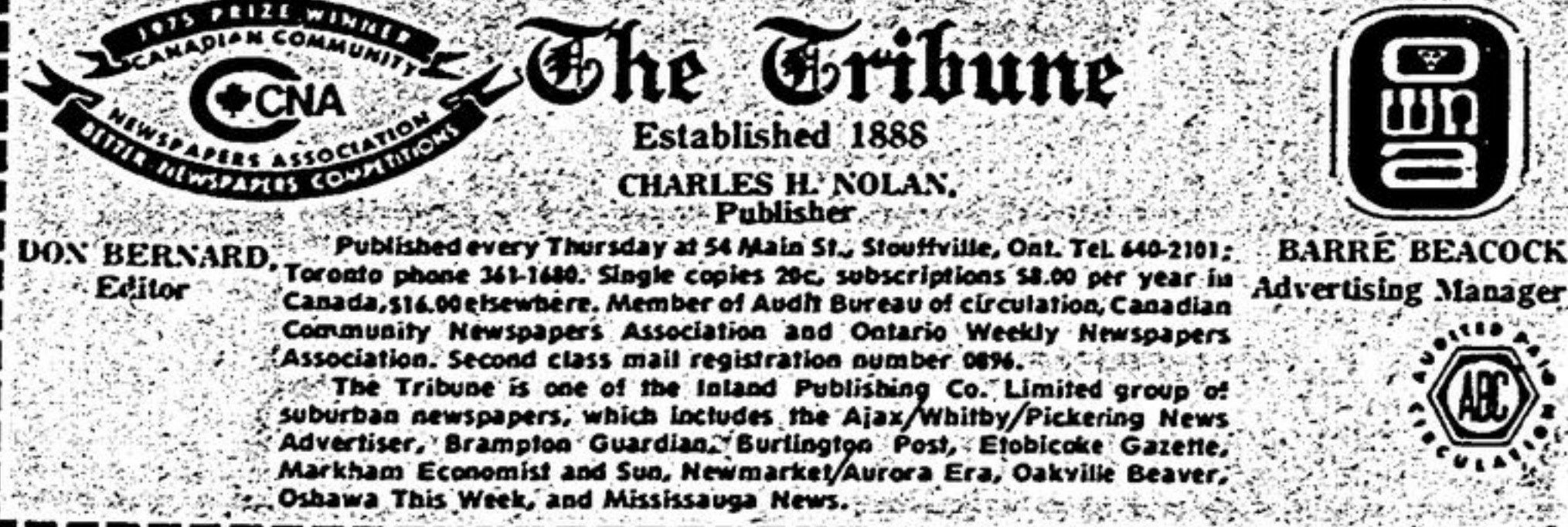


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Tribune reporter Ted Wilcox had to climb a tree to get this picture of some Robin's eggs. He reports that the

mother was quite upset by his intrusion but he managed to take this shot of the eggs before they hatch. — Ted Wilcox.

Thoughts from the Living Bible

Daniel soon proved himself more capable than all the other presidents and governors, for he had great ability, and the king began to think of placing him over the entire empire as his administrative officer. This made the governors very jealous, and they began searching for some fault in the way Daniel was handling his affairs. But they couldn't find anything to criticize! He was faithful and honest, and made no mistakes. So they concluded, "Our only chance is his religion!"

Daniel 6:3-5

Editorials

Summitview need is greater

It is inconceivable to us that the York County Board of Education would consider an addition to Orchard Park Public School, when Summitview will not even pass fire regulations.

happen. It almost did happen last week. Luckily, the matter was referred to one of the board's standing committees.

Just exactly how the addition of a general purpose room managed to receive draft plan approval from the Ministry of Education, then appeared as a routine item on the April 26 board meeting remains a mystery.

Somewhere within the inner workings of the York County administration hierarchy somebody thought that Orchard Park's addition should take priority.

However, any person with half an eye can see that Summitview is in dire need of both renovations to make it comply with fire safety regulations and a major addition to house the overflow of students.

The school, while not the worst in York County, could be termed in the top five in need of immediate work. It constantly amazes us how bureaucrats can make decisions that can affect the lives of thousands of people, without seeing the obvious inconsistency of their decisions.

In this case, the administrators seemed to have decided that Orchard Park needs a general purpose room more than Summitview needs a proper fire escape and fireproof stairwells.

It is a sad state of affairs indeed.

