



The Tribune

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Editorials

Truck ban is necessary

The Region of York intends to pave parts of the 7th Conc. between the Gormley Sand and Gravel entrance north to the Bloomington Rd. The theory is that trucks would be diverted north from the pit.

Presently, the large gravel trucks turn south on the 7th passing through Lemonville and along a stretch of road that has become a rural residential area. They then use the Stouffville Rd. to hook up with Woodbine Ave (Don Mills Rd.) or Highway 48.

We would like to think that paving the road northward would indeed divert the

trucks. But it does not seem probable that this would happen. The road south of the pit is good enough, so the truckers would still rather save time going south.

The real answer, which the town would have liked to have seen, would be to ban trucks from the southern stretch. The regional engineering commissioner rejected this approach.

To us a heavy truck ban would be the only sure way of getting the trucks to use the northern route. Paving would help too. Both things must be done to force trucks to use Bloomington Rd.

Fair deal good after all

Last February The Tribune ran an editorial which criticized the Markham Fair Board for the way it conducted the deal to sell the fairgrounds at highways 7 and 48. At that time, it was feared the deal might fall through.

Recently we had the opportunity to talk to fair president Ivan Norton. He felt that the facts had been misrepresented at that time.

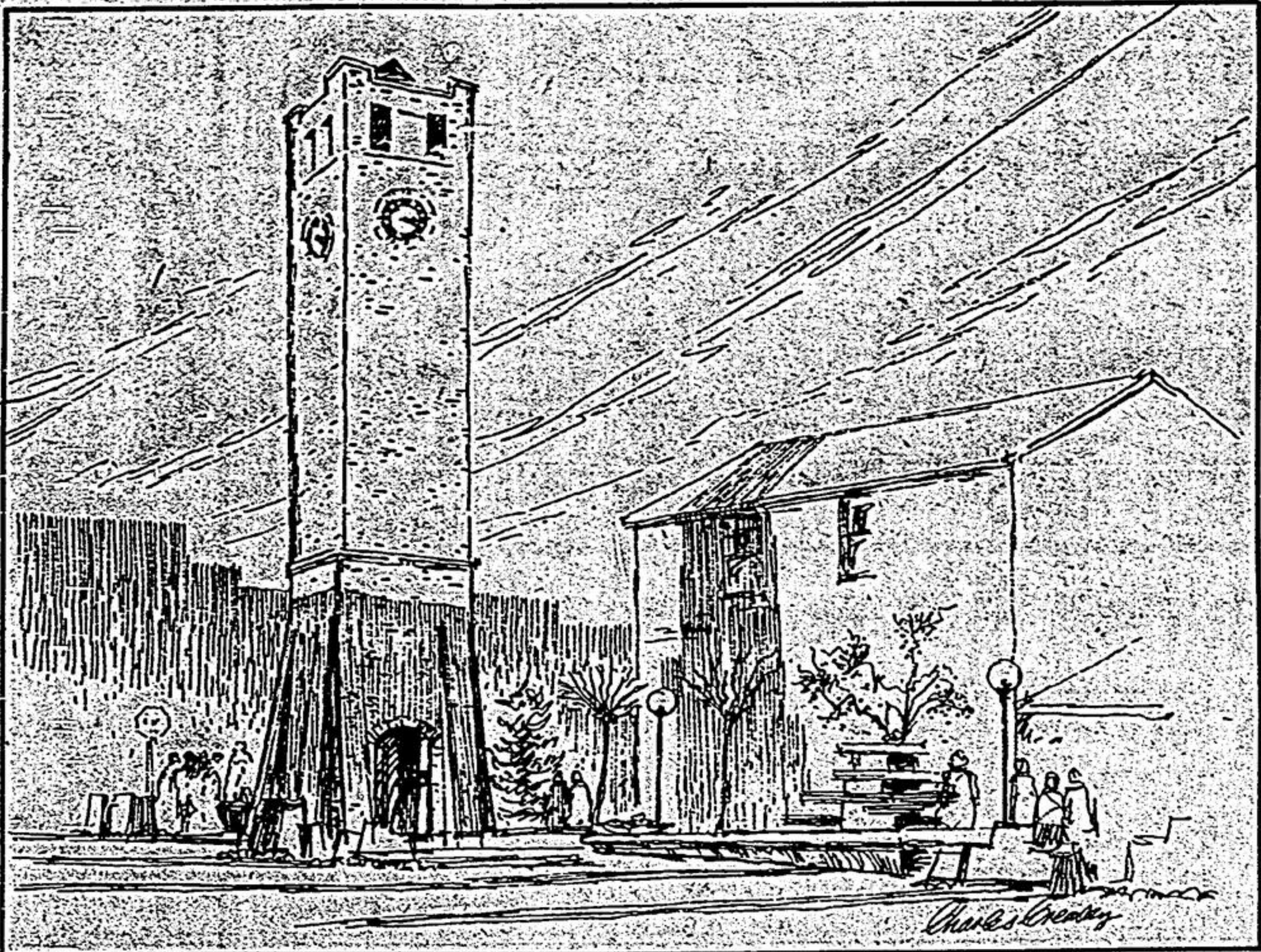
He said that the fair board knew what it was doing in making the original deal and had set the closing date for the purchase of the new site (on 18th Ave.) far enough ahead the sale of the former site.

