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Editorial

Co-operation or compassion

Call it co-operation or compassion, perhaps a combination of both, but regardless, the name of Stouffville has been retained as a municipal and political entity within the new Region of York.

The Area will be known as the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

The first reading of the Bill was approved in the Ontario Legislature, June 3.

On the original recommendation, Stouffville had everything to lose for the identity of the village, as part of the new Area, was dropped entirely by the Minister.

Whitchurch council could have adopted a hard line attitude on this matter and undoubtedly would have won, perhaps even if it had gone to a vote of the people.

But co-operation between the two municipalities has always been close and never was this more openly indicated than on this issue.

The end result of this union in name and boundaries is that Whitchurch residents will continue to reside in Whitchurch and Stouffville residents in Stouffville. Who could ask for anything more?

Call Zenith 33130

If you are one of the few and perhaps unfortunate residents who live inside the north-west boundary of Pickering Township, don't call the Stouffville Fire Department even though your phone may be listed on the 640 exchange.

And don't try to look up the number of the Claremont brigade because it's not listed.

Call Zenith 33130. It's long distance but as a convenience to customers, the toll charge has been removed.

Now isn't that a pleasant thought? Your home and contents may be totally destroyed but the one consolation remains — it didn't cost a single cent to call long distance to call the brigade!

Until this utterly stupid policy is changed, the Pickering areas of Altona and Altona are completely off limits to Stouffville firemen unless specifically requested to lend assistance.

This fact was brought to light last week when Stouffville submitted two separate bills to Pickering for payment. The one (\$120) has been approved but the second (\$230) has

not, or hadn't up to June 4 when the matter was discussed by village council.

Up until a couple of years ago, Stouffville's fire service extended into Pickering. The calls were few and the rate was low. Now, the entire section is serviced by Claremont, forcing volunteers to travel 5 to 6 miles with a Stouffville unit standing idle only a stone-throw away.

Pickering council is reasonably safe in withholding payment, because they know that firemen, being 'human', will still respond, regardless of location or remuneration. That excited call for help or that ominous glow in the sky will bring action without argument. We would hope so and so should they.

But to establish fire areas on a municipal boundary line basis is fool-hardy. Not that the Claremont brigade is any less efficient. It's just too far for them to travel.

However, until the arrangement is altered, the Pickering fire number is again — Zenith 33130. Keep it handy.

Editor's mail

Dear Editor:
 How long have you been living here? Who lived here before? From where did your family originate? Where did they settle? When? Has the family always been in this area? These are some of the questions I have been asking residents of the Century City area as part of my study to write a history.

When the pioneers settled, their families usually took up land in the same locality and so the families expanded. If anyone mentioned Altona in the 1840's they probably meant the Reesors, the Jones, the Millards or any of the other early settlers. Each family had a role and a reputation in the community as they worked, worshipped and socialized together. Many descendants of the original settlers have remained in the area, but new families have also become an important part of its development.

These families all have a story to tell such as the number of years in the community, names given to their farms, when their houses were built, positions held by family members, as well as interesting and sometimes historical incidents.

The purpose of my study is to collect and compile information from the townlines of the south-west corner of Uxbridge Township to Highway 47 and the Brock Road. Although the history includes politics, the economy, the historical buildings, the emphasis will be placed upon the families — past and present. Because of the large number, it is impossible for me to visit all the families concerned.

From this study, Century City Developments will be selecting names for the streets, parks, schools, etc., as part of their aim to retain the history of the area. For

this reason I do not want to overlook any families.

When completed, copies of this history will be made available to those interested. Since I have only until the end of July, any information you may have and are willing to share would be greatly appreciated. In talking with people, many have said, "If only Grandad was living, he could have told us." If we take the time now to ask and to record, this information will not be lost for the future.

