

Editor's Mail

Doctors' image hurt

Dear Editor:
 With respect to the extra-billing issue, I fail to see what impact the doctors' five-night strike will have on the Peterson Government.
 The only people who MAY be inconvenienced at their own patients. To me, this is kids stuff, hurting the image of the physicians who play these kinds of games.
 Sincerely,
 Jean Atkins,
 North Street,
 Stouffville

Eyesore

Dear Editor:
 The town where I lived before moving to Stouffville, took steps to beautify its Main Street business core.
 One of the first projects was removal of all hydro and telephone lines. You wouldn't believe the improvement.
 In Stouffville, the local Hydro Commission is proposing a major improvement project on its own. However, (from what I read in your newspaper), the poles and wires are to remain.
 I don't blame the Chamber of Commerce and the Town Improvement Board for being upset.
 Members should say 'NO'. If Hydro can't afford it now, they should wait until they can. Removing one eyesore and replacing it with another is not what I call progress.
 Sincerely,
 Steve Gauthier,
 North Street,
 Stouffville

Durham Region Board of Education



"I predicted our No Smoking policy would be hardest to enforce among staff"

Editor's Mail

Pressured?

Dear Editor:
 I cannot and will not believe my family doctor condones strike action with respect to the extra-billing debate.
 I know him too well.
 I feel he and perhaps others have been pressured into this move.
 The advertisement in The Tribune, (March 19) reads in part: "In order to draw attention to what we believe to be a discriminatory political expedient".
 The physicians' decision is only drawing attention to themselves. I'm sure Premier Peterson couldn't care less if the doctors' offices in Stouffville are closed for five nights or permanently.
 Sincerely,
 Sara McGregor,
 Elm Road,
 Stouffville

Tired of it

Dear Mr Thomas:
 There's been so much published in your newspaper concerning the future of the old arena, I'm tired of it.
 It's become a subject much like the landfill site—flogged to death.
 On one thing, (and perhaps one thing only), you and I agree. Action on the issue is overdue.
 We elected a Council last November to make decisions. If members expect the ratepayers to do their work for them, then they'll have to pay us all \$8,000 a year.
 I say the decision-making process is the responsibility of the politicians. If Council pays attention to the opinions of every sidewalk superintendent, nothing will be accomplished.
 Sincerely,
 George Fawcett,
 Millard Street,
 Stouffville

The Tribune
 ESTABLISHED 1888
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 BRUCE ANNAN Publisher
 PAT PAPPAS Advertising Manager
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ROAMING AROUND

Skeletons in my closet

BY JIM THOMAS



Most in-town families won't relate to this. It's probably uncommon in the country too. But at our house, we have a section of the basement called 'the cold part'.
 No descriptives of the atmosphere are necessary. It's an area of four home that's not heated.
 Yes, we've thought about it—an extension to the rec. room. However, renovation costs plus heating problems, (the furnace is already overloaded), have prompted second thoughts. So nothing has changed. This portion of our house is virtually unaltered since we bought the place 27 years ago.
 We had an area much the same 'down on the farm'. It too was dubbed 'the cold part'; we never used it. The need then, was less than it is now. For our farm house was huge by comparison with what we have today.
 On occasions, however, we kids used to sneak in just to look around. In the summer, it was cool. In the winter, it was cold, so cold, even the chamber pot would freeze.
 But there were interesting things, (besides the chamber pot), stored there. For that basically was what it was—a storage room. On rainy days, when outside work was a little slow, we could find lots of interesting things to do there.
 And so it is in 'the cold part' at 381 Rupert Avenue. Every once in awhile my wife and kids take to rummaging through the odds and ends, mostly 'treasures' from bygone days, totally useless but too good to throw away.
 And so it was during one of those dreary days in the March Break. They took to rummaging, deeper than any of us had ever rummaged before. And they found a skeleton—two skeletons, in fact. They had them laid out on the kitchen counter for me to see when I came home that night.
 I nearly died.
 "Hey dad, look what we found," said Neil, a grin spreading from ear to ear.
 "Yea dad, look what we found," chorused Mary-Lynn.
 Seeing was believing. For they had dug up my old report cards from Grade 12, (Middle School), and Grade 13, (Upper School), at Markham High. The dates were June, 1947 and June, 1948.
 Despite the fact the printed parchments were 38 and 39 years old respectively, each was as well preserved as the day I received them through the mail.
 I remember the occasions well. And I was no more pleased then than now. Little did I know, almost 40 years later, I'd still be haunted by the results.
 Elementary school for me was a 'breeze'. Most years, I headed my class, (of two), with excellent marks. However, high school was a different story, particularly Fourth and Fifth Forms, (Grades 12 and 13). Both were real struggles.
 And these were the marks they unearthed, marks I'd hoped had been destroyed.
 Don't think they didn't rub it in. I've never seen three people, (including my wife), take so much delight in going through my 'personal' archives. It was like they'd found the key to my unsavory academic past and unlocked the vault for everyone to see.
 But all wasn't bad. For example, I had 1st class honors, (I was quick to point out), in Ancient and Medieval History; 2nd class honors in English Literature and 3rd class honors in English Composition. But the remainder were all credits or worse.
 Would you believe a 28 in French Composition; a 32 in French Authors and a 35 in Geometry?
 I would. For I detested them all.
 The gloating finally subsided only after the kids noticed I was visibly hurt by this revelation. The skeletons were out of the closet. They knew it and so did I.
 Then came an outpouring of love, affection—and sympathy.
 "Maybe the teachers were harder markers back then," said Mary-Lynn.
 "It's okay, dad," said Neil, "you proved you could do it without French and Geometry." He then proceeded to explain how a couple of subjects were giving him a tough time too.
 "I was wondering," he started to say, then changed his mind.
 I knew what was coming. But he'll save it for a more appropriate time like when he hands me his report card in June! What can I do? Defences, that have withstood the ravages of uninvestigated challenge for 39 years, have been bared.
 It's now a case of "do as I say, not as I did."

