

The Tribune
 Established 1888
 CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher
 DON BERNARD, Editor
 BARRE BEACOCK, Advertising Manager
 Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Toronto phone 367-1680. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$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 0636.



30 years ago this week

Pumpkin fire
 A fence fire was started down the 8th of Markham on Halloween when a Jack O'Lantern with a lighted candle burned through the bottom of the pumpkin. Once a fence post at a gateway was burned to the ground before it was noticed.

War Branch
 The War Branch wished to acknowledge gifts of clothing and quilts made by Excelsior Class at Ringwood, 9th line.

Classified ad
 Yip I addy I aye
 I can dance night and day
Bakers Solvent
 Took my corns away
 No callouses or bunions
 I feel gay.
 Its a real holiday
 Guaranteed to painlessly
 dissolve a corn in 10
 days or money back
 back
 Bunions, callouses, hard
 spots
 Tickle, warts take
 longer
 George E. Baker,
 Manufacturing Chemist

Editorials

Sovereignty is the issue

While Canada might set some sort of record by becoming the first major country to operate with few, if any armed forces, such

distinction could only be short-lived. The country would be virtually giving away its sovereignty, since no country can possibly fulfil its obligations without properly equipped armed forces.

Canada being one of the largest countries in the world, has one of the longest coastlines to patrol. Without such patrol, sovereignty is gone, and the word 'control' means nothing. Our country is already hard-pressed to handle this vital responsibility and now it seems a reduction in manpower will give little or no chance of handling this important role.

Little by little the Liberal government has eroded our armed forces potential and again from all reports the line is to be drawn still thinner. The Defence Minister speaks of an ultimate reduction to only 50,000 men which is a bit ridiculous when we constantly hear reports that the 75,000 or so at present cannot come close to doing the job required.

The government has ample opportunities to save money without cutting into such a vital department. For a country as affluent as Canada to hamstring its armed forces by a shortage of funds, equipment, and personnel is hard to understand.

One thing seems sure and that is if the Defence Department allows its role to be whittled still further, as seems likely, there will be no more talk of sovereign rights, patrol over our vast Arctic wastes or muscle help for our fishing fleets. Enforcement of sovereignty will be a mere idle threat, a point it has almost reached today.

Action at last

Summitview School will be getting some much needed renovations in the coming year. This is long overdue in our opinion. The school board was supposed to do the work this year, but dropped in from the 1974 budget.

We are pleased to see trustee, John McMurray putting up a strong fight, to have the school renovated. It shows that a strong voice at the school board can get action.

Anyone who has been in the school knows there is a need for a general purpose room and a library. Both of these were not included in 1975 estimates. Some pressure from Mr. McMurray, and they were put in.

One of the reasons that regional government has such a bad name in the Whitchurch-Stouffville area is that our representatives have been relatively passive at both the school board and the regional council levels.

"It seems that if you make a lot of noise and beat on the drum, you get what you want," Mr. McMurray is quoted as saying at a recent school board meeting.

Yes, John, that's the way it's done.

Opening shots are fired

Whitchurch-Stouffville Council has acted decisively in voting to close the York Sanitation garbage dump on Highway 48. The action shows that the town means business in its efforts to close the controversial landfill site.

The rhetoric connected with the dump has been flying hot and heavy for many months now. The pollution threat has never been proven, while the assurances that there is no pollution threat have also not rung true. The only solution is for council to close the dump and make sure there is not threat.

We commend the council for this bold and courageous step. It has acted with uncharacteristic determination in this instance. The action of passing a bylaw ordering the dump closed by April 1, 1975, is only the beginning of a long fight to close the facility.

The first shots in the battle have been fired. The fight will likely be hard and tough. The Council did the right thing, both for the residents of this area and the future generations, who would have to deal with the problem in the years to come.

It remains to be seen what the next step will be. The position of the local council is clear and Queen's Park will proceed at its peril to ignore local demands that the dump be closed.

Town Council knows the fight will be difficult and long, but can be assured they have acted wisely and quickly for the good of the community.

Grant approved

With a substantial Federal grant, and the conclusion of a successful craft fair earlier this year, the people of Musselman's Lake are showing that they intend to put their community on the map.

The grant, under a program called Local Employment Assistance Program (LEAP), will help start what could be a flourishing cottage industry in the lake area. It is the non-polluting type of activity well suited to Musselman's Lake.

