

Editor's Mail

Degrading

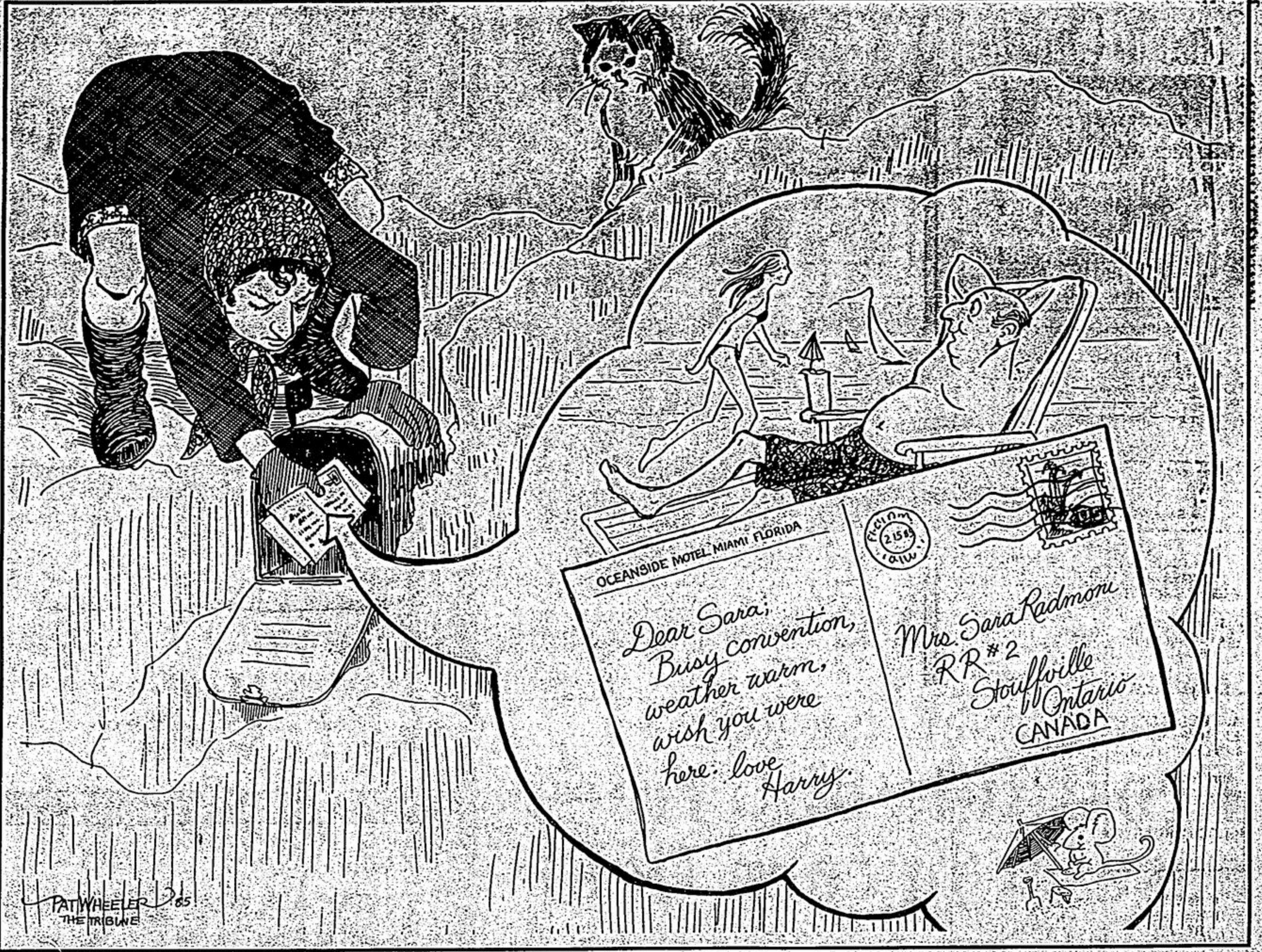
Dear Editor: I regard The Tribune as a family newspaper. It carries items of interest related to minor sports, school and church events, baptisms, marriages and obituaries. I question therefore the publication of a story, even on Page 1, of an alleged assault on a Toronto prostitute in Whitchurch-Stouffville. The story is depressing and degrading. Offences such as this occur regularly in the city. Similarly, court cases result, the results of which are carried in the Toronto dailies. I find many of these accounts equally revolting, but I accept them because of what those newspapers are and where the offences took place. But I don't expect, (or want), to read these kind of stories in The Tribune. The alleged attack could have occurred in North Bay. Just because the location was Whitchurch-Stouffville doesn't, in my opinion, make it acceptable news.