Record crowds at the museum

The Whitchurch - Stouffville Museum, tucked away unobtrusively near Bogartown, deserves a word of praise as it enters its summer season.

The museum has been attracting record crowds in the past two or three years, and has been a notable success, despite some of the strikes against it.

It operates on a shoe-string budget and utilizes volunteer workers, largely. The Bogartown Women's Institute ladies have been staunch supporters of the museum. They do the cooking, for instance, for the maple syrup festival.

The museum is thriving and it deserves support, as the only active institution for preserving the history of the former whitchurch Township.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Quiet middle-age is not so quiet

By BILL SMILEY



When you manage to totter through to what is euphemistically called these days "middle age," you are supposed to be able to relax a little, slow down, take it easy, enjoy all those things you never had time for before.

After all, your kids are grown up now, and on their own. The mortgage is paid off, or nearly. Passion is not exactly spent, but let's say that you don't exactly turn to jelly at the sight of a big buzzoon.

If your health is reasonable, you should have a quarter-century of mellow living ahead, time to travel, to contemplate your navel, to read all those books, to cultivate your own garden, before you are quietly shuffled off to one of those institutions with the ghastly names, like Sunset Haven or Trail's End Paradise.

I am here to state, quietly but with grim ferocity, that this is one of the Big Lies perpetrated by our society on young people when they are raising their children.

It's a lot of poppycock, chaps. Take my advice and have all the fun you can while you're young. Go to Europe, buy a farm, take a year off. Do what you want to now, because you won't have time when you're middle-aged.

I just sat down here for a minute, to stop my head spinning, and it struck me that it's the first chance I've had to sit down and take my usual cool perspective of life for weeks.

Life is not exactly a gay, mad whirl when you're middle-aged. It's more like a case of the blind staggers.

Just for example. If we're not running in one direction to see our two grandsons, we're running in another to see their 83-year-old great-grandfather.

Recently, in a wave of good feeling, we decided to treat my daughter and her husband to a night out. They are students, broke, and never get out. So I hawked up the price of dinner and a show, and my old lady told them we'd be delighted to baby-sit.

Fine. Any grandparents would do it. But it was akin to a disaster. First-born grandbaby, Pokey, was so wild with excitement at seeing his favorite toys, servants and sycophants, that he ran around the apartment like a demented chipmunk, up and down over the furniture, leaping into arms, jabbering and laughing and roaring with defiance at any effort to cool him down.

And the other guy, the little, fat new one, is a bawler. He doesn't even bawl at the drop of a hat. He bawls at will. And at Suse. That's my wife. I'm Will.

The young couple left at 6.30, baby asleep, Pokey fed. Two minutes later, the bawler was at it. Two hours later, he was still at it. Somewhere in there I'd managed to stick our dinner (a frozen chicken pie) in the oven. At 8.30, my wife was sitting with him on her knee, trying to give him a bottle with one hand and spear a bit of chicken pie with the other. Across from her, I sat with Pokey on my knee, feeding him every second bite of my meagre portion.

At 9.20 we had them both asleep. We collapsed. At 9.45, little fatso woke up and bleated for titty. He scorns the bottle. Suffice it to say it was a long evening.

But that was unusual, you say. Most of your life is pretty tranquil and even in tone. Well, that's what you think. Buster. I didn't even curl this past winter, and scarcely had time to blow my nose.

Right now, aside from a full day's

teaching, I am doing the advertising and publicity for the school Open House, preparing to be a guest on a panel discussion and modelling for an art class. In my spare time, I mark papers and prepare lessons.

Modelling, did I say? Yep. I'm a model. The art department at the school wanted a live model. They conned me into it by pretending they wanted somebody with character in his face. Well, I have lots of that: wrinkles, broken nose, bloodshot eyes, the lot. Later, I discovered the reason I was chosen was because I was the only teacher who had a spare that period, except for one woman teacher, and she refused to model in the nude.

I didn't. I was all for it. So were the student painters. But the puritanical old administration wouldn't allow it. They were afraid they'd have girl art students fainting all over the place. Not in awe. In horror. So I have to do it in a loincloth, with a mask over my eyes so they won't know who I am.

You think I'm busy? You ought to see my wife. Aside from her regular housework, she teaches piano, knits and sews (simultaneously, it seems to me), prepares the income tax return, chooses and uses new paint and wallpaper, runs around trying to find clothes for two grandsons, and gallops down to Simpson's order office to return things three times a week (it was she who put Eaton's catalogue out of business.) And we haven't even started on the garden yet.

