

STOUFFVILLE

Organizers should be proud

Comment

Stouffville, you've outdone yourself. More specifically, the Legion organizers of the VE Day parade and celebrations have outdone themselves. A truly great day was experienced. Years from now, the young people who witnessed this parade can look back fondly.

One thing was curiously lacking, however. Where were the schools? On VE Day in 1945, the school bells rang, children joined their parents dancing in the streets. Fifty years later, an Uxbridge youth band had to be brought in to Music Town Ontario for the parade.

Why was there not more local participation?

Our View

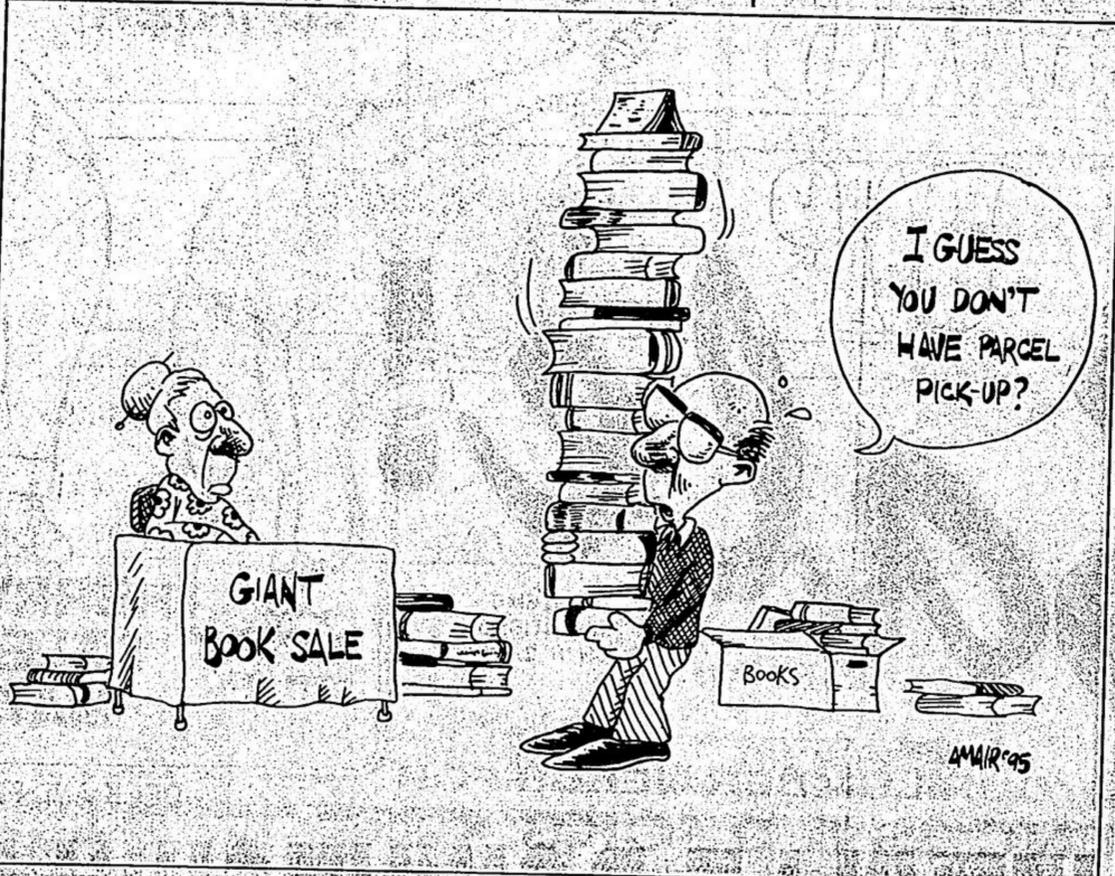
Was it because the event took place on Saturday? Was it because the schools' curriculum have been set, and any deviation from this throw the entire educational system out of whack? Or is it because in our politically correct state, our schools no longer feel obliged to participate in something which could be perceived in the shallow minds of some to glorify war?

We sincerely hope this was an oversight, and not a planned avoidance, because, truthfully, the people who should have been in that parade; helping to organize, to build floats, play music and carry the flags, are the young people of

this town. Many of them would not be here and this community would be a very different place if it were not for the people who contributed to the Canadian war effort.

In 2045, on the 100th anniversary of VE Day, when there is no one who saw the war first-hand left alive, will anyone of today's generation remember?

Will the students of today, then seniors themselves, take time to hold a parade like this? Not likely. It may be that the hard-fought lessons we learned from two world wars will be lost on the next generation. Let's hope not. The invisibility of the schools will not foster remembrance, that much is true. However, organizers can take heart. Your efforts did not go unnoticed.



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How I see the election - so far

While the upcoming provincial election isn't exactly the talk of the town, here's how I see it:

Liberal is the party to beat; Bob Rae is the leader to beat and in Durham-York, Larry O'Connor is the candidate to beat.

Sorry Tories: You're showing in my crystal ball, but you're out of focus. While the Progressive Conservatives, leader Mike Harris and local candidate Julia Munro will give it their best, none will cross the finish line first.

While I'm tempted to say, "Don't vote it only encourages them," reality suggests that elections are part of democracy.

Here's how democracy works. We vote. After which, we refuse to live with our choices. And, then we lie.

I've never met anyone who voted for Joe Clark or John Turner.

