

# Editorials

# Tribune

## Revolution in store hours

The struggle of retailers over who is going to open for business and when, goes on and on, in fact, of late, it has heated up considerably. At one time management determined the hours the store would be open. Now it would seem more and more the customer dictates the hours.

We recall when stores in Stouffville stayed open from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night. Saturday night was the big shopping night in rural communities such as this. We remember how the farmers used to talk on the street corners until nearly closing time and then dash off to shop before the stores closed. Ten to ten-thirty was often the busiest time of the week.

Progress and improved labor laws

brought a reduction in these hours. Storekeepers began to take Wednesday off, then Monday and then Saturday night.

Generally merchants prefer to limit shopping to traditional hours. However, there is a new breed of merchandiser with massive stocks and big staffs who fight for the right to provide night shopping.

In Stouffville most business places are closed on Monday. Some are open Thursday nights and all are open Friday night. There is no municipal restrictions on these hours and so it would seem that merchants will need to keep in close touch with one another if they are to provide the most convenient centre in which to shop, taking into consideration the new trend.

## Keep the lid on

With education now under the control of a County Board, there are increasing indications that municipal councils are no longer so concerned about 'population explosions' within their own borders. Some members have even stated so publicly.

This kind of senseless thinking could prove financially disastrous, as pointed out by York Board of Education chairman, John J. Mackay last week.

Mr. MacKay said that no less than 26 new subdivision plans had been brought to the Board's attention in the past six months, representing a student enrollment of 12,000 children.

Previously, under the old system, with one Board for every town and township, the concern for school cost

construction ranked high on the agenda, whenever a proposed residential development was presented.

Now, with the cost factor spread over, not 1 but 14 municipalities, councils' concern over education expenditures has lost its priority ranking.

Mr. MacKay warned that if the trend continues, the Board would have no alternative but to appeal to a higher authority to enforce subdivision restrictions.

Action of this kind should not be necessary. But isn't this the thinking at all government levels today? The one just below feels the one just above has a key to inexhaustible funds. And he'll continue to ask for more, little realizing that the only source of supply are taxpayers like you and me.

## Strength in numbers

The East York Plowmen's Association has, through the years, represented an extremely active organization.

It has produced some excellent plowmen, capable of meeting and beating the best in the Province.

But time changes things and no one knows this better than rural residents, past and present of Markham and Scarboro.

Dirt farms, as such, are becoming less and less. Likewise, dirt farmers, interested in the promotion of match competition, are becoming fewer and fewer. Add one problem to the other and the result is obvious. The association, an entity unto itself, soon

must fold — if not this year, then next. This is unfortunate since the executive includes many active members who would be interested in carrying on in some capacity.

We feel that amalgamation of the East and North York Plowmen's Association is the answer. Perhaps the King and Vaughan group could also be included.

Up to now, North York has not felt the 'pinch' of urbanization that has affected its neighbors to the south. But at the present rate of encroachment, that time may not be too far distant. There's strength in numbers, however, and this fact deserves serious consideration.



## Do You Remember? — S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge (Garibaldi) — 1933

This classroom photo, dating back to 1933, will stir a few memories for students who attended Garibaldi Public School, S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge Twp., during that year. The pupils are (l. to r.), Back row: Shirley Ross, Florabelle Meyers, Elsie Brown, Beatrice Meyers, Elva Elliott, Lillian Bacon, Alma Ward (teacher), Willis Taylor, Murray McGillivray, Robert McGillivray, Herb Yakeley. Centre row: (l. to r.), Olive Elliott, Alice Tindall, Shirley McGuckin, Anita Wagg, Blanche Bacon, Laura Campbell, Lillian Ross, Zella Brown, Lillian Brown, Harold Meyers, Harold Morgason, Kenneth Bacon. Front row (l. to r.), Ronald Taylor, Danny Wagg, John Yakeley, Gordon Elliott, Ronnie Yakeley, Don McGillivray, Stewart McGuckin, Allen Taylor, Lorne Morgason, Albert Yakeley.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### It's been quite a month

By BILL SMILEY

Don't talk to me about a bear with a sore head. He'd back down the trail like a bunny if he met a teacher, in June, with a sore tooth. Right now I'm willing to take on anything, up to and including a grizzly.

