

The Tribune
Established 1888
CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 440-2101; Toronto phone 361-1488. Single copies 20c, subscriptions \$8.00 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 0674.

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

Editorials

Three schools are needed

The Summitview School problem may finally be coming to a head.

With the York Board of Education preparing its new budget priorities in January, a group of Summitview parents are planning to visit the board to make their opinions known.

This group probably will request that renovations at the school be delayed no longer, believing that under the present circumstances their children "are not getting equal education."

They have a point. In terms of facilities, Summitview does not match other elementary schools in town: particularly when it comes to a gym or auditorium.

The crucial issue, and a problem that has been slowing Board action, is whether or not a new school planned for the Dulverton subdivision in north Stouffville would make Summitview obsolete anyway. If it would, then Summitview renovations would be wasted.

The proposal the parents apparently put forward is that both schools should be used in the future and that renovations at Summitview should proceed immediately.

It's a suggestion well worth consideration. Besides the short-term benefits of having adequate recreation and classroom space, several other advantages come to mind. One is that by keeping the Summitview building in use, all grade 8's could then be accommodated within the elementary schools rather than sending them to secondary school — a desire that's been expressed by a number of parents.

Another advantage could be that three rather than two schools in town would allow each to be a bit more "persona" in nature.

And furthermore, the Summitview building has historical and architectural value that might warrant saving it if at all possible.

In any case, the York board needs to come to grips with the situation and make a decision — soon — on whether Summitview will be retained in the future or not. Solving the limitations of the building ought to be close to the top of the board's building priorities.

Since, as so often happens, the "squeaky wheel gets the grease," a strong representation by Summitview parents — along with our new trustee could very well help the board to comprehend the seriousness of the situation.

Rough time for socialists

Socialism is hurting in Canada, as it is in other democratic countries around the world. As Canadians see larger and larger chunks of their pay-cheques being whittled away by socialist schemes, they are beginning to wonder. To merely have divided poverty does not appeal to a great many who still have the incentive to work hard and prepare to take care of themselves.

When economies are booming, the high costs of socialism are not so noticeable, but with economies in the doldrums in many parts of the world, the huge bills just can't be met. Britain is a prime example of a country gone too far in its give-away programs and where practically only the privately-owned firms operate in the black. Sweden too, is finding the bloom has gone. Despite the high standard of living, thousands have left the country, and thousands more would if they could take with them their hard-earned life savings. Even an \$8,000 a year secretary pays over 40 per cent income tax for these socialist frills, and the sales tax, believe it or not, is 17 per cent.

Such a glorified division of wealth is what NDP dreams are made of. Such important

and well-managed concerns as Ontario Hydro and the Bell Telephone Company are assailed despite the fact that the services they provide are second to none on this continent or elsewhere.

Any idea that a socialist government means the disappearance of strikes has been recently dispelled by events in British Columbia and other western provinces.

As wage deductions mount to pay for more and more cradle to grave welfare, wage demands also mount and the great inflationary wheel goes on and on.

Just a week ago, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that not only would Britain halt any further socialist programs, it would make severe cutbacks in some already in operation. Here at home Prime Minister Trudeau has proclaimed a halt to the extension of socialist programs. New York City is another prime example of what can happen when too much is given away. It would appear that the gravy train has ground to a halt in many places. It's a sad blow to those who have been living for years under the illusion that the money supply was never-ending, and government would always provide. There was bound to be an end.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from November 29, 1945.

