

The Tribune
Established 1888
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

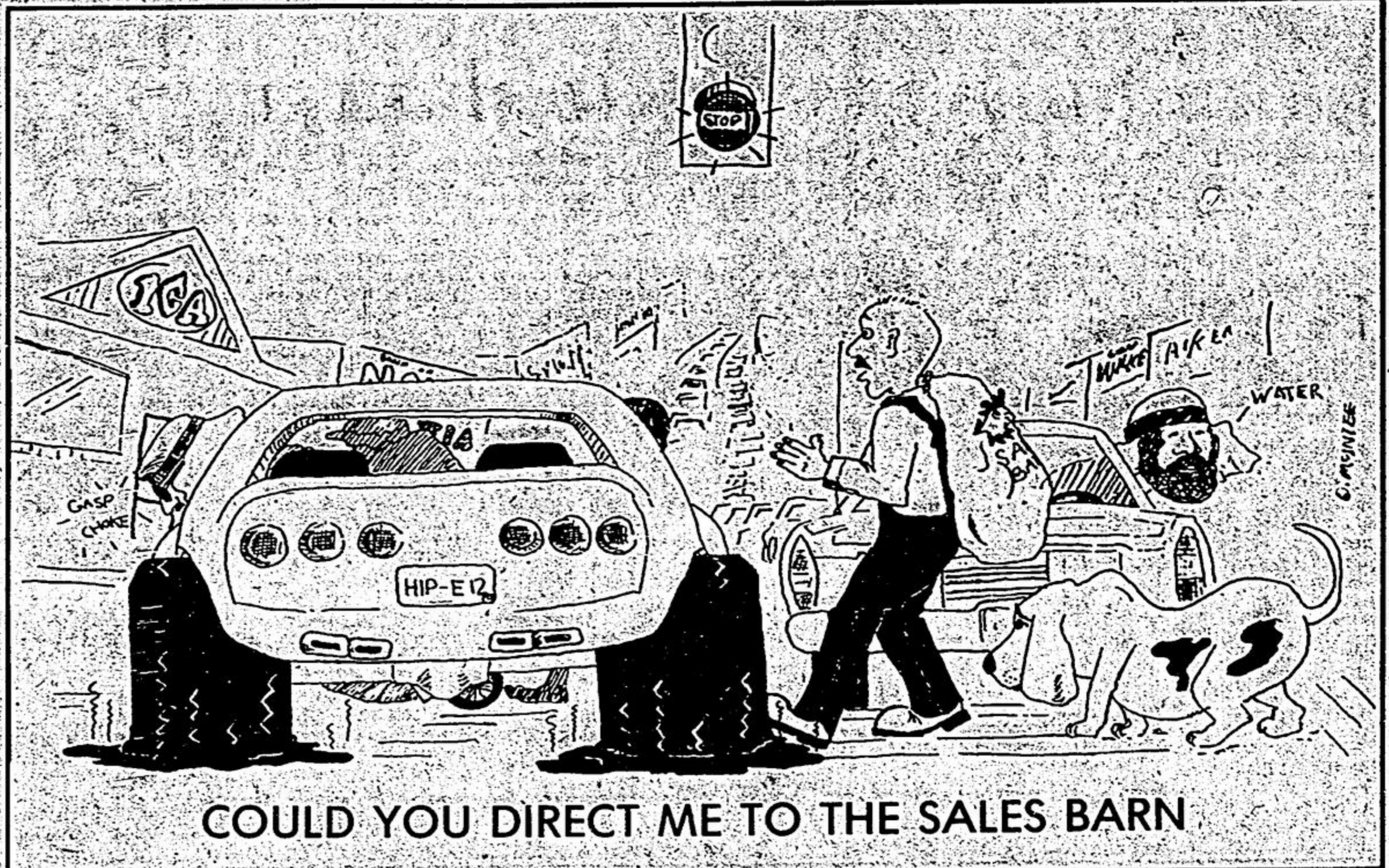
Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-3101.
Toronto phone 361-1600. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$2.00 per year in Canada, \$14.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0676.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

BARRE BEACOCK
Advertising Manager

DON BERNARD
Editor

ABC



COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE SALES BARN

'Thin ice' for province

There is a strong feeling, in this part of Ontario at least, that the Davis government has been trying to play both sides in the current airport hassle in order to gain a maximum vote advantage in the next provincial election.

The Ontario government which was, even more than Ottawa, instrumental in choosing the Pickering site for the airport, is doing a

complete flip-flop in trying to throw road blocks in the way of its construction.

A vast number of people believe that this is merely a political ploy — an effort to gain the votes of the anti-airport people, and that once re-established for a new term with a majority government, the Conservatives would be quite willing to roll ahead with the airport as originally planned.

Wrong materials in wrong places

An additional difficulty has surfaced at the Stouffville recycling depot. A few users, or pranksters, or both, have chucked the wrong materials into the wrong bins and caused several long mornings or afternoons to be spent resorting garbage, paper and glass.

Users of the depot should take material there only when it is open: Thursdays and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to noon and (through the summer) Thursdays, 6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. And children (and the young-at-mind) would be advised to stay away from the depot bins except when helping out there. The tin cans and broken glass, especially, are nothing to play with.

This all demonstrates the need, once more, for a building in which to store the bins and-or waterproof, lockable bins

This apparent effort by Ontario to block the airport found immediate favor with the anti-airport group, and those who actually believed the government was trying to save money. At the same time Ontario is quietly proceeding with its North Pickering project and is looking to Ottawa for a multi-million dollar grant in this connection. Ontario has also not been without fear that Ottawa just might reverse its long-term stand against enlarging Malton.

All in all it has been "thin ice" politically for the Davis government. While appearing, for voter influence, to be firm with its road blocks, it also knew it must leave loopholes. Ontario spokesmen have been careful not to state opposition to the plan, only the financial arrangements.

Reports out of Ottawa indicate that the federal cabinet too, viewed Ontario's moves, as merely for political purposes, and has approved the Minister's decision to proceed with the airport immediately. Behind the scenes, the Ontario government is possibly breathing easier, since the holdup of federal funds for North Pickering and expansion of Malton could have become a real threat.

Get on with new library

After more than 10 years of debate and consideration, Stouffville might soon have its new library. Most people will agree that such a facility is long overdue.

Mayor Gordon Ratcliff announced last week that two sites are being considered, and that the project might be completed under a winter works grant from the senior levels of government next fall.

We urge the council to move resolutely on this issue. A central location, with adequate parking, could make the library a focal point of community activity.

Librarian Lynne Robbins and her staff have done wonders since the library moved to its present location last fall. New programs have been possible and increased usage are the tangible results of her efforts.

Now is the time to acquire the land and start construction of a permanent library.

As for the old library, it appears that the local recreation committee wants to use it for an adult craft program. The mayor on the other hand has said that the building should be sold.

There are two aspects to the question of what should be done with the old library. If it

is put up for sale, who would want to buy it? It is not suitable for commercial use in its present state and would need extensive renovations, if not complete rebuilding.

The prospect is that the building might not be desirable and the town would end up selling it well below its market value. Bids were asked for, earlier this year, but nobody was willing to pay fair market-value for the structure.

The proposal put forward by recreation committee chairman Jack Watson, is a good one. There is certainly a need for some kind of adult program in town. Presently, "little" is provided for people who have left their teenage years behind, but who are not yet in the senior years.

Whether the old library is a good site for such a project is, however, questionable. If council approves the building of a new library, surely space could be made available in the new facility for this adult craft group.

The town should make another attempt to sell the old library and use the money to acquire land for a new building. As it stands now, the old building is a liability to the town.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill cops out for the summer

By BILL SMILEY

Summer in the country. Sitting here writing a column in Grandad's office, a pair of shorts, and nothing else, I would have to work very hard at it to be anything but peaceful, and I'm not about to.

Back home, my lawn is burning to a crisp, my roses are dying for lack of water, my cat, with any luck, has left for good, and some junkie has probably broken into the house and stolen the color TV. I don't care.

Out there somewhere, people are hurting along hot asphalt in the heat, cursing the obstreperous kids in the back seat, and wishing they'd never started this stupid trip.

Elsewhere, guys and dolls all over the world are hustling and sweating and trying to impress each other, and pursuing the ever-winding buck with maniacal intensity of purpose.

Everywhere, politicians are cooking up new clouts for the next session, or thinking up new ways of saying: "Maybe yes, and maybe no, and maybe maybe."

Somewhere, Arabs are killing Jews, and Jews are killing Arabs, and Christians, in time-honored custom, are killing other Christians.

Somebody is winning \$30,000 in the Something-Or-Other-Open with a 24 foot putt, and somebody else is losing it by missing a four foot putt.

People are earnestly taking virtually useless summer courses which will fit them for practically nothing.

Unexpected and unwelcome visitors are piling in on "old friends." The visitors unload two surly kids, one ill-mannered dog, and announce heartily: "Can't stay morena coupla days. Thought about gettin' a motel room, but knew you'd be hurt 'f we didn't stay 'thou." (Sound of old friends' eyes rolling.)

My son is in Paraguay, South America, swimming a piranha-infested river, or slouching through the jungle, kicking poisonous snakes out of the way, or lying in a native hut, wracked with malaria.

My only daughter is trapped in a box on the ninth floor of an apartment building, in the heat, with an 18-month hell-on-wheels boy clutching her sawed-off jeans, and a little sister in the oven, ready to join him just about on his second birthday and oh, dear, isn't it awful. Imagine having two babies in two years in these times. (Sound of Gran, gnashing teeth.)

And about all of these things, all the hurly and the burly, all the muss and the fuss, all the higgles and piggles, all of the ever-lasting human struggle to prove that God's in His heaven and all's wrong with the world, or the opposite, I don't care.

I just don't give a diddley-dam! Why not? Because, at this time and in this place, I have irrefutable proof that He is in His heaven, and there ain't nobody who could improve on the world just as it is, right now.

It's a cool-hot perfect Canadian day. Hot sun, cool breeze. Whatever your thermometer says, it's about 83 Fahrenheit here.

I raise my head from the typewriter, and roses lean toward me, a big, matronly maple ruffles her bustles in the breeze, like a lady caught in a body-rub parlor.

On the top rail of the fence, 10 feet away, two retarded robins are singing, and making overtures. A denuded lilac bush is whispering: "Yes, but wait 'til next year."

Along the back fence, the hollyhocks stand, not row on row, but in little groups, muttering together, tossing their heads in the breeze, and looking down their long, cool shoulders at the upstart blue delphiniums, which bear a gleam of miscegenation in their eyes.

Just beyond them is a field of uncut, late, late hay, bowing and tossing and rippling like a blonde teenager who has just discovered she just might be a beautiful woman!

Raise the eyes but one more degree, and there, framed in green foliage, is the deep-blue beauty of the two-mile-wide bay, with the high, rolling shoreline on the other side, and the cottages so tiny that you can't see the squalling, grunting, sweaty humans in and around them.

Ah, but it's lovely. And peaceful. And lonely. Not lonesome, but the good kind of lonely, when you don't want another human being, even a loved one, to spoil the mood.

Maybe that's it. My Loved One is away down the gravel road, exchanging hysterical tales about their children with an old school friend.

Grandad, an incorrigible 83-year-old, is out belting around his 40-mile mail route.

This morning, I saw a hawk. When I was little, the chickens, who were all psyched up, would scuttle, the kids would all scream with delight: "A hawk! A hawk!" and the farmer would run in for his shotgun.

Nobody even noticed this guy. He looked like a skinny, ancient kite, peering down for the dead body of a Roman legionnaire, perhaps. No chickens. No legionnaires (I haven't paid my dues). It was kind of sad.

Down in the Bay, there is a big rainbow trout just waiting to show me some tricks. Yesterday, I saw two partridge flush just outside Grandad's "office" window. Tomorrow I'll see three deer standing up by the fence, looking curious.

Tomorrow I'll care about the world again, and all the bad things and good things happening in it.

But right now, at this time, in this place, I don't care. God may be out to lunch, as I frequently suspect. But whoever is filling in for Him at this moment is doing one helluva job, if you'll pardon the expression.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from August 9, 1945

Knight of the Road

With a pack on his back a man who toils not, neither does he spin, and who doesn't excel as a tailor's model, made the rounds of the business section last week as a perennial caller for alms. Anything but soap, it seems, is to his liking, for judging from his appearance this knight of the road has no sympathy with the proverbial declaration that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." Only thing to the credit of this unfortunate is that he doesn't try to hide his standing, and makes no apology for being a tramp. "I like it, I'm busy all the time," was all the reporter ever could draw from him. His general unattractive appearance prevents him from getting a lift with passing motorists.

