



The Tribune

Established 1888

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Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 15c. Subscriptions \$6.00 per year in Canada, \$15.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.



Editorials

Time to pull together

A two million dollar campaign is proposed for Whitchurch-Stouffville that, if successful, will see the construction of a Recreation Centre in Town.

A multi-thousand dollar venture is being considered for Whitchurch-Stouffville that, if approved, will see the erection of a new Public Library in Town.

Two campaigns, where one would do; two sites, where one would do; two committees, where one would do.

Complex? Yes, about as 'complex' a problem as any Council or committee of Council should have to face.

However, despite the political repercussions that could result, someone in authority must take a stand. Either it must be a Library alone or a Recreation Centre with the Library as its first phase. Two separate projects, both at the same time, will prove

fatal to both. It's time to bury the hatchet and get on with the work—together.

We favor a consolidated Recreation Centre, phased out over a period of years.

We feel the Library should be a part of this Complex—the first part. And the property should be of sufficient size to permit continued expansion as needs arise.

That is why, the site to the south of the Arena, will not do. It's too small—much too small.

The Town must look ahead—fifty years ahead, and plan accordingly. More important, we must plan together with one thought in mind—the best service, for the most people at the least cost. And a Town doesn't accomplish this goal by organizing committees to pull in opposite directions. That can only tear us apart.

Retain community spirit

This is the age of the 'hand-out'. The government keeps handing it out, and the people have their hands out to accept it.

We complain if we don't get our share, and we 'beef' when others do. The era of self-motivation for the sake of self-preservation is all but dead. But not quite—at least not in the former police village of Unionville. There, they have a sizeable project underway, to

expand and improve the interior of the Crosby Memorial Arena. And who's doing it? Why, the people themselves—no begging, no bleating for government aid. Just good, old-fashioned hard work mixed with a generous sprinkling of old-fashioned community spirit.

That's what makes Unionville the kind of place it is, and always will be. You have our support—one hundred percent.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Yankee take-over in football too

By BILL SMILEY

A number of deep and troubling questions are puzzling me this fall. Perhaps if I get them out in the open, those stabbing cramps in my stomach will ease off.

Leaves. I have six maples and two huge oaks on my front lawn. That produces leaves to the knees. My neighbour across the street has four maples around his property. Also a fair crop of leaves, but nothing like ours.

My neighbour rakes up his leaves. At least his wife does. I contemplate mine with a judicious eye, waiting for the right moment to strike. "Might as well wait till they're all down."

My neighbours are godly and righteous people. I am an acknowledged sinner. Yet every fall, about this time, we get one of those howling north winds that make you shiver in bed, glad you're there.

I get up the next morning, and my front lawn is as clean as the cat's dish. I look out the other window in dismay, and sure enough, my neighbour's tidy lawn looks like the Maple Leaf Forever. My leaves? Why?

I've thought this time of telling him he should put up a snow fence, but I think I'd better give him a couple of weeks to cool off. And get those leaves raked up.

There I feel better already, getting that off my chest. As good as the confessional.

Football. In my youth, I dearly loved the game. Played five years in high school, two in college before I went off to play another kind of game.

Every night I'd draggle home in the dark, after practice, aching in every limb, drinking in the sharp fall air, completely satisfied.

During the games, there was the heady knowledge that every girl in the school was out there watching you. This, of course, was a two-edged sword. You might catch a pass for a touchdown. You might also drop it, for a red face.

We had some great teams in high school, because our principal was a football nut. When I think over the names, I have more than a sense of nostalgia. Half a dozen were killed in the war.

We didn't have much going for us besides lots of spirit. There were about four helmets on the team. Our uniforms were ragged. We made our own pads of felt obtained at the local felt mill. Some had cleated boots, others played in sneakers.

One of my great thrills was when my big brother took me to Ottawa for the Grey Cup final. In those days the Grey Cup game wasn't the silly-ass spectacle it is now, with beauty contests, marching bands, parades and such footawraw.

It was serious business. You were there to see a football game, not to get drunk and make an idiot of yourself.

You could get good seats for seventy-five cents. I sat between two voluble French-Canadians, who, quietly and with dignity, passed a mickey of rye (85c) back and forth, but only to keep off the chill. Today they'd have a twenty-sixer each and be glassy-eyed by half time.

It was a great game. Those were the days of giants: Bummer Stirling, who could boot a ball the length of the field; Bunny Wadsworth, who was like a tank in the line. This day, the

centre of attention was Fritz Hanson, who was as hard to pin down as a dragon-fly. But for all his scampering, the bigger Ottawa team won 7-6 on the last play.

At any rate, in those days I knew the game. From there it was all downhill. The Yanks took over, and, as usual, we adopted their terms.

Outside wings became ends. Middle wings became tackles. Inner wings became guards. And the flying wing, my own favorite position, vanished into limbo.

