

Editor's Mail Success

Dear Mr Thomas:
It gave me great satisfaction to read in The Tribune, (June 6), of the success enjoyed by one of our Claremont son's, Haig DeRusha. It truly comes under the heading "small town boy makes good".

A position in the legal profession doesn't come easily. It's the result of many years of dedication and hard work. Haig obviously had a goal.

In mentioning this, I wish to point out the numbers of student graduates from Claremont Public School who have made 'good' in the careers of their choosing. Many come to mind, including our own Keith Norton, Minister of Health.

While I have no figures, it would be safe to say that Claremont School's contribution to the 'business world' ranks as high and maybe higher than most. This, I believe, says something for the teaching fraternity there, a staff of dedicated people who take pride in the individual accomplishments of their students. We as parents, (and former parents) of Claremont P.S. grads, owe them a vote of thanks.

Sincerely,
Isabelle Barrett,
Pickering, Ont.
(formerly of Claremont)

Personal

Dear Mr Thomas:
I wish to be included as one who enjoys your "Girl Next Door" feature, particularly now that you've expanded your selections to include teens from Uxbridge and Pickering.

I enjoyed the write-up on Brienne Robertson. The photo and the story complimented each other. I also appreciated your very personal interviews with Jody Armstrong and Wendy Lewis.

Please keep this feature going. It adds a personal touch to a very personal newspaper.

Sincerely,
Helen Greene,
R.R. 1, Claremont



PAT WHEELER 84
THE TRIBUNE

ROAMING AROUND



Embarrassing moments

BY JIM THOMAS

Embarrassing moments! We've all gone through the experience; traumatic at the time but humorous later on.

It could be the basis for a TV comedy. Folks, it seems, enjoy laughing at others' misfortunes. Occasionally, they'll even laugh at their own.

It helps if one can. It tends to ease the annoyance.

By co-incidence, I suppose, the most embarrassing moments occur in church. I'm not sure why, but they do. I guess it's because everything follows a set pattern--the order of service changes little from week to week. Then, when something out of the ordinary happens, be it ever so minor, everyone notices.

This varies, of course, with denominations, even congregations. A less formal type worship, where response is voluntary, copes better with distractions. A baby cries--who cares? The organist hits a sour note--what does it matter? Someone enters wearing shorts--who notices? Such informality, however, is uncommon. Because of this, people are conscious of every unusual sight and sound.

Over the years, dozens of stories have been told concerning 'embarrassing moments', and all have occurred in church. I wish I'd kept a list. It would have filled a good sized book; maybe made a best-seller.

Here are a few little anecdotes that have stuck in my mind.

There's the one about the offering-taker who inadvertently drops the collection plate and all the loose change falls through the register.

Then there's the guest soloist in the little country chapel, whose high notes shake a sparrow's nest loose from the rafters, bringing straw, feathers and eggs down on her head.

During a Thanksgiving service, a couple of mischievous kids snuck in behind the pulpit and, on signal, rolled several huge pumpkins down the aisle.

Think of the organist's reaction to an itinerant field mouse, scampering across keys; the wasp lighting on the

solist's ear and the pup sitting in front of the pulpit. These are all supposedly true. There are hundreds more.

What tale can you tell? C'mon now, be honest. We've all had embarrassing moments.

And, I've had more than my share.

The most recent occurred Sunday, June 3. Yes, it was in church. The occasion was Holy Communion and due to the absence of our most senior member of Session, I was selected to uncover the table. It also meant I should share a position of prominence with the pastor, facing the congregation.

These arrangements were all made five minutes in advance of the worship, during a 'briefing' in the minister's study. As we prepared to depart, the reverend called me aside and, in a soft, almost apologetic voice said: "I hope you don't think this unkindly of me, but your pants are split!"

I felt my face go flush and my knees go weak.

"I couldn't help but notice," he continued. "I thought from where you'll be sitting, the congregation might notice too. Maybe you can find a pin--or something."

A pin, nothing! What I needed was a needle and thread. My only hope was the help of a young mother in the Nursery, but I didn't have nerve to ask. Besides, she'd have had to thread the needle, and do the sewing. There was too little time.

