

**The Tribune**  
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# Editorial

## A tremendous community effort

Saturday, May 1, will be recorded as the year's most successful one-day community event.

The Lions-sponsored bike-a-thon attracted 380 entries, with all but thirteen completing the 30-mile endurance course.

Gross earnings will exceed \$12,000.

The keynote was 'participation' - not just children, but entire families - mothers, fathers, sons and daughters.

And the traditional Stouffville boundary line was broken. There were cyclists from Bloomington, Lemonville, Bethesda, Ringwood, Altona and Mongolia. It was a day of 'togetherness'.

The organization that went into the project was tremendous, with preparations extending over a period of two months.

The bulk of the work load was shouldered by chairman Bill Murphy and his committee. They left no stone unturned in an effort to insure the safety of the participants.

O.P.P. and officers of the York Regional Police, along with volunteers, manned highway crossing points for hours on end.

Will it become an annual event? On Sunday morning, some cyclists weren't too sure that it should.

Today, they're saying 'yes'.

Today, they're saying 'yes'.

## A breeding place for trouble

The former Hagerman's public school in Markham, a summer hostel for transient youth?

Some members of York County Board of Education seem to feel the proposal has merit.

We don't. Instead, we see it as a breeding place for trouble.

It is our opinion, that the Board, when dealing with delegations and requests of this kind, attempts to adopt the broad-minded approach. They want to be fair.

But they must also be practical. In a project such as this, they are the ones

with everything to lose.

Members surely are not that naive that they cannot see the problems that would undoubtedly arise.

Regardless of rules and regulations established by the organization heads, drug users and 'pushers' would find their way to such a site. Legitimate travellers would stay clear, leaving the structure open to the riff-raff of society.

Yes, on the surface, the idea sounds good.

So, to some, was Rochdale College. The Hagerman community deserves a better fate.

## 'Century City' - an airport site?

An International Airport on the site of what was to be a satellite city?

Rumors are rampant. And where there's smoke, there's often fire.

From the Provincial Government's point of view, why not?

For was it not several of the key ministers in the Robarts regime that gave the 'city' project their verbal okay?

In one respect at least, this would get them off the hook.

And where else, within reasonable proximity to Toronto is a block of 7,000 acres, under single ownership, to be found?

Where else, would a project of such magnitude directly affect fewer people?

Where else, could such a mass assembly of land be acquired at reasonable cost?

Where else, would there be less opposition to a venture of such size?

The answers are - nowhere.

However, we are not suggesting that 747 Jumbo Jets will soon be rolling off the runways on a flight-path over Goodwood. Far from it.

We are saying that Uxbridge Township will undoubtedly rank high on the consideration list when Queen's Park finally makes its move to select an airport site.

# Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

We are now into the month of May. The conclusion of another school year is not many weeks away. This means graduation exercises, banquets and the presentations of prizes for academic accomplishment.

Why, may I ask, should students of honor standing in all previous years, receive awards and bursaries? For the most part, the learning process for them requires very little effort. It just comes naturally.

I feel these awards should go to the student who shows the greatest increase in percentage.

This indicates real effort. It also provides encouragement.

The boy or girl that attains 85 percent in Grade 4 and the same average in Grade 13, shows only a natural ability and not necessarily any intense desire to improve himself.

(Name withheld)

Dear Jim:

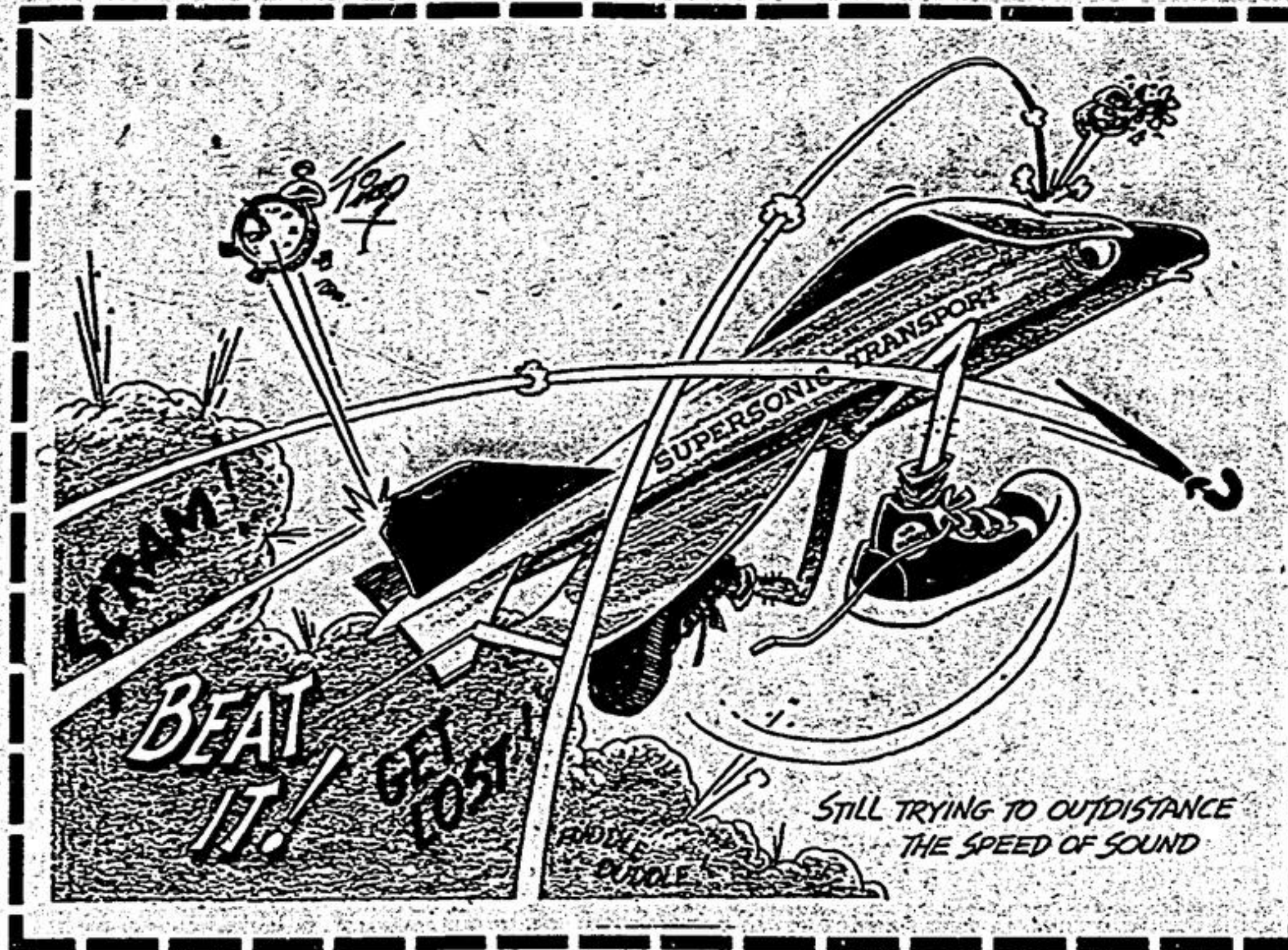
Since my earliest days of figure skating, I have had a very soft spot in my heart for the Stouffville Figure Skating Club and the people who represent that club; therefore, I always deem it an honor when I am asked to skate in their annual carnival. It is especially rewarding when I hear or read a kind remark on my performance such as your in the April 15 Tribune. Thank you. In my days of skating, I have seen the club fall from a higher echelon when the

Buttons', Jean Winterstein, Janice Smith and myself left the club, to the lower plateau, one of rebuilding, a phase which every good club has to go through, to today, where I am pleased to watch the club re-climb to an even higher plateau.

Today the Stouffville Figure Skating Club is truly making a mark in the skating world. Today the club has in its ranks persons capable of attaining that goal which is merely the dream of so many; the rank of champion. And there is also in the club the potential of 'World Champion'.

