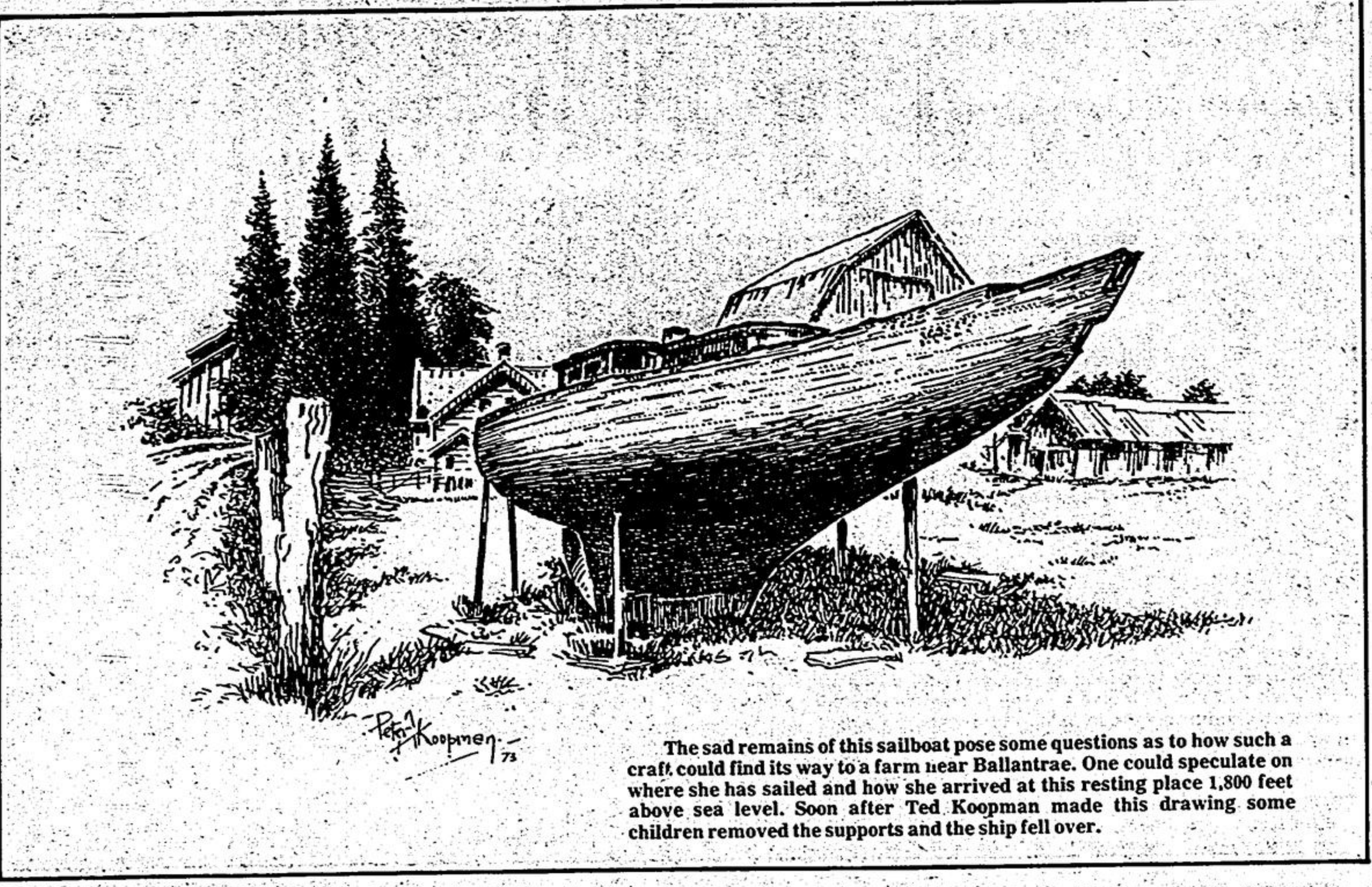


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The sad remains of this sailboat pose some questions as to how such a craft could find its way to a farm near Ballantrae. One could speculate on where she has sailed and how she arrived at this resting place 1,800 feet above sea level. Soon after Ted Koopman made this drawing some children removed the supports and the ship fell over.

