

The Tribune
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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

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Editorials

Glorified pond should not be abused by motorboats

The perennial problem of fast motorboats on that glorified pond known as Musselman's Lake has surfaced again.

Councillor Becky Wedley told Planning Board last week someone had taken a racing boat, equipped with a 427 cubic inch inboard motor, onto the lake. According to Mrs. Wedley it took the boat "about 15 seconds to cross the lake." She said she feared for the safety of swimmers and people in small boats and she also mentioned other problems with water-skiers.

Why anybody would even want to take a fast boat on that minuscule lake baffles us. It must get extremely boring seeing the same scenery flash by every couple of minutes as they drive around in circles, which is about all they could do there.

We will take the charitable view and not assume these people are simple-minded, and we would say, rather, that they are just very unimaginative.

There is a possibility they may get some perverse pleasure out of dodging swimmers, sailors, canoeers, rowers and in general just being a damned noisy nuisance.

This type of use, while acceptable on a larger lake where one group can to a greater extent do as they please without bothering anybody else, is absolutely preposterous on such a small water surface.

Apparently council made some investigations a few years ago into the possibility of banning large motors on the lake but they were stalled by jurisdictional disputes between the federal and provincial governments.

After a short discussion the other night they merely dropped the topic and went on to other business. We would strongly urge them to reopen the matter and to keep at it until they can get motors banned. Not just large ones but all motors.

With the ever growing population in the area more and more people must be accommodated at the lake all the time. If it were restricted to passive uses this could be done with a minimum amount of damage to the environment of the lake.

Accommodation needed, none in municipality

While Stouffville can provide most services required by householders and the travelling public, there is one service which is drastically short - we refer to over-night accommodation. We have neither motel nor hotels suitable for tourist accommodation.

This has been an inconvenience in town for many years. Tourists, visitors, and outside service people have found that they needed to go practically into the city to obtain a room for the night.

Stouffville is the route for thousands passing north to the Haliburton Highlands. It also offers a half dozen golf courses within a few minutes drive. At the present time the hundreds of visitors whom the town hopes to attract for centennial celebrations in 1977, will find they must find their over-night accommodation some miles away from town and this is regrettable.

Thirty years ago this week

Mystery horse

Some two weeks ago Neil Weir, Gormley farmer just north of the C.N.R. station there noticed a strange horse in a strange place on his farm for it was on the railway tracks which passes through his property. Mr. Weir took the animal to his barns and has cared for it ever since. The gelding showed a few bumps, but nothing of a serious nature. It was travelling on rubber shoes too, more like the city equines wear, and since no end of enquiry has located an owner in the neighborhood of Gormley, the belief is increasing that this bit of horse flesh really belongs to the city streets and may have fallen from a train passing along. If this proves to be the fact, the animal did a marvellous thing in escaping with minor bruises. While the steed remains silent on the matter, The Tribune through its advertising column, is broadcasting the find in an effort to locate the owner and incidentally to solve a mystery that has the neighborhood baffled. In the event of no solution, then of farmer Weir it may be truly said that a "gift horse" stares him in the face.

