

Editor's Mail

Not funny

Dear Editor:

I am a great admirer of commentary cartooning through humor. It provides that human adage that allows us to see ourselves as the world sees us.

But The Tribune's May 20 cartoon blew right by me.

The illustration reinforces all that is wrong in sexual stereotyping.

I attended Michele Green's Dance Recital. My son, as well as other boys, danced those evenings with competence, self-confidence, feeling and enjoyment, as did the other dancers. The boys did not feel emotionally out of place. They didn't feel like dressed-up dolls or, dare I say, feel they had to get off stage for fear of appearing like sissies.

Movements to music and expression of emotion are not solely the realm of a female world.

As a male, I fought long and hard for my emotional emancipation and am not going to put my sons back into that sexual stereotyped closet. I'll take the ridicule.

Please, draw some 'stick people' next time, and I'll laugh with you.

Sincerely,
Robin Brock,
Duchess Street,
Stouffville

Tasteless

Dear Editor:

I do a lot of dancing in high school courses and school shows. I'd like to say I thought the cartoon in the May 20th issue of your newspaper pretty tasteless.

Sincerely,
Jason Brock,
Duchess Street,
Stouffville



The Tribune

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Editorials

Politics in planning

The public meeting, Thursday, related to a review of Whitchurch-Stouffville's Official Plan, enjoyed only mediocre response.

The attendance was less than expected. A maximum of seventy people out of a possible 15,000 is weak representation. Latcham Hall should have been filled to overflowing.

The Ratepayers' Association, in its presentation, put forward two important points — lay representation on the Planning Advisory Committee and pre-designation of Town land.

There's nothing wrong with breaking up the 'political compact' that serves as the planning authority in Whitchurch-Stouffville. This Committee and Council are presently one in the same. A single voice, separated from politics, could serve a worthwhile purpose. It's proved successful in other municipalities. Why not here?

Pre-designation of land is bad. It stagnates properties and encourages speculation. Handling applications on the basis of their own merits allows the Committee to do what it's supposed to do — plan.

The Ratepayers' request for pre-designation has all the earmarks of mistrust. Hopefully, the Town will turn it down.

ROAMING AROUND

A hospital that cares

BY JIM THOMAS



I dislike hospitals. Down deep, I guess most folks do. My personal fears, however, don't go so deep as to designate such places as 'necessary evils'. Far from it. I consider them a 'necessary good'. Unfortunately, to me, they're a last resort; like giving in.

I'll go kicking and screaming. Why do I feel this way?

Like with so many other things, my timidity related to hospitals goes back to my teen years. It was my first and last time as a patient in one; an out-patient at that.

My physician was certain it was gall stones. He wanted to know for sure. As it turned out, they discovered no cause for the excruciating pain that knocked me out cold at my desk. Unfortunately, before they gave me a 'clean bill of health', a nurse hit me a couple jabs with a needle that sent me soaring to the ceiling.

I've never forgotten that experience, nor will I the rest of my life.

That's one reason.

The other is, I find some hospitals very cold; not in temperature, (they're always too hot), but in feeling.

Some hospitals, I'm saying, not all.

For many doctors and nurses, it's their 'second home'. They live there seven days, (and seven nights), a week. But not so their patients. Many enter with fear and trepidation, especially first-timers. There's a 'first' for everyone. Believe me, it can be a scary experience.

I find it strange that hospitals vary to such a degree in attitudes of caring.

Nor is it always the larger of the institutions that fit this mould.

St. Michael's, for example, has staff that goes out of its way to be helpful. I was only there once, but I haven't forgotten. Grace Hospital is another, and similarly the Cottage Hospital at Uxbridge.

There are feelings of warmth and friendliness at all three.

Most outstanding in this regard is Sick Children's. In spite of its size, both in numbers of staff and numbers of patients, I've never met physicians and nurses who display so much concern and understanding.

There's a personal closeness there that defies description. I know, and so do thousands of mothers and dads who, through the years, have had need of their service.

On Saturday, my support of Sick Kids was further strengthened. I attended the funeral service for Kelly Ann Hanley in the Stouffville Pentecostal Church.

No, I didn't know Kelly, not personally. I'd never met her. But I knew about her, or thought I did. I left the church, wishing I'd known her better.

This 14-year-old girl, who succumbed to kidney failure, had, in a very short time, touched the lives of hundreds. One of these was Esther Harrison, a nurse on the staff of Toronto Sick Children's Hospital.

