



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Give a little-gain a lot

All secondary schools in York County, including Stouffville, could be closed down in January.

However, we doubt such a thing will occur.

For the sake of the students, we hope not. The situation, as we see it, has developed into a power struggle between the Province and the Federation.

Caught in the centre of the 'squeeze' is the County Board.

It claims that unless Queen's Park loosens the purse strings a little, the current offer stands. We fully appreciate the Board's plight.

We feel the present impasse will be broken through a willingness by both sides, the Department and Federation, to give a little to gain a lot. This gain, while more or less than desired, will win back the respect the trustees and teachers deserve.

### Voluntary recreation best

Recreation, or lack of it, is cited as the No. 1 problem in the Town of Markham.

Unbelievable, but true, according to a survey conducted by the Health and Social Services Department, and the Regional Planning Department in York.

Unbelievable, we say, because Markham has one of the most organized recreation programs in the Region, with the cost exceeding by many times, the budget in Whit-church-Stouffville.

But perhaps herein lies the problem.

Their recreation is so well organized, the incentive perhaps is lost. The volunteer system is 'dead'.

Markham, in recent years, has spent thousands and thousands of dollars on facilities in the municipality. They will continue to do so. Yet the people are still unhappy. So the survey says.

We say, over-organization is worse than no organization at all. It's 'killed' the spirit in many a community. And once dead, it's difficult to revive.

### Editor's Mail

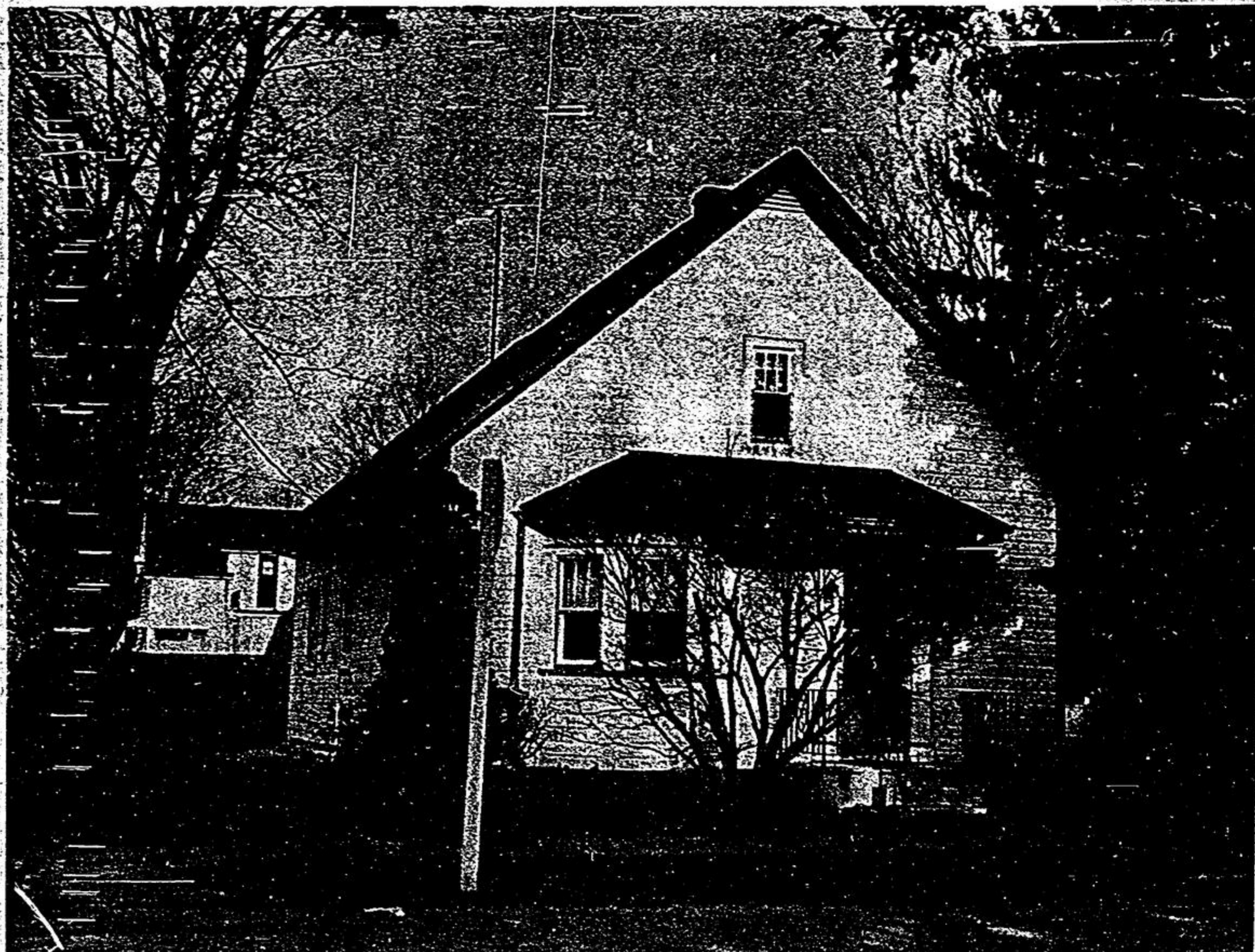
Dear Sir:

