

The Tribune
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Editorial

Personal touch is gone

The recently ordained system of regional government is now in force in York.

The new Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville entered the era without fanfare - no wailing of sirens, no blaring of horns, no dancing in the streets, no anything.

At midnight, one could have exploded a howitzer on Main St., without creasing a single fender.

Residents at Lemonville, Bloomington, Bethesda and Ballantrae report no noticeable signs of exuberance in those areas either. All they could see, come Saturday morning, was the same as Friday night. Nothing, on the surface at least had changed.

Don't be fooled. Things have changed and these changes, for better, for worse, will become more obvious as weeks go by.

For instance, there's no longer a Stouffville Police Department - or Markham, or Whitchurch.

Don't believe it? Give them a call and

see. The response, regardless of office location is - York Regional Police.

Impersonal you say? You're right - and it's only a start.

Take a look at the makeup of the new Whitchurch-Stouffville council. If you live east of conc. 7, north of Dickson's Hill and south of the Gormley Road, your representative is Tom Lonergan. He resides on Loretta Crescent. And what about a ratepayer south and east of Bloomington? He is represented by Ward 5 councillor, Mrs. June Button who lives in Ward 6. Gordon Ratcliff is expected to understand problems of people on Rupert Avenue and Merlyn Baker is supposed to know all the folks at Gormley. Even worse, the Mayor's domain extends from a point north of Mongolia to a point north of Cedar Valley.

Impersonal, you say? You're right. But negative thinking never solved anything.

Regional government will have its benefits too. I'm sure, if we all try hard enough, we can think of a few.

The snowmobile 'monster'

The word is out. Ban the snowmobile. Everywhere you go, the conversation's the same.

Rule them off the road, the sidewalks, out of the parks, the fields and the forests. They're too fast, too noisy, too powerful the 'devil's contraption'.

In spite of the public outcry (mainly from non-owners), Provincial authorities have declined to issue further restrictive orders. They don't wish to legislate this new-found industry out of existence. And rightly so.

Last year, many tragic deaths were attributed to snow machines. The toll this winter will likely be higher. However, we're not impressed by such statistics. For we realize that for every

one that is killed, there are thousands and thousands of people - whole families, who are finding winter enjoyment and recreation as never before. Long may it last.

We say - place the responsibility for snowmobile safety where it rightfully belongs - with the operator. If he values his own life, and the lives of his passengers, he'll take no chances. If he doesn't - tough luck.

Further, we have no faith in rules and regulations that can't be enforced. Put yourself in the position of a police officer, trying to track down one of these machines. Much like a St. Bernard on the trail of a cottontail.

Far away fields

On Friday, the afternoon of New Year's Day, we visited the site of Bruce's Mill Conservation Area, Markham Township.

For a fee of \$1.00, seven of us, had two hours of continuous outdoor recreation. The site is truly a playground paradise with a mile-a-minute toboggan runs, a huge skating rink and cross-country nature trails.

While hundreds of parents and children were frolicking on the hills and skimming over the ice, we met only one family from

Stouffville. The remainder, the majority of ethnic origin, were from outside the district.

This is difficult to understand. Certainly nowhere else are facilities available, so close to home at such reasonable rates.

This weekend, weather permitting, load up the kids in the car and take them over. You'll have the time of your life. The children will too.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I commute to work daily from the Stouffville area to Scarborough and have noticed in the last 6 months an alarming increase in the amount of traffic on Highway 48. Doubtless this trend will continue as the population in our area grows even larger and as Metro Toronto expands closer.

Faced with this situation, I feel it is time to place much stricter limitations on highway use by school buses. I have recently witnessed several near accidents (which could have resulted in fatalities) and much needless traffic congestion, all caused by these vehicles.

A school bus which makes pick-ups every several hundred yards, causing all traffic in both directions to come to a complete halt, simply has no place on a crowded, high-speed (60 m.p.h.) highway. This situation creates far too many opportunities for rear-end collisions. At the very least, buses should make pick-ups at less frequent intervals, perhaps only at the intersections with side roads.

