



The Tribune

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BARRE BEACOCK
 Advertising Manager

Editorials

Early start is important

Whitchurch-Stouffville Council has acted swiftly to insure that the Stouffville Centennial celebrations will be successful. The

appointment of Keith Sutherland as chairman of the co-ordinating committee gives the planning of the centennial a two-year start.

It was essential that a committee chairman be found early and the co-ordinating committee formed as soon as possible.

For those who may not realize it, Stouffville will be 100 years old in 1977. That is less than two years away.

Mr. Sutherland is well-suited to the task. He has an appreciation for Stouffville and for the history of the area. He is acting as chairman of the historical committee which is compiling a history of the former village.

His organizational talent and ability to get along with people are also assets in that kind of job. But all in all it will be his success in involving large numbers of people in the events that will determine how well the centennial celebration go over.

It is up to all of us to do our parts to assist Mr. Sutherland in this undertaking. Centennial year could be something very special if the whole community gets behind him and his committee.

Building useful

Stouffville's old post office will not be a new day care centre. But the building, located at Market and Main streets, is a good solid brick structure that should be retained for some use or other.

It could provide office space for local commercial establishments and could even be useful as added office space becomes necessary for the town.

It is clear that the building is unsuitable for a day care centre. Two things make that obvious. The cost of renovation for a centre and the lack of playground area outside. Both things are sensible reasons to find another location.

But the building itself is worth keeping. Commercial space on Main St. is scarce enough these days, and that building could well be used to fill such a need.

Region should fund centres

It is rather a pitiful thing to see what is happening to the family in our fragmented world. This is obvious for anyone to see. The old concept of family union and close co-operation has seemingly given way to the familiar "do your own thing" type of pre-occupation.

In that context, the four family life centres in York Region have been established in the past few years. The purpose was to do something about the deteriorating state of the

family. But it would be in a non-institutional, counselling situation.

This has been the approach. The problem is that the provincial government does not see this as a necessary service and has refused to provide provincial funds for the program to continue. York Regional Council has been willing to provide half the funds if the provincial government provides the other half.

With the provincial government out of the picture, the region should now take full responsibility for the funding of the centres. It would be a sad thing to see the centres close their doors. The actual drain on the taxpayers of the regional would not be that great.

The benefits however, although hard to pin point in dollars and cents terms, are nonetheless real in the positive affect counselling can have on the children who are brought up in homes where there is harmony and love.

Its a tall order. The family counselling approach is not an instant cure-all. But it should be given a fair chance.

We urge regional councillors to fund the program for 1975 and then do a thorough study of the programs as to its effectiveness. In this way the actual impact of the centres can be gauged and a decision can be intelligently reached on a formula for funding in the future.

It is worth a try. We would sooner see money go to the family life centres, at least this year, than millions spent on a regional complex.



"HOWEVER, MY GOOD MAN, MAY I OFFER THE USE OF MY NEW INDOOR SWIMMING POOL FOR AQUATIC EVENTS?"

SUGAR AND SPICE

Some hair-raising questions

By BILL SMILEY



There are a lot of questions floating around in the murky depths of my mind, and occasionally one floats to the surface. It is usually slapped down by someone (my wife?), or just given a good shot of Raide, and lies over on its side and expires.

But recently, the questions have been boiling up like bubbles in a thunder mug. I felt I should share them with my long-suffering readers, and among the six of us, we might be able to come up with some answers. (By the way, if you don't know what a thunder mug is, ask your Mum. Your Dad would be too shy to explain.)

They are not exactly burning questions, but they do create a small smoulder, from time to time.

Why are so many men addicted to hairy appendages to their craniums these days? Can't a chap grow a beard to hide a weak chin. I can understand any young man trying to grow a beard. It's part of growing up.

But why all these Fu Manchu moustaches? They add nothing whatever to a face that has no character, and they detract from one that does.

I'm glad I'm not a girl. It must be revolting to kiss a young man and wind up with a mouthful of hair.

