

### Editor's Mail Public

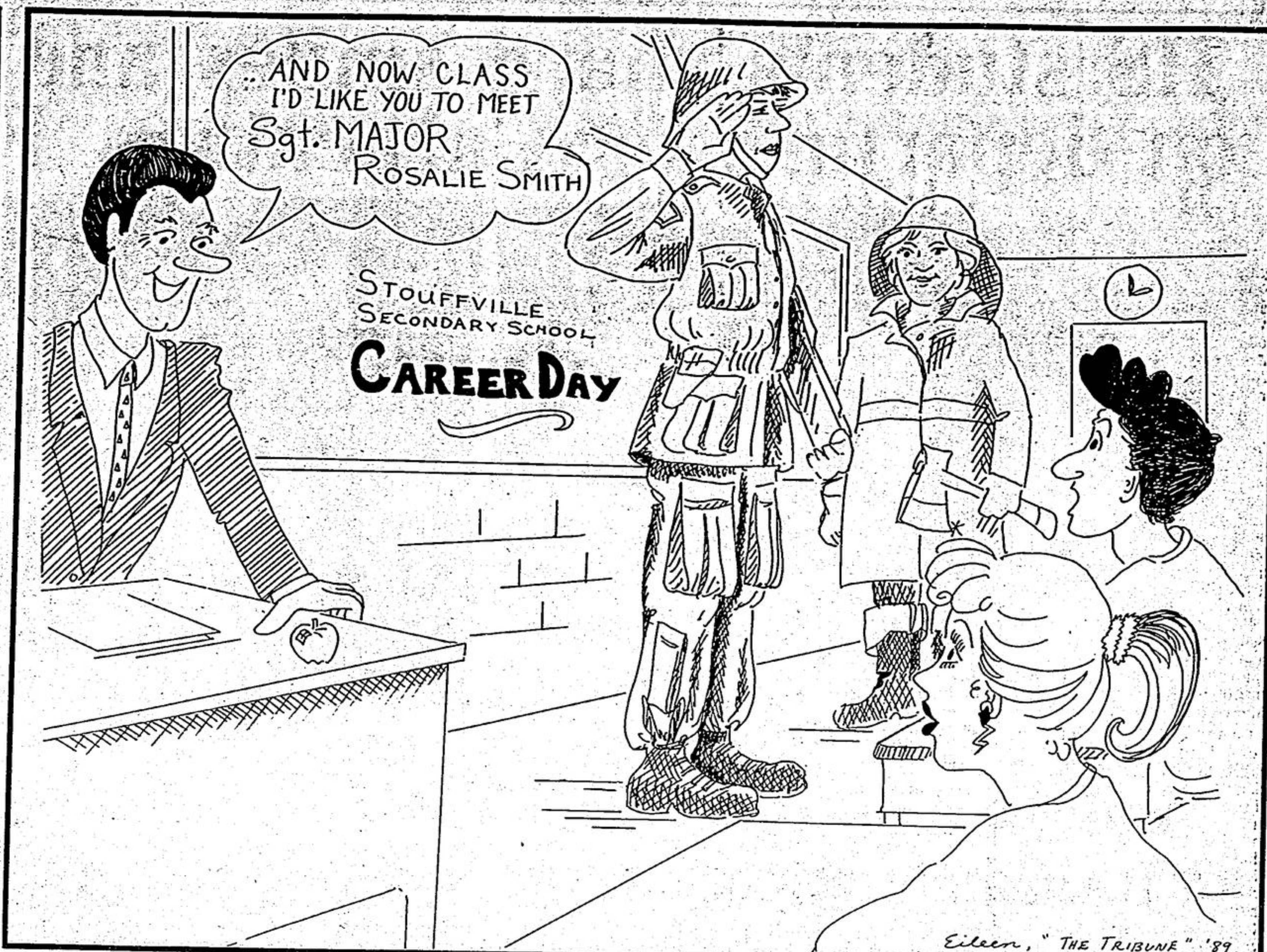
Dear Editor:  
I can remain silent no longer. A group of parents with children attending Summitview School should be ashamed. For some reason(s) they're obviously out to 'get' Mr. Elliot, the principal. I understand their 'feeling' against Mr. Elliot go deep. It's high time these parents, (and The Tribune), made these complaints public. Let them call a meeting and air their dirty linen for all to see and hear. Then, the rest of us can draw our own conclusions about who's right and who's wrong.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Cecile Arbour,  
Stouffer Street,  
Stouffville