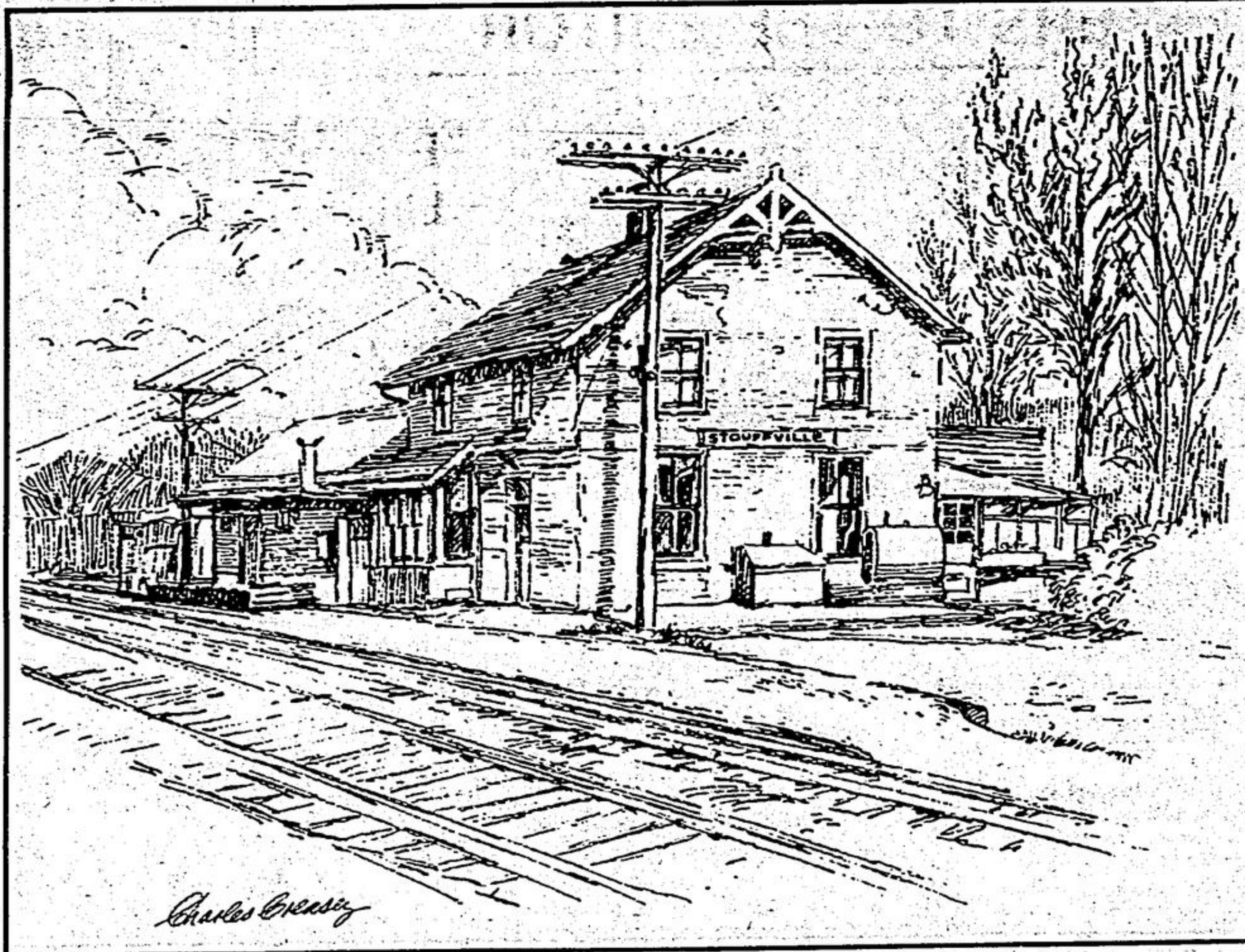
The Big Broadcast (almost) of 1945

Since Stouffville talent was on the air in a broadcast last year, perhaps the idea has lost some of its glamor, but certainly not its advertising value. Now, it might be news to report Stouffville was to have been on the air again when the gods frowned so heavily on the idea that it was abandoned.

The reeve was approached by CHUM station in Toronto to give a 10 minute talk on the history and future of Stouffville when he was in attendance at York County Council last week. Arrangements were

made to have a recording on Tuesday, but on the eve of the event a terrific wind over Toronto blew down the apparatus of the station and rendered the work of recording impossible.

