

Goodbye

Goodbye Stouffville.
Our family will be leaving at the end of November. I wish to thank the many organizations in town that made our seven-year stay here so enjoyable. At the same time, I wish to recommend these groups and activities to the many newcomers to town. There's no better way to meet new friends than to get involved!

Groups that are particularly friendly are led by Music Mania. This annual tradition is packed with talented, friendly, and fun-loving people. Other organizations include — Stouffville District Brownies and Guides; Stouffville United Church, (headed by a super new minister); teachers and students at Summitview School and Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. The latter are a great asset to the community and will be sorely missed by our children.

There are many activities that make Stouffville unique — the Kinsmen's Santa Claus Parade; The Strawberry Festival and Canada Week Celebrations; Midnight Madness; (the merchants are truly friendly people), and the Magic Festival are high points in Stouffville's year. We also have an excellent Public Library with an extremely helpful and energetic staff.

For stay-at-home mothers with small children, there's the Stouffville Moms and Tots. I was a teacher there several years. It's an excellent way to meet and mix.

In closing, I wish to say the two town newspapers do a fantastic job of reporting various events and taking pictures of the many activities in this great community.

We are moving to Ottawa to take up a posting there, but we'll never forget Stouffville and the many friends we've made here.

Jane Stott



Stouffville Dist. Secondary School Commencement this Friday

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ROAMING AROUND



More than just awards

BY JIM THOMAS

"Don't you get tired sitting through these things?" a father asked me Saturday.

"Never," I replied. "I probably enjoy them as much as you."

That was an over statement and he knew it. So did I after watching a broad smile cross his face every time his daughter walked on stage.

The occasion was the annual Durham West 4-H Awards Banquet at the Uxbridge Community Centre. Not only was it a privilege to attend but a duty. I can't think of an event more deserving of media coverage.

Sure, there were other things I could have been doing, but nothing more important. These ceremonies happen only twice a year, once in Durham-West and once in York.

York Region's turn comes Nov. 25. I plan to attend that one too.

What's the attraction?

Put simply, it's accomplishments by young people. These boys and girls work hard for their awards. Their successes should be shared by more than club leaders, co-members, mothers and fathers. Tell the world, I say!

Fortunately, no one told the world of my 4-H debut. For I failed — miserably. It was 1944. I was fifteen at the time. My brother Don was thirteen.

I remember Assistant Ag. Rep. Allan Orr of Newmarket calling at our home. He explained the summer project. We had to grow an acre of oats. The sample was to be judged and displayed at Markham Fair.

While 4-H, (or Jr. Farmers), was strange to both my brother and I, we, (with some urging from our parents), agreed to participate.

The Club provided the registered seed, a variety called 'Alaska'.

Never, in all my farming days, did I

see such a crop. It far overshadowed my dad's fields of Vicklands. In fact, our section stood head and shoulders above all the rest.

And yield! Two sheaves turned cross-ways would have choked Freeman Ramer's threshing machine from stem to gudgeon! The turnout kept the grain carriers on the trot.

Unfortunately, something happened between the granary and the Fair. We mistakenly took the gleanings instead of the grain. Mine placed eleventh. My brother's was tenth — in a 'legitimate' class of nine.

Even now, I can still hear the results over the Fair's P.A. I wanted to run and hide.

That was the beginning and the end of my Jr. Farmers' days. I never participated in anything after, too ashamed.

But time heals; so much so that when Mary-Lynn came home this summer and asked my opinion concerning membership in the 4-H Rabbit Club, I gave the proposal unqualified support.

Under the guidance of Lemonville's Bob Pritzker, she's enjoyed the association, (the girls and the rabbits), immensely.

So have 'Sugar' and 'Thumper', our two female pen-hoppers at home. They're now the recipients of more personable care thanks to a more knowledgeable caretaker.

But that's as far as it's gone. No red ribbons hang from their backyard cage. No trophies hold places of prominence in Mary-Lynn's room.

Yes, the desire is there. But so is the fear of failure. Like her father's entry of Alaska oats, she's afraid of placing eleventh out of a class of nine.

So 'Sugar' and 'Thumper' have made no public appearances. They're destined

to live out their days in total obscurity.

