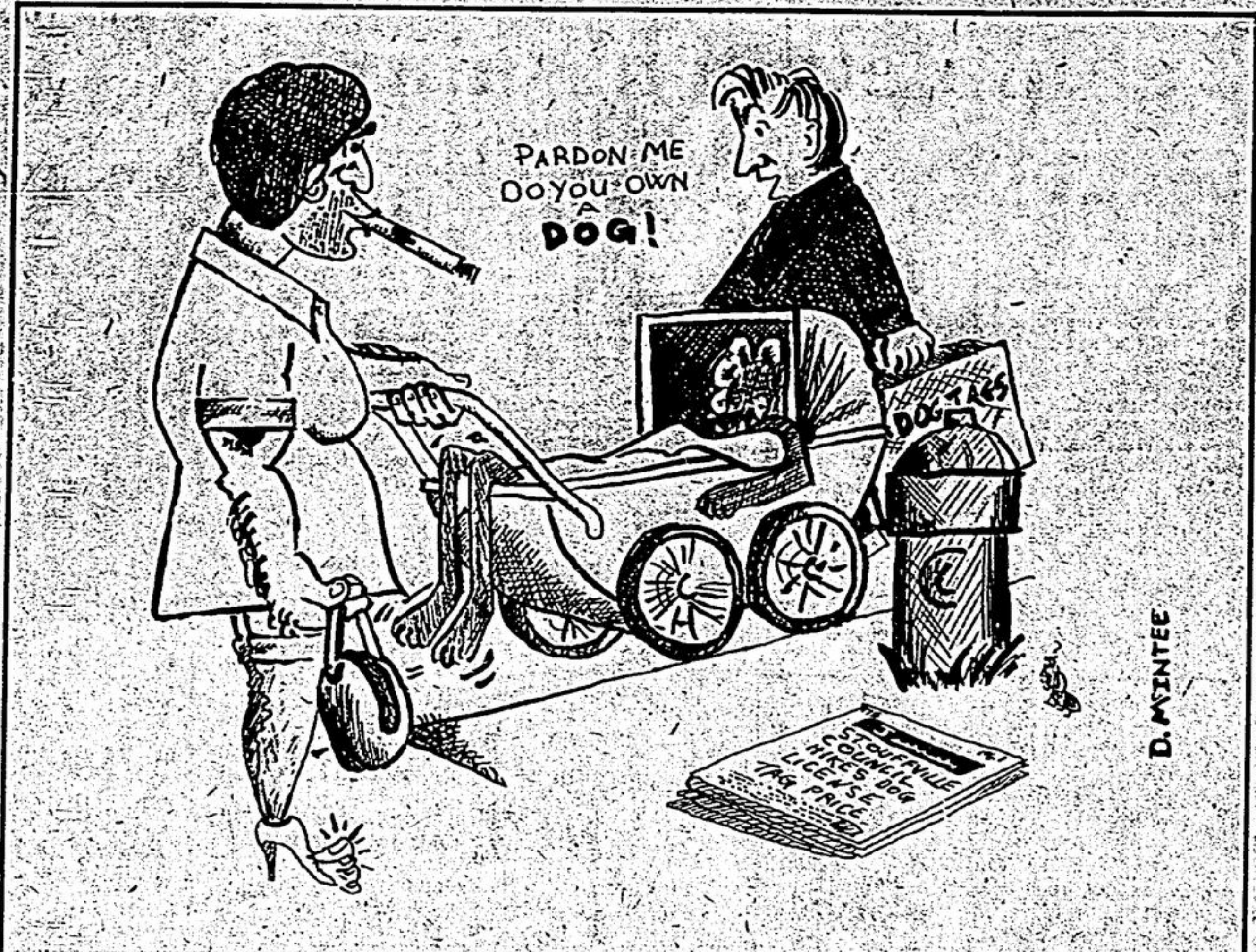


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**Bible thought for the week**

