



The Tribune

Established 1888

CHARLES H. NOLAN  
Publisher



BARRE BEACOCK  
Advertising Director

DON BERNARD  
Editor

Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St.,  
Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 15c. Sub-  
scriptions \$7.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of  
circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly  
Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.



## Editorials

### Off-street parking a must

Stouffville needs off-street parking in the downtown area.

That assertion would draw agreement from just about anybody — from the harried shopper trying to find a spot on Main St.; to the merchant who sees business going to the plaza because of congestion downtown.

The problem is not concerning the need, but involves who will pay for the purchase of land for that purpose. That is the rub. In order

to do so the committee on traffic and parking came up with a rather novel suggestion. The cost would be borne by the merchants between Lloyd Ave. and Park Dr. as an extra amount added to their tax bills.

Other alternatives could be — have it paid for out of the general levy; having the merchants pay part of the cost and the rest from the general levy; or just tax the people in the village of Stouffville for the cost of acquiring the land.

There are four alternatives involved. The fifth alternative is unacceptable from our point of view. Things cannot remain as they are. The downtown core will decline rapidly unless people have off-street parking.

Off-street parking will mean a viable commercial section in the downtown area that will complement the west end plaza and a proposed shopping centre at the 10th Line and Main St.

An answer must be found. The municipality is trying to locate land suitable for parking. The rear part of the Ratcliff block and an area to the west of the bakery have been suggested.

We believe that a public meeting to include merchants and interested citizens would do a great deal in resolving the problem of how to finance the land acquisition. Merchants and shoppers alike could express their opinions and some kind of consensus might be reached, but at least everyone will have a say.

The final decision belongs to the council, but without public input a wrong decision might be made. Let us hope such a public meeting will be held soon and action follow to make off-street parking a reality.

### Bike menace

Trail bikes seem to be creating a problem for the management of the York Regional Forest. Operators of the vehicles appear to be disregarding any prohibition of the bikes in the forest, and have been known to cut fences to gain entrance illegally.

The result has been some deterioration in the passive recreation potential of the forest, which is known for its quiet serene environment that is conducive to quiet walks, fishing, hiking and swimming. Horseback riding is also a favorite use of the forest.

Trail bikes directly violate the intended use of the forest. The solution of the dilemma is more stringent policing of the boundaries so that the bikes riders cannot get in without being caught, and a strengthening of the laws involving trespassing.

Users of the forest should also be vigilant to report violations to the management, in that way there can be a quick response by forest officials. The York Regional Forest is a great asset to the area, we should all be working to preserve it.

### Growth goes full circle

For those residents in Stouffville in the senior age bracket, it is interesting to note that the growth pattern in town has gone full circle in the past eighty years. Stouffville had its early, early beginnings at the east end of town, around the 10th line corners. Here in days gone by, no less than four hotels became a favorite stopping-off spot for those travelling northward by team and wagon. Montreal St. was an early village thoroughfare, though few of the pioneer homes remain. The red brick residence on the southwest corner of 10th Line south is the only building remaining which was once a hotel.

All this changed with the coming of the railway — the village moved west, and what had been once the "hub" was gradually deserted.

Now, more than 80 years later, development is again moving easterly, with new housing streets both north and south of Main St. To serve more and more households at this end of town, a new plaza is also planned

for the northeast corner of 10th Line north. Continued procrastination by government on the future of the airport proposal has had the affect of somewhat easing the 'damper' which has hung over the area for several years.

With available land for housing fast diminishing in Markham, developers are turning their eyes more and more in the Stouffville direction. The new subdivision which is underway in two phases immediately south of Summitview School, is the largest yet undertaken in town. It will be rivalled only by the Lehman farm north of the present built-up boundaries. This large expanse stretching between the 9th and 10th Lines is still in the planning stage and is most important to the town since it will provide the desperately-needed additional east to west street paralleling Main St.

Forward movement of all these plans will result in a large expansion in population growth in the next five years and will see the eastern part of town once more becoming a major area of residence and trade.



"The corn is as high as an elephant's eye and it looks like its climbing way up to the sky."



### SUGAR AND SPICE

#### My wife called me 'dear' today

By BILL SMILEY

Summer reflections: some good, some bad. First we'll give the good news, then the bad, as the current crud goes. If you don't know what crud means, ask your family doctor. Or somebody else's family doctor, if you don't trust your own.

A family doctor is someone in the family. That means you try to get everything for free. So if he tells you that you have a little headache once in a while, take an aspirin, relax, you know you have a monumental brain tumour.

On the other hand, if you take somebody else's family doctor, beware. He'll probably tell you that you have a possible brain tumour, that you should relax, and take plenty of aspirin.

Well, I hope that takes care of that. I didn't really mean to get into doctors. Grand chaps, actually.

But I have a lingering resentment against a R.A.F. doctor who insisted on giving me my annual anti-tetanus shot (a dirty great injection in your shoulder) the night of our passing-out party, from a training course on Spitfires.

I told him I had a bad back, a wrenched knee, a toothache, phlebitis, and pneumonia. He said "Jolly good", and sank an elephant needle into my shoulder.

I had the satisfaction of seeing him stunned by a coffee cup hurled from behind the piano. It was thrown by our C.O., who, despite the fact that he'd had his pants pulled off and beer poured liberally over his lower torso, was still very much alive.