Editorials

Doctors' token protest

A doctors' strike? Never.
 A doctors' slow-down? Perhaps.
 This is how we view the Stouffville physicians' response to an extra-billing ultimatum issued by the Province.
 A token protest.
 Not one to frequent a doctor's office any more than necessary, we can't say with certainty what hours these people ordinarily keep. However, being the professionals they are, turning the key in the door at 5 p.m. and opening up again at 9 a.m., would seem normal.
 If this is not a regular practice, then it should be. Only editors work round-the-clock.
 We say most patients can arrange their visitation schedule to accommodate a nine-to-five day. In cases of emergency, a doctor is on call.
 What more should we expect?
 Stouffville's eight physicians are all participants in the OHIP program.
 None extra-bill.
 So, other than Government enforcement of legislation against those who aren't (supportive of the OHIP program), and do (extra-bill), Stouffville's

doctors have no reason to complain.
 Their criticism, as we see it, should be directed against fellow physicians who presently 'operate outside the law'. If they didn't, Government legislation wouldn't be necessary.
 These are the medical men and women who are attempting to tear down "the finest health care system in the world." Not the Government.
 We would suggest the Ontario Medical Association should be working with rather than against the Government to whip its extra-billing advocates into line. For if it doesn't, Premier Peterson and Co. will.

Smile of the week

Dear Editor:
 My recent experience is one that may qualify for your 'Smile of the Week'.
 During a visit to an area farm, (Whitchurch-Stouffville), I entered the barn unannounced.
 The owner was in the house at the time, so I wandered around waiting for him to come out.
 While walking through the stable, I noticed a 'body' under one of the cows. Only two legs and two arms were visible. I naturally concluded the animal had laid down and suffocated the unfortunate man.
 I immediately ran to the house to tell someone of the situation. To my surprise, the wife who answered the door, only laughed.
 I later learned the 'body' was that of a dummy, placed there by their son. Apparently this is a common farm trick to fool town folks like myself.
 I was sure relieved.
 Sincerely,
 Allan Petersen,
 Stouffer Street,
 Stouffville



Siloam Public School (Uxbridge Twp.) — 1940

On Sat., June 21, former staff and students of Siloam Public School, Uxbridge Twp., will be reunited. The reunion event will be held on location, now a Community Centre. Some of the pupils pictured here are expected to attend. They are: Front Row (left to right) Bob Storry, (unknown), George Carroll. Centre Row (left to right) Ross Allard, Harold Brown, Lloyd Yakeley, Beverly Beach, Betty Oldham, Kathleen Brown, Betty Carroll, Shirley Wallace, Ruth Storry. Rear Row (left to right) Edith Stone, Eileen Wallace, Dorothy Dick, Ruth Allard, (unknown), Austin Alcock, Ron Carroll, Stewart Wallace. The teacher, (rear right), is Mrs Carljng Alcock. The year is 1940.

Editor's Mail

Thankful to doctors

To The Editor:
 In this day of eroding freedoms that benefit the collective good of Canadians for the benefit, in many cases, of the vocal minority and questionable groups, I wish to speak out concerning a practice I believe will effect us all.
 I refer to legislation that seeks to hamper our doctors in their rights to charge or not to charge their patients.
 Having had hip surgery at Toronto General Hospital, some post-operative problems arose. I needed help at 4:30 a.m. and a young intern was called. At 9:30 p.m., that same young man was still on the floor, going about his business of helping folks in need.
 I also remember after World War II when Dr. Ball and Dr. Freel were in semi-retirement. Dr. Button returned from the war and was the town's only full-time physician.
 I recall the service he provided when his office was over the Sanders Block. He would return there in the evening and climb those stairs, visibly tired. Often, patients were there at 10 p.m.
 Just recently, one Saturday evening, I phoned my aunt in Parkview Home around 8:30 p.m. Dr. Button was still there then.
 I say, we can't pay our doctors too much. I'm thankful for each one. I've never yet met a doctor I felt would sue a senior unable to pay.
 We don't want socialistic control of this most important profession.
 Sincerely,
 H.E. Palsley,
 Albert Street South,
 Stouffville