Gwen Dowswell,
 R.R.1, Goodwood,
 640-3876

Fire motto

Pickering Township's refusal to pay a \$230 account, billed by Stouffville for a fire call to Altona, last month, must be likened to a motto on a comic float entered by the Sutton brigade in the Mount Albert Sports Day, Saturday. It read: 'Don't call us—we'll call you'.

Frauleins too

A group of students from Stouffville Dist. Secondary school participated in an 'immersion course' in German at Kettleby on the weekend. The program was arranged through the York County Board of Education. "Could come in mighty handy," commented one enrollee, "especially for guys who own Volkswagens".



SUGAR AND SPICE

The jobs are there

By BILL SMILEY

This year again, there is a terrible panic about students not being able to get summer jobs.

It is amplified by the facts that general unemployment is steadily increasing, that a fairly heavy recession seems on the books, and that many companies are losing money or going broke.

My heart does not bleed for the stockbrokers and the financial wheeler-dealers.

But the facts speak for themselves. The construction industry is in the doldrums. The Prairie wheat farmers are in bad shape. These two big sources of labor and income can

knock our economy cock-eyed, temporarily.

But to get back to the students and their lack of jobs. Much of this wailing is pure hokum.

I feel genuinely sorry for the student who has tried earnestly to get a job, and failed. However, for most of the others, I couldn't squeeze a single tear. There is a job for 95 per cent of them; if they want one.

But they want THE job. They want one like the old man has: Five days a week, coffee breaks, nothing demeaning, and good pay.

They don't want a job, they want a

Dear Sir:
 I would appreciate your assistance in trying to locate members of the 405 Squadron from its wartime era, 1941-1945 and the post-war period, 1950-1970.

Gathering of Eagles
 From 1941-1945 and again from 1950 to the present day, Eagles have dared. The call is out again for all who still dare.

On Sept. 18, 1970, all Eagles will gather at CFB Greenwood for the

25th anniversary of the Squadron. During this gathering, the Eagles will be presented with their Official Colors.

All former Eagles are invited to attend this gala reunion. If you are interested, please write for full details to Chief Eagle, VP 405 Squadron, CFB Greenwood, Nova Scotia.

R.G. Bartlett, Captain,
 Public Information Officer, VP 405.

Learn by doing

The intersection of Hwy. 7 and conc. 10, Markham was the scene of an accident, Friday, in which a tank truck, carrying lethal ammonia gas, overturned in the ditch, spilling the containers out on the ground. In spite of repeated warnings by officers of the O.P.P. for photographers to stand well back, one chap from a Toronto daily persisted. And he got his 'shot' — right in the face. "That'll clear out your sinuses," commented the constable unsympathetically.

sinure: Something where they can put in so many hours and collect so much loot, whether they're any use or not; something where they can treat the job as an unfortunate interruption of their fun time; and something that is not 'beneath' them.

This is not a blanket condemnation. I know a lot of kids who slug it out in dirty, tough jobs all through the hot summer months, while their more discriminating contemporaries lounge at the beach, hang around the streets, taunt the fuzz, and whine about a system which hasn't provided a ready-made job for them. This, by the way, is the same system which they constantly attack for being competitive.

Afraid I haven't much patience with this large group. How many of the girls slouching around in jeans, or dazzling mankind with their bikinis, have tried to get a job as domestic help? All over the country women who can pay for it are scrambling for baby-sitters, floor-scrubbers, human dishwashers and ironers.

These kids could make about \$1.50 an hour, with coffee breaks, a free lunch, and week-ends off. But this is below their dignity. They didn't go to Grade 12, or to university, to do housework.

How many boys apply for menial tasks, even though they often pay well? Short-order cook; scrubbing floors in office buildings; tending gardens, mowing lawns, clipping hedges. Not many. The hours are too long, or the work is too hard, or the sun is too hot.

I know. Recently, I wanted some kids to rake my lawn because I didn't have time to do it myself. I offered the job to four of my classes, 60 per cent of them boys. Pay, \$1.25 an hour. They laughed at me heartily, but without malice.

