

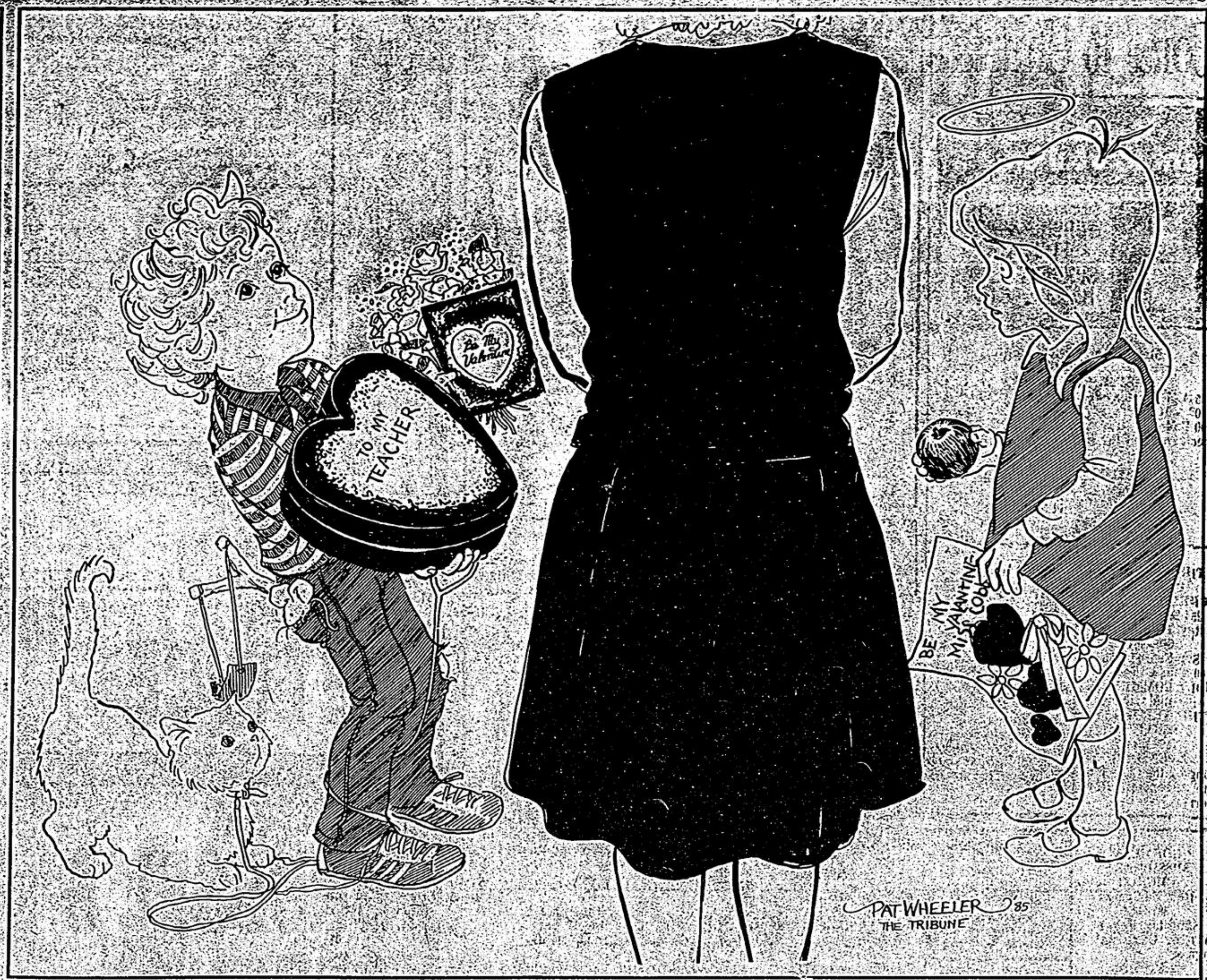
**Editor's Mail**

**Thank you**

To The Tribune  
On behalf of the Claremont Winter Carnival Committee, I wish to thank your staff for the excellent coverage afforded our second annual event.  
We're certain the pre-event publicity was a major factor in the superb turnout throughout the weekend.  
The photos and stories that followed will become part of our record book for this event.  
Again, many thanks for your contribution to the success of the Claremont Winter Carnival.  
Sincerely,  
Karen Marks,  
Claremont Winter Carnival Committee.

