



The Tribune

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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCausland Advertising Director

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Editorials

Death at the wheel

No. 48 is fast gaining the unenviable record of being the most accident prone stretch of highway anywhere in the district. Scarcely a week is clear without a fatality. Obviously the road is too narrow for the amount of traffic it handles, but in the vast majority of cases it's the drivers who are at fault, not the highway.

The number of drivers with their brains in the seat of their pants who speed past other vehicles with no observance whatever of the solid line is fantastic. We had the experience again this week of having cars pass by over the solid line, one on the very brow of a hill. A

heavy blast from the horn slowed them down but only momentarily.

Whether or not the extra lane planned for this stretch of road will cut down the slaughter remains to be seen. In the meantime death careens along at the wheel and by the time the road has added width, which is some years off, the amount of traffic will have increased to an unbearable level.

More and more residents are expressing an actual fear of travelling on Highway 48 at all. Only a round-the-clock patrol can provide a minimum of safety for the innocent.

Get back to the work ethic

Once again that fruit-picking, vegetable-picking time has arrived, and once again the country has to go begging for labourers to harvest these crops. At the same time unemployment has been reduced and there has been a great 'checking up' of those receiving unemployment benefits to determine whether or not they are legitimate.

Nevertheless the great rush some months ago to get on the socialist gravy train has been far from reversed. The government, constantly prodded by the NDP made it as easy as possible for anyone to climb aboard. The folly of this action has been apparent for months.

With the government promoting a new generation which found this parasite existence wonderful, it is not hard to see why it is difficult to find people who will climb ladders to pick fruit or bend their backs to dirty their hands after tomatoes and cucumbers.

So once again we must leave the country in search of workers who live in much less favorable circumstances, who are not carried away by such modern phrases as doing your own thing, being aware, knowing who you are or finding oneself. Instead they are anxious to make a dollar to feed themselves — that's basic.

Save this historic church

Work is already underway to reclaim and improve the cemetery site at First Markham Baptist Church in Markham.

It is one of several similar projects assumed by the Markham Cemetery Board. The committee's accomplishments are known and recognized across the municipality.

We hope the restoration program will extend beyond the burial grounds and include also the church. For no single structure in the rural regions of Markham can be quite so

historic as this little red-brick country chapel.

Its date of erection is said to be 1848, one hundred and twenty-five years ago. Surely, a landmark so significant, is worth saving.

Through the Ontario countryside, churches, such as this one, have become beautiful tourist attractions, revered and appreciated by all visitors. Why not here?

The cost could be budgeted over a five year period, until all repairs are complete. With one phase of the work already started, an extension of this project would seem in order.

eyesore, Century City: You opted for the airport — so don't carp at the accompanying side effects: Run-down farms, impoverished landscape and another insidious contribution to the spiralling costs of farm produce. The moral is: People who want airports, pay for them, and pay for them and pay for them.

Andrew J. G. Patenall
R.R. 1, Stouffville

Dear Sir:

As a change of pace from some letters you receive, this incident may give you a chuckle as it did me.

While driving south from Peterboro recently, we came upon one of those familiar signs that read: "Construction-Single Lane-Obey Flagman."

The flag ahead of us said STOP, and glancing in my mirror, I noticed ours was the only car travelling south, but ahead, going north, was a lineup over half a mile long. They also faced a STOP sign, so I was prepared for a long delay.



CUTTIN' EM OFF AT THE GULCH



SUGAR AND SPICE

High cost of travelling

By BILL SMILEY

My wife cannot understand why anyone wants to travel, when he can sit in his own backyard and commune with the gods. I'm beginning to agree with her.

Getting ready is kind of a pain in the arm, especially if you must have a vaccination.

Obtaining a passport sounds easy. Heck, it's more trouble than getting married or dying.

All you have to do is fill in a form. The form is slightly more complicated than your income tax.

Then, you must find someone who will swear that you are who you say you are. This person is called a guarantor and can be practically anyone except your neighbor.