So there I sat, with only a hymn book between me and total embarrassment. I thought the service would never end.

At the Communion's conclusion, one member commented. "I sure wish I could read the words with the book held so far away."

"You can do anything if you have to," I replied, and let it go at that.

Hall of Fame

Needed in town

By Reg MacKay

For our children, our children's children and newcomers to town, a permanent hall should be erected in Whitechurch-Stouffville, recording the names of those who distinguished themselves and the community in their chosen fields.

For example, in plowing, there are the Timbers, the Tran's, the Wells', the Ferguson's and the Forsyth's to mention only a few.

In hockey, Bob Hassard played with the Stanley Cup champion Toronto Maple Leafs. Keith Acton is a member of the Minnesota North Stars and formerly with the Montreal Canadiens.

In lawn bowling, we shouldn't forget people like Eleanor Crossen, Reta Laushway and Dorothy Wagg.

In baseball, there's Lemonville's Earl Cook, a pitcher of exceptional ability in both the American and International Leagues.

In golf, our town has been made famous through the skills of Marlene Stewart Streit.

I could go on. The list is endless. To honor these people of distinction and preserve their names for posterity, Whitechurch-Stouffville requires a Hall of Fame.

It should be located where it's visible--at the Public Library, (inside or out); in the proposed Recreation Centre or in or near the area of the Municipal Building.

What's your opinion?

Editor's Mail

No change

Dear Editor:
Whatever the controversy I read concerning Sunday's opening of the Flea Market in your town, I wish to present another side of the story.

Excluding additional traffic, I can't see how anything will really change. Children will still attend Sunday School and adults will still attend church.

I see it as no different than any other public function in your community on the Sabbath.

Sure, pedestrians may be delayed in crossing Main Street and the flow of cars may be slowed, but these problems are prevalent everywhere. Stouffville, it seems, has (until now) escaped.

Me and my family are looking forward to visiting your Flea Market some Sunday and also spending some time in your fine community. We may also come early so we can attend church, not an uncommon practice for we folks in the big city.

Personally, I can't see how attending a flea market on a Sunday is any different from going to the C.N.E., Wonderland or visiting a golf course.

Relaxation is where you find it.
Sincerely,
Michael Cavotti,
Bathurst Street,
Toronto

The Tribune

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Editorials Inflationary estimates

Where do we go from here? That's what members of Council are undoubtedly asking themselves following receipt of legitimate tenders on a new Arena; (Phase I of the Recreation Complex), the lowest of which is almost half-a-million dollars over estimate.

The price range extends from \$2,950,000 to \$3,419,000.

Two lower bids, that appeared geared to the Town's ability to pay, were submitted but later withdrawn.

We find this all very confusing. The information kit, prepared by the Co-ordination Committee back in 1983, estimated the cost of Phase I at \$1.7 million and the total project, indoor pool, community centre, etc., at \$5 million.

The Town's estimate, according to Mayor King, was \$2.4 million, a spread of \$700,000, and the Town's firm of consulting engineers' estimate was \$2.8 million, a spread of \$1.1 million. Quite a discrepancy in less than ten months.

Little wonder council members were

'speechless' when prices were revealed. Mayor King claims the Town's absolute financial limit is \$2.5 million.

While there's no turning back, the municipality must cut its coat according to its cloth. This means taking the lowest acceptable tender and reducing the project to a bare necessity or reducing the project to bare necessity and tendering again.

We favor the latter, even though the lengthening time factor will be distasteful to some.

Wise choice

Council's choice of Marlane McKee-Wetheral, as its new Recreation Program Co-ordinator, is excellent. We're pleased that members saw in this vivacious and personable young lady, all the necessary credentials to fill the position. In the short time she's been here, Marlane's proved herself more than adequate to do the job.

In addition to organizational abilities, she enjoys 'being involved'. This enthusiasm pervades all ages, as last summer's excellent swim program showed. She's also been an active participant in the planning of the Canada Day-Bicentennial Celebrations.

We appreciate her captivating personality and intensity of purpose. The Town obviously does too.