**Participate**

Dear Sir:  
In response to The Tribune article of Jan. 23, 1985, on the subject of Political Disinterest, I wish to note that our society is increasingly losing control over its political destiny. Through non-participation, we leave our elected representatives to not be accountable for their actions.  
It has to be affirmed, as the responsibility of each resident and ratepayer of Whitechurch-Stouffville, as well as all cities and towns, to periodically attend council meetings, all candidates meet-ings that precede elections and familiarize oneself with the issues and how they are being addressed by our officials.  
Without such interest and participation, we lose the right to complain, as we did not choose to avail ourselves of the opportunities afforded us.  
Sincerely,  
D. Haluszka,  
Green Gables Manor,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville



**ROAMING AROUND**

**Five kids a handful**

**BY JIM THOMAS**



Photography—what a challenge!  
Every Thursday, following a rewind of my endurance spring, I sit down and make a list of photos required for the following week.  
There are the definite ones, the 'Girl Next Door', for example. The only problem there, is sometimes finding the girl.  
On occasions, people call in ahead and make appointments. A promise is a promise so naturally, they're top priority. It's the unexpected assignments that start my head spinning and my heart thumping.  
How am I going to work them all in? There are only so many hours in a day. Even worse, how am I going to work them all into the newspaper? It's one thing to take a picture and quite another finding a place to put it. Space limitations haunt every editor weekly or daily.  
But there are photos and there are photos. How does one make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?  
I recall, thirty years ago, walking into the editorial department of the Toronto Telegram at Bay and Melinda Streets. I had just invested \$250 in a 4" by 5" Crown Graphic, and was extremely proud of my new possession.  
As I stood at the editor's desk, holding this beautiful piece of photo mechanism in both hands, the veteran newsman did a 180 degree turn in his swivel chair and

said: "You may know how to take pictures, but do you know what pictures to take?"  
At that very moment, I felt two feet tall. For I knew nothing of either. I only thought I did. And I'm still learning, not the 'how' but the 'what'—what pictures to take.  
For instance, cheque presentations, grip and grin as they say. How do you make one different from another? If someone knows, I wish they'd let me know. They all look the same.  
A few times, I've been tempted to stand these 'stock shot' folks on their heads. But I doubt any would go for it, particularly ladies. Most women have pride.  
Another hair-raiser's the old ribbon-cutting ceremony. You've seen one, you've seen 'em all. The only thing that changes is the length of the ribbon and the size of the scissors.  
The other extreme, at least for me, is fast action. I don't have the confidence to try and stop things cold. Posed action is more my style. You can fool some of the people some of the time.  
On Thursday, local veterinarian, Dr. Terry O'Connor called. He told me about a gentleman farmer up Mount Albert way whose doe, (that's a female goat), had recently given birth to five kids.

"Five," I gasped. "Yes, five," he replied, "it's very rare."  
At the conclusion of our conversation, I sank back in my chair, weak at the thought of the assignment ahead. Twins are a challenge, triplets are awesome, quadruplets are mind-boggling but quintuplets!  
I should have felt sympathy for the mamma goat. Instead, I felt sorry only for myself.  
How in the world can I photograph five little kids, each with four legs built like steel springs? This question raced through my mind as I drove north on Hwy. 48 Saturday to the property of Jack Spiers, near the Herold Sideroad.  
Jack, an experienced delivery room hand, was very patient. He repeated the family portrait scene time and time again, just to be certain of one good shot.  
But I'm still not sure. For I haven't yet seen the results. It's only Sunday afternoon and I won't know until to-night.  
But one thing I do know. The congregation of St. James Presbyterian Church were very much aware I'd been keeping strange company. Even the pastor's eyes were watering as he passed by the coat rack and my rubbers looked extremely lonely all by themselves near the door.  
Yes, goats have a flavor all their own. Photos do too. In this case, you be the judge if one deserves the other.

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**Editorials**  
**Life more important**

An armed hold-up occurred in Stouffville, Friday night.  
People shake their heads in disbelief. Not here, they say.  
Why not here? Stouffville's no different than any town in Ontario. The truth is, our proximity to Toronto, makes us all the more vulnerable to this sort of thing. We're surprised it doesn't happen more often.  
While we laud the speed with which we can now reach the inner-city core, undesirable can now reach us just as quickly, and they will. For better or for worse, we're a stones throw from Toronto. We should appreciate the former and anticipate the latter.

Nineteen-year-old Jimmy Cepecauer on duty in the Success Smoke and Variety Store when the masked bandits arrived, reacted coolly in the face of extreme danger. He handed over the cash (\$60), then called police after they'd left. Had he resisted, the consequences could have been tragic, not only for himself, but for others in the store at the time.  
How would you have reacted in a similar situation? How would we?  
Best, we suggest, to do what Jimmy Cepecauer did, exactly as requested. Money is recoverable; a life is not!

**Toll road good idea**

Stouffville's Main Street will become a toll road, Saturday.  
Members of the Lions Club, cash buckets in hand, will patrol an area from the A & P Plaza to the Sales Barn, hoping for donations from people passing through. Last year, they raised \$1,400. They're anticipating \$2,000 Saturday.  
We like the idea. For not only does it provide the Lions with additional funds for worthwhile community projects but also allows our Toronto guests to appreciate the fact we're an enterprising town and not just a sleepy suburb of the big city.

