



The Tribune

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Editorials

We're chronic complainers

We've become a country crippled by chronic complainers.

It's a disease, a contagious disease that undoubtedly extends from coast to coast.

Many Whitchurch-Stouffville residents have been stricken. There is no known cure.

The contacts are everywhere — in restaurants, on street corners, homes, schools, meeting halls — wherever people gather, it's the negative side that seeps into every conversation.

Despite the fact most Canadians never had it so good.

The media (including newspapers) are much to blame. There's the pessimistic approach. Readers and listeners become so saturated with this kind of thing, they find themselves accepting it as gospel truth when, in reality quite often, the opposite is true.

An example was a recent news conference called by the Prime Minister with representatives of the parliamentary press. On the national news that night, who was

featured? Not Pierre Trudeau, but the two leaders of the Opposition who took obvious delight in slicing the Prime Minister's statement to shreds.

The same holds true in Ontario. Queen's Park establishes policies, but the 'ink' goes to the critics.

Does Ottawa never do anything right by the 'over-burdened' taxpayers of York-Simcoe? Not according to Sinclair Stevens' column.

On the other side of the fence, much the same holds true for Don Deacon (York-Centre).

And some of it tends to rub off on an unthinking segment of the electorate, many of whom take delight in castigating in-power politicians as money-grabbing 'crooks'.

We say — criticize where criticism is warranted.

But commend, when commendation is justified.

Work-to-rule in reverse

We hear of teachers' demands for higher salaries.

We hear criticisms of spending ceilings. There's talk of wholesale resignations; of work-to-rule.

Here in Stouffville, we have work-to-rule in reverse.

At Summitview School, the principal, Lorne Boadway, has four organized guitar and ukulele classes, that he personally conducts 'in his spare time'.

This is dedication.

At Orchard Park School, the principal, Keith Sutherland, conducts his own personal safety program, 'in his spare time'.

This too, is dedication.

It will never prompt support through placard parades.

It will never be featured on T V.

But it's part of an every-day program, and warrants appreciation.

Editor's Mail

Sir: 'Progress' has done it again. The very old Goodwood House in Uxbridge Twp. was recently demolished, as pictured in a recent issue of The Tribune.

Ironically, an editorial in the same issue, gave notice of plans to research Stouffville's history.

This well-known building was a landmark of historical value, once being the only Inn (1830's), on the road from Uxbridge to

Stouffville. In 1857, Michael Chapman was the innkeeper and Postmaster at Goodwood.

I hope that the committee formed to research Stouffville's history, will consult the Toronto plan for preserving historically valuable buildings and set in motion similar action used by the City. That Inn should not have come down.

David H. Waite, R.R. 3, Newmarket.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Keep a bushel of wild blackberries by the bed

By BILL SMILEY



First, we'll do a book review this week. A fascinating volume has come into my hands. It is called "Drink Your Troubles Away."

The title alone would sell a lot of copies. I can just hear the boozers say, "Hey, That's for me. It's time somebody wrote a sensible book."

And then there's the name of the author. It is John Lust. What an intriguing combination. Drink and Lust. All for 95c.

It's not quite as exciting inside as it is on the cover, because it's a natural foods tract. Unless you can get excited over the thought of a brimming glass of carrot juice, or start to drool at the image of a cabbage pie, it may not be your meat, if the author will pardon the expression.

I was a bit cynical at first, but I read on with growing interest, and by the time I had gone through a few chapters, I was engrossed.

I'm a meat and tater man, myself. You know what that will get me? I quote: "Wrong diet brings with it constipated bowels, hemorrhoids, anemia, defective secretions, acidity, ulcers, bloating, arthritis, headache, nervousness, liver and kidney ailments, heart disease, feeble-mindedness and thousand other ailments."

Well, I think that's a pretty sweeping statement. I have never been constipated in my life. Lots of the people I know who follow the same diet as I am, are constipated.

I do have hemorrhoids and arthritis occasionally, and I am definitely becoming feeble-minded, though I've had none of those other things, though I try not to think of my liver. Defective secretions indeed. What kind are you supposed to have? Effective secretions?

Don't I'm knocking this book. I think John Lust is on the right track, even though it has many turnings.

I haven't seen any signs of feeble-mindedness among natural food fiends. Let us say, charitably, that there is a certain feebleness of will.

My son comes home with his little bag of unpolished rice. He cooks some for breakfast, taken at 12 noon. He gives us a lecture on what harm we are doing our bodies, putting poisons in them.

During the afternoon, he smoked eight of my cigarettes, though, theoretically, he doesn't smoke. That evening, at dinner, he decides, just to keep peace in the family, to break his habit for once, and eat meat. He eats about a pound and a quarter of the roast beef we can afford only because my wife rushed out and put a second mortgage on the car.

How would you like to have to kill a fatted calf? That story would never have made the Bible at today's meat prices.

My daughter, who is also a natural foods freak, has even less will power. After a few

weeks on rice and beans and macaroni, she comes home with her husband, a sensible young chap who would eat stewed rats if he were hungry enough.

She goes straight to the refrigerator, whips open the frozen meat department, and starts muttering, "Meat! Glorious meat!!" the saliva running down her chin.

But this is a good book, no doubt. The title refers to the fact that we can drink all our health problems away with vegetable juice. What a way to go!

It is based on vitamins. Take iron, for example. If you are short of iron in your blood, you can have one of 40 different symptoms of debility. Space forbids the listing of them, but a few are: "face alternately flushed and pale; murky, yellowish gray face; crying involuntarily; fearful of losing reason; tense genital organs; swollen ankles; bed wetting; film before eyes; desire to carry arms over head; partial deafness."

How would you like to crawl into bed with somebody who had no iron at all? Bit of a nightmare, what? Apparently the best cure for this is wild blackberries.

So, remember. If you are suffering from an iron deficiency, and at the same time want a fulfilled sex life, keep a bushel of wild blackberries handy by the bed. Lay in a good store. They're a little scarce in February.

ROAMING AROUND

Return of a small-town boy who made good

By JIM THOMAS



The 100th birthday of the incorporated Village of Stouffville is still three years and 32 days away, but already the community's interest in this historic event is beginning to shine through.

The local schools are taking the lead. Hardly a week goes by that this newspaper office isn't 'invaded' by children, all asking the same question: "Where can we find out about Stouffville?"

I welcome them, for I think projects of this kind are great. But, sad to say, I can't help them much, for our Tribune files were once destroyed by fire and are pretty sparse to the early 1920's. And besides, not being a native, I don't hold our history in the palm of my hand. However, in an effort not to sound (and look) too stupid, I dig out all the information available, spread it out on the floor and say: "Okay kids, there it is, help yourself!"

It's all about how Peter Reesor traded his horse, saddle and bridle for 400 acres, a site that was to be Stouffville. It's been read and re-read so many times by so many people, it's lost all its glamor; if, in fact, in an editorial way, it ever was glamorous. Anyway, it's supposedly factual; if pupils have sufficient patience to wade through to the end.

Far better, I say, to obtain the information first-hand. And that opportunity occurred Sunday. I spent two enjoyable hours with Jesse Gall, 6720 Woodside Trail, West Bloomfield, Michigan. He was a welcomed weekend visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harding, Ninth Line North.

Jesse was born 78 years ago at the home now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pearson, Tenth Line South, the son of Andrew and Jessie (Boadway) Gall. He was raised by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Boadway.

Jesse's memory of Stouffville's past is amazing.

Grandfather Boadway operated a pump-maker's shop on the lot just south of the house. He would craft them out of logs and supplied most of the farmers in the area. He also dug many wells by hand, hiring help "one of the McMullen boys" to operate the windless. Jesse can also recall winding up the buckets of dirt from the excavation.

Jesse's formal education never advanced past the 'senior fourth' at a school "down the lane to the Collins' farm", (south of Summitview). Jim Hand was the principal. "He was a tall, strict disciplinarian... a fine lawn bowler and quite a man around town," he recalled. Only two others passed their entrance exams that year. They were Lillian

Cain and Barstow Miller. Two teachers were Cora Wideman (Lud's daughter), and a Miss Robinson.

"He (Jim Hand) kept us in line. Now, the teachers can't lay a hand on the kids. Trouble is, they're not enough woodsheds."

What about recreation?

