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Editorials

Seniors should take control of their own social activities

Although not yet finalized, it is all but certain that council will rent the old post office building for the use of various community groups.

One of the most often discussed uses is for a recreation centre for the many elderly citizens of the community.

There has been much talk of the retired residents getting together and forming their own association to run the post office as a drop-in centre.

So far that is all there has been, just talk. To our surprise the elderly people in this community have so far shown none of the initiative required to get together and form a social organization they can truly call their own.

It seems that almost daily the federal government announces some New Horizons grants that have been awarded to senior citizen's group. Within the past month eight groups in the Toronto area received a total of over \$50,000 to finance such activities as publication of a newsletter, arts programs, recreational and social activities.

The Claremont senior citizen's have formed a very robust organization that has also received federal funding.

It is unfortunate but it seems the elderly have become too dependent on the local service clubs and church groups which have been organizing their outings and social activities.

It is especially unfortunate as the retired people have a wealth of organizational and social experience that is going virtually untapped. There is no way in the world we can convince the elderly in this community are incapable of organizing themselves.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from September 12, 1946.

Claremont landmark

One of the last carriage shops in Pickering Township and perhaps in the province of Ontario has been razed to the ground. It was on the property of Mr. J. A. Pugh, and was built somewhere over 60 years ago by the late Joseph Wilson who owned the property before Mr. Pugh purchased it. Mr. Hugh Michell bought the building for his chicken farm near Claremont.

The passing of this old shop recalls the beginning of the village in 1855. It was in that year that Donald McPhee opened the first store and a grist mill were erected. In 1866, a planing mill and a woollen mill were added to the village industries.

Record enrolment

Uxbridge high school reports the largest enrolment in years with 158 students registered. Two buses operate to the school from Zephyr and from Odora.

Library renovated

While the greater portion of Wednesday's municipal council meeting in Stouffville was taken up with the passing of routine accounts, the local Library Board, represented by Rev. Douglas Davis and L.C. Murphy, waited on council and reported on the recent improvements made there, both in the books and the building itself.

The Board, Mr. Davis stated, had gone to considerable expense of late in redecorating the interior of the building and arranging for bulletin boards outside, and were asking the municipal council for a grant of \$100 to assist with the work. If the council saw fit to make this contribution, a similar grant was to be forthcoming from the Department of Libraries. It was also stated that the Horticultural Society, it was expected, would take on the job of replanting the once flourishing flower bed in front of the library building.

COUNTDOWN:
Stouffville Centennial
1877-1977

Big Retailer Opened in 1891
 Stouffville's first major retailer in the dry goods trade was Fred Spofford. Mr. Spofford was born in Markham Township in the hamlet of Almira and received his secondary education in Richmond Hill. At seventeen he took up employment with the Woodhouse Dry Goods Co. on King St. in Toronto, and following his on-the-job education with this firm he opened two stores himself in downtown Toronto.
 It was in 1889 that he settled in Stouffville, and in 1891 opened the block (now the public library) at the corner of Main and Mill Sts.

One only has to look at the tremendous job Mr. and Mrs. Wes Brillinger have done in breathing life into the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum. They are both in their 70's yet they display a vigor and interest in life that would put many half their age to shame.

We find it amazing that people can go along through their working lives, competently running homes, farms or businesses and then when they reach the magic age of 65 suddenly abdicate responsibility for their own social lives.

Walkers, cyclists safety considered

It seems Highway 47 from Main St. to just south of the Sales Barn will be rebuilt this year after all. Council were earlier informed the project would be cancelled for the year because of a shortage of provincial funds.

Reconstruction should provide considerable relief at the intersection of Main and Highway 47 as plans call for right turn lanes to funnel southbound traffic onto Main St. and to allow traffic coming from east of town to turn north onto the highway.

The only complaint we have is that there is very little provision for pedestrians and none whatsoever for cyclists. Increasingly people have been walking or riding to the Sales Barn and if the plaza is built on the east side of the highway it is logical to expect people to walk from the existing neighborhood to the north and from the proposed Dulverton subdivision.

Plans call only for a sidewalk to run along the west side from Main St. up to South St.

We strongly recommend that a paved strip be placed along both sides of the road all the way up to the Sales Barn. This could serve for cyclists and pedestrians and would be much cheaper than constructing a sidewalk.

Mayor Gordon Ratcliff has expressed approval of this proposal and we hope he can convince the rest of council to go along with it. Now is the time to do it, in conjunction with the rest of the reconstruction.

It could very well save the life of a pedestrian or cyclist.

Let trailbikers ride in supporter's backyard

Dear Editor:
 May I reply to the letter of W. Assinck of RR2 Stouffville, who defended trail bikes in The Tribune of August 19th?