# Editorials

## Drinking age is too low

One law at which all parties should take a second look, regardless of which one makes the grade on Sept. 18, is that which lowered the legal drinking age from 21 to 18. The effect which is now alarming many people, and rightly so, is the increase in drinking of a still younger age group, 15 to 17.

Traffic accidents involving liquor in this lower age bracket, have increased dramatically since the law was changed. It is much more difficult to visually tell the difference between a 16-year-old and an 18-year-old now than it was thirty or forty years ago. It becomes fairly easy for a youngster of 16 or even younger to pose as 18 and get liquor.

Some States in the U.S. have already seen

the folly of the change and are already preparing to restore the old age limit. Some consideration of a similar move should be on the agenda for the next incoming government of Ontario.

This change is only one more point at which the permissiveness of the day has gone too far. We have come full circle in slackening the restrictions in numerous fields. Society is becoming alarmed and steps should be taken to begin the road back.

On the question of liquor, the increasing death and injury to the young and motorists at large should be enough to stir any government to action.

## Museum deserves more use

The Pickering Museum in Brougham was in the limelight last weekend as the annual "History in Action" festival was held. Included there was the demonstration of a wide variety of pioneer farm, craft and household techniques as well as home baking, sausage and souvenirs.

Enhancing the event was the fine collection of buildings and antique articles at the museum. The site includes 15 buildings — 14 of them moved from elsewhere — and a large and varied collection of tools, equipment, clothing and countless other items from bygone eras.

The potential for the museum appears to be great indeed.

At the moment, the Town of Pickering is negotiating for land in Greenwood to be used for a museum site, since the present one falls under the airport zone. At the new location, one proposal calls for running the institution as a "living museum", with various machines and crafts demonstrated daily.

At the present location, a visit to the museum remains a bargain: \$1 for adults and 50 cents for children. It will be open until October 5 this year, Saturdays and Sundays from 1 to 6 p.m.

It's a quiet and informative place to spend an afternoon, and a place that deserves greater use.

## Buses should show courtesy

September has been declared School Bus Safety Month in this province.

This is a safety problem which is of great concern to not only parents of school age children but, we hope, to the general public.

New school bus regulations make it mandatory now for all traffic to stop for

school buses, when the signals are flashing, regardless of the posted speed.

It is to be hoped this will eliminate needless tragedies but there is one way school bus drivers could improve the situation.

Every morning and afternoon there are long lines of traffic trapped behind these very slow moving vehicles. Sometimes there are as many as 20 or 30 cars and trucks forced to stop at every second or third farm lane.

Our suggestion is that the bus drivers, after making sure their charges have safely embarked or disembarked, turn off their signals and let the faster moving traffic pass. That is if there is enough room to safely permit this.

This would not only be common courtesy but, we feel, would make for a much safer situation.

As it now stands there are long lines of frustrated drivers jockeying for an opportunity to pass these dawdling vehicles.

There are a few bus drivers who now follow this policy and it is greatly appreciated, but the majority of them don't bother.

Other slow moving vehicles which hold up traffic are expected to follow this policy and we don't see why school buses should be exempted.

In our opinion the hazards are greatly reduced when there is not a long line of frustrated drivers, many of them commuters who face long daily drives, just itching for a chance to get past the bus.

This situation could cause many needless accidents.

## Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible

The end of the world is coming soon. Therefore be earnest, thoughtful men of prayer. Most important of all, continue to show deep love for each other; for love makes up for many of your faults. Cheerfully share your home with those who need a meal or a place to stay for the night. God has given each of you some special abilities; be sure to use them to help each other, passing on to others God's many kinds of blessings. Are you called to preach? Then preach as though God himself were speaking through you.

1 Peter 4:7-11

## Thirty years ago this Week

EXCERPTS FROM THE TRIBUNE FROM SEPT. 20, 1945

So often it happens the newspaper has to forego the most "toothsome" bit of news because its publication would hurt the feelings of someone, and because we do not wish to hurt folks in this way we just have to forget some things. However on Saturday afternoon toward evening and when Main Street was not very crowded, a funny incident (to us but not to anyone wearing store molars), was witnessed just around the corner on Mill Street. A citizen who does not live far away was pushing up the street against a strong head wind when suddenly he sneezed, coughed, or something, and away flew his upper (or was it lower) deck of molars, which floated off like a cork. To make matters worse, the victim had his arms filled with parcels, and the breeze was getting the better of his hat, which finally broke from his worried brow and soon passed the teeth in the roll down the sidewalk. The molars struck the pavement, but they didn't fly into a dozen pieces as you may think. Instead the masticators bounced along and came to rest against the telephone post. On examination, the dentist's product was found to be uninjured, and so glad to have them back was the owner, that we noticed they were placed right back in his jaw without the necessary shower bath. We hope the publication of this item will give no offense as only the editor witnessed the circus, and now have divulged all we are going to about the matter, or the personage to whom we are indebted for this "tid-bit" of news.