It is a chance for the people there to have their own industry, managed and run there, and could be the first step that could lead to greater things. It is our hope that the community supports this work. The success of the craft fair proves that people are concerned and want to be involved.

The beginnings are promising. We hope the project succeeds.

Bible thoughts

From The Living Bible
 A hot-tempered man starts fights and gets into all kinds of trouble. Pride ends in a fall, while humility brings honor. A man who assists a thief must really hate himself! For he knows the consequence but does it anyway. Fear of man is a dangerous trap, but to trust in God means safety. Do you want justice? Don't fawn on the judge, but ask the Lord for it! The good hate the badness of the wicked. The wicked hate the goodness of the good.
 Proverbs 29:22-27

SUGAR AND SPICE



A beautiful feeling inside

By BILL SMILEY

It's a fine, nay, a beautiful October day and I have a fine, nay, a beautiful feeling inside me. I've just spent a weekend with my grand-baby. The experience was enough to make me feel that the daily grind, which seems to get grinder and grinder might be worthwhile after all.

The Jews have a saying, in one of their books, that killing a man is a terrible thing, because you are not only killing him, but the sons he might have and the sons they might have and so on and on. I think this a fine thought.

This would apply equally to killing a woman, though the Old Testament Jews were not exactly sold on Women's Lib.

If I had been killed in the war, and there was a good chance I would be, that grandbab would not exist, and the whole world would be poorer. I'm not kidding.

The existence of so much delight and charm and laughter and love, all wrapped in one perfectly formed nine-month old creation, restores my faith, which at times becomes a little tattered around the edges, in God.

Man, alone, with all his gifts, could never devise the shine in that child's eyes, the mischievous two-tooth grin, the sinuosity of muscle, the incredible endurance.

The urchin, is living proof to me that humans have a soul, a will, a spirit. Technology can put together a computer but it can't begin to create, or even imitate, the glory that is a baby.

I can imagine man devising a machine which could reproduce the sonorous lines of Milton, the fantastic fancy of Shakespeare, but there would always be something missing.

Computers are clean things. They don't have to go to the bathroom. They don't have under-arm problems. No corns or constipation, arthritis or acne, piles or pimples. But something is missing. Soul? Maybe.

I'm not trying to foist upon you the idea that my grandson is perfect, or a genius, even though he is. I'm merely trying to remind you, if you have grandchildren, of what a joy they are, and if you now have only rotten kids, you have a precious experience in store for your nether years.

My grandbab is not the most beautiful child in the world. He'd probably come in second, or even third, in an international Beautiful Baby contest.

And he's not the smartest. I discovered this last summer, at the beach. He's sit there, stark naked, pick up a handful of sand, and pour it over his left ear. Never his right. It was a lot of trouble, getting that sand out of his

ear. And he like to eat sand, was delighted if he got a handful with a stone in it, for chewing.

But he's got his grandfather's genes, which make him intelligent, charming, lovable, and pretty well all-round perfect, as I point out to my wife.

Unfortunately, he has his mother's jeans, as well. Which make him bad-tempered when crossed, make him knock over anything that's over-knockable. But also give him eyes like two huge dark grapes, a sense of humor, and a smile like a Christmas tree when the lights have just been plugged in.

I have no trouble coping with him, when he spends a visit. All I do is make sure I've had twelve hours sleep for the three nights before he arrives, do extensive calisthenics and some jogging for three days before he arrives. Then I'm ready for Super-Babe.

His parents are no problem. His mother is satisfied with a hug, a kiss, and a cheque. His father is satisfied with a full refrigerator, which he opens and starts rubbing his stomach one minute after we've shaken hands.

Then they disappear, and I have the kid on my lap. For about eight seconds. Then he gives a lurch, a twist, and he's down, crawling at about forty miles an hour straight into the fireplace.



VIEWPOINT

Another part-time career

By DON BERNARD

Sometime ago I did a column about my career as an auto-mechanic. That aspect of my life has been rather dormant lately, but I recently found a new part-time career. This is the strutting sequel to "Don the Mechanic." Its title should be something like "The Don't hit your Thumb Blues." That's right, you guessed it, I have become the Mr. Fixit of Dickson Hill.

