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Editorial

The dam . . . it works

There are those who have criticized the appearance of Stouffville's Conservation Area, at the base of the flood control dam. Instead of a permanent lake, many had come to expect, the site has often been referred to as a 'frog pond'.

While we must admit, during dry spell seasons at least, the concentration of water is no 'moonlight bay', this was never the real purpose of the scheme.

The dam was built for the expressed purpose of flood control, not only within the limits of Stouffville but farther downstream to Lake Ontario.

But people soon forget problems

like Hurricane Hazel and the one or two flash floods that have followed. The conservationists haven't and embarked on projects like the one in Stouffville to insure such problems would not occur again.

On Friday, this area was hit by the worst rain storm in years - a veritable cloudburst.

The downstream deluge could have been tragic, particularly in communities that escaped the storm completely and therefore would expect no rise in the water level.

But there was no cause for alarm. The Duffin Creek flow, although higher than normal, was under control, thanks to the wall of water held back by the dam.

Foresight - it's a wonderful thing.

Century City - yes or no

It was back on Dec. 12, 1968, that The Tribune carried a headline story on expectant birth of a new city - Century City.

The proposed project, extending over an area of 7,000 acres and to include an ultimate population of 150,000, hit the entire community with tremendous impact.

Land prices soared, real estate sales were active, speculation ran wild.

The suggested inclusion of a new C.C.M. plant plus other related industries, kept the rumor mill humming - for awhile. Now, all is silent. Except for the original signs still posted on the property, activity at the site has stagnated.

Is Century City for real - or merely a figment of one firm's imagination - a pipe dream?

Uxbridge Township Council, the Planning Board and resident rate-payers have every right to a straight-forward reply.

That reply, in our opinion should come from Queen's Park - from the Minister of Municipal Affairs, Hon. Darcy McKeough.

To date, Mr. McKeough has been quite evasive on the issue. He has adopted a 'we'll see' approach. That's not good enough.

Uxbridge Council should know whether it is proceeding towards some worthwhile goal, or down a dead-end street.

It is hoped that a meeting between the municipality and the Minister will produce a few answers. Certainly, the question period has gone on long enough.

Public giving up on post office

Unless the current deadlock between the post office and its employees is soon halted, many feel that the post office as a reliable government service will have had its day. It is already predictable that many of the employees will find themselves without jobs when the strike is finally over since they will no longer be needed, with post office business having been so drastically reduced. This drop-off is approaching a quarter of the total business.

Most people express themselves as completely fed up with the situation. Many believe that government made a big blunder by ever allowing people in public

service to strike. After all they argue, the government is supposed to administer the services for the good of the public in general and this it is not doing.

Public support for unions has dropped considerably since the strike began and it is considered that this particular stoppage in public service has contributed greatly. The latest Gallup poll reveals that union support has fallen from 66 percent to 54 percent. What is even more significant is that approval of unions among union people themselves has fallen from 73 percent to 59 percent.

Continued harassment of the public by the postal strikers will do nothing to improve these figures.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

The article entitled 'Shades of Yorkville' in your August 6 edition of the Stouffville Tribune is an example of what I call 'appearance prejudice'. To judge a person by the length of their hair is tantamount to judging a person by their colour, religious background, or country of origin. However, this superficial way of evaluating a person seems to be growing in popularity.

