



The Tribune

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Editorial

A morass of red tape

The difficulties facing would-be developers before they can put a spade in the ground in Whitchurch - Stouffville, are fast becoming almost insurmountable. The same can be said for those who would construct buildings in any of the municipalities of York Region.

The present situation can readily be described as a morass of red tape. There are no less than seven official bodies who must put their stamp of approval on any development without even considering the local council and local planning committee. And this may not be all, for should the neighbors decide for their own personal reasons that no buildings should be erected near them, the Municipal

Board may be called into the act as well.

At the present time a half dozen local projects are wallowing in this sea of frustration. Surely in all his store of wisdom, Darcy McKeough can come up with a simpler plan. To the average citizen, it must appear that all the energies have been directed towards erecting up as many roadblocks as possible so that many will be forced to "throw in the sponge" and forget the entire deal.

We fully realize that some restrictions are necessary, but the multitude of hoops one must jump through today, to get anything done, are just "too much".

The strap - throw it out

Dr. William LaCroix, a Markham trustee on the York County Separate School Board, resigned recently, and walked out of a meeting, after his recommendation, to abolish the strap, was not accepted as policy.

Dr. LaCroix's snap decision to resign was, in our opinion, wrong. For, if he follows through with his threat, he is defeating the very purpose for which he allowed his name to stand for office in the first place.

However, his opposition to corporal punishment in elementary schools, is

right. The strap, in our opinion, is an outmoded form of reprisal, that should have been abandoned years ago.

In this so-called enlightened age, with audio-visual aids, television, projection systems, field trips and so on it is indeed surprising to find tucked away in a secluded corner of some teachers' desks, a lethal weapon, supposedly capable, with one fell swat, of turning a little 'devil' into an angel.

It doesn't. It never has and it never will.

Throw it out. This is 1972.

'Rewards' for learning

"Isn't that lovely, they bought her a wristwatch for graduation!"

Thus spoke a lady recently. We asked quite innocently, "what university course did she take?"

"Oh my, not university," she replied, quite startled, "she graduated from Kindergarten to Grade 11!"

Is it any wonder a large segment of the world's population lives on a mixture of Aspirin and smelling salts!

The incident cited above is, in our opinion, a vivid example of what is causing bewilderment among so many of our young people in these days of comparative affluence.

Our children passed too - all four of them. They also received 'rewards', but not in the form of wristwatches, bicycles or swimming pools. They were treated to a night at the Teepee Drive-In, to see the Walt Disney movie 'The Biscuit-Eater'.

They thought they were in heaven.

