

Editor's Mail

Surprised

Dear Editor:
Board of Education trustee Lyn Craig is surprised the Pickering Fire Chief hasn't condemned the Claremont Public School because the building lacks an adequate fire escape route.

I am too. I'm equally surprised the Board of Education hasn't taken steps to rectify the situation. It's been a problem for years, even when Mrs. Craig was a staff teacher there.

I can just see the Board conjuring up excuses should a major blaze occur and children are trapped in the upper storey, having no means of escape.

I thank The Tribune for (at long last) bringing this matter to the parents' attention, and hopefully to the trustees' attention also.

Hindsight is indeed 20-20 vision. Let's have this incredible situation corrected before a catastrophe occurs.

Pauline Curran,
R.R. 2, Claremont

Infuriated

Dear Editor:
It infuriated me that the editor of our local newspaper would frequent a strip club in a neighboring town.

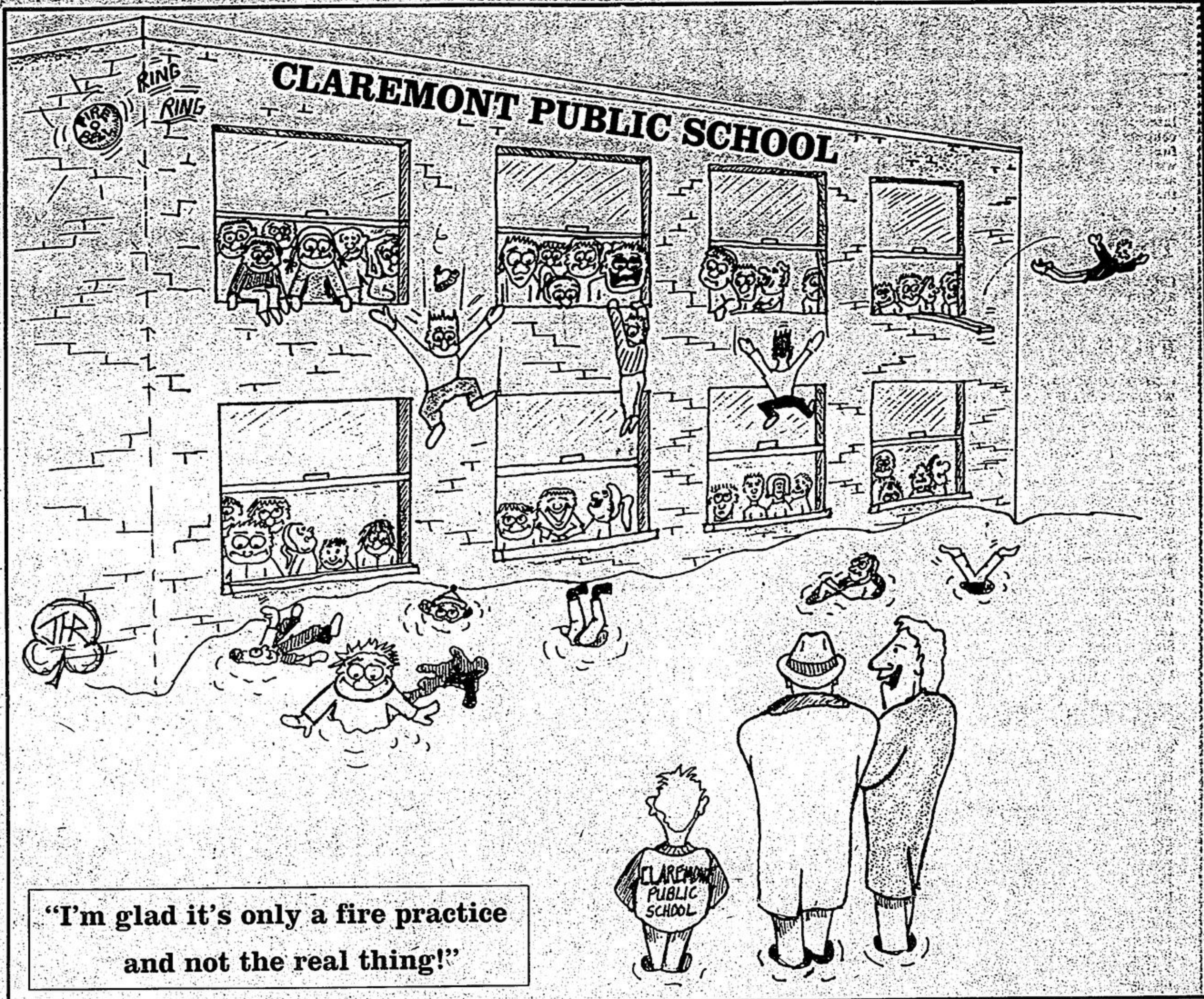
By writing about such an establishment, you are encouraging people, (including young people), to go there. I say better 'out of sight and out of mind'.