So. Just a word of wisdom to you young people. Don't swallow that bromide about a serene middle age. It's about as serene as Saturday night in the corner saloon. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Ye won't have time when ye're old and gray.

Grant cuts are necessary

Proposed cuts in the regional grants to four family life centres in the region, pose some serious questions as to what role the Region of York should take in assisting volunteer organizations in the area.

A tentative regional budget prepared in early April allocated \$100,000 for grants to such volunteer groups. In 1975 the family life centres received a significant grant to keep them going. They stated that \$100,000 is needed in 1976 to keep the doors open.

Instead the health and social services committee allocated \$60,000 for the centres. The allocation is still subject to approval of regional council.

Other organizations also had grants cuts or eliminated. Some new groups have asked for help for the first time, and were turned down.

The Tribune has consistently supported the work being done by the family life centres. However, it seems to us that the region has been very generous to allow even \$60,000 to them. In a year of restraint, the family life

centres are no different than any other group. They must accept the limitations laid upon them by the region, at least for the time being. Next year they hope to receive funding through a York Region/United Appeal.

We believe that the health and social services committee were as generous as they could be. Some streamlining by the family life centres should enable them to make it through 1976.

Up to now the region has supported certain groups on a first-come, first-serve basis, without any major guidelines or policy. It might be advisable to develop a policy toward such groups. That could mean eliminating such grants altogether. However, it would let the various groups know where they stand with the region.

The present cap-in-hand approach is not very good. It leaves the organizations unsure of their grant income and at the same time puts Regional Council in the role of the villain if the grants are reduced.

A clear-cut policy is the only answer.

Music Mania successful

Music Mania, as always, was a delightful presentation, and all those who attended certainly must have enjoyed every minute of it. Approximately 2,100 people attended the three performances.

But, aside from being an artistic success (which it undoubtedly was), the show is a tangible evidence of community involvement on a large scale. Over 100 people volunteered time to help out with the production.

Aside from singers and performers, there were people involved with make-up,

costumes, lighting and various other aspects of the production. Although ostensibly sponsored by the Couple's Club of Stouffville United Church, it is a total community production.

Added to that, the proceeds go to some worthy cause this year. This year to the local work of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind.

All in all, it was a job well done and all those who took part deserve a hearty vote of thanks, from the people of Stouffville.

An easy way to make a buck

BY ANNIGRET LAMURE

Most people, when school bus drivers are mentioned, immediately think of a burly, middle-aged individual with a booming voice and a king-size headache spelled A.N.A.C.I.N. This is a profound misconception. Many of the school bus drivers I know are sensitive, resourceful, soft-spoken people with a well-developed sense of humour. Actually, some of my best friends are bus drivers, and they tend to be young, blond, and female. As a matter of fact, I ferry one of those big yellow bombs around from time to time myself. So when Helen phoned me for some pointers yesterday, she called the right person.

You passed your school bus license, Helen? Congratulations. Starting next week? Great, which route? You don't have a map? That's too bad. Listen, those kindergartners don't even know their own mothers, let alone their house. Let you drive right by and never a peep out of them. And those mothers! Boy do they get mad! They think you're sailing by them on purpose. No, actually it's good when they complain to the principal. That means he'll be waiting for you when you finally come crawling back to the school with your left-over kids. Never mind, it all sorts itself out in a couple of weeks. By the way, I hope you're good at finding things. No? How're you going to find the bus key then? Nope, it sure won't be there. The guys at the depot always hide it. No, you won't. There are at least 351 different hiding places in the average forty foot bus. Who's exaggerating? That works out to 8.7 places per foot? Well, I can't help that. Look, I don't want to discourage you, but are you handy with a screwdriver? Oh well, you'll learn soon enough. Naw, only the kids like to dismantle the seats. No, nothing like that. They just like to undo all the screws. Oh, about sixteen per seat. Yea, there's about 22 pairs of seats. No, you can't watch them because you have to drive. The big inside mirror? Oh that's so the kids can tell when you're not looking at them. Sunglasses to hide your eyes? That might work. Wish I'd thought of that.