Research Stouffville

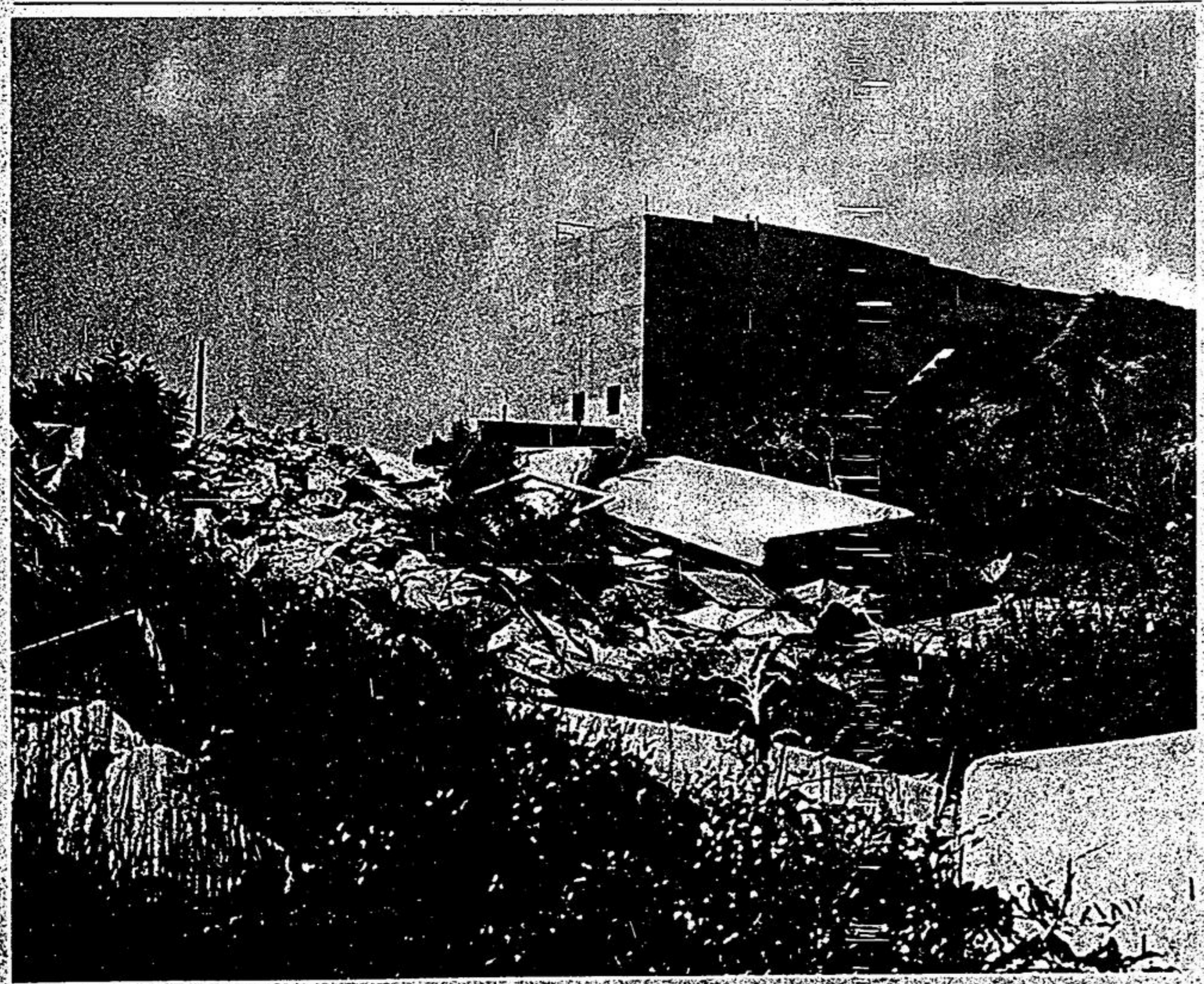
Inflation and women's rights are two controversial issues of concern to everybody. And it is always interesting to relate these contemporary topics to past history.

For instance, in 1886 while male teachers were being paid only \$411.30 per month, female teachers were being paid only \$289.71. The following year the salaries of male teachers climbed to \$451.75 while the remuneration of female teachers went down to \$286.77.

What may be even more incredible are the phenomenally low prices of goods back in 1888. Any one at all familiar with the present cost of groceries would realize that turkey at eight cents per pound, or even a pound of butter at 18 cents is something we are never likely to see again.

