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## Welfare changes sought

The topic of welfare reform has surfaced at both York and Durham regional councils recently.

While the York health and social services committee has been considering requiring welfare recipients to work for their subsidy, a Durham regional move to that effect was recently quashed by Ontario's Minister of Community and Social Services.

The suggested changes grow out of a recognition of real defects in the way welfare programs operate. Through them, people are

systematically shown that being unemployed can pay off. Studies have demonstrated that second and third generations of welfare recipients grow up never having observed or learned what work is about.

It might be added that many of the unemployed might feel that even if they did take a job they would not be serving any more useful purpose than they currently do. For example, besides earning an income, what other benefit to society would result from spending the day at a factory producing foot deodorant?, they might wonder.

And furthermore, welfare does serve a necessary purpose. There are those who simply need help from the government, or they would starve as they do in less affluent societies.

But the problems remain. Welfare and charity both tend to demean those on the receiving end. They are an impersonal and even easy means of dealing with deep-rooted problems.

In terms of changing the system, having recipients work on certain public service projects might not be a bad idea. At worst, no more "boondoggling" would likely occur than in the average job today.

Another possible reform would be for some welfare recipients to be allowed to earn a greater amount of money on their own while remaining on welfare rolls. At present, there is no great incentive to take a \$70-a-week job if it means losing your \$70-a-week welfare check. This basic change was suggested, but never implemented, in the U.S. While costing more at the beginning, this change would pay off by affording some incentive to many recipients for seeking and accepting employment. Once started, work can be a contagious activity.

At any rate, discussion about welfare reform in York and Durham is a healthy sign, and we hope some tangible changes will result.

## Best wishes for Dr. Neil Smith

Few business and professional people in Stouffville have the distinction of serving this community for a span of fifty years. Dr. Neil Smith, dentist, who has just retired from his office above the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce building, has that distinction, and is a most worthy recipient of the several recent honors bestowed upon him.

Dr. Smith was the second generation in his profession, to serve Stouffville, his father before him still remembered by the older generation.

Our honored citizen has been cited for his work in the church, the Lions Club and sports field, and his overall interest in the community has always been keen.

Hundreds of Stouffville and nearby residents who have been patients of Dr. Smith throughout his entire career, look upon his retirement as akin to the end of an era, but they also wish the good doctor every happiness in his leisure years.

Few will attain his record of service and The Tribune is pleased to join Dr. Smith's host of friends in endorsing the honors received, and wishing him many pleasant years of retired life.

## Voters 'short-changed'

We are barely seven months into the municipal term of office and it seems Whitchurch-Stouffville's school board representative is resigning.

Trustee Colin Barrett has received a job transfer to Leamington, and although he has not yet resigned, he has already assumed his duties there.

It is our opinion the voters of this community have been short-changed by Mr. Barrett who lost no time in reaching the decision that his job advancement was more important than the commitment he had made to serve as trustee.

We would take a more tolerant view of Mr. Barrett's actions if he had run uncontested, but as he fought a hard campaign

and beat out the incumbent representative, we find this intolerable.

It now appears the municipality might be represented by a board appointee, who could well be Mr. Barrett's defeated opponent, John MacMurray.

Mr. Barrett has been making statements to the press that his replacement should be "chosen by the people of Stouffville" yet he never bothered to consider this before accepting his out-of-town position.

Mr. Barrett told the Tribune he plans to get just as involved in the community of Leamington as he did in this community, but it is our fervent hope that if this involvement again takes a political turn, the people of Leamington will have the foresight to cut it short by defeating Mr. Barrett at the polls.

## Research Stouffville reports

In 1888, Stouffville was a small village, only 11 years old. There were many things Stouffville needed: street lamps, sidewalks, fire fighting equipment, gravel on the roads, electricity, water works and other such things a small village really could not afford.