Today, I am as baffled by the terminology of football as an elderly librarian would have been by the terminology at the recent fighter pilots' reunion in Ottawa.

What is a tight end, for example? Is that what we see when the players go into a huddle, and stick those extremely tight pants into our faces on TV?

What is the opposite of a tight end? Is this someone who has the skitters? Is that why they are always running off the field?

What is an offensive tackle? Is this someone whose language or behaviour you find offensive to your sensibilities?

Is the familiar phrase, "I gave him a pretty good shot," an indication that the players are now carrying concealed, not to mention offensive, weapons?

One of the universities is giving an extension course at its night school. It's for girl friends and wives of football players, so that they can enjoy the game more.

I think I'll sign up for the course. I'm dying to know what a middle linebacker does for a living.

Editor's Mail

Street made safer

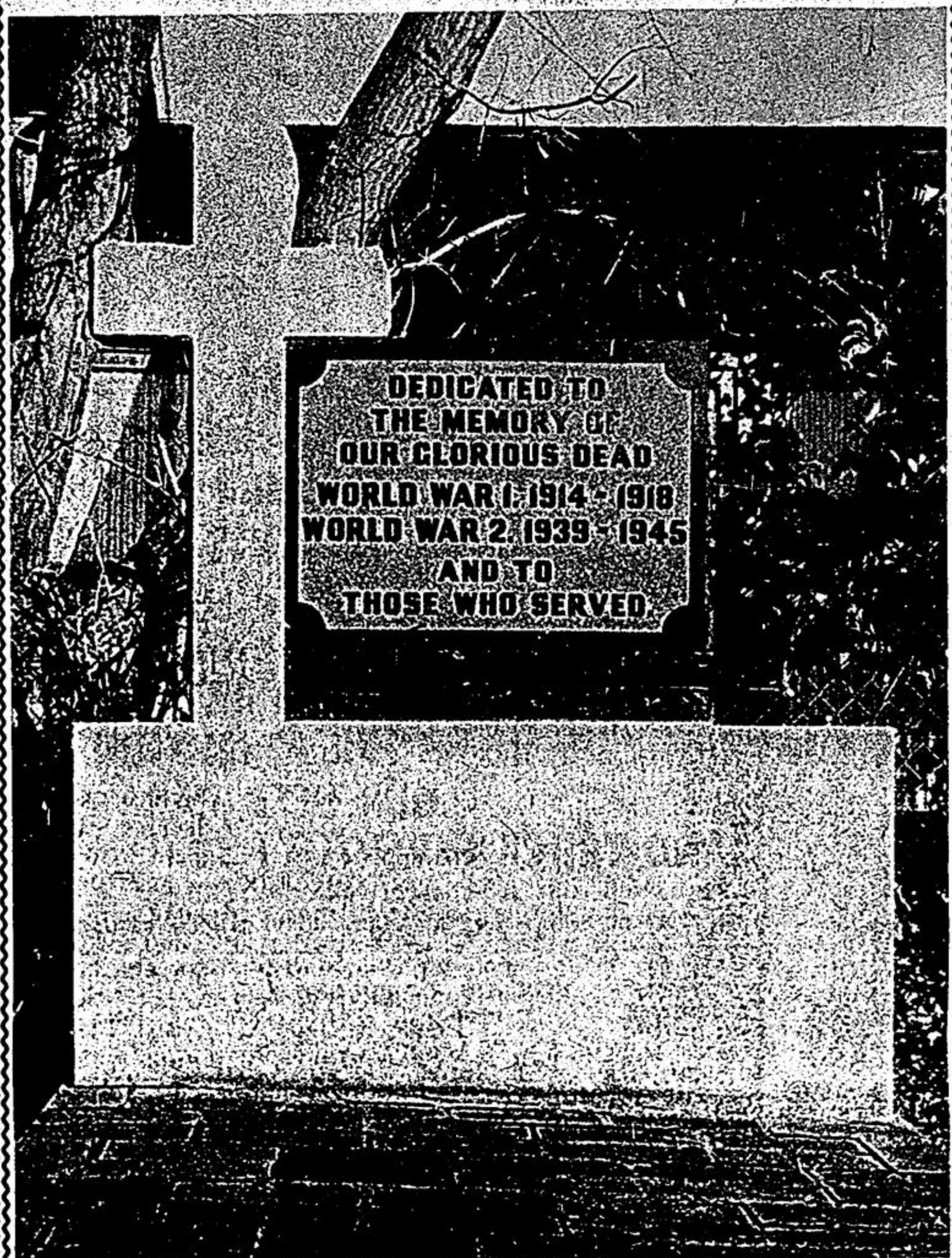
Dear Sir: While I do not have my information on authority, it is my understanding that Cathy Joyce, councillor in Ward 4, of Whitchurch-Stouffville, was responsible for having the two stop signs erected on Rupert Avenue at Winona Drive.

