director.

Respectfully,  
David Phillips,  
Director,  
The Latham Gallery.



"Maybe it's best I remain a spectator"

# The Tribune

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## ROAMING AROUND He's "Good Neighbor Sam"

By JIM THOMAS

Once-upon-a-time there was a country custom whereby neighbors banded together in groups of six, eight or ten, and helped each other.

It was strictly volunteer, no questions asked, no money exchanged, just an accepted part of rural life.

How it all originated, I'm not sure, a throwback to pioneer days, I suspect, when folks did much the same.

As a lad in my teens, I thought it was great. For one thing, it brought everyone to one place at one time, often as many as twenty-five and thirty, depending on the task at hand. But the thing I remember most were the meals, "spreads" like you wouldn't believe, both at home and away.

While we thought the work was hard, (and it was), what went on inside the kitchens of the various homes, was harder still. For push-button conveniences hadn't yet arrived; (at least not at our place), so much of the cooking was done on a coal-oil stove. Thinking back, I don't know how my mother ever did it. No sooner were the dinner dishes cleared and washed than the table was re-set for supper.

Depending on the weather, seldom did threshing or silo-filling last more than a couple of days. Then it was on to the next and the next until all the harvest was in.

Freeman Ramer at Markham did our threshing work for years. The arrival of his huge Rumley tractor was an event in itself. I can remember running down the road to meet it, then watching in amazement as he would

manipulate both units up the "barn hill" with effortless ease.

This same Freeman Ramer was a superb machinist who kept his equipment in excellent shape. And nothing ever perturbed him, even the morning he arrived to discover we kids had been trying to start the big tractor the night before without success. In doing so, we had "flooded it", delaying the "bee" by more than an hour. But he never said a word, just went about his work until all was rectified. I remember watching the episode--from a safe distance.

The arrival of the combine and the corn-harvester changed all this. Farmers became more independent and neighborliness bowed to progress, never really to return.

We didn't think much about it at the time, for we still conversed over the line fence and helped out when help was needed. But the writing was on the wall: "Lending a hand" was no longer automatic. Folks had to be asked, even paid. I was part of this evolutionary period, earning as much as two dollars a day!

To suggest that farm help exchange is a thing of the past, is perhaps unfair. Undoubtedly, in some areas, where old customs die hard, it's still practised, but not to the extent it once was.

The reason I qualify this, is the fact that, right here in Stouffville, there's a "Good Neighbor Sam" who practises this policy faithfully every day.

His name is Stewart Anderson and he lives on Winona Drive.

I came to know Stewart the day back in 1975 he purchased the home of the late Win Timbers, just a stones-throw up the street. He would wave every time I drove by, although I'm sure he had no idea who I was.

Then one Saturday, last summer, my electric mower went on the "fritz": something wrong with the "off-on" switch. I didn't have a clue how to repair it. Stewart somehow sensed my feelings of frustration and (through one of the kids), offered me the loan of his, a really friendly gesture. I thought to myself, especially to someone he didn't really know!

However, now I'm no longer surprised. For "Good Neighbor Sam" treats everyone the same--the most considerate gentleman I've ever met.

Despite the fact he's 68 and suffers from emphysema, it's not unusual to see him shovelling snow or cutting grass at any one of several neighbors' places at seven o'clock in the morning. He also puts out their garbage and waters their flowers when the need arises.

"I enjoy helping people," he says.

It was much the same when he lived at Balantrae, and folks haven't forgotten. Only recently, a former resident, now living in Montreal, stopped by to say "thanks".

There may be many Good Neighbor Sam's in Whitchurch-Stouffville. Residents in the area of Winona Drive and Rupert Avenue are thankful for one. Stewart Anderson is one-of-a-kind.

## IN MY OPINION We're very poor hosts

BY JIM HOLT

It's been the Town's good fortune over the last few years to be blessed with a large number of sports visitors, both from overseas and south of the Border.

These events have not just happened. Somewhere along the line someone put in a lot of hard work, organizing them through dozens of phone calls (usually at their own expense), writing letters, cajoling, promising and hoping that everything would come off well when "the big day" arrived.

No one can possibly calculate the hours spent in such pursuits.

It speaks well for the sporting organizations here that when they set out to do something they usually attain their objective. However, it has been brought home to me most forcibly during the last few months that although the individual organizations do a great job, the Town falls woefully short of meeting its obligations with respect to its visitors, particularly those from overseas.

