

Editor's Mail

Don't look

Dear Editor:
I'm responding to your concern re 'smutty sweaters' (Roaming Around Column, Jan. 6). I've noticed these sayings and slogans also. While a few may be vulgar, most are cute. They shouldn't be taken seriously.

If you think what you see in Ontario are in bad taste, you ought to observe some of the 'exhibitionists' in the United States and Europe. By comparison, ours are mild.

While I personally wouldn't be caught dead wearing such a garment, there are obviously thousands who buy them or these merchants wouldn't be in business. Live and let live I say. If you don't like, don't look!

Sincerely,
Janette Goulet,
Lakeshore Road,
Musselman's Lake

Editor's Note: The Sales Barn management obviously didn't like it either; he/she is gone.

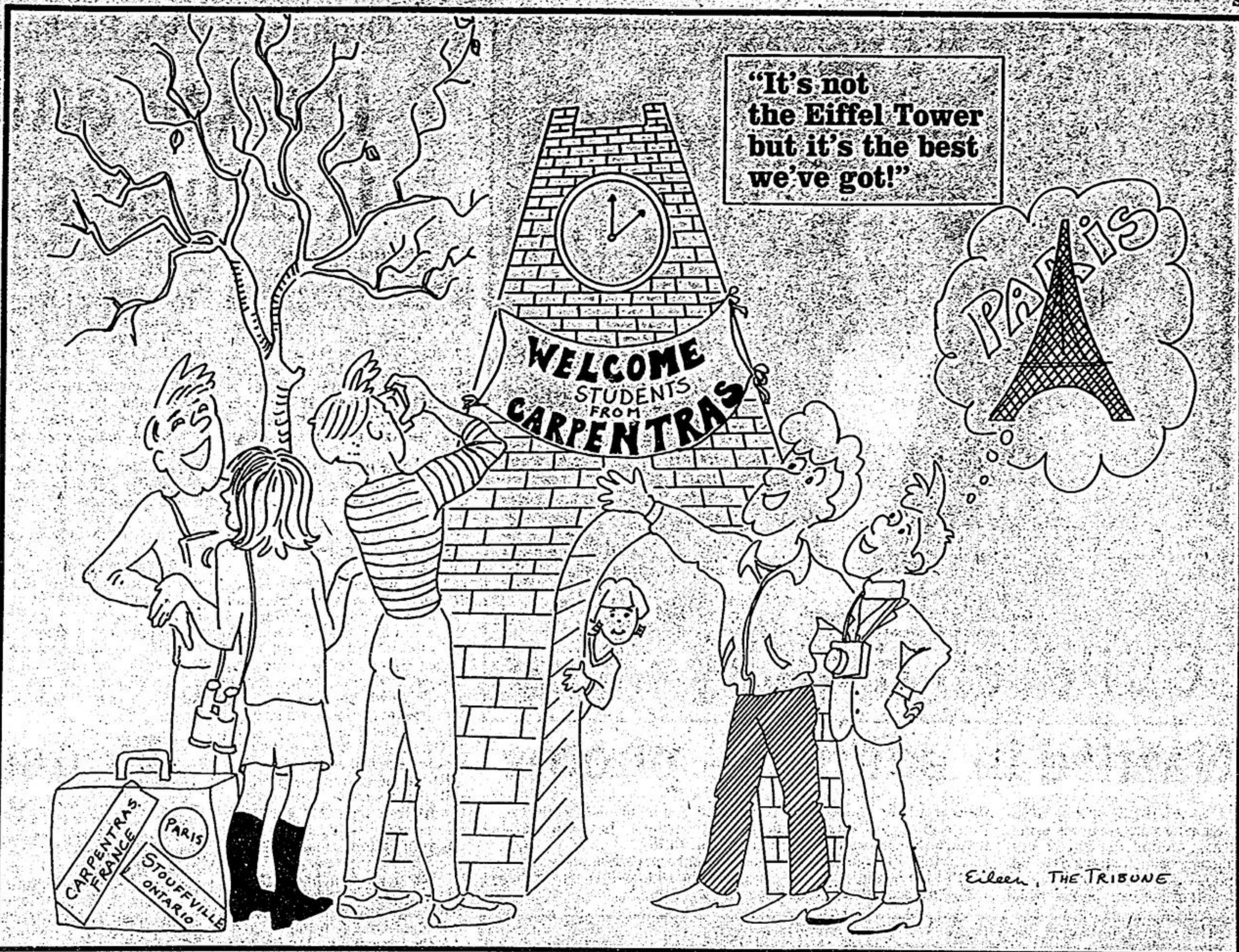
Satisfying

Dear Editor:
The interview between yourself and reporter Denise McDonald re the May 6 Sacred Music Night at St. James Presbyterian Church prompted me to circle this date on my calendar.

This is indeed an inspirational evening, one I look forward to every spring.

The fact so many church denominations are involved is satisfying in itself. As the story said, it's truly a 'community event'.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Patricia Holmes,
R.R. 3, Stouffville



The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND

Oh to be bilingual

BY JIM THOMAS



Do you ever feel small? I mean insignificantly small; like a pebble on the beach; like a flea on a dog? I do: Often.

Whenever someone raises a topic with which I'm not familiar, (but should be), my 5'9" frame sinks into my shoes.

People often assume, (wrongly of course), that editors know everything. They really put we poor journalists on the spot.

Queries range from who's going to win the American League pennant to Mayor Sainsbury's chances at winning the next election.

Sure, I have an opinion. However, when it comes to crystal ball-gazing, I'm as wrong as often as I'm right.

A 50-50 guesser pretty well sums up my luck.

Naturally, when I'm mistaken, (which is half the time), I feel small, like I've led folks astray.

On Saturday, I felt smaller than small; microscopic would best describe the feeling.

I attended the reception for staff and students arriving from Carpentras, France; about 85 in total.

The 'docking' station was the Markham Theatre, Warden Avenue, Unionville.

The 'welcome' was excellently organized. It was immediately obvious to an outsider like myself, the program leaders had been through this ritual before. They had everything down pat.

