



The Tribune

Established 1888
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Publisher



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Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 446-2101; Toronto phone 361-1480. Single copies 25c, subscriptions \$8.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

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.

Editorials

Go transit need has never been determined

Often political considerations over-ride pragmatic analyses of events. Certain decisions are made for political reasons and then must be put into practice.

This seems to us to be the case with the GO Transit service scheduled to go into service Feb. 15. It will link Uxbridge, Stouffville and Clarendon with downtown Toronto.

This is a good thing in one respect. But in another way it is somewhat disturbing. The service was announced last fall, yet little planning was done ahead of time. Premier William Davis announced the plan to have a rail service eventually and a bus service in the meantime.

As far as The Tribune can ascertain there has never been a survey to gauge the need for the service. Such a survey should have been done first. You don't establish a service and then test for the need.

The new GO Transit bus service, for instance, could simply take passengers off the

commuter train. It could also aid shoppers going to the city, but might not be very useful for people commuting for work.

How many people in Stouffville commute to Toronto to work? We can't answer that question, and neither can the transit people. Of the people who do commute, how many can be realistically wooed from their cars unto the buses?

With the possibility of fare increases and present push for government restraint in spending, will the saving be worth it to commuters? Can one reasonably expect that a government committed to budget cutting will have the millions of dollars needed to make a commuter service to Uxbridge operational?

These are rhetorical questions, but the government must find answers for these questions if a commuter service can be viable. Up to this time the cart has gone before the horse.

Noise bylaw is improbable

The spectre of the Town of Whitchurch - Stouffville passing a bylaw banning noisy jet aircraft in the area, is something to boggle the mind. It seems hardly possible that the local municipality could do such a thing.

Dr. Charles Godfrey, MPP for Durham West, assured council in a letter, that such action is possible, and legal. If that is true, it opens the way for all sorts of improbable visions about the town's bylaw enforcement officer serving a summons on an Air Canada 747.

On a serious note, one would agree that such a bylaw could be one more obstacle in the way of the proposed (cancelled) Pickering airport. However, if the town undertook such a course of action it could mean fighting the bylaw all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada.

As demonstrated by the dump issue, we feel that the town is unprepared for such a long and costly battle in the courts, should the Pickering airport project be resurrected. We wonder if Dr. Godfrey was not speaking a little tongue-in-cheek about including commercial jets in the bylaw.

As far as smaller aircraft, operating out of Markham and Buttonville airports, such a bylaw might be useful. In regards to commercial jets, unless the town would be prepared for the long court battle, restrictions would not be worth the paper they are printed on.

The initial reaction by council was that they did not want to become involved in any more costly court actions. Passing a noise bylaw would inevitably lead to that.

This increase justified

The residents of Stouffville have been fortunate in having some of the lowest hydro rates in southern Ontario. The announcement of a rate increase last week does not change that situation.

The local Public Utilities Commission has done a remarkable job in installing modern up-to-date equipment on a pay-as-you-go basis. The only debt is a small amount left to be paid on the PUC building on Main St.

The PUC has a small, efficient staff and a

dedicated group of workers who seem to be willing to go out any time day or night to perform needed repairs.

The present increase of 20 per cent is still lower than the increase Ontario Hydro is levying. In other words, two per cent of the increase is being absorbed by the local utility.

With our present concern for conservation of energy, it will be a small matter for most families to avoid the increase by simply using less hydro. It is up to us to do our part.

Skill and talent abounds

It is amazing the amount of hitherto unknown skill and talent that has come to light since the library last year initiated a policy of displaying the work of local artists and craftsmen.

One or two artists are featured every month and examples of their work are displayed at the back of the library.

The library staff has done an excellent job of seeking out fine local talent that was, in many cases, previously unknown to the rest of the community.