And a moment later, I had the satisfaction of seeing the C.O caught right between the eyes by a dinner-plate flung by a New Zealander who said, "Whizzo" when he saw the Commanding officer fall to his knees, trouserless.

This was in the good old days, when it was more or less expected that you'd smash up the mess before you graduated.

It wasn't vandalism, in the modern sense. You had to pay for everything you broke, and you took full responsibility for what you'd done.

It was a wild, free, careening sense of destruction, perhaps based on the sense that you were destructible and were going to be destructed. Perhaps that is what makes young people tick today. If they tick. Some of them don't even seem to be wound up, let alone tick.

As usual, I've gone far from my theme. The good news and then the bad news. It's like a Newfie or Polish joke, both of which I despise.

Good News? It's not raining, the town engineer is not going to cut down 31 maple

trees until he tries again next year. My grandbaby is a little devil. One of my students wants to come around and talk. My wife called me "Dear" today. My buritis is not hurting too much. There's a rose bed in the backyard which hasn't produced a rose in three years, but this summer has a fine touch of green (three baby elms). I don't have a heart condition, though I'm not sure about me liver. The electric storm last night didn't hit my oaks. The plumber gave us a big bag of fresh beans out of his garden.

Bad news? My grandbaby is a devil. He and his mother are living in a dome (no lights, no water, no electricity, no toilet). I left an \$8.95 library book out on one of the lawn chairs yesterday and it rained all night. There's a nest of yellowjackets up in the roof and the roofer will quit, after he's taken half the shingles off. Two stings will do it. The boys who are going to do the painting will all have fallen off a ladder and broken their right arms by the time they're ready to go.

My mistress has the mumps. My doctor has a needle. My wife has a tongue. My cat is heterosexual. My daughter is cheerful. My son is cheerful. (This is bad news because it means they are both going to make a touch).

All in all, it's a pretty average summer, so far.



### VIEWPOINT

#### Surprising reactions received

By DON BERNARD

About four weeks ago I introduced this column with a short biography which included a testimony of how my life changed when I made a commitment to Jesus Christ some 2½ years ago. The column drew considerable comment, some of it rather unexpected. It seems like a good idea to tell about just how people reacted.

The first reaction was, in a way, the most unexpected. The Sunday after the column appeared, the phone rang. My wife answered it and then called me to the phone. It was about 9 a.m. and I was rather surprised to receive a call that early Sunday.

The man on the phone turned out to be Lloyd Wilson of Uxbridge. Lloyd is an auctioneer and it turned out that I had bought something at an auction of his some time before. He said he had read the little piece and wondered if I would come the next Sunday to speak to his adult Bible class at the Baptist Church in Uxbridge.

I agreed without hesitation. My wife and I went and each told of how God has worked in our lives. It was a blessing to us and I think to the people in the class. Well we certainly went away rejoicing from that experience.

I also received a letter in the mail from Herb and Vera Smith of Richmond Hill — "We need more people today who are not afraid to state their opinions, even if it is unpopular and rejected by many." The letter was very much appreciated.

There were other comments. Just the other day I attended a council meeting and someone mentioned how she had read the column and was excited that such a thing would be stated so boldly. A number of other people expressed the same opinion.

The biggest surprise of all occurred last

week. I arrived at work to find an air mail letter from northern Ireland on my desk. Since I did not know anyone in that country, it seemed rather odd. Opening the letter unravelled the mystery.

It was from Harriett Zebedee on behalf of her husband, daughter and sister who had been visiting in the Altona area in May. I had taken their picture. She expressed her delight at the picture being in the paper, but that was not the main reason for writing.

"We were just thrilled to learn that you love the One that we serve. How really refreshing it was to read that an editor of a local paper was prepared to state that he had come to know the Lord and that decision had given purpose to his life. Mrs. Zebedee went on to say how they had enjoyed their visit to Canada and hoped to come here to live.

As you can gather the response has been heartening and I rejoice that people have been touched by it. But there is an underlying purpose that Christians often fail to realize. Only after the column appeared did I fully understand what it had accomplished.

In a little book entitled "Love not the World", a Chinese Christian, Watchman Nee, discusses something under the chapter heading "Mutual Refreshing" that is at the very heart of what it means to be a Christian.

In John, chapter 3, Jesus did something that surprised his disciples, "After that he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." This shocked his followers because here the great Master was washing their feet.

Later in the same chapter Jesus said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples."

There is a principle here. We should encourage one another, and Jesus set the example by washing his disciples' feet. Watchman Nee deals with it this way: "that is feet washing—to refresh my brethren in Christ; to bring a brother again to the place where it is as though he had just come out from the very presence of God. It is this ministry, one to another that the Lord desires to see among his children."

Well a simple statement of my faith appears to have encouraged a number of people, although that was not my express intention at the time. Dwelling on this now, I see that it is sometimes the greatest thing we can do for our fellow Christians. For a loving, concerned attitude means far more to people than a few pious sayings.

Words are cheap. Jesus washed his disciples' feet then told them "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you."

Not a literal washing of another person's feet, but a word of encouragement and help, a willingness to be a servant, a desire to put the other person first. These are the things that matter and make us witnesses in the world.

The amazing part is that you never know what effect this behavior has on people you meet every day. One of things that struck me strongly before I became a Christian, was the love that a certain group of people showed to each other. It was that kind of self-less love, exhibited by His followers that drew me to Jesus, something no preaching could ever do.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your father, which is in Heaven."