When I got back to England from prison camp, I had a beautiful handlebar job which had taken me nine months of constant up-sweeping to achieve. It came off 20 minutes after I'd looked up my first old girl friend. She said it was like kissing a cow's ear. Blunt but honest, she was.

And why do all those older guys, who are skin-bald for the first two-thirds of their skulls, insist on growing those long, greasy,

forlorn ringlets at the backs of their heads, falling down over their collars? They fool nobody. It doesn't make them look more virile. It merely makes them look scruffy, and silly.

They remind me of the guys who used to comb carefully across a completely naked pate eight strands of long hair from their sideburns. Why not face it chaps? If you have a big belly, stick it out and pat it. If you're a baldy, you're a baldy, and you wash your hair with a face-cloth.

It doesn't seem to bother the ladies. Yul Brynner has been a sex symbol for years. And that Telly Savalas, or whatever his name is, that mean-looking guy on TV (Rojack? Hojak? Wojak?) seems to be on every second program, bald as an egg, and about the same shape.

I remember an elderish lady whose chief delight was putting a needle into people. She was as bald as a billiard ball on top, but, by a clever contrivance of buns and piling-up, she managed to cover it. Or so she thought.

In her joky way, one day, while I had my head bent over a book, in my usual scholarly fashion, she scratched my crown and chortled. "My, you're getting a little thin on top."

It didn't bother me. I was. If it had, I could have said something cruel. Like, "O.K., Rapunzel, let down your hair and we'll climb up and have a look at what you've been hiding all these years."

I couldn't. But I didn't like the old bat, and it was time someone blunted her needle. So, I stood up, walked around her twice, my eyes glued to her bum, which looked like the east end of a cow going west, smiled, and said gently, "Yes, my dear, but perhaps it's better to be getting a little thin on top than

gargantuanly thick on the bottom." She scuttled to the coffee urn, eyes a-witter to see if anyone had heard, and shut her mouth for three whole days. I think it was the word 'gargantuanly' that flung her.

This started out as a question period, and is turning out to be a piece about hair. Sorry. I've nothing against hair, as such.

I'm not one of those back-to-the-brushcut people. Lordy, if someone made all my students (male) cut their hair, I'd have to learn their names all over again, and it's already taken me three months to identify the shaggy dogs.

In fact, I rather enjoy the modern novels, which state that, "She ran her hands through his long, silken hair," just as much as I enjoyed the old novels which stated that, "He ran his hands through her long, silken hair." Men's Lib. If you can find some silken hair which is a lot scarcer than you think, grab onto it and run your hands through it.

One group I do feel sorry for during this fad is the old-fashioned barber. There's no such thing as a young barber. The young ones are all hair stylists. For the old-timers, business is pretty sketchy. Some of them are cutting so little hair these days — the odd gray lock here, another there — that they don't even need a broom to sweep the floor. They just use a garden rake.

I'm sorry. This started out as a column of questions about the energy mess, politicians who need a 33 per cent raise in pay and other such, and it wound up as nothing but another of my hairy columns.

No wonder my life is such a mess. I can't keep to the trail. I'm like a finely trained deerhound who goes haring off after a hare when he should be pursuing a buck.



VIEWPOINT

Smokers on the defensive

JOHN MONTGOMERY

Times are getting tough for us smokers.

Recently I was given notice my pipe smoking is not appreciated in council meetings. I was given this message via what I would call the Teddy Roosevelt: "Walk softly and carry a big stick" strategy.

This is, it was a subtle combination of entreaty (Please don't smoke that foul thing in here it makes me ill) and threat (We wouldn't want to be forced into passing a resolution banning smoking).

As you can well understand this came as quite a shock to me. I have always taken it for granted it was my God-given right to fill the air with acrid clouds of poisonous smoke.

I was under the impression this basic privilege was guaranteed in the British North America Act and have behaved accordingly for the ten or so years of my smoking career.

On inspecting the BNA I found no trace of this. Not even so much as a casual mention and in desperation I turned to the Magna Carta. This search proved equally fruitless.

