

### Editor's Mail Enjoyed

Through your newspaper, I wish to express our family's appreciation to the principal and staff of Dickson's Hill Public School for Caravan Night, truly an eye-opening experience.

Not being native to this country, (our children are), the program gave us a much broader view of what other cultures have to offer and how fortunate we are to have folks from other lands, (besides our own), in our midst.

Admittedly, this mingling of races, cultures and creeds can create problems, particularly in big cities. Projects like Caravan help to break down these barriers and dispel petty bigotry.

From the people I talked to, everyone seemed pleased and proud of the program offered by Dickson's Hill School that evening. According to the comments I read in your newspaper, you were impressed also.

Kathryn Palmer,  
R.R. 2, Markham

### Education

Dear Mr Thomas:

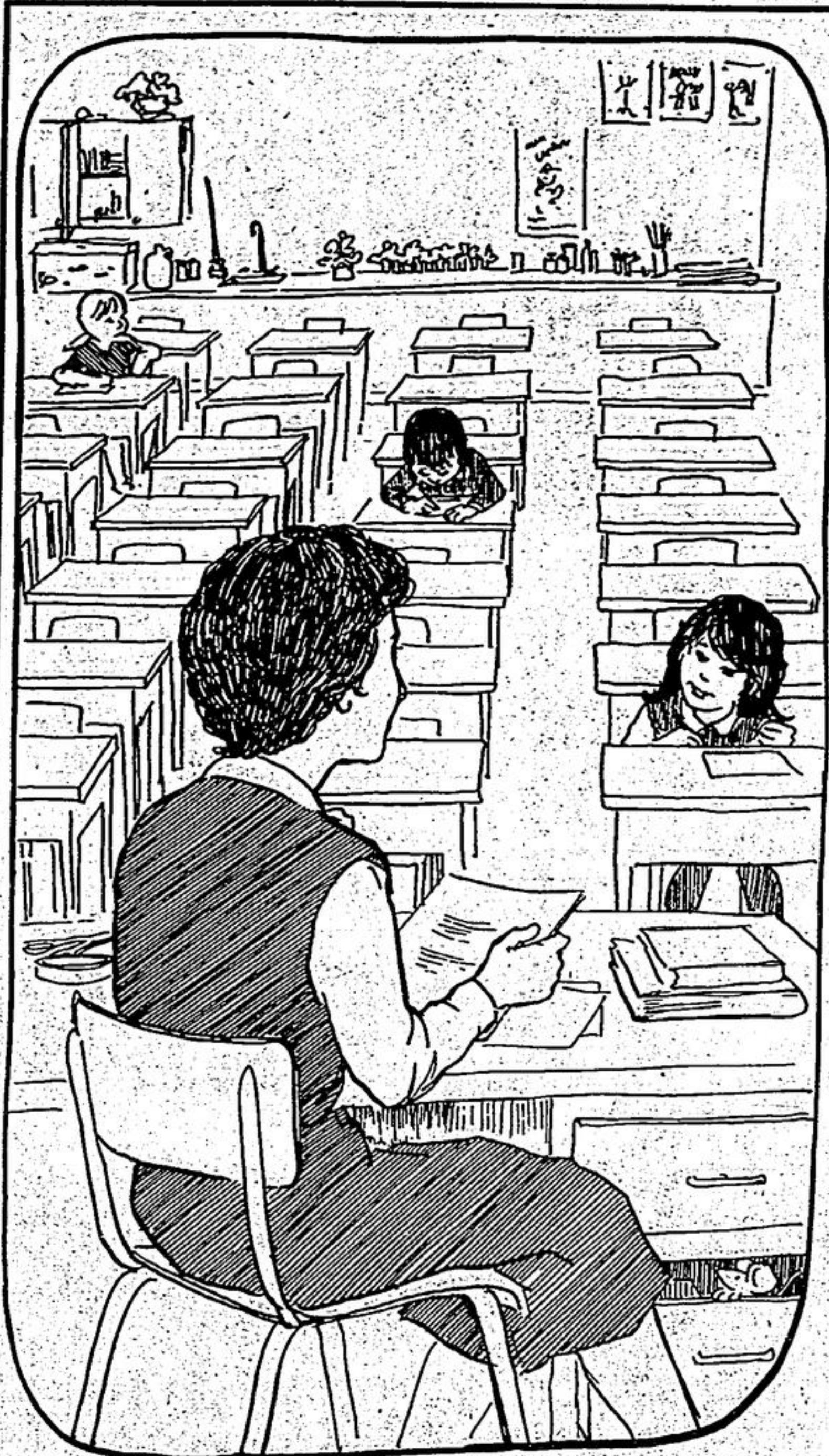
On Feb. 23, I was proud to be Jamaican. I am proud also to be Canadian and so are our children. I would have been equally proud to be African, French or Swiss.