While I wouldn't be caught dead in such places, I have a pretty good idea what they're like. I don't need a color commentary.

Markham, being part of the Metro spill-over, is bound to attract strip parlors. After all, out of 90,000 people, there's likely sufficient numbers to make it pay. Thank goodness Stouffville hasn't stooped to such depths.

Remember the saying: "If you play in the sewer, you'll get dirt on your hands."

Shirley Easton,
Albert Street, Stouffville



"I'm glad it's only a fire practice and not the real thing!"

The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND

An all-porridge diet

BY JIM THOMAS

Porridge: The very mention of the word brings a chorus of yuks from our kids.

"How can you stand the stuff?" asks Neil.

"I hope it tastes better than it looks," responds Barry.

"I'm sticking to Honey Nut Cheerios," says Mary-Lynn.

The reason they're so petrified is that they see it on the table three times a day—noon, night and midnight.

Yes, I'm on a porridge diet; in fact, porridge is all I eat.

I love it—and it loves me. Never felt better in all my life.

It was the pro-cholesterol reading on my blood check chart that started it all. This, plus the fact that on my last weigh-in, I 'tipped' the scales at a rotund 184, fifty-four pounds more than 25 years ago. The combination of the two called for drastic action.

While the brand may change, right now I'm using Old Mill Rolled Oats. It's really quite simple to prepare; just pour half a handful into a pot of boiling water and stir.

For flavoring, I add a 'pinch' of salt. Talk about fast! In one minute, (that's

sixty seconds), the bubbling brew's

ready to serve.

For the ultimate in texture and taste, it's wise to stir continuously, otherwise the porridge may stick to the bottom of the pan, go lumpy, or both. If there's one thing I hate, it's lumpy porridge. Should this occur, I'd be tempted to dump it all out and start again.

I like my porridge perfect.

To make it this way requires total submersion in milk plus a thick coating of brown sugar. U-mmm good!

Believe it or not but one helping is a complete meal—no second course or dessert.

The family's astounded. No sooner are they settled in than I'm through, totally satisfied.

To prove how completely pure is the ingredient of Old Mill Rolled Oats, no break-down of additives is required on the package; because there aren't any. This is the REAL thing.

It is a wonder country kids of several generations ago were so healthy. They were raised on oatmeal porridge. Me too. However, in recent years I've strayed from the straight and narrow;

taken in by convincing commercials and fancy packaging. But not any more. I've gone back to the basics.

While it's too early to note any major exterior change, on the inside, I'm a brand new man; my stomach's finally at peace. Convulsive night-time belching, that once kept the whole household awake, is a thing of the past. My hiatus hernia's also at rest. What a relief!

There are minor alterations on the outside too. I no longer huff and puff while tying up my shoes; I can walk to the firehall without stopping at the restaurant for a rest and my bathroom scales registers a two pound weight loss in two weeks.

I owe it all to oatmeal. But before you go out and buy a 100 pound bagful at the Co-op or Stouffville Feeds, invest in a 1.35 kilogram package at the A & P or I.G.A.

Like with me, it may revitalize your life. Then again, you may detest the stuff.

Personally, I'm so sold on the benefits, this spring I may roto-till the whole backyard and grow my own.

