



The Tribune

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Editorial

A road-building blunder

Sighs of relief undoubtedly replaced utterances of disgust, late last week, when signs of activity were observed at a location on Hwy. 7, west of 48.

The disheveled site, shrouded in blasphemous 'blue air,' since early in March, must be written into the records as one of the worst man-made road building blunders on file.

The strange thin about this 'mess' is that the storm that did the damage was no Hurricane Hazel, or even an unexpected cloudburst. It was merely a heavy pre-spring rain that, in a matter of hours, 'washed out' many weeks of work and poured thousands of

somebody's dollars down the drain.

But whose dollars?

Is the government (we the people), standing good for someone's obvious 'goof'?

Is the contractor paying for repairs out of his own pocket?

We'd like to know.

Perhaps with a little 'digging', Markham's man at Queen's Park, Donald Deacon could come up with some facts.

However, he shouldn't be surprised, (nor would we), if the card account related to this phase of the contract is stamped 'an act of God'.

Retire the 'broom brigade'

Every weekend, hundreds of people pass through Stouffville. While the majority are undoubtedly from Metro, many are not. They come from towns and communities not unlike this one, and likely tend to compare theirs with ours.

I know we do, and did only last week, during a 3-day vacation trip as far west as Stratford.

The thing that impressed us first on entering individual urban areas, was the tidiness of the Main Street. Places like Preston, Galt (now Cambridge), had an immaculate appearance. In Acton, however, the opposite was true; refuse of every description littering the sidewalks and curbs.

It was Sunday noon, and I thought of the similarity between Acton and Stouffville, at a

similar time in the week. Our town too, leaves much to be desired.

As a solution, we feel the town should budget for the purchase of a mobile sweeper; not necessarily a new unit, but one that could do the job on a daily basis, preferably in the morning, when the road is clear of cars. The only manual-type labor required in this regard; in addition to the operator would be someone to rid the downtown sidewalks of debris every Sunday, a one-hour's chore at the most.

We feel that Stouffville, the main urban area in a municipality of 12,000 has now outgrown the 'broom and shovel brigade' that still performs this duty on a somewhat irregular basis. And in doing this particular job more mechanically, a group of employees would be free to perform services in other areas where automation is still not practical.

Pathetic parental response

Several thousand elementary and secondary school students are transported by bus, twice daily, five days a week, in the Region of York.

And while there have been accidents; several serious ones, 'the record throughout York is probably as good, and perhaps better than most comparable areas in Ontario.

But this does not mean these isn't room for improvement—in the drivers, and in the vehicles they drive.

This was the main purpose of the public meeting, May 24, in St. Mark's School, Stouffville: It was sponsored personally by Mrs. Ann Griffiths, and promoted by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Ratepayers Association.

The response, however, was pathetic.

A quick head count placed the attendance at 69, and at least a quarter of these had other than a parental interest in the discussion.

Where then were the parents? Those 'concerned' people who daily place the lives of their children in the hands of bus operators, they seldom see, and may never know.

Where were the parents who, for the past several months have submitted letters of complaint to this newspaper, accompanied by recommendations and solutions?

Where were they?

It's alright for individuals, or even small groups of individuals, to make representation to Queen's Park and Ottawa. But it's the plea that's generated through the masses, that will move mountains. The pittance of people in attendance last Thursday, wouldn't push a pebble.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

Last week I had a petitioner call at our home. The question concerned a new Library for the Town or the completion of repairs to the present one.

All one had to do was sign on the dotted line, no strings attached.

Talking it over later, my husband questioned the end result of such a survey. Why not, he suggested, request a \$10 contribution from each resident? With 1,000 contacts, sufficient money would be raised to make a start on the project, rather than only talk about it.

I'd rather not have my name published. I could have everyone down my neck. However, I still feel such a donation is not that much when one considers the value of such a project.