June is the month in which nothing is so rare as a day, according to Browning, or somebody. And for school teachers, it's a month in which every day is a hard night's work.

The teacher is plagued by paper work which could be done, by a 15 year old moron, an administration which is twice as stupid as he thought it was, and students who are bored from the belly-button both ways — by school.

Throw in a throbbing tooth and you've got yourself a mean critter. The month started off fittingly, with everybody forgetting my birthday on the 2nd. The only card I received was from my insurance company, a card which annually infuriates me.

Next day, one of those nicotine-tanned stumps which my dentist laughingly calls teeth began to kick up, down and sideways ever since.

If I had any guts I'd tie a string around it, fasten the string to a door-knob and slam the door. However, I have as many guts as I have teeth, so I go on trying to save this one.

I can't even bite a marshmallow without going into orbit, so I've practically gone on a liquid diet for weeks. This has its disadvantages. Which is worse every morning — a toothache or a hangover? And how would you like both?

As is our custom, my wife and I went to the annual Leacock Medal Award Dinner recently. I've been a judge in the competition for several years and enjoy meeting a few big shots and finding their feet are made of the same kind of clay as my own.

Despite the snide comments of some writers from the big dailies, it's a good party in a good cause — keeping alive and fresh the works and memory of Canada's and one of the world's greatest comic writers.

This year's winner was Stuart Trueman, whose book, "You're Only As Old As You Act," is good entertainment. Mr. Trueman, a Maritimer, was salty. The chairman, Richard Doyle, editor of The Globe and Mail, was even wittier, and should write a book. The venerable, if not blessed, Harry Boyle, a witty writer and editor under his farm-boy facade, was there, and was witty.

In fact, the whole thing was excruciatingly funny for many, painful for me. My wife galloped through a huge and excellent dinner, darting her eyes at my plate, where nothing was missing except a few of the inevitable green peas, which I had managed to mumble.

Just as dinner began, I had a terrible attack of leaping bicuspid and couldn't eat a bite. I decided the only thing to do was to paralyze the tooth. I tried, but it refused to play.

All I succeeded in doing was paralyzing the rest of me, meanwhile carrying on about my tooth (bravely,

of course) to such an extent that my wife remarked later it was like having a crying baby in church.

However, it all worked out fine. We went to a small gathering after the dinner and incredible numbers of young, pretty college girls hovered about me, fetching me aspirin, gin and other medications.

Meanwhile, my Old Lady spent an hour or so, straightening out the editor of The Globe and Mail. I fully expected to find this column on the front page on Monday morning. But there it was, the same old melange of world crises and murders and stale

speeches of Cabinet Ministers. Not content with my physical suffering, young Kim hit me in June with another wallop. She wanted a loan toward an electric piano. After a sufficient number of things, like "Fie on thee, wench!" and "You're going to have to pay interest, you know," I buckled, and am now subsidizing one of those rotten groups to the tune of \$200.

All that was needed to make it a ring-dinger of a month were the headlines about electricians getting \$6.50 an hour, and the interest rates soaring daily. A great month, June. For blackflies.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear sir: I am a non-resident of Stouffville so I buy The Tribune as much for its advertising value as for its news content. Your staff is to be commended on both.

With regard to advertising only, however, I wish to say that no work of art, whoever was responsible, could be more eye-catching than the full page from Altona Feed and Supplies, published June 19. It was a masterpiece of ingenuity and skill.

Keep up the good work. I enjoy the paper immensely.

Arnold Harris, R.R. 1, Unionville.

The original house had four rooms added to it 65 years ago. The barn was torn down and then rebuilt in 1918. This, I remember.

I would be delighted to have some part of that 150 acres remembered in my parents' names.

Should Mr. Cunningham be interested, I would be pleased to hear from him.

(Mrs.) Frank Judd, Orillia, R.R. 7, Ontario.

Dear sir: Please find enclosed my renewal to The Tribune for two years.

I want you to know how much we appreciate the items of Goodwood news written by Eleanor Todd and the very interesting letters in your paper every week.

I was very pleased to notice Mr. Cunningham's interest in preserving the heritage of the area within the confines of the proposed Century City development through the use of past citizen's names on streets and other locations.

My father lived on 150 acres at conc. 3, Uxbridge Twp. for 75 years and remembered his father clearing a piece of land by cutting, piling and burning trees to make room for the erection of a house and barn.

Dear sir:

I would like to pass comment on the crosswalk problem in Stouffville.

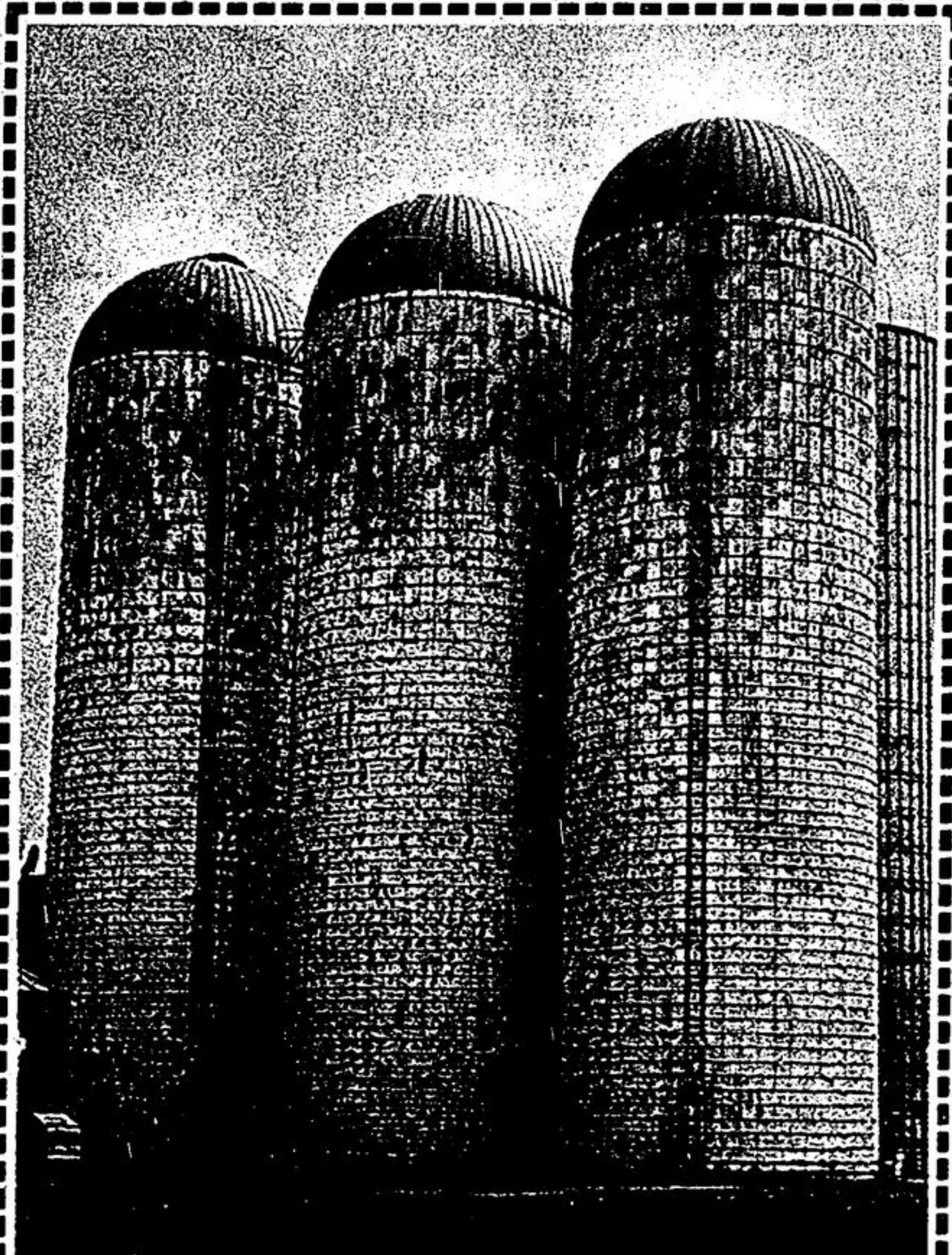
In my opinion, the key to the situation is that motorists using Hwy. 47 to reach the cottage country are unaware of alternate routes to bypass the main street.

What is needed is either one-way streets running parallel to Main, or off-street parking in the business area.

Further, if you observe the crosswalks, you will find that parking is allowed up to and sometimes on the restricted zones.

If the merchants feel that they benefit from through traffic on week-ends, why not have them employ high school students as 'guards' during busy periods? It would provide work where it is needed and halt the continual and erratic flow of pedestrians that can hold up cars and create traffic chaos.

M. R. Jones, Goodwood



## Four ghosts in the sky

Four huge 70-foot silos stretch into the sky on the property of D. H. S. Ranch, Hwy. 48 and 18th Avenue, Markham Township. Structures of this kind are becoming numerous throughout the countryside.

—Staff Photo

# ROAMING AROUND

## The Unpardonable Sin

By Jim Thomas

It's not spelled out in the marriage vows but, in my wife's opinion, it should be.

Irresponsible neglect of this unwritten law can mean the difference between a happy family home and a house of torn shreds by disappointment and despair.

It's the unpardonable sin — and I'm guilty.

I forgot our wedding anniversary. It was ten years ago, June 20, 1959, that Rev. Fleetham tied the nuptial knot in a ceremony conducted at the United Church in the community of Greenwood.

The date itself had been synonymous with the very first time I caught her eye, seated all frilly and smiley behind a typewriter in the office of Charles Cooper Limited at Clarendon.

I was a kinda shy guy in those days and although I wanted to ask her out in the worst way, I could never muster sufficient nerve. I knew too, that I wasn't the only toad in the puddle, in fact it was no secret that competition was keen.

Days added up into weeks and weeks to months. Our friendship never progressed further than a Monday morning 'hello'.

Then, one afternoon, in a moment of wreckless abandon, I gave her a call. I can remember the conversation like it was yesterday. My heart kept popping into my mouth every time I talked. Out of sympathy more than desire, she accepted the invitation. We attended a Stouffville Lions Ladies' Night at former Shadow Lake Park, then operated by Eaton's.

That was June 20, 1959. We became engaged June 20, 1958 and were married on the same date, one year later.

That was Susan, Barry, Paul, Cathy and Neil ago.

Now, with no built-in babysitter, our travels, for the most part, include the entire family. This, of course, creates certain problems.

But last Friday was to have been different. We had reserved a table for two at a rather secluded 'night-spot' in Toronto, complete with entertainment and all the trimmings. Unfortunately, I neglected to circle the calendar, and with no private secretary to remind me of the occasion, I just plain forgot.

My wife would have forgiven this lapse of memory, but the reason for the sudden cancellation of plans was for her, a source of considerable irritation. For you see, I had exchanged ten years of loyal love, honor and obedience for the sake of — you'll never guess — a donkey.

It was George Staley of Greenwood who submitted the proposal by telephone. "We're having a donkey baseball game down here," he said, "how's the chances of coming down and taking part?" Before I could answer yes or no, he continued, "I was pretty sure you would, so I went ahead and put your name in the lineup. I hope it's okay." "Friday night?" I answered finally, "sounds fine. I'll be there."

The last time I had ridden bareback on one of the mangy beasts was about six years ago. They gave me a wild critter called 'Leapin' Lena' and I was airborne from home plate to first. I swore I'd never take the chance again. But time has a way of healing things. 'Lena' and I had a second date with destiny.

At home, the announcement was greeted by something less than joyous exuberance. "Don't you know what Friday, THE 20TH is?" asked my wife. Her eyes grew all kinda red-rimmed and watery.

I played Donkey Baseball, Friday, but my heart wasn't in the game. I was ashamed that in ten short years, I should forget an occasion that had meant so much to both of us — or should have.

The family watched my 'asinine' performance from the sidelines. Two hours later, they were back in the car and headed for home.

"What did you think of it?" I asked anyone still wide enough awake to answer.

"It was okay, Dad," replied son Barry, "except it was hard to tell you from the donkey."

"I had that trouble too," agreed a voice from the front seat.

The message came through, loud and clear.

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