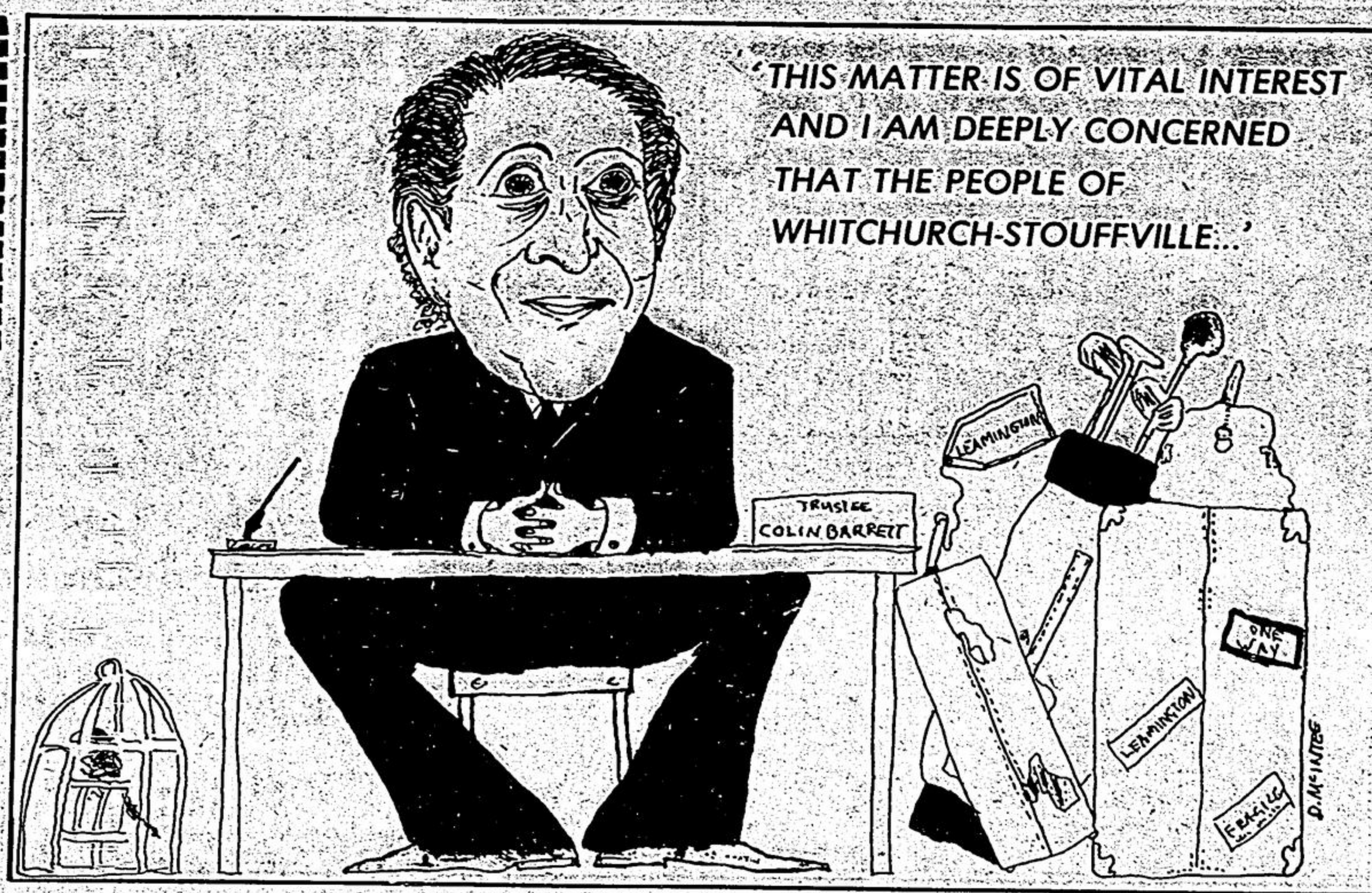
Stouffville, however, was a fast growing community and the citizens active and concerned. In 1889 they circulated petitions requiring the immediate installation of many of these demands and by 1900 most were satisfied.