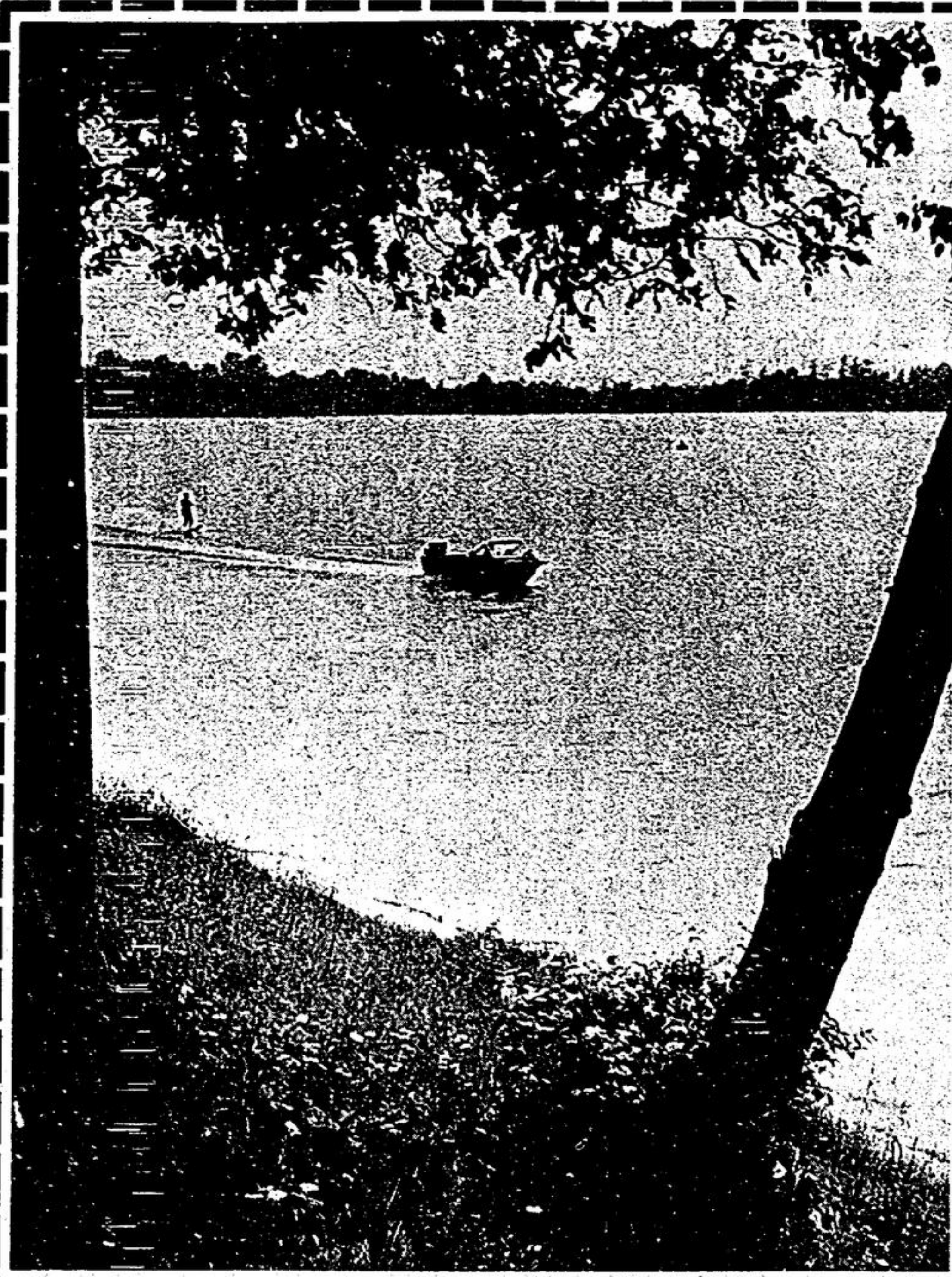
It is our firm belief that a main aim of education, should be to prepare our children for adulthood. If they can't progress without having carrots in the form of watches and two-wheelers dangled in front of their noses, then they've missed the boat before they step off the dock.

Mother and Dad, in our view, are committing parental suicide, by giving rewards for every small achievement, every trifling errand. Kids are junior citizens, and must be made aware at an early age that they have a certain 'weight to pull', and they pull it or else.

The parental 'reward' for such rewards to youth, is neglect and outright eventual disdain, in the majority of instances.

Give them love. Give them encouragement. Give them yourself.

The monetary matter can be of their own making - later.



Powerboats still centre of controversy

Powerboats on Musselman's Lake - enjoyment or menace? The debate goes on with some favoring an outright ban and others opposed. Whitchurch - Stouffville Council

has so far declined to take any action that would prohibit such recreation, although the issue has been up for discussion on several occasions during the past year.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Council and residents of the Town of Whitchurch - Stouffville, I wish to express thanks to the several organizations and many individuals who contributed their time and talents to make the July 1st celebrations so successful, particularly on this occasion when we honored one of our own citizens, Arthur Latham, for his contributions over the many years.

Ken Laushway,
Mayor.

Dear Sir:

I'm wondering how long it takes for those in charge of our lovely Stouffville Park, to realize the dangerous state of the one foot-bridge over the creek.

I know of at least two persons who fell into the gaping hole at the east end of this walk-way, on the evening of July 1.

Concerned.

Dear Sir:

Yesterday I went up to the disposal area that is supposed to be available to the tax payers of Stouffville, to see just when, of a few available hours each day, it can be used.

Today, with a trunk full of old car tires and a bag or so of papers, I returned to be informed that they did not take tires, but if other garbage was packaged up in a certain way, it would be accepted.

