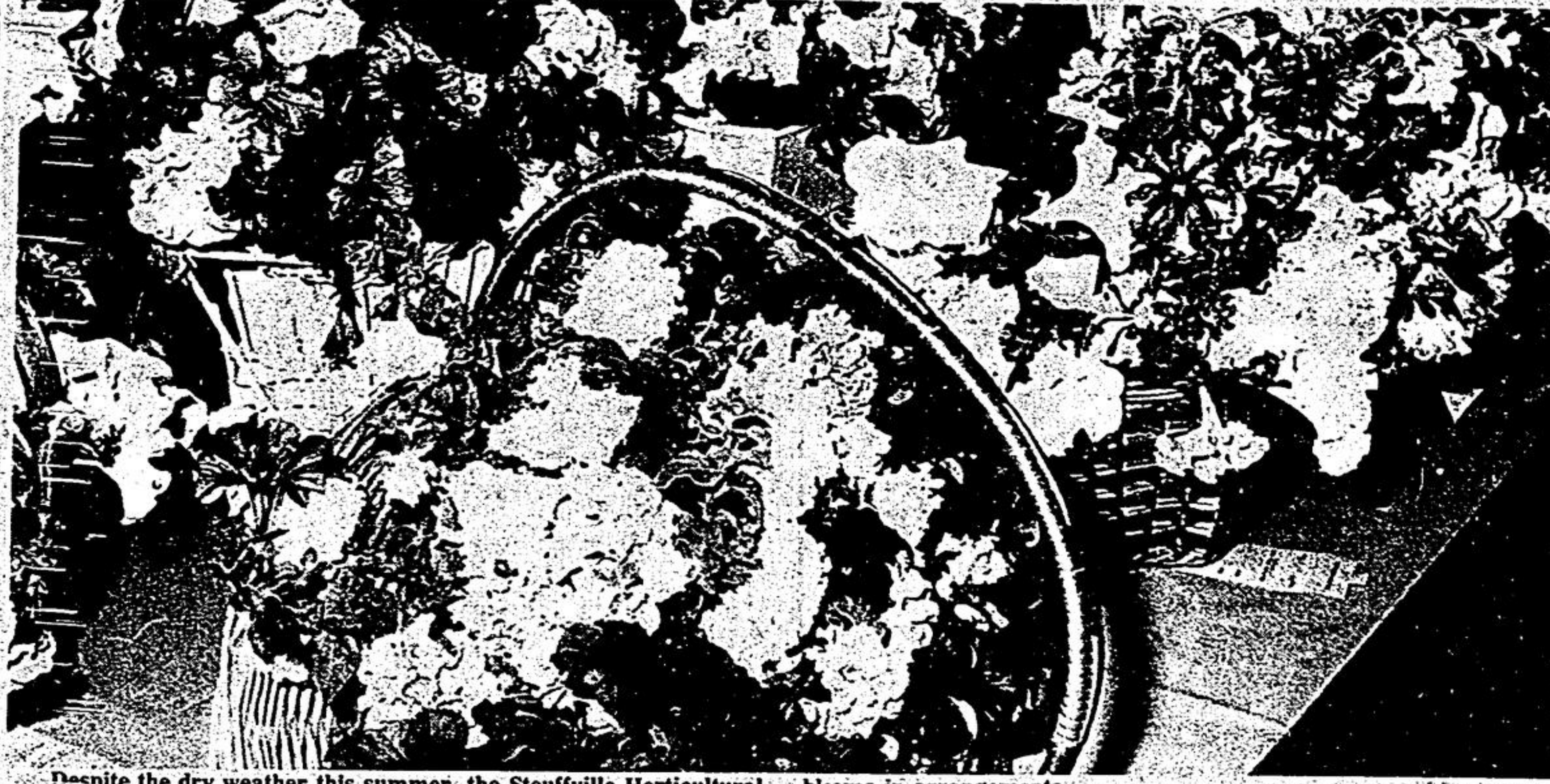


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 DON BERNARD, Editor
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Despite the dry weather this summer, the Stouffville Horticultural Society annual flower show was a great success. Here are the profusion of blooms in arrangements. —Don Bernard

Bold decision in Uxbridge

It was gratifying to learn that Uxbridge council has taken decisive action with regard to the location of a proposed federal penitentiary reception centre within the municipality. The council's affirmative invitation compares favorably with the actions of their Scugog counterparts, who are still in the process of sorting out the pros and cons.