I wished I could have handed them my

notebook and camera. For the situation from a journalistic standpoint, was out of control — my control.

The language barrier set us continents apart.

Strange isn't it how things you detest as a teen, you later desire as an adult.

Yes, I detested French. And French detested me. The feeling was mutual.

Sure, I squeaked through, by the skin of my teeth. How was I to know, 45 years later, I'd live to regret my ho-hum high school attitude towards so all-important a subject?

It came back to haunt me Saturday. Bad enough I couldn't speak French. Worse was the fact I didn't know a soul from high schools in Markham and Unionville. Yet, I'd agreed to handle the assignment for both the Economist and Sun and The Tribune. Woe was me.

In an effort to make the best of a bad situation, I grabbed three groups of students as they left the stage and asked them to pose for photos later.

The Canadian kids nodded 'yes'. Their partners simply stared. But I knew what they were thinking.

"Who is this guy anyway?" they were obviously asking, "doesn't he know we're tired. Besides, if he wants a favor, why doesn't he ask us in French? Of all the nerve!"

Believe me, I tried. But even the simplest words wouldn't come.

I remembered 'ouvre', but there was nothing to open.

I recalled 'fermez', but there was no

thing to close.

Bonjour was a start. Merci was a conclusion. But there were no connecting word links in between.

"I've blown it," I said to myself, starting out into a quickly evaporating audience.

"What do I do now?"

Fortunately, two Markham girls, observant of the pained expression on my face, came to my rescue.

"We'll wait," said Heidi Cavanagh of Grade 11.

"Just tell us what you want," responded Christine Betts of Grade 12.

Almost passionately, I thanked them for their help.

In the lobby, I spotted Tracy Blackwell and Kim Saunders, both of Stouffville.

"Please," I begged.

"Sure," they replied.

Their guests were equally cooperative. They didn't say anything but they smiled in French.

That was enough.

Partially satisfied but still somewhat frustrated, I arrived back in Stouffville.

I needed one more shot. That's when I jumped on the phone and called Robyn Grove, Burkholder Street.

Robyn, like Tracy and Kim, are extremely personable young ladies. They make it sound like the photographer's doing them a favor when, (on this occasion anyway), it was the other way around.