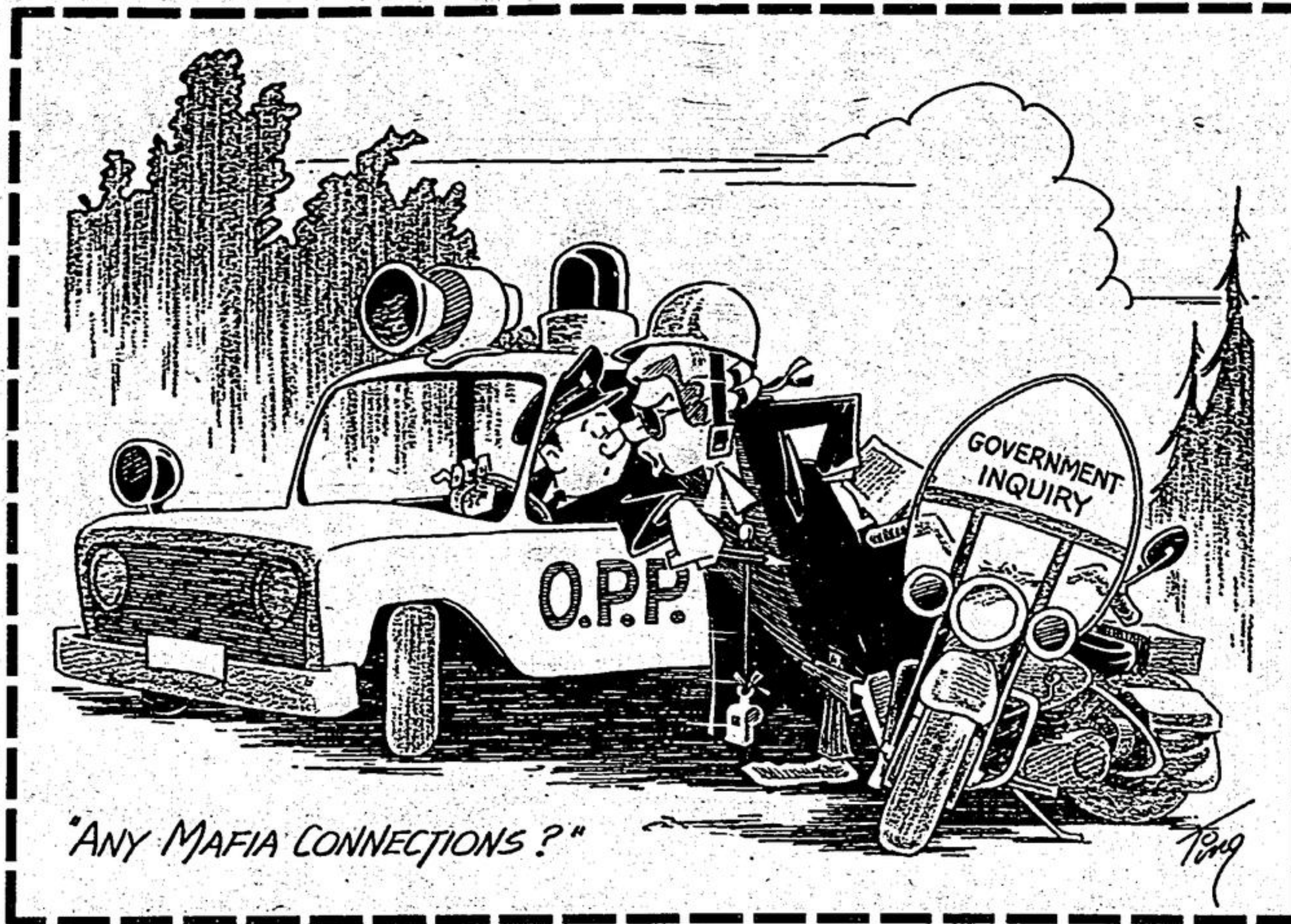
Last week I had occasion to pick up two hitchhikers on the Macdonald Cartier Freeway, who I discovered were from Washington D.C. and were on their way to a Rock Festival at Mosport, Ontario. They were the typical 'creepy looking characters' as described in the article; shoulder length hair, sloppy faded blue jeans, unshaven. During a subsequent discussion, they told me of some harrowing experiences on their trip up from Washington. While hitch-hiking, crew cut types, apparently some business men and other so called straight types, would shout obscenities at them, make

rude and threatening gestures, and in one instance they were spat at from a passing car full of clean cut normal teenagers.

These two gentlemen, and they were nothing but polite at all times, were impressive in their knowledge of their country, the U.S.A. and were concerned over the moral issues facing society today. They were not bitter about the treatment they had received, but by the same token they could not understand it.

The article also mentions some 'sidewalk slouchers' which the author describes as being an 'off-shoot of the Yorkville crowd.' Perhaps it is an off-shoot of the sidewalk slouchers who can be seen almost any night gathered in front of Shiner's on Main Street. The only difference between the two groups is their manner of dress, and the obvious difference in their ages.

May I suggest to the author that the next time he finds himself judging a person by his appearance, he stop, and try to relate to that person as another human being.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Evil omens casting a spell

By BILL SMILEY

This summer I feel distinctly that some malicious witch or warlock has put a curse on me. Don't ask me why. I ain't done nothin' to nobody.

There's been nothing serious or tragic. Just a lot of little things that seem to wind up spelling hex.

Why, for example, should there be a huge wasp's nest in the middle of my hedge, when the filthy little brutes have never built there before?

Why should my waist-line suddenly leap from 31 to a snug 32? Why should my daughter fall in love with a guy of whom she says, "I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world"?

But it's not just what happened to me. I seem to be carrying the spell around with me, and am beginning to feel like a Jonah.

May I also suggest that the problems encountered between people in general these days would be lessened if everyone started minding their own business, instead of everyone else's. I am not suggesting we overlook obvious wrong doings, but I do suggest that we stop judging before we can look beyond a person's physical appearance and find out what motivates him.

D.R. Coutts, Stouffville.

Editor's Note: The long hair style trend doesn't bother me a bit (quote) "as long as his mop-top is kept reasonably neat and clean". A brush and comb, soap and water can still be purchased at very moderate cost.

Went to a delightful party. Everyone was pleasant. Except that a couple of 200-pounders wound up in a state of deep umbrage. That's a sort of purple. One had told the other, during a discussion of exercise, jogging and waistlines, that he was "just a big fat pig." Not nice. But why was I the only male left to keep them from coming to carnage? All 140 pounds of me.

Went sailing with friends on a perfect summer day. Why did a terrific storm come out of nowhere? Because I was on board. I'm sure of it.

Last Sunday, went out as crew with a friend who races his sailboat. He didn't figure on winning, with a crewman who doesn't know a luff from a larboard. But he also didn't figure on winding up two miles behind every other boat, including one he beats regularly. We hit every patch of dead calm in the bay, while the other boats invariably caught a breeze which would vanish by the time we got there. Why?