Although William Lyon Mackenzie King was prime minister of Canada for about 25 years, nobody voted for him either.

The person who said, "The one with the most votes wins" didn't know much about elections in Canada.

And, the person who said, "The people are always right," didn't know what he was talking about.

On occasion, the public is wrong. We were very wrong about Joe Clark.

Eventually, we woke up to recognize Joe Clark for what he is.

He's a man with a true passion for Canada.

When the history books draft Canada's 20th Century Statesmen List, Joe Clark's name will be included.

I'm no election guru, but I do dabble. Sometimes I'm dead on and sometimes I'm dead wrong.

Here's how I summed up the last provincial election: Ontario set out to have a one-night stand and woke up married.

Here's how I see Election '95: The campaign is a sleeper. It promises to be dull from A to Z. In the end, the Liberals will win.



But, the Grits will not pull off a whopping majority. Ontario voters have neither the energy nor the faith to give any party a landslide.

I've worked in Durham York for three months and I've yet to hear a bad word about Larry O'Connor. The word on the street is: Larry O'Connor may be a New Democrat but he's a better than good MPP.

The question is: Will the voters follow the crowd and elect a Liberal or will they buck the trend and hold on to an MPP who's worth re-electing?

When it comes to leaders, Bob Rae is the only one in sight: Mike Harris reminds me of an Amway distributor and Lyn McLeod has no pizzazz.

Actually, when it comes to picking leaders, the New

Democrats aren't half bad. With the likes of James S. Woodsworth, Tommy Douglas, David Lewis, Stephen Lewis and Ed Broadbent, the party's done well.

Of course, when talking leaders, few could hold a candle to John Diefenbaker. With Dief-The-Chief, the Tories were in fine form.

My favorite Tory leader was Premier John Robarts. Simply put: John Robarts was a man of style.

There are leaders and then there are leaders - It's been said before and deserves to be said again: "Oh for the grace of Pierre Trudeau goes God." Some loved him. Some hated him. On thing is certain - Nobody laughed at Pierre Trudeau.

I'm lucky. I don't have to think when I vote.

When it comes to making political choices, I'm not at all fair minded - I'm a Liberal and I can't do a thing about it.

My grandmother makes me do it.

The woman's been dead for 26 years and I'm still afraid of her.

If I voted any way but Grit, Grandma wouldn't roll over in her grave. Instead, she'd crawl out of it, grab me by the scruff of the neck and box my ears.

It isn't easy being a Liberal. I've held my nose and voted Liberal; held my breath and voted Liberal and cried and voted Liberal.

Once I turned up at the polls and pretended I was dead drunk. I figured if anyone peaked and saw that I voted Liberal, they'd blame it on the drink.

An Oldie but a goodie

In today's youth culture, celebrating one's imminent dotage is no picnic.

Thus it was a delightful surprise to come across a British magazine called The Oldie. The opening salvo from the editor, himself no spring chicken, set the tone nicely. "One of the inevitable hazards of employing elderly contributors is that they are likely to die."

I bet that sort of language wouldn't make it past the anti-prejudice sensitivity censors lurking about in lobby groups across the land. How long is it, for example, since you heard someone of advancing years described as 'old'?

You can be a senior citizen, of mature years or a veteran of the university of life, but you can never be old. Songs like 'Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold,' are just not appropriate.

The Oldie appears to be blithely unaware of all this, however. A regular feature is entitled 'The Old Un's Diary.' In a magazine quiz delicately dubbed 'Obituary Game,' readers are invited to match recently deceased individuals with their late job descriptions.

A photo spread chronicles the Oldies of the Year Awards luncheon, with a bunch of chronologically gifted citizens tucking into their food and wine with geriatric gusto. This year's prize went to Spike Milligan, a seasoned reprobate and former member of The Goons and a wonderful role model for those not wishing to go gentle into that good night.

The Oldie is a perfect publication for those of us floundering about through middle age. For one thing, it makes you feel young and for another, it makes you realize that old age can be a rewarding time of life.

You have given at the office, years of living have



endowed you with at least a modicum of wisdom, and you have earned the right to say more or less what you think, because for young whippersnappers to attack your views would be blatant ageism.

But even in The Oldie there is a generation gap, which shows itself most plainly in the letters to the editor.

Older oldies are shocked and appalled by the ghastly manners of the younger generation, people like Mick Jagger or Raquel Welch; younger oldies (of the vintage of, say, Mick Jagger or Raquel Welch) wring their hands over all manner of perceived prejudice against the aged.

A regular profile column rejoices in the title 'Still With Us,' and the only downside is the ads, which contain a slew of health aids and the promotion of ghastly events such as a 50 Plus Lifestyle Exhibition which threatens readers with "a marvellous opportunity to see all the very latest ideas and products available to the over 50s."

Other people can be senior citizens, but when my time comes, I will be old. And to avoid accusations of British bias in quoting extensively from The Oldie to make my point, I conclude this week's diatribe with the wit and wisdom of North American Ogden Nash.

"To the sociologist squeamish, the words 'Your old men shall dream dreams' are less than beamish. So 'Your seniors citizens shall dream dreams' it shall henceforth be. Along with Hemingway's 'The Senior Citizen and the Sea'

Send us your letters to the editor

The Tribune welcomes your letters to the editor. Letters should be no more than 500 words in length and can be typed or neatly handwritten. Your letters can be on any topic, but The Tribune reserves the right to edit for length, libel, grammar and spelling and good taste.

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