

Editor's Mail

For elite

Dear Editor: Estate homes in Whitchurch-Stouffville's future development plans may, in your opinion, make this "The Perfect Community." But how perfect is it if only the elite of society can afford to live here? How can young couples, just starting out, afford a \$175,000 house on a two-acre lot? How can low and medium income-earners join the elite of Whitchurch-Stouffville society?

The perfect community in my opinion, provides housing accommodation for ALL levels, not just for doctors, lawyers and bank managers.

Sincerely, Rebecca Matthews, Tenth Line, Stouffville

Editor's Note: Many in Stouffville residents are buying homes in outlying estate developments, (Westfield Heights). This frees up their present houses and places them on the market for families of lesser means.

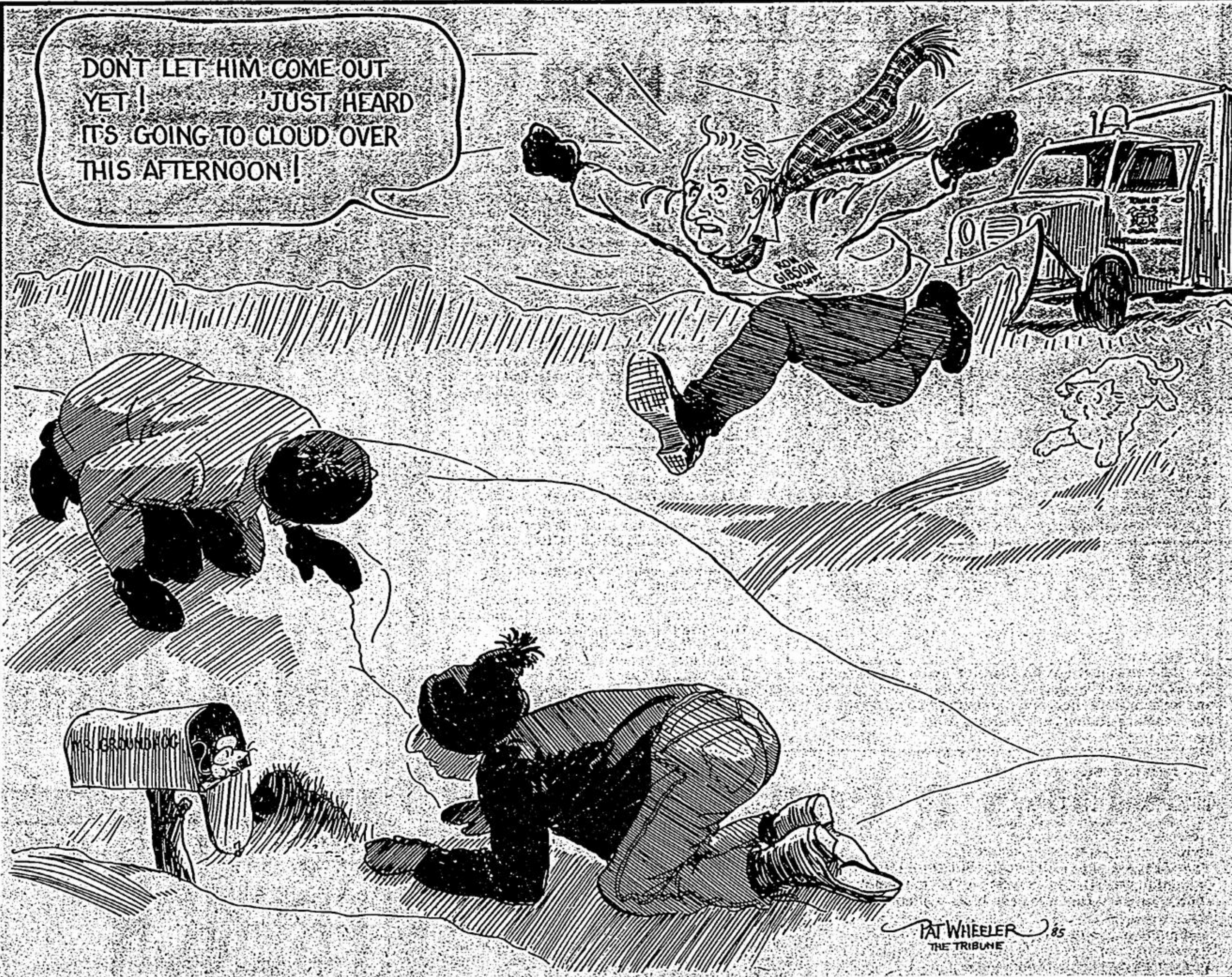
Bouquets

Dear Editor: I agree with your recent editorial that our town, (Whitchurch-Stouffville), is destined to become "The Perfect Community."