But I keep telling her winning isn't important; participation's the thing. She's not impressed, or wasn't until I handed her this poem printed on the back of the Durham West Awards Night program. It reads:

There once was a girl who won ribbons, mostly red
Came home from the fair with a trophy instead
With a voice glad and proud, she said to her Dad,
'Tis the very best year I've ever had.

Said her very wise Dad, "daughter, I'd like to hear,
Why you think that this was such a fine year."

"Why Dad, you well know all the prizes I've won,
How I've come out on top in most things I've done."

"Just look at the ribbons that hang on my wall,
And think of the money I've made since last fall.

From premium cheques and big auction price,
You can't help but think cash and ribbons are nice."

But the father said "girl, you're not thinking right,
Red ribbons, 'tis true, are better than white.
But ribbons do fade, and trophies grow old,
Money's soon spent and fame soon grows cold."

"The most important things aren't ribbons or pins,
And sometimes it's really the loser who wins.
Now here are the things most important, it's true,
Your 4-H experience has accomplished for you."

"You've seen how a business meeting is run,
This knowledge will help you in years still to come.
You've conquered the fears of addressing a crowd,
You've learned how to stand up and talk nice and loud."

"Patience you've learned in your projects too,
As well as your skills that will always help you.
You've learned the fine feeling it gives you to lend,
A glad helping hand to a stranger or friend."

"You've learned to co-operate with majority rule,
To give in with grace and not be a fool,
Who must always have her very own way,
Be it club work, in school, at church or at play."

"You've learned how to lose without raising a 'beef',
You know the judge judges to her best belief.
You've learned how to win without boasting too loud,
A girl can lose friends if she's overly proud."

"These are the things most important to you,
You'll remember and use them all your life through.
They'll help you become an honorable girl,
And do more for you than a prize ever will."

Editorials

Wheels are turning

The wheels of government response sometimes turn slowly

A Whitechurch-Stouffville Committee for Low and Medium-Income Family Housing is finding this out.

Over six months has elapsed since the initial meeting was held at Christ Church (Anglican). Little if anything of a concrete nature has been accomplished.

But the membership isn't giving up. The group is determined to press on despite a ho-hum response from those 'sitting pretty' in debt-free homes.

While the results thus far have been all talk and little action, we see a crack in the iceberg. Mayor Fran Sainsbury recently attended a provincial Housing Crisis seminar out of which came several pertinent recommendations.

Town Council has arranged for a representative of the Ministry of Housing to attend a meeting in Stouffville to explain the necessary steps that must be taken to warrant Queen's Park support.

A needs study will likely be requested.

One recommendation has been brought to our attention that deserves consideration. It's been suggested a low-cost housing project be approved for the site of the soon-to-be-demolished Stouffville Arena on Park Drive South.

People on the move

As more people move in, more people move out.

We're a floating population. Driving through the various areas of Stouffville, including some of the most recently developed subdivisions, it's not unusual to see two and three 'For Sale' signs on a single street.

This is unfortunate. For these families have had little opportunity to make a contribution to the community or accept those benefits this community has to offer them. As one resident put it: "My new neighbors moved in before I learned my old neighbors' name."

The term 'native' one who has lived his/her entire life in Stouffville, will soon be a thing of the past.

Place of employment usually dictates one's place of residence. Position shifts today are commonplace. For some, it's anticipated before it occurs.

For those who must leave, we're sorry.

For those just arriving, welcome. We hope your stay, however brief, is enjoyable.



Altona Sunday School Class of 1927

A photo of the Altona Church Sunday School Class of 1927 was loaned to The Tribune by Mrs. Jean White, Mill Street, Stouffville. Members are: Rear Row (left to right) — Ernie Carruthers, Arthur Lehman, Elgin Wagg, George Byer, Gerald Carter, Second Row (left to right) — Kenneth Betz, Walter Carter, Lorne Wagg, Wm. Reesor (teacher); Fred McNair, Ross Stover, Fred Byer. Third Row (left to right) — Fred Draper, Earl McNair, Duncan Spang, Aubrey Spang, Willis McNair, Murray Dunkeld, Tony Spang, Arthur Wagg, Allan Meyer, Blake Reesor. Front Row (left to right) — Roy Wagg, Jack Parr, Kenneth Reesor, Sammy Renfrew and Wray Bielby.