

Editor's Mail

Cycles

Dear Editor:
Most things run in cycles. A couple of years ago, roller-skating was a top priority recreation pastime; in Whitchurch-Stouffville and everywhere else.

One doesn't hear so much about it now. Regardless, I feel the Town Parks and Recreation Department should be commended for instituting roller-skating at the new Complex. Whether the children and young people take advantage of it is up to them. It's to be hoped they do. I'm tired of the on-going complaint "there's nothing to do in Stouffville."

Sincerely,
(Mrs) Grace Beaton,
Manitoba Street,
Stouffville

Praised

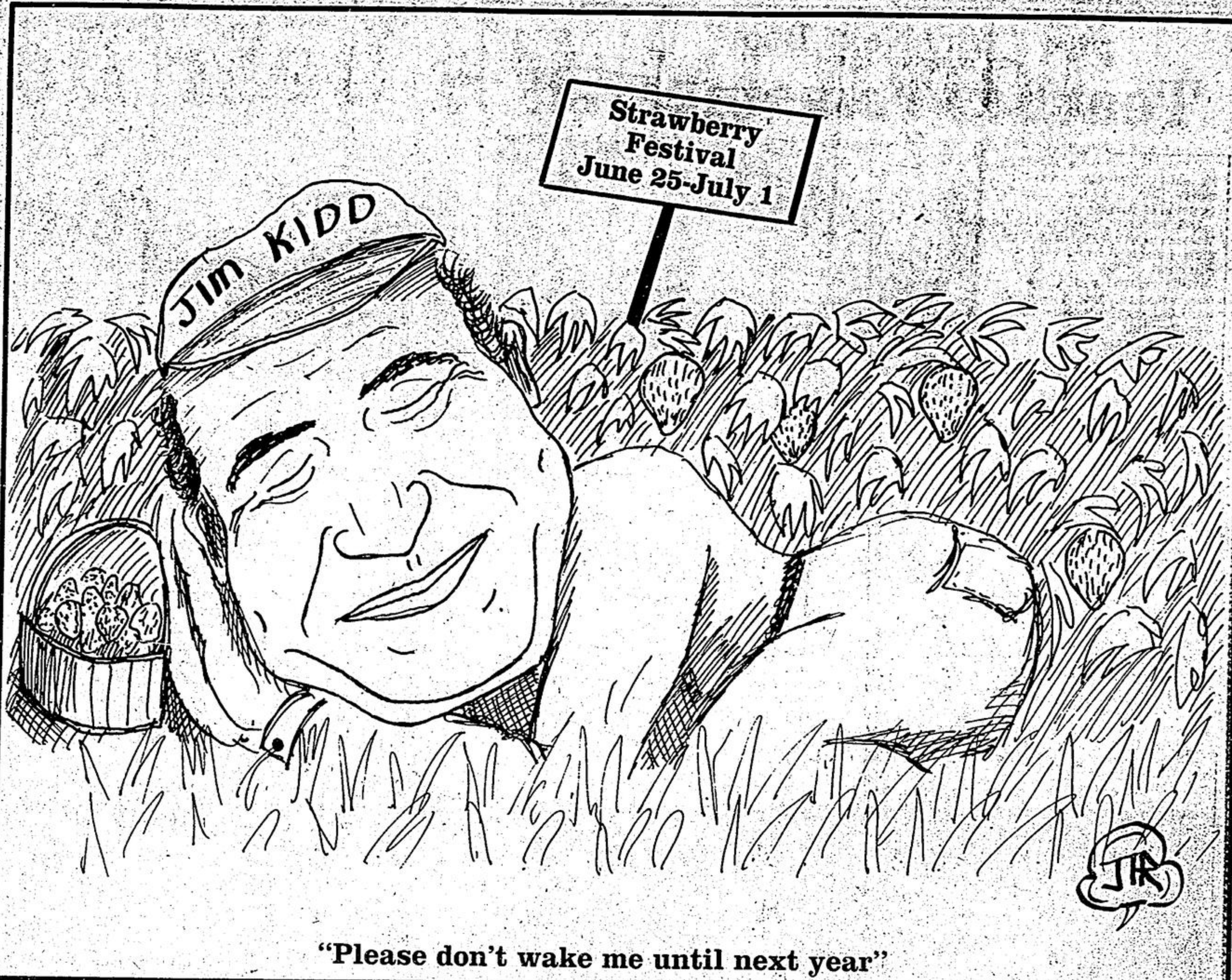
Dear Editor:
On behalf of dozens of parents, I wish to extend my appreciation to those teachers who took the time to attend the Board of Education meeting at Aurora June 16.