My final suggestion is that school bus drivers be encouraged to pull over to the shoulder of the road when they notice the inevitable long line of cars piling up behind them after several pick-ups. Too

frequently, they simply plod on at 40 m.p.h. seemingly oblivious to the mayhem they create. As a result, some of the more impatient motorists sometimes take needless chances and pull out to pass from several places back, not only the bus, but also the less daring drivers. This endangers the lives of the gamblers as well as the by-standers, including the students

G.D. Tarver,
R.R.3, Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

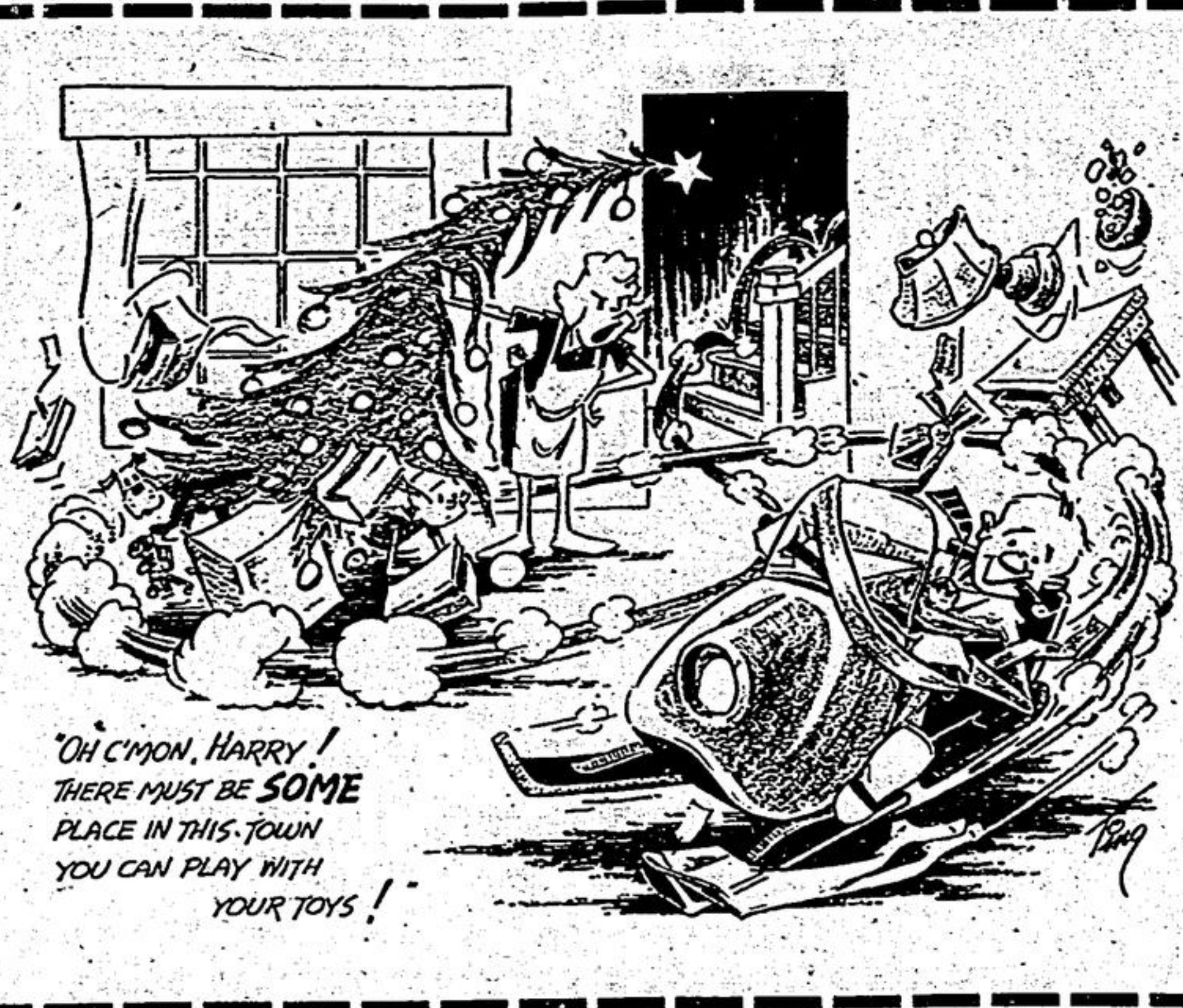
As a resident of Valley Road, Musselman's Lake, I wrote about one year ago, concerning the problem of dogs scattering garbage about the area.

