

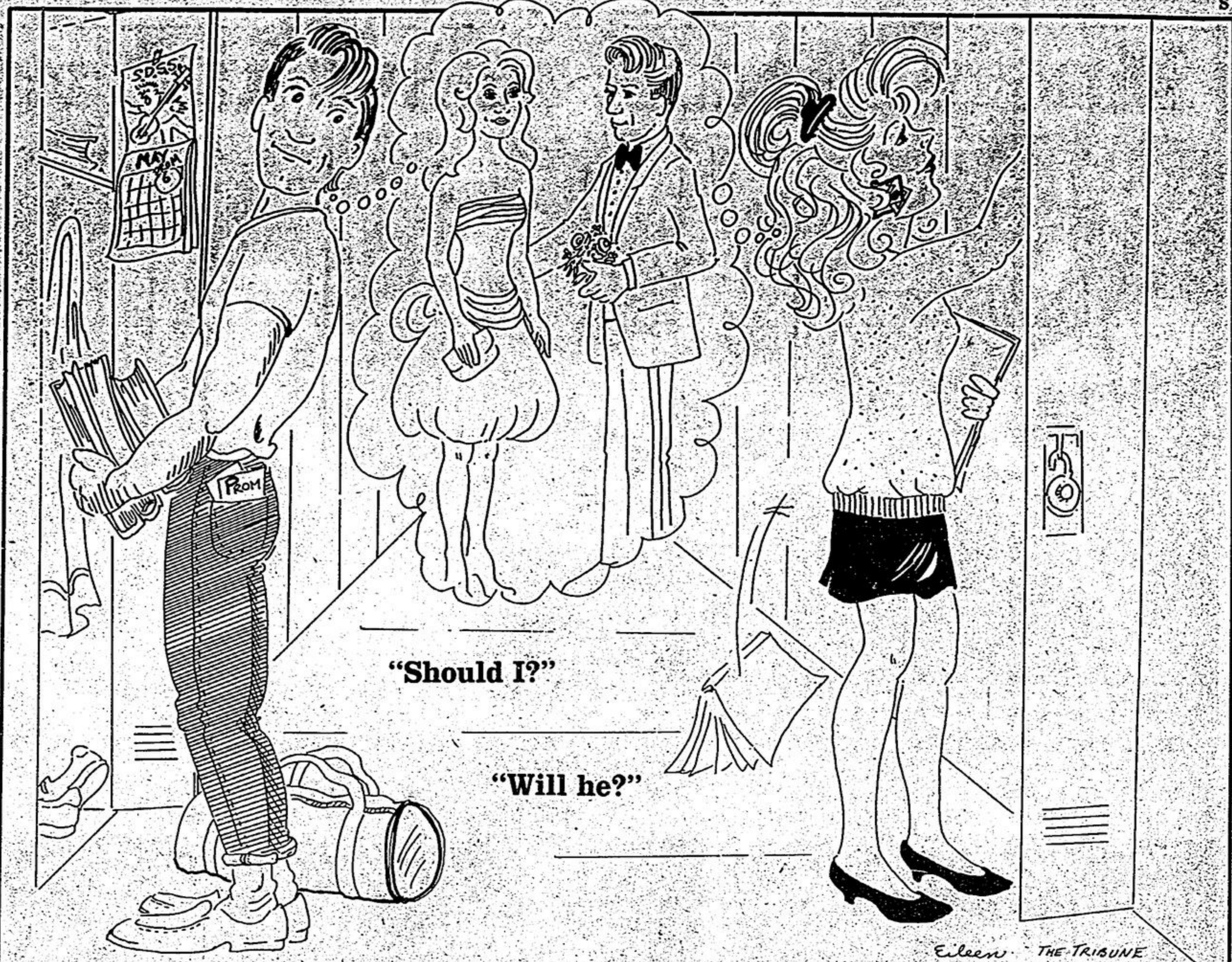
**Editor's Mail**

**Selective**

Dear Editor:  
Through the media of The Tribune, I wish to express my appreciation to all those who so kindly donate quality clothing, footwear and household items to the Care & Share Shoppe, Main Street, Stouffville.  
Approximately 73 volunteers comprise our staff of sorters, pricers, store clerks, etc. The many donations have made it possible to send over \$50,000 to the Mennonite Central Committee this past year.  
We are asking that you be selective in choosing quality, clean items for donation.  
If donations are to be useful, they must be clean and of good quality. Sub-standard or worn-out articles are of no use; make unnecessary sorting work and are discarded.  
Please help us by being selective as you make your donations.  
Sincerely,  
Irene Steiner,  
Co-Manager  
The Care & Share Shoppe,  
39 Main Street West,  
Stouffville