Then you must obtain a birth certificate. This is fairly simple if you know where you were born. If you don't, or you happened to be born in Zilch, Yugoslavia, it can be complex.

Our flagman was frantically waving to the other man to change his sign to GO, but to no avail.

In disgust, he waved me through and rather sheepishly I proceeded on, all alone. The motorists I met were blowing their horns and shaking their fists.

When I finally passed them, they must have hated me even more because I was laughing. I couldn't help it, because when I passed their flagmen, I observed he was sound asleep.

It would appear that some jobs are just too tough for some employees today.

H.D. Whitehead,
Stouffville, R.R. 4.

ROAMING AROUND

Let's adopt a flag-flying 'craze'

By Jim Thomas

Canadians are continually being affected by 'crazes'. Usually, they have their start in the U.S. and sometimes England, to quickly vault across the border or the ocean to saturate the market here.

For the most part, such gadgets are geared to interest kids — the teens and sub-teens. And while their existence is always short-lived, the time limit is long enough to deposit a few million dollars in the pocket of the manufacturer.

For instance, remember the 'de-bugger' of the fifties—that little plastic do-dad that hooked onto the hood of most cars? It was supposed to deflect all night-flying creatures from the windshield. And while I don't know if it did, just about every young driver of that day had one.

And somebody made a fortune. There were 'crazes' before that. There are 'crazes' to-day. Some are practical; most are not. They're merely gimmicks to separate the boy (or girl) from the loose change that jingles in their jeans.

Here in Whitchurch-Stouffville — yes, across Canada, I'd like to see folks adopt a craze that we could call all our own.

A flag-flying craze. Some already have.

On Saturday, I had an opportunity to travel through some of the rural regions of our Town; and believe you me, our country cousins put me villagers to shame. I saw the Maple Leaf flying everywhere; some places even had two. How many flags do you ever see in Stouffville?

I admit, I'm no more patriotic than the next guy — not patriotic enough. That's why I feel there's room for improvement in all of us. And flying our flag is a good way to start.

To me, there's nothing more beautiful, more eye-catching, than a large red Maple Leaf flowing in the wind from a backyard pole. Take a look — a close look, the next time you see one, and you'll know what I mean.

Then do it — invest in a pole; purchase a flag and fly it.

And I'll do the same. For, ours is still stored away in the basement.

We bought it back in 1967; you know, six years ago, when that great surge of nationalistic pride flowed through the veins of every Canadian.

But we never put it up, and I'm thoroughly ashamed.

But why this great patriotic appeal right now, August 23, 1973?

Okay, I'll tell you.