I wish to commend our Council and its planner for taking hold of a serious problem, (lack of sewage capacity), and finding a solution through development on septic fields.

The town's future is bright because of innovative politicians. Members could just have easily sat on their hands while the municipality stagnated. Because they refused to adopt this stance, they deserve our bouquets.

Sincerely, Michael Donovan, Boyer Street, Stouffville



PAT WHEELER '85 THE TRIBUNE

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ROAMING AROUND Time marches on BY JIM THOMAS

I love clocks. I'm even a collector of sorts. To me, there's something magic about a timepiece, particularly an antique. Trouble is, it's difficult today to tell a golden oldie from a copied model. Replicas are deceiving, especially to an amateur. I don't know the difference. Every time I visit a home and see a clock I like, I automatically come under its hypnotic spell. I can sit and watch the pendulum swing back and forth for hours.

And dream I do, of the day I retire and go into the clock collection business full time. I'll have ten in every room, maybe more. But the very thought of all this ringing dinging and donging, sends Jean cuckoo: "I won't have it," she says, "it'll be me or them, take your choice." I hope I'm never forced to make that kind of decision. But try as I might, I'm continually confronted by the same dilemma, beautiful clocks staring me in the face at every turn. Like Saturday, I treated the family to a night on the town down at Mother's Pizza Parlor and Spaghetti House, McCowan Road, Markham. So what did they have lining the wall directly across from our table? You're right, at least a half-dozen different clocks, one exactly the same as once hung in our classroom at old S.S. 19. I spent more time staring at the display than spooning spaghetti. Recently, son Neil came home from S.D.S.S., a big smile on his face. "I'm

making something special in Shop," he said. "I hope you like it." We tried to guess—a coffee table, a lamp stand, a magazine rack, we weren't even warm! Then, just before Christmas, he marched in the door, cradling the gift in both arms. Yes, it was a clock, a masterpiece of wood-workmanship we'll prize forever. Are clocks a good investment? The best, says writer Frank Sutton, an expert when it comes to antiques. An Ansonia gingerbread mantle clock, for example, worth \$50 in 1970 would bring \$175 today. Pequegnat clocks, says Sutton, "have soared out of sight." Since the trend is towards digital timepieces, within a few years, all clocks with hands will be considered collectors' items, Sutton claims. While obviously an authority on antiques, the writer's not an accredited counsellor in the field of domestic diplomacy. For he says, "There's nothing like the steady tick and chime of a good old clock to lend a sense of peace and stability to a home." Brother, do I have news for him!

Editorials

Don't alter boundary for selfish reasons

Keep Dickson's Hill School in Area 2. This was the feeling expressed at a public meeting, Wednesday night. And we agree. Both the present trustee, Harry Bowes and past trustee, John McMurray, spoke in favor of retaining the Area 2 status and were roundly applauded. This does not mean to say French Immersion students from Area 4 cannot attend. They can and they will. However the school's operation should remain under Area 2 supervision and not fall victim to a "divide and conquer" plan, all too evident at the initial meeting, Jan. 16. At that gathering, Dr. Peter Ross, Supt. of Schools for Area 4, explained the program he envisaged for Dickson's Hill. At the same meeting, John Myers, an Area 4 trustee, served as chairman. Jack Simmons, Supt. of Schools for Area 2, wasn't in attendance. Harry Bowes, an

Area 2 trustee did attend, but wasn't asked to speak. The take-over appeared complete. However, the Dickson's Hill parents weren't about to be manipulated in such an arbitrary fashion: The second meeting, Wednesday, allowed them an opportunity to speak their minds, and this they did in no uncertain terms. We trust Dr. Ross got the message. We're confident, arrangements can be worked out that will temporarily accommodate the requirements of both sides. However, switching a school from one Area to another, isn't temporary. It's permanent. By sheer wait of numbers, Area 4 would ride roughshod over its weaker neighbors to the north. And this they may still do. But never let it be said we gave up without a fight.