As it was, the closing date was extended, Markham Council came to agreement with the developers, and the deal was completed for the proposed 100-acre proposed site.

We were a little hard on the fair board at the time, but subsequent events have shown that they had perhaps a better grasp of the situation than we had given them credit for.

The purchase has been complete and the fair will be into its new location when fair time rolls around in 1977. As things have worked out the board looks very good on the deal.

The fair badly needed expanded grounds and facilities and it appears that all systems are "go" for the big move.



Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible
Be careful — watch out for attacks from Satan, your great enemy. He prowls around like a hungry, roaring lion, looking for some victim to tear apart. Stand firm when he attacks. Trust the Lord; and remember that other Christians all around the world are going through these sufferings too. After you have suffered a little while, our God, who is full of kindness through Christ, will give you his eternal glory. He personally will come and pick you up, and set you firmly in place, and make you stronger than ever.

1 Peter 5:8-11



Feline addition creates problems

By TED WILCOX

"A carnivorous quadruped, of the genus Felis."

That's what moved in with us last week.

I had to check the Webster's just to make sure that what we have is indeed a true, common house cat.

Because this cat does not resemble, in many ways, what I remember the word "cat" meant to me at an earlier age.

True, he slinks around; he tests his claws; he sleeps on the furniture.

But this cat is different. The cat that I remember from my boyhood days, for example, had what I would call "purpose in life."

She would disappear, sometimes for days, then suddenly reappear carrying the mangled carcasses of birds, rabbits and other creatures.

She rarely lay around in people's laps or whined for something from the dinner plates.

She had more important things to do.

What's more, our cat — which my brother and I called "Tu-Ta," a derivation of "putty-tat" — had only three paws, after one gray morning when she had been found with a front foot caught in a trap.

But that failed to daunt her.

After an amputation and a period of recovery, Tu-Ta soon was terrorizing all living things within a quarter mile of home again.

The cat had spirit, spunk — and blood-thirstiness.

(All kidding aside, I know now that we probably should have tied a bell around our cat's neck to warn unsuspecting bluejays and squirrels since cats can destroy animals that ought to be preserved.)

But we really had hoped to see a small measure of that same ferocity in our own recent feline addition to the family.

In particular, we'd hoped that "Little Guy," as we call the animal, would spend his nights restlessly seeking out certain other members of the animal kingdom inhabiting our home.

Upon moving in, you see, we had soon learned that we were not alone. There were droppings in the cupboards and nibble marks on the place mats.

Also, we heard scuffling behind the wall plaster.

In short, we had mice.