I come by my carpentry skills honestly. My father, who is a barber by trade, has always been a part-time carpenter. He managed to build a finished recreation room in the house, and has over the years produced everything from a tool shed to finished fur-

niture. Ever since I was a small boy, he had a workshop full of tempting tools of various kinds.

It was at an early age that I began to take an interest in the workshop. The glamor of all those tools and the large assortment of wood was very enticing to a small boy in search of adventure. My early efforts involved building warships. They were easy enough to do, just saw one end of a board to a point and nail some blocks of wood on the top. Some nails were good as guns.

Various other projects were started (many never finished).

At the age of eight or nine years old, I took an interest in making soapbox racers. I found some old wheels from a wagon and tried to construct a car, using an old orange crate. The wooden boxes proved to be too fragile. As soon as I got in to ride, the car broke in two. So much for that.

Airplanes were another major undertaking. Just some pieces of thin wood for wings and another piece of wood for the body. They were not airworthy, but provided some interesting work. Once finished they were rejected as being unairplane-like, however.

There was one characteristic of my workshop antics. The tools, nails and wood were usually left helter-skelter over the workbench. That infuriated my father, who was very careful to keep his workshop relatively tidy. When he finished work, he cleaned up. When I finished, I was usually in a hurry to do something else. There were even times I was banned from the workshop. Those were few and far between however.

When I was a little older, there were more ambitious schemes. For instance, my friend John and I decided we were going to construct a pre-fabricated clubhouse. We could make each of the sides and the roof first, and then assemble it wherever we decided it should be located. That dream faded. We lost interest after completing the sides. The wood, by the way was garnered from nearby construction sites.

John and I had other projects that weren't quite so innocent. Once we found a perfect place for a tree house. I was in a small woods near where we lived. We lugged a bunch of wood and tools to the site, then built wooden steps on the tree trunk and made our way to the branches, which would perfectly support the tree house.

We managed to get the base part built, then made one big mistake. I told my parents about the project. Both sets of parents insisted

on inspecting it, and were horrified to find the tree house near the top of one of the tallest trees. John and I were forbidden to continue or to even climb up there again. With that our house-building careers came to an end.

Since that time, my endeavors have been limited to helping my father, now and again. Since he provided most of the knowhow, there was little that I had to do in the way of thinking. He designed the things to be done and then I did some of the muscle work involved.

It seems like there was a long period of inactivity. During that time I went to university, then lived in apartments. I got very busy and did not have access to my father's workshop as before. Being a bachelor too, I was not home that much to really take the time for carpentry.

Then I got married and found out that I had the desire to start creating things. It seems that certain little items would make our house more homey and so I promised my wife that I would make this or that. As you can guess, months went by without my lifting a hammer or sawing a piece of wood.

As our baby got cuter, my wife asked that I take pictures of the youngster. I mentioned installing a darkroom in our washroom and her eyes lit up. A free day and I built the counter for the darkroom. It looked so good that I decided to try other things.

I built a flower box for some house plants, then went on to build a little table for it to sit on. There is a little cubby-hole for me to work, and the next project is to build a work bench and some shelves to make a real work room. Shelves for a storage area are also in the works.

These days, as soon as I get home from work, I rush to my work area. My wife, who does not see much of me anyway, now spends her time listening to banging and sawing. The results have been satisfying so far. She now has a wooden tray and a cup rack.

The advantage has been that I can get totally engrossed in a project. It is change of pace from my regular work, and provides a convenient diversion. Besides that, there is a deep down satisfaction in making something with your hands, and it provides needed little things for the house.

A very satisfying moment occurred when I showed my father the darkroom counter. He was visibly impressed and I think surprised. But he shouldn't have been. He set the example.



The Stouffville Band looks like it's ready to strike up a tune in this picture taken around 1910. Florence Holden submitted it to The Tribune. She found out the names of all the men in the picture, except the one at the extreme right in the back row. Anyone knowing who that is should contact The Tribune. The other's are (back row, left to right) Dick Ward, John Dougherty, Ault Burkitt, Bob Closson, Willie Dougherty, Bob Smith, Nathan Forsyth, Oscar Grove, George Jordan, unknown. In the front are Arthur Holden, Bert Miller, Byron Beebe, Harry Hill, Roy Tarr and Bill Grove.