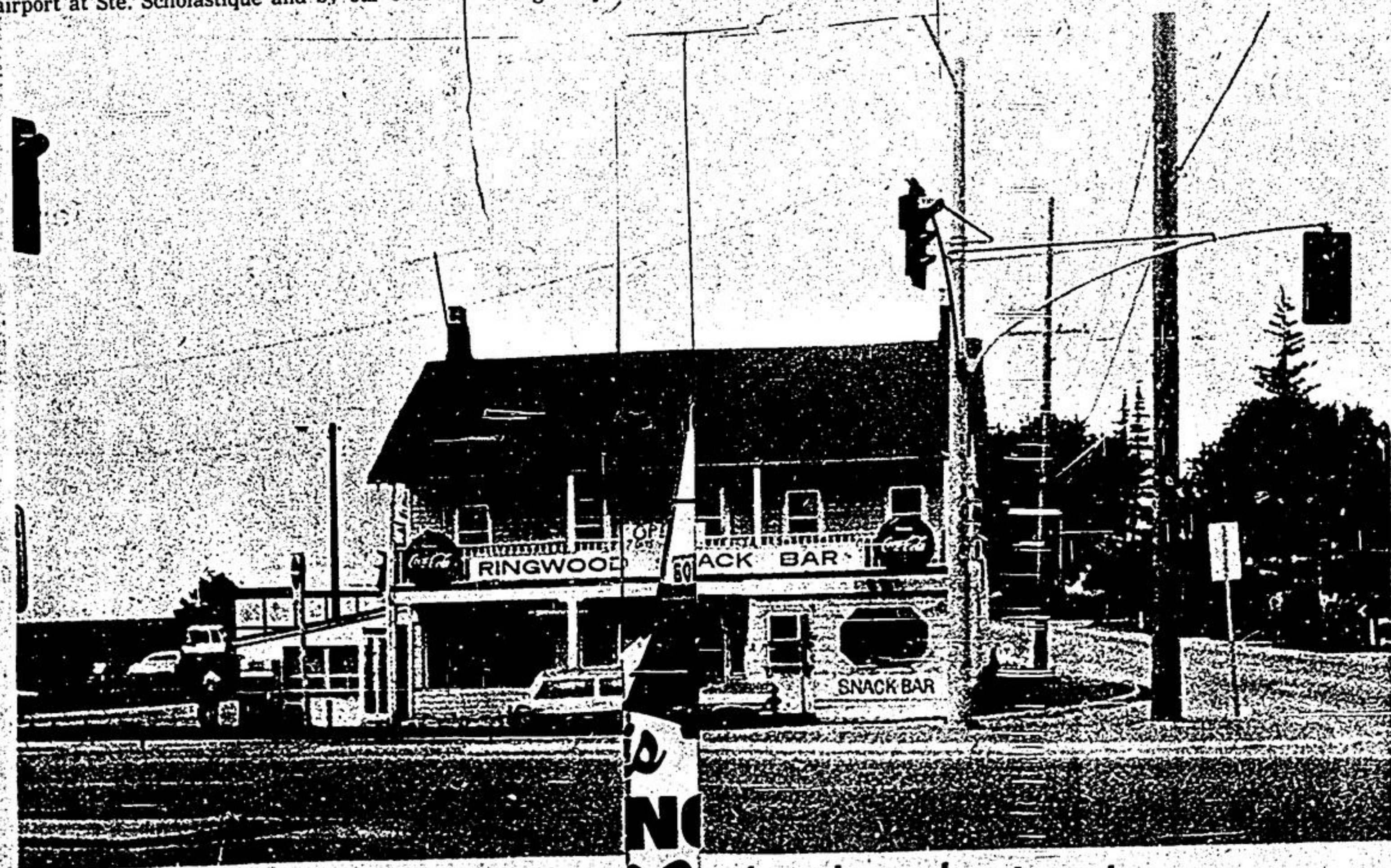
While thumbing through the pages of my Canadian Edition dictionary, I inadvertently came across the words "Flag Day". The explanation for this all-important occasion reads as follows: Anniversary of the day (June 14) in 1777, when the United States flag was adopted.

I'd say a little show of Canadianism is long overdue.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir: Good Grief! I could hardly believe the appearance of your editorial expressing concern over the departure of farmers from the Airport site. Since your paper has so enthusiastically welcomed the airport from the start, it's a bit late to begin lamenting the cost now. Of course "responsible farmers" will pull out. Most farmers around here are superb professionals who have been working this fine productive land for generations. Many of them must be able to plan their land use for years ahead. Small wonder that they will quit either to retire or to relocate elsewhere.

And you supporters of this airport must accept that no matter how "good" the tenant farmers who take over the land, none is going to make the investment in outbuildings, fencerows, and woodlot maintenance that the owners have done. By welcoming this airport you have committed yourself to urbanization from from Steeles Avenue to Stouffville. The degeneration of farm land is inevitable as has been demonstrated both by the Montreal airport at Ste. Scholastique and by our own



Ringwood restaurant & landmark structure

The Ringwood Restaurant and Gas Bar, along with a property to the west, has recently changed hands for a reported \$1,000,000. The site is a landmark in the community, once serving as a hotel owned by the late Newbury Button. A brother, Will Button also operated a hotel on the north-west corner of the intersection.

— Michael Gerhardt.