Activities for kids

"One thing I'll say about Stouffville," commented a father attending the Ronald McDonald 'Celebration' in the Arena, Saturday, "they sure do look after their kids."

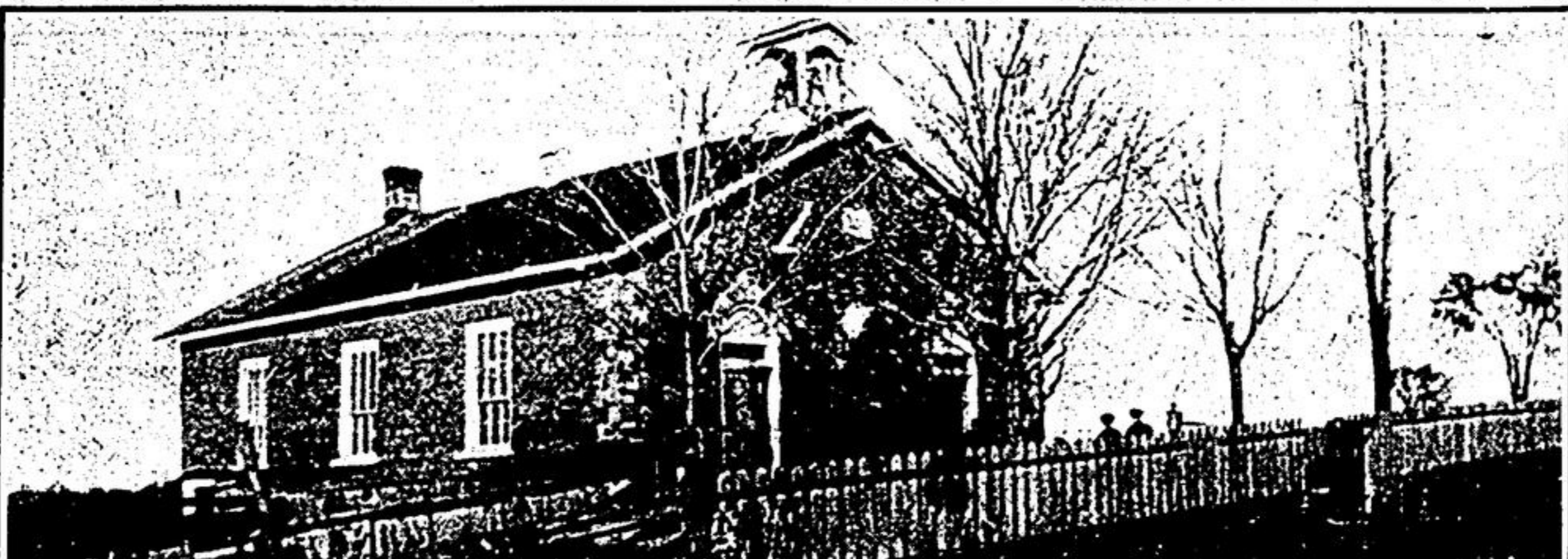
We agreed. How could we not agree? For signs of a caring community are everywhere.

The Public Library, of course, is a leader in this regard. We've made mention of this before. Then we have folks like Darlene Brown, Diane Peak, Tom Winters and others who put together special programs like the one staged Saturday. Fantastic.

The service clubs are continuously sponsoring 'fun days' for kids; the churches too. And we're still only scratching the surface. Think of recreation--soccer, softball, hockey, tennis, swimming, bowling and equestrian shows.

Parents appreciate this, and while they may not always tell the sponsoring organizations, they're continually telling us. We're pleased to pass it on.

No, we may not have a multi-million dollar recreation complex--yet, but as a Town we do have many other things of which we can be justly proud. A care and concern for our kids holds top priority. We have the projects and programs to prove it.



Former Dickson's Hill Public School remembered by many

Remember the former Dickson's Hill Public School on old Hwy. 48 in Markham Township? Former students will. The building has been preserved on the site of Black Creek Pioneer Village, Steeles Avenue and

Jane Street. This picture was taken around 1918 and loaned to The Tribune by Mrs Archie Stouffer, Parkview Apartments, Stouffville.