Anyway, what would be the use in rushing over the country in a car. He would only have to turn around and rush back the other way that much sooner. Some day if we get our friend of the foot path to talk, his story might be interesting. Tramps are so few now that anyone who ever saw the subject of this item cannot mistake him.

Lipstick squelched

Sir Alexander Fleming the white-haired, quiet spoken Scot who "played with moulds" and thereby developed penicillin, punctured the over-optimism of the public's conception of the wonder cure's power. In an interview at Connaught laboratories in Toronto the bacteriologist predicted that over-the-counter sale of penicillin in toothpaste, lipstick and other beauty aids would likely lead to a great waste. He explained that there will not only be a great waste of penicillin but also of time and money and on top of that the public will be greatly disappointed. Penicillin is only effective when it actually comes in contact with the microbe that is causing a patient distress.

Research Stouffville

Progress is, to some, a dirty word. And Stouffville is not a town to remain stagnant in our fast moving world.

We become so caught up and concerned about our future that we tend to forget about the past, and sometimes even the present.

Stouffville has so very few historical buildings left, small reminders of days gone by. Gradually, over the years, we have lost one or another of our valuable buildings or sites.

In 1967 the old fire hall was torn down to make room for the new clock tower. The long standing Queen's hotel was demolished in the early 1900's to no obvious purpose; the lot is empty even today. Just recently an old building was destroyed on one of the most historical lots in this town, the site which has at various times accommodated old Wheeler's mill, Wheeler's tannery and later Beebe's blacksmith shop. All of these could have been avoided.

It is to be hoped that the closing of the old Railway station will not herald its eventual destruction as a building. The station is one of our oldest remaining landmarks and we must not lose it.

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.



The weeds are taking over and the barn and house stand mute and empty, but the deserted farm must have many tales it could tell of the people who laughed, cried and just plain existed — there — Now it is falling down and forgotten, except by an inquisitive photographer looking for a subject with "character."

— John Montgomery



A joggers diary

By TED WILCOX

Some of my friends have considered me slightly daft on occasion. Wearing sweatshirt, bermuda shorts and running shoes, I step outside on warm summer evenings and reappear later, soaking wet and with a bleary-eyed expression on my face.

They begin to wonder about me. Did I take a midnight dip in Duffin's Creek? Was I chased home by bandits?

No, I explain. It's simple. I was jogging.

For the past several years, with greater or lesser consistency, I have been plodding around neighborhoods, parks and athletic fields in an ever-losing attempt to "stay in shape."

Usually, jogging is something you do alone. Few are the times when two joggers can coincide on when, where, how long and how fast they want to run.

So off I go, alone, into the blackness. Joggers love the dark; you see, unless they are in some sequestered spot far from other living creatures.

Otherwise, they learn to live with the running commentary that inevitably accompanies any attempt to jog in populated areas.

The most pleasant comments come from very young children. When they spot the Lone Jogger, they sometimes yell out their wonderment at an adult physically exerting himself, or else might join in and pad along for a half block or so.

However, many adults feel compelled to give drill sergeant instructions to the sweating stranger. The favorite remains "Hup, two, three, four, Hup, two three, four!", but "Get those knees up!", "Go! Go! Go! Go!" and "Run! Run! Run! Run!" will always be popular as well.

Gritting his teeth, the panting plodder moves on across more yards of grass and concrete and, if he's been at it for enough years, pays them no mind. It's not him who's going to drop over with a heart attack at age 45, he tells himself.

In fact, he can almost begin enjoying the repartee. I get a little charge out of inviting any sedate hecklers to join me in my thrice-weekly circuit. That cuts short the snide banter as they sit, pondering an adequately snappy reply. By then, I'm long past.

The kind of reaction that joggers receive, though, has certainly changed from the time I began jogging. At that time, a jogger was considered an oddity on the order of someone who indulged in snuff or who relished chocolate-covered insects.

Now, to see some isolated runner huff and puff past your front door is no longer such a rare occurrence.

And once in a blue moon I will even meet up with another lone jogger wending his way through the residential streets. We pass, wave and jog on with a lighter step — for a few yards at least, that is.