These and other races were part of the Caravan Concert at Dickson's Hill School. It was an exciting experience.

The teachers and the students were totally involved in this project and, from the number of people in attendance; their enthusiasm obviously rubbed off on their parents.

This was not just a program. It was an education: Adults as well as students learned a lot, more than the principal and staff will ever know.

Sincerely,  
Anthony Ribeiro,  
Fincham Avenue,  
Markham.



Feb. 28, 1984---a school day or fun day?

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**SMILE AWHILE**  
**Any port in a storm**  
BY AUDREY GREEN

**STRANDED!** In a single word, that's how I'm spending this evening. It's almost midnight and here I sit, at my desk, trying to churn out words from my befuddled brain.

All day long radio announcers warned motorists to stay off the roads because of an impending blizzard; becoming more alarmist as the storm approached until finally it hit and routes were jammed, crammed and treacherous.

As the weather steadily deteriorated, I frantically worked faster to complete my assignments; hoping against hope I could inch my way home before dark.

However, darkness closed in; the storm closed in, and I never made it out the front door.

On two previous occasions this winter I found myself caught in the mist of heavy snowfalls, and although they didn't appear all that serious, the visibility (or lack thereof), tended to make driving extremely dangerous. Tonight, I argued with myself on whether or not to take such risks.

My destination, either to Toronto or King City, (one of the two places I stay), seemed light years away. Major highways had been closed and the MTC continued to repeat warnings of hazardous driving conditions.

The great debate became less difficult as I imagined myself stranded alone on a

deserted road, buried in a six-foot deep drift.

My mind was finally made up when I received a telephone call from my mother telling me, (ordering me), to stay put.

Spending the night at the Office isn't quite my idea of fun, but it sure beats the chills and thrills of Old Man Winter.

Our editor, Jim Thomas, and sports writer, Jim Holt, bundled up about five hours ago to make their way down to the North York plant where the paper is printed. They invited me along, but I flatly refused the invitation.

After sitting alone for awhile, I decided to organize my survival kit. Food is a number one priority so, I headed for the local IGA, a few steps down the street.

Arms full of groceries, I returned to the Office ready for anything. Since I knew I would probably spend little time sleeping, I made sure to buy a deck of cards to help occupy my time. As I unpacked a box of crackers, a package of soup, apple juice, fruit and donuts, I figured if boredom hit at least I could keep my stomach busy.

Pacing about the Office I contracted a case of itchy feet. I wanted to get out and do something — anything.

As I sit here writing, I glance at my watch and wonder if Jim and Jim are

okay, or if they're stuck in a snowbank somewhere. Oops, just a minute, I think I hear something. Yes, they've returned and in one piece.

Jim Holt has decided not to risk driving home to Ballantrae so now, at least, I have someone to keep me company. As we munch on donuts and drink tea, Jim and I keep eyeing each other wondering what the heck we're going to do. So, out comes the deck of cards. Twenty games of gin rummy later we figure enough is enough.

It's 3 a.m., and since I'm not tired I think I'll work on my expense account. To do this, however, I need a book from my car. Excuse me while I talk Jim into accompanying me.

As the hour strikes four, we decide to get some sleep. Jim, being a gentleman, offers me the sofa and he gallantly takes up a rather unorthodox position in a battered old chair.

As I open my eyes, that look like roadmaps, the time is 8:15 a.m. And I feel terrible!

By now, the winds have died down and I consider it safe to depart. You can bet, however, that when the next blizzard hits, I'll be gone with the arrival of the first snowflake.

Yes, there's no place like home, but, in an emergency, any port in a storm is acceptable.

**WINDOW ON WILDLIFE**  
**Sure signs of spring**  
BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

One day last week, while bringing in yet another armful of firewood from the pile behind the house, I saw something that we haven't seen in nearly four months. Though it was only a house fly, its appearance on the outside, rather than the inside of the window was a cause for mild jubilation. For this small, seemingly insignificant observation in the midst of a mild spell was by itself just a wink in old Mother Nature's eye.

However, when coupled with other signs of the times, it revealed the first trace of weakness in that stubborn, wild, bull moose of a winter, we've all experienced this season.

Oh, it hasn't finished yet. It'll bellow and blow and kick snow around for possibly six weeks or so. It'll charge out of the north at times with cold, calculating fury, and it'll drive you inside with its threatening gestures. Yet in between these savage attacks, when you're resistance is all but spent, and you're beginning to wonder how long this crazed creature called winter is going to continue its cold capers, there'll be the odd good break. Days like today, when the thermometer shakes off the marks of the deep freeze, the creeks start to sing again, and the birds at your feeder change from competitors to compatibles.