I suppose always having been surrounded by smoke I considered it a natural part of the background atmosphere of any room. This comes, in part, I think, from having passed many bleary-eyed hours shooting pool under a pall of grey smoke while in high school and many other, equally, bleary-eyed hours swilling beer in the smoggy surroundings of dank taverns during my tenure in college.

It just happened: the places I naturally gravitated to in those days were like that.

In college I also took for granted smoking in classrooms and so consequently got into the habit of lighting up whenever and wherever I pleased.

At the office I work around non-smokers but it apparently doesn't bother them as they have never said anything about it.

The only odd thing I've noticed is whenever I light up a cigar a large fan near my desk (and pointed, oddly enough, directly at it) gets switched on, everybody starts running around spraying haphazardly with aerosol tins of air freshener and shouting back and forth "Is there a fire in you're garbage pail?" This light-hearted foolishness, along with the No Smoking sign some vandal nailed to the top of my desk, I accept with my usual good-humor.

As a smoker I have long been accustomed to discriminatory taxes and bad press but this thing about being told not to smoke in council took me completely aback and I am still wavering between polite compliance and a policy of belligerent chain-smoking of the cheapest, rankest cigars I can lay hands on.

I suppose polite compliance is the better course as the hand-writing is clearly on the wall for us smokers. One of the Metropolitan boroughs recently passed a by-law prohibiting smoking in super-markets and New York State passed an even more insidious one banning smoking in all stores and public buildings.

Smokers have not always been so ill-

treated and maligned. Back in the good old days, which I am familiar with not through having been there but through having watched my fair share of late shows, smokers were cast as manly, virile types.

I'll never forget those wonderful scenes with Humphrey Bogart, exhaling smoke between clenched teeth and pointing at some treacherous young thing with his lighted cigarette and sneering "Now listen here kid."

You can bet you're life she never said "Put that stinking thing out, it makes me nauseous." Bogie wouldn't bother saying anything. Hah! He'd just casually give her the back of his hand across the kisser.

If the worst comes to the worst I may have to retreat to that haven for smokers, Mexico. There, not only can you buy a pack of butts for 15c, but you can even smoke them on a city bus.

Of course looking on the bright side there is a definite health advantage in being banned from smoking in council meetings. What with the giddy pace and breathtaking excitement of your average meeting, smoking during one of them is comparable as a fire hazard, to smoking in bed.

Reader takes issue with animal defender

Dear Sir:
 I wish to compliment the correspondent, Ms. Dolores Deverell, whose letter about the art object in front of the new post office building appeared in your Jan. 9 issue.

One must assume, of course, that the letter was meant as a satirical statement. How else could the anthropomorphic position taken with respect to the discarded "pets" of our society be rationalized with the knowledge of the desperately needy, starving and hopeless children of nearly half the world? The letter certainly points up the foibles and failures of our society in true Swiftian fashion.

It was a little difficult to follow the transition of thought from the comment about a somewhat controversial art form to the proposal for a shelter in which it is assumed the numbers of unwanted animals will multiply at an increased rate.

It would be of interest to know how the correspondent estimates the amount of good food we waste daily. I sincerely trust that the habits of one household are not assumed to be necessarily those of all of us.

M. J. BRUBACHER
 Stouffville



Stream wends its way

Duffins Creek meanders through Stouffville and south to hook up with the Rouge River. When there is a snowstorm it is a

ribbon of clear, flowing water which contrasts with the quiet stillness of the snowcovered banks. — Don Bernard

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from February 1, 1945
 Fire broke out in the Funeral Home of a Bruce County undertaker at a place called Glamis. Had a corpse been lost in the blaze the critics would have been quick to point out that the Devil had seized the remains in a very unfair and indecent manner.

CHIMNEY FIRE
 Stouffville Fire Brigade were called out about 9:30 on Friday morning, one of the coldest days this winter, to subdue a chimney fire at a home on Church St. Only minor damage resulted.

COMFORTERS AVAILABLE
 Pillows, comforters, sleeping bags and other articles using feathers for filling may shortly be manufactured in limited quantities, providing labor is available. For a year now production of these articles, except for armed forces, has been abandoned.