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# Editorial

## Recognize our rural hamlets

The enlarged Town of Markham is to be commended for recently recognizing the numerous pioneer hamlets in their rural area. Council has agreed to have signs erected at these various points bearing the hamlet name. Whitchurch-Stouffville should duplicate this move. We believe there are about ten such hamlets that should be recognized in a similar manner.

In years gone by when neither Markham nor Stouffville boasted over a thousand residents, these were all flourishing corner communities, each having at least one general store and a church. They were the pioneer beginnings of community life in the area and the names have come down through

the years and should not be forgotten. Many are the sites for early burying grounds with stones bearing family names back for a hundred years.

In most instances the general stores have long since closed down and only a small core of residents remain. Others, such as Ballantrae, lying in the path of development have greatly enlarged.

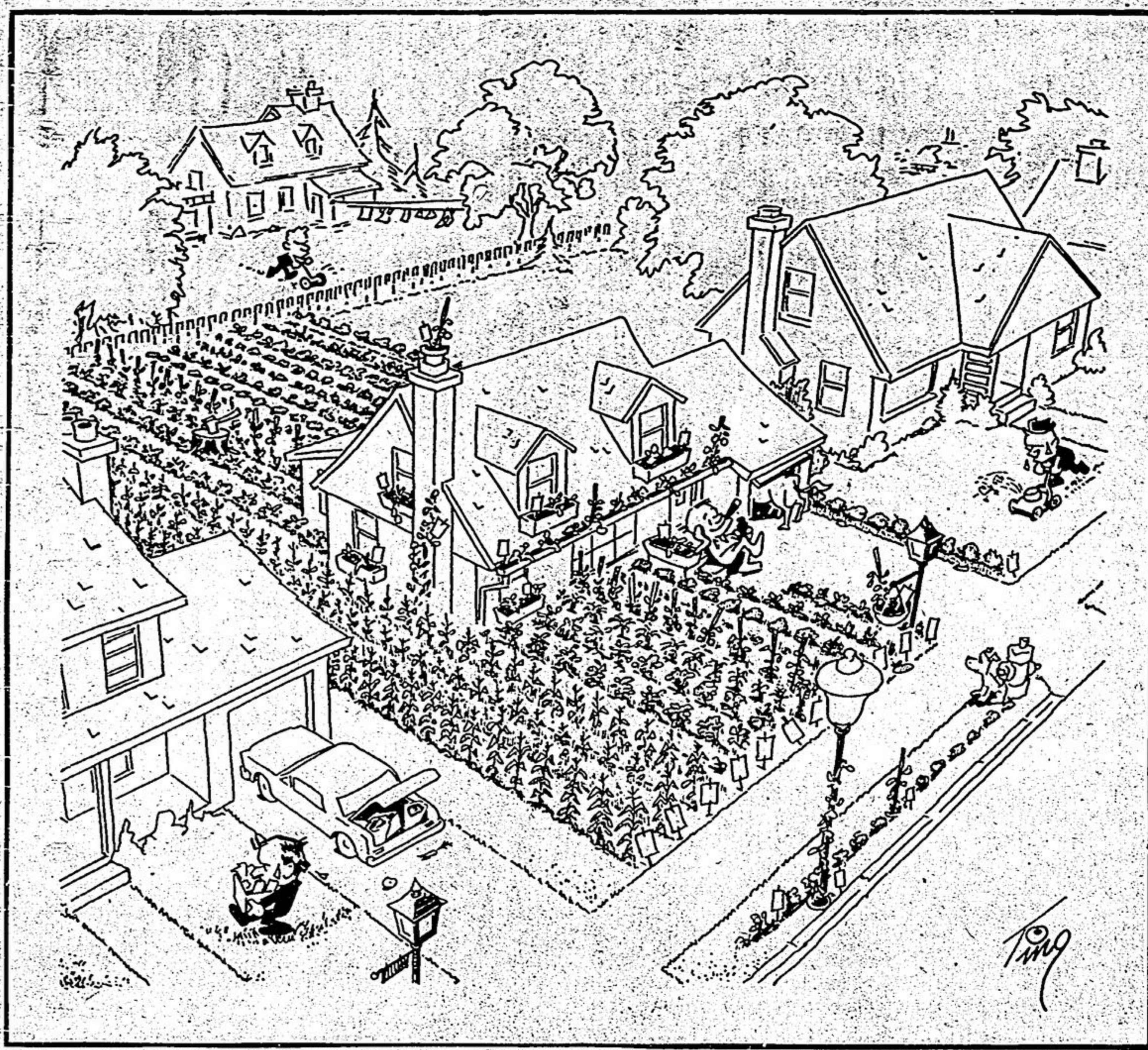
Great strides have been made in the last few years all through old Ontario to preserve our history. This is another inexpensive step which this municipality could take to recognize and preserve our early community beginnings lest they be completely swallowed up by a bursting city.

