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Editorials

Public generally unamused by teenage pranks, vandalism

Visitors to Centennial Square in Stouffville on Thursday were generally unamused to find soap suds in the fountain for about the third time in two weeks.

Even less funny was the disappearance last week of the two flags in front of the municipal offices for the second time in a month.

While hardly serious in themselves, the sum total of crimes of vandalism costs taxpayers a bundle in repair and replacement fees, not to mention in time spent by the police in patrolling for and tracking down these mostly youthful miscreants.

To us it seems that of all crimes that appear on the York Regional Police reports, vandalism, in some ways, is the saddest.

For one thing, youths who resort to infantile pranksterism on a regular basis must be incredibly bored, as well as insensitive, cynical, and occasionally cruel, individuals.

And furthermore, the occurrence of vandalism indicates there are a large proportion of parents who don't have the

Time to strike opposition weak

There has never been a more opportune time for federal opposition parties to bring down the present Liberal government than now, but this opportunity must go unchallenged because of opposition weakness. The Liberals have found themselves deep in trouble, with the recent air traffic strike, capital punishment and the workings of the anti-inflation board lining up a majority of Canadian citizens against them. Defense spending has been another thorny problem and the continual enlargement of the civil servant army. On top of all this, scandals have swirled around a number of Liberal members.

Despite this mass of Liberal problems the opposition is helpless to bring them down. The Conservatives have been very slow to rally behind their new leader Joe Clark and whether they will ever be able to do so is a question on many Tory minds.

The public has been showing a distinct favoritism to turn right, and this has left Ed Broadbent and his NDP far out in left field. The idea of more socialism is not popular and many believe they have had too much from the Liberals already.

Any election called now would certainly leave the voters with a dilemma and could even mean that thousands might forfeit their vote entirely.

faintest notion of how their children spend their time. In fact, they often would rather not know.

Getting a child involved in some adult-supervised activity for the summer, while sometimes helpful, we submit, is no substitute for parents giving their kids consistent love and attention. It's the only final answer to the vandalism problem.

Weeds neglected

A simple drive about town will soon show anyone that the weed crop this year in town must be one of the finest ever, and the neglect the greatest. Both public and private property has been sadly neglected in many places, something which irks the eye of anyone interested in neatly trimmed lawns and gardens.

Public ditches have been allowed to grow up with hip high grass and weeds, and even the PUC building with its rear exposure on Blake St. is far from tidy. Other areas are just as bad, many of them private. The railway property and right-of-way which has never had a neat appearance since the days of the local section crews is again in a sorry state.

It has always been a mystery how private property owners can walk in and out of their premises each day and pass by knee high weeds reaching up from every corner. The sight certainly brings comments from the many in town who take pride in their homes and business places and gives the community as a whole a run-down appearance.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from July 11, 1946.

50-mile an hour back
 The Ontario government has legalized the 50-mile-an-hour speed limit again for motorists on highways, and signs to this effect have now been posted on main traffic highways in the province.

Following the suspension of the 40 mile limit made by the federal government, the province promptly and perhaps not wisely stepped up the speed last week to 50 miles.

No pockets required
 The local tailor tells us that some in the trade are held up getting out tailor-made suits because they cannot even get material for pockets. After paying for a suit at the new prices for cloth we do not imagine the purchasers will need any pockets in the next suit, so on with production.

Combined ages total 576 years
 One hundred and twelve years ago three Morgason brothers and their wives migrated from England to Canada. They came in a sailing vessel, and the crossing took 13 weeks. The families settled in this part of Ontario, in Uxbridge Township finally.

There was a lad in the group John Morgason, aged nine years, who just a century ago married Sarah Morden and we find the couple settled north of Glasgow on the second of Uxbridge where now lives Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Morgason. The place has been in the family for over a hundred years.

John Morgason's wife Sarah Morden was born east of Stouffville on the townline on the present Floyd Fairies farm. John and Sarah Morgason raised a family of twelve children and today seven of them are still living.

Oldest of the seven is William Morgason, 97 on the 20th of October next. Thomas in his 88th year, and sister Maggie (Mrs. Seneca Miller) looking forward to her 86th birthday. She keeps house for the two "boys" in Goodwood, and ministers to their every need.

Taking their nearest birthdays the three have a combined age of 269 years, and probably establish a record in Ontario for three brothers and sister living together doing their own household.

