

Memories

Dear Jim:

It hardly seems possible that almost 20 years ago, I stumbled into The Tribune Office; said I could type; promised to buy a car and won my first job as a reporter. I remember how the high school kids called me "scoop"; teacher Jim Rehill was the subject of my first column; the Crowders on Albert Street became my "parents" away from home and Bill Johnson could set a Ludlow headline faster than a speeding bullet.

Len Greenwood had the finest knife collection anywhere; Keith Acton was still an "Atom"; the swimming pool wasn't heated and the Stouffville 'Clippers' had a player in their lineup named Robin Hood.

All these things remain in my mind today, since my career was virtually born in Stouffville.

However, after seeing the photo on the Editorial Page of last week's "Turbine" (yes, everyone called it The "Turbine") "Graduating Class at Orchard Park School — 1960-61" a whole new flood of memories struck.

Linda Dafeo—didn't her Dad own the restaurant near Main and Edward Streets, where the pool tables tilted slightly northward? She's in the photo.

And Pat Hall—what a delight she was; standing tall and beautiful in the third row. I remember helping to tear down their garage in the family's backyard.

There was Peter Turner—I think he hung the "scoop" thing on me.

Chris Jack—she was Pat Hall's next door neighbor. We used to make tape recordings in Chris' living room. I still have the tapes.

I remember Linda Ratcliff, Linda Walley and Karen Dedlow.

And Keith Sutherland—he was Orchard Park's principal. He always treated me well even though I was continually bugging him about something or other.

Maybe I was too young to appreciate the sincerity and charm of those people then, but I'm sorry I've lost touch with them now.

Thanks, Jim—for the memories.
Ron Wallace (1964-66).



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ROAMING AROUND

Ode to Mother's Day

By JIM THOMAS

How was your Mother's Day? ... What I really mean—how was your mother's Mothers' Day? For your sake, (and hers), I hope it is different than mine. For mine was, as any one of the kids might say—the pits.

In all honesty, the occasion itself wasn't so bad; your usual hustle and bustle Sunday. But the Saturday prior to was terrible; ten minutes to closing time and nothing to prove my loyalty and love. This is my wife I'm talking about, the mother of six plus two adopted rabbits and a dog. The very thought of going home empty-handed, sent cold shivers up and down my spine.

What would she say? Even worse, what would she think? By the time I reached the store, (6:52 p.m.), the card selection was almost down to the bare shelf. But I found one, even though the reference was to "mother" instead of "wife". I hoped she'd understand.

With that task complete, I made a beeline for Hudson's Florists, certain the light inside was a sign the shop was still open. It was. The time was 6:58, two minutes to go. Although, like the cards, the flowers were pretty well "picked over", there was one beautiful azalea left and bargain priced at \$15. I bought it quickly, realizing another late-comer was looking over my shoulder. It was 6:05 when I emerged with my treasure; mission accomplished; what a relief; the dog would sleep alone.

However, it's oft been said that wives and mothers are born with a sixth sense, and I believe it. They can see inside we phoney fathers; they know the truth about what we're saying and worse, what we're thinking. You can't fool 'em, no matter how hard you try.

This being the case, I'm telling her the truth. Perhaps it will speak for other delinquent husbands and fathers caught in the same Mothers' Day dilemma.

Mother's Day comes once a year, But still it is a chore To think of something practical, I know she will adore. Cards and flowers are fine of course, But they never really say. The little things that should be said, The debt I can't repay. The house; the kids, the dishes, meals, The garden, grass and flowers Shopping, piano, church and such, They total countless hours. Through bouts of flu and sleepless nights, She stayed up with each one Walking, rocking until dawn, Brought the rising of the sun. Bumps and bruises, each receive, A sympathetic kiss And after school, it is for sure, No welcomed hug they miss. At replacing fuses, fixing taps,

She is some kind of genius Changing storms; installing screens, The chores I find so tedious, Paying bills; my income tax, Get-well cards and saying thanks Keeping tabs on the kids' accounts, In a dozen different banks. A frugal spender there's no match, One dollar equals two Weiners sub for sirloin steak, Baked beans are nothing new. The leaking tap, the squeaking hinge, A source of aggravation A wrench, an oilcan, quite enough, Plus female intuition. Alone all day; again at night, Not one word of complaint To win this prize, I must admit, I feel much like a saint. And often in the wee small hours, She'll enquire if all's okay Then prepare a meal fit for a king, To start a brand new day. While Susie's kennel's a trifle small, To house me plus one dog A canine substitute might be, Far better than a log. Two score and three we've fared quite well, With more to show than most That late-night snack, it did the trick, The strawberry jam and toast. A simple card; bouquet of flowers, To one I hold so dear. A mother, not for just one day, But 52 weeks—a year.

Editorials

Keep arena operating

It's been almost five weeks now since the Figure Skating Club concluded their season with a successful carnival. Their exit marked the end officially of the fall and winter sports program in the Stouffville Arena.

So what lies ahead for the spring and summer? Possibly we've been in touch with the wrong people, but all queries to date have resulted in "I don't know" replies.

While disconcerting to say the least, we're not discouraged; at least not discouraged to the point of stopping. We intend to keep on calling until someone tells us something.

What planned program of events is contemplated for this location from May through August?

While we all know the building's available to anyone who wishes to "stick his

neck out and rent the facility", these are not the type of ventures we have in mind. We want to know what the TOWN has planned for this site.

We can think of a dozen activities that could be attempted in the months ahead; activities that, if properly publicized and advertised, should break even.

If a program of events is already planned, we say "well done".

If nothing's in the works, we say "get moving".

Conflicting reports

Yes we are. No you aren't. These kinds of admission-denial statements are being tossed back and forth with regard to an "official" rec centre fund-raising campaign in Whitechurch-Stouffville.

It was our understanding that a (self-appointed) committee was to coordinate all Town fund-raising events, including the May 25 fashion show, so that one wouldn't conflict with the other. We saw nothing wrong with this as long as it had the "blessing" of Council.

The Tribune has since been told that it hasn't. However, Mayor Eldred King was quick to point out that there's nothing wrong with any group promoting projects for this purpose. He welcomes their participation and so do we. But at this point in time, we have a ship without a rudder, one that without a proper steering mechanism, may soon end up on the rocks.

We feel it's up to Town Council to organize the crew and put the ship on course. The municipality is in the fortunate position of having several gung-ho rec centre advocates available who undoubtedly will be willing to serve in lead roles. Let's grab them and get the campaign wheels rolling—all in the same direction.



Graduating class at Orchard Park Public School — 1962-63

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the opening of Orchard Park Public School in Stouffville. To celebrate the occasion, a reunion of former teachers and students is planned for this fall. Pictured here is the graduating class

of 1962-63. Members are: Front Row (left to right)—Susan Abraham, Jackie Mumford, Carol Clarkson, Linda Packer, Linda Dafeo, Chris Jack, Lee Corbett, Joanne Hendricks, Lois Hisey, Lesley Connell, Deidra Hiles, Jane Terwoerds. Mid-

dle Row (left to right)—Craig Schell, Ian Marlatt, Ron Gallamore, Gordon Jeffery, Rick Sprague, Eric Hamilton, Bill Parsons, Nelson Wilson, Robert Slack, Richard Davis, David Boyd, Ed Jones. Rear Row (left to right)—Keith Betz, Wm. Kinglsey

(teacher); Jack Harper, John Slater, Pat Smith, Peter Harris, Linda Couse, Karen Dedlow; Bonney Heatherington, Patsy Hall, Linda Ratcliff, W.K. Sutherland (principal) and Ted Topping.