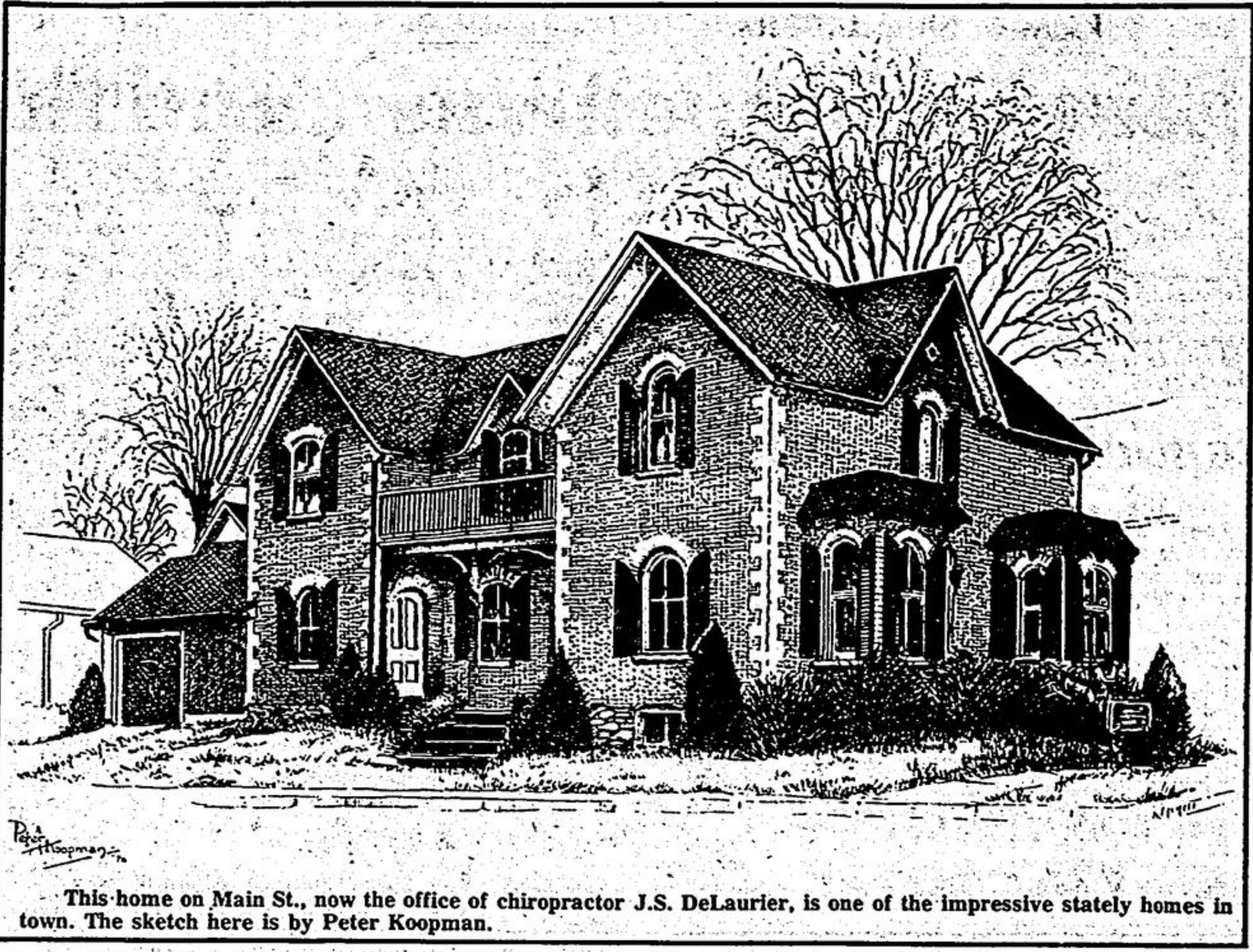
The display area at the library provides a forum for local works that never existed before and it is our hope the public will con-

tinue to support this program by volunteering their work for showing.

Through the displays we get an insight into the creative activities of our neighbors. This is increasingly important in a community that, with the influx of commuters, is rapidly losing its small town closeness.

The excellent works, that have included paintings, photography, leathercrafts and a multitude of other handiworks, should provide encouragement to other residents who would like to get involved in this type of endeavor.

Less sophisticated, although to many people equal in importance, are the showings of public school art work.



This home on Main St., now the office of chiropractor J.S. DeLaurier, is one of the impressive stately homes in town. The sketch here is by Peter Koopman.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill defines curmudgeon

By BILL SMILEY

Recently, I listed some of the things I dislike about our society. When I'd finished, I thought to myself: "Boy, you are a nasty old piece of work. Do you realize you've barely scratched the surface?"

For a week or two, I went around thinking, in 10 or 20 seconds spurts, every three or four days, that I was a Curmudgeon.

Some of my younger readers will not know what a curmudgeon is. Well, it comes from the root word "mud".

We all know what mud is. It is dirty. It is cool under the toes, unless it is in the form of a mud pack, which is good for the wrinkles. If your name is Mudd, you are either in the doghouse, or you are a loser. I hope that is clear.