By protesting the withdrawal of Principal Nikifork's services from Stouffville District Secondary School in favor of Markham District High School, the staff were only saying, "we need him, let him stay."

I see no reason why the trustees should have been "turned off" by the teachers' reaction to a very unfair and unreasonable decision. Rather, they should be praised.

I don't believe this kind of pro-principal response has ever occurred in the history of any school in York Region. I say it speaks well for Mr Nikifork and the administration.

Sincerely,
Helen Armstrong,
Alderwood Street,
Stouffville



"Please don't wake me until next year"

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CATHY'S CHATTER
I'm feeling my way
BY CATHY CARTER

It's been almost a month since I started my summer job as a reporter here at The Tribune. Thus far I've survived, with few injuries except for a serious case of foot-in-mouth disease; a ruined pair of nearly-new shoes; a little blue Honda covered with Whitchurch-Stouffville mud and a heart that beats faster than before.

Let me explain.

Last Wednesday, as I innocently watched an exciting tournament at the Stouffville Lawn Bowling Club, I met a lady wearing a dress covered with strawberries, (not the real ones), from head to toe. I was flattered she took an interest in me — a lowly reporter.

I knew she had to be a SOMEBODY. Problem was, I couldn't figure out who. Who was this woman possessing a wealth of knowledge about Whitchurch-Stouffville and its citizens?

"Excuse me," I whispered, cautiously interrupting her, "but...who are you?"

Suddenly, silence settled over the club house. What had I done?

"I'm the Mayor; I'm Fran Sainsbury," she replied courteously.

Well, now you know, should you pass me on the street, why I have a size 7 stuck in my mouth.

Please accept my apologies kind Mayor.

Now, about my sandals. I've learned quickly that running shoes or work boots would be much more appropriate for this job than those that match my clothes.

After trudging through strawberry patches all last week, my pink shoes, have darkened considerably. Then, after a trip to the new Gormley Fruit Market, (which, by the way, does not yet have grass), my shoes are no longer recognizable. The straps are broken, the color is gone and so are the soles. Now, bless their 'soles', they've been reverently laid to rest.

My prize possession is my little blue Honda. It's not much but it's all mine. However, recently the car has become harder to find.

I would never have believed so much happens on dirt roads. I've covered more territory on mud-covered thoroughfares lately than ever before. My car seems to attract all flying globs and all birds take deadly aim at this little puddle-jumper.

I often wonder when I drive into a car wash what I'll find when I drive out. So far, I've found the same little blue car basically intact. With any luck it'll last me through the summer.

Now about my youthful heart. During the recent wave of violent electrical storms that have swept the Stouffville area, I decided it was time to play professional photographer.

I stepped out the front door of The Tribune Office during one such storm and, armed with camera, (and film), stood there waiting for lightning to strike. With lens cocked and aimed at the spot where I'd last seen a flash in the sky, I waited and waited. Everyone in the Office thought I'd gone a little loony, standing out in the pouring rain, but, like the postman, nothing could stop me.

Well, my wish came true. Right in the

very spot where I'd pointed my camera, a bright flash of lightning struck. Being a person with strong nerves and a quick trigger finger, I pushed the button. However, since I'd jumped nearly a foot, my camera moved and I ended up with a lovely picture of Stouffville Bakery roof.

As I shuffled nervously back inside to the safety of the Office, I asked if anyone had heart pills to spare.

There you go, an insight into the 'glamorous' life of a reporter-in-training.

Actually, I'm really enjoying this job. Where else could I find so much excitement and still be paid for it?