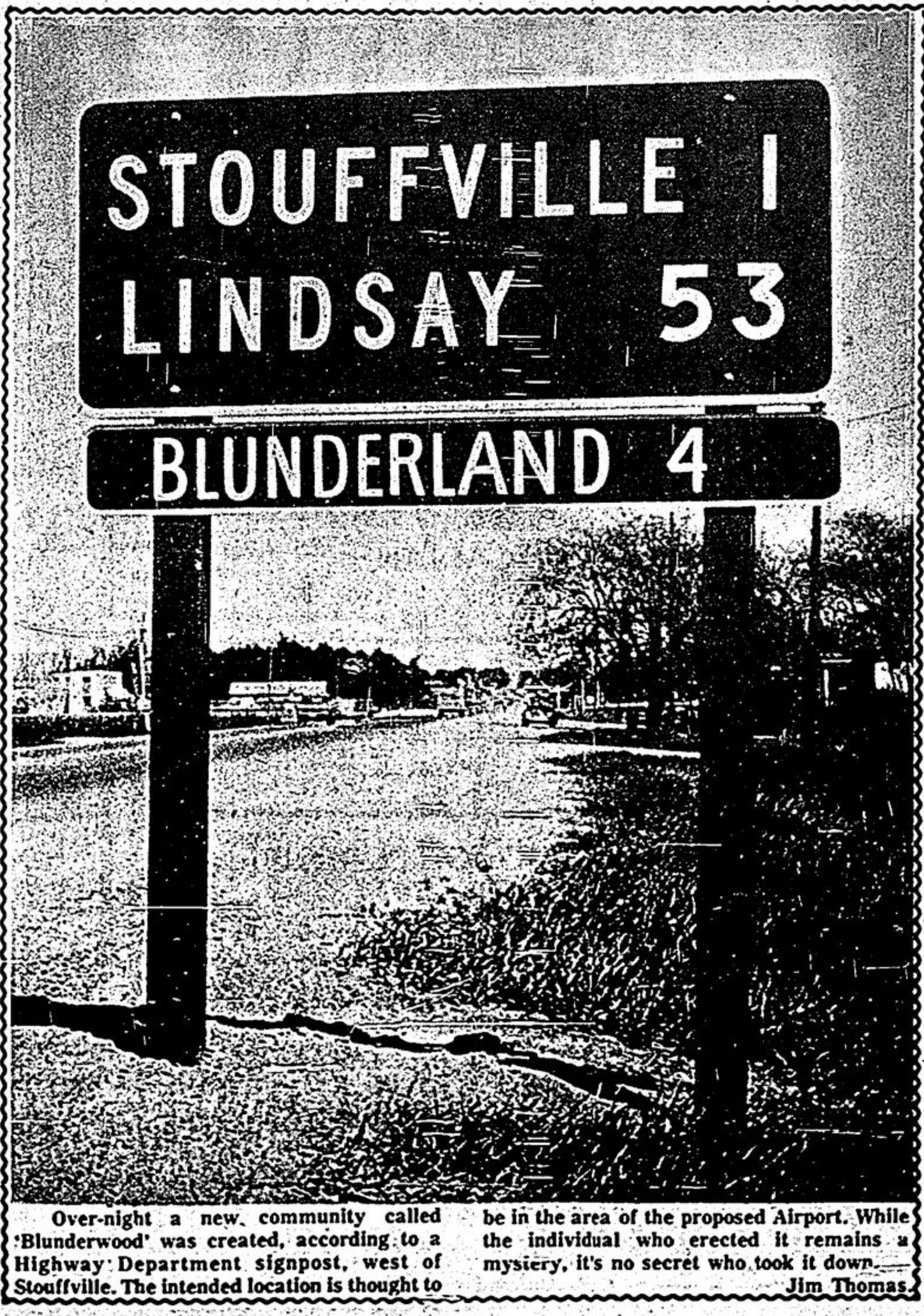
J. I. M.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

There is no doubt that new library facilities are needed in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville. According to the Bowron Report, a professional study commissioned by the Board in 1972, "it cannot be emphasized too strongly that service is greatly restricted by the present space. Little expansion of the collection or the services is possible at the present location. There is no storage space, no meeting rooms, no lounge area, inadequate study facilities, the shelves are crowded together, display space is minimal and no public or staff parking is available nearby."