Much credit must go to Councillor Bill Ballinger, who first engendered the idea of bringing the centre to Uxbridge and who made a fact-finding trip to six Ontario prisons.

From facts presented at a special meeting of council last week, arguments for locating the centre in Uxbridge seemed much stronger than those against it.

As opponent of the centre, councillor Maustyn McKnight admits, "no one can deny the economics of the thing." A yearly \$100,000 tax in lieu grant from an industry requiring no servicing and no educational or recreational facilities, is hard to pass up.

The fact that it is a "non-polluting" institution is another plus in its favor.

Fears expressed in letters to local newspapers that the centre would create a sense of paranoia in the area were shown to be patently untrue by Mr. Ballinger, who talked to about 25 residents now living near penitentiaries.

Again, Mr. McKnight agreed that he had to "discount" some of his own fears after making a visit himself to the penitentiary in Millbrook.

The only substantial argument against the centre was that it was possible that some day in the future, another federal government could change the centre from a maximum security to a medium or minimum security status.

However, as penitentiary representative John Bennett pointed out, the facility would require "a major change" to be used for anything except a reception centre — which, by definition, is maximum security. Workshops, etc., would have to be installed for a changeover.

Since prisoners are only located in the centre for eight weeks before being categorized and assigned to a penitentiary, it seems to us that an escape would be even more unlikely than at ordinary maximum security institutions.

The argument in favor of the centre that we appreciated the most at the meeting last week was one that probably wouldn't carry much political weight.

A resident pointed out that "we have a definite responsibility to help those who become involved in crime."

That two such institutions would be located in Uxbridge should be something to feel pride and not shame for.

Nevertheless, the most convincing reason to most rate-payers — for locating the centre in Uxbridge will remain the economic one.

It's an opportunity the township literally couldn't afford to miss.

Phone service cost increases

It seems that Bell Canada finds itself unable to provide phone service to areas in Ballantrae as well as previously announced delays in the College Park subdivision in Stouffville.

Now, we sympathize with Bell's problem, which involves a shortage of capital for new service. However there is a service aspect that should be considered as well.

It seems that the cutbacks are being applied arbitrarily to certain new developments. The fact is that Bell won't receive full revenue from these subdivisions for perhaps a year or more. Thus by waiting a year, the company can realize full revenue from the new phones, at the time of installation.

Perhaps this points up one of the ways in which Canadians are pampered in this regard. Canada has one of the most efficient phone services in the world and the price has always been reasonable.

Bell has for the most part provided prompt installation for prospective customers. In Europe it can take months even years for a new connection. Rather than faulting Bell Canada, we might do well to realize that we have been spoiled in the past and that the age of cheap phone service has gone the way of cheap energy.

It is something Canadians will have to live with.

We must either pay more, or face cutbacks in service.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Metric system under fire again

By BILL SMILEY



Just clearing off my desk before heading to Saskatoon for a convention of weekly editors. Boy, am I a lazy bum! There must be 45 letters stacked here, unanswered.

First of all, there are two piles of letters about the metric-Celsius nonsense. Those who agree with me form a much deeper pile. But, in fairness, those who disagree are much more literate. Does this have any significance?

The more literate letters, are, on the whole, much duller than the emotional ones. They treat me as a backward child, or a senile old man: I am neither.

Sample, from Wm. Gary Wharton, of Unionville, Ont. "There are things occurring (his spelling) in this world that from the sound of your column you couldn't even begin to comprehend. Things are dealt with on a world-wide basis now and in doing so we need a common unit of measure, weight and volume!" And so on.

Baloney! If that is so, why don't we have a common world-wide language, and a common unit of currency? We have neither. The argument holds no water.

On the other side, Earl F. Gilchrist of Perth, Ont., is equally lacking in logic. "The metric system should never be introduced in Canada because it isn't Canadian. I want my children to grow up in a Canadian Canada not a Foreign Canada. Any Canadian that accepts the metric system isn't a Canadian."

Well now, I wouldn't go that far. That means that I could never enjoy English fish-and-chips, French fries, chicken chow mein, lasagna, southern fried chicken, and would be condemned for life to drinking Canadian — ough! — wine. That way madness lies.

There's a letter from Mr. and Mrs. C. Knott of Rorketon, Man. "The guy that invented this stuff (Celsius and metrics) died so why doesn't it die with him as it sure doesn't make any sense. We are only two out here, but I know there are many more in this area. Go to it Bill, send out petition or whatever it takes to stay as it is before."