Sincerely, Amanda Fawcett, R.R. 1, Gormley

Thankyou

Dear Jim: On behalf of the Claremont Winter Carnival Committee and the residents of Claremont, we wish to express our appreciation for your support in making our Carnival a great success. Thank you for being such a good sport and braving the elements. You did a great job! Plans for the 1986 Winter Carnival are already underway. We would like to be able to ask for your support again next year.

Sincerely, Lynn Winterstein, Claremont Winter Carnival Committee



PAT WHEELER '85 THE TRIBUNE

ROAMING AROUND

It's Science Fair time

BY JIM THOMAS



It's the Science Fair season. It happens every year, usually mid-February. It's simple to anticipate, if not to appreciate. First comes the backdrop, then the paste-ups. How anything worthwhile can be created out of a mixture of glue, scotch tape, dippings and clippings, I'll never know. The secret as I see it, is just to stand clear and watch everything fall into place. This can include everything from unerassable paw prints from a sleepwalking pooch to bits of Alphabits dropped by a daighter who mixes business with breakfast.

Yes, the in-house preliminaries can be messy.

However, if you think I'm critical of Science Fair projects, you're wrong. I consider these annual exhibitions the finest educational experiences yet introduced by the provincial ministry, certainly at the elementary level.

But I didn't always hold them in such high regard. In fact, I once considered them a complete waste of time. That was before I took a closer look and discovered what was involved.

Some of these students are downright geniuses. Each selects a subject that interests him/her most and goes on from there. Talk about enthusiasm! And respect! Every year, I'm overwhelmed by the knowledge these kids display, and the satisfaction they receive from imparting this information to unenlightened adults like myself. In most instances, I just stand there, nodding acceptance to complicated explanations, knowing absolutely nothing about what the student is talking about.

It's a thing called research. These kids research their subjects thoroughly, leaving nothing, absolutely nothing to chance. It'd be very embarrassing if the classroom Einstein posed a question that a project creator couldn't answer. While it's next to impossible to visit every Science Fair exhibit, I endeavor to see as many as time will permit. And on each occasion, I leave the school, my head spinning.

Could I have completed a project like that? I ask myself. The honest answer is 'no'. Heck, I had problems enough putting together a pressed leaf display much less exhibits that range from ac-

tive volcanoes to laser beams. Mary-Lynn's project this year was "Teeth and Toothpaste". She and Kristi, her partner, worked the entire weekend, even Sunday. They had to. The entry deadline was Monday.

Procter & Gamble were very helpful. A few days after requesting assistance, information was in the mail, very specific information at that, all related to the product our family uses constantly. Crest. They even made public the ingredients, something I thought would be a well-guarded secret.

The surprise of all surprises was an enclosed formula for home-made toothpaste--bicarbonate of soda (baking soda), glycerine, oil of peppermint and distilled water.

Mary-Lynn and Kristi mixed these all together. It looked much like a bowl of Pablum.

But the taste! It was a bitter-sweet concoction that curled every hair on my head. However, not unlike Castor Oil, the results are what count. I now have the whitest teeth in Stouffville, also the whitest gums, the whitest tongue and the whitest tonsils.

IN MY OPINION

I'm moving on

BY JIM HOLT



Most of us dream that one day we'll get away from it all and retire in the sun. I've been dreaming for years. Now, at last, that time is near. Next month I leave Canada's inclement winters forever and fly off to Portugal.

Looking back, my years in Whitchurch-Stouffville, (Ballantrae) is altogether, have been among the happiest of my life. Being part of the community has been an experience I would not have missed, despite my sometimes jaundiced view of our goings on. My time here has been enervating, interesting and enjoyable.

Being a reporter for the local newspaper is a fascinating occupation that demands much more than a 9 to 5 commitment. You're on call all week long and, with the exception of deadlines, your time is the community's time. Whoever follows in my footsteps had better realize this. If they don't, I'm sure the paper's editor will quickly straighten them out.

I've had my moments of success. Launching the Trojans rugby club was one. Looking back I had some of the proudest moments of my life, watching those guys play for Stouffville. To me, they represented the best in our young people. Sure, they were a tough bunch of hellions, all ex-High School Spartans, but on the field they carried the Town name proudly.

Helping the Amateur Hockey League get started here was another achievement, of which I feel justly proud. It wasn't easy though. Nobody wanted them back then. But with a little judicious prodding in my column, not to mention a lot of weekend work following their early achievements, they finally became established and, since then, have never looked back.

My greatest pleasure, though, has been keeping pace with our young hockey players. Never will I forget the trip to Strathroy when we won the Midget All-Ontario Title a few years back. I nearly burst my buttons with pride.

The advent of adult ball in our community has also had an impact on our sports scene. Who would have thought ten years ago that it would take off the way it has? For me, the summer months centre around the Raiders' and Butter-makers' tournaments. Those tournaments produced the kind of excitement you could never get in front of a television set.

And now it's nearly over. From here on in I shall be planning the future. Interspersed with writing a few articles for the Toronto Star, (believe it or not, I'll be working as a freelance foreign correspondent, covering the Iberian Peninsula), I shall help my wife, Iris, decorate and furnish our 200-year-old home outside Lisbon, and we shall travel Europe and spend some time catching up with life. There are art galleries, museums, lots of castles and monasteries, and, of course, a considerable number of wines to be tasted. By a strange coincidence, my house is just a mile from one of the most famous wine cellars in Portugal.

We shall, no doubt, learn to slow down a little. Instant service, as we know it here, simply isn't available. People move at a much slower pace over there, but, conversely, live a lot longer.

There have been times when I've been accused of being abrasive and insensitive, that I've been less than sympathetic towards various facets of our governing authority. In retrospect, the accusations have not been without

foundation. However, I offer no apologies. My concern, and good luck of being in a position to point out follies, and unsupported decisions within the Town, is what I was paid to do. Being in an official capacity, at all times, is an essential part of any reporter's job.

There is a certain sadness about leaving a community you have learned to love. The triumphs and disappointments that I have shared with the people here will be with me forever. There are names, far too numerous to mention, that I will never forget. Kindly people, concerned people, people who make you laugh and sometimes make you cry, but who, through it all, are the salt of the earth.

I shall miss you very much.

Support

Dear Editor: On behalf of leaders of the Vandorf Beavers, Cubs and Scouts, I wish to thank the parents for their enthusiastic support of the skating rink held recently on the outdoor rink in Vandorf. Inclement weather, previous to the skating party, had made ice maintenance difficult and the event questionable. However, through the untiring efforts of the rink manager, Wim Pattenen, the ice was in excellent condition. Almost 100 people braved the cold, enjoyed the skating, the hot chocolate and the donuts. Thanks to one and all. Carol Nesbitt, Group Committee Secretary, 1st Vandorf Boy Scouts.

The Tribune

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Editorials

Arena served us well

We see advantages to having two artificial ice arenas in Whitchurch-Stouffville. But not if one of these is going to cost between two and three hundred thousand dollars to repair. Town taxpayers, and we mean ALL Town taxpayers, shouldn't be saddled with this kind of expense.

The present structure owes us nothing. Its length of service far exceeds that of

all other similar arenas built at the same time. It's had its day and it's for precisely this reason it's being replaced.

But there's more to the operation of two arenas than maintenance. It will require additional staff. This means additional salaries, additional expense. For what? It could very well stand idle most of the time.

There may well be an entrepreneur in Town who sees money-making possibilities for this building. If so, the Culture and Recreation Committee has recommended offers of purchase be considered. We like this approach. It's giving private enterprise an opportunity to provide a community service and, at the same time, turn a profit.

If no reasonable proposition is placed before Council, the Town, we feel, has no alternative but to tear the structure down. We suggest, the property on which the arena stands, is of more recreational value than the arena itself. And this is our main concern, that whatever the decision, the site use remain recreational. With ball and soccer teams crying for additional space, this land could be used for either purpose.

Editor's Mail Distasteful

Dear Sir: I wish to question the policy of your valued newspaper with regard to publication of evidence in an alleged rape case.

You may have thousands of readers who get their jollies from reading such stories, but I'm sure there are just as many who find them distasteful. I'm one of the latter.

The victim is unknown, and fortunately not named. The accused are, relatively, unknown (at least in Whitchurch-Stouffville). So what's the point? Other than the site of the alleged assault, there's really nothing local about it. Apart from this, the alleged incident is all about the seemier side of life. Let's leave this sort of thing in Toronto where it belongs.

Sincerely, Susan Lindsey, Stouffville, R.R. 3, Stouffville

A double standard?

Is there a law for the rich and a law for the poor?

Many feel that there is, despite claims to the contrary.

Is there a law for the famous and a law for the ordinary?

Even more feel this is so. And we tend to agree.

Recent occurrences within our courts, both in Canada and the United States, would lend support to this complaint. Judges seem hesitant to convict accused whose identity has become a household name across the country.

Other than the ability to hire clever lawyers, are the famous any more privileged than the common place? Should they be dealt with more leniently because of notoriety? We don't think so. If anything, they should be dealt with more severely. For, with fame comes responsibility. When that responsibility is eroded and subsequently ignored, our judicial system goes down the drain.

Warnings

Alarm has been expressed by many Stouffville parents after a nine-year-old boy was allegedly coaxed to get into a car on Burkholder Street. The man, said to be 30 to 35 years old, drove off when a resident intervened. The incident points out once again the importance of streetproofing children, boys as well as girls. The rules can't be repeated too often by teachers, police and parents. That kindly stranger may be what he seems—a kindly stranger. He could also be a potential sex offender, a wolf in sheep's clothing. The risk is too great to take chances.