Listen, one other thing. Don't ever be late on a rainy day. But, if you are, don't forget to bring a large tin can, especially in the spring. Why, for worms of course. You don't want them crawling all over the seats, do you? That's why you should try to be early, so the kids don't get a chance to collect any. And try to avoid pulling in behind another bus. There's bound to be a boy on it that will hang a moon at you. On the other hand, it's maybe even worse to let another bus get behind you. Since every bus has one of these jokers, the driver in back might get mad. No, impossible. They all look too much alike, if you know what I mean. Oh, one other thing — watch out for dogs. Especially german shepherds. Once they're on your bus, you'll never get them off. Sure, at school, but then the principal gets upset.

Look, the kids always tell. Your best bet is to drive the dog home again.

They always hop off like gentlemen at their stop. No, nothing else, only the dead rat thing. All the girls rush in a screeching wave from one side of the bus to the other, trying to get away from the small brown object the boys are throwing around. No ninety-nine times out of a hundred it's only a rotten banana. What do you mean, put you off? It's the greatest job in the world.

Sure, lots of things. For instance, there's a little girl who picks up the prettiest pebble in her driveway every morning and gives it to me. I got myself quite a rock collection. Huh, just what do you mean by that? O.K. then. You've changed your mind? You're going to drive a gravel truck?

You're joking. That's a tough job. Don't be silly, driving a bus is an easy way to make a buck.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from June 9, 1946

Hall canvass

Result of the canvass in town in an effort to raise \$10,000 by public subscription toward a Veterans' Community Hall is nearing completion, with most of the ratepayers having been interviewed. Unfortunately, the results are far from what was hoped for, and while the number of refusals to subscribe have not been numerous, the amounts donated have been too small for the number involved, to be able to reach the substantial sum.

Notwithstanding, the work will be rushed to completion and the decision of the Citizen's Committee made known probably next week.

If the sum of \$10,000 is not donated the by-law to raise an additional \$6,000 will be of no avail.

We understand the canvassers have raised probably \$4,000 with only a small proportion yet to be called on.

League reorganized


At a meeting held in Aurora on Friday evening, representatives from several towns on Yonge St., in addition to Milliken, planned the formation of a seven-team league this season in Midget and Junior divisions. The seven teams which it is hoped will comprise the league are, Richmond Hill, Aurora, Newmarket, Willowdale, Milliken, Markham and Stouffville.

Fainting ceremony

A correspondent has been good enough to inform us about a near tragedy that happened down in Sussex, Wis., at a wedding ceremony. Apparently the groom was so lovesick that he fainted during the ceremony. Then his brother, Floyd, fainted. A second later one of the attendants went into a swoon. The survivors of the ordeal rendered first aid. We are not informed on the reason for the unfortunate situation which must have marred the happiness of the occasion.

COUNTDOWN:

Stouffville Centennial 1877-1977



Did You Know?

- That the original grandstand in the town park, rebuilt some ten years ago, had a special toboggan slide maintained at one end reaching up to the roof which was somewhat higher on the old building. The slide was kept properly iced in winter by the town and provided a popular winter ride stretching all the way to the present arena site.
- That the town's major livery stable of fifty years ago was located on Lloyd Avenue, east side just south of the Main St. corner. The operator was Edward Penock and a number of good driving horses were always in readiness for hire.
- That the site of the present Testa Villa apartments was once the Stouffville Vinegar Works factory, as well as ketchup manufacturer.
- That all the churches in town maintained a set of church sheds for the convenience of horse-drawn vehicles, and that the last of these did not disappear until the late forties.
- That Lloyd Avenue was the first subdivision established in Stouffville. The land was owned by the late Edwin Lloyd, 10th

line farmer, and was the site of the Stouffville Fair in the 1800's.

- That Stouffville was once serviced by four passenger trains a day, two each way in addition to a large freight traffic. Countdown board

Plans are going ahead to erect a "countdown sign" to tell everyone the number of days remaining until Centennial year. There are just 34 weeks left before the start of Stouffville's 100th anniversary year. That is 239 days. Hopefully the countdown board will be installed in the next month.

Publicity committee

Aside from the actual organizing of centennial events, the publicity committee will play a very important part in the centennial celebrations. Letting people know what is happening and when is vital. Dr. Bill Murphy has been appointed chairman for the committee and the first major meeting was held last Thursday (April 29). Other people with talents in the publicity field are needed for the committee. Those wishing to help out should contact Dr. Murphy at 640-2702 or Tribune Publisher C. H. Nolan at the newspaper office, 640-2100. The publicity committee meets every fourth Thursday of the month. The next meeting is Thursday, May 27 at 8 p.m.