

**The Tribune**  
Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher  
JIM THOMAS, Editor

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# Editorial

## Improvement project

The branch of Duffin's Creek that flows through the park area of Stouffville is something like the highway intersection at Ringwood.

It's been surveyed so many times, we've lost count.

The site is a potential beauty spot, but no improvement program is permanent.

Several seasons ago, the Kinsmen Club organized a bee and removed several truckloads of debris from the stream.

More recently pupils of Orchard Park

Public School repeated this endeavor and last week, a contingent of students from St. Mark's, did the same. The area, from Burkholder Street south looks its best in years, thanks to their efforts.

But how long will it last - two weeks - two months?

The Park Board would do well to set aside sufficient funds to complete the job properly. It would make an excellent project for a half-dozen high school students this summer.

## Better late than never

The apparent impasse, concerning the hiring of a recreation director for the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville this summer, has been broken by the Lions Club.

The local service organization has agreed to sponsor this program to the tune of \$1,000, thus relieving both the recreation commission and the town council of a very sensitive problem.

If the political in-fighting that has occurred over this matter accomplishes nothing more than point out the hazards of repeated delays and inactivity on both sides, then it certainly has accomplished something. For we feel the whole affair was badly handled, partly due to pon-

derance of repetitious committees and a serious breakdown in member communications.

Who is to blame and why is now history, but the real need of a recreation organizer, however he may be financed, is still subject of some debate.

We feel the Town requires such an employee - but no \$10,000 a year man. Let's creep before we walk.

Whitchurch-Stouffville needs what we have now - a summer sports organizer, no more, no less.

His assistance could have been used four weeks earlier but better late than not at all.

## We've been branded

We've been branded. On Tuesday afternoon of last week, a member of the Stouffville Women's Liberal Association came into the office with an announcement related to the Prime Minister's visit to Aurora.

Their organization was sponsoring a bus and asked that the service be publicized as prominently as possible.

It was then too late to insert an advertisement and almost too late for a news item. But we promised to find a

spot or die in the attempt.

We're dead. It didn't get in and the ladies were (and possibly still are) disturbed over the 'obvious' snub.

We've been branded (among other things), a Conservative, with the 'Progressive' portion of the name plate intentionally omitted.

So be it. But please ladies, one favor. Spell the alleged political affiliation with a very small 'c'.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
Paul and I wish to thank you for allowing us to visit The Tribune and see how a newspaper is made.

We learned a great deal. Maybe, some day, we too will become reporters.

Brett Davis  
Paul Yakeley,  
Ballantrae Public School.

Dear Editor:  
I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to councillors Lawrie and Tyndall. On Sunday, June 13, they were called concerning that ignorant act of garbage, dumped and spread purposely over the entire 16th Avenue, Markham, between the 7th and 6th concessions. These two men not only assessed the situation but also walked the 1 1/4 mile distance searching for evidence (which they found) and removed any dangerous objects from the travelled portion of the roadway.

Howard A. Cosburn,  
R.R. 2, Markham.

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
A pamphlet entitled 'Facts About Venereal Disease' has been issued in hopes that the public will be aware of the epidemic that we face. The time for embarrassment because of the social nature of the disease must end. To do this, facts must be brought into the open. The Department of Health is in the process of producing new material about Venereal Disease and for the moment,

information is in short supply. It is our hope that at least in York County this booklet will help bridge the temporary gap.

If you are involved in any organizations of parents, teachers, service clubs, ratepayers, home and school associations, women's clubs or any interested group, will you bring this topic up for discussion? Make your feelings known to Mr. A. B. Lawrence, Provincial Minister in charge of the Department of Health.

Copies of this pamphlet are available by contacting one of the following: Mr. Doug Booth, 23 McKay Drive, Thornhill, Ont. (889-6519), Mr. Linvel Jones, 53 Ninth Line S., Stouffville, Ont. (640-3299), Mr. Ralph Magel, 292 Towercrest Drive, Newmarket, Ont. (895-3930).

