

The Tribune
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Editorial

Exciting year ahead

Sept. 8 1970 will mark the start of the computer era at Stouffville District Secondary School.

And already, we can hear the adults' echoing chorus of - what next!

But wait. As complicated as the system may seem and as difficult as it is to explain, we are confident of its success.

Why? Because, at long last, the curriculum will be geared totally to the interests and capabilities of the individual student. And it's about time.

Think of this. Subject choice almost unlimited. Grades replaced by levels. The stigma of failure removed. The list of benefits goes on and on, all indicating a most exciting year ahead.

While the scheduling of this program was completed via computer, many of the ideas have been in practice at the elementary school level for some time. To proceed with such a plan to the end of Grade 8 (or Grade 6 as is the case in Stouffville)

and then introduce the same students to something entirely new, was hardly a practical approach. By accepting some things and not scrapping everything, local educators feel certain they have contrived the best of two worlds.

While they themselves may be convinced of this fact, many parents, and perhaps some students too, may be skeptical.

Here, a form of education, must expand beyond the walls of the brick building on Edward Street. The system must be explained in layman's terms to the people on the outside, certainly no simple task, but vitally important just the same.

The high school administration would be well advised to accept the lesson learned at the County elementary level where little understanding between parent, teacher and trustee was ever evident. It's something called public relations. And personal contact is the only answer.

Pride in accomplishment

At the west end entrance to Stouffville hangs a rather crudely scrawled sign that announces this village as 'The Home of the All-Ontario Juvenile Hockey Champions'. Crude, you agree? Yes, but the lack of artistic finesse is really not important. What counts is that someone, with a little inventive spirit and community pride sought this means 'to tell the whole world' of the Stouffville team's hockey accomplishment. And why not?

What's wrong with a town tooting its own horn once in awhile - not only in the field of sports but any other award-winning success that might come our way.

With Stouffville, situated as it is on a major highway route into the resort regions to the north, hundreds of people pass through here every weekend, particularly during the summer season. Why not tell them something about ourselves?

For instance, how many of our Metro neighbors know this community has a Canadian plowing champion who, in September will compete in Denmark against the best in the world?

How many Toronto folk know that three Stouffville ladies advanced to the Provincial finals in the Ontario Lawn Bowling championships?

We could go on. We offer two suggestions. Erect a permanent banner-type sign across Main Street, one that could be altered from time to time at little cost. Or - better still, make use of that faded industrial billboard structure, an eyesore at the southerly entrance to The Ponderosa.

When Stouffville has a story to tell - let it. And not just to Stouffville people. They already know. But there are thousands who don't and they're travelling past our front door every day.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to the Claremont and Brougham Fire Departments on the expeditious manner in which they handled the barn fire at my place on Saturday, August 8th. Had it not been for the efforts of the Fire Departments, and especially the Claremont Brigade, I am sure I would have lost my driving shed as well as the barn.

I am most grateful to the Fire Departments and I would like to express my thanks to them through your news media.

William Newman, M.P.P.,
Ontario South.

to trappers now and more research is in progress to develop others.

I urge people to please write to their Members of Parliament urging them to instigate legislation to outlaw these leg-hold traps as soon as possible.

The Canadian Government must outlaw this crime against our fur-bearing creatures.

There is no valid reason for such unnecessary cruelty, and absolutely no reason for our Government to be so far behind other countries which abolished leg-hold traps many years ago.

J. Bicks, Finch, Ontario.

Sir:

As a member of the Canadian Association for Humane Trapping, I would like to draw to the attention of your readers the horrible suffering that is being inflicted on fur-bearing animals in this Province and all across Canada.

I am referring to the barbaric and atrocious leg-hold trap, which holds its victim by the paw until the animal dies either of starvation or freezing.

An animal is in many cases trapped up to a period of two weeks. Sometimes it even succeeds in chewing off its own paw and crawls away to die.

There are humane traps available

Dear Sir:

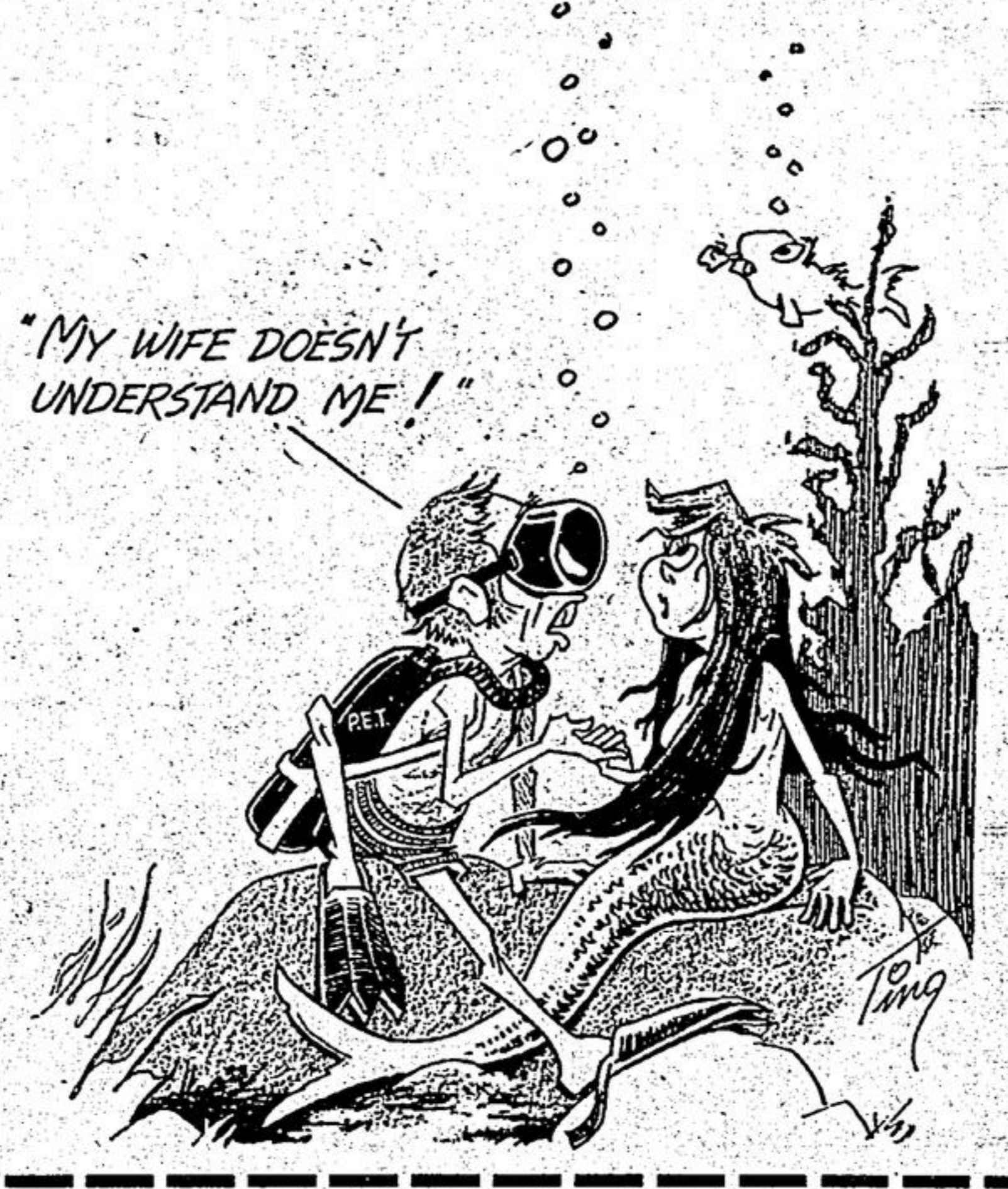
I appreciated your recent article where you let the people know we can do without the 'bums' who insist in lounging around on the streets of town.

I've shopped in Stouffville for many years and have always found the place friendly, clean and free of this type of useless individual. Let's not spoil it.

It's to be hoped that your police force clears the streets of these undesirable. Individual businesses and whole communities have been ruined before now by laxness in allowing their sidewalks to become 'bummers roosts'.

Your out-of-town residents are all behind you.

W.R. Landry, Whitchurch.



SUGAR AND SPICE

A holiday at home

By BILL SMILEY



Once upon a time, summer travel was for the very rich. They went to Europe on a luxury liner, ate eight times a day, stayed at fashionable places on the continent, dressed for dinner and all that jazz, while the rest of us sweated it out.

The not-quite-so-rich, but still wealthy, flocked to the great lodges and summer hotels: St. Andrews by the Sea; Manoir Richelieu; Jasper and Banff. They were safe there from the hoi polloi and subserviently served by secretly incoherent bell-boys and waitresses.

The moderately well-to-do had a cottage, perhaps a day's travel from home, with a back-house, an ice-box with real ice in it, coal-oil lamps and a rowboat. They lived quietly, simply, and went to bed with the whip-poor-wills.

The poor, the working class, picniced in the park, attended ballgames, and watched parades. In the evening, they sat on the front porch, murmuring gossip, drinking lemonade, and listening to the cries of their young, playing run-sheep-run or red-light in the velvet dusk.

Things have changed. The rich now fly to the Greek Islands, or Japan, or Rome, where they can live exactly as they could at home, but with slaves of whatever nationality assuring them that they are still the very rich.

The not-quite-so-rich have deserted the big hotels and lodges, most of which are on the verge of bankruptcy. These places have, in desperation, become a haven for conventions and middle class poor tippers. The original inhabitants

Tree within a tree

South of Goodwood on conc. 3, Uxbridge, a freak of nature has produced a mountain ash growing from the centre of white birch. And some of us have problems growing petunias.

have fled to Mexico City, Scandinavia or the Carribean, where they can still escape the hoi-polloi.

The moderately well-to-do still, in many cases, have a summer cottage. But it is now two or three or more hours of maniacal driving. They now have indoor plumbing, a refrigerator, electric lights, and everything from a power cruiser to a canoe. Some are bereft because they receive only one TV channel.

And the working class, as they used to be called when they worked? They hire a trailer and cover two thousand miles. Or they rent a cottage and sand-and-sun it for two weeks. Or they get together and fly in to a fishing lodge.

There are a lot of reasons for the change. Everybody has a car. Highways are better. Holidays are longer and you even get vacation pay. And, of course, air travel on chartered flights has made it possible for people with nothing to go almost anywhere.

The only people who are poor enough today not to travel are the young people. But that doesn't stop them. With rucksack and sleepingbag, they can cross the country on next to nothing.

We just got home from our big trip for the summer - 110 miles to visit Grand-dad: My sister and her husband are in England. My brother and his wife send a card from a cruise on the Rhine. A colleague, with four children, drops a card from Virginia. A reader, Bob Cunningham of Omaha, has just encircled the Great Lakes. An old friend and wife are spending three weeks in Europe. And I sit in the backyard, with a six-mile trip to the beach as my Great Expectations.

There's something wrong somewhere. Each and every one of those people has been telling me how broke he is for years. However, I mustn't be bitter. Just because none of those people can afford what they're doing doesn't mean I should be envious.

I was a bit burned by a card from my daughter. She set off two weeks ago to hitch-hike to Vancouver with a friend. Her card says they are just about to leave Cape Breton, by ferry, for Newfoundland. Seems a rather circuitous route to Vancouver. With no money.

Well, they may all think they're really seeing the world, but there are some pretty exotic things right around here. For example, we might slide out tonight to a little fresh vegetable roadside stand, four miles out of town, pick up some sweet corn, eat it, and have a whiz-bang of an evening watching a re-run of Green Acres. There's not a one of them who can do that.

ROAMING AROUND

Let justice be done at \$1.00 per head

By Jim Thomas

The Village of Stouffville has a municipal police department that includes one chief, four constables, one cruiser and an operating budget of \$45,000.

This is for 1970 with a population of little over 4,200.

Did you know that Stouffville also had a police force back in 1846 - thirty years before incorporation when the population was something less than 800?

Well it's true, only they were commonly referred to as 'minute men' rather than police constables although 'vigilantes' might have been a more appropriate term.

For my information, I refer to a very unique piece of legislation, found within the family archives by Jack Skinner, Somerville Street. The introduction reads as follows: Constitution and Bylaws of the Association for Apprehending and Prosecuting Felons, organized at Stouffville, Feb. 10, 1846. While several hundred copies were likely printed, there are few if any others available today. It is Mr. Skinner's intention to place the booklet in a museum for safe-keeping.

Some of the clauses within the Constitution and subsequent Bylaw are: This Association shall be called the Stouffville Association for apprehending and prosecuting felons.

This Association shall be governed by a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and a committee of nine other members.

Any person may become a member of this Association by paying the sum of One Dollar as entrance, and the like sum of One Dollar if required as annual subscription and such other sum or sums as the Managing Committee, may, from time to time deem necessary for the exigencies of the Association. This Association shall not take cognizance of any felonious act that may be committed on the property of persons who were not members at the time such felony was committed.

The treasurer and secretary shall each receive such salary as the board of management shall deem sufficient remuneration for their services.

No person shall be considered a member of this Association until he has paid his entrance fee, and any member refusing or neglecting, at any time to pay his share of expenses shall receive no benefit from the Association until such arrears are paid.

Any Member of the Committee divulging any matter that should necessarily be kept a secret, shall be expelled from the Committee.

No Member of the Committee being present at any of its meetings shall be allowed to give any information to any absent member of any of its proceedings.

Should any property be stolen from any member of the Association, a reward of \$25, or such sums as the Committee may deem necessary, shall be given to any person giving such information as shall lead to the detection and conviction of the thief and the recovery of the property.

The Association shall furnish 4 pistols and 4 sets of handcuffs and other necessities required for the minute men to defend themselves when in search of stolen property, said pistols and handcuffs to be left in the hands of the Secretary when not required for use.

The Association will not pay any unnecessary expenses for liquors, etc., to persons employed as minute men.

That parties sent out in search of felons or stolen property shall not receive more than \$1.50 per day for horse and \$1 per day for man, exclusive of travelling expenses and such parties to render a detailed account of their expenses to the Committee, subject to the approval of the Committee.

Members having lost property and becoming satisfied that it has been stolen, are requested to notify the Secretary as early as possible.

That was justice, Stouffville style, 124 years ago.



'Portraits of the past'

Two members of the Stouffville Lions Club, George Rodanz (left) and George Pearce, served as 'bouncers' to remove president Ted Edwards from

the room. The occasion was the annual Ladies Night. The date was Nov. 30, 1952 - almost 18 years ago. —Ted Cadieux