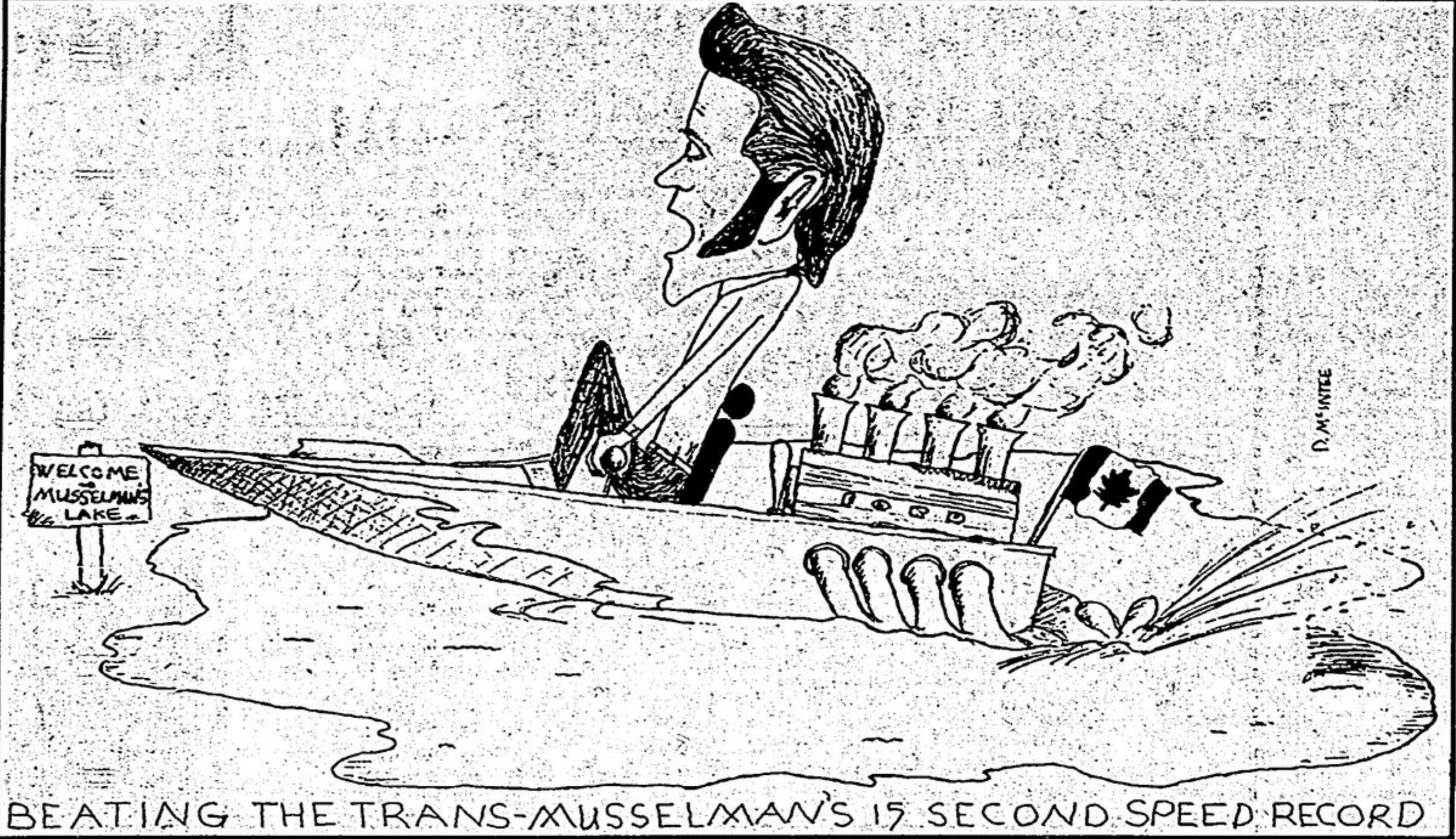
But then prices in the Stouffville area have always been low. After all, Peter Reesor bought 400 acres of prime land for just his horse, saddle and bridle in 1802.

This column, written by Research Stouffville, an OFY funded group, appears regularly in The Tribune. The project is housed in the old library, 640-1859.



This lovely scene is familiar to most residents of Whitchurch - Stouffville. There are several other equally breathtaking spots in the municipality but this particular one on the 9th conc. is probably one of the best examples of this type of landscape in the neighborhood. Special thanks to the property owner and the town for maintaining it in its beautiful, unspoiled condition.

-John Montgomery



BEATING THE TRANS-MUSSELMAN'S 17 SECOND SPEED RECORD

ALONG MAIN STREET

"Sing a song of praise for Summitview"

BY SHEILA McLEOD

I miss the sounds of Summitview now that the kids have packed in their books and left the old brick school building for the summer. The screech of over four-hundred pupils whooping it up, out in the playground, can be quite euphonic - if you catch it along Main, as I do, about two-hundred yards down wind.