If this is so, I commend her for this seemingly simple, but appreciated safety measure. With a straight stretch through

from the Ninth to Westlawn, some motorists drove much too fast. Now, they're forced to stop and I hope the police make sure they do.

I'm sure the parents of children who reside in this area are breathing a little easier. As an (adult) pedestrian who uses this street quite often, I now feel much safer too.

Mrs. Sarah Kent, Stouffville.



Remember..Think..Participate

Sunday, Nov. 11 is Remembrance Day, in Whitchurch-Stouffville, and across Canada a service, in memory of those who

gave their lives in two World Wars, will be held in the Legion Hall at 2:30 p.m., and later at the cenotaph in the Town Square.



ROAMING AROUND

Television-next best to being there

By JIM THOMAS

I've always been a rabid hockey fan.

It's a mania not uncommon to Canadians. For me, this intense enthusiasm for the game goes back about 35 years when we all, as a family group would crowd around the old DeForest Crosley and listen to the play by play as vividly described by Foster Hewitt.

Names I still recall include such hockey heroes as Syl Apps, Bill Cowley, Charlie Rayner, Davie Kerr, Gordie Drillon, Turk Broda, and the greatest of them all (in my opinion)—Bryan Hextall.

I worshipped him with all the little-boy idolism that kids today hold for performers like Bobby Orr, Dave Keon and Paul Henderson. I had his picture (one for every Beehive Corn Syrup label) plastered over my bedroom wall. I also had, (and still have) a scrapbook of photos showing Bryan Hextall in action. Every once in awhile I haul it out of a 'treasure chest' in the basement and leaf through it with sons Barry and Paul.

There he is. I say with reverence, "boy, I'll never forget the night..." And then I stop. For the kids are bored. They don't come right out and say it, but I can tell they couldn't care less. They don't know him; they never saw him; in fact they never even heard of him, (except from me), so why should they care?

Their interest is in the present—the Orr's, the Esposito's, and the Keon's. All else is history.

I sense a similar reaction when we visit the Hockey Hall of Fame each year at the C.N.E.

I selfishly lead them straight to one section and we stand there—in silence. If I've read the scoring statistics on Bryan Hextall once, I've read it a dozen times. "Look guys, his picture, just like the one I had. And see that; two scoring championships. Oh, I tell you

— I go on and on.

Yes, they're looking and yes, they're seeing. But what they see is not a hockey star, but a Dad who's too wrapped up in his own boyhood to think about theirs.

This generation gap, I blame on television.

We never had the game actually played in the centre of our farmhouse kitchen. We had to rely a little bit on imagination, quite a bit, in fact. And later, we clipped out every newspaper picture we could find. These were fact. Not so any more. Every scoring play, every shot stopped, every blueline check is recorded (and re-recorded), before an armchair audience of millions.

But is every the proper word? Do we see 'everything' on the television screen?

Hardly, or Maple Leaf Gardens would be half-empty every Saturday night instead of folks clamoring for seats.

I know, for we (the two boys and I), viewed first-hand, the Toronto-Pittsburgh encounter, Saturday from excellent seats in the west-side Blues.

It was a thrill to be part of that huge crowd; to watch guys like the two Swedes, Inge Hammarstrom and Borje Salming (he should have been a star); Dunc Wilson in goal and Norm Ullman.

And Eddie Shack; he's worth the price of admission alone.

But the greatest thrill of all occurred not during the game or between periods, but after the majority of fans had left the rink. More by accident than anything else, we selected an exit that took us close to the Pittsburgh dressing room. A dozen or so kids were grouped around, so we decided to wait too just in case.

While standing there, I spotted old friend, Jack Watson from Stouffville, with wife Carol and family. He was waiting on his brother Bryan, a defence stalwart with the Pittsburgh club. "Hi there," he yelled, "c'mon over here, they'll be out soon!"

We obeyed. First came Bryan, then Syl Apps, but none others we recognized. (Hockey players look different in street clothes.)

We were ready to leave, when Jack, doing a bit of 'scouting' up and down the hall, called out again. "He's here—over here." We ran to where we had last seen a wave of his hand.

And there he was—Bryan Hextall. He stood tall, handsome, immaculately dressed.

We shook hands. "Your father was my idol," I said.

"I'm glad to hear that," he replied. But the kids said nothing. They were too dumbfounded, too flabbergasted to speak.

"Do you boys play hockey?" he asked, breaking the ice.

They only nodded, with Barry producing a program in silent anticipation of an autograph. He quickly complied.

Then we left.

We were waiting for the subway when Paul, so caught up in the whirl of big-league excitement, finally found something to say.

"Was that really Bryan Hextall, son of the man you once knew?" he asked.

"That's right, but I didn't really know him," I answered honestly. "I only thought I did, by listening on radio."

"And we only thought we knew this Bryan Hextall, by watching on television," replied Paul, "but to-night, he talked to us. Wow, some difference."

Some difference is right.