Country school days recalled

By Jim Thomas It's been 40 years since Mrs Ches Oldham, (Mable Tindall), graduated from Garibaldi Public School. But time hasn't dimmed her memory or the sparkle in her eye as she thinks back on one of the most enjoyable times in her life. Mrs Oldham, and many of her roommates will have an opportunity to recall those days when S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge holds a reunion, May 11 in the Goodwood Community Hall. A reunion committee, headed by Ivan DeGeer of R.R. 3, Mount

Albert, is attempting to spread the word. Mrs Oldham is looking forward to the gathering and so are her sisters—Alice (Kennedy), Toronto; Helen (Watson), Pefferlaw, and Margaret (Chapman), Mississauga. They are the daughters of Bert and Florence Tindall, former farm residents at the corner of Hwy. 47 and Conc. 2, Uxbridge. Mrs Oldham, mother of three and grandmother of three; lives with her husband; a former Scott Twp. reeve, on

the 4th Concession, north of Sandford. Their farm address is R.R. 1, Zephyr. Looking much younger than the usual grandma image, Mrs Oldham keeps in touch with the community through a part-time position on the staff of the Imperial Bank of Commerce in Uxbridge. There, she meets other grandmas (and grandpas) who, only yesterday, were trudging through the snow to the little red brick schoolhouse, in the country. The old school burned the year I started, Mable remembers. (Ches kids her that she burned it down). She recalls how the woodshed was turned into a temporary classroom until more permanent accommodation was acquired. She was six years old at the time. Mrs Oldham remembers visits by the inspector. "Once, I went out and hid in the toilet. I was so afraid," she said. She also remembers the Christmas concerts. "The school was always packed—people came by horse and sleigh." The teacher, (Alma Ward), boarded at their home. Mable and her sisters usually walked through the fields in the winter. Seldom did they miss a day. Spelling bees were popular, she said. Arithmetic questions were often answered the same way—choosing sides and seeing who could stay up the longest. Arbor Day was an important event. When the yard was completely raked, the children were allowed to go fishing over at Island Lake. "The blood suckers were terrible," Mable remembers. However, catching a catfish made it all worthwhile. It was during one such Arbor Day clean-up that her sister Alice jumped off the fence into a pile of leaves and broke her leg. Mable remembers the little things, like the old school pump and the collapsible cups, one for each child. She also recalls the skating and toboggan parties and the hot cups of cocoa at the host parents' home. Those were the good times—good times to be recalled May 11. Mable Oldham will be there. "I'm really looking forward to it," she said.

Emergency call numbers

Do you know the telephone number of the fire department serving your area—Whitchurch-Stouffville, Mount Albert, Uxbridge, Clarendon, Markham, Richmond Hill, Aurora and Newmarket? If not, write it on a piece of paper and tape it to your phone. Even if you do, make it available to others in the family who may not. Do you know the number to call for an ambulance, for the police department? Write them down and keep them handy, also. One can only imagine the frustration of trying to find a number under pressure of an emergency situation. On two occasions, this past week, residents reported such experiences. Don't let it happen to you.

We love letters We love letters, especially letters properly signed. However, if you wish to remain anonymous, this is permissible as long as the writer's identity is known to the editor. The Tribune's mailing address is: Box 40, Stouffville, (L0H 1L0). The Tribune's location is 54-56 Main Street West.



Garibaldi Public School, (S.S. No. 9), Uxbridge-1991 On Sat., May 11, former teachers and students of Garibaldi Public School, S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge Twp., will hold a reunion in the Goodwood Community Hall. This photo flashback is to the year 1911. The teacher, (rear row fourth from right) is Miss Madden. The pupils are: Rear Row (left to right) May Allan, Flo Mantle, Alta McGuckin, Marlon Watson, Howard Harper, Harry Paisley, Frank Paisley, Middle Row (left to right) Marg Kellington, Stella Irwin, May Helmckay, Jessie Harper, Stella Thompson, Jenny Story, Evelyn Harper, Mary Curtis, Blanche Thompson. Front Row (left to right) Norman Wagg, Grant Helmckay, Wilfred Mantle, Bert Paisley, and Amos Helmckay.