**Positive**

Dear Editor:  
I wish to personally thank your newspaper for the excellent coverage provided Education Week events in the area.  
The photos and stories brought education to the fore in a very positive way.  
The Tribune's circulation should climb by several hundred copies, and rightly so!  
In my opinion, staff teachers and students did a marvellous job; and so did you. All can take a bow.  
Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Janine Proctor,  
R.R. 4, Stouffville



**GUEST COLUMN**

**Fathers receive the thorns**

By MARGARET STAPLEY

For as long as most people can remember, mothers have been immortalized.  
But what about fathers?  
Apart from Eddie Fisher's hit of the 50s 'Oh My Papa... to me you are so wonderful, fathers have never been extolled in song.  
Oh, they've been sung about alright, which brings me to the point of this treatise.  
Every second Sunday in May, Mother's name is spelled out, starting with the 'M' for the million things she gave me, all the way through to 'R means right and right she'll always be'.  
Not, you'll note MOST of the time, making the odd mistake now and again, but 'right she'll ALWAYS be'.  
Father, on the other hand, is 'ALWAYS WRONG' according to the music-makers.  
Mother receives the roses while father gets the thorns.  
As opposed to his wife being melodiously venerated ad nauseum, he's not only been given pitifully short shrift, but has been made the butt of buffoonery and roasting.  
Take it, if you can stomach it, this heart-tugger where a child is imploring:  
Father, dear father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the belfry strikes one.  
You said you were coming right home from the shop,  
As soon as your day's work is done.  
The above scene doesn't take place at father's place of employment with his little son begging him to knock off work because he's had his nose to the grindstone all day and half the night. Far from it. The poor kid is crying at the door of a saloon and, even though calling him 'dear father', he knows the old man for the bleggard he is. In there, 'tossing them back', while mother's home, sobbing, too proud to come and drag the cad out herself.  
Yes, musically, fathers are shown as a sorry lot.  
Here's another little waif who's heart-broken because 'Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow'.  
All this tot wants, see, is a little doggie. But will her brute of a father buy her one? 'No', we can almost hear him thunder at his tiny, tearful daughter, followed by: 'If you ask me for a mutt one more time, I'll...'  
Okay, so his unfinished threat isn't in song, but the message is clear. Another of those guys who couldn't spring for a pet for his kid, having probably spent his last cent in the same grogshop as the father who was still there guzzling at 1 a.m.  
Even the son who boasted he was 'Following in Father's Footsteps' was, in actual fact, frequenting the dives where his dad was hanging out.  
This particular offspring, even inherited Dad's discarded women.  
You don't believe me? Well, word for word from the old song book, here is the son filling mom in on hubby's peccadillos.  
He's just out there with fair Miss Jupp, To show me how to hold girls up. I'm going to hold her next, Ma, So when he drops her, I'll be glad, I'm following in father's footsteps, Yes, following the dear old dad.  
Father gets it from all sides. Nothing more need be said about 'My Dad Said Follow But Father' or 'We're All Out Of Step But Father', not to mention 'We All Go To Work But Father'.  
In song, father never worked.  
Listen to Eliza Doolittle's old dad in 'My Fair Lady' gleefully warbling, 'With a little bit of luck, someone else will do the bloomin' work'.  
But wait, what's this? One father out of the whole worthless bunch, seeing the folly of his ways and crooning to his young lad: 'I want you to be, little pal, what I couldn't be, little pal.' Too late though. He's on his way to jail.  
Least any of you yuppies think the hit of the 40s, 'My Heart Belongs To Daddy' is a daughter's glowing tribute to her father, let me put you straight. She was referring to her sugar daddy.  
The same with the gal who, around the same time, chirped: 'Hey daddy, I want a brand new car, champagne, caviar. With the pile of money being raked in putting fathers on the carpet, whoever wrote that song wouldn't have found it lucrative to have her expect all that from her real daddy.  
The wordsmiths did their hatchet job well on dear old dad.  
Not one of those brave boys who died on the battlefield, (or thought they were dying), ever sent a song winging home to their fathers. No, their final messages were always to you-know-who.  
But the unkindest cut of all, the ultimate snub to fathers, is contained in the old ditty where the child, out for a walk with mommy, stops at the sight of something on the road and asks: 'Oh mother dear, what have we here that looks like strawberry jam?'  
Mother's nonchalant reply is: 'Hush, baby dear, it's just your Pa, run over by a tram,' shrugging off father's demise like just one of those things.  
Not a weep. Not a wail or any sign of bereavement. Nothing but an outspoken: 'That's the way the old Pop pops,' as it were.  
Baby dear no doubt, took poor brave mom home and made her a nice cup of tea while the phonograph played 'That Wonderful Mother of Mine'.  
Never a thought to who was taking care of father's remains.  
Who cares? Some of his drinking buddies can scrape him up. It's his own fault for not buying the kid her bow-wow.  
No, I have nothing against mothers. I'm one. And my kids better not forget it. However, we've had our turn on the musical stage.  
Come on, you tunesmiths: Let's hear it for all those unsung fathers out there.