## SUGAR AND SPICE Outdoor adventure in Saskatchewan



By BILL SMILEY

"I wonder what the poor people are doing today?" murmured my fishing mate, as we lay back on a bed of moss, our bellies stuffed with fried fillet of pickerel, looked up at a huge blue sky and lit a cigarette.

We had just finished a shore dinner, prepared by our guide, and had nothing in the world to do but have a little rest and go back and catch some more fish.

No wives nattering, children squabbling, telephone ringing, tires squealing, newspapers blating headlines.

No decisions to make, disputes to handle, compromises to make, people to get sorted out, problems to solve.

It may not be paradise, but Northern Saskatchewan makes a pretty fair approximation to it, if you like fishing, and clean air, and a complete lack of tension, noise and pollution.

Some of the weekly newspaper people had elected to go on a fishing trip in some of the best fishing country in the world. It was like asking a boozier to go on a wine-tasting trip through Southern France.

We were guests of the Saskatchewan Department of Tourism and Renewable Resources, quite a mouthful. And fine hosts they were. They supplied transportation, accommodation, boats and guides. All we had to buy was our food.

Don't ever tell me again that Saskatchewan means endless miles of prairie. More than half the province makes up some of the most striking wilderness in Canada, thousands of square miles of lakes and forest.

And they're not just bragging about that fishing. I had read of it, and seen some of it on television. It's real. Time and again you'll see two, or even three people in one boat, all with a fish on the line.

Some of the fish-hogs from Ontario were literally hysterical after half a day's fishing.

It begins like this. The guide takes you out to a spot, and you troll slowly. In five minutes you've caught a pike that would have delighted you back home.

"Better throw it back. Let him grow up," mutters the guide, laconically. You are ready to clutch that four-pound pike to your breast and cry, tearfully, "Nobody's gonna get this baby away from me." Too late. The guide has unhooked the fish and let it swim away.

In the next 10 minutes, you've thrown back four, about the same size. Suddenly,

your fishing partner ties into a good one, and with a lot of reel-screaming and general excitement, he lands one about nine pounds. "Yeah, we'll keep that one. He's not bad," says the guide gloomily. And so on.

Same with pickerel. If you hit a hot spot, you can "fill up," that is, catch your quota for the day, in half an hour.

Quotas are generous, and there are no fewer than 12 species of game fish in the province.

So much for the fishing. It's so good that a four-year-old chimpanzee or an 84 year-old senile grandmother could catch fish. I know. I caught one over nine pounds. He was only seven when we netted him, but he's been growing steadily since.

Aside from the fishing, there is the magnificent feeling of being away from it all. Miles and miles of clean water and thousands of acres of bush, and little old you right in the middle of it.

Most of the northern lakes have only a few outfitters located on them, and the government, to cheers from me, is not leasing more shore property. Without government intervention, I can see these beautiful, lonely lakes ravaged by motor-boats, ringed with cottages, and soggy with pollution in a very few years.

With 20-odd assorted bodies, men, women and children, and a most congenial group we were, I was dropped off, after a bone-rattling, seven-hour bus ride, at Jan Lake.

We were all pretty pooped, and I hit the jackpot. It was my first experience of that renowned western hospitality. My hostess, Mrs. Jean Martin, showed me to a fine,

modern, log cabin, completely outfitted with everything including indoor waterworks and sleeping room for eight. I had it all to myself. It was like walking deep into the jungle and being shown to a room at the Ritz.

The Martins couldn't do enough for me. They don't serve food at their camp (you cook your own) but insisted I eat all my meals with them, and refused any payment. Garnet, the husband, and Bernard, No. 1 son, fixed me up with a cap, a jacket, a fish-rod and tackle, and Mrs. Martin insisted on making a shore dinner for me.