I want to thank all the people who've helped me so far in obtaining the information I need to write my stories. Without such co-operation and support I would probably have given up on this career four weeks ago and tried something simpler—and safer.

Editorials
Town was disgraced

The Whitchurch-Stouffville Strawberry Festival was a success despite attempts by local physicians to turn it into a fiasco.

We stand disgraced.

Regardless of political leanings; regardless of feelings against Bill 94, Premier David Peterson was our guest. We treated him, (and his wife), badly and should be ashamed.

Premier Peterson wasn't obligated to come. After all, he'd paid us a visit only last September. It's not an election year. He owes us nothing. But an off-the-cuff remark about "liking strawberries", prompted the Festival committee to extend him an invitation. He responded, graciously and patiently. To what? To sign-waving physicians carrying a make-shift casket and the boos of a group of ingrates who'd have done the rest of us a service by staying at home. To many in Metro, this is the boonies.

On Wednesday, we lived up to that reputation.

Although outwardly, she didn't show it, on the inside, Mayor Sainsbury was seething. Tipped off that some sort of protest was planned, she requested police reinforcements. The protection afforded the premier was extremely tight. But it didn't prevent his mingling with the people, folks at the 'grass roots' level with whom he's so popular. Nor did he ignore the protesters. Scenes like this are nothing new.

But they're new to Stouffville, and repugnant.

Fortunately, for the Festival, we got the poison out of our system early. The rest of the week went well.

Smile of the week

Dear Editor:
My 'Smile of the Week' may give others a reason to smile.

I attended the one-room 'little red brick schoolhouse' in the section where I lived.

During the summer holidays, the grass in the schoolyard grew up wild so the trustees granted a local farmer permission to pasture his cows there; for a small fee no doubt.

One evening, a few of us boys borrowed a long rope. We attached one end to a cow's neck and the other to the crank on the rooftop bell.

Nothing happened, of course, while the animal was lying down, but soon as she started eating, she pulled on the rope and the bell began to ring.

This one night, she must have been particularly hungry for the bell rang continuously.

Neighbors to the school wondered what was going on. They drove to the site to see what all the commotion was about. They found the cow grazing contentedly to a constant ding-dong sound.

The bell is now gone. So are the cows and the school is closed, but the memories remain.

Sincerely,
Ernie Bolton,
R.R. 4, Uxbridge



Guard of honor for retiring Summitview crossing guard

For almost fifteen years, Irene Conklin has been guiding children across Stouffville's Main Street, to and from Summitview Public School. On June 25, Mrs Conklin was accorded a personal honor guard of students after saying her farewells. She's moving to Newmarket.

During an assembly involving staff and students from Kindergarten through Grade 8, Mrs Conklin was presented with a new five-speed bicycle and other personal gifts.

—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail
Too late

Dear Editor:
We've all heard the saying about 'locking the door after the horse has been stolen'.

Sometimes I think our York Regional Road Department practices this policy.

I recall them sanding a section of the Stouffville Road, west of Ringwood Church last winter following a multi-vehicle collision on a stretch of pavement resembling a skating rink. Too little, too late.

More recently, they repaired a wash-out, again on the Stouffville Road after a farm tractor struck the hole and rolled down an embankment. Too little, too late.

Roadmen should be constantly on the look-out for hazardous problem spots, particularly after ice, snow and heavy rain storms.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Sincerely,
Andrew McBride,
R.R. 1, Gormley

Upset

Dear Editor:
I along with many other parents am extremely upset by the school board's decision to shift Principal John Nikifork from Stouffville High to Markham.

From what I've been told, the past three years have been 'the best ever' at S.D.S.S., due, for the most part, to his leadership.

Mr Nikifork seemed to understand the Whitchurch-Stouffville community. We're different here as he'll undoubtedly discover when he goes to the metropolis of Markham.

I had 'faith' in Mr Nikifork and his decisions. So had the staff and the students. He was very student and community oriented despite the fact he didn't live here. He understood kids.

His successor will have big shoes to fill.

Sincerely,
(Mrs) Bernadette Gould,
R.R. 2, Stouffville