## We hurt more than we help

In the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville, the Building Inspector-Bylaw Enforcement Officer has resigned.

Who cares?  
 In the Twp. of Pickering, the Clerk has quit; the Manager has resigned; and an accountant in the Road Department is leaving.  
 Who cares?  
 In the Region of York, many veteran police officers have quit the force to accept other positions at reduced salaries.  
 Who cares?  
 In the Town of Markham, the Planning Director resigned under circumstances that were never publicly explained.  
 Who cared?  
 The answer to each is — no one. And while such an attitude may seem cold and im-

personal, it is, in fact true. No one really cares.  
 But should they? Should the residents demand a full-scale enquiry? Should this newspaper spearhead a full-scale investigation?  
 We say "no", unless the employee feels he or she has been unjustly treated.  
 For we have found that when any individual is threaded through the wringer of political debate, it is the very person the public (or newspaper) is attempting to help, that is more often hurt.  
 This newspaper will always be willing to air both sides of such issues. But we will not purposely dig out the dirty linen for public consumption at an employee's expense. This, unfortunately, is what has happened in Pickering — to the Council's shame.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

Great to be getting older

By BILL SMILEY

When I was young and ignorant and life was forever, nothing bored me more than "old people" talking so much about death.

As soon as my Dad received his hometown weekly paper, he would flip to the obituaries and read them to my mother, interspersing the printed word with comments about the deceased.

Often the latter was a distant cousin, or someone father had gone to school with or someone he'd worked for as a boy. He'd recall where the dead person had lived, what he'd done and some of his peculiarities.

I couldn't imagine why my mother could be bothered listening. She didn't of course. She was much too busy bustling around, cooking or sewing or doing a wash. But she pretended to, and would drop in the occasional comment or correct him on a date.

Now that I am old and not quite so ignorant and realize the brevity of our stay, I can understand. It wasn't a morbidity on my father's part. It was an interest in, and awareness of, the fact that death comes for us all, even for the archbishop. He knew it was closing in on his generation, quietly but relentlessly.

I am not about to start reading obituaries as a regular pre-dinner treat, but I did read three lately, with a since of almost personal loss, though I didn't know any of the three "involved", if that's the word.

Joe E. Brown. The name means nothing to young people today. But it recalled for me Saturday afternoon at the matinee, almost falling out of my seat from laughing at the antics of this great clown.

Betty Grable. She was never much of an actress, but she was a great Hollywood personality, in the days when there were such creatures. Pin-up girl of the western world before the centre-page, all-nude fold-out was dreamed of.

Veronica Lake. Fell half in love with her when I saw her first movie. She contrived to look sexy and sinful in the days before bikinis and bra-less bosoms.

Brown was an old man. But Grable and Lake were in their fifties; forgotten by the world but not exactly doddering. Each had a distinguishing specialty. Joe E. Brown had a moth about the size of half a water melon. Grable had legs that inspired an innocent sort of lust at a time when an ugly, exposed navel would have been just that. Lake wore long, blonde hair over one eye. Half the girls in town went around half-blind trying to emulate her hair-do.

My feelings of nostalgia were brought to a focus yesterday. My wife and I were at the beach. She was flat out, turning black under the sun; as is her wont. I was sitting up like a gentleman, in a chair, carefully covered, but still turning red in exposed areas, as is my wont.