### Secret

Dear Editor:  
The parents vs. principal Bob Elliot, (Summitview School), is getting out of hand. The fact a meeting was held Tuesday in private, hasn't helped the situation. Some of us on the outside want to know what's going on. Will someone please explain? The position of principal is tough enough without a group of backbiting parents working against him. I've been enquiring, but to date have found out very little. Perhaps your newspaper can do a little 'digging' on my behalf.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Doreen Ferguson,  
Stouffville



Eileen, "THE TRIBUNE" '89

**The Tribune**  
ESTABLISHED 1888

JAMES THOMAS Editor  
PATRICIA PAPPAS Publisher  
DEBORAH WELLS Advertising Manager  
JENNIFER HUTT Distribution Manager

RETAIL ADVERTISING: Susan Berry (Manager Charles Canning)  
REAL ESTATE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: Joan Marshman (Real Estate Manager Dorothy Young)  
DISTRIBUTION: Sandy Kiteley, Arlene Maddock  
BUSINESS OFFICE: Manager Chris Bertram, Doreen Deacon  
NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

640-2100 649-2292

## ROAMING AROUND

# More elaborate funeral

BY JIM THOMAS

"There's no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance." Woman too.

It's a familiar saying and, in my opinion, true.

Some of us aren't cut out for this type of profession. Certainly I'm not. While not short on endurance, I have difficulty selling people on something they may need but don't want.

This is life insurance, I'm talking about, not protection for one's house or car.

What boy or girl of 18 thinks about dying at sixty? To him or her, it's a kind of crude joke even mentioning such a thing.

Look then, at the other end of the scale — age fifty-nine, and imagine my surprise when I received a call recently from an agent in Richmond Hill.

"I'd like to drop by some evening and talk about insurance," the gentleman said.

At first I was certain he had the wrong name.

"I thought I got rid of those guys thirty years ago," I said to myself, suggesting he should check the number and dial again.

"Is this Jim Thomas, 381 Rupert Avenue?" he continued.

I hesitatingly admitted that it was.

"Then you're the person I want to see — and your wife," he insisted.

Desperately, I tried to put him off, claiming Jean had Music Mania practice Wednesdays; choir practice Thursdays and I was working Monday through Sunday.

But this chap would have none of my excuses.

"I'll come to your office then," he stated.

We finally agreed on a date and time. I was soon to discover he was the bearer of bad news. It seems, back in 1959, (the year I was married), I'd taken out a straight life policy for \$5,000. It was meant for protection only, in case the honeymoon experience proved too hard on my heart. It's been known to happen you know.

In the 30 years since, \$7.35 has been extracted from our savings account monthly. We often wondered why, but never bothered to check.

This Mutual agent had.

"You should never have been sold a policy like that," he stated. He proceeded

to explain how the \$5,000 could be upped to \$15,000 with no increase in premium.

Passing a medical was the only prerequisite.

Then he gave me the news that caused my heart to sink into my shoes.

He produced statistics showing how an investment of \$20 a month over a 40 or 50 year period could run into the tens of thousands of dollars.

Interest, when allowed to compound, expands dramatically, he said.

"Imagine," he stated, "instead of slaving over a video display terminal in Stouffville, you could be lying on a beach in Sarasota; not a worry in the world."

"Now, he tells me," I mumbled to myself.

Jean, always the patient spouse concerning my financial mismanagements, sat in relative silence. Still, I could feel her "how could you be so stupid?" stares.

She had a right. For, like me, she too could be soaking up the sun in Sarasota.

Without coming right out and saying so, the agent suggested we not let our sons and daughters fall into the same 'trap'.