So if you want to close your eyes for a moment to the balance of winter blahs, and open them to the overtures of spring, you don't have far to look. For starters, take a peek at the setting sun. It's hanging on the horizon a little longer each

evening, and that gradual increase in sunlight will soon be making sugar out of the deepest snow drifts. Another kind of sugar soon in the making too, is that coming from the sap of the maples. If you haven't noticed the syrup people poking around in the woodlots getting things ready, you'll sure see the new spiles and buckets in the hardware and feed stores. And while your 1984 seed catalog may have come early in the new year, it's the appearance of the seed packets themselves in these same stores, that really starts you thinking positive about spring.

But there are other sights and sounds outdoors that give rise to optimism in regard to the changing season. The swelling of the tree buds, the mating calls of the great horned owls, the double sets of fox tracks, and the occurrence of the horned larks along the roadside, all

provide proof and promise of good days ahead. Cause while we're cussing the cold, the good earth is quietly going about its business changing little things here and there. And one day in the not too distant future, it's going to boot Old Man Winter right out in the Aspens and come up itself, all smelling like roses.

Sights & Lines... "Where is your dog tonight"? This question should be foremost in the minds of pet owners these late winter evenings. It's a proven fact that neighborhood dogs kill more deer than wolves do in our area. A dead dog or a very live summons are two options you might think about...hoping the Ministry of Natural Resources won't cut the budgets on Outdoor Education programmes is not enough. Write to M.N.R. Minister, Alan Pope, and tell him today's kids and tomorrow's country, needs it...

## Editorials

### Good news for Town

Good news comes in three's, as the saying goes. Except for maybe triplets, the cliché usually holds true. The less optimistic might also say the same of news that's bad. Unfortunately, this often holds true also.

On the positive side, two good news reports came to light in Whitchurch-Stouffville this week; at least we consider them good. We're now awaiting the third.

No. 1 is the fact Phase II of the Dulverton Development, (Fairgate Heights), will proceed this spring. The demand for quality homes already completed, (or in the process of being completed), has been such as to convince the builder, it's economically feasible to continue construction.

The building moratorium during the winter months, was, in our opinion, an excellent decision. It allowed workers and realtors an opportunity to finish up and sell what's already there, and, at the same time, permit the developer to "feel out" the market for the future.

There's no denying the fact builder Frank Mauro of Stouffville has a quality product. The faith Town Council placed in him, after viewing several of his subdivisions in Scarborough, has been strengthened by the beautiful homes

now established here. Since the development was started back in June '83, this newspaper hasn't received a single complaint from new-home owners. This, indeed, sets it apart from many subdivisions in York Region where repeated call-backs for repairs and alterations have been common, even anticipated.

Not so in Stouffville and there's no reason to believe this quality workmanship will not continue.

No. 2 on the good news front is the disclosure that the satellite village, proposed by the Firefighters Bethesda Group, is not dead. Rather, it would seem very much alive, sufficiently alive to prompt the Town's Planning Advisory Committee to call a public meeting, possibly late April or early in May.

This self-contained community would, if approved, include close to 400 lots and, when completed, about 1,500 people. The site extends from Conc. 4, (Woodbine Avenue), through to Conc. 5, (Warden Avenue), on parts of two golf courses currently owned by the Firefighters Club.

This is a daring proposal, one that either boggles the mind or sparks the imagination. We trust the Town and its residents will regard it in the latter light.

### Display of dedication

School teachers at both the elementary and secondary level are often subjected to criticism, some of it justified, most of it not.

Last week's storm, that closed several schools in York Region, introduced a practice that, while known to the profession, had not been revealed to the public.

It's a policy whereby, storm-stayed teachers travel, (by whatever means available), to the school closest their residence. While not included in the regional

Board's 'list of procedures', instructors reacted to an emergency situation in an extremely professional manner. Their efficiency was such that programs, normally reduced or cancelled for want of in-class instruction, continued as scheduled. In a couple of instances, 'emergency' staffing outnumbered the vacancies and in others, teachers outnumbered the students.

We appreciate this kind of dedication. It's another positive aspect of an often maligned profession.

### A successful show

Another success story for staff and students of S.D.S.S. Variety Show '84, this year, extended into a third evening, attracted large audiences every night.

The organization that must go into a program of this kind is tremendous in that participants are of different age and grade levels, and different locations—

some living in Markham. Added to this was the snowstorm of Feb. 28 that created further problems.

All adversities were overcome, however, resulting in three evening of excellent entertainment.

This show has established itself as an annual event at Stouffville High. May it long continue.

**Editor's Mail**  
**A two-way benefit**

Dear Editor:

I've heard many suggestions as to the future of the former Card's Hardware Store on Main Street.

I feel the lower floor should become a walk-in mall, (six or eight small shops), with apartments above.

This way, it would be both a commercial and a residential benefit to the downtown core. It would also produce a substantial income for the owner that, in time, would more than compensate him for his investment.

Sincerely,  
Harry Colby,  
North Street,  
Stouffville