**The Tribune**

ESTABLISHED 1888

JAMES THOMAS Editor, BRUCE ANNAN Publisher, PATRICIA PAPPAS Advertising Manager, JENNIFER HUTT Distribution Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT.: Denise McDonald  
RETAIL ADVERTISING: Susan Berry (Manager Charles Canning)  
REAL ESTATE/CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: Joan Marshman  
(Real Estate Manager Dorothy Young; Classified Manager Debra Weller)  
DISTRIBUTION: Lea Kuller, Doreen Deacon  
BUSINESS OFFICE: Manager Chris Bertram  
NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday and Saturday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Acton Free Press, Ajax Picking News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Advertiser Guardian, Georgetown Independent, Markham Economist & Sun, Milton Champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa Weekly, This Week, Richmond Hill Thornhill, Vaughan Liberator, Scarborough Mirror, Topic News magazine, Willowdale Mirror, Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing is a division of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd. Single copies 50c, subscriptions \$21.00 per year in Canada, \$55.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspaper Association, Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspapers of America. Second class mail registration number 0896.

640-2100

649-2292

**Editorials**

**"We wuz robbed"**

"We wuz robbed."  
Such was the general feeling of the Markham-Stouffville Hockey Oldtimers' Committee following the reunion, Friday, at the Rec. Centre.  
And we were.  
For the use of the arena floor, (space plus power), the cost was \$500. In addition, the Committee had to pay \$499 for tables and chairs. These had to be trucked in from Cannington.  
The costing is extravagant and unfair.  
The Association is 'local' in every sense of the word.  
It was an honor and a privilege to host the event.  
With the exception of the Arena manager, no employee assistance was required.  
Proceeds were destined for a good cause — The Markham-Stouffville Hospital Building Fund.  
Local organizers have a stake in the community as well as the facility.

The tab was embarrassing.  
If someone foreign to the Town wishes to rent the Centre, let him/her pay the shot. He/she takes the risks. He/she absorbs the losses or takes the profits.  
However, when the organization is 'home-brew' and totally volunteer, preferential treatment is warranted. The Reunion, Friday, met both these credentials. In addition, the profits, (what little remains), will go towards a very worthwhile project.  
The \$500 flat rate charge should be changed. A sliding scale should be established with the fee set on the merits of each application. Such a system isn't unusual but very basic.  
What's done, is done. However, if the Town can find it in its heart to make a donation to the Hospital Fund in the Association's name, it would help sweeten the unsavory taste that presently exists in the mouths of many.

**No choice**

When it comes to build-up, residential, commercial or industrial, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville will never catch up to or keep pace with the Town of Markham.  
That's the farthest thing from Council's mind; home-owners too.  
But we do need to grow, slowly but steadily.  
While some may debate this point, it's because of growth, we're a better Town today than ten years ago. And the same will be true ten years down the line if gradual growth continues.  
But it won't without the services of water and sewage; not in Stouffville. That's the concern of Mayor Fran Sainsbury. She's pushing for inclusion in The Big Pipe, the huge sewerage system that serves the more urban areas of York.  
While we're not satisfied Stouffville should go this route, it disturbs us greatly that Mayor Carole Bell of Markham should suggest "planning be done by planning and not by a sewer pipe."  
The truth is, Madam Mayor, when services cease, so also does planning. There's nothing to plan for.  
So we stagnate.  
We say full knowledge of Regional engineering skills should be employed to solve the sewage problem on a localized scale. While it's not the ultimate answer, it will, at least, give us room to breathe and time to study the ramifications of a major capital expense.



**Champion plowmen attend appreciation banquet**

On April 15, an Appreciation Banquet honoring Canadian Tractor Plow Champion Barry Timbers of Uxbridge was held in the Zephyr Community Hall. Eighteen other champions were in attendance, some going back more than 30 years. Pictured above are, Front Row, (left to right), Keith Robinson, Doug Reid, Barry Timbers, Darrel Hostrawser, Ken Ferguson, Don Dunkeld, Ivan DeGeer. Middle Row, (left to right), Grant Wells, Floyd Forsyth, Keith Leslie, Jim Eccles, Lloyd Grove, Eric Timbers. Rear Row, (left to right), Bob Timbers, Bill Hostrawser, Ken Brown, Herb Jarvis, Gordon Bradfield and Hugh Baird.  
—Jim Thomas

**Editor's Mail**  
**Deserved**

Dear Editor:  
Congratulations to your newspaper and to Bruce Stapley for the excellent story, (and accompanying photo), on Ross Wideman of the Stouffville Co-op, published in the Farm Section, April 27; a most deserved compliment.  
As a trusted employee, they just don't come any better than Mr. Wideman. Hundreds will agree I'm sure.  
Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Gordon Burke,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville