

Editorials

Tribune

Something was missing

Stouffville's competitive swim team played host to Markham, Saturday, in a meet, that brought out the best in athletic enthusiasm and good sportsmanship.

Competition between the two towns was keen, particularly in the first half when only a few points separated the clubs. Markham later extended its lead to win by a spread of 37 points.

But something was missing. It was

spectator support.

Many parents couldn't even spare a couple of hours to applaud the efforts of their own kids.

This problem, of course, is not new here and no amount of editorial chastisement is going to change things. But we intend to keep trying in the hope that it may stir one or two Moms or Dads to take an interest in what their sons and daughters are doing.

Growth of week-end farmers

We are becoming surrounded more and more in this area by weekend farmers or at least, small acreage operators. A drive through the surrounding countryside will confirm this.

A fast-growing fraternity of business and professional people spend five days in the city and retreat for the weekend down to the farm. There are many reasons for this state of affairs, but chiefly there is the desire to escape people and cars and get plenty of exercise in good, clean air.

Undoubtedly, these weekend farm-

ers, and many of them go much further north than the Stouffville-Uxbridge area, face water problems, fence problems and a dozen other items they didn't count on, but there is some compensation in the tax deductions they get. Most of them never expect to make any money out of the idea, but simply have the satisfaction of owning their own plot.

Possibly this is the answer, only those who don't care about making money on the farm can afford to stay. The bright lights may beckon, but basic living down on the farm is proving a pretty good magnet, too.

Alternate truck route

Few drivers of heavy transports would choose a road through the centre of Toronto when easier access is available via Hwy. 401.

For similar reasons, few would be expected to propel their heavy machines down the main street of Stouffville when the Bloomington bypass route is available.

For some unexplained reason, the Bloomington Road from Lincolnville to Hwy. 48, is not utilized by truck-

ers to the extent that it should be. Several still insist in lumbering their multi-tonned gravel loads through town, where speed is reduced and hold-ups are frequent. Traffic congestion, already a problem here, is only worsened by this situation.

Pit operators and truck owners could do both their drivers and village residents a real service by recommending the route around town rather than through it.

Consideration needed

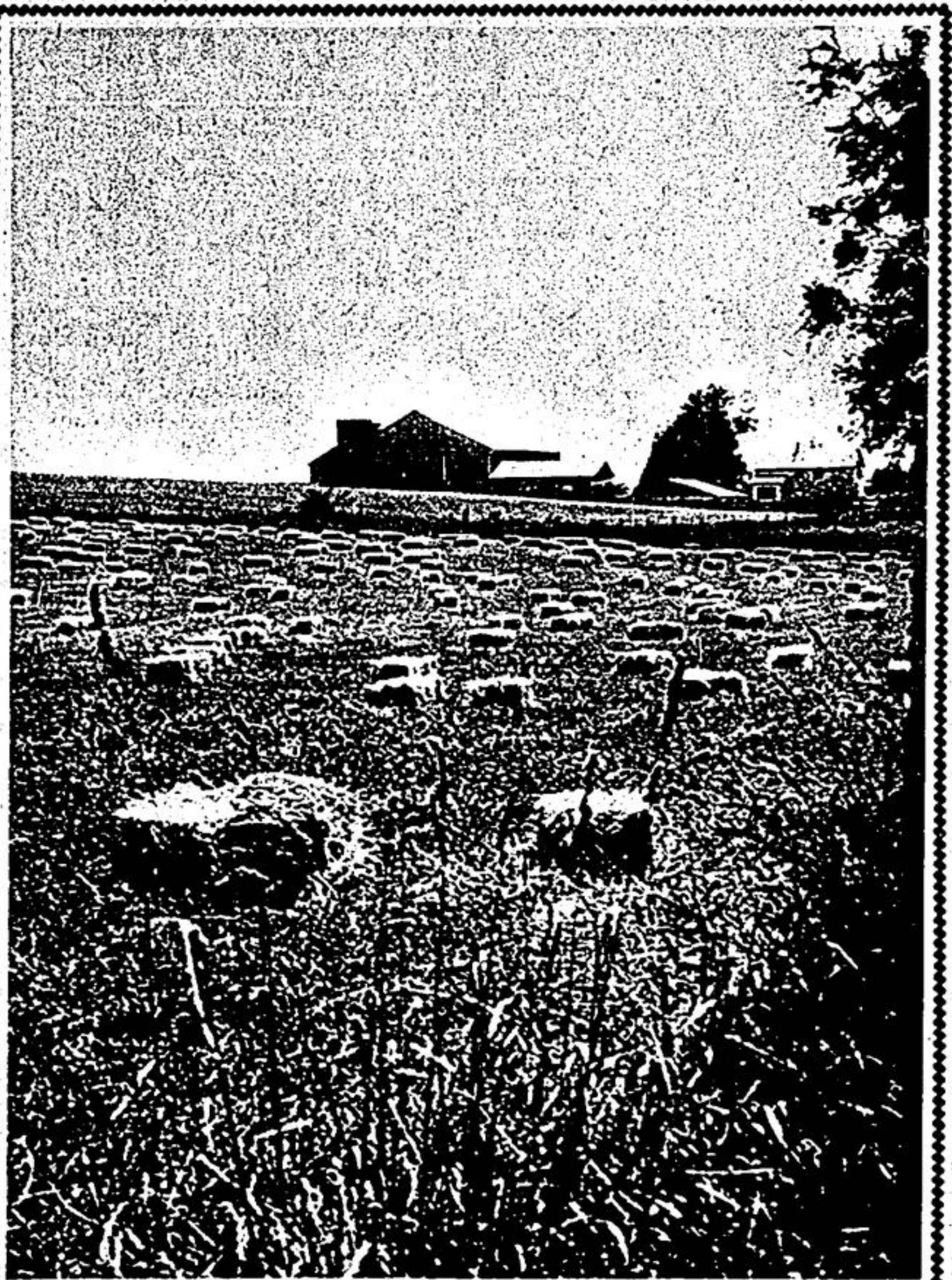
A Tribune poll of a cross-section of residents in the Ponderosa subdivision indicates a concern by many parents over the distance their children must walk to Orchard Park School.

Clocking the route from the most westerly residence on Elm Road to the school building on Sunset Boulevard, is exactly one and one-tenth mile.

While many folks may consider this as "just good exercise" and relate it to the days when they com-

pleted much longer treks, we contend that for a Kindergarten-aged child of 5 or even 6, it is too long, particularly in mid-winter when the weather is abnormally cold.

With no indication that a third public school will be built for at least two years in the immediate Ponderosa area, we would recommend that trustee representatives Arthur Starr and the York County Board of Education give this problem immediate consideration. It could alleviate a decision 'under pressure' later on.



Some day — a city?

This country scene could some day be part of Century City. The field in the foreground is part of the former Donald Hope farm and the buildings belong to the former Floyd Fairles property. Both have been purchased by Revenue Properties Limited.

—Harry Hooper



Do you remember? — Goodwood Public School — 1924

This classroom photo should stir a few memories for pupils enrolled at Goodwood Public School, Uxbridge Twp. in 1924. They are: Front row (l. to r.), Elwood Foskett, Bert Ashenhurst, Walter Todd, Lawrie Wagg, Nina Hackney, Flora Tyndale, Justus Todd, Murray Stewart, Centre row (l. to r.), Carl Ashenhurst, Elwood Baston, Dean Wagg, Faustena McDonald, Ursula Latimour, (unknown), Blanche Todd, Marjorie James. Back row (l. to r.), Josephine (Milligan) Wagg, teacher; Carl Watson, Delbert Haynes, Floyd McDonald, Ernest Smith, Lella Latimour, Denalda Wilson, Mary Evans, Helene Darling, Ella Wilson.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Old friends are best

By BILL SMILEY

It's nice to make a new friend, but most members of our species, the naked ape, agree that old friends are the best friends.

Last week, I had the best of these two situations, and I am not only delighted but astonished to be alive to report it. The only thing that does not seem to be functioning is my liver. Must be in better shape than I thought.

It began with a three-day visit from our old friends, the Traplins. We have one of these reunions once a year, and it usually takes a week to get over them. Trap and I joined the Air Force together. Peggy and Suse have always got along well because they have the same interests.

They can talk for 20 hours at a stretch. On Tuesday night they went to bed at 8:15. That's a.m. Know what they were doing? The university acceptance tests. They scored very high. But they were a little dashed when I told them that high school kids get 50 minutes to do these. It had taken them seven hours.

And you should hear them playing duets on the piano at 4 a.m. One playing Galway Bay and the other Tales from the Vienna Woods. It sounds pretty good until they begin to sing.

Well, the Traps left, and I settled down for a quiet day of reading and recuperation. Knock at the door. Another old friend, Bill Hanna, all set to go sailing. Apparently, though I'll swear it never happened, we'd had a long and involved telephone talk setting the time and the day.

No way out, without being a stinker. So I tottered off sailing. A peculiar sport. It takes an hour to get ready. This is hard on a man who is dying on his feet. Then you float around for a couple of hours while the skipper desperately tries to catch a breeze no bigger than a belch.

Then, suddenly, there's what we old sailors call a spanking breeze, and the skipper is hollering at you to "cleat your jib" and "luff your lee" and all sorts of nasty things, and the dam' boat is hurtling along with one side almost under water and your beer has tumbled into the bilge and you are wondering whether you can still swim two miles.

Back home, safe, late and burned to a cinder. Nodding over a late dinner and the 11 p.m. news. Door bell rings. Cheery young voice, "Anybody home?" And you go down stairs and there's another old friend, petite Jean Sauve, and she's brought you a beautiful rose from her own garden. And yes, she'll have a gin and a look at the new bathroom and a two-hour talk with Suse.

There was only one way out and I took it. I plunged off in the car next morning for Uxbridge and the Ontario Weekly Editors' annual golf tournament.

Host Pete Hvidsen, a Norwegian who didn't know enough to go home after the war. But by the acme of acumen managed to marry off both his kids within two weeks.

Gene MacDonald from Glengarry, who won the prize for the longest drive of the day — he'd driven 280

miles to get there. He also insisted I buy him a double every time I had a double bogey. A stiff proposition for both of us.

Johnny James of Bowmanville with two strapping sons who hit a golf ball a quarter of a mile. Weeklies' dean, Werden Leavens of Bolton, who played four holes, counting the 19th. Charlie Nolan of Stouffville, game as always, getting through nine holes despite the pain. Ebullient Harry Stemp, who ran the show, which is rather like trying to get 40 rhinoceroses to sit up at a table and put on their napkins. Jim Dills

of Acton-Milton, genial and easy-going as always. And a dozen others.

That's why it was equally pleasant to meet new friends. Dave Scott of Fort Erie, the only man I've ever seen whiff four times straight while trying to strike a golf ball. And "Ting" the amiable troll who cartoons brilliantly, and the only man alive who can skate in his bare feet on a coffee table, with coasters as skates. And a dozen others.

There's nothing like friends, old or new, if you want to beat Gabriel's trumpet and die a couple of decades before your time.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

Century City — a benefit or a detriment? We all have our own personal opinions on the subject.

But in my honest opinion, the council and planning board of Uxbridge Twp. should have few fears concerning an industry like C.C.M. moving into our midst.

While other municipalities are rolling out the red carpet to gain assessment of this kind, Uxbridge seems content to move at a snail's pace on the matter. Is it some kind of stall? Many would like to know.

Jas. Peters

job they are doing in maintaining these old burial grounds. In the words of Abraham Lincoln "we do not remember these men here today for what they said here, but for what they have done here."

In contrast to the lovely cemetery plots in Markham, there is one near the intersection of Steele's Avenue and Birchmount Road where the stones look like daisies in a field of rye. I know of people who would treat dead animals with more respect.

Cecil Trimble,
Markham, R.R. 2

Dear sir:

While driving home from Ballantree about 5:15 p.m. I noticed a small boy not more than four years old, riding a tricycle southbound in the northbound lane of traffic — in rush hour no less!

I guided him off the road and met his mother some distance away, with several other small children.

I took it upon myself to tell her, for her own benefit, where I had found her son. She informed me that she was well aware that he had wandered off but simply couldn't do a thing with him!

I couldn't help but wonder if a mother's time is worth more or less than the heartache she would feel if she lost him. Perhaps all parents should ask themselves this question from time to time — where are my children at this moment?

Shelagh Sommerville,
(Whitchurch Equestrian Club)

ROAMING AROUND

Good deed day

By Jim Thomas

David and Bev Coon reside on Church Street in Stouffville.

To the majority of townfolk, the couple require no formal introduction. To new-comers and non-residents of the community, however, it should be explained that David is a practicing lawyer, a former Toronto court magistrate and employee of the C.B.C.

Like most men, I suppose, David is an admirer of art — particularly if it's alive, walks on two legs and wears a mini skirt. It is therefore not uncommon (so the neighbors say) to see comely bikini-clad maidens tip-toeing through the tulips or sunbathing on the deck of his backyard pool.

This past weekend, wife Bev picked up the kids and departed for the family's summer cottage, leaving hubby David at home and alone. But things were far from dull, no siree. For Dave had a pre-conceived plan ready to swing into action and it proved so successful he honestly hopes that others may try something the same.

While on the bench, Dave gained a keener insight into the work of the Salvation Army. On many occasions, he took advantage of assistance offered by the 'Sally-Ann,' particularly in cases where young girls were brought before him on charges of vagrancy or first-offense prostitution. Last month, he was appointed to the Advisory Board of this very worthwhile organization. With this kind of close contact, the task ahead was simplified.

On Saturday afternoon, David leased a Gray Coach bus and opened his home and pool to thirty-five New Canadians, all recent immigrants to Canada from 17 different countries. The Salvation Army made up the guest list, including one family that had fled their native Czechoslovakia just prior to the Russian invasion.

While none could speak English well enough to be understood, the language barrier was broken by Arthur Latcham whose feats of magic kept the audience spellbound.

Other willing hands were everywhere. Mountains of food were provided by John and Teresa Foulds, Frank and Joan Mellon, Jack and Jan McBride, George Baker and Barbara Bates. Debbie King served as lifeguard and members of the Community Park Board provided picnic tables.

"The co-operation was unbelievable," said David, as the last of the visitors boarded the bus for home around 8 p.m.

David is hopeful that through the success of his effort, others, not only in Stouffville, but elsewhere, will be prompted to try something similar. "These people are all strangers in a new land. They are looking for friends, not handouts," he said.

David noted that the most difficult chore was choosing who should come and who should not. He said that more than 100 parents and children had wanted to make the trip but he could not accommodate more than thirty-five.

What did wife Beverley have to say when the plan was revealed via a long-distance telephone call? "A typical woman's reaction," said David, "she was worried that the house wouldn't look right." "These folks weren't concerned about that," he continued, "they longed for a breath of fresh country air — a change of scenery — green grass, instead of asphalt and concrete."


And when the bus departed on its return trip to Toronto, 35 persons echoed their farewell in 17 different tongues. Translated, it spelled out THANK YOU.

Dear sir:

The National Chairman, The Hon. Leslie M. Frost, joins with the Public Relations Advisory Committee and myself in expressing to you and your news media staff our heartfelt thanks for the splendid support given to the 1969 National Appeal for funds on behalf of the many Red Shield services of the Salvation Army throughout Canada.

You will be pleased to know that it has been a most successful campaign and we are hopeful that the national quota will be over-subscribed.


M. Flannigan, Lt.-Col.,
National Campaign Director



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