Everyone, he said, should look for that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

"That's fine for them," I replied, "but too late for me."

"Not entirely," he responded sympathetically, pointing to the \$15,000 Jean will receive.

"At least it'll put handles on your casket."

## Editorials

### Must walk on water

"Anyone filling Lorne Boadway's shoes would need to walk on water."

Such was the comment made recently by a Whitchurch-Stouffville principal with respect to alleged unrest at Summitview Public School.

We knew this. Obviously, Bob Elliot didn't. Otherwise, he wouldn't have touched Summitview with a ten foot pole.

Right now, he probably wishes he'd never set foot in the place. But he's here and unless there's something more concrete than the innuendo we've heard so far, we hope he stays.

The secrecy that surrounds the Summitview situation is very disturbing. Those on the 'outside' wonder what's going on. So do we.

The sooner someone makes a statement, the better.

Even before Mr. Elliot had 'officially' taken over the principalship at Summitview, we detected feelings of fridity. The sensitivity escalated in the months to follow, prompting a public meeting.

It was our opinion, problems had been ironed out, that peace had been restored. The return of hostilities prior to the start of March break proved we were wrong.

It was only by 'accident' we learned of the 'in-camera' meeting at Aurora, March 28.

But again, everyone's been sworn to secrecy. The closest to a statement we can obtain is "no comment". Hardly an enlightening response.

This is Stouffville, not North York, Scarborough or Toronto.

Where parent-teacher-principal relations are less personal, issues can be shrouded in secrecy, for weeks, even months.

Not so here. Too many people tell too

many stories. Excluding the 'inner sanctum', no one knows what to believe. This confusion is clearly expressed in several letters received this week.

"Give us the facts," one parent writes. Unfortunately, the way education bureaucracy works, this unsavory situation could go on til June.

We take people as we find them.

Bob Elliot's been extremely co-operative with us. We've been equally impressed with the way he's handled student-related problems. Beyond this, we know nothing. And no one's talking, except in whispers.

Trustee Harry Bowes, caught in the middle, calls it "a lot of small problems."

All adding up to one big headache. The Tribune welcomes an explanation — from both sides. Then, the non-aligned can decide for themselves.

Excellent

Dear Editor:

A brief note of congratulations on your newspaper's support of the Library's March break program.

The Page 1 photo plus the C-1 photo spread was excellent.

The Library provides a fine service within the community, made all the better by the dedication of its marvellous staff.

Sincerely,  
Dolores Martin,  
Geoffrey Crescent,  
Stouffville

### False hope

Little wonder the Federation of Agriculture stands strongly opposed to the creation of residential subdivisions in rural areas.

A comparable situation has occurred with respect to the fledgling Westfield Estates and the long-established Flea Market.

The Flea Market's been operating successfully at its present site more than 25 years. The Westfield build-up occurred five years ago.

So, who's complaining? The homeowners, of course. As if the residents had no idea the Sales Barn was there when they arrived.

Sorry, folks. You'll have to cry on someone else's shoulder.



### Historic Youth for Christ reunion planned for June 18

Forty years ago, Saturday evening Youth for Christ services would fill the sanctuary and balcony of Second Markham, (Springvale) Baptist Church. This year, a reunion is planned for June 18 at the Markham Missionary Church. The majority of Y.F.C. choir members will attend. Pictured here are: Front Row, (left to right) — Doris (Steckley) Pilkey; Ruth (Atkinson) Masters; Pauline (Barkey) Warnica; Alice (Barkey) Baker; Joyce (Jones) Gilchrist; Ruth (Timbers) Clarke; Barbara (Ilisey) Wideman; Marian (Gostick) Haddow; Jean (Brown) Doner. Rear Row, (left to right) — Gladys Ratcliff; Marg (Reid) Conner; Betty (Wideman) Ballentyne; Marg (Ilisey) Clarke; Ruth (Kerr) Steckley; Marjorie Sproston; Merle (Gray) Hudson; Shirley (Schell) Doner; Lillian (Brown) MacAloney; Laurie (Winborn) Boake.