What services could a new Library provide? Modern library service is more than book-lending. Most libraries now provide multi-media collections with tapes, records, films, microfilms and study facilities for students of all ages. In addition, a library is becoming a centre for community activities by providing meeting rooms, offering its own programs and reaching out to serve special groups such as the handicapped and senior citizens.

The Library Board, and a Library Development Committee of interested citizens, are working to provide improved library facilities. We would like some feedback from you. What kind of library service would you like. Please address replies to: Mrs. Doris Lapp, Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library, 7 Main Street East, Stouffville.



Over-night a new community called 'Blunderwood' was created, according to a Highway Department signpost, west of Stouffville. The intended location is thought to be in the area of the proposed Airport. While the individual who erected it remains a mystery, it's no secret who took it down. — Jim Thomas.

WOMEN TO BE ACCEPTED INTO ANGLICAN PRIESTHOOD

— News Item —



"I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU... AND WHAT'S HIS NAME... WOMAN AND HUSBAND"

SUGAR AND SPICE

Back to the bottle and nappies

By BILL SMILEY



One minute you are Dad, in your prime, just a broth of a boy taking a breather after raising a family. The next, you are a Grandad, doddering, heading into the lean and slippered pantaloons stage.

That's what happened to me this week. Over the phone, long-distance, a familiar and dear voice asked with a giggle, "Hi, Dad; how'd you like to be a grandfather?"

Immediate reaction was, "Oh no!"

Followed at once, as I realized the enormity of my mistake, by, "Oh, yes!! Great!!"

The kid then talked to her mother, but for some reason, didn't mention the main item on the agenda. She left that to me.

When I'd picked the Old Lady off the floor, fanned her back into consciousness, and wiped away the tears, the whole thing struck me in its bleak truth.

Here we were. Not even middle-aged, except by the calendar. My wife still attracts whistles. I still have an eye for a thigh at the beach. And we're about to be plunged into, a world of bottles and nappies and colic and constipation and talcum powder.

At first it seemed as though someone was playing a practical joke. But fortunately, the

resilience of human nature came into play and we bounced back to not only acceptance, but anticipation.

"That girl should be right here with me," announced her mother. "If she's as sick as I always was..." And was she sick! She threw up every day, all day, until you could see the insides of her heels. This lasted for about four months, with each of them. It runs in the family. Her mother was the same.

I used to bring my wife tea, and soup, cold drinks and hot, and everything came up. You'd think the babies would appear looking like something out of Belsen or Buchenwald. But then she'd settle down, eat like hyena for three months, and produce a little fatso.

However, maybe the child will escape this. Modern girls don't seem to do anything the way their mothers did. Last night she was eating beef as though the last steer in the world had been slaughtered and today she was out raking the lawn.

Anyway, I'm now looking at the positive side. I can hardly wait for the kid to arrive. I've been watching the television commercials for those disposable diapers, and am keen to have a go at them.

I've told everybody so often about how I won the war practically single-handed that all I get now when I casually mention THE Normandy campaign and the Falaise Gap is a rolling of eyes, which then become utterly apathetic. Here comes a new listener.

And then there are the bed-time stories. There's nothing finer in life than to blow and burble in the stomach of a fresh-bathed child, bundle it into its nightwear, then launch into a story, with its eyes wide, the occasional chuckle, then the eyelids falling and the gentle breathing of deep sleep.

So I must dust off some of my dandies. They were a mixture of Mowgli, and Tarzan and Kaa the Snake and Munkle-Uncle-Unky, the oldest and wisest monkey in the whole jungle.

They might have been a little confusing to the adults who had read the books, but the kids loved them. Geography got a bit mixed. Tigers turned up in Africa, and gorillas in India, but nobody cared.