Both the reeve of Stouffville and Reeve Chas. Hooper of Markham had their script ready for reading just when the catastrophe happened, and they took it that the gods were not satisfied and nullified their effort to say a word on behalf of the places they represented. However, our readers need not be surprised if in the very near future when the station mechanism is repaired they may again be called on to wait their voices over the air for better or for worse.



Charles Greeney



Trading is the easiest way

By DON BERNARD

This column could be called, "All you really wanted to know about selling your car, but were afraid to ask." Since selling my car privately just two weeks ago, I have been bursting to tell the story in my column.

Not for any personal glory, you understand, but to perhaps help some other unsuspecting person who is foolish enough to do what I did.

It all started when I decided to buy a new car. Because I was dealing on a demonstrator, the trade-in was much below what I felt the car was worth. After all, it was barely two years old, had only 30,000 miles on it, and had been driven and maintained with care.

In other words, as far as I could tell, it was a good car. That was confirmed when I had it certified at a local garage. With hardly a whimper, the mechanic gave me the certificate. It was at that point that I realized my first mistake (although it wasn't apparent until later). I should have gotten it certified after it was sold.

A certification, you must understand, has a time limit on it. It is only good for 36 days. After that runs out, the certification must be done all over again. Thus rule number one: certify later, rather than now.

A small ad was placed in The Tribune under "Motor Cars for Sale," which failed to yield overwhelming response. My "coup de gras" was to set the car on the side of the road with a for sale sign on the windshield.

Unfortunately, I procrastinated on that for three weeks, hoping that the ad would sell the car. Finally, my wife and I washed it and cleaned up the inside. It was set on the road shiny, bright (but unfortunately with a dent in the side), ready to go.

The first offer was from a young girl. She was willing to pay \$200 for it. Considering that my original asking price was \$2,000, you can see that she was not what I would call a serious buyer.

As time went on, I realized that many people love to look at cars that are for sale and enjoy pricing them and finding out about them, with absolutely no intention to buy.

But let me tell you about the dent. The car was being used by my wife for her part-time job. She was parked in a plaza lot when a Post Office truck backed into the right side. The car had been painted just two weeks before.

The accident happened before I had decided to sell. However, a few weeks later, rust started to show through the paint job on the hood. The body repair shop, where the paint job was done, agreed to fix that and at the same time gave me an estimate on the dent in the side (which the post office agreed to pay for if I obtained three estimates).

Thus the car was not in perfect shape for sale, plus the fact that the car had been yellow and was painted bright blue. Unfortunately, the inside sections around the doors remained yellow.

Most people who looked at the car (this point I did not realize at the time) thought that I had gotten a quick paint job because it had been in an accident. In fact, I foolishly changed the color of the car. If I left it yellow, there would have been no problem.

As time went on, I began to panic somewhat. The prospect of owning two cars, while somewhat appealing for convenience sake, was totally out of the question for economic reasons. As the certification expiry date approached, I started to have doubts

about buying a new car. Perhaps I should sell the new one, I started to think.

A week before the certification was due to expire, a young man came to the door and seemed very interested. After many half-hearted inquiries, I could sense he liked the car. By this time my asking price had dropped to \$1,800. That was Saturday.

He called a few days later and we made a deal (at somewhat less than the asking price, I might add). He was prepared to pay cash and would take the car before the certification expired.

By Tuesday, the situation had changed. He could not come up with the money and backed off. The expiry date came and went and still no buyer. At that point, I decided to write a slightly more catchy ad for the paper.

I also decided to put the insurance back on and start to drive the car. The very day that I had the insurance put on again, a man came to have a look. He wanted to drive it and after a test run decided it was a good car.

He promised to call back. To make things short, I can say that he finally agreed to buy the car and the deal was signed, sealed and delivered. I must say that I received more for the car than I was offered as a trade-in. The final price was considerably below my asking price however.