As a rural resident on a hard-surfaced road we have our share of the noise of gravel and other trucks, of farm tractors and implements, chain saws, and etc. and these necessary disturbances we accept as a part of the noise pollution of everyday living. Therefore I do not think we are unreasonable in expecting rural peace and quiet on Saturdays and Sundays when most mechanical activity is curtailed.

When up to forty trailbikers are gathered in the abandoned gravel pits close to our property on weekends, I do not think we are being narrow-minded in complaining about the imported noise. There is a noise-law governing automobiles which does not seem to apply to motorcycles. If the trail bikers operated their vehicles with reasonable quiet we would not complain about their activity, but NOISE seems to be a necessary part of their game.

W. Assinck mentions that older people should think of the fun they had when they were young. Of course we had fun. But we weren't affluent then and to have fun we had to shovel snow from the pond to play hockey, and clean off a section of the cow pasture for baseball and soccer. In between times we did odd jobs to earn money to buy our own skates

and sports equipment. We had no community centres or recreation directors to organize our fun, and I can't remember any of my youthful gang being bored or getting into serious trouble.

W. Assinck asks where kids can go to ride trail bikes. As an opener I would suggest that



a passenger and sing or whistle as I do, then observing is all that is left. Hence I have observed; Most 1973 licence plates are standing up to the road salt better than most cars. The Ontario

government should expand their licence plate production into car bodies. An entrepreneur could corner the old licence plate market and sell them as car body patches.

My observation is; how ineffective local government has become. Why not let the administrator continue to run the administration and let council resign.

The provincial government would continue to set our local policy and we would be setting an example by cutting back on expenses.

We could use the money saved to buy old licence plates. Then we could sell them as body patches or let the senior citizens use them in their arts and crafts at the new library. We would take a percentage of their sales.

We could be known as the reclamation centre of the world. Garbage from every country - we could all be rich - start a lottery - have the Olympics! Maybe we could buy the country - form our own government and stop the dump.

I have just been observed doing 40 mph in a 30 mph zone.

WILLIAM MCARTHUR
 RR1, Gormley

given as I did not want to be charged with plagiarism.

"Poo Bah Morris and Broadbent marched their subservient serfs up the hill." When asked by students invited to receive the throng what mental institute they hailed from, the subservient serfs bawled out "Labor Congress of Canada." This answer produced laughter from all quarters. With their welcome at an end; Poo Bah, Morris and Broadbent, marched the subservient serfs down the hill.

Shadows of evening had begun to creep over the landscape yet high on the hill a beautiful maple leaf fluttered in the evening calm and the vesper hymn came choring "Oh Canada, we stand on guard for thee."

The following sketch about the climb up the hill, about Morris and Broadbent stems from a parody on a labor leader in the USA named Dooley. This explanation