Know what I wound up with? Two little Grade 13 girls, about five-feet-nothing. They wanted the money to buy clothes and worked like twin beavers. Did a better job than any boy I've ever hired. Blistered all hands. Right into the thicket to get the leaves. Filled 48 of the big plastic garbage bags.

Any enterprising youth could make a killing cutting lawns on a contract basis. Capital expenditure would be about \$75. He could make \$15 a day without pushing himself. But that isn't very glamorous.

When I think of my first job, cleaning latrines, scrubbing floors and polishing brass, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, \$30 a month, you can understand my lack of sympathy.

ROAMING AROUND

Pollution nuts!

By Jim Thomas

I'm as pollution conscious as the next guy and feel, as most people do, that governmental action to control it, is long overdue.

But unfortunately, as in most dedicated endeavors of this kind, there invariably arises a segment of citizenry who, for publicity purposes or otherwise, go off half-cocked on such projects.

To me, this type of person is as bad or even worse than the individual who refuses to do anything. And they don't all live in the big cities either.

For instance, just the other day, I received a call from a lady out Claremont way. "If you want a story on pollution," she said, quite excitedly, "take a drive out the 9th concession". She was gone before I could get her name or even an exact location. But I decided to follow it up anyway.

Just a few miles east of Stouffville, I came upon the source of her complaint. A farmer, with a tractor and spreader was 'polluting' the ground and 'contaminating' the air with a rather 'ripe' load of good old-fashioned cow manure.

And brother, was it potent, wafting its way on a north-west wind, clear through to Brougham.

It was quite obvious, the well-fermented product had come from some stagnant box stall that hadn't seen the sign of a fork since fall. A suburbanite, not so familiar with such things as I, would have sworn the implement and yes, even a section of the field was on fire. Great columns of white steam rose about six feet into the atmosphere and disappeared. But the odor didn't — in fact it seeped into the car, even with the windows and doors tightly closed.

I stopped for a moment and so did the farmer. There was something else to do, but go over and say hello.

He recognized me immediately. "That's the real McCoy you're haulin' there," I said, referring to the home-brewed load hooked on behind.

"You bet," he replied, "first power-takeoff spreader I ever owned. Just got 'er this spring and she works real good".

I then explained that I was mentioning the manure and not the make and model of the machine. He laughed a kind of good-natured hearty laugh so common with country folk.

He then went on to explain — how the property of little over 100 acres had once been one of the best farms in the area. He told how it was sold to a speculator about ten years ago, a buyer obviously hoping to make a bundle out of the deal. But much wants more, and while the owner waited, the fields grew up in weeds and the soil's productivity wasted. The farmer explained how he had taken out a three-year lease on the land, although he anticipated little return on his investment in the current season.

"So that's why I'm soakin' the fertilizer to 'er," he said, "Lord knows she needs it".

With that, he waved good-bye, yanked the tractor into gear, hauled down on the throttle and roared off, hurling great clods of waste in all directions.

Strange — but all of a sudden, the nose-curdling scent smelled sweet and the woman's tale seemed trivial.

Some folks are just plain pollution nuts!

Pro-Canadian

As a type of sales' scheme, gas firms offer their customers all kinds of inducements to buy — everything from baseball bats to balloons. Shell Oil, in our opinion, has come up with the best idea yet, one that promotes not only their company's products but also Canada. It's the offer of Prime Minister's medallions, with every \$3 purchase. Bill Hamilton, proprietor of the Shell station on Main Street West in Stouffville is as enthusiastic over the plan as his clients and so is the district sales manager, Gary Honey. It only goes to prove that Canadians do retain some pride in their country — past and present.



Portraits from the past

Beautiful white swans in a private pond on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanstone, R.R.4, Stouffville,

would attract the attention of weekend motorists, out for a leisurely Sunday afternoon drive — and still do.

—Jas. Thomas