A few weeks ago we were visited by a talented soccer team from West Germany, also a couple of Mexican teams. This was in conjunction with the Canada Day celebrations.

Prior to the games taking place, the usual pleasantries were exchanged between organizers and guests. But where was the Town band. Where were the dignitaries? Nowhere in sight.

Except for the presence of Mayor Eldred King, no other representative of the municipality was in attendance. We didn't even have a decent loudspeaker system with which to address the crowd.

Surely, as a community, bending over backwards to fete such visitors is an obligation we should take very seriously.

Not to make an effort on these occasions detracts from the Town's hospitable image. It is also a slap in the face, albeit unintentional, for the people who have sweated it out making things happen. To be blunt, it's damn rude.

The other evening I attended what, not unexpectedly, turned out to be a magnificent soccer game between Bochum and Woburn at the High School grounds. The event, reported elsewhere in The Tribune, fulfilled everyone's expectations; as far as the game was concerned. However, I was embarrassed out of my shoes for our German visitors. Apart from a few soc-

cer supporters; Councillor Bill Kamps; the executive of the Stouffville soccer club; it's players and myself, one might have thought it was only a house league game. Where were the flags, the banners and bunting; the hot-dog stands and soft drink booth. Why wasn't the Band in attendance along with a huge turnout by the whole Town? Even if you don't particularly appreciate the game, common courtesy dictates we should all make some effort to put in an appearance. If it had been Stouffville visiting Bochum, I can assure you the partying would have gone on till dawn and the whole affair would have been turned into a very big celebration indeed.

Why you may ask? Because the continentals take their responsibilities as hosts seriously.

I cannot help but feel that we are inclined to be a little too smug, complacent and self-satisfied when it comes to extending the hospitable hand of friendship. Let the other guy worry about it is too often the attitude.

No, I don't need reminding that there was a reception last Thursday morning for our German guests. My complaint is that (coffee, cookies and 25 people isn't good enough

# Editorials

## Continue siren serenade

Residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville are very complacent with respect to singular events. As individuals, we tend to hibernate--all year round. Because of this unexplained and regrettable attitude, it's good to be shocked out of our socks once in awhile, so we can stretch our collective arms, rub our collective eyes and ask: "What's happening?"

The way to accomplish this is through the sounding of the fire siren. Nothing stirs us from our lethargy like the wail of this mechanical device perched atop the clock tower. Most folks will at least raise themselves on their elbows and sniff the air for smoke. Some will even peer out their doors and windows to find out what's going on.

To learn the next morning that "all the fuss" was merely a way of recognizing a championship ball, hockey or soccer team, is indeed irritating--to a few. Irritating enough, that Fire Chief Walt Smith, the recipient of all the complaints, feels it's not worth the aggravation. It's our understanding (and this word comes second-hand because Chief Smith is currently on vacation), that the practise has been discontinued.

If this is so, we're asking Chief Smith to reconsider, for it is he who is head-manning the Fire Department, not the "squawkers" who seemingly would prefer to sleep in a cemetery.

Apart from this, there's a tradition at stake here, a tradition that should not be undermined by a minority.

The situation came to the forefront of attention at a Parks and Recreation Board meeting, last week. The Stouffville "Stingers", a girls' team, had just won the regional title and will

now advance to the All-Ontario Championships in Kingston this month. The management, felt the feat was of sufficient importance to warrant a "toot around town". Chief Smith, however, felt otherwise. It would be he who would be "chewed out" the next day, not the coach or players.

So be it. He's undoubtedly been "chewed out" before--for lesser reasons.

Regardless, it should be pointed out that a dozen ball players (and their supporters) can be equally antagonistic. So much so, should they win the provincial title at Kingston, they've promised a cavalcade of blaring car horns that will indeed "wake the dead". Let's hope the fire truck and its accompanying siren are part of the procession.

## A good start

The federal government's six per cent guideline on wages is, in our opinion, an important and positive step towards beating inflation.

Through its introduction, Prime Minister Trudeau has placed the ball in the court of the provinces. It's their move now.

At this point in time, Queen's Park, for one, appears reluctant (at least hesitant), to accept the challenge. We can't understand why.

Holding the line on salary increases may not be the total answer, but at least it's a start. With co-operation from all Canadians, we can turn the economy around; in fact, we believe, that turn-around has already begun. Let's hope.