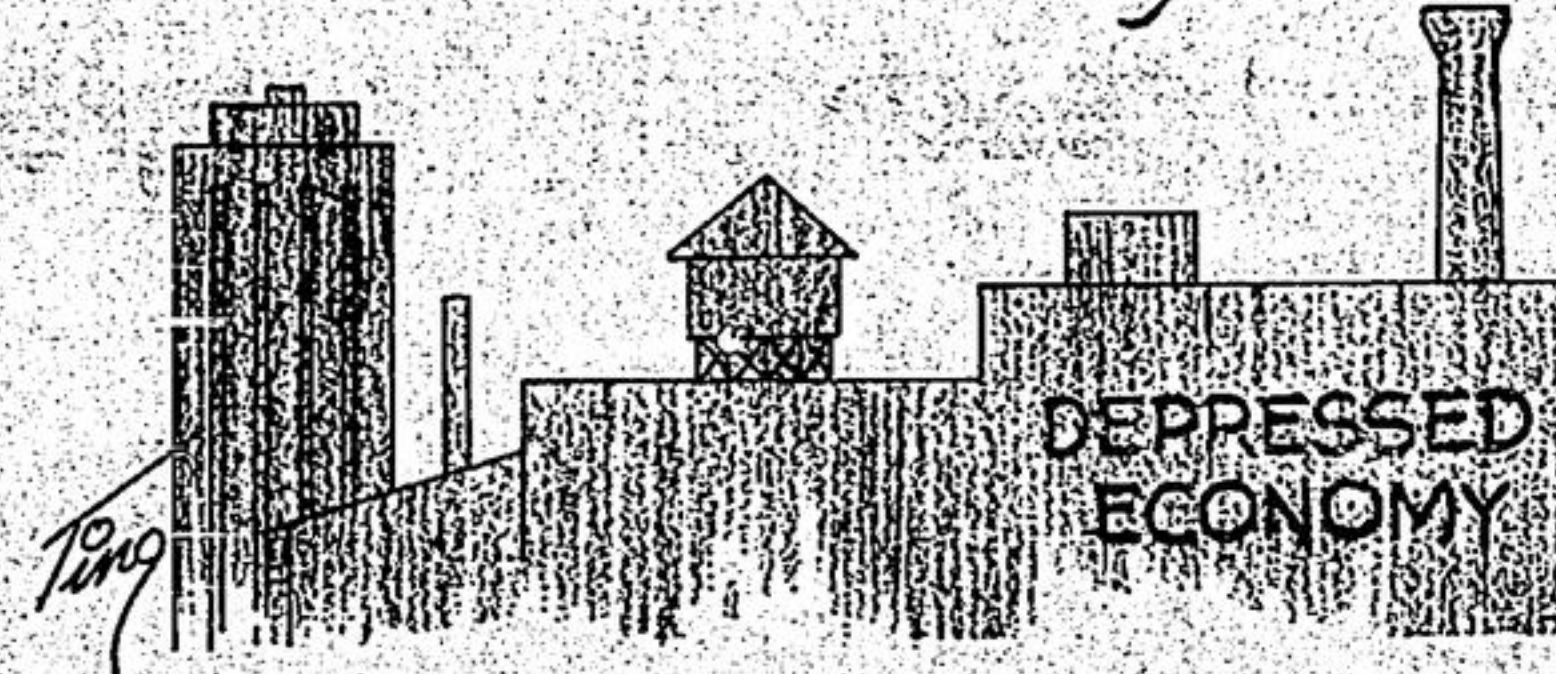
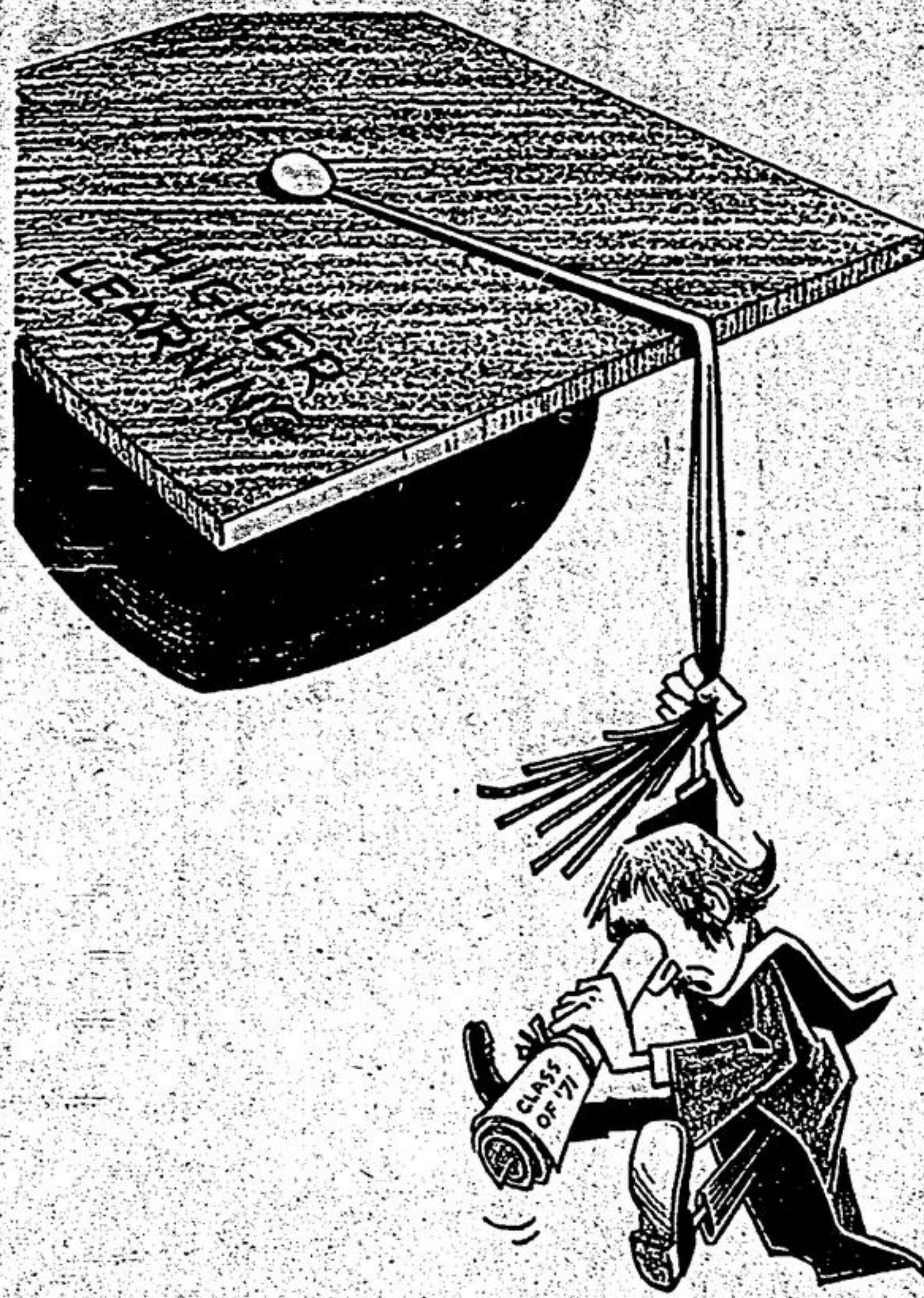
Ralph Magel,  
Public Relations Officer,  
District 11 O.S.S.T.F.

