

The Tribune
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C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor
NOEL EDEY, Advertising

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Editorial

A man among men

The Tribune has never set itself up as an authority in the field of federal or even provincial politics.

Instead, we associate ourselves more closely with municipal governments - village, town and township officials who deal directly with the people in an area that this newspaper endeavors to serve.

There are times however, when issues are of such magnitude and importance as to occupy the minds of everyone, soaring far beyond the realm of parliamentary politics.

This is such a time. The shocking events of the past weeks and even days, has set Canadians thinking.

And foremost in those thoughts must arise one identifiable figure, a man among men, Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Prime Minister Trudeau has, during this period of unprecedented pressures, displayed the moral fibre and fortitude of which statesmen are made.

Similar plaudits are not due the

leaders of opposition parties, who, during a period of unnatural crisis, still chose to play out the role of the stammering, struggling, plodding politician.

Such was not entirely unexpected of the N.D.P.'s Tommy Douglas and perhaps even the Conservative's less-experienced Robert Stanfield. But for John Diefenbaker, the great Canadian that he is, to cast his lot with the sooth-sayers of rhetoric nonsense, is something most people find hard to believe.

Not so however, Ontario's Premier John Robarts. He chose to side-step the lines of party politics and endorse wholeheartedly the Trudeau stand. His stock, on the scale of public opinion, has soared.

But it has been the Prime Minister of Canada who has been forced to carry the full load of responsibility in this, our country's most serious crisis.

And history will record his name, Pierre Elliott Trudeau as the man who saved a nation.

A typical teenager

At the International Plowing Match banquet, Friday, in Lindsay, Hon. William A. Stewart, Minister of Agriculture and Food, chided the news media for its over-emphasis of drug-taking practices by what he termed a minority group of today's young people.

Mr. Stewart, in commenting at the same time on the participants in the Queen of the Furrow competition, said that here was a more representative cross-section of today's youth, the type of teenager worthy of publicity across the country.

The Minister is right. It is true that today's 'straight kids', while in the majority, take a back seat publicity-wise, to those who come before the courts.

This is a difficult thing to control.

Law-breakers, be they drug-users or something else, cannot be ignored. It's a case of the silent majority remaining too silent.

This week however, The Tribune is pleased to offer congratulations to 16 year old Debbie Davies, a talented equestrienne who, over the Thanksgiving weekend, dazzled an all-American panel of judges at a show near Chicago. She captured six trophies and 21 ribbons with a brilliant performance in extremely tough competition.

On the question of drug abuse, Debbie wastes no words. She doesn't require a 'crutch' to attain perfection. She'll reach her goal on skill alone. And so far, she's doing just fine - a typical teenager, with a natural talent and a will to win.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sirs:
Re: Letter to the Editor

The Council of Uxbridge Township takes strong exception to a letter from Mr. John Richmond published in the October 15, 1970, edition of the Stouffville Tribune. The facts are that the Council has participated in a number of meetings and in formulating several briefs dealing with Regional Government and related matters as they affect the Township. Said briefs have been presented to the Oshawa Area Planning and Development Study Group and the Ontario Government.

Council, Township of Uxbridge.

Dear Mr. Thomas:
The ministers of Stouffville and area were terribly disappointed when their statement concerning the proposed showing of "Oh! Calcutta" failed to appear in The Tribune. We certainly hope that it was an honest mistake and not a deliberate attempt to withhold their views.

Our statement was as follows:
"Thirteen local ministers representing nine denominations met on Monday, September 21st, 1970 in Stouffville with the President and Secretary of the Stouffville Arena Board and Reeve Ken Laushway to express to these men their deep concern about the showing of

the review "Oh! Calcutta" in the Arena.

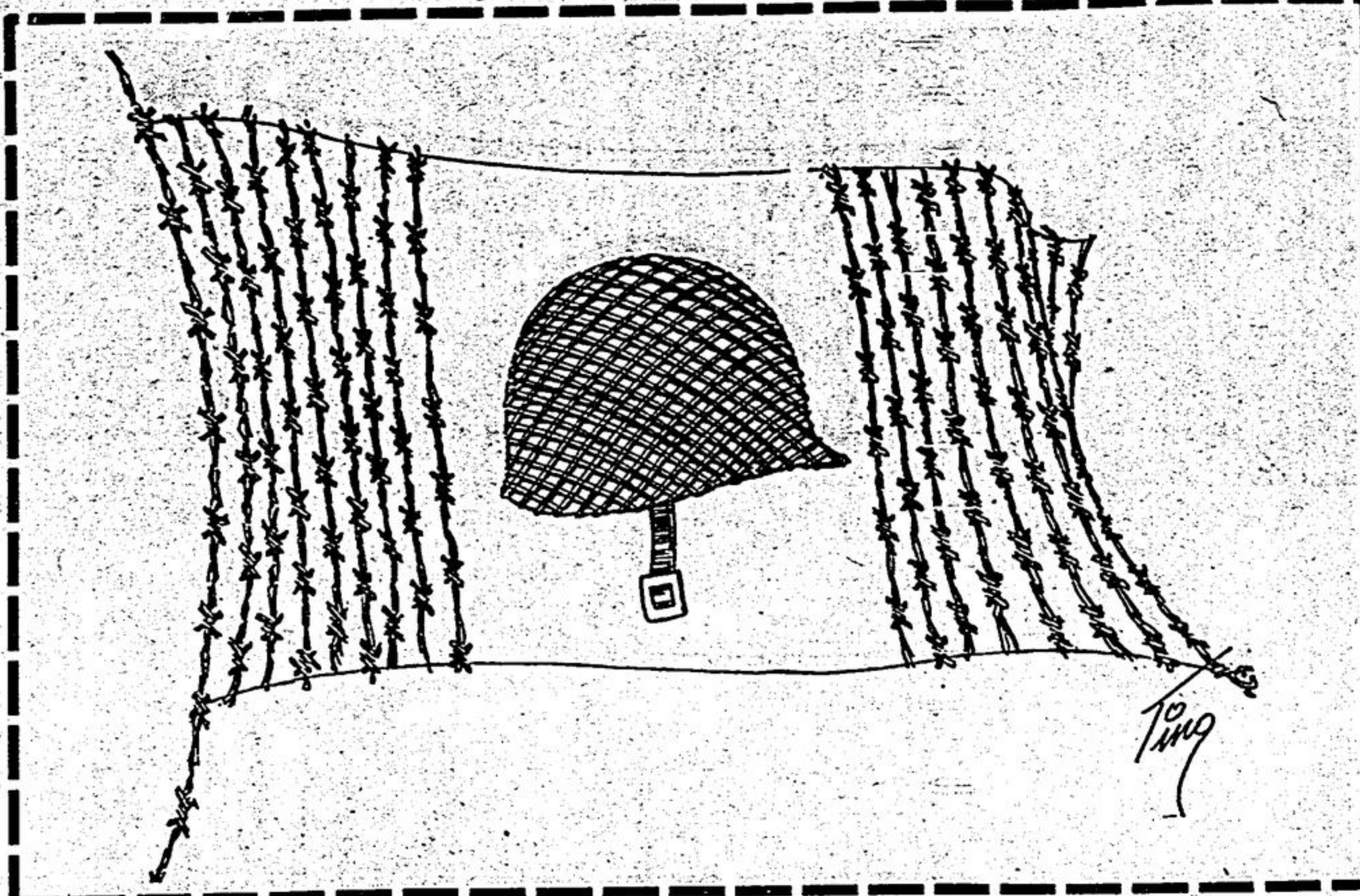
They discussed with Mr. Bob Hassard and Mr. Kenneth Roberts the problems pertaining to the cancellation of the program because of the legal contract that had been signed. The question of future showings of this or other similar productions was raised, and the ministers indicated their disapproval of such a possibility. A point concerning the sale of pornographic literature in local stores was directed to Mr. Laushway, stating that this was basically the same problem.

Everyone expressed the hope that the alarm sounded in our community by this event will eventually turn to the benefit of the area by constructive activity on the part of concerned people."

On behalf of the ministers, I remain,

Andrew Brndjar,
431 Loretta Crescent South,
Stouffville.

Editor's Note: It wasn't until after the show was cancelled, that we learned of the ministers' wish to have the above statement published verbatim. It should be pointed out however, that not all thirteen pastors had knowledge of its content and at least one, that we know of, was opposed and stated so publicly from the pulpit.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Smiley's fashionable views

By BILL SMILEY



Women are in a terrible fret these days, poor dears. The fashion designers have once again thrown them into a dither with their decree from the halls of the mighty that skirts were going down. In length, that is.

For a change, there is a good deal of resentment among the gals. Many are declaring belligerently that they're going to stick with the mini. These rebels run all the way from middle-aged housefraus who would look better in a potato sack, to teenyboppers who look great in anything, or almost nothing, which some of them favor.

But I'll lay odds that, if the designers so choose, there won't be a mini-skirt to be seen within a year.

What does grieve me is that women are such utter sheep, when it comes to style. They do everything but jump through hoops when the designers crack the whip.

When it comes to equal rights, war, the stupidity of men, and other questions of vital importance, women will fight like tigresses for what they believe. They stand united.

I am a great respecter of women in general. They are far more reasonable than men, except when you try to reason with them. They are tender and compassionate,

except when they are belting their kids or tongue-lashing the old man for some minor irritant. And they are practical to the point of being ruthless, except when it comes to clothes.

At this juncture, all their good qualities fly out the window. They become the silly, flittery, indecisive, disunited creatures that they have pretended to be for centuries.

Why can't they be themselves? If I were a woman and had long, tapering, beautiful legs, and a flat chest, I would wear a mini-skirt and be damned to him who first cried: "Hold, enough!"

And if I were short and pudgy, with a big chest, I'd be strongly inclined to wear a maxi. Mother Hubbard, hinting at all sorts of mysteries lurking behind the cloth.

If I had bony knees but well-turned ankles, I'd wear a midi-skirt. In short, the skirt is quicker than the eye. It should draw attention away from the less-prepossessing aspects (no woman is plain ugly), to the more attractive features.

Now, I'm not just speaking as a man who is ignorant of these things, or involved in them. My wife and daughter have been fighting the battle of the hemline for four years.

"Mom, I can't wear that. It's practically hanging around my

knees." This meant that it was barely covering her pelvis.

"All right, Kim, I'll turn it up one more inch, and that's that."

"Oh, Mom, I'll look like a freak out of the thirties. Why don't you forget the whole thing and go listen to your Guy Lombardo records?"

I think the old lady had the last word. She took the shortest dress she could find, turned it up four inches, and sent it off to Kim at college. It looked more like a blouse than a dress. Even the kid had to admit the only way it could be worn in public was over long pants.

That's another thing they fight over - long pants. When Kim means long, she means trailing in the mud, snow or whatever.

However, my wife is quite happy about the change. She went rummaging through her wardrobe the other night and discovered a whole pile of things that are almost brand new, and just the right length. She'd never got around to throwing them out when the mini came in.

Enough of that. What does please me these days is the dash, flair and elan of men. For two centuries they had been scorned by women for wearing drab blues, browns and greys. Lately they're as colorful as jungle birds.

Just the other day, a friend of mine whom I thought a confirmed bachelor, was married. He was clad in an Edwardian jacket, with lace collar and fringes of lace peeping out at the cuffs. The jacket was decorated with autumnal flowers of all shades. How about that? Presumably he also wore trousers, which were not described. Probably green velvet.

Well, I have to buy a new suit this week, first in four years. I haven't quite decided whether it will be maroon with a mustard stripe, or off-mushroom with purple checks. But it will probably turn out to be grey.

another letter off which can do a lot of harm. I hope this letter will be published in order that other citizens who were perhaps as annoyed as I was upon reading the Planning and Development announcement and have been mistakenly cursing their elected representatives when they should be cursing those who prepared the announcement. I only wish the Hearings were concerned with some other topic, like Historic Sites and Restoration.

John Richmond,
R.R.1, Claremont, Ont.

Dear Editor:

Deputy Reeve Dowswell called me to complain of an inaccuracy in my letter published last week in which I pointed out that Uxbridge Township Council had not submitted a brief to the Planning and Development Hearings. Mr. Dowswell assured me that Council has submitted a brief, even though this fact was omitted from the announcement recently published by the Government.

Mr. Dowswell also suggested that in future, I check with members of Council, or the Clerk or even the Assistant Clerk before I shoot



Portraits of the past'

The Timbers family - the most famous name in plowing match circles, in the past, the present and the future. This photo was taken in October 1965 at

the site of the International on Massey-Ferguson Farms. From the left are - Fred and Win Timbers, Stouffville and Bob Timbers of Sandford.

ROAMING AROUND

A country church closes its doors and a community disappears

By Jim Thomas

MOUNT PISGAH -

Where is it?
What's there?
The answer to the first is - nowhere.
The answer to the second is - nothing.

The small but once meaningful dot of identity on the map of Whitchurch Township, has been removed forever.

The little country church on the third concession, from which the community derived its name, was officially closed on Sunday.

I attended, not as a mourner, for I had never been in the building before; but as a curious outsider, there, with pad and pencil in hand to write its obituary.

I was not alone.

Many people were there for many reasons. One gentleman and his wife, seeing the half-mile lineup of cars, thought auction sales had suddenly been sanctioned on the Sabbath. They were looking for antiques, but a century-old church, while admittedly unique, didn't quite fill the bill. At least not one filled with worshippers. The couple left, promising faithfully to return when the property, the pulpit and the pews are more readily available at a more convenient price.

The congregation, that overflowed into the vestibule and down the wooden stairs outside, found few young people present - an unfortunate but obvious trend today. Predominant were ladies with greying hair and men with balding heads.

The scene of sentiment I had envisioned, was not in evidence. The only audible signs of remorse were silent sniffs into folded Kleenex. The only visible signs of sadness were streaks of tears from red-rimmed eyes. And these occurred only when former pastor, Rev. Victor Wood recalled 'the good old days' of Sunday School picnics, quilting bees and turkey suppers.

For the most part however, the mood was one of festive joy - quite in keeping, I suppose, with a 100th anniversary occasion - the 100th and the last. For the site is to be sold and the contents auctioned.

But the decision to permanently close the little pioneer country church, comes as no surprise.

Regular services were discontinued there several years ago. It was only a matter of time.

But the decisiveness of the edict, the outward joys of a moment and pleasant memories of the past can never heal the hurt that this community must - or should feel.

A quartet, comprising Mrs. Veda Howlett, Mrs. Elva Smith, Leslie Smith and Loy Carr best said it for everyone.

Thro' the mist of years, I can seem to see

The church of my childhood days;
And it's memories sweet, so with joy replete,
Shall live in my heart always.

And the old, old songs that we used to sing,

I'm singing them o'er and o'er;
They give strength and cheer,
When the clouds draw near,
And lead to the other shore.

Then on memory's page, I can see again,

The church by the side of the road;
And wherever I roam, it is guiding me home,
The church by the side of the road.

No credit

A sign in the office of Mickey Hunt's Sunoco Station, Main Street West, Stouffville reads:
Please, no credit - unless you are over 80 years old, steadily employed and accompanied by your parents.