The spring-term staccatoes are best. They skin over to our garden on a strong westerly; yells of "You're it" the clunk of baseball against bat, the cheers, the jeers, the slap of skipping robes. "Girl guide, girl guide, dressed in blue, these are the actions you must do: Stand at attention, stand at ease, bend those elbows, bend those knees."

Why couldn't I have lived this close to school when I was a student? My journeys always involved long walks and some erratic form of transportation.

I lived in a hamlet that was practically encircled by the bend of a river. We village scholars had to be ferried across the narrow stretch of water in a flat-bottomed boat before we could set off on the two-mile trek to school. The "ancient mariner" who handled the oars rarely had enough energy to row us directly to the opposite shore and, with navigation left predominantly to the current, the boat always headed downstream until some section of muddy bank scooped it up. If the boatman was feeling unusually frail and the current was

particularly strong, these hit-and-miss moorings were liable to boost our walking distance to school by a good half mile.

By the time I qualified for high school, a reliable foot-bridge spanned the river and I could catch "The Wee Bus" (a shaky monument to public transportation and private enterprise), at the end of it. The Bus' arrival was never anticipated by schedule but by a rebellious rattle that could be heard for miles up the road on the days it could be coaxed into running. The High School was at the top of a long, steep hill and students were dropped off about a mile away - at the bottom of the grade. "The Wee Bus" knew its limitations.

The young folk in our house have been lucky. Their roads-to-learning have always been short, level and along solid sidewalk.

Over the past ten years they have all, in turn, made their way to-and-through Summitview; a quick sneaker dash-away. Maybe that's the reason I feel a closer affinity for the school along the road than I ever did for the distant institutions I attended as a student.

Mind you, Summitview's a matriarch among York County schools and it's not unusual for folks who've been associated with her for any length of time to develop a protective affection for the old gal. She's an anachronism in gingham and thick lisle among the low-slung, high-toned educational mod-pods of today.

Well, so what? All that glitters ain't necessarily gold.

At Summitview, I've noticed, the glow comes from inside. It's a matter of teachers; a personal touch that makes it clear that education there is in interested hands. It's a matter of principal.

I've checked the legend out and it's definitely not true that Lorne Boadway was specifically set in with the Summitview bricks back in 1917.

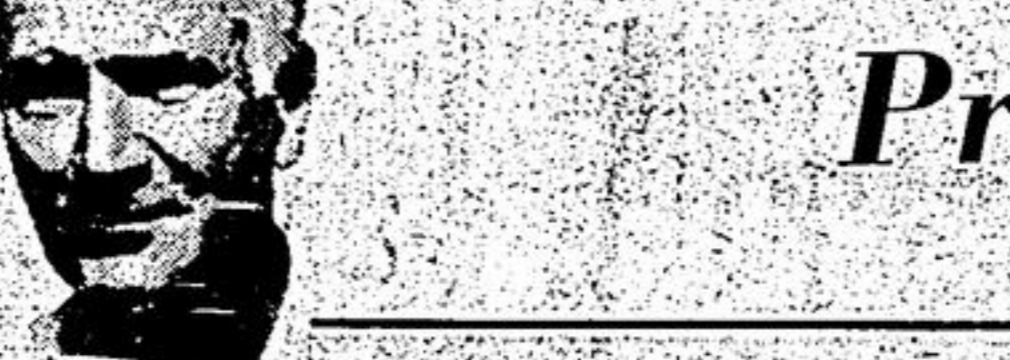
It is true, on the other hand, that after about eighteen years as principal, he is an integral part of the school and its spirit...A community-minded man, a participator, a man of music and humor; his stamp upon Summitview is as distinctive as the date above the door.

There's a special song the principal composed for his school. It's called "Sing a song of praise for Summitview" and it's always hollered out with great gusto by the kids when school spirits run high.

Last week, the fourth and final member of our family passed through Summitview on his way to SDSS. It's time for me to try a bar or two.

