

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

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## Editorial

### Snowmobile site required

An application has come before Whitchurch Township Council, seeking permission to operate a winter recreation centre west of Vivian.

The 400 acre site would be open to snowmobiles, those who own their own or those who wish to rent one by the hour or by the day.

We hope the location is such that approval will follow for, in our opinion, such an area is required.

It is now apparent that snowmobiling, as a seasonal winter sport, is here to stay. But there are too few places where these

machines, in numbers, can operate safely and legally. The Whitchurch site could solve this problem.

We are not so optimistic as to suggest that there will not be objections. There will be, even before it gets started.

Noise complaints will follow - they always do.

It will be council's duty to weigh the benefits against the disadvantages and reach a decision.

On the surface at least, the proposal sounds good. We wish it success.

### A village museum

In spite of reports to the contrary, the closing of the present C.N.R. station in Stouffville is almost a certainty.

With no passenger service here at all and a switch in freight service planned for 1971, the property will undoubtedly be put up for sale.

If the purchase price is practical, the village should buy it. The cost of moving it to another site would also be a consideration.

Stouffville should have a museum and a structure of this kind, an

antique in itself, would be ideal.

Other municipalities have embarked on such projects, utilizing old school buildings at Bogartown (Whitchurch); Mt. Joy (Markham) and Brougham (Pickering).

There's no reason why the railroad station couldn't serve exactly the same purpose.

Council members would be wise to give the idea serious consideration and make it a bargaining point when C.N. officials come calling next year.

### Overstepping the mark

We must support Councillor Betty VanNostrand in her criticism of newly-elected councillor Merlyn Baker of Whitchurch-Stouffville for what appeared to be overstepping the mark in the handling of the engaging of a recreational director.

Mr. Baker, while a councillor, is not a member of the committee in charge, but took it upon himself to advise George Warne, the director selected, that he should re-consider accepting the position.

Mr. Baker answered council's

criticism by saying that he believed he had the support of the ratepayers in doing what he did. Reeve Burnett commented that any contact with the director should be taken through proper channels.

While we are fully in accord with the decision that no director should be engaged at the moment in view of the new council taking office to administer both the needs of township and town, we must protest any member of council taking such matters into his own hands without council authority.

## Editor's Mail

Sir: The C.P.R. is wrong in applying for permission to abandon service on the Agincourt line.

Their downgrade passenger service and then the Chief Passenger Agent admits making little effort to attract passengers and says "You can't flog a dead horse. The business is not there" (The Globe & Mail Nov. 5, 1970).

Expressways do not solve traffic jams. They just get cars to the jams faster. Rail travel is the most efficient means of moving large numbers in urban areas in peak travel periods.

Hearings are scheduled for Peterborough Court House December 1st and Toronto City Hall December 3rd. The commuters' only hope is to convince the Canadian Transport Commission that the public interest. Then the Canadian Transport Commission can order the C.P.R. to continue the service and a federal subsidy will cover 80 percent of any loss.

Plans are prepared for action and will soon be announced. I believe that the citizens themselves can demonstrate this need and secure for themselves the essential services that the railway would so callously abandon.

John C. Medcof,  
President, Railroad Boosters.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to Stouffville Police Chief Orland Keating on behalf of the Businessmen's Association:

Dear Mr. Keating:  
On behalf of the Stouffville

Businessmen's Association, I sincerely thank you for your co-operation and assistance on Hallowe'en night, October 31.

According to our information, this was one of the quietest Hallowe'en's on record with both merchants and residents relatively free of troublesome pranks.

This was due, no doubt, to your planning and the co-operation of village young people. Thank you.