**Band hits high note**

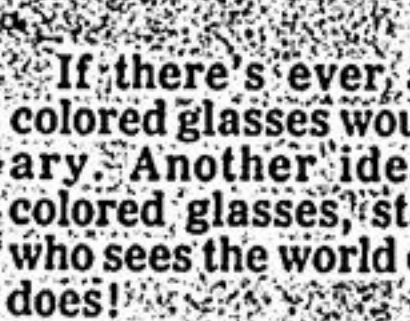
A good band's a tremendous asset to any school, secondary or elementary. It provides an interest and an activity for a cross-section of students whose talents lean in this direction.  
Stouffville High is especially fortunate in this regard. For not only is the band a basis for instrumental instruction, but also a means by which S.D.S.S. can relate to pupils bordering on Grade 8 graduation.  
Every year, the senior band visits several elementary schools in the area. Orchard Park hosted such a concert Friday. It was an informal, enjoyable experience.

**Editor's Mail**  
**Memories**

Dear Editor:  
I'm taking the time to write your newspaper with regard to the marvellous stories by Eleanor Todd on Garibaldi School, published in the issue of Feb. 6.  
I didn't attend at S.S. 9, Uxbridge, but Mrs. Todd's experiences are really no different than those of hundreds of teachers and pupils who've had a rural school background.  
Those years hold memories that will never be erased.  
The very fact, Mrs. Todd would keep a diary of day-by-day happenings is, in itself, unique. I couldn't help but wonder what prompted this practice. She is undoubtedly a very unique person and likely a very unique teacher.  
I really feel sorry that children today will never know the 'feel' of the little red brick schoolhouse. Sure, it had its failings, but the benefits far outweighed the handicaps.  
The Ministry of Education may consider area schools today as progress, but I really wonder. To me, it was just another step towards eroding community life—a step backwards.  
Through The Tribune, I wish to thank Eleanor Todd for recording her memories and at the same time, recalling many memories for me.  
Blanche Davison,  
R.R. 1, Woodville

**YOUR TIME**  
**Children can lead us**

**BY MARGARET FOTH**



If there's ever a time I think rose-colored glasses would help, it's in February. Another idea, instead of rose-colored glasses, stay close to a person who sees the world differently, as a child does!  
I know many of my days have changed color, because my children saw differently. When I'd see snow, which made driving treacherous, Bob saw a perfect day to go sleigh riding. When I saw a dreary, rainy day, Jan saw a chance to splash in the puddles. Children have a different viewpoint. They also have unexpected, fresh and generous ways to express caring.  
One afternoon I was dusting the shelves on which I kept two lovely china cups, gifts I valued from a friend. As I picked up a cup, I felt a tiny ridge, and then I looked at it closely. It had been broken in small pieces and glued back together. Every tiny piece fit so expertly, you couldn't see the breaks unless you looked carefully.  
I never asked which one of our four children broke that cup. I knew the two oldest had to have worked together to mend it for me. I could hardly imagine the time and patience they took. And I realized that not only was it a gift to me, it was also a gift to the smaller child who had dropped it.

Children can also help we adults see it hurts to be powerless, they can help us be more thoughtful and sensitive, as Mrs. Walker learned.  
Mrs. Walker taught pre-school. One day Jeremy came to her class. His family had just moved to town after school was already underway. When Mrs. Walker asked him to talk during show-and-tell time, he was terrified. He stood there, three-and-a-half years old, silent, with twenty pairs of eyes on him. She said, "I'm waiting." Then another three-year-old moved from his desk, walked over, stood by Jeremy and said, "Mrs. Walker, you should leave Jeremy alone. This is his first day in school. He needs more time just to be shy." Mrs. Walker decided he was right and went on to the next child.  
Dr. Paul Welter states that: "There are many ways children around us teach us. Children teach us that relationships are more important than tasks, they teach us how to express love and caring in simple ways; children share a sense of wonder and demonstrate the healing processes of life."  
In the book, there's a story one woman told of how her three-year-old was sensitive to her feelings. Her husband was an alcoholic and in an alcoholic treatment

center at the time. She said: "I was a wreck and couldn't make sense of all the emotions I was feeling. I was driving with my three-year-old in the back seat, when I heard him singing a little made-up song. 'My feelings are all mixed up, they're going round and round.' This woman was so startled because she hadn't talked about her feelings. In fact," she said, "I'm not even sure I could have expressed them as clearly. But her little son was sensitive to her."  
Another thing about children, they ask questions. "Why did our dog die?" "Why is that old man poor?" "Why do we have to be quiet when company comes?" "I sometimes tired of trying to come up with answers, but I also pondered their wisdom and trust and faith."  
One afternoon, during a period of unemployment, I received a harsh phone call about an unpaid bill. As I sat crying, I felt two little hands in mine. "Don't cry, God will take care of us," a small voice said.  
Children teach us lessons of love and faith and new ways of seeing our world. They combine learning with moving, singing, and playing. They investigate. They put ideas together in new ways. We can rediscover creativity from children.