No problem. There was skating on Boyer's Pond and some great games of shiny Jesse pointed to a scar on his right hand where some 'west-ender' had cracked him with a stick. He also lost a front tooth in one of the frequent melees. There was public skating in Daley's Hall (Post Office) and at Nate Forsyth's rink up Mill Street. "To this day, I don't know how they ever flooded the wood floor in Daley's Hall. The ice couldn't have been very thick, but I never could figure how they kept the water from leaking through." In the summer, the kids would build a dam on the creek that flowed through Wilmot Brown's place. There they'd swim, often in the 'buff'.

Jesse recalls Joe Nendick as the village Constable. In his spare time, he replaced the slats in the wooden sidewalks. Downtown, the walks were brick. He remembers the hitching posts in front of the stores. The horses were not that well-mannered that they didn't leave their 'calling cards'. In the summer, this was carted away, but not in the winter. "Sure, I guessed it smelled a little," he joked, but nobody seemed to mind.

The Main Street was only a gravel road, with a log foundation in front of the Presbyterian Church, "because it was swampy there". Sleighs and cutters were popular forms of transportation, with the route often swinging off through the fields when the drifts became too deep.

As individuals, Jesse recalls Willy Nighswander. He was the village bell-ringer, four times daily, at 7 a.m., 12 noon, 1 and six o'clock. "I can remember once standing there, watching him pull the rope. He yanked it hard, two or three times, but there wasn't a sound. It was the day after Halloween, and someone had wrapped a coat around the 'dinger'." The bell also served as the fire alarm.

Wilf Morden had a blind horse, Jesse remembered. "No matter where that horse was, when the bell would ring at noon, he'd head straight for the stable."

Bob Coulson was the reeve of that day. He built his home on the north side of Main Street, now the Berberush Hospital. Johnny Dougherty collected the taxes.

Ed Penneck was also a village Constable. He had a livery stable on Lloyd Avenue. Byron

Beebe operated a blacksmith's shop, (Midtown Garage). Wurtz had the bakeshop and a barrel factory. W.B. Sanders ran the Post Office. Godfrey and Wilmot Shenkel were barbers, also Len Vanzant. A haircut cost 10 cents. Lud Wideman had the Monument Works, and Johnny Urquhart, a paper store. There were two undertakers, Phil Davis, at a convenient location near Cemetery Lane, and Nels Burkholder at Church and Main. Jesse remembers Phil and his beautiful team of black horses.

The Lehman name is an original that still stands.

McNabs had a wicker works, with the plant situated near the Missionary Church. Christie Armstrong's carpet weaving factory was on Montreal near Stouffville with a Pork Packing plant on the site of Testa Villa Apartments. Albert South, Isaac and Ed Barkey had the foundry, now Akron Standard. Jesse carried the hod for the brick chimney there.

Cuffy Johnson had one of the first cars in Stouffville, also Dr. Walt Sangster. The doc's car had big buggy wheels. Jesse remembers, "It could go a bit faster than a horse could trot." Pat Malloy had a 'Moon'. It was a type of car with one headlight in front.

Jesse remembers the Standard Bank. The employees lived above. There was a hole in the ceiling to spot (and shoot) any unwanted visitors who might sneak in after hours.

The railroad station was a 'hive of activity' in Jesse Gall's day. The depot even had a 'turn-table' to switch the Sutton engine around at the end of the line. Ice was shipped in by the carload from Lake Simcoe. Fred Jennings operated the station's semaphores and took care of the baggage. A bus met every passenger train and took overnight guests to the Queen's Hotel.

Jesse Gall is a self-made man.