A June editorial in the Waterloo Chronicle by Mike Roy is headed Some Facts, Please. He then attacks my "half-baked ideas" about the metric system. He goes on to state a lot of facts about the world's population, makes a desperate attempt to link these to the need for a metric system, and fails. I just take back my remark that letters urging a metric system are more literate than those against.

Here's a long, witty, oft bawdy letter from Harvey Malcolm, a farmer, municipal politician and news correspondent from Janetville for the Bowmanville Statesman. He

wants metric. "Have you ever tried from scratch to figure out in the twinkling of an eye with a ratepayer breathing over your shoulder; how many lots 99' x 133' or such like can be found in an umpteen acre field?"

No, I haven't; Harvey. But I imagine it could be done with a calculator in about three minutes by a teenager of average intelligence. What's the big rush to find it out, anyway? Somebody only wants to make a buck. Let him wait.

B.C. Leaden of Rosedale, British Columbia, says that he often disagrees with me wholeheartedly, but on this, is on my side. In part, he says, speaking of politicians: "They take our money and they screw it all up until you can't tell one bill from another, except for the good old deuce, and I suppose they'll soon get rid of that. They shove French down the English throats and English down the French and now they drop this Celsius bit on us poor long-suffering bastards. What in hell do we want that for? Celsius! Sounds more like a disease than a degree of temperature."

Another brief letter from a Western couple, stamped envelope enclosed, says: "Tell us what to do, write our M.P. or what, and we'll do it." Well, folks, that's a good place to start, but don't be surprised if you get a polite brush-off.

To try to sum up my own feelings, would require another whole column, and would just touch on the subject. Firstly, I agree that metric is easier. Any idiot knows that.

But don't try to snow me with arguments that Canada's economic future depends on the metric system. Our economic future, like it or lump it, is tied to that of the U.S., which is not metric.

The metric system should have been introduced 50 years ago. It wasn't. Now is not the time to do it, when inflation is making terrible ravages on our economy. Maybe it's 15 years too soon. We just can't afford it right now.

Celsius is silly. I don't care what the temperature is in Outer Mongolia, or what system they use. I want to know whether it's 10 below or 80 above — Fahrenheit. The U.S. uses Fahrenheit. The radio and TV stations along the border use both. The newspapers report British and continental temperatures in Fahrenheit.

The changes to metric and Celsius seem to reflect that old Canadian tradition, which applies in everything from styles to education.

It goes something like this: "Let's drag our feet for a while, until everybody else has tried this thing out. Then we'll jump in and go the whole hog, whether the thing worked or not."

Heck with both of them! I only hope that when I get to Saskatoon, it's been a good summer (Fahrenheitally speaking) for wheat, and that those fish I don't catch in northern Saskatchewan will not be less than two metres in length.

Back to work again

Here it is Tuesday morning, the day after Labor Day, and suddenly we realize another fall is upon us. School is re-opening, there's a threatened airport strike and Lord knows how many others in the offing. Accidental deaths over the holiday weekend continues to climb which is always a cheerful thought.

The British Isles continue in desperate financial condition and economists continue to contradict each other as to whether or not the recession is ending. The national TV news continues its sombre list of global trouble spots. All in all, one can't but help conclude the world is in a mess, with prospects of it getting even worse.

However, we hardy souls must go to work or school with a cheerful outlook. A great many folks have become almost immune to these crises that have beset us since the beginning of time. If we allow ourselves to panic over every new one that faces us there would surely be a rash of suicides and many

new candidates for mental hospitals. Most of us take these things in our stride, as we proceed with our plans and aspirations. We take the attitude that somebody else can worry about these world problems. We're still healthy, well fed, even though inflation continues to nick away at our pay cheques.

We must stop worrying about the weather, the strikes, the rapes, the highway deaths, and the possibility the recession isn't over, and get on with whatever we have in mind. There is much to be done in our own communities, our homes and our work.

The politicians we have elected and are about to elect are the ones to give us the lead in solving the nation's problems.

Few of us have the capabilities or the knowledge to take any part in solving the complex problems that confront Canada and the rest of the world. We all have our own jobs to take care of, our own children to look after and that's about all most of us can handle. Let's get on with it.

A moving incident

By DON BERNARD



At first my wife was only going to bring two trunks to Canada. On our honeymoon two years ago, she had packed the trunks with personal effects that she wanted for her new life in Canada. When we went to Holland this past summer, she ended up shipping over 2,500 pounds of stuff, including furniture.

