

**The Tribune**  
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## Editorial

### Traffic lights needed

Residents in the Bloomington area of Whitchurch Township are becoming increasingly concerned over the number of motor vehicle accidents at the east-west County Road and Concession 9.

They feel the erection of automatic traffic lights is the only answer.

We agree. While the number of vehicles criss-crossing at this corner may fall short of Department requirements for lights, this argument is no longer valid. It's the type and not the amount of traffic that fills car-drivers with fear. The majority are heavy trucks, carrying large loads.

One mistake can be fatal.

With the handling of through-traffic in Stouffville already a major problem, more and more motorists will eventually swing around the town, using the Bloomington Road as a bypass route. But local drivers and Lake residents, utilizing the Ninth Line must be considered too. At present, the onus is on them to proceed when the way is clear. The majority do make it.

Too many, however, have not. It's on behalf of these people, the dead and the injured, that residents urge action. They deserve to be heard.

### Stouffville's 'private' plum

The Stouffville Arena is a private enterprise, operated by a manager and a Board of Directors for the sole purpose of making money.

This it does, some years more than others.

There are side benefits, however. It provides a service to residents of all ages and, in addition, pours an estimated \$10,000 into municipal coffers annually.

The village, as a whole, pays 'peanuts' in return.

Then the news breaks. A closed-circuit 'sex show' is booked and Oh! Calcutta! becomes a continuous subject of conversation. Folks who had never heard of it and who knew nothing at all about it, suddenly become professional critics. Village council swings to the side of the 'puritans' and a pressure ploy begins.

But why the concern? Is the village to be permanently tainted by a closed circuit telecast, shown to a restricted adult audience at an abnormally high fee in a privately-owned building? We think not.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Jim:

In the Toronto Daily Star's Entertainment Section, Thursday, September 17, 1970, under the headline "TOO OH! OH! FOR METRO STOUFFVILLE WILL PEEK", there is a release promoting the showing here in Stouffville of the controversial Broadway play OH! CALCUTTA!

There have not been, to my knowledge, any local attempts made to promote this play's showing over closed-circuit TV on Sept. 28 as advertised in The Star.

Although described by its creator as 'tasteful pornography', it has been declaimed by most critics as complete garbage, dirty and unabashed sensuality.

This sort of entertainment, as a theatrical precedent from Broadway in Stouffville, is certainly not needed. There are many better shows we could see, I am sure. I realize that I sound 'prudish', however, I feel that the Stouffville Arena Board would be on better ground if they put the ice in the rink and forgot their ambitious desires to become theatrical impresarios.

Pornography in our arena - it sure won't help the stickhandling.

Jack Watson,  
45 Tenth Line South,  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

Your article in last week's edition regarding some opinions which were quoted at the public meeting of Planning Board may have been misinterpreted. The Council and

Planning Board are obviously concerned with the destiny of the Main Street Merchants and rightly so. Much effort has been spent by all concerned trying to come up with workable solutions to the parking problem.

It would appear that council can not afford to purchase older properties, tear down buildings and provide parking. It would also be most difficult to have 10 or 15 merchants buy and operate the needed land for parking. Their varied economic situations, the size of their stores, the apathy of some and many other factors would almost prevent merchants from entering into a mutually owned parking area.

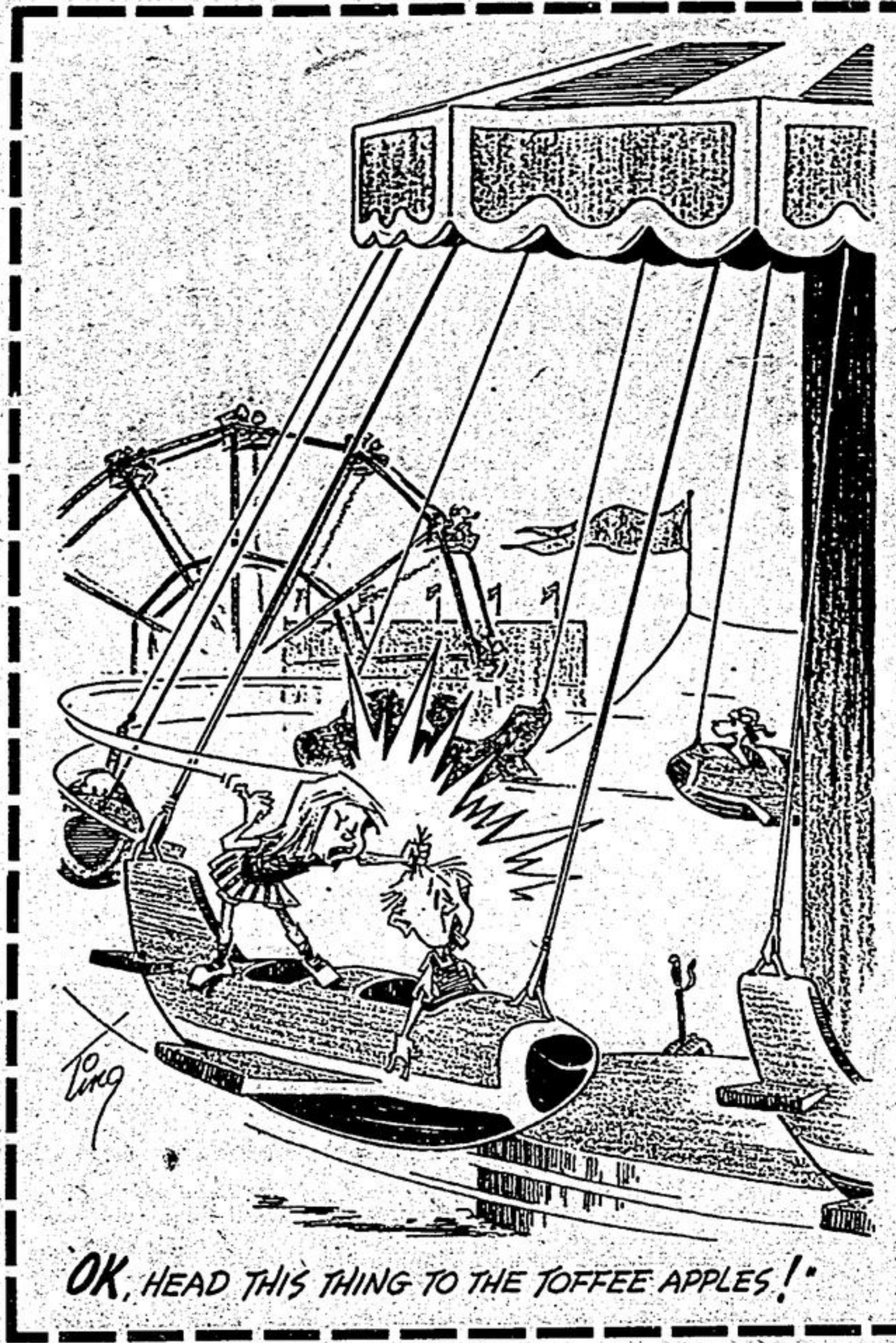
I wonder if the Planning authorities would consider zoning the areas adjacent to the downtown core for high rise apartments, condominiums, town houses, etc. In this way developers would be encouraged to redevelop the area and provide their own parking.

Would not 200 apartment suites adjacent to the main shopping area give a great boost to the main core? What better location than within walking distance of the Post Office and merchants eager to serve? Apartment dwellers are demanding all the amenities close-by.

With the forthcoming elections for positions in the new regional government approaching quickly, it is hoped that the electorate will make sure that Stouffville has local representation in order that the 'personal touch' is retained.

Respectfully submitted,

Gerry Meharg,  
GERRY MEHARG LIMITED



**SUGAR AND SPICE**  
And what have you got to tell?  
By BILL SMILEY

I don't advocate taking the law into your own hands, but can't help

Dear Editor:

Just a word of commendation to the men on Stouffville council who took a stand against the showing of 'Old Calcutta' in the arena. It is not easy in this era of eroticism to maintain some semblance of moral dignity but I feel there are many, who, if they would voice their indignation to the 'sexual slime' flooding the basement of the mind, could apply the brakes to the otherwise inevitable social chaos ahead.

Mrs. Della Soper,  
R.R. 2, Pickering.

Dear Jim:

I want to express my sincere appreciation for your fine article on Eleanor Moyer and the 25th Anniversary of Dorion Bible Camp in the Aug. 6 edition of the Tribune.

I heard several fine comments about the article which was of special delight to many of her relatives and friends.

We continue to appreciate the fine layout of The Tribune in general. Thank you again for your article.

Dick Ohlman,  
Ont. Director.

feeling a glow of satisfaction when a human being, in this age of anonymity and conformity, reacts to an intolerable situation with a fine individual rage.

We all have a wild streak in us, a spark ready to catch fire, but we usually manage to smother it under the wet blanket of society's manners and morals. And a good thing, too, but sometimes a pity. There is no better purge of tension than a good blaze of anger once in a while.

Sometimes this streak is warped and it comes out in vandalism, sadism or blind violence.

But within every man, however humble and unassuming, bides a black panther. And within every woman, behind those smiles and make-up and hairspray and deodorant, lurks a leopardess.

Just recently I went out to get some corn at a roadside stand. There were two bushel baskets and this god-awful woman and her slob of a husband were going through every ear of corn, ripping down the husks and throwing the discards back. This is the epitome of bad taste.

I stood behind them, waiting, blood coming to a boil. Just as I was ready to hurl a searing bolt of invective at them, the farm kids rolled

### A point of view

Two neat, trim and exceedingly pretty girls, both wearing mini-dresses, were assisting in the posting of candidates' names prior to the Nomination Meeting in Stouffville High School, Monday night. Two men, seated in the very front row, were watching the girls intently. Suddenly one of them, breaking the spell of silence, turned to the other and said: 'If regional government is responsible for things like that, then I'm all for it'.

up with a wagon loaded with big, green, luscious cobs, fresh off the stalk. I walked back to the stand and plunked their juicy carcasses right down beside old greedy-guts, who had just paid for a much inferior dozen. The look on her face poured oil on my troubled waters.

And then there was a flying instructor I was going to strangle as soon as we landed. However, he was about six-two to my five-eight, and I'd have needed a pail to stand on. So I settled by telling him to go to hell. Amazingly, he sidled off and that's the last I heard of it. People in authority are often cowards. Just show them your teeth and claws.

Another strangling I contemplated was that of a German sergeant who had put the boots to me. "Just as soon as I'm untied, I'll kill him, even if he kills me." But I wasn't untied for several days, and by that time we were buddies, I smoking his pipe and the pair of us jabbering away in a stew of French, German and English.

These were comparatively simple incidents, but they happen to most people. (Let's hear about some of yours.)

A couple of recent news stories convinced me that Man has not been turned into a grey cypher, even in this smothering society.

A chap in Miami had sent his prize dog, via airline, to Texas for stud purposes. The dog was worth \$25,000. The airline goofed, and somehow the dog was returned to Florida, where it was found to be dead of heat prostration.

Now, the logical, civilized thing to do would be to sue the airline. Of course, you might spend a year or two in the courts, with a possibility of losing the case and winding up with a mitt full of legal bills.

This fellow chose direct action: He went to the airport with an axe and started hacking at the underbelly of an aircraft. He did damage worth \$100,000 before he was stopped. Foolish, but somehow admirable. This is no computerized man, more like the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Then there was this 84 year old gentleman who was living with a 59 year old lady in her trailer home. She threw him over for a 72 year old rooster who kicked him out of the trailer.

What could he do? Go to the police? Nope. There was no charge he could lay. The lady had transferred her favors to another, and that was that.

But he wasn't foiled. He struck back. He made a firebomb and set fire to the trailer, causing \$15,000 damage.

Boy, I hope I can be as jealous and resourceful as that when I'm 84.

## ROAMING AROUND

### The 'bare' facts

By Jim Thomas

As most folks already know, Stouffville and Unionville made national news headlines last week.

And while, in my opinion, there are many events in both communities on which T.V. cameramen could focus their attention, nudism, be it male or female, immediately sets the film reels a-whirring.

Why? Because people, or a segment of people are interested in such things.

I'm not - at least not to the extent that I'd sacrifice ten dollars' grocery money for a front row seat on the red line. But there are two or three thousand who will - not from Stouffville, but from neighboring Metro, that 'Sodom' metropolis to the south.

But let's deal separately with the two cases in point.

In front of Union Villa, west of Unionville, is a kind of weird but supposedly wonderful work of art. It's a wrought-iron statue, depicting an elderly man holding a little boy in his hands, high over his head. (I would never have known, if I hadn't been told).

The 'gentleman' in question is completely bare, from the tip of his metal toe to the top of his metal head, a condition that, out of either embarrassment or jealousy, prompted several men - get that - men! to complain.

Being neither knowledgeable nor appreciative of abstract art, I wouldn't know if the statue is in good taste or bad. To me, it's an ugly metal 'monster', a kind of long-spouted pump that had just blown its primer.

So what does the 'Home' management decide to do? Rather than face a barrage of crackpot calls, they cover it up, entwining a piece of heavy plastic about the man's body.

But here again, they underestimate the frailties of human nature. The desire to learn what secrets lie beneath becomes an obsession and the obsession turns to violence. Many visited the Villa site, Sunday, tugging and pulling - all trying for a closer look. "He's just beautiful - he really is," commented one girl, about fourteen. Her companion, about the same age, giggled agreement and they left - their curiosity satisfied.

And so that statue remains, its wrought-iron organs bared to the elements of nature and the tee-hees of teenage girls.

Meanwhile, in another community (Stouffville), another Board of Directors (Arena) faces the wrath of a disturbed populace. However, there's a difference. The showing of Oh! Calcutta! will, on last report, go on as scheduled. No cuts. No cover-ups.

But wow! What a howl!

It's enough to send president Ken Roberts diving for the nearest sand dune.

And even the politicians have entered the act. Prime television time, all for free, and a week before elections too. Why, even the gallant Pierre couldn't swing such favors.

And for what? A sex romp on a closed-circuit T.V. screen in a privately-owned arena, for a restricted age group at \$10 a head? It all sounds a bit over-done to me.

Stop now and think of other forms of 'entertainment' offered publicly in the very same building. Hockey games that have ended in riotous free-for-alls. Wrestling matches with bodies (even girls) flying helter-skelter all over the ring. And of course, that naughty (tsk, tsk) game called Bingo. But nary a call. Nary a complaint. Strange.

An answer, you ask? A solution, you say?

You're right, I promised and it's this.

For the opponents of Oh! Calcutta! - stay at home, lock your doors and keep company with 'Lucy'.

For the Board of Directors of Union Villa - the immediate purchase of a giant-sized jockstrap.



### Portraits of the past

Remember July 29, 1950? It was a Saturday afternoon when a sudden cloudburst poured six inches of water on the hamlet of Goodwood. Downstream damage was

extensive, like in front of Nighswander's Mill near Allona. There, a bridge was washed away and a deep channel gouged out of the lane. That was 20 years ago. — Cadieux Studio.