Highlight of my whole trip, perhaps, was an hour's flight over the area, at fairly low level, with Bernard Martin at the controls. He flies an ancient but sturdy Aeronca, and it was my first flight in a small, light aircraft for many a year. My wife would have had a stroke if she'd seen her old boy climb into that.

It was quite a thrilling flight, with a view of lakes and islands as far as you could see. It was made even more exciting by the fact that I had no parachute, there was only one engine, there was no place to land if the motor conked, except on a lake. And we had no pontoons.

One other circumstance made the whole trip a good one. My fishing companion was Barry Wenger of Wingham, a friend of 25 years. It was just by accident we were thrown together, but I was glad. There's nothing quite so harrowing as spending two days in a boat with someone who gets on your nerves.

Barrie and I had a great time, talking about our grandchildren, and agreeing that we get bigger fish than this back on the Bruce Peninsula.

## World hunger is remote but real



By TED WILCOX

A lot of attention was focused on the subject of food last year, as tremendous famines descended on Nigeria, Bangla Desh and elsewhere.

For a while, it was given pretty thorough coverage in TV and newspaper reports. We all took some passing notice of it — maybe paused to comment on it as we listened to the news at lunchtime then continued on with our meal.

Half the world hungry doesn't cause much excitement in us.

I confess that I'm among the number who have become almost totally inured to the plight of literally millions of suffering people.

I am getting a feeling that people generally are beginning to feel colder and colder about this kind of statement: "Eighty percent of those children under five years old in rural India are now suffering from a kind of 'dwarfism,' and India has a total of 280 million children under 15, eighty percent of whom are malnourished."

"So what?" "What do you expect me to do about it?" "I've got enough problems of my own" are all common reactions.

More sophisticated replies include things like: "Why don't those countries improve their own agricultural techniques?" or, "There is no way to economically ship grain from here to those places where it's needed."

Another viewpoint that gained popularity this year is what is known as "the life boat theory." Ted Engstrom of World Vision International describes it like this: "a pattern of thought which suggests that the affluent West just really can't afford to overload its life boat — a craft filled with useful, important people and their material blessings. If the strugglers in the water all climb into the life boat, we will all perish."

Mr. Engstrom, in a Vanguard magazine article, went on to say that "the problem is not with technology, but with the amount of compassion individuals in the affluent nations are willing to direct... for the long-range benefit of those who are suffering in poor nations."

The point is that we can't escape our responsibility. Because of decisions we make

individually and together, people around the world will live or die.

Even that seems remote as I write this; but it's true. Just because I can't feel deeply moved at the moment is no reason for doing nothing about it.

Through changes in our eating habits, food production, national food policy and through relief organizations such as World Vision, people's lives, both in the long and short-range, will be positively affected.

U.S. Senator Mark Hatfield tells about what he calls one "golden moment" in American history, when the American people supplied food to the allies during World War One. By calling the people to self-sacrifice, even without upping agricultural production, 5.4 million tons of food was sent — or about the same amount of food aid as was sent by the U.S. in 1974.

Canada's food aid program is in a similar position, steadily declining over the past several years even as the need steadily rose.

Senator Hatfield went on to say that when increased food production was instituted in the U.S. to supply the allies in 1918, that 18 million tons of food was shipped overseas. The next year, they supplied 20 million tons.

Hatfield maintains that world hunger is the greatest threat to the well-being of each of us. He said that famine will do more to "destabilize" the world "than all the atomic weaponry possessed by the big powers. Desperate people do desperate things, and remember that nuclear fission is now in the hands of even the developing countries."

Beyond that, Hatfield appeals, as a Christian, to other people who go by that name. "The greatest commandment we have is to love God and to love our neighbors," he wrote. "And love is not an emotion, it is action."

We, on the average, use up to 1,500 pounds of grain per person per year. The average person in underdeveloped nations has 400.

While we probably wouldn't hesitate to feed a single hungry man who came to our door, we strongly balk at feeding millions of starving people.

There has to be something totally wrong in that situation.



One of the more unusual houses in the area has been converted from a barn. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cuddy, R.R. 2, Markham, the barn has been completely renovated to provide a modern home, including a fireplace. The living room features a high ceiling and the house has broadloom throughout. The horses are kept on the lower level in a section of the building not shown in this photo.

— Don Bernard