The story really begins two years ago when my wife (Johanna) came to Canada for a six-week stay. That was when we met and were married. We went to her native Holland on our honeymoon. She was faced with the problem of what things to take with her.

We were not sure where we would be living, so the trunks that she packed then stayed in Holland. This year, since we appeared to be settled in Stouffville, we were going to arrange to have the trunks shipped while we were in Holland.

Johanna went to Holland two weeks before I did and had some extra time to spend with her mother. During that period, they decided that she should not only have the trunks shipped to Canada, but all her bedroom furniture as well. Other personal affects were included.

Movers were called and arrangements were made to have the goods shipped. Before we left Holland, the shippers came and packed everything and carted it all away. While they were packing, my wife and mother-in-law would find item after item to be shipped. I must confess that during this time I kept a low profile.

Finally everything was gone. We were assured it would take about six weeks (plus or minus a week) to receive the shipment in Toronto. If I had known what was in store for me, I think I would have run away then.

Early in August we received notification that the shipment was on its way from Holland and would arrive on a certain date. A further check revealed that the ship had sailed a week later than expected from Rotterdam. During this time, we received the bill of lading from Holland.

I was shocked to discover that there were two wooden crates. One measured seven feet high by seven feet long, by four feet wide. Total weight was given as 2,270 pounds. The other crate was much smaller and only weighed 250 pounds.

The crates were at an express company office in Mississauga. After coming across the ocean in good order, the biggest problem was how to get them from Mississauga to Stouffville.

Arrangements were finally made with a local cartage company, but first we had to go and claim the goods. As we drove to the trucking terminal, I had the feeling that it would be just our luck if the customs people made us open the crates to inspect everything.

All went well until we entered the customs office. The people ahead of us appeared to be having a difficult time. The customs man was questioning them quite closely on what was contained in their shipment. He finally insisted on inspecting their goods.

Finally a secretary agreed to assist us by filling out some of the preliminary forms, but she assured us it would take a "long time". She must have had mercy on us.

It seems that new customs inspectors had recently been appointed and they took their jobs quite seriously. Everybody was being asked to open shipments for inspection. The secretary, however, called over one of the older inspectors and without further adieu, he initiated our forms and we were done.

After seeing the crate (which was delivered to our house that afternoon) I was very thankful that we did not have to open it for inspection. It was the sturdiest, strongest wooden box you could imagine. And was it packed full.

The hardest part was still to come. At about 4 p.m., the transport truck backed into our driveway with a huge grey box on the back. The massive package looked as impregnable as Fort Knox. The only thing to do was to open it and unload the contents.

After half an hour of banging and pulling with a large crowbar, the end of the crate was finally pried loose. While the box was quite large, I could not believe the amount of stuff that came out of one crate.

With the help of some friends we managed to unload the bed chesterfield, oak wall unit, bamboo love seat, endless numbers of boxes, etc. The near-fatal incident occurred when we were lifting off the top section of the oak wall unit.

Being oak, it was relatively heavy, but there was three of us to lift it and it did not seem too bad. Somehow I was on one end by myself. As it came off the truck, I could feel it was too heavy to hold. It slipped to the ground, knocking my glasses off and leaving me flat on the ground.

We decided to open it up (since it was wrapped in cardboard) and found that the movers had packed every nook and cranny full. The knick-knacks and other things made it much heavier than usual.

We worked through the evening moving everything into the house and my wife has been unpacking ever since. She admits that some of the stuff is not worth keeping. Our next project is to organize a garage sale.

The wooden crate is to become a shed for my garden. At least there are some benefits. The amazing part of the whole maneuver was that nothing was broken, and we have a little bit of Holland transplanted to Canada.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune of Sept. 6, 1945.

An effort is being made to organize a Kindergarten Class again this school term. There appears to be plenty of demand, but accommodation presents a problem. Owing to changes at the school, it is impossible to accept such a class there, and we are informed that the promoters of the scheme are appealing to the United Church board for accommodation in the church basement again. There was a class of 25 last year.

Canning factory help. The Claremont canning factory is preparing to open for the current season and looks for a big run of tomatoes. The company is advertising in this paper for 34 peelers at good wages. Many women and girls from Claremont, and the adjacent part of Uxbridge Township find seasonal employment at this plant.

Quiet Civic Holiday. Civic Holiday was observed in town quietly, with no special attraction of any kind.



The gently meandering stream winds its way through the park, cutting an irregular scar through the otherwise flat and uninterrupted grass. Although the summer is ended, the stream survives for a few more months until the snow and ice obscure its beauty. — John Montgomery