To the root word "mud" (unless we want to root around in the mud a bit longer), we attach the prefix "cur".

A cur, as everyone knows, is a cad with teeth, and sometimes a moustache, who plays the villain in old-fashioned melodramas. In new-fashioned melodrama, he also has teeth and a big belly or a bald head, and he has become the hero.

Still with me? We now have "curmud," signifying a mean guy who is cool under the toes, has wrinkles, or is a loser. Sometimes all three.

Now we come to the suffix, "geon," which is of more obscure vintage.

It is of Hungarian antecedent, and it seems to have meant, originally, something we might call colloquially "a dummy who

makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise without getting anywhere," which is rather a contradiction in terms, come to think of it.

There are many perversions of the original, of course. We find the suffix in such words as "Injun," "engine," and "john."

But the original meaning is in there somewhere. An Injun, for example, is one of the original "In" people, who rides around in ever-diminishing circles, emitting war-whoops, until he is shot off his horse.

Think of your car. The engine makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise — at least mine does — and gets nowhere. Occasionally, the car gets somewhere, but the engine remains exactly where it started... in the car.

And, of course, there is the colloquial word "john," meaning a toilet. Or water closet or backhouse, if toilet offends you. This item of hardware indulges in a great deal of unnecessary noise, whether receiving or transmitting, and is usually going nowhere, except on trains, buses or airplanes, when it is so active it has to put up a "busy" sign most of the time.

On ships, of course, with their innate sense of superiority, the "john" is called a "head."

This came about when one of the head men in the British Navy, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, affectionately known to his jolly tars as "dud" once went looking for the "john" and discovered a lot of Common Seamen (and a very common lot they were) lined up with

one of the symptoms of scurvy known as "dire rear." In the interests of clarity, this has nothing to do with the term "rear admiral."

Understandably, Sir Dud flew into a high rage, the only type allowed to senior officers, and uttered a good deal of silly and unnecessary noise, or "geon," when he had to wait his turn for the "john."

As naval tradition has it, this led to the wedding of "dud" and "geon," meaning a john that isn't working, or a senior officer with a red face, or a towering rage, whichever you choose.

That's one of the beauties of the English language. You can take your pick. And you know what you can do with it.

If you have followed me carefully through this brief but enlightening exploration into semantics, I am sure you have come to the conclusion, as I have, that I am not a Curmudgeon at all.

I am not a mean guy. I haven't hit a little kid since mine grew up.

I am not cool under the toes. My feet heat something terrible in this weather.

I am not a loser. How can you know you're a loser when you don't know what it is to be a winner?

I do not go around making silly and unnecessary noises, except when it is absolutely necessary.

And finally, I feel that I am definitely getting somewhere.



A look at attitudes 30 years ago

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

For the past year it has been my job every week to pull out the dusty old issues of The Tribune and scour them for bits and pieces I feel are suitable for the 30 Years Ago column.

Between the sneezing and rubbing of watery eyes (musty paper throws my sinuses into a frenzy) I have managed to learn a fair bit of what the world, as reflected by the village of Stouffville, was like back then, several years before my birth.

The period I first covered dealt with the last days of WWII. Hitler had been defeated and an ultimate Allied victory against the Japanese was by then inevitable.

Then the Japanese surrender was chronicled, with surprisingly little mention of the atomic bomb.

Since then I have been, and still am, leaving through the early postwar era. I get the impression it was a brief period of unbridled optimism, which as we all know now, soured into that ugly period known as the cold war.

Reading the papers from this time one gets the impression that everything was right with the world and that there was, in the general view, no problem that couldn't be solved with the application of modern technology.

Hardly a week went by without some fantastic new development being trumpeted. In retrospect some seem incredibly naive.

In one issue there appeared a story speculating that the newly-invented wonder drug penicillin might be marketed in a lipstick form. Presumably this could, by its mere application, cure any diseases or infections not actually requiring surgery.

DDT was touted as a marvellous invention that would free us all of the minor annoyances of insects and would eliminate crop damage caused by bugs. As we now know, DDT has been widely banned because it was discovered it builds up to dangerously high levels in the food chain.

Stories appeared telling of new construction methods that were going to make housing so cheap everybody would be able to afford their own home. — a promise that has certainly gone unfulfilled as anyone who has priced houses recently can attest to.

