

Editor's Mail

A tragedy

Dear Editor:
Through The Tribune, I want to personally thank Judge Silverman at Newmarket Court, for his tough stand against consumption of alcohol.

When are we going to wake up to the fact "demon rum" is continually destroying families and ruining lives?

Still, the media (television) makes it look like the "in thing" to do--sit around a campfire and drink beer.

If the end result wasn't so sad, I could laugh along with them. Unfortunately, I've seen the tragic side and believe me, it's no laughing matter.

Sincerely,
John Boyle,
Stouffer Street,
Stouffville.

Advances

Dear Editor:
Thanks for the story on the Stouffville area girl who put up a successful fight against cancer.

We hear so much on the negative side in this regard and so little of a positive nature. Tannis is one; undoubtedly there are others.

The medical profession has made marvellous strides in recent years in its attempt to master this disease. With their skills and God's help, cancer will be beaten.

Sincerely,
Mildred Young,
Stouffville, R.R. 4



The Tribune
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JAMES THOMAS Editor
BRUCE ANNAN Publisher
JOE ANDERSON Advertising Manager
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ROAMING AROUND
Graduation Day--May 29
By JIM THOMAS

A Sunday, in most homes, is "Family Day", an occasion when Mom, Dad and the kids do things together. They may be simple things like a barbecue in the backyard; a trail-walk through Vivian Forest or an overdue visit with grandparents. They may be more extravagant things like dinner at the C.N. Tower; a visit to the Metro Zoo or an afternoon at Canada's Wonderland. Whatever the choice, be it simple or extravagant, the cost doesn't count. The real "cost" comes with doing nothing and that, excluding holidays, has been the story of my life. Aside from attending church Sunday morning, the Sabbath is much like a Monday or a Saturday; very little change. I resent this and so does my family. Unfortunately, in more than 30 years of journalism, I've yet to find a way around it. No matter how organized my schedule; no matter how good my intentions, something always arises to make Sunday just another work day. However, this is about to change, albeit temporarily. As of now, I'm giving notice that on Sunday, May 29, I'll be totally unavailable for all assignments, regardless of importance. The strength of this decision is such that nothing short of my own funeral will alter my intentions. Yes, May 29 is one of the most important milestones in my life; Jean's too. We both have it marked on our office and kitchen calendars—in bold red letters. They read: GRADUATION. Would you believe four years? It was four years ago that our Susan, then eighteen and fresh out of Stouffville High, enrolled in an honors music degree course at Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo. It was a totally new experience for her and for us, and we don't mind admitting we were more than a little concerned. A new "home"; a new school; a new lifestyle among new friends—could she cope? We asked ourselves this question a thousand times during prolonged good-byes with every visit. While we're not aware of all her worries, (kids don't tell their parents everything), it's now obvious she coped much better than we. For Jean was continually writing and phoning, anxious to keep in touch. As for me, I welcomed each and every reunion whether at her place or ours. While worrying is typical of partisan parents, this concern was more than offset by the ecstasy of attending each and every concert, events we'll never forget. These programs, that would ordinarily bore a straight-laced Hank Snow fan like myself, sent shivers up and down my spine. Why? Because one of my own was a participant. That made all the difference. Strange isn't it, that a father, who has problems playing "Mary Had a Little Lamb" with one finger, should be associated with one, who, with apparent ease, can pick her way through Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It's an association I don't deserve, but vainly accept. It's a thing called pride. On Sunday, May 29, I'll be prouder still. For that date is Graduation Day, an occasion I've been living to see. All our hopes, dreams, fears and misgivings will be overcome by feelings of thanksgiving. The ceremony will include hundreds of graduating students and hundreds of proud parents. I trust the others will understand if our attention is focussed on only one. I hope too, they'll understand our feelings of mixed emotions, the satisfaction of a mission accomplished; the regret of a mission concluded. But we'll smile through our tears; at least my wife will. Fathers aren't supposed to cry. However, on this one occasion, I hope they'll make an exception. Just call them tears of joy. I know I won't be alone.

Editorials

Town taxes are low

For municipal purposes only, the average Whitechurch-Stouffville taxpayer (with a home assessed at \$20,000), will pay \$216.12 in 1983.

Last year, the figure was \$188.10—an increase of \$28.02.

While the difference represents a hike of 14.9 per cent, the '82 total was so low, any adjustment upwards, would seem sizeable in percentage terms.

The truth is, the tax load here, (for municipal purposes), is extremely light.

However, the total is not, and this is where the issue becomes confusing. Residents tend to look only at the "bottom line"; the \$1,150.00 (average) each must pay, ignoring the fact that the Region of York and York Region Board of Education take a slice of the pie.

Education, for example, takes a monstrous bite—\$677.00, more than three times the local government requirement. The remainder, about \$257.00, goes to York Region.

The break-down on each tax bill clearly spells the three main areas of expense. However, for some strange reason, this break-down attracts little attention. At least the grumbings heard on the street would indicate this.

But we don't "buy" it.

We believe John Q. Public is well acquainted with the guilty party but for two reasons, elects to take out its wrath on

Support

On Thursday evening, June 30, Whitechurch-Stouffville will honor its 1983 "Citizen of the Year".

The event, sponsored by this newspaper, in co-operation with Town Council and community organizations, will be held at the High School.

Thanks to your interest, the response to our request for nominees, has been phenomenal—far more than anticipated. The committee will meet during the next two weeks to finalize its selection.

The Tribune's publisher and staff appreciate your support in what, we feel, is a very worthwhile project. We look forward to your attendance, June 30, when the honor becomes a reality.

Council. (1). The mayor and/or the ward representative are more accessible than the hierarchy in education circles. (2). Criticizing education costs is like condemning motherhood and Santa Claus. No one does it. It's just not proper. So the mayor and councillors will continue to "get it in the neck", more out of sheer frustration than total ignorance.



Graduating class at Orchard Park School — 1963-64

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 1963-64. Members are: Front Row (left to right)—Sherrin Watson, Carolyn Brown, Linda Davis, Colleen Hisey, Susan Schell, Judy Churchill, Dale Jeffery, Joy Barker, Ruth Parsons, Donna Skinner, Linda Harper. Middle Row (left to right)—W. K. Sutherland (principal); Gail Smith, Sandra Pipher, Norma Brown, Larry Plaskitt, Bob Barton, Bill Goudie, Wayne Stone, Tony Wilson, Regina Dams, Carol Corner. Rear Row (left to right)—Rick Ashton, Robbie Houston, Duke Charpentier, Robert Brown, John Chown, Wayne Jackson, Nell Smith, Doug Kingston, Bob Phoenix, Glenn Smith and Wm. Kingsley (teacher).