And we still do.

Unfortunately, Little Guy hasn't shown much interest — yet — in catching any of our resident rodents.

To give him due credit, however, he has excelled in several other areas. These include: (1) eating his canned food (2) dozing on the living room furniture (3) placing himself under the feet of anyone opening the refrigerator door and (4) something else that you can probably guess.

The latter problem has been resolved, we think, by mainly confining the rascal to the

basement, except for occasional forages in the out-of-doors. (After use of some strong detergent, the living room carpet, I'm glad to say, is as good as new.)

As to problem three, I find it helps to walk through the kitchen with a soccer-kick motion to the feet in order to clear away all manner of beasts in one's path.

But when it comes to Little Guy's predatory habits, we'd still like to see the creature start earning his keep; otherwise, he may be having to get used to humane society cat food pretty quickly.

Complex complexes needed

It's a strange world we live in.

We spend great amounts of money on new techniques and devices, then spend even greater amounts to correct problems created by those innovations.

The present need for community recreation complexes is an example. Last week, a plan for one such centre, in Pickering, was revealed, with an ultimate price tag of \$14 million. If it becomes a reality, nearly every conceivable sports activity imaginable will be

provided for, along with rooms for crafts, meetings, banquets, concerts, babysitting and you name it.

In Stouffville, need for a similar if much smaller, complex has been discussed and bandied about for some time.

In both cases, the sad thing is that the need for such structures would have been unheard of, say, 50 years ago. Conversations with oldtimers reveal that without labor-saving devices, people in those days had little need to attend a gymnasium or swimming pool to keep physically fit.

Furthermore, in those times, each community seemed to generate plenty of social life, using only church basements and rented halls.

It wasn't the facilities but the people that made a community worth living in.

Nowadays, much of that has been lost, and artificial means of entertainment must be designed, it seems, to keep the masses of lonely people out there from going "around the bend."

Granted, the Town of Pickering isn't that far gone, but with increasing rapid development, it is no doubt well on the way to acquiring the same problems as most urban centres today.

None of this is to say that a recreation complex might not be a desirable thing, but it is probably second best to intense personal involvement at the local level.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from December 13, 1945 Annual hunt