The combined ages of the five brothers and two sisters reach an imposing figure, totalling 576 years.

one London, England store. He also sold 300 to Winston Churchill.
 Mr. Aston once recalled losing \$110,000 in seven minutes during a terrific cloud-burst which washed out his hatchery located at the time on North Yonge St. near the Sir William Mulock Farm. He told of fish flopping all over Yonge St. and said that the result was that people were pulling enlarged goldfish out of the Holland River for years.

Countdown layover
 Meetings of the Centennial Committee have been suspended for the two summer months, and this Countdown column, written by C. H. Nolan, will also be discontinued until September.

COUNTDOWN:
Stouffville Centennial
1877-1977

Stouffville Once the Goldfish Capital
 Did you know that in the 1940's Stouffville was the undisputed goldfish capital and George Aston the goldfish king? Mr. Aston operated the Stouffville Goldfish Supply Co., a factory which stood on Albert St. south, the present site of the Testa Villa Apts. The tanks located in the basement of the plant contained 2,000,000 of the little fish in the winter months, and in the outside ponds located near Ringwood there were enough to enable him to sell 12,000,000 a year all over the world. The fish were contained in 100 tanks inside and 57 ponds outside.

Before the Second World War Mr. Aston was selling 250,000 goldfish a week to

STOUFFVILLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

This bench is now in place in front of the Post office and from all reports it has been much appreciated by those making use of it. The bench has the distinction of being the town's first centennial gift and was donated by the Stouffville Women's Institute.

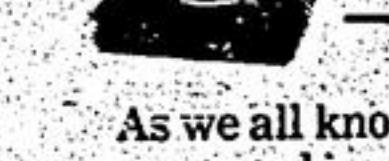


This night view of Stouffville's train station was executed by SDSS artist Steve Skyvington. The work has been submitted for inclusion in the centennial sketch book. Contributions have come in from professional artists and developing students and the resultant book will feature a great variety of styles and interpretations. Steve has gained some notoriety for the athletic mural he painted on the high school gymnasium wall.

SUGAR AND SPICE

The thin line between hero and bum

By BILL SMILEY



As we all know, especially those who have ever engaged in sports, there's a very thin line between being a hero and being a bum.
 One day you're at bat, three runs behind, three runners on base, the count three and two, and you smash a home run. Two days later, in exactly the same situation, you strike out.
 Same man, exactly. First time, you are cheered to the echo. Second time, you are booed out of the park.
 I'd like to report that most of the time, my

wife thinks I'm a hero. But this column has always been noted for a dedication to veracity. Most of the time she thinks I'm a bum.

Not just an ordinary bum, I quote: "Bill Smiley, you are a lazy, procrastinating bum!"
 Don't think I just sit there and take it. Oh, no. I point out with some gusto that she's never held a steady job in her life, except as a mother and housewife, that no guy who teaches all day and runs an English department with 10 teachers in it, and writes a weekly column, can be called lazy.

But it seems we're not talking about the same lazy. She's talking about evading, short of anything worse than a threat of death, cleaning up the basement rather than playing golf. I'm talking about the higher things in life.

As far as the "procrastinating" goes, I'll admit, honestly and openly, that I procrastinate.
 But only in a limited way. I am not an across-the-board procrastinator.

I'll confess that, from time to time, on certain occasions, I have been known, all things considered, by some suspicious people, who are themselves too aggressive, to procrastinate.

But the third term in that pejorative remark, "bum," I will not accept, not even from the Old Battleaxe.

A bum is one of two things: a rear end; a person who refuses to work. I am not the former, though I have a few enemies who would question it. I am not the latter. I have worked since I was a stripling. But I started work cleaning out lavatories, and I don't intend to finish work cleaning up the basement.

All this is merely preamble to the happy note of this column. Last weekend, for almost 72 hours, with only a couple of relapses, my wife thought I was a hero, not a bum.

It was time for one of our semi-annual safaris to the city. These are usually pretty ghastly. I talk vaguely about going to a good hotel, seeing a couple of top shows, and eating a gourmet dinner or two in posh restaurants. She thinks it's all set.

Comes the weekend. I've forgotten all about it. The trunk of the car has sprung from backing into a telephone pole. No hotel reservation. You couldn't get a ticket to that

special show if your initials were P.E.T. And we have to stand in line for an hour for that gourmet grub, which is one step better than the local greasy spoon, and eight times as costly.