"We're here," Robyn answered "come any time."

"Saved!"

An assignment wash-out was quickly transformed into an assignment success.

But how much simpler the task had I been bilingual. Hence, my recommendation to the Publisher; a six-month crash course in French.

Where?

Why, Paris, France, of course.

Editorials

Need youth club here

A likeness to Club 404 is needed in Stouffville.

In talking with teens around town, the topic continually arises — why not here? Okay, WHY NOT HERE?

At this point in time, we're not sure what makes Club 404 tick. Certainly, the guidelines are strict, but this hasn't hurt its popularity; helped if anything. Young people are gathering there from miles around, including from Whitechurch-Stouffville. Parents of these young people seem satisfied the environment is right.

One thing in its favor, drugs and alcohol are strictly forbidden. The teens to whom we've talked, appreciate this. In their opinion it's "a fun place to be."

But why must they travel fifteen miles to get there? We could and should have something similar here in Stouffville.

The Town now has a full-time Recreation Programmer.

Peter Arnott, an extremely personable gentleman, appears anxious to cut

Our guests have arrived

They're here. Twenty-five students, (plus several teachers), arrived in Whitechurch-Stouffville, Saturday, from Carpentras, France.

The meeting of hosts and guests at the Markham Theatre was an exciting event. It was also extremely well organized with Maureen Cunningham and Dale Grose, both staff teachers at SDSS playing important welcoming roles.

As pointed out previously, student exchange programs are important. There's so much to be learned from other countries, other cultures.

We were greatly impressed by the warmth and friendliness displayed by host young people. The genuine interest and affection displayed by guest students was equally impressive.

This 'feeling', however, must extend further than 25 Whitechurch-Stouffville homes. It should envelope the entire community.

Council has taken the first step. The winning of the two towns is an important move. The ceremony and reception Thursday, is another.

While townsfolk may see little of our Carpentras guests due to a busy 12-day itinerary, there could be opportunities when we do. If so, extend the right hand of fellowship and make these strangers in our midst feel at home. May they witness personally the fact we are indeed "the friendliest town in Ontario."

his teeth' on something new in the community.

Along with the arrival of Mr. Arnott, an addition to Latcham Hall is nearing completion. We see this as a challenge for our new staff employee. Let him establish a teen organization here, (with the same ground rules as Club 404), and utilize the Latcham Hall facility.

We adults find it easy to stuff off the demands of our youth. "A passing fad," we call it. "Let them do what we used to do when we were kids," we say.

On a smaller scale, we used to do just what today's teens want to do.

What's needed is someone to put it all together; an organizer.

The time is right. The place is right. Let's get the ball rolling without delay.



The Irwin family are pioneer residents

The Irwin family are pioneers to the Whitechurch-Stouffville and Uxbridge areas. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Irwin go back to the mid-1800s. They resided on the Bloomington Road near Lemonville. This photo, loaned to The Tribune by Maude Irwin, Rupert Avenue, Stouffville, includes the following: Rear Row, (left to right), William John, Aurora; Joseph, Warsaw, New York; Samuel, Stouffville; Adam, Winnipeg; Robert, Stouffville; Centre Row, (left to right), Elizabeth, Buffalo; Grandpa Joseph, Lemonville; Mary Jane, Aurora; Grandma Nancy and Maggie, Front Row, (left to right), Martha of Galt and Tillie of Stouffville.

Editor's Mail

Response

Dear Editor:
The Canadian Foodgrains Bank, (Uxbridge Unit), wishes to express to you and your staff, (Jim Thomas and Bruce Stapley), our appreciation for the excellent coverage provided our corn bagging effort in the March 4 edition.

Over 140 volunteers bagged 6,000 bags of corn and loaded same to be trucked to Hamilton during the bagging period.

This is our third year. Whether or not we bag another year will depend on the need and the financial donations to fill this need.

The enthusiasm and availability of the volunteers shows their desire to express their 'Christian response to hunger.'

The story in The Tribune provided readers a better understanding of what we're attempting to accomplish.

Sincerely,
Don Asling,
Secretary
Canadian Foodgrains Bank,
Uxbridge Committee