Now Stouffville is a small town and though prosperous and expanding, it has lost something irreplaceable. At one time Stouffville accommodated a pool hall, a

movie theatre, a curling rink, a lacrosse team and a race track, but the town has become dependent on other communities for these entertainments. Gone are all the elaborate afternoon teas, the garden parties, the grand old balls in Daley's Hall. No longer can Stouffville boast of supporting five hotels and five taverns. Fancy dress carnivals every week and wood cutting bees and afternoon sleighing in the winter has faded into history.

Have we lost an essential element of our town?

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 MATTER IS OF VITAL INTEREST AND I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED THAT THE PEOPLE OF WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE...'



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Bill earned the life of Riley

By BILL SMILEY

Well, that big heat wave through the end of June and into July puts the lie to all those pessimists who claim our summers are changing, getting cooler and damper. That was a real, old-fashioned scorcher.

Even our big, old, high-ceilinged house, surrounded by shade trees, warmed up to the almost-uncomfortable point after a week of high blue skies and hot yellow suns.

Farmers were worried, and a lot of people who had to work through the heat were suffering, and I had room for a lot of sympathy for both as I lay on the beach and wondered whether I should go in for another duck to cool off.

I have lots of sympathy, but no feeling of guilt, because I have paid my dues, slugging it out in the heat many a summer when other people were cooling off outside and inside.

There were several years of working as a serf on one of the big passenger boats that used to ply the Great Lakes.

We worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week. That was in the days when a long weekend was just a long weekend, with no holidays for the working stiff.

Most of the summer I enjoyed thoroughly, when we were "up the Lakes," sleeping under blankets at night, and revelling in the hot clear days and cool nights of the Lakehead, or Thunder Bay, as it's now known.

But down at the lower end of the seven-day run, at Windsor and Detroit, it was another story. That was then, and still is, the muggiest, funkier, just plain hell-hottest place in North America.

Even the passengers perspired heavily. The crew didn't perspire, nor even sweat. They ran like waterfalls.

When you hit the Detroit River, you knew it. First, by the filth of the water. Secondly, by the lack of any semblance of breeze. Third, by the stink from the breweries of Windsor.

There was no air conditioning in those days. If you had a fan kicking around torrid, tired air, you were lucky. The passenger cabins were airless. The crew's quarters, most of them, without windows or port-holes, were virtually unbreathable in. And the stokehole, where the black gang fired the coal into the furnaces, was an inferno. Why there wasn't mutiny down there, I'll never know.

But we were young and healthy and had no unions to tell us how we were being exploited (which we were). So after cleaning up

the boat and standing under a tepid shower, it was on with some clean duds and out to sample the joys of a night in Detroit: big-league ball games, burlesque shows and something the Yanks called beer.

It was pretty heady stuff (not the beer) for a 17 or 18 year old. Some of the boys had a little trouble making it up the gang-plank. Then it was up to the top deck, because there was no use trying to sleep in our quarters, and sit there, naked, as the boat glided up the river, into Lake St. Clair, and the first signs of a breeze again. No sleep, and a 12-hour day ahead, but who needed it?

Then there was a summer working in a factory in Toronto. Most of the factory was air conditioned (it had become practicable by then) as the plant turned out film and cameras. But guess who got to work in the machine shop, down in the bowels, with the lathes and the welding machines and the temperature about 96? In hot weather, and I swear it was hot all summer, the guys down there were in a foul mood throughout their shift.

I honestly believe that, in the various summer jobs I've had, I have sweated enough to fill the tank of one of those new solar-heated homes they're talking about — something like 40,000 gallons.

And there's another type I feel sorry for. That's the weekly newspaper editor. Of

course, they're so spoiled now that some of them even have, as I understand, air conditioning in their offices.

But in my day, the office took the full blast of the summer sun from 'about noon on. Outside on the street, long cool girls in shorts and tops, and little, cool, brown kids in even less, sauntered along, oblivious to the heat.

Inside, the editor stewed and sizzled trying to shake off pieces of paper that stuck to his damp hands, trying to explain to advertisers why the paper was coming out late, wondering if there would be any advertising next week, and trying to wring an editorial out of a soggy brain.

Maybe I'll check things out with some of my old weekly colleagues at the convention this summer in Saskatoon. I'll expect a cool answer.

Yes, sympathy, but no guilt feeling. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take my grandbaby out to the beach, where we will sit in the cool sand with the waves washing over our legs, and look at the girls in bikinis, and dig holes in the wet sand, and splash each other, and jabber at each other in that special language that nobody else seems to understand, and give not a single thought to all the poor, steamy, smelly masses working today.

Never mind, chaps, I've got a rotten sunburn.



## 'dem ole midsummer blues

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

This midsummer weather drives me crazy.

Not that I dislike the heat and the sunshine but to be more specific I hate the effect it has on me. It absolutely devastates me.

It saps my energy, what little there was to begin with, and I am the next best thing to useless at work.

I would be completely useless except my employers had the foresight to stick me into a little cave of an office without a single window.

One window to stare and daydream out of and my productivity would drop from the normal 20 per cent of capacity to an unforgivable zero.

The point is I don't hate this weather, but in fact like it too well and consequently it totally ruins me. I get up in the morning, look out at the sunshine, and then I literally have to drag myself to work.

If I had things my way, and I don't, I would spend my days loafing in the shade and the most strenuous project I would tackle would be snapping the top off a cool one.

Normally I more or less enjoy my job but in this weather the only thing that keeps me at it is the fear I have of arousing the ugly side of my bank manager's personality. Not to mention my landlord who has an ugly disposition at the best of times without driving him to distraction by not paying the rent.

The reasons I have listed pretty well preclude my playing hockey so the only thing I can do is drag my lifeless hulk into the office every day. Whether I actually do any work when I get there is a different story entirely though.

The only compromise I have come up with is I manage to have assignments that require me to hang around the park, at Musselman's Lake, or some other quiet and shady spot.

To make matters worse my holidays are coming up. I always manage to psyche myself, when my holidays get close, into really believing I need a rest. For about a month before I go I whine and snivel around the office about how tired and over-worked I am and how much I need a vacation.

This is a little silly as in my experience

one week of holidaying is usually more exhausting than six months of working. I had to really drag my heels for about a month last year to recover from my holidays.

Of course that was an exceptional holiday. Its not often you get to spend two rain-soaked weeks camping out with the mosquitoes and black flies of Northern Ontario. Throw in some expensive car trouble and a touch of sun stroke from that one clear day and you've got an unforgettable vacation.

Holidays in reality aren't much but they are the stuff of hours of idyllic daydreaming. Add this to the ennui brought on by the weather and what you have left is little better than a human wreck.

The most trying thing is sitting through council meetings, which at their most exciting merit little more than a yawn, and at their worst are indescribable.

Oh well, maybe it will rain tomorrow, it always cheers me up to know that if I can't be out enjoying the weather at least nobody else can either.

## Bible thought for the week

From The Living Bible  
The path of the godly leads away from evil; he who follows that path is safe. Pride goes before destruction and haughtiness before a fall. Better poor and humble than proud and rich. God blesses those who obey him; happy the man who puts his trust in the Lord. The wise man is known by his common sense, and a pleasant teacher is the best. Wisdom is a fountain of life to those possessing it; but a fool's burden is his folly. From a wise mind comes careful and persuasive speech.  
Proverbs 16:17-23

## Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from July 26, 1945.

**Too much water**  
There is an abundance of water this summer in the town reservoirs, so much so, in fact, that consumers are not restricted in the use of lawn hose. Fire Chief Del Jennings has been asked to open a few hydrants to relieve the situation, since the water is unable to escape through the overflows at the reservoirs fast enough to keep some from running over the banks.

**Invaluable DDT**  
We are more than anxious to get hold of that newest insecticide known as DDT. While it cannot be recommended for farms, since it kills every kind of bug, including those that are beneficial, it is invaluable for offices, shops, and homes. One or two applications a season on the screens will kill the flies for the duration of a summer.



This almost surrealistic photo tells its own story. It was taken shortly before the BP station on Main St. was torn down recently. The sign denoting the Dominion Automobile Association stands in contrast to the reflection of a car and a van in the window.

John Montgomery.