Another friend invited me for a day's fishing. Came the day, ideal for fishing. Came also a phone call saying he'd put a rod through his crankshaft, or something equally horrible, and his motor was ruined. You think that was just coincidence?

The other night I did go fishing with my brother-in-law. Good boat, good motor, lots of worms and minnows, perfect time of evening, and a hot spot where he'd picked up some nice bass the day before. I don't have to tell you what we caught. About four pounds of weeds, while a chap in the next boat hauled

in a lunger.

Last night we went out to visit another brother-in-law. They'd taken a cottage to get away from the terrible heat of the city for a week. That brief visit fixed him. Today it's sweaters and long pants weather, with a howling wind and the temperature down about forty degrees. They'll have a miserable week, thanks to me.

These are just a few incidents from a catalogue as long as your leg. But I'm beginning to think that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. And I'm getting mad.

I can put up with my normal stupidity. Like a dunner from the revenue people for a \$65 fine. Or going out to put our suitcases in the trunk of the car and finding it full of elm blocks for the fireplace which my father-in-law had given me last spring, and having to unload them in the heat and my brand new sport shirt. Or having the cat claw me about the head and shoulders on three separate occasions, because she doesn't like driving in a car. That was my wife's stupidity.

But I can't help feeling that there's something sinister, some kind of a trend, in all the other little 'accidents'. Somebody out there is trying to get me.

Today I'm convinced of it. Woke up with violent stomach cramps that turn me into a white, sweating wretch about every twenty minutes. Ate and drank the same things last night as the others in the house. Why should I be the only one to wind up with dire rear? Why?



'Portraits of the past'

In 1952, eighteen years ago, the Village of Stouffville celebrated its 75th year as an incorporated municipality. Celebrations marked the occasion as many present-day residents will remember. This particular float by the Stouffville B. and P. Club included - Audrey Clarke

(seated rear): Joan Haynes and Pat Lehman (standing); Helen Snowball, Helen Campbell and Helen Gossie (seated front). In the background in front of Spofford's Store is the late Frank Rae, then of Church Street. -Cadieux Studio.

ROAMING AROUND

Big game hunter - not me

By Jim Thomas

Call it fear, timidity, trepidation or just plain cowardice, I don't care. No one will ever convince me that participating in some African safari is safer than trying to cross the Main Street of Stouffville on a Saturday afternoon.

While both, I admit, present problems, I'd just as soon side-step the charge of a snorting diesel as second guess the temperament of a sabre-tooth tiger.

You see, the wild animal world holds a definite edge because I don't own a gun and wouldn't know how to use one if I did. As a boy, firearms were not permitted around our place and the same ban will always remain in my own home. Every year, too many people are injured and killed under the strangest circumstances. I have no desire to tempt fate in this way.

Secondly, I see little so-called 'sport' in shooting anything - be it a deer, a rabbit or a red squirrel. Live and let live is my motto. And I'm trying to impress the same kind of nature appreciation on my kids too. Aside from the neighbor's cat, that insists in biding its time under our bird-feeder; most animals, wild or otherwise, are free to come and go as they wish.

Thirdly, about four springs ago, I had a nightmarish experience with a moose. Up to my ankles in mud, I cornered such a beast in a farm field south of town. I had time to take only one camera shot before it charged. The hunter suddenly became the hunted as I sloshed through the mire in quick retreat. There is no desire on my part for a repeat performance.

However, when word came through late Friday night of a bear sighted in the north Stouffville woods, I had no second thoughts about getting in on a piece of the action.

A cow moose in broad daylight is one thing, but a black bear at midnight is something else.

Don't panic, I reassured myself, there's strength in numbers. I headed straight for the police station where uniformed reserves, all heavily armed, were just arriving.

They carried 12 gauge shotguns, 30-30 rifles.

I had only a flashlight and a camera - defenseless bait for a bear trap.

The search, concentrated on the C.N.R. line, started within the village limits and extended north into Whitchurch. That was the approximate location where three boys had told of seeing the big bruin - before they high-tailed it home.

The setting, out on the lonely fog-shrouded conservation moors, would have done justice to a Vincent Price movie thriller. With one exception. The ending fell flat.

We caught-nary a glimpse of the renegade beast. But we saw tracks - proof positive (well 'almost positive') that an animal, possessing massive paws had been on the prowl in the area. At least it would be something to tell the slumbering folks back in town come Saturday morning.

But so far, the reception has been one of almost total disinterest. They're skeptical. Like they had just been told of a flying saucer landing on Gar Lehman's pond.

A Labrador dog, said one. An Aberdeen Angus, suggested another. And on it goes - all laughing, joking about it.

So go ahead - laugh if you like. But if you see a huge four-legged form come lumbering down Main Street, accompanied by a mate and a flotilla of cubs, don't say you weren't warned.

Something nice

Two teenage Toronto girls, enjoying a cottage holiday at Musselman's Lake, decided last week 'to do something nice'. With their own money, they purchased bouquets of gladioli and distributed them among the elderly at the Stouffville Nursing Home, bringing much joy to the patients there.