Your recent report by a representative of Whomsley Realtors stated that Stouffville is a desirable residential location despite the possibility of noise from the nearby proposed airport. Rest assured that if an airport is sited at the proposed Pickering-Markham site, Stouffville will be in the highest noise zones at the end of a runway directly under aircraft which are taking off. In addition, the in-

creased traffic to this area will spell the end to the Stouffville we know by converting it into an area of urban sprawl.

Yours very truly,  
C.M. Godfrey,  
R.R. 1  
Goodwood, Ontario.

Editor's Note: While your predictions may prove correct, they are not borne out by prices on the local real estate market.



### Stouffville home was once a church

This home was once a church. It's the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stouffer, 201 Second Street, Stouffville. Originally, it was the Church of Christ's Disciples, located on Tenth Line. It was later moved to

Second and William Streets and used for about 30 years. The baptistry is still in the basement.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

### My energy crisis begins with getting up

By BILL SMILEY

It seems that in the Seventies, the whole world is lurching, as most of us do in our private lives, from one crisis to another. Crippling strikes, crippling food prices, crippling political scandals, and now the energy crisis, so-called.

A crisis may be defined as a turning point. Perhaps it's time we reached some turning points and did some turning in new directions. What so many people of the affluent post-war years don't realize is that crises are nothing new. Every generation faces them, meets them, and resolves them, somehow.

War, depression, another war, the bomb. All these have been universal crises in this century. Beside those big ones, a hike in the price of beef is less than monumental, and even the expected energy crisis is small potatoes. (I must be hungry.)

If the energy crisis becomes more than newspaper headlines, and shortages and rationing occur, it might be the best thing that has happened to the fat-cat Western world for generations.

We are in grave danger of turning into slob, physically, mentally, emotionally and morally. Maybe we need a good purge, in the form of a sharp cut-back in our soft way of living. Get rid of some of the fat, even if it requires a surgeon's knife.

Take a day in the life of an average family. Someone, very often the husband, in these degenerate days, gets up first and turns the thermostat up to seventy. The beast in the basement starts gulping more energy.

Our friend shaves with his electric razor. He goes down and gets his orange juice out of

another beast that has been burning electricity all night, producing nothing. Then he flips on two burners on the electric stove, one for coffee, one for bacon and eggs. When they're ready, he jams some bread into the electric toaster.

Then the mother stumbles down and turns the burners back on. Father drives the eight blocks to work, stinking up the environment and burning energy. The kids waffle off to a school which is probably burning far more tons of coal a day than it needs to. That school has thousands of lights which are on even on a bright day.

At home friend wife throws the laundry into an automatic washer which uses large quantities of hot water which has taken a fair amount of electricity to produce. Then it goes into the automatic dryer, run by electricity. Then she tackles the ironing, and we all know what heats an iron in this day.

She decides to wash her hair. More hot water. Then she sits under the electric dryer with fresh coffee made on the stove burner. At this time of year, probably half the lights in the house are on, merrily chewing up the watts.

And so it goes, right across the land, all day long. The television set burns juice far into the night. Advertising signs pop on and eat more juice. Industry belches its wastes and burns energy with a lavish hand.

Right now, in our kitchen, the electric oven is glowing red. It will be for the next two hours. Know what's in it? One large potato, being baked.

Multiply the juice being consumed by this

one family by about five million in Canada alone and I think you'll agree that we're a pretty extravagant, even sluttish lot, when it comes to being prodigal with natural resources that are going to be exhausted and can never be replaced.

And I haven't even mentioned such ridiculousities as electric tooth-brushes and electric carving knives.

Don't get me wrong, I'm no Spartan. I'll drive to work rather than walk. And leave that great hulking, rusting monster that required so much energy to be built and burns up so much more, sitting in the parking lot all day.