From the Living Bible  
 Then Saul confessed, "I have done wrong. Come back home, my son, and I'll no longer try to harm you; for you saved my life today. I have been a fool, and very, very wrong." "Here is your spear, sir," David replied. "Let one of your men come over and get it. The Lord gives his own reward for doing good and for being loyal, and I refused to kill you even when the Lord placed you in my power. Now may the Lord save my life, even as I have saved yours today. May he rescue me from all my troubles."  
 1 Samuel 26:21-24

**Editorials**

**No time now for a change**

Changing just for the sake of change is a poor excuse for throwing out a government. The quality and experience of the government

and progress of the province is of much more importance. Ontario has progressed, under Frost, under Roberts and most lately under Davis. While voters will take a close look at what the Liberals and NDP have to offer, most are seeking security and will be loathe to leave a proven government for an untried and inexperienced group.

**Problems with mobile homes**

While it is tempting to consider mobile homes as the answer for the current housing shortages in this area, it might be well to consider more carefully the implications of their use.

Of the three premiers mentioned above, Premier Davis has found himself in the most turbulent of changing times and attitudes, and his government has proved adaptable. As a member of that government, William Hodgson, York North, has proved himself a solid and trustworthy representative for the riding.

**Service should come first**

The federal works department has refused to consider improving the parking situation in front of the Stouffville Post Office

The voters have no way of knowing whether the Liberals or NDP have any real solutions to the problems of today.

Certainly the cost factor is attractive. A cost of a mobile home is very small compared to a regular house. A full-size mobile home can be purchased for under \$20,000.

Everyone is wary of rising costs and any further shoves in the socialist line can do nothing but increase these costs. We all love all the service we can get, but in these times can we stand the price?

But the problem comes, not in the short-term establishment of mobile homes subdivisions, but the long-term effects. First of all it is questionable whether the structures stand up as well as the frame or brick house.

Government today is an expensive proposition, even the present one, but to hand over such a costly operation to "green troops" in these times could prove a little foolhardy.

Most of the projects which have been proceeded with in southern Ontario have been with the resident buying the mobile home and leasing the land. The problem there is that without the land, the mobile home (which is anything but mobile without a special truck to move it) is not a home at all.

That might mean having to purchase the lot to the east of the post office. In our opinion, this is the only answer. The post office is a service to the public. It is not unreasonable to ask that adequate short-term parking be made available.

We feel that until mobile home owners can buy the land with the home and can be serviced in the normal way, the town would do best not to allow such development.

and to us, there is no excuse for this.

It looks good in the short-run, but could prove to be a costly error in the long term.

The government's answer to the congestion in front of the building is for people to use the parking at the rear and walk around to the front. This would be all right for someone having lengthy business to do at the Post Office, but it is totally unnecessary for people who merely stop to pick-up their mail.

**Arena purchase is sound plan**

It seems a fair bet that the town will purchase the Stouffville arena. A shareholders meeting later this month will be asked to approve the sale for \$125,000.

These people are not in the post office long enough to warrant parking in the rear and walking around to the front. The real answer, which the post office planners totally ignored, is short-term parking area near the front or side of the building.

While some argument can be made for private ownership, sale to the town appears to be the best solution to the problem. The shareholders in Stouffville Arena Ltd. have largely withdrawn from active interest in the arena's management, in recent years.

That might mean having to purchase the lot to the east of the post office. In our opinion, this is the only answer. The post office is a service to the public. It is not unreasonable to ask that adequate short-term parking be made available.

It is a logical step to take. Private ownership made construction of the arena possible. That was 25 years ago. Purchase by the town insures that renovations, which will be needed in the next few years, will be carried out.



**SUGAR AND SPICE**

**Bill revels in newspaper convention**

By BILL SMILEY

"Boy, dat's wan big cuntry," was my bilingual thought as I winged across the Great Lakes, over the wild lake-and-rock terrain of Northwestern Ontario, and then high above the prairies, as I headed for the weekly newspaper convention in Saskatoon.

stuffed with wild rice, to fresh pickerel fillets straight out of the frying pan at a shore dinner.