I'm not much of a singer. But "play it again Sam", especially for the staff and the old school down the road.

SUGAR AND SPICE



I try not to be bitter, but I have a perfect example of that kind of "progress" right outside my front door.

Many people have a peculiar idea of "progress". They confuse it with change or growth for their own sakes! All too often, these things represent regress, rather than progress.

When we moved to this house, it was on a quiet, residential street, a leafy tunnel of

Progress? I hate it!

voluptuous maples and stately oaks, with a green boulevard on each side of the street. It was gentle and pleasant and safe for children.

The town council, in the name of progress, tore out the boulevard, cut down some trees, and widened the street.

Results? We now have a speedway out front, and you can scarcely risk crossing the street to the mailbox. The squeal of tires makes the nights hideous, as the punks try to proclaim their dubious manhood. The remaining trees are dying because their natural environment has been disturbed and because they get a heavy dose of sprayed salt from the snowplow each winter.

Much beauty lost, and the only ugly things on the street, dead cedar poles for telephone and hydro, left standing in their nakedness.

Just to complete the picture, there has been a "development," which is synonymous with progress in many small minds, at the end of our street. What was once glorious bushland is now an asphalt wasteland inhabited by supermarkets, a gaggle of gas stations, and the inevitable hamburger joints and milk stores.

Because of the "development" and its accompanying "progress" traffic on our street has quintupled about five times, with the accompanying multiplication of stink and noise.

Tough luck, says you. Right, says I. But this is not just a private beef. I've seen this sort of thing happen so often on handsome old streets in pleasant small towns that it makes me sick.

First move of the progress-happy morons is usually to cut down the trees, some of them 70 years old, so that they can widen the road. Grace and shade and dignity are sacrificed to the number one god of North America - the car.

In cities, the same process holds. Potential parklands are turned into instant parking lots. Thruways slaughter miles of greenery.

Ranking high among the villains are the "developers." In more enlightened cultures, they would be called ecological rapists. They take a section of beautiful bushland, fertile farmland, or lush fruitland. They send in their bulldozers to ensure that the property will look like non-man's-land. They then carve it into 50-foot lots and jam in the jerry-built houses, cheek by jowl, give the whole thing a fancy name, spend a fortune on advertising,

and flog the swollen-priced abortions to poor suckers who are so desperate for a house of their own they shoulder a mortgage they can never possibly get out from under.

This, when Canada has more land that is useless for anything else but building than it can ever use. That is "progress."

Oh, "progress" has many faces, and many sounds, and not a few smells.

Far below the roar of the over-sized, over-priced cars burning up precious energy as they whoosh down the superhighways may be heard the whimper of starving children.

Behind the smiling face and honeyed words of the Public Relations Department can be seen something not unlike a mountain range - huge, ever-growing piles of non-returnable bottles, rusting cans, and indestructible plastic garbage.

And the stinks! "Progress" will take a cool, clean, sweet trout stream and poison it with chemicals and detergents and other toxic elements, because "We need the industry." And the big, belching smokestacks go right on belching their nauseous gases from their rotten stomachs, laughing hilariously when the government slaps them on the wrist with a staggering \$25 fine.

"Progress" hoists, again and again, the taxes on booze, because governments would fall without that revenue, and sets up a cheap and panty-waist program barely hinting at the evils of drink.

"Progress" produces bigger cars that go faster and burn more fuel on bigger highways, the vehicles propelled, in many cases, by drivers who couldn't handle a crisis in a kiddie-car race.

"Progress" taxes everything but the living breath of the working stiff, but encourages the plumpies with the expense accounts and the credit cards to go out and live it up and lie and cheat on their taxes.

Medical "progress" means turning a great number of adult neurotics into drug addicts by socking the pills to them, and with the other hand giving a stiff-arm in the face to the dirty, sick, frightened kids of the drug age.

A pretty dim view of progress? It is, as many people look on the word.

But surely there are enough of us left who believe in the real meaning of the word - moral, social and intellectual progress - to try to do something about the spreading sickness.

Same time next Sunday, please. In the meantime, on guard against the "progress" people.

By BILL SMILEY