To the Editor:  
We read with interest, the letter, (June 17) by Dr. C.M. Godfrey, chairman of 'Why a City?' Citizens Committee.

His was a view, that could be shared by only a few people, fortunate of being well-to-do and able to purchase and maintain country estates of 25 acres or more. Unfortunately, this is not the case with the majority in Ontario and indeed, all of Canada.

For the ordinary working man, not earning over \$10,000 a year, it is almost impossible to ever own a home. Such would not be the case, however, if Century City was to receive favorable government support.

Let's look at the availability of services



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Looking back over a ten year term

BILL SMILEY



At this time of year, the average school-teacher takes a deep breath, lets out an even deeper sigh, and wonders where in the name of all that's ridiculous the last teaching year has gone.

Looking forward to it in September, it seems endless. But that doesn't bother you. You are refreshed, full of beans, full of plans, and full of that once-more-into-the-breach-dear-friends spirit.

Looking in either direction about February is a depressing experience. Behind lie the ruins of your buoyant September self. Ahead lies a trackless desert, with the end of June far beyond the horizon.

But looking back, it seems to have flown by at the speed of a mallard. You are exhausted, you query whether you have accomplished anything, and you are ready to step out of the breach and into a lawnchair.

It's a good time for a quiet assessment of what the whole educational business is about, and also of whether you have contributed anything more than a fairly capable job of babysitting.

- the proximity of C.N. and C.P. rail lines, a proposed super Hwy. 407 and the re-routing of Hwy. 47, already underway. There's adequate sand and gravel supplies, reducing hauling costs and road repairs; a proposed sewage system, a 'first' in Canada; a Living Filter System, already used in the U.S.; low-cost housing (\$15,000 and up); hospital facilities, shopping areas, community colleges and recreational centres.

We would like to take this opportunity to refer to a poll conducted by Elliott Research in which about 4 to 1 favored the Century City plan. Why then, should Dr. Godfrey and his associates endeavor to decide who shall live where? Rather, we say, let the majority prevail.

Dr. Godfrey also continues his attempt to make capital from the fact that some of our members are in the real estate field. For the public's information, only one of our Committee is a full time realtor. Two others hold a part-time licence. Also two of our members have resided in the Township all their lives, their forefathers having pioneered the municipality.

We then ask Dr. Godfrey, to compare this record with his own.

Committee in Support of  
Century City,  
George W. Harvie, Chairman,  
Members - Fred Lewis, Earl  
Downswell, Jim Bailey, Bill  
Thompson.

The young teacher especially, just finishing the first year, has had a genuine eye-opener. First of all, he or she has discovered that the "learning process", as the jargonists call it, is vastly different from what he or she had imagined it to be.

The brighter ones realize that they have learned more than they have been taught. They've learned that kids are people, that problems are never as large as they look, and that memos are for the waste-basket.