Cliff Aiken,  
President

Dear Sir:

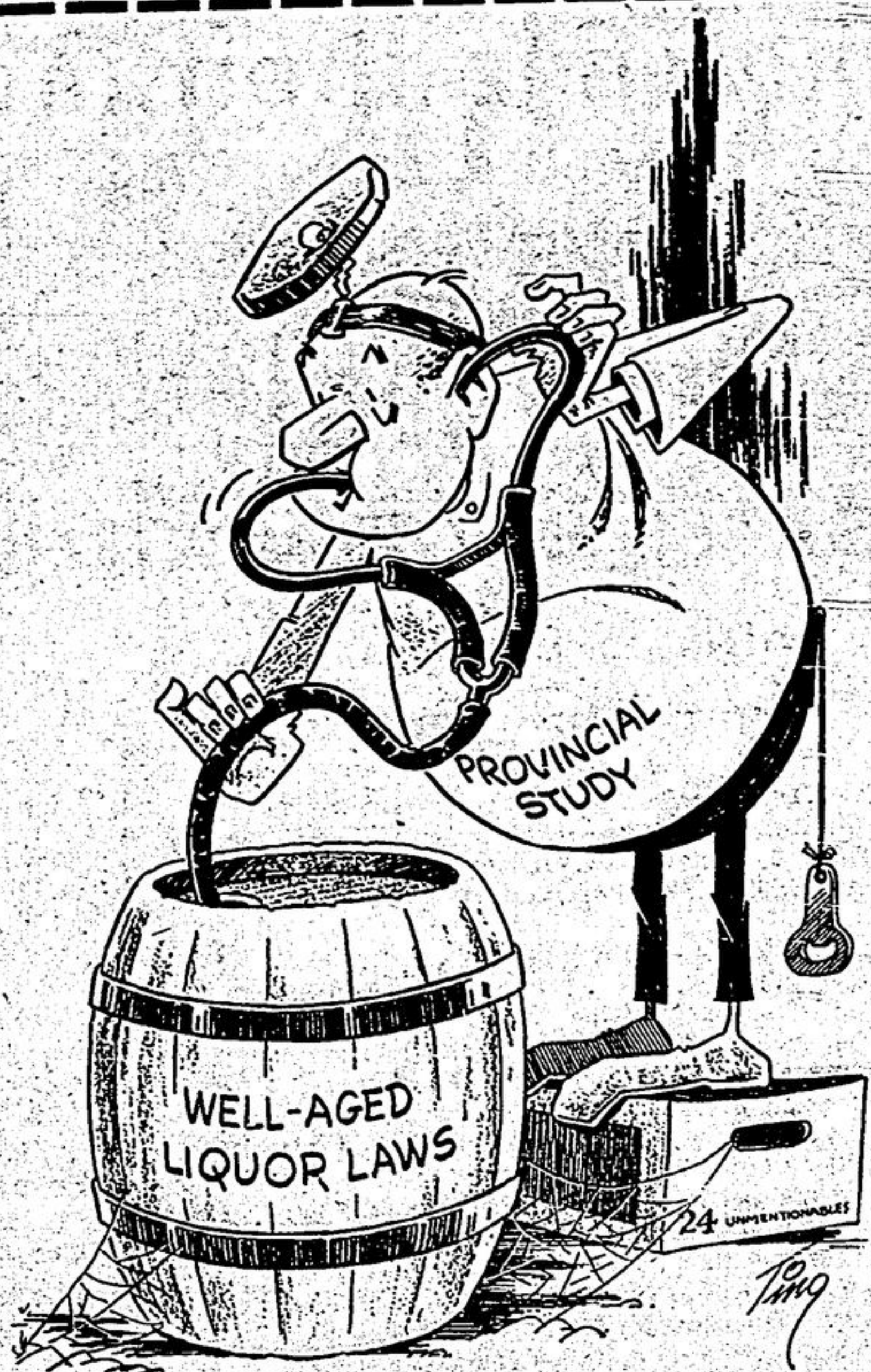
You attended the Commencement Exercises at Uxbridge Secondary School, Friday. I'm sure you must have been impressed, as I was, of the students and their academic accomplishments.

As you stated (Nov. 5), Stouffville High is no Rochdale. The same can be said for Uxbridge. All parents should feel proud.

Mrs. Harvey Simpson

### The good old days

A 1908 edition of The Toronto World was brought into The Tribune Office this week. The following advertisements proved interesting. Settlers' trains to Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest, leaving Toronto every Tuesday at 9 p.m., during March and April (providing there is sufficient business). Passengers not travelling with



"TESTING... NINETEEN SEVENTY... TESTING..."

### SUGAR AND SPICE

#### Fig leaves instead of slacks

By BILL SMILEY



#### Are they compatible?

With union between the United and Anglican churches a current topic of interest, Patricia Clarke and Jerry Hames of the United Church Observer (November issue) conducted a survey among members of both denominations, concerning their feelings for each other. The results follow:

	United Church (describing Anglicans)	Anglican (describing United Church)
Just like us	2664	1388
Conservative	855	246
Cultured	235	(not included)
Snobbish	512	168
Devout	427	188
Poor givers	278	108
Open to change	80	512
Generous	106	396
Aggressive	101	316
Authoritarian	750	178
Shallow faith	173	818
Stuffy	326	262
Impatient	21	112
Dogmatic	755	98
Inflexible	657	260
Radical	27	180
Opportunists	42	410
Ritualists	1384	14
Liberal	(not included)	634

livestock should take the regular service.

I have just got home from something as rare and delightful as a personally conducted tour of Buckingham Palace - a teachers' staff meeting that lasted only half an hour. This is equivalent to building the Pyramids in three weeks.

Meetings, as such, are a particular annex in hell for anyone who has been in the newspaper business and attended at least one, and sometimes two, every working day of the year.

Ninety-five percent of meetings are unnecessary, unenlightening, and unproductive. They are the refuge of bores of both sexes, who take out their personal frustrations by frustrating everyone else. These people have their little dinkies: Raising points of order; moving amendments to the motion; and haggling for interminable times over items that could be solved in eight seconds by a three-year-old with two heads.

Occasionally, a meeting produces sparks, a clash, a conflict of personalities or ideas that light the Stygian gloom. I well remember one town council meeting. One of the councillors, somewhat the worse for wear or something or other, called one of the other councillors, "a gibbering old baboon." A nice thrust.

He wasn't too far off the mark, but was in no condition himself to hurl such charges. The offended party promptly started peeling off his jacket, and offered to thrash the other "within an inch of your life." The other councillors, and even the

### Safety first

Student graduate Lois Harrison of Uxbridge Secondary School was the recipient of the Driver Education Award at the 1970 Commencement Exercises, Friday evening. "I'm particularly pleased to make this presentation to Lois," said Gerald Herrima, representing the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, "since we both live on the same road".

### Power - Less

The go-go girl in Len Greenwood's window, Main Street, Stouffville, that attracted so much attention, has lost her 'go'. The problem? She's having her battery re-charged, the owner explained.

mayor, quailed. Chiefly, because both councillors were well into the seventies. I might add that the only blood shed was verbal. But that was a meeting.

Staff meetings are not quite that bad, but they inevitably produce in me a headache so fierce that only a great dollop of some sedative beverage can allay it.

I've seen adults haggling bitterly for half an hour over the chewing of gum. Where it could be chewed, when it should be chewed, and how it should be chewed (open mouth or closed.) The only result was that the kids went on blithely chewing gum, wherever, whenever and however they could get away with it.

Deep moral, social and psychological issues are involved in a problem of this magnitude. Is gum bad for the teeth? What do you do if you send a kid to the office, he removes his gum on the way, and swears angelically that it was the teacher's imagination, that he was really chewing his cud out of sheer nervousness? Is it better for the student to chew gum than to chew his fingernails down to the blood?

"Jesus wore long hair and a beard, didn't he?" How do you counter this one (a favorite, by the way, among male students)? Do you say, "Uh, well, uh, Jesus, uh, THROW THAT GUM IN THE BASKET!" Or would you say, "O.K., Buster, turn that blackboard into an ouija board."