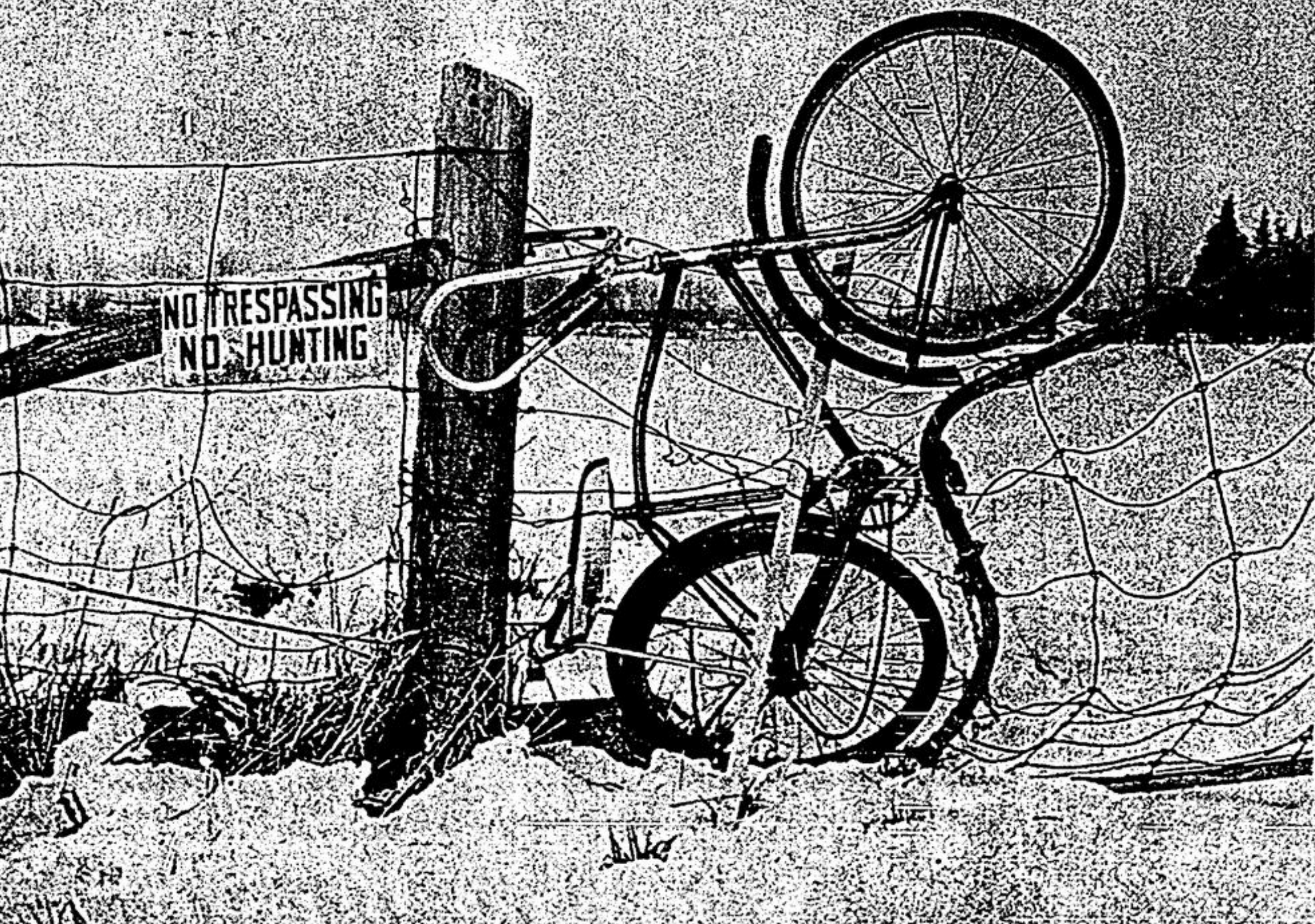
The big annual hunt in Whitchurch Township held last Saturday depleted the fox population by only 11 proving that the little red animal is a bit too tricky for the average hunter, and there were said to be 200 gunmen on the job.

The chase opened at Vandorf at 10 o'clock in the morning and lunch was eaten at the hall there at noon. Then the men spread again north of Vandorf driving south from the Aurora Rd. three animals were taken in the morning and four in the afternoon. One of the dead foxes brought in before dinner was caught in a trap. The biggest animal shot was a male. It was running with another fox which escaped.

The innocent rabbit suffered heavily at the hands of the hunters for there were bags and bags of big fat rabbits shot down. "Why," said one hunter, "they were right under your feet before they attempted to run." When the Jacks were finally counted they numbered 70.

Of course, there was a story about a sleek red fox which ran between the legs of a slow moving hunter all trussed up in so much hunting loggery that the fox was out of sight before he brought his gun to his shoulder.

A huge white owl foolishly showed itself to the hunters although it kept very quiet until it was disturbed to the point that it attempted to fly away, when a barrage of gun shot brought it to earth. Wide protest has been provoked because of this kill. Seems the lovely white bird has plenty of friends, and rightly so.



There are many uses possible for an old, unused bicycle, but this is the most unusual use we have seen for some time. It does the trick though to close the gap between

the end of the gate and the fence post. It keeps horses from running onto the road on Main St., east of the 10th Line.
— John Montgomery

Solid gold sculpture

BY ANNIGRET LAMURE

Every time someone's radio goes on the blink I feel guilty. Take the other day when I went to see our friend and neighbor Bruce about borrowing his trailer. He was in a fine fit of temper. Not because of the borrowing, it turned out, but because his brand new radio didn't work. "Oh Oh," I thought, "here's my past catching up with me again. But perhaps this time it wasn't my fault. "Where was it made?" I questioned hopefully. "Right here in Canada, and more's the pity." He looked at the item in disgust, "Knew I should have bought Japanese."