Near us on the sand was a young couple, very handsome, with a little boy, very bad. He was bugging the life out of them; kicking sand in their faces; throwing cold water on their hot, dry bodies; running off and having to be fetched; demanding that his father do six things at once. But he was cute.

My wife watched, then asked nostalgically and tenderly: "Would you like to be young again like that, with the little ones?"

I thought carefully for 12 or 13 seconds and replied, "No."

I meant it. When I look at my flab, I'd like to be twenty, even ten years younger. When my seed wart is throbbing and my bursitis in the shoulder is burning like acid, I'd like to be thirty years younger.

But when I think of the agony and the ecstasy of starting all over again, raising those kids, sanity speaks.

Days at the beach, sure. But, even though watching them like hawks, the sudden disappearance of one, and the frenzies running up and down searching, until the child was found playing with a dog, forty feet from the water.

Summer nights in a small town, yes. Until a four-year-old vanished at bedtime, and the frantic running around the block, calling wildly, knowing there was a deep ditch full of water, and the rage when little miss was discovered watching TV next door. Nope.

Sweating out music festival adjudicators' remarks I can do without.

Trying to steer out of drugs and into education I can manage to give up.

I think I can even sacrifice Santa Claus parades and riding with tots on the ferris wheel at the midway.

No, I don't want to be young again. It's too hard on a chap. I'm saving what's left for my grandchildren.

We'll walk on the beach, and in the woods. And I'll answer, from my pinnacle of ignorance, all those impossible questions kids ask. And when I'm stuck, I'll say, "Go and ask your grannie."

Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory? It's great to be getting old. Well, anyway, older.

# ROAMING AROUND

Costs 'rock'

concert sponsors

By Jim Thomas

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
 The captains and the kings depart  
 The remains — a living sacrifice,  
 Two busted bankrolls, broken hearts.

That, young folks, is my hastily prepared epitaph to Stouffville's first (and likely last) professional Rock Concert in the Arena, Saturday night.

Talent-wise, it was tops.  
 Financially, it was a flop.  
 Why? There are many reasons.

First, the imported talent was too professional — too costly. This was reflected in the admission. The price was too high. The teen guy who sports a nifty Duster with mag wheels and all the trimmings, will still think twice about spending \$7.00 on a night of 'noise'. And that's what it was — noise; out of the Elvis era — my era. And let me tell you, kids tastes have changed some since then.

Oh sure, some still crave 'the big beat sound,' but not enough — at least not enough in Stouffville. The result — a disaster.

I attended Saturday's show, fully anticipating an audience in excess of 1,000. To my surprise, I observed a yawning cavern of empty chairs, extending row on row from centre ice back. It resembled the interior of some churches on a Sunday morning, only in reverse. Here, everyone (all three hundred of them), were seated at the front.

The police were there, and conspicuous, mainly due to the smallness of the crowd. But they weren't obtrusive. They didn't need to be. The kids, at least the ones I saw, were orderly.

But getting back to the Festival, the music and such, what's with the 'Long Tall Sally' and 'Blue Suede Shoes' routine? That stuff's dead — fifteen years dead; belted out on records before some of the show's listeners were even born.

And one group, the program's finale, had the nerve to request girls from the floor, go through an impromptu dance giration on stage. There was no response. At a reported \$1,200 for sixty minutes work, they could well afford their own.

Down, but not out, organizers may try again.

If they hope to break even or maybe make a dollar, I have a couple of suggestions: First, hire local talent and forget the so-called pros. And second, with Council's okay, hold the show outdoors. From the amount of refuse scattered about Stouffville's Conservation site, Sunday, that's where this 'concert' had its conclusion anyway.

# Editor's Mail

Dear Jim,  
 I have tried to analyze your comments on the subject you titled "The bigots still parade for inglorious 12th"

I can vision you, "the great unifier of races and religions", hurrying to see that in glorious parade of "bigots" and I guess you took your son along so that he could write your notes, as it certainly appears like a little boy's attempt to write about something on which he had not done his homework.