With the professional staff the club now has, the name of Stouffville can be brought into Canadian and World recognition. Jean Winterstein-Barclay has been the new impetus of the club and the inspiration of the community. "The home town skating sweetheart has given new life to the club." Jacqui Armitage, who joined Jean has been a compliment to her and together have fostered the idea that our skaters are of competitive calibre and should be seen. Together they have produced one of the best amateur ice shows in Ontario. Not only is the carnival one of the best (I must qualify my superlative here, by being the best I mean that the carnival is a great fun show without being pretentious in any way. Good costuming, precision skating, excellent properties and great lighting are always important), but it is truly the feeling of the skaters that is the most important attribute of any show and the skaters at Stouffville put their hearts into their show, without which it would be 'just another carnival'.

If the community as a whole could appreciate the efforts put into the club by the 'pros' Jean, Jacqui and Victor Irving,



## SUGAR AND SPICE Giving a speech as bad as hearing it?

By BILL SMILEY

Last week I mentioned making a speech to the Vimy Branch, Canadian Legion, and what a treat it was to be able to get up and talk about the stupidity of senior officers.

Normally, I loathe making speeches almost as much as I detest listening to them.

As a former weekly reporter-editor, a cold, wet, grey blanket comes down over my spirit at the fateful words, "And now, I give you our guest speaker".

That's the signal. Some guest speakers you couldn't "give" to a starving group of cannibals.

Not once have I been inspired, uplifted or convinced. On a very few occasions I have been mildly amused, although almost never by professional humorists, who always seem so intent on keeping their tongues in their cheeks that you begin to feel that somewhere in the process they have bitten them off.

That's the receiving end. The delivering end is just as bad. It follows a fairly pat format.

You are called up, or written to, by the secretary of some organization which you've never heard of, and told they'd like to have you as guest speaker at some function you have no interest in, at some place you have no idea of how to get to.

This is the moment to say, loud and clear, "Thank you; I am deeply honored, but I can't possibly make it". Any wavering, and you're in trouble.

The professional guest speaker, and there are a few about, chooses that moment to lay down his cards. He says, "Well, I might be able to fit that in on that date, but I'll have to consult my calendar". He consults his calendar, which is blank for weeks. He calls back. "Yes, I

could make it. My fee is \$75. Plus expenses".

This produces an agonized pause, if you're on the phone. Then comes a plaintive, "Oh Yes, Well, uh, as you know, uh, we're a non-profit organization, and we don't have much money, and we thought you'd just come along and give us a little talk. You know, just anything. Uh, how would \$10 expenses be?" And, in a burst of enthusiasm, "And bring your wife along. Her dinner would be free, of course".

This is always what clinches it with me. A last-minute invitation for my wife. And a free dinner for her. Big deal.

Some people love to speak. To anybody. They have one speech, which they've memorized. They have two jokes, invariably inserted with the prefix, "That reminds me of a little story..." It didn't, and the story has nothing to do with anything.

But for half an hour, and sometimes, Lord, help us, for 45 minutes, these speakers are the cynosure of all eyes, except those which are closed in slumber. And every ear is attuned to them. Except those with the hearing aids turned off. They bask. It is nectar and ambrosia to them, even though it may be lukewarm coffee and cold porridge to their listeners.

Good luck to them. For me, it's torment. It's like a Saturday night bath, whether you need it or not.

About every two years, I make a speech, whether I need it or not. I'm proving something to myself.

This time it was different. Vimy Branch is the way I like it. They meet only twice a year, for a real smash. They have no club rooms, no flags, no lugubrious mutterings about "At the setting of the sun, we shall remember them". Instead, they have their own band, which smashes out the "tunes of glory" at a volume that is exceeded only by their enthusiasm and skill.

The chaps took the insults well. Their hospitality was gracious, unobtrusive and generous: a hotel room, a cheque for expenses, and a crock of my choice. My wife was not thrown in as an afterthought.