For some of them, it has been the most exciting year of their lives, because it has been the first year in which they have been totally involved in a real job, with real people, students.

For many of them, the year past has been a blur, or a dazzle: endless hours of preparation and marking papers, and a combination of great leaps ahead and agonizing prat-falls.

They're looking forward desperately to vacation, because they've really been through the wringer. They can scarcely believe that they have come through a year of teaching without anything worse than a slight tic or a voice several decibels higher than it was in September. Quite a few are even more "dedicated" than when they began.

Some of them, fortunately not many, are soured on the whole shambles and have decided they don't like kids, detest their fellow-teachers, and loathe the administration. They should clear out without a backward look, if they want to avoid unhappy lives for themselves and all those about them.

Teaching is a reasonably well-paid job, with a long holiday thrown in. But I've never met a wealthy teacher and never will. And one can even get a bellyfull of holidays. Especially when one has to get up at six o'clock to drive his daughter to work.

But to those who consider it as a vocation, let me just say it's a helluva tough job. It's not for the weak of will or the faint of heart.

There are certain prerequisites. You must like, if not necessarily understand, young people. Who does? You must be able to get along with, if not necessarily like, your fellow teachers. It is perfectly O.K. to loathe administrators. Everyone else does.

After ten years of it, I have learned to roll with the punches. If you don't, you'll get a broken neck, figuratively speaking. I have learned that that mob of hoodlums I faced in September is just a group of high-spirited youngsters.

But roll on, the First of July.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Schools out, forever

By Jim Thomas

Pine Grove.  
Where is it?

To most folks, it's a suburb of Woodbridge. Something like Kitchener and Waterloo.

In fact, that's what one lady suggested, Saturday, when I made the wrong turn off Hwy. 1A on the seventh concession of Uxbridge and ended up in Glen Major.

"It's a long way from here," she said, pointing a finger high up over the trees. "Not the Pine Grove he's looking for," interrupted another. She recommended I return by the same route. "First, you'll see a church and then a school. That's it."

With both in the midst of a sun-bathing session and the family pooch fairly frothing at the mouth, I declined to carry the conversation further. Besides, I had found out what I wanted to know. The Pine Grove Public School - it was to be sold at 3:30 p.m. I wanted to be there.

The building I found, was not the little red brick structure familiar to most rural students my age. It was more modern, with a double entrance, a teacher's room and - would you believe it, indoor plumbing. It was plain to see that as far back as 1928, when the school was built, they had started to pamper the kids already. In my honest opinion, a two minute romp through the daisies never hurt anyone. At least it never hurt me, except once when I didn't make it. I beat it behind the woodshed where it was a whole lot cooler and almost as private.

While the exterior of S.S. 11 looked safe and solid, the interior was a shambles - windows broken, fixtures smashed, even the roof bell missing - stolen or given away, no one seemed to know for sure.

Jack Johnson, a long time community resident and former trustee, stood and stared. "It soon went to pieces after we got rid of it," he said, referring to the changeover to County control. "I'd liked to have booted a few of them (the vandals) in the rear, if I could have caught them." "Look there," he continued, pointing to huge sections of ceiling tile smashed through from an upstairs attic. "seems like a baby elephant was walking around up there."

The blackboards however, were still intact. On one was printed 'John loves Debbie'.

Another visitor, common to both the community and the school was Mrs. Della Moore, a teacher there for twenty years and also a former pupil. She had all eight grades, with an enrollment sometimes going as high as thirty. The bell, she recalled, was rung by pulling on a rope that descended through a hole in the roof. "Sometimes it would flip over," she said, "and we'd have to send someone up to turn it back." On wet days, the children were permitted to play in the basement but the attic was 'off limits'.

Since school bus transportation had yet to make its expensive debut, many of the kids travelled to school on skis.

The ring of evergreens, circling much of the playground area were planted by Mrs. Moore.

These were the 'good things' recalled Saturday - things that would have been better recalled without being there. For the grounds, knee-deep in grass and weeds, the broken windows and the 'stolen' bell tended to restrain one's enthusiasm. It also tended to ease the strain of seeing the building sold.

"Who'll start it off?" called out auctioneer Reg Johnson, waving his white cane high over his fancy yellow straw hat.

"Five thousand," called out one optimist.

Six followed, then seven, eight and soon up to fourteen. After that it was strictly a two-way bidding battle, with each additional figure greeted by audible groans of disbelief.

The final - \$16,500.

The new owner, Harvey L. Main, Douglas Crescent, Toronto.

In minutes everyone was gone. But Della (Johnson) Moore lingered on - the last look of a little girl, a 'dedicated' teacher.

"Then sometimes when I'm thinking Of the pleasant things now past, Why I really have to wonder Why they couldn't always last? But the greatest link in nature And the wise eternal plan, Is to change a little schoolboy To be a strong and thoughtful man."