Sometime I must tell you about how Mowgli, the wolf boy, after seeking the advice of Munkle-Uncle-Unky, scattered a band of marauding elephants by swinging through the tree tops and sprinkling the ground with thumb tacks. It was a real gas to see those elephants hopping around on two feet, trying to pick out thumbtacks from the other feet with their trunks.

Then there's going to be the fun of teaching the little blighter all sorts of things. If it's a boy, I'll teach him to fish and swim. If it's a girl, I'll teach her to swim and fish. Their grannie can teach them all the other things, everything from playing Mozart sonatas to making out the income tax returns. She's much better at practically everything that I. So she says, anyway.

Maybe it'll be twins. I have a vision of the Old Lady and me, she sitting with the boy on her lap, I with the girl on mine, burping them on a Saturday night while their mother is out on the town.

One thing worries me. What kind of a world is the little stranger going to grow up in? I hope the general outlook improves by about 300 per cent in the next ten years, or it's not going to be a pretty place to be young in.

There's only seven and a half months to go. Wouldn't it be a real bummer, after I've adjusted so well and made all these plans, if it turned out to be a false alarm?

ROAMING AROUND

Kitchen calisthenics

By Jim Thomas

When I arrive home for meals, (sometimes early, but usually late), I expect everything to be ready and waiting. And so do the kids.

We'll rush in, toss off our coats and head straight for the table. No one ever thinks of the planning and the problems in preparing a bounteous repast for six hungry people, three times a day. We look on the chief cook and bottle washer, as a kind of modern-day Samantha Stevens, you know, Z-A-P, like magic, breakfast, dinner and supper; nothing to it.

But I really know better; at least I should. For I endured a first-hand experience related to the toils and tribulations of meal-making when my wife was in the hospital with Neil. In all my life, I never went through such a frustrating time. To cut corners, I stuffed the kids so full of cereal, they had Corn Flakes oozing out of their ears.

But that was almost five years ago, time for a family to forget. We're just as demanding as ever.

But Lesson Two in kitchen calisthenics is now take shape. Daughter Susan is endeavoring to win her Cook's Badge as a member of the 2nd Company, Stouffville Girl Guides. The deadline date is Tuesday, June 5.

And the rush is on.

However, here again, all the male spectators around our house, (Dad included), figure the test is merely a simple flick of a switch and presto! job over. No fuss, no muss.

But we're learning, slowly mind you, that it's not all that easy. Susan's learning too.

Requirements include: Prepare and serve a two-course meal, with one hot dish; prepare two eggs two different ways; prepare meat, fish or poultry, (any two); using two methods; prepare one cooked fruit; cook three types of vegetables; prepare one milk pudding; prepare one cooked cereal; prepare one bakery product; make gravy; prepare a cream soup; make one salad; serve tea, coffee or cocoa, (any two), and that's it; one Cook's Badge.

Sounds simple, on paper.

But it takes a certain culinary skill, a talent I don't possess.

For example, ever tried to peel a potato? No? Susan hadn't either. And on her first attempt, she had bits and pieces flying all over the place.

The next catastrophe was losing the gravy spoon in the gravy, a common thing I'm told, and later, a lesson on how to dissolve the lumps in a batch of Cream of Wheat.

The most hilarious episode concerned something called a 'tossed salad.' By the time she was through, most of it had been tossed around the room.

Under the pressure of smart remarks and prying eyes, most girls would have given up in disgust. But not our Susan, for she's a determined kind of gal (a lot like her father). She just kept right on stirring and mixing, unmindful (so it seemed), of suggestions from the sidelines.

Our evening meal, Sunday, was a wee bit late, about seven o'clock to be exact. But it was worth the wait. For the roast was done just right, and the potatoes, u-mm, fairly melt in your mouth.

So it now seems certain, her Cook's Badge is in the bag.

I only hope her next test of skill pertains to plumbing. Then maybe our dad-blamed toilet will stop flooding and start flushing.