Saskatchewan, one of the greatest fishing areas of the world. More about that later.

That's about the essence of Canada. It's so big, so beautiful, and so varied that it's almost frightening. Perhaps only a well-traveled Russian could feel the sense of awe that I felt, after a brief look at just a small piece of this fantastic land of ours.

I'd heard some good speeches. John Diefenbaker, on home ground, with no need to politic, is unbeatable as an entertainer. Otto Lang, also in his home province, gave me some assurance that at least one of our federal ministries is in cool hands. And most amazing of all was the high official from the postal service, standing up there and trying to tell weekly editors that we have a good postal service, and will have a great one. It's a wonder he wasn't stoned to death. But his homework had been done, and his footwork was excellent. He almost convinced me. Essence of his message was to get that postal code on your mail.

For me, the best part of the convention was meeting old friends and making new ones. To the old ones, I am here to testify that you never looked better. To the new ones, I can only say there are some mighty nice people in this country, and you are among them.

In seven days I covered about 40,000 miles by almost every mode of transportation except Ox-train, and I saw only the most veritable nook, the smallest cranny of this vast, fascinating country.

When it comes to holding a convention, those Saskatchewan weekly editors don't have to play second fiddle to anyone. This convention was well organized, varied and colorful.

One thing that warmed my heart was the number of families in which the children are involved in their parents' newspapers. In this age, most young people, for some reason, spurn the occupation of their parents, and want to strike out on their own. This is understandable. But the number of second, and even third-generation people sticking with the business shows that running a weekly newspaper still holds a lot of attraction for young, bright people. Some of them are the Derksens of Estevan, the Cadogans of New Brunswick, the Dills of Milton, the McConnells of Tillbury. There are many others.

It's quite an age. At 6.30 on one of those wickedly hot days for which the past summer has been notorious, I'm kissing my tearful wife goodbye. She was crying because we were going to be separated for a whole week, and because I might fall among evil companions, which I did.

It included a side trip to the battlefield of Batoche, where Gabriel Dumont's metis took on the regular army and gave it a bloody nose, during the Riel Rebellion.

On the other side of the coin, of course, weekly editors and their wives are just like other people. Some of their offspring disturb them deeply. I must have a national reputation on "rotten kids," because I had both ears bent out of shape by mothers and fathers who would corner me and tell me, almost in tears, of the latest "terrible" things their youngsters were up to.

At about 11.30 the same morning, with a couple of time changes thrown in, I'm walking into the Bessborough Hotel, some 1,500 miles away on a lovely, cool, Septemberish day.

Another exceptionally interesting evening included a visit to Pionera. If you are ever in Saskatoon, don't miss it. There is a complete reconstruction of a pioneer village, containing everything from a barber shop to a bank. Along with this goes a huge exhibition of old machinery used in the early days, and a display of handsome old automobiles that would make an antique car buff burst into tears of joy.

After my own experience in raising kids, nothing can even raise one of my eyebrows, but I hope I brought some comfort to the afflicted. Don't worry, chaps. Your kids will turn out all right, or all wrong, or somewhere in the middle, like most of us and there's not a darn thing you can do about it, except bite off the umbilical cord.

A week later, after a reunion (we were almost shy with each other) in a Toronto hotel, we are pounding up the three-lane highway in my old road-schooner, headed for home.

Another colorful bit was the piping in of the colors at one of the banquets, and their formal presentation to the new President, Ernie Neufeld of Weyburn, Sask.

A good convention. And next year it's off to Halifax and into the sea food. Already I can feel the juices dripping down my chin.

The hours between the departure and the homecoming seemed to flash by, and yet I felt that I'd been away for a month, and I'd seen so much and covered so much ground, not to mention air and water.