Now, I would like to ask Mayor Laushway, just what kind of an arrangement he has made with these people, that you cannot dump in your own Municipality, but tractor trailer trucks can haul loads in from outside of Town and use it.

This is a mess that one has heard a lot about since Mr. Laushway worked so hard to have us become Whitchurch - Stouffville, but this is the first time I have come in contact with it.

J.S. Sanders,
Park Drive North.

Dear friends:

Through The Tribune, and on behalf of my wife, family and myself, I would like to express appreciation to the Town of Whitchurch - Stouffville and outlying communities for the wonderful reception accorded us, July 1.

It was a day we will never forget. To all who participated, I can only say 'thank you'.

Arthur Latham.

Dear Editor:

Who, may I ask, is Robert Roy, that residents of Pickering Township are waiting for his opinion on the Airport?

Surely, he is not speaking of our lovely Pickering, with its beautiful scenery, well-kept homes and modernly equipped farms.

One would hardly know which would be the most attractive, a privy or a twenty-storey brick wall.

However, if Mr. Roy has to sit on his front verandah and look at his pig pens, manure piles and a privy, one cannot wonder he would like it changed.

I daresay even an Airport might be an improvement.

E. Mutch,
Pickering.

ROAMING AROUND

A step up - to what?

By Jim Thomas

Susan has graduated.

We, as a family, attended the ceremony; the parents, I must admit, laboring under severe emotional handicap. For, in spite of a camouflage of Kleenex, Jean's eyes were red, and I had a lump in my throat that, despite incessant swallowings, refused to go away.

For our Sue, the end of June marked the end of a chapter in her life, an end that, in my opinion, is occurring two years too soon. You see, she's not 13 and entering high school at Grade 9. She's only 11, and entering high school at Grade 7. I'm worried.

The pain of this pre-mature 'graduation', wouldn't be quite so great, if her time spent at Orchard Park had been plagued with problems. But no, quite the opposite, for her - for us. She loved school, from the very first day she toddled off to Kindergarten, nervous and shy, to her final platform promenade, still nervous, less shy. And her progress, grade by grade, has always been a source of great satisfaction to her mother, and relief to me. For I feared she might have inherited some of the inhibitions that so afflicted her father's academic achievement. Fortunately, for her, this was not so.

But apart from all this plus the quality of instruction provided by her teachers; excellent marks in most subjects, and a determined desire to participate; it was the associations, the friendships gained, that interested us most of all.

Around our table at meal-time, the names of Sandra, Barbie, Jackie, Becky, Livie, Marion, Karen and Michelle were introduced so often, they seemed almost like part of the family. Any they really were. For they often called, and were always welcome - a great group of kids.

So, if I had my way, this environment; these associations, would not change; but rather continue on through Grades 7 and 8 at Orchard Park.

But the hierarchy, that sits in authority at Aurora, says No. It's a question of economics, I suppose. And we all know how conscious folks are of their education dollars these days. The result - more children crammed into larger buildings.

Most parents, at least the ones I've talked to, are not overjoyed at the outlook. They feel, as I do, that a 'mixture' of elementary and secondary school-age students at a common site, can create problems.

However, the pupils, don't share this opinion. In fact, they seem excited by it all. A kind of 'grown up' feeling, I guess. "It's okay Dad," said Susan, "I'll be alright."

And she probably will. But we'll still worry. For worry is a part of parenthood. I'm learning - late but fast.

First prize

The Ontario Horticultural Convention for 1972, was held at Queen's University, Kingston, June 15 - 17.

In a competition for a Society 'Theme Song', first prize came to Stouffville. The Stouffville Horticultural theme song was composed by Rev. Douglas Davis, twenty-five years ago and has been used at all open meetings since then. The verses follow, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

Oh horticulture, horticulture,
That's our little fad,
To beautify our homes and grounds,
Makes everybody glad.

Delphinium, our favorite flower
So stately, tall and blue,
With roses, dahlias, lilies, glads,
And flowers of every hue.

The birdies are God's choristers,
The flowers his rainbow bright,
In horticulture, birds and flowers
And beauty all unite.

In garden soil and garden toil
Peace springs as from the sod,
In horticulture, man and earth,
Co-workers, are with God.



-- and then there are mothers ready to quit after one week!