How do I know?

Esther Harrison attended the service. Yes, she was there. Not only that, but in a voice, strong of purpose yet filled with feeling, she addressed family members and friends.

"I apologize for the tears," she said. "Kelly entrusted her care to us. She believed in us. She won her way into our hearts."

There was silence as she spoke. Tears flowed.

Nurse Harrison continued. She told how Kelly had expressed her regret. "I'm sorry for making it so hard for you," she recalled her saying.

Then, in words of appreciation that Kelly could no longer express, she said, "thank you for allowing me the opportunity to share with you just a part of this little girl's life."

There was silence after she spoke. And more tears flowed.

I wondered at the thoughts going

through people's minds.

I was aware of the thoughts going through my mind. For here was a young lady, on the staff of one of North America's most prestigious hospitals. Every week, dozens, maybe hundreds of children pass through her hands. Most recover. Some, like Kelly, don't. But all matter, matter enough for nurse Harrison to care and put that care into words.

I was impressed by what she said, certainly, but more by the fact she would care enough to say it.

Her words spoke volumes for the hospital she represents.

The hospital that cares.

Editor's Mail

Courage

Dear Jim:

I wish to thank you for the coverage given the DanceCentre's Recital '87 in The Tribune's May 20 issue.

The students worked hard since September to improve their technique and learn their numbers for the Recital. It is rewarding for them to have their work acknowledged and supported by the community.

It is always difficult to build a reputation, especially good; with the Performing Arts in a town known as being very sports oriented. I encourage boys to train in dance and feel proud of their endeavors and their courage to try something different than "the norm".

My thrill of seeing a cartoon devoted to the Recital dampened when I saw it, (probably unintentionally), propagated the myth of "boys don't take dancing lessons" or that they are not there because of their own desires.

I feel the boys, eight of them, deserve special credit for being strong individuals and are respected by the 175 DanceCentre female students.

Teaching adults not to stereotype children is very often more difficult than teaching the children themselves. Not all boys should be Wayne Gretzky(s). We could use a few more Mikhail Baryshnikov(s), Jeff Hyslop(s) and Fred Astaire(s).

Once again, Jim, my sincere thanks for the Recital coverage and your understanding in my desire to share the joys of dancing with ALL children.

Sincerely,
Michele Green,
The DanceCentre,
Stouffville

Fast action warranted

For 1 1/2 hours, Thursday, a five-year-old Stouffville girl was missing.

Logan Anderson, daughter of Bill and Chris Anderson, Main Street West, wasn't anywhere to be seen at 9:30 a.m. The mother became alarmed.

She called police.

Later, when the whereabouts of little Logan became known, the relieved Mrs. Anderson felt somewhat embarrassed. No need. She did exactly the right thing.

Too often, parents tend to wait. They don't wish to bother anyone. Fortunately, people helping people is not a 'bother' in a community like Stouffville. That's what 'community' is all about.

We join Bill and Chris Anderson in praising York Regional Police, the principal and senior students of Orchard Park School and area residents of Orchard Park Boulevard for the swiftness of their response.

This story had a happy ending, a conclusion that overrides any minor inconvenience.

Participate

It's that time of year; when Whitchurch-Stouffville honors its Citizen of 1987.

The ceremony, sponsored by The Tribune, will be held June 25 in conjunction with the Miss Whitchurch-Stouffville Pageant.

The deadline for submissions is Wednesday, June 17.

Nominations, accompanied by supporting reasons, should be left at The Tribune Office, 54-56 Main Street West, Stouffville. A committee of three, including representatives from Town Council, the Chamber of Commerce and this newspaper, will make the final choice.

Don't delay. Do it today. June 17 is only three weeks away.



Another milestone for Stouffville Missionary Church

This Sunday, (May 31), marks another milestone for the congregation of Stouffville Missionary Church: A dedication service will be held at 3 p.m., celebrating the completion of a new Christian Education addition at 159 Main Street East. Many will recall when the present sanctuary was completed in 1968. The cornerstone was laid by Mr. Jacob Reesor.

—Jim Thomas

A jungle

Dear Editor:

I agree with your editorial resigns, particularly election signs on regional roads.

I dislike the circus atmosphere that accompanies elections, be they municipal, provincial or federal.

As your editorial said "it's a jungle out there."

The problem was created by the politicians. Now, the politicians must pay the price.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Kathleen Feagen,
Felcher Boulevard,
Ballantrac