

## Editor's Mail Memories

Dear Sir:

It's with a great deal of diffidence that I write this letter, but here goes!

I had the unique experience of being the last person to teach in the white frame schoolhouse at Garibaldi; then in a makeshift classroom after the building burned; and then the first to teach in the new brick building.

I was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning on the 17th or 19th of January, 1934, with the sound of 'the school's on fire!'

Very quickly, the woodshed was soon converted into a classroom. A plank floor was laid and two windows were installed side by side on the north wall. A wood-burning stove was placed near the south wall, close to the doorway. There were two blackboards side by side on the east wall. The teacher's desk was placed in front of the blackboards. Many desks, one in front of the other, filled the centre of the room. The aisles were very narrow.

Children sitting next to the stove nearly cooked while the ones near the windows were cold. The floor was always cold.

During the winter, I couldn't write on the blackboard until 10:30 in the morning. They were always covered with frost.

I remember the Inspector's arrival on a hot day in early June. The door was wide open to let in the fresh air. However, the flies came in too!

Mr. Ferguson spent part of the afternoon with us, some of it outside. On leaving, he gave us the rest of the day off. We all departed with whoops of joy.

The new school was built during the summer holidays—a fine red brick building.

All this happened in less than one year.

Sincerely,  
Alma Ward Haynes,  
Gowanstown, Ont.



PAT WHEELER '85  
THE TRIBUNE

## ROAMING AROUND



## Enjoyable assignment

BY JIM THOMAS

Since my coming to The Tribune as a journalist, 34 years ago, and to Stouffville as a resident, 26 years ago, the name Garibaldi always prompted a smile.

There was a public school there. That I knew. The location was the second concession of Uxbridge, a mile (or so) north of Hwy. 47. But what else?

To warrant a name like Garibaldi (or any name for that matter), there had to be something more than just a school. However, in my travels up and down that once-dusty rural road, I never found it. Not even a "togetherness" of homes to constitute a hamlet.

To the west was Island Lake. To the north was Siloam. To the east was Goodwood and to the south was Glasgow. But smack dab in the centre of Garibaldi, I never saw anything more than a school.

My problem was, I never stopped long enough to look. I mean REALLY look. Had I taken the time, I'd have found a heart beating there, the heart of a country community as immense as a mountain.

Fortunately (for me), I was afforded a second chance. I attended the Garibaldi School Reunion in the Goodwood Hall Saturday, and discovered first-hand what "community" is (or was) all about.

Yes, it was a "homecoming," a gathering like I'd never seen before. They came from hundreds, even thousands of miles—former teachers and students with one thought in mind, reliving memories of a time in their lives, none could ever forget.

So what was I doing there? I asked myself that question as I stood in line. I hoped no one would notice a "foreigner" in the crowd.

But they did. I could feel their stares. So I bypassed the name-tag counter, feeling just a wee bit embarrassed at taking up my "two feet" of space.

However, the lonely feeling was soon dispelled. The warmth, known only to

the rural, roots of Uxbridge Township, soon enveloped the entire hall, me, too. The interloper from S.S.-19, Markham, was quickly adopted into the family of S.S.-9, Uxbridge. I enjoyed the relationship so much, I stayed the entire afternoon.

There was something magic about the little red brick schoolhouse; and the little white frame schoolhouse too. Garibaldi knew both and some attending the reunion, Saturday, remembered both.

The frame building, erected in 1869, was destroyed by fire in 1934. A new brick structure, now a private home, was ready for occupancy the following September. The replacement cost was \$4,000.

The behind-the-scenes organization that went into Saturday's "homecoming" was excellent. However, the formality required in putting such an event together, was not part of the program. M.C. Bob McGillivray saw to that. He encouraged platform guests to speak their remembrances and each responded admirably. What was said from the stage was undoubtedly expanded upon throughout the audience.

This reunion was a light-hearted, friendly affair. However, pleasant

## Buried head in the sand

Dear Editor:

I am not a "party person". I am also not a "leader person". I vote for the candidate in my Riding who, in my opinion, will do the best job.

In 1981, I supported Mr. Hodgson. I also supported Mr. Stevens in 1984. On May 2, I supported Mr. Sorbara of the Liberals because I felt Mr. Hodgson failed to "go to bat" for "Whitchurch-Stouffville" on the dump issue. He was much like an ostrich, content to bury his head in the sand, hoping the problem would somehow go away.