Nothing's changed. I've even pleaded with certain people to keep their dogs off my property without success.

The only answer it seems, is to call the Humane Society and have the animals picked up.

Please, if you value your dog, keep it in your own backyard - as I do. It will make all of us a lot happier around here.

Valley Road resident.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Long hair or slacks - Let them be

By BILL SMILEY

During the fall, I wrote a column asking for readers' opinions on such world-shaking things as boys with long hair and girls wearing slacks to school. Correspondence on the subject is still trickling in.

The column was written just after the girls at our school had staged something of a coup d'etat. Slacks were forbidden. One day about 300 of them turned up in slacks. The principal, sensibly enough, met with a delegation of the girls, heard their cause, then asked the teaching staff for an opinion.

The staff numbers nearly eighty. Quite a few of them have teenage daughters. An overwhelming majority of staff voted for slacks. I among them.

Next morning, an announcement was made that girls would be allowed to wear slacks. A student made the announcement. And there was an audible gasp of pure incredulity when she added, "And also blue jeans."

Well, the world is still spinning on its axis. The sun still comes up every day. And it's no more distracting to walk down the hall behind a seventeen-year-old whose voluptuous bottom is revealing itself in tight blue jeans than it is to do the same thing behind a girl whose skirt is almost up to her navel.

Perhaps you'd be interested in some readers comments. This is from a lady in Georgetown, who points out that she is no teenager, but gets the pension.

"Dear Bill Smiley: What has long hair to do with what's under it? It is the teacher's duty to dig what is under it and teach them how to make best use of it. I'm all for the kids getting back to the fig leaf if they want to. I am also all for teachers co-operating with them in doing away with wars and poverty - both of which we should be ashamed of."

This is from a gentleman in Grand Valley, who is retired. "Now Sir, about girls' clothes. I personally like girls wearing a navy blue skirt, at least to the knees, with a white blouse, and of course the hair neatly tied or pinned, or a net to keep it in place, so it won't fall into a bowl

of soup. Now please tell me how these things called Slacks are comfortable, as the most of them I see are so tight right from the ankles up, so tight they cut right into the body. I feel if some of our nice-looking females could get a look at themselves from the rear, when they are walking down the street, they would make a few changes."

Sir, I agree with you. For the same reason I don't wear kilts. I'm bow-legged.

A lady from Park Hill. A long letter. These are excerpts. "So not all girls can afford a new midi wardrobe. Nor do too many want it. But why have slacks so tight that an onlooker often cannot help but wonder if with a bit more wiggle, all would blow?" Why, indeed?

About long hair on boys, the lady says: "If teachers of this day cannot tell their pupils with long hair and beards that the pictures that this world has of Jesus are greatly varied...then it is no wonder that the children are getting the run-around...If the generation of today were to be asked what is, and what is not, old-fashioned, I'm certain their answers would be as varied as their clothes."

From Acton. "Slacks for girls? Boys with long hair? I have three girls and it would save me a lot of money if they would be able to wear slacks to school. As for the boys wearing long hair, I say, beg, preach: let them be! What makes us want to tell youth what to wear, how to look? If a child or young adult does not know what is best for himself, we had better take a second look at ourselves."

That's just a sampling. There's a very sensitive letter from Willy Blok Hanson, who is an artist, but I can't find the darned thing. Oh, yes, here it is. Summarized: "If the long-hairs and beardies of today would follow Jesus also in his actions, instead of only in his looks, they would be very acceptable indeed, today; tomorrow, the same as yesterday. Girls wearing slacks? Why not? Cold is cold, for boys as well as girls!"