In those days the paper had an enjoyably

folksy style that would be nearly impossible to duplicate now without coming across sounding rather affected. Humor was a staple and it seems there were always some funny anecdotes being brought out. The stories involved local people and, although their names weren't always mentioned, I suspect it would be a safe bet that everybody in a village the size of Stouffville knew who was being written about.

Articles ignored the formal newspaper style and took a decidedly conversational tone and the writers had obviously never heard the phrase "objective journalism" because their stories openly expressed indignation at wrongdoers.

One particular example was the story of several young fellows, who would nowadays be labelled teenagers, who knocked a lady's hat off one Hallowe'en night. The resultant blows her outraged husband dealt the young rowdies were unabashedly described as "richly deserved."

It came as a surprise to learn that only 30 years ago the main street of Stouffville had never been paved and that the local churches all had stables instead of parking lots.

There are some things, though, that apparently never change. With alarming regularity the paper documented the local clergy's eloquently dire warnings of the imminent moral collapse of youth.

Youthful boozing was decried and harsher punishments were demanded to stamp out the alarming increase in lawlessness.

The general impression being that the young were going to perdition at a rate never before encountered in the civilized world.

It now seems somewhat ironic to consider that the immoral youth being lamented and editorialized over three decades ago are now, for the most part, the middle-aged parents who are being sermonized about how their children are going full-bore along the express route to hell and damnation.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from January 31, 1946.
First car

Dr. John Button who occupies an apartment in the Button block on Main St. and will shortly open a medical practice here has brought the first post-war car to Stouffville, a 1946 Chevrolet.

10 million Goldfish come in all sizes at the Stouffville Gold Fish Co. plant here, and there are over 10,000,000 of them sold in a year.

Famous bull The famous bull, Del Zonto 1, bought at the world's record price by George Rodanz, arrived from its Yankee home to reach Stouffville early Tuesday morning. About nine o'clock the famous animal and 13 other purchases made by Mr. Rodanz stepped down the gang plank to be loaded in trucks and escorted to their new home at Ringwood Farms. Cameras clicked

aplenty, for photographs to be shown later.

Begging trouble Women's fashions came under the gun of Dr. Gordon Jackson, M.O.H. of Toronto, last week as he warned Toronto people to dress warmly as a safeguard against pneumonia, which is continuing its record-breaking incidence. He described women's clothes as "silly and just a way of asking for trouble."


"This weather is treacherous if you don't watch it," said Dr. Jackson. "It is warm one day and freezing the next. But women must be stylish, and the first thing you know they are changing fur coats for cloth ones and wearing toeless shoes to plow through slush up to their ankles. That is just asking for trouble."

Hospital officials report their wards and rooms are filled to capacity. Pneumonia and other emergency cases are being taken as fast as possible and there are long waiting lists for cases not so urgent, they say.

Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible

Then Adam had sexual intercourse with Eve his wife, and she conceived and gave birth to a son, Cain (meaning "I have created"). For, as she said, "With God's help I have created a man!" Her next child was his brother, Abel. Abel became a shepherd, while Cain was a farmer. At harvest time, Cain brought the Lord a gift of his farm produce, and Abel brought the fatty cuts of meat from his best lambs, and presented them to the Lord. And the Lord accepted Abel's offering, but not Cain's. Genesis 4:1-5



COUNTDOWN: Stouffville Centennial 1877-1977

One hundred years ago, the average price of farms on the market in the Stouffville area, was \$60 an acre for first-class land, \$40 for second class and \$20 for the poorer farms. About two-thirds of the farms were fenced, principally with cedar and pine rails or stumps. Drainage was not generally resorted to. About a third of the farm houses were of log construction.

Grain yields were very low by present day standards, with fall wheat, 20 bus. to the acre, oats 35, and barley 28. About a third of the land was still heavily timbered.

Centennial committee
In January of 1975, Keith Sutherland was named chairman of the Centennial co-

ordinating committee. That committee has been holding regular monthly meetings throughout 1975 and so far in 1976. Plans have been formulated for a sketch book with historical line drawings of Stouffville buildings, and other scenes of interest. Artists interested in having work included in the book or folder can hand them in to The Tribune office at 54 Main St. W. Bruce Burton is chairman of the committee established to produce the sketch book.

Theme song contest
The Centennial committee is sponsoring a theme song contest. The entries must be in by March 5, 1976. First prize is \$100, second will be \$50 and third is \$25.