The point is, I could walk to work, and it wouldn't hurt me. In fact, it would be jolly good for me.

And I don't expect my wife to get out the scrub-board and wash her hair in rain-water. But it might be jolly good for her, if she had to. Women, and men, have too much time these days to sit around and worry about their nerves.

Our fairly immediate ancestors didn't have time for nerves and ulcers. They didn't need pick-up pills to get going. There was no alternative to just getting going.

They didn't need three martinis to whet their appetites. They were just plain hungry. Nor did they need sleeping pills to get off at night. They were just plain pooped.

I'm not scared of an energy crisis. It might even be interesting. Anyway, I have my own energy crisis every day, when the alarm goes off at 7:15. That's what I call a real crisis.



### ROAMING AROUND

### Return of the little village store

By JIM THOMAS

Have we advanced too far, too fast? Is this longing for 'the good old days' only a fanciful desire by a segment of citizenry to reach back and pull the past up to the present — or haul the present back to the past?

While it's foolish to suggest this could or should be so, there's undoubtedly a move afoot to retain 'the good things' of yesteryears.

I'm all for that. For you 'over 40 folks', (ladies included), what do you miss most?

The horse and buggy? The wood stove? The oil lamp? Oatmeal porridge? The one-room school? Perhaps all of these.

One of the things I miss (and there are many), is the little country-type store.

Oh I know, there are still a few of them left (that too few of us patronize), but I'm talking about the country store in the village where people stopped, shopped and talked awhile — all day if they liked.

Admittedly, the selection fell far short of the modern-day supermarket, but the atmosphere — the interior fairly reeked with friendliness.

Yes, bring it back, you say? Presto, it's back. Like magic.

The location is 346 Main Street North in Markham. Just look for the sign that reads: 'Mount Joy Emporium'. I spent an hour there, Saturday. I could have stayed all afternoon.

The site is as perfect for the proprietors as they are perfect for the site. For both reflect an inner warmth that says without saying: 'Come back again'. It's a place that Doug Johnson had felt for some time that

North Markham (Mount Joy) needed a grocery store.

Wife Lynda's interests tended towards antiques.

So they did what any compatible husband and wife team would do. They combined the two, groceries and antiques and opened up an Emporium.

The building itself goes back prior to the 1850's. Daniel Stricker operated a Pump Works there. His apprentice, Abraham Moore carried on, with a son Korra taking over from 'A.B.' in the 1900's. The Roffey family entered the picture around 1914, with Fred Reid assuming the business in 1945.

While this is 1973 and not 1850, the interior of Doug and Lynda's store reflects more than a touch of the past. It is the past.

First, as you enter, a bell rings. It rings again when the door closes.

To the right is a large spinning wheel. To the left is a Markham Twp. Bylaw, dated Jan. 1, 1868. It warns farmers against allowing pigs to run at large, rooting and filling up ditches and doing other damage. The fine, on conviction, ranges from fifty cents to \$5.

Another collector's item from out of the past is a list of the Sunday Do's and Don'ts, as enacted by the Province. Prohibited on the Lord's Day were activities such as seeding, harvesting, fencing and ditching; building and construction of railways (except of necessity and mercy); buying or selling of liquors, cigars and newspapers; all pleasure trips by train, steamer or other conveyance; all gambling, tipping and profane language; all public meetings except in churches;

hunting shooting and fishing; all bathing in any public place or in sight of any place of public worship or private residence. Breach of the Order carried a fine of from \$1 to \$500.

The shelves of the Mount Joy Emporium are lined with tin containers, imprinted with such brand names as Purity Oats, Ridgeway Limited Old Country Tea, Zebra Stove Polish, Symington's Granulated Gravy, Christie Biscuits and Robin Hood Porridge Oats.

On a wall is an impressive advertisement for Speight Farm and Freight Wagons, 'The King of the Road'.

The store's front counter dates back to 1870.

The crank-type cash register is of 1917 vintage.

An iron wood stove holds a position of prominence. It was sold, Saturday, on condition it remain until a replacement is found.

A spittoon sits close by. Doug and Lynda will provide additional chairs so local natives can gather round and swap tales about the good times of yesteryears. The spittoon may come in handy. One anticipated visitor chewed tobacco.

Doug and Lynda welcomed a steady stream of visitors, Saturday, some to look some to buy. All were impressed.

"This is just what Markham needs," commented one customer, "other things have come and gone, because we didn't support them, but by Gosh we're gonna support this!"

For he was remembering back to days of yore. When he was a small-town lad. He'd never forget the village store. Where everything could be had.