Along the way I found out that there are many strange things done. Body shops are some of the most fly-by-night operations. There are good ones, but don't ask me how you can tell if they are good or not.

When changing the ownership, the person selling the car should make the change to insure that the ownership is changed and the tax paid. Otherwise the new owner could drive the car for weeks without changing the ownership. An accident would put the responsibility on the original owner.

The other point is that if you intend to sell a car, do so before you buy a new one. In most cases it will take some time. The best advice I could offer is — trade it in, it surely is the simplest way to get rid of a car.

Lost in the fog

BY ANNIGRET LAMURE

Early one foggy morning I knocked at my friend's door.

"Aren't you coming to the market?" She was still in her pink-flowered pyjamas. "You mean you're really going out in all that fog? I thought the trip was off."

"Oh, it's never as bad on the main roads," I said optimistically, "the cars sort of stir it up."

She looked doubtful. "Anyway, the best bargains are gone before eight." Thus convinced, she was soon sitting in the car.

"The fog sure is thick," she said, apprehensive again, "how can you see where you're going?"

"Well, I haven't turned on the headlights yet." I flicked the switch. The beam of light penetrated at least two feet into the fog. We inched along and eventually arrived at the main road. It too was obscured by billowing white.

"Listen," said my friend, "we could go next week."

"You mean I got up at this beastly hour for nothing? You must be joking."

We made the turn and crept along. On and on we went, making our way interminably through a milky tunnel that always seemed about two feet deep.

"Reminds me of the time I got trapped in the bedclothes as a baby," I said nervously, "everything endlessly white and no way out."

Suddenly claustrophobia choked me. Would we ever find our way out of this stuff? I wished fervently for mother's hands to part and lift away the stifling white blanket.

"I think we're lost," I said aloud, "even travelling at this pace we should have been there long ago." My friend agreed.

"Let's stop at the next farmhouse and

find out where we are." Great Idea. If only we could find a house in the obscuring mist. Finally we came to a large driveway and decided to follow it blindly. Sure enough, it led us to a large house. The door was flung open joyfully before we could knock.

"I'm so glad you could come," said the rotund, motherly figure beaming at us, "Welcome to our bazaar."

We must have looked totally bewildered.

"I'm so glad someone braved the fog," she hastened to explain, "you have no idea what a relief it was to hear you coming up the drive. There are fifty-nine very sad old people here, all terribly disappointed because, no one came to their bazaar. You're a real godsend."

My friend and I exchanged glances.

"We are happy to come," I said.

We admired the many items on display, snacked on the delicious home baking, chatted with the residents, and browsed through the white elephant table.

Finally, arms laden, we started for home.

"Could you tell us where we are?" I asked. Our kind hostess smiled. "You mean you don't know?"

"Haven't the foggiest."

"Just outside of Uxbridge," she laughed, a great light beginning to dawn, "where were you headed?"

"It doesn't matter," I said, "we came to the right place."

When we stepped outside the fog had lifted, more people were coming up the drive, and there was a promise of sunshine.

"Women," said my husband later, when I showed him my treasures, "they set out to buy apples, but God only knows what they'll bring home."

"Yes," I said quietly, "that's so."



York Regional Police occasionally overlook infractions of the parking regulations. No charges were laid against the operator of this vehicle who parked his car closer to a fire hydrant than is legally permitted. This picture was taken in front of York Regional Police Headquarters in Newmarket. — John Montgomery

Bible thought for the week

From The Living Bible

Even as Peter was saying these things, the Holy Spirit fell upon all those listening! The Jews who came with Peter were amazed that the gift of the Holy Spirit would be given to Gentiles too! But there could be no doubt about it, for they heard them speaking in tongues and praising God. Peter asked, "Can anyone object to my baptizing them, now that they have received the Holy Spirit just as we did?" So he did, baptizing them in the name of Jesus, the Messiah.

Acts 10:44-48