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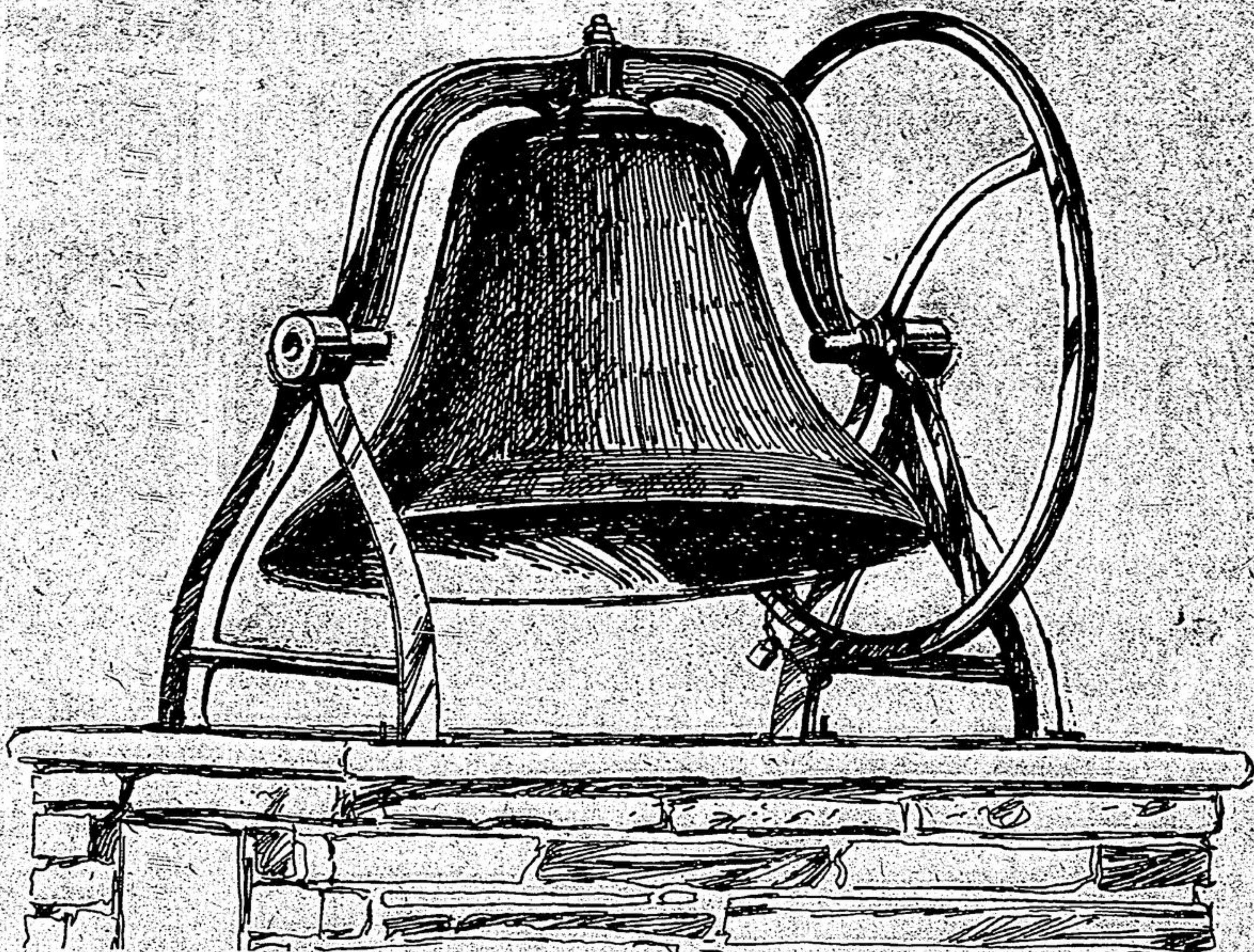
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Charles Creasey, a Stouffville resident, submitted this sketch of the town fire bell as an entry for the planned Centennial Sketch Book. Anyone interested in submitting a drawing should act quickly as the deadline is October 1. There have been some very fine submissions from local residents but so far we have less than a dozen sketches in hand. If no more arrive we will have a pretty skimpy book. The bell pictured here now sits in front of the fire hall. It originally was mounted at the top of a fire tower

and dates back to the days when citizens formed bucket brigades to attempt to douse fires. According to Jean Barkey, who has been researching the town's past for the planned history of Stouffville, the bell was installed in the 1880's. According to Mrs. Barkey there was an arsonist in town at that time and the train station, two hotels, both mills, the tannery and a carpet factory were put to the torch. She believes the culprit was discovered to be an employee of the Grand Trunk Railway

SUGAR AND SPICE

Distractions, distractions, distractions

By BILL SMILEY

Boy, I can't think of anything more harrowing than trying to write a column sitting at the picnic table in the backyard on a mid-summer day.

I envy those writers who have a nice, quiet study, preferably without windows, in which to do their work. No distractions, no disruptions. Just the writer and his machine, the words pouring onto the clean white paper like sparkling wine onto a white linen tablecloth.

It's almost impossible for me to concentrate on turning out a piece of taut, fascinating, creative prose for more than a minute or two, sitting here today. Too many interruptions.

Not only do I not have no windows, if you'll pardon the triple negative, it's just one

big window, and I can't stop looking through it. If it was possible to turn my head in a 360 degree circle, I would see an entire world, mostly green, in miniature.

There's my neighbor, Helen, at the clothesline. Uh-huh. Looks like her granddaughter was here for the weekend. Ten diapers on the line, among the towels and sheets. Doesn't believe in disposables. I do.

There's a sawing sound across the fence. Wonder what my neighbor, Jim, is working at this fine, sunny day. Better saunter over and check it out. We'll have a chat about the iniquities of the town council.

Here comes Patsy Woods, a third side neighbor, with her little brother. Bad news. One of my huge oak limbs, about two feet in diameter, the one that hangs right over their

house, has a split right up the trunk. Have to go and look. Yeah, that's bad, Patsy. I'll have to call George, the tree man, and have it taken down. Pity, but it will provide some excitement for the neighborhood.

Right behind me is the big, square, brick house in which lurks my old lady, suffering from the mummy of all sunburns. Nose like an over-ripe cherry, chest like a peeling boiled beet. Furious because of the way she looks and feels.

I don't burn. After a dreadful experience as a kid, when I had to sit for two days and nights in a chair, plastered from head to toe with some concoction of my mother's for sunburn (was it baking powder or baking soda?), I keep my