Relations are strained. We go back to our second-rate hotel, burping garlic which has covered a multitude of culinary sins, and sulkily watch a TV show that we saw, as a rerun, last November.

But this time. Ah, this time. It was like a honeymoon. A week before, driven by who knows what buried guilt, I sneaked to the telephone one evening, and laid everything on. Best hotel in the city. Room overlooking the lake. Tickets for two shows. Dinner reservations. Next day I got the car washed and gassed. Sneaked away early from work.

The Old Girl couldn't believe it. Everything worked. They hadn't screwed up our reservations for once. Traffic was murderous, but only one bus driver really went out of his way to get us. The shows were terrific. Dinners were excellent, no waiting.

And the weather was splendid. I think His Awesomeness had finally decided to let poor old Bill Smiley be something other than a bum, at least for 72 hours.

As I sat on the 26th floor, looking over the lake, while my wife was shopping next morning, and wondered what the poor people were doing today, I couldn't help thinking that God was in His heaven, for once, and all was right with the world.

But wait. It didn't end there. Going out of the city, we dropped in to see our grandsons, with appropriate gifts. They wanted to leave their parents and come home with Grand-Dad and Gran. How about that?

And one final frosting on the cake. We got home. Lo! And Be Hold. The storm windows had been taken off, the windows polished. The lawn had been cut, and the place looked great. (I'd forgotten to tell the storm window man and the boy who cuts the lawn that we'd be away.)

I didn't let on. Just said: "Well, I see the varlets have been at work, as instructed."

You won't believe this, but the old lady actually said, "You know, sometimes, Bill Smiley, you're not a lazy procrastinating bum." How's that for an accolade?

Small town summertime fifty years ago

By C. H. Nolan

How did the kids of Stouffville fifty years ago put in Summer time? I was one of them, so let me tell you a few of the activities that went on. In those late twenties the town had less than fifteen hundred people. Stouffville had two schools, both contained in one building, the present Summitview; there were five teachers in this single public school, and the second floor housed a Continuation School with three teachers. To obtain your Upper School or Grade 13 certificate it was necessary to go to Markham.

School dismissed for the holidays about the same time as today and it was wonderful as one looked ahead to the long summer days. I was an eastend kid, just on the verge of becoming a teenager, not quite to the point where having a summer job was a real necessity. However to have some kind of minor employment seemed like fun and besides it was the best way to keep a bit of spending money jangling in one's pocket.

Berry picking was the thing, and the east-end had just the places. John McKinnon's on Montreal St. for strawberries, and a little later, Ed Walls orchard across from the Brierbush Hospital. All the strawberry

picking was done in quart boxes and the pay was 3 cents a box. When one moved on to Ed Walls' it was raspberries where a similar box brought you 4 cents. Currants followed and here was the big money-maker, black currants at 30 cents for a six quart basket. They were even better than red cherries which brought you only 20 cent and that for an 11-qt. basket. A real smart picker on the black currants could make \$1 a day, but boy did it ever take a lot of those little fellows to fill a 6-qt. basket.

Stouffville was a farm community. There were lots of farmers in town every day and there were plenty of opportunities for an eager lad to get on the end of a hoe in July, to stook grain in early August and help around threshing time later in the month. This stooking grain sheaves in the fields to be hauled away by team and wagon to the barn for threshing, is a thing of the past. Today everything is combined right in the field. I enjoyed all these jobs from time to time and participating in the work was still as great a reward as any financial returns.

Those were the days when swimming pools were few and far between and certainly

not in a community this size. Even in Toronto, the famous Sunnyside Pool and the YMCA provided about the only artificial swimming places.

These were also the days when every local creek ran sparkling fresh with ponds the same, the days before pollution. As kids we spent hours building dams on creeks north and south of Stouffville just to get the water deep enough for a good plunge. Sure the water was pretty muddy at times, but as the saying goes, it was clean dirt and we enjoyed it to the full.

If one didn't fancy this skinny-dipping in the local stream there was always Musselman's Lake, but the long dusty bicycle trip from town took some of the pleasure out of this exercise.

Baseball was self-organized for school boys like myself, no uniforms and the other necessary equipment you managed to get for yourself. It was a big evening when the Stouffville OBA Intermediate team, playing in the Tri-County league hosted one of the neighboring teams.

Slowly the lazy days of summer were wiled away and few were sorry when school returned for the fall.