Slacks for sexy novels? Skirts for math? I'm bewildered.

ROAMING AROUND

From rags to respectability

"CINDERELLA" STORY PART II

By Jim Thomas

It is seldom, if ever, that I continue a story from one week into the next. It's not fair to the reader. You miss the first, and the follow-up falls flat. You miss the follow-up and there's no conclusion.

It was for this reason that I rerred to The Telegram's story of Dec. 24 in which a 7 year old 'Cinderella' girl from Uxbridge Township, now 25 and married, tells in her own words the events that led her from rags to respectability.

Since last Thursday however, I have been besieged with calls - people wanting to know how it all ended.

The tale, unbelievable but true, dates back to the fall of 1952, eighteen years ago. I discovered 'Catherine' and her two younger sisters, ages 3 and 5, frovelling in the dust and dirt of a pig-sty hovel, three concessions east of Goodwood. The girls, dressed only in flour sacks, could not talk but instead uttered only inaudible grunts, like the pigs in the nearby pen where they played.

The kiddies, all three of them, were signed over to the Children's Aid Society and admitted immediately to hospital for speech therapy. In the proper environment and with proper instruction, their progress was rapid.

'Catherine' tells it this way:

"I remember my home only vaguely. It was an isolated farm on a dirt road in an area where the soil was mostly sand and a living hard to earn. We had a small house, two rough bedrooms and a kitchen with a stove and table. There were eight of us, including my parents and grandmother. When we were hungry, we ate vegetables out of the garden. At supper time, we helped ourselves to food from the table and went to bed when we were tired.

We used to play a lot in the pig-pen. We sisters communicated with grunts. Perhaps we copied the pigs, I do not know.

I never attended school and I doubt whether my parents would ever have sent us.

Although we were ignored, I can't remember being beaten. We sometimes went to church. Apart from that, we never saw anyone besides our own family.

Then, one day, a stranger came. We didn't know who he was, but it must have been The Telegram's Russ Cooper. He reported our case to his office. Later, we were visited by another reporter, Ron Kenyon, who specialized in science and medical writing. He was authorized to obtain help for us.

The Telegram paid all the bills - \$3,000 to keep us in the Hospital for Sick Children and \$500 a year as long as we were wards of the Children's Aid.

By the time we had been in hospital six months, it was nearly Christmas. There was a huge Christmas tree in the foyer. We all sang carols with the doctors and nurses.

In school, I completed up to the end of Grade 8, then on to business college and later to an accountant's office. My one sister is married and mother of a baby boy. My second sister is a student nurse. My two baby sisters are adopted, one by a minister and one by a doctor. I am married to a professional man. He is everything I could want - kind, patient and a good sense of humor. We have a little boy of two. He seems to be growing up normally.

So this Christmas, our family's apartment has its own Christmas tree, beautifully decorated. We plan a happy time together. But I have reason to know that toys and tinsel are only symbols. Back of the gifts, my son will receive the things that really matter - the love of his parents, something that we as children never knew.

But do we like little Cinderellas, become princesses and live happily ever after? No. In true life, a Cinderella does not recover from ill-treatment as a child. The best efforts of the cleverest doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists and speech therapists cannot undo all the damage for all three of us.

There are so many things people today think don't matter like the love of parents for their children. To a child, love matters more than anything else. And I should know.



Portraits of the past

Colty Corners Public School (S.S.11) Markham Twp., is now closed but the building remains on conc. 6, north of Unionville. The year is 1934-35 and the pupils are: Front Row (left to right) - Edna Whitty, Lester Weatherill, Bruce Bagg, Henry Nobbs, Billy Harper, Jack Warriner, Milford Stots, Phyllis

Wyatt. Centre Row (left to right) - Audrey Roberts, Gloria Cleverdon, Beatrice Gingell, Irene Brillinger, Hazel Bagg, Gladys Gingell, Robt. McDowell, Harold Nobbs. Rear Row (left to right) - Douglas Cleverdon, Rene Whitty, Fred Nobbs, Jack Harper, Lorne Harper. The teacher is Leta A. Bunker.