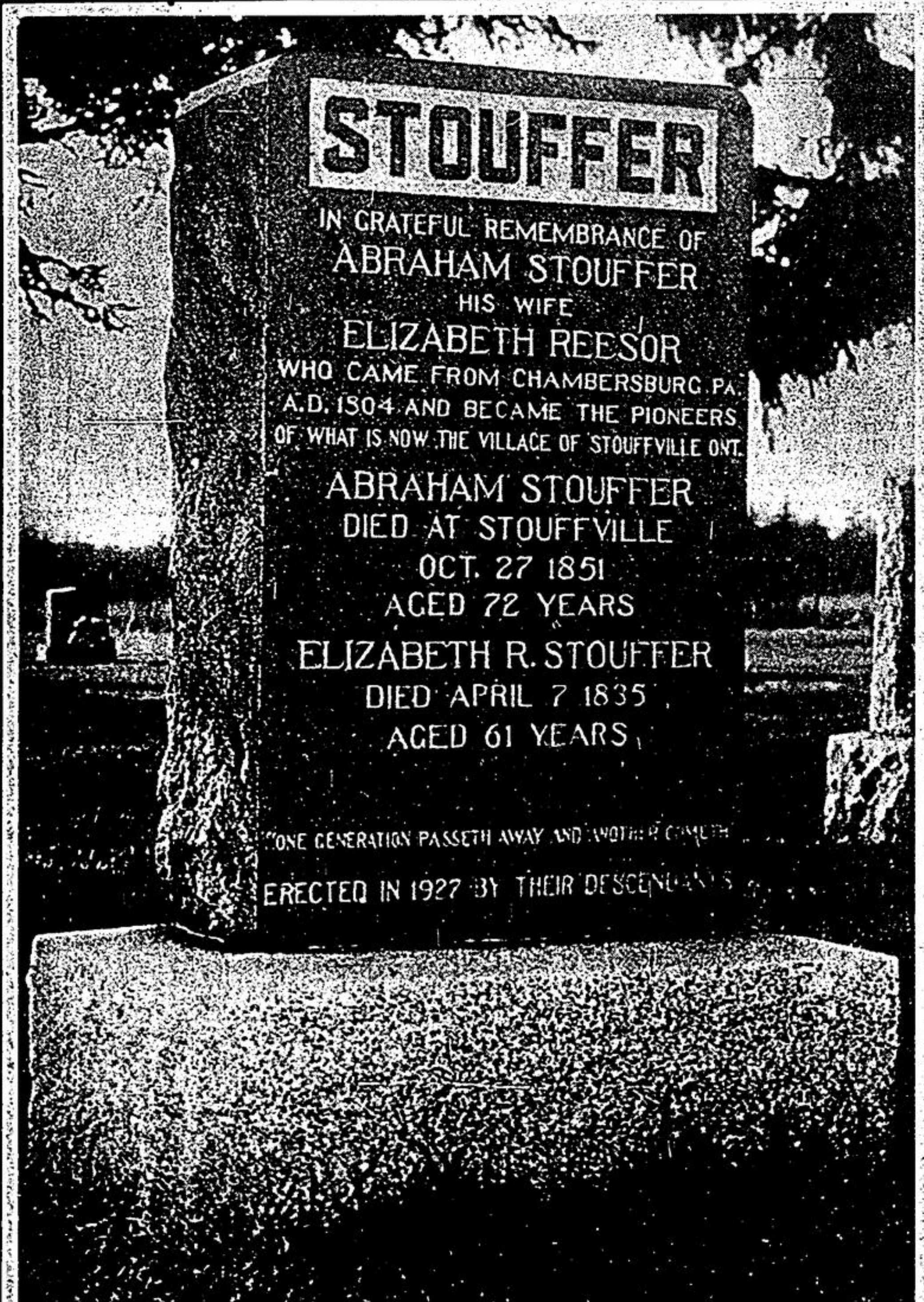
After a short stint as a railroad engineer, he joined the Navy during World War I, coming home in 1919. He was with Brown Engineering in Toronto, and later at the River Rouge plant of Ford in Detroit. He spent 30 years with General Motors, retiring in 1955 at the age of 60.

He has two daughters, Gloria, at home and Jean in Saginaw, Michigan.

On the weekend, he returned to where his heart is — Stouffville. And enjoyed every minute of it.

We'll welcome him back in 1977.

Jesse Gall, the small-town boy, who made good.



Town's history in stone

With the approach of Stouffville's centennial (1977), there's growing interest in the history of the town. Some of this information is contained on a stone in the Stouffville Cemetery, placed there by descendants of Abraham Stouffer and his wife, Elizabeth

(Reesor) Stouffer, who arrived here from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1804. The family names, through three generations, are engraved on the reverse side of the marker.

Jim Thomas.