This particular staff meeting was about girls wearing slacks. Human experience has shown that girls will wear whatever other girls are wearing. And girls, these days, are wearing slacks. They are comfortable, they can look smart, they are warm in our frigid winters, they prevent boys from peeking up the stairs as the girls ascend in mini-skirts; and they have probably contributed more to containing the population explosion than the old-fashioned night-dress.

Anyway, I expected a marathon. About three hours. They can wear slacks, but only once a week. They can wear slacks, but they can't wear blue jeans. Nobody in my class is going to wear slacks. If it's all right for the boys to wear blue jeans, why can't the girls. And so on.

It was fantastic, but the openly, and bluntly expressed feeling of the majority was that girls should be allowed to wear whatever was in style. And that was that.

One commercial teacher, who could have been expected to come down heavily on the side of "no slacks," said she didn't care if they wore fig leaves as long as they were "neat and tidy."

I'd like to hear what you think about long hair, girls wearing slacks, and all the other things that were unacceptable in our day. Drop a line.

## ROAMING AROUND

### THE CHURCH:-

#### A service to serve us?

By Jim Thomas

Some folks enjoy taking pokes at the church.

And I'm every bit as guilty as the next guy.

But I don't believe in knocking something I've never tried. And attending worship on a Sunday morning is as much a part of our family schedule as eating and sleeping.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm neither bragging nor complaining. It's just the way it is and, for the sake of all concerned, I hope it will continue.

Last Sabbath, we were there as usual, filling up the back pew quite comfortably.

But 'comfortable' was hardly the word to describe it. In fact, it felt unusually hard. And from the squirms of a few in front, their's was much the same.

Brother, did we get it.

The pastor said he had taken the time to check Stouffville's population figures at the village clerk's office and discovered the municipality, in 1968 and last year, had increased by more than 400 residents. He noted however, that church membership had, during the same period, decreased by seven.

Who is to blame?

If it's not you - and I'm sure it's not me, then it must be the minister. After all, who else is there?

I feel the answer is in the attitude of the people outside the church who tend to look on it as 'a community service to serve us'. This conclusion was borne out over a cup of coffee, Sunday afternoon.

The chap seated on the next stool looked like he had just crawled out from under the covers. He was sleepy-eyed, unshaven and obviously anxious for an argument.

The conversation, that ranged from the weather to the Argonauts, suddenly turned to religion. He strongly berated everything closely related to it.

"You church folks," he said, "you think you're so good - so much better than the rest of us. As far as I'm concerned, you're all a bunch of hypocrites."

I protested, wondering how he had reached such a conclusion.

"All the church wants is money, money, money," he went on, "always looking for handouts. They'll not get a red cent from me."

I tried to explain there were certain expenses to meet, but he was in no mood for listening.

"Tell me this," he asked, "what good does the church do - for you, for me, for the town?"

I felt that by answering, would only prolong the argument, so I decided to pose a few questions of my own.

"Were you and your wife married in the church?" I asked. He replied in the affirmative. "My daughter was too," he said, "but we paid for it - ten dollars or so."

"Did your children go to Sunday School?" I asked.

"We sent them," he answered, "until they got too old."

"What about baptisms?" I enquired.

"Everyone," he replied, "and the grandchildren too."

"Were you or the family ever ill and did the minister call?" I asked.

"When my wife was in the hospital, the minister called around," he answered, "we really appreciated it too. He often called at the house." The first sign of a smile showed through. "To tell the truth, we often wondered why he called," he continued, "we never returned the compliment."

"Why don't you - next Sunday?" I asked, trying not to press my luck.

"Why not," he replied, "and we'll bring the grandchildren too."

He paid for his coffee (and mine) and left.

I don't know his name. I don't even know where he lives. But I'll recognize his face - the one with the broadest smile.

As the pastor said - don't leave all the home mission work to the minister.



Remember this bridge? Most residents of Cedar Grove would rather forget it. The single-lane

structure was badly damaged by Hurricane Hazel and later demolished. -Jas. Thomas.

### Portraits of the past