Editorials

Want fool-proof study

The \$480,000 provincially-authorized Health Study for the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville is off on the wrong foot. There are too many doubts, too many suspicions, too many accusations.

Even among the 24 people in attendance at Thursday's 'public' meeting, a cross-section of the audience felt the firm, selected to conduct the survey, is going about it the wrong way. We question the procedure also.

Rather than poll residents far removed from the hazard area, we feel the company should 'zero in' on the neighborhoods where the likelihood of problems, past or present, is most real.

To question residents in communities like Pine Orchard, Cedar Valley, Vandonf and Gormley is ridiculous. Not only is it time-consuming but it tends to 'water down' the end result.

The Concerned Citizens Committee has already mapped the area of concern. We presume this exhibit is still on file. It

should at least be used as a guide. We want no charges of cover-up this time around. We want everyone to be satisfied that results are accurate.

For the sake of the Town and its residents, let's hope an abnormal health problem does not exist. But let's know for sure!

Let's act!

Added fire safety precautions are required at Claremont Public School.

Should a blaze occur on the ground floor of the older section, exit from the second storey would, in all likelihood, be cut off. What then the escape route for the fifty students located there?

For some, in an emergency situation, jumping from windows to the ground below is possible. For others, it's not.

A steel stairway or chute is needed, not next year or the year after but now! The Board of Education can ill afford to gamble with children's lives.

We're pleased area trustee Lyn Craig is aware of the danger and has made the problem a top priority.

Insurance on school and municipal properties being what it is today, we're surprised Claremont Public School can obtain any insurance at all. The risk factor is high.

Just because the building has gone this many years without a serious fire incident doesn't mean it can't or won't occur. Better to act now than be accused of inaction later.



The Class of '51 at Claremont Continuation School

This picture, resurrected from The Tribune's photo file, will bring back memories to former staff and students attending Claremont Continuation School. The year is 1951. Shown here are: REAR ROW, (left to right) Grant Carson, Bruce McDowell, Don Rowe, Joe Pegg, Gerald Allman, Keith Carson, Denis Dowling, Ted Curl. SECOND ROW, (left to right) Reta Finney, Joyce Closson, Lillian Risebrough, Walter Murray, Aubrey Carson, Ken Locke, John De La Cour, Bev Barclay, Dorothy

Benson. THIRD ROW (left to right) Sheila Pegg, Mary McAvoy, Edith Gostick, Margaret Hicks, Mary Schneider, Helen Norton, June Davis, Marion Middleton, Joyce Closson, Pat Brooks, Joyce Reynolds, Jean Schneider, Anne Barclay, June Fiss. FRONT ROW, (left to right) Shirley Taylor, Carol Johnson, Joan Barclay, Isabel Madill, Reta Laushway, (principal); Edward Taylor, (teacher); Frances McCullough, Pat Shipton, Ruth Johnson and Dorothy Graham.

Editor's Mail

Events

Dear Editor:
A great job of recalling the past year in pictures! I'm keeping the photo page as an historical reference in my album.

The picture spread covered a cross-section of events important to the community. It was worth thirteen thousand words.

Sincerely,
Marion Harrison,
Hemlock Drive,
Stouffville

Smile of the Week

Dear Editor:
Perhaps this brief note will serve as The Tribune's 'Smile of the Week'.

I attended a 'little red brick schoolhouse' in the country. Indoor washrooms were a luxury at that time. Our facility consisted of two outhouses and two paths, one for the boys and one for the girls.

One night, I and a couple of my friends, cut down a wasp's nest from a schoolyard tree and (very carefully) attached it to an inside roof board in the girls' lavatory.

The next morning, when two of the gals we disliked, were seen entering the 'shanty', we propped the door shut and began banging on the top.

I'll never forget the shrieks. Fortunately, none of the girls was stung. But I remember them running out in a state of undress when we opened the door. I also remember the 'stings' on my hands when the teacher learned of our prank.

Sincerely,
Steve Kelly,
R.R. 2, Uxbridge