Editor's Mail

Action!

Dear Mr Thomas:

I don't know Daphne Goldman personally, but I appreciated her comments re our hoped-for recreation complex. In short, what she's telling Town Council is "get off the pot and do something".

With respect to Councillor Wilf Morley's comment "there are a lot of people out there who don't want it", perhaps therein lies the reason so little of a visible nature is accomplished here. Don't our children and our children's children count for anything? I'm sure they will when they're old enough to vote!

> Sincerely, Rodney Bowles, Stouffer Street, Stouffville

Day care

Dear Editor:

Through The Tribune, I wish to inform residents in the area of the Region of York (non-profit) Private Home Day-Care Services.

Persons wishing to provide daycare services in their own homes under the supervision of Region of York Day-Care Services, are being sought. This program serves subsidized children and children with special needs between birth and age ten. Fenced yards are necessary and proximity to public schools are preferred.

Also, parents requiring subsidized home day-care for children between birth and age ten should call 881-2524 for additional information.

> Sincerely, Sandra Bowles, Supervisor, Private Home Day Care, Region of York.





Eribune

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Editorials

Centre too complex

For over a year now, a vocal segment of our Town (with the support of this newspaper), has been advocating a start on planned construction of a new Recreation Complex. More importantly, we have urged the setting up of a Fund-Raising Campaign so that everyone's financial energies can be focussed in the same direction.

We have sensed a keen desire by a cross-section of townsfolk to "get the show on the road". In fact, so keen is that desire, we're fearful something may soon take place, without Town authorization. And this would be a mistake.

However, we believe the time has come for Council to "level" with not only the pro-Complex people, but all the people whether they be for or against this

project. Without a doubt, Mayor King is under tremendous pressure. This should not be. For the decision "to build or not to build" is not his to make but a decision of the majority. However, we sense a sharp division within Council ranks. There's obviously more to this than meets the

eye: At a recent meeting of the Town Recreation Committee, Councillor Wilf Morley opposed the setting up of a fundraising steering committee, calling it "premature". While he didn't elaborate, we're confident Councillor Morley

knows something we don't. At a recent press meeting with the

Seniors will benefit

Santa Claus in June? They do it at Gravenhurst (Santa's Village) so why not in Whitchurch-Stouffville? It's all supposed to happen this Satur-

day, and all for a good cause. The occasion is Santa's birthday. The celebration will take place at the Stouffville Pool (12:30 p.m.), and later the Arena. The price of admission is one wrapped gift per child that, next Christmas, will be presented to a senior citizen in the

Chief organizer of this unique project is Diane Peak; President of Santa's Senior Citizen Fund Committee. Mrs Peak is no stranger to seniors in the community. However, most of her work in previous years was done "behind the scenes". Now, she's involving everyone. So let's all get involved and make Diane's novel idea a success.

mayor, Mr King admitted there'd been no concrete proposal by Council to build anything. Councillor Jim Sanders is calling for a

long-range plan that will include two ice surfaces, a swimming pool, a community hall, a fitness centre, ball fields, soccer pitches, etc.

We would strongly suggest that our . Town Fathers get their heads together and prepare some kind of statement that makes sense. It's either full speed ahead or back to square one. We've had enough of this pie in the sky retoric. Lay your cards on the table ladies and gentlemen and let the chips fall where they may.

VIEWPOIN'



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Once more into the

BY JIM IRVING-

Now that everyone has graduated from Orchard Park, there's a big hole to fill on the editorial page once more, and my task looms large, as they say in the weaving business.

I was kind of hoping there'd be at least one more class smiling out from the past before the month ended, so I could sneak away without upsetting too much that faithful band who get a chance to unscramble my ramblings each Wedneday night when they pick up their weekly order of fish and chips at the nearest stand.

That is, if there hasn't been too much vinegar seep through the box beforehand.

But I digress; or is that regress? Both are wrong; the book cites only progress.

What book, you say? Well, it's whatever one they threw out at you when you first stood erect and tottered on wobbly legs across the living room rug toward doors whose knobs were a mile high before, but which were now within hesitant reach, and tightened your diapers another notch to help secure that untried self for the unknown path beyond.

What a big world it led to. All those other boys and girls; endless games of cops and robbers; football on a vacant lot; hockey outdoors at 30 below, the cold more biting than any errant stick across your shins.

Then when you got home, steam-

ing platefuls of macaroni and

cheese, with baking powder biscuits popping from the oven; so when you went to bed, you recalled only the good times that day. You lived on the greatest street in

the world, in the greatest city in the world, and the best was still to come.

But that diaper hitch showed you knew you needed something beyond your immediate self to help prop you up against the maelstrom ahead. And, without knowing it, you hit at what is everyone's lifetime goal: security of self.

Something that only comes from within; something we often spend an eternity pursuing by eyeing the grass across the way.

Then when we finally get it --- the grass beyond that:

A little bit of insecurity is good; it keeps us alert; it provides the shot some can find only at the end of a needle.

It's also the malaise that some never recognize, but which they continue to feed, and feed on, while it chains them to a lifetime of mediocrity, as they cling to their tiny domain.

At the end, they are still striving for a bigger and better coffin than the one that their old school chum was carried off in the month before.

Why did I get off on this tangent? Maybe it's because I find myself about to "toddle" (I shall have left the paper by the time this comes out) through that door again, and I feel both a bit insecure and 'don't give a damn about it.'

Just what that combination will result in. I don't know. In my rational moments, it scares me. But I don't regret it.

I have met a lot of good people here, and to those whom I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to, may I do so now ..

I leave — and forgive me if I sound too dramatic about it all - because I feel it's time; because I think a need I had, was served; because I think there are other doors to be opened.

Thanks for everything, and goodbye.



Graduating class at Orchard Park Public School — 1965-66

The state of the s

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

Pictured here is the graduating class of 1965-66. Members are: Front Row (left to right)-Charlene Brown, Diane Slater, Dorothy Sanders, Louise Uens, Tyrell-Ann Holden, Jill ... and students is planned for this fall. McWhinnie, Elaine Smith, Sally

Schell, Debbie Sellers, Marcia Wagg, Jane Will. Middle Row (left to right)--Wm. Kingsley (teacher); Andy Valleau, Arlene Yakeley, Christine McConkey, Colleen Hiles, Laurie Norton, Cathy Little, Russel Stover,

Glen Blacklock, Glenn Gibson, W.K. Sutherland (principal). Rear Row (left to right)-Dave Hoover, Charles Lynde, Norm Christie, John Hill, Rick Ferguson, Rod Schell, Michael Brillinger, Randy Lee, Rick Neville and David Melhuish.