You are to be commended on taking a good photograph, and while you admit that most male eyes were focused on the bearer, she was holding high a wonderful banner, but then I doubt if your eyes went up that far! If a picture was the object of your trip to Goodwood, and you clearly state "anything for a picture", why did you not spare your son the agony of "perspiration dripping off the end of his nose", and spend the time in the cool of your own basement, leafing with him through the pages of Playboy.

You appear as a self admitted ignorant person, as you could not explain to your son what you were watching, or what you were about to deliver to the readers. Is it any wonder that the public is getting disgusted with the ignorant persons who write misinformed articles in some small newspapers.

It would certainly waste my time and perhaps yours, to try and educate you at this late stage of your writing career. You did yourself no service by trying to downgrade an Association of people who DO NOT stand for anything you misguidedly painted for the public view.

I apologise to your son for your ignorance. I forgive you for your arrogance.

May God bless you, and we trust that Wisdom may come to you one day. I remain, in contempt,

Joseph T. Silver,  
 R.R. 3 Stouffville.

Editor's Note: You're wrong. It wasn't that I couldn't explain what we were watching. I was too ashamed to try.

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
 I take very strong objection to your Roaming Around column in the July 12 issue of The Tribune.

The publisher of any paper should know the facts and the true story, before printing something that damages other people.

Think again, what is a bigot?

You seem to have no idea what Orangemen stand for or why they parade on July 12. Or why the Black and Ladies Crystal Lodges parade on Derry Day, August 12.

The fighting in Belfast is not a religious feud. Do some reading and research and you will find it's a political issue from years back.

The Orange Order is founded on Christian Faith. Their motto is "Freedom for all; favors for none"

On July 7, I very proudly wore my orange sash and marched in the parade at Port Perry with a loyal member on a white horse at the head. More than one minister walked in that parade, wearing the clerical collar. Are they also bigots?

Your reference to "a local yokel on a spavined gray nag" is one no citizen, Orangeman or not, will condone.

What you observed in Goodwood, was their Lodge marching through town on their way to the annual Orange Walk in Port Perry.

Yes, they march, because they uphold the right of everyone in our country, Ontario; yes, Stouffville too, to exercise the privilege of worshipping in their own faith.

Why didn't you explain to your son some of the other things that may "contaminate" his generation, such as drugs, drink, etc? Why don't you pay more attention to printing social events of interest to people? That is what they want.

I am not alone in my criticism of your article. Many prominent people are very annoyed.

Lonie M. Gamble,  
 Worthy Mistress,  
 Queen Mary L.O.B.A.  
 204,  
 Aurora, Ont.

Editor's Note: It's unfortunate some of the 'hot heads' didn't march themselves into Lake Scugog to 'cool off'.

Dear Editor:

We would like to thank all the people of the Musselman's Lake area for their co-operation and generosity in supporting our campaign in aid of the Cystic Fibrosis Association.

Our goal was twenty dollars, but we more than tripled this figure.

Once again, our thanks to the people of the Lake community.

Wendy Wigmore, Chris Eldridge,  
 Tammy Harding, Karen Wigmore,  
 Bryan Wilkins, Kevin Wigmore,  
 Danny Wigmore.

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
 Is there a group of people anywhere without its quota of quota of bigots? This Goodwood Gawker was deeply wounded by your anti-Orange, anti-Goodwood column of July 12.

I personally could never have been an Orangeman any more than I could be a Roman Catholic, an Italian a Negro, a fundamentalist, a Latvian, a Swede, a North American Indian or a nudist, but I am pleased to be "contaminated", and to allow my children to be "contaminated" by the colorful traditions of all the religious, social, and ethnic groups which form the great Canadian mosaic.

Perhaps when we have all been "contaminated" enough we will at last be free of such disparaging terms as Newfie, Frog, Nigger, Wop, Dogan, Jew boy, and Hippie. Meanwhile I would beg you cease adding fuel to fires which barely smoulder here in Ontario, (remember what persecution did for the Christians) and leave it to tolerance, understanding and intermarriage to eventually put them out.

ELEANOR TODD,  
 Goodwood.

Editor's Note: I can stand the 'heat'. Obviously, some Orangemen can't.