And as an added fillip, there was a post-convention fishing trip into Northern

I had eaten everything from those awful, frozen airline meals, where you almost rupture yourself trying to get the plastic top off the pat of butter, to haute cuisine, fowl



**Summer holiday a 'dismal disaster'**

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

Following an ever more common trend my holiday this year began with high expectations and ended in dismal disaster.

It is bizarre coincidences like this that often make me feel some divine power is watching over me, with spiteful disapproval.

We reached Orangeville in the early afternoon and were told that not only are there no camp sites near the town but that the only hotel was completely full. A likely story.

It happens every year, but, even armed with foreknowledge, I still annually fall into the summer vacation trap.

For about the first two hours the trip was great, by then my legs had developed a dull ache that was not to subside until about three days after my return.

We got about seven miles east of Orangeville when the divine power I mentioned earlier saw its opportunity and let go with a tremendous deluge just as the sun was setting. I firmly believe the first rainy spell we avoided was due to some heavenly scheduling mix-up.

I am not about to launch into a tirade against summer holidays and summer in general. I realize many people look forward to their summer holiday all year and enjoy it immensely when it arrives.

We also had the privilege of enjoying the longest stretch of bad weather experienced all summer. Along with the wind came cool and cloudy weather.

It was at this point I was faced with an ugly mutiny and with some relief I gave in after about 10 seconds resistance. We went to the nearest farmhouse and phoned the Greycoach station in Orangeville.

That, in fact, is my undoing. At the beginning of every summer I vow that under no circumstance will I take a vacation, but, after about a month of seeing all my friends and fellow workers returning tanned and satisfied my resolve goes down the drain.

We had bicycled as far as my sister's house in Elora when the weather completely deteriorated. It rained for two days before the weather seemed to clear late in the second afternoon.

We learned that what they laughingly refer to as an express bus would be leaving for Toronto within the hour. We raced back to town, showing possibly the most enthusiasm of the entire trip.

Every morning while driving to work I get a tantalizing glimpse of that beautiful sunny weather, I find myself wallowing in mindless daydreams of days spent loafing in the heat and lazing through balmy evenings.

Seizing our opportunity we left and bicycled to Lake Bellwood where we were camped overnight. As a result of a heavy dew I learned my nylon tent had mysteriously lost about 95 per cent of its capacity to repel water.

Within a matter of hours we were home and as per usual, I vowed "never again."

At the same time my mind firmly blocks out any thoughts of last year's disaster, or for that matter, the year before's.

Hardly comforted by this discovery we packed in the morning beneath a grey and ominous sky

Well, at least not until next summer.

Before I realize what I'm doing I discover I've put my name down on the office list for two weeks.

Once the die is cast, as they say, I start having nagging doubts about the wisdom of my decision.

Since there are practically no apples in the district, a situation that exists all over the province, it is not feasible to operate this season, and customers who may have a few apples are reminded that the mill will not open for this business during the present season.

Last year's calamity involved two rain-drenched weeks of sharing Canada's northern woods with black flies and mosquitoes. A touch of expensive car trouble thrown in was exactly the fillip needed to complement this lovely picture.

Cider mill closed  
 For the first time since apple butter has been made at the Altona Cider Mill back in 1926, the mill will not grind any apples this year, and the making of apple butter is completely cancelled for the season. This is due, Mr. Nighswander says, entirely to the great failure of the apple

crop through this district.

This year I went right out of my mind and decided on a bicycle trip. About an hour before we left, my wife, brother-in-law and I, a strong wind blew up and plagued us con-

stantly during the entire six day expedition. It is bizarre coincidences like this that often make me feel some divine power is watching over me, with spiteful disapproval.

Thirty years ago this week

**HARRISON TWEEDLE FARM**

**H. BROCK FAMILY**

This unusual sign on 10th Line S. has drawn many inquiries at the home of Harry Brock, Harrison Tweedle's nickname. Mr. Brock picked up as a youngster and later as a truck driver for Richmond Sod. The sign was painted by Shirleyanne Brock, 16, and a boarder at the farm, George Walkinshaw. — Ted Wilcox.