"You know," I confessed, "it could be my fault." He snorted in disbelief, "Now what in heaven's name could you possibly have to do with my radio? I just bought it this afternoon."

"Does it have transistors in it?"

"What a dummy! Just what do you expect a transistor radio to have in it?" I started to tell him, but he shushed me.

"Never mind. Just tell me why you feel its all your fault!"

"Well, last summer, a few weeks before Ray's birthday, I was flat broke. So I did what any red-blooded Canadian wife would do in a similar situation."

"You charged the present to his account, right?"

"Wrong. I went looking for a job, same as every year. Except this time I ended up in an electronics firm." Bruce interrupted, "Look, I haven't got all day. Just what has all this got to do with my radio?"

"I think there may be a tiny gold sculpture in it." He stared at me in disbelief. "A gold sculpture?" I nodded. "Made of solid gold."

"I need a beer," he said, and headed for the fridge.

"But it's true," I assured him, "I can prove it mathematically."

"You're crazy," he said, pouring his beer, "but let's hear the rest."

"Well, as I said already, this company makes transistors; among other things, and

that's the area I was working in. I was heat bonding tiny little squares, about 1/8 inch across, on a machine. Turned out about twenty thousand of the little devils every day. Bang bang bang, I sat at this sort of microscope and worked a machine that reduced the gross motion of the control levers to microscopic proportions. In this way I fed out a stream of hair-fine gold wire in a graceful arc, touched it lightly to the tiny silver plate bond, and then released. This activated a very minute cutting torch on that severed wire, leaving on each of the ends a golden, perfect sphere. Pure gold in extremely beautiful." I said dreamily.

Bruce took a healthy swig, "But where does the sculpting come in?"

"I watched him wipe the foam off his nose. "Ah yes. It was a tricky job, actually, to bond the wire to the right spots, and sometimes I goofed. Well, those things were ruined anyway, so I used to add a little extra. I looped and curved the wire into complex little sculptures. Got pretty good at it, actually."

"Yes, I can see that, but how do you figure one of your works got in my radio?"

"Simple mathematics. Say my margin of error is 3 per cent. That means about 600 sculptures a day. Now, its only reasonable to figure quality control lets about 3 per cent get by it too. That means every day about 18 of my creations are encased in plastic and built into transistors. Multiply that by my number of working days and I figure 1080 of my works are sitting in the innards of radios. You could have one in yours."

"He looked at the silent instrument with new interest.

"Solid gold, you said?" "Absolutely. But of course, extremely tiny and delicate." Just then his wife, Linda, came in. "Hey Bruce," she said, plunking two round silver objects on the table. "You forgot to put in the batteries."

"The trailer I wanted to borrow. No he wouldn't let me have it. As excuse he mumbled something about margins of error. Said he could prove it mathematically."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:
A word of appreciation once in a while in this hard world of profit and loss is in order. I would like to give it to the Len Wilkes Clothes Shops.

Recently, I bought a rather expensive Christmas gift there for my wife. When I brought it home, it just did not seem to be what was needed. With trepidation, I took it back.

Mrs. Wilkes understood my predicament and very kindly returned the purchase price without hesitation. In fact, she seemed pleased that I didn't force something on my wife that wasn't what was expected.

People like the Wilkes make shopping enjoyable in Stouffville.

J. R. Stouffville.

Dear Sir:
Although the benefits of reducing highway speed limits are well-known, are not most Canadians in too much of a rush to die to participate sincerely in an experiment that might possibly reduce the carnage on our highways?

Your Nov. 13 editorial mentions speeding and recklessness and adds, "We hope that some of the grim news we have had to report recently will serve as a reminder, not only to gravel truck operators, but to all of us on the road these days."

Amen.

WILLIAM E. RAE
Scarboro