Maybe I'll make another speech in a couple of years.

the diligent hard work they do, the work put into the club by the parents and all those others interested in the club and if the community would support it as they do other ice sports, the Stouffville Figure Skating Club would be one of the finest on the continent.

Thank you again for those kind words.

Fred Peddie, Don Mills, Ont.



Ringwood Public School - 1940

The year is 1940 and the location, Ringwood Public School. The teacher (rear row - third from left) is Miss Janet Button, now Mrs. Norm Baker of Markham. The pupils are - Rear Row (left to right) - Doug Ramer, Nora Harman, Marian Ferguson, Georgina Myland, Stewart Vague. Centre Row (left to right) -

Bernard Fockler, Bob Fockler, Doris Vague, Helen Fockler, Hazel Fockler, Jessie Harding, June Steckley, Mildred Fockler. Front Row (left to right) - Fred Banks, Marsden Steel, Bruce Timbers, Rae Steel, Clarence Fockler, Arthur Harding, Eddy Fockler, Lorne Morton.

# ROAMING AROUND

## The other side of the 'Teenage' story

By Jim Thomas

There's hardly a week goes by that someone doesn't phone, write or stop me on the street to complain about The Tribune's policy of publishing court news stories involving young people.

In the majority of instances, it's usually the mother of a boy or girl who feels some sense of shame and, in certain instances guilt, at a son or daughter's wrong-doing.

Many requests are sincere. "He's always been a good boy," she'll say, "but he made this one mistake. If you can overlook it this time, I'm sure it will never happen again".

And likely it never will.

Other parents are more concerned for themselves. Bad publicity could jeopardize a wife's status within the fraternity of the local bridge club and that would never do. To heck with John or Mary, they're old enough to fend for themselves.

And likely they always will. What disturbs me most is an accusation like "why are you always picking on the kids?" or "why don't you write something good about our young people for a change?"

This week it is good - the true-life side of a typical teenager that you, the reader, should want to hear about and I am pleased to write about.

The boy is Keith Manser. Keith is 13, a Grade 7 student at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School.

He resides just north of Bloomington with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Manser, a brother, Duncan, 11 and a sister, Jane, 6.

When Keith and Duncan heard of the Lions-sponsored bike-a-thon, scheduled for May 1, they quickly signed up, one for the Cancer Society and the other for the Crippled Children.

They were two of the first to start out on the 30-mile route, Saturday morning.

But all did not go well for Keith. About one-quarter of the way around, he lost a bolt from the 3-speed gear mechanism. This was later repaired by one of the volunteers.

The worst however, was to come.

On the Bloomington Road, between checkpoints 15 and 16, he accidentally ran into the rear of a parked car, scratching the paint on the auto and bending his own handlebars.

In spite of the severity of the impact, Keith could have ridden off and, in fact, was advised to do so by others who happened on the scene.

But he didn't. First, he went looking for the owner. But a check of a nearby farm house found no one home.

So he did the next best thing. He scribbled a note on a small piece of paper and placed it against the windshield under one of the wipers. It read: MY NAME IS KEITH MANSER, R.R. 2, STOUFFVILLE. I HIT YOUR CAR WITH MY BIKE. MY PHONE NUMBER IS 640-4360. (I was in the bike-a-thon).

For most, such problems would be all one person could be expected to withstand for one day. They would have quit, then and there. But not Keith. Still accompanied by his brother, they continued on, completing the distance in about five hours.

The bike-a-thon, Saturday, was not a race.

Yet 13 year old Keith Manser must be declared a winner.

For by his honesty, he has championed the cause of teenagers everywhere.

As the car's owner, Bert Paisley of Stouffville put it: "I wonder how many adults would have done the same thing?" I wonder too.

Dear Sir:

You attended the operetta 'Rip van Winkle' in the auditorium of Dickson's Hill School.

I think you will agree that it was a marvellous performance.

The staff teachers who worked with the children on the program are to be commended. It awakened memories in the minds of many adults, recalling the enjoyment of this story held for us, years ago.

Mrs. Fred Steckley, R.R. 2, Markham.