I'm now having second thoughts about

memories often prompt tears. The beautiful singing voices of the Garibaldi School choir, with the late Glen Gould in attendance, was an emotional experience, mere words cannot describe.

Former teacher, Jessie Greig, now of Oshawa, was responsible for the tape. "There are no people like you in the whole world," she said. "I cherish every memory."

Barbara (Hewlett) Pratt, former Prom Queen at Stouffville High, and every boy as lovely today, was described as the "heart" of the reunion event. The committee chairman was Ivan DeGeer.

While some folks must surely have wondered at my being there, I can honestly say it was more than just another reporting assignment. For once a rural school pupil, always a rural school pupil, regardless of location, I could relate to the inner most feelings of each person present. My memories, like theirs, are as keen today as yesterday.

However, I hadn't planned on staying so long. But I became caught up in the magic of the moment, a moment in the life of a community that, until Saturday, I didn't know existed.

Thank you, committee members, for allowing me to share in your day. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Sincerely,  
Mildred Gadsby,  
Stouffer Street,  
Stouffville

Mr. Stevens, I feel his action (or lack of action), with respect to the Silver Jubilee clubhouse, was not only weak but, two-faced. I'm sure if he'd put forth an effort, he could have retained this premises for the Club without putting the Town (the taxpayers), to the expense of having to buy it. I won't forget his mishandling of this project when another federal election rolls around.

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## Editorials

### York Region's Utopia

What we hoped would happen, is happening. Whitchurch-Stouffville (Stouffville in particular) is growing, not with the intensity of Markham or Vaughan, but in a gradual and orderly manner.

After several years of virtual stagnation, this is a welcomed change.

While there are those who hold to the belief that Stouffville should remain "small town," this will not and should not be. Nor will it become a "metropolis" comparable to our neighbor to the south.

Water and sewer restrictions will see to that.

Acceptance of residential build-up here is apparent in the fact many of the new homes and proposed new homes in Fairgate Heights, Westfield and Lakeview Estates and Greenpark have been purchased by residents already living here. This speaks well for their faith in

our quality of life. It also speaks well for their faith in the quality of homes.

However, all relocations are not occurring in-town. Families are moving here from Markham, from Unionville, from Scarborough and miles beyond.

While relocating presents problems, a recent door-to-door survey of homeowners in Fairgate Heights showed almost 100 percent satisfaction. "We love it," was a common reply.

And no wonder. The properties are beautiful, especially those where sodding is complete. Boulevard trees add a touch of permanency to each site.

In the Greenpark development, build-up is proceeding at a fast pace. At Westfield Estates, owners begin moving in the end of this month. A number of pre-sales have been recorded by Lakeview.

At present, all things point to the positive. With an improved balance in industrial assessment, Whitchurch-Stouffville will indeed be Utopia within the Region of York.

### School days relieved

Weekend assignments are usually just that—assignments; or, in another word, work. While most people are doing what they want to do, the journalist is doing what people expect him/her to do, attend their events. It's not that much fun, especially when the reporter's aware members of his/her family are at home doing nothing.

But an event, Saturday, was different. It was an occasion we enjoyed to the full—the Garibaldi Public School Reunion.

While not a part of S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge, we felt a part of the program because committee members allowed us to participate in its promotion. Through this kind of close co-operation, the event proved successful, and Tribune readership soared. Former residents, long since moved from the area, latched on to every morsel of news related to the occasion. Classroom photos became scrapbook memoirs.

It would be unfair to state, it could only happen in Uxbridge. There have been successful homecomings elsewhere. However, in completing preparations, the committee never lost sight of the project's main purpose—renewing friendships.

While not a part of it geographically, we felt a part of it personally. It was good to be there.

To the many people responsible, congratulations. You rekindled memories that will last a lifetime.

## Phys. Ed. instructor honored



At the conclusion of the June term, Jim Rehill (centre) concludes his association with the Physical Education program at Stouffville District Secondary School. Recently, he was honored at a reception in Christ Anglican Church. Here he talks with two athletic "greats" from yesteryears, Wayne Feasby (left), and Jim Hill.



Two main organizers of the Jim Rehill Reunion, were Larry and Colleen Bacon of Stouffville. The event included a day-long volleyball tournament at the High School, a banquet and dance at night. Through

Mr. Rehill's guidance, many athletic championships have been won by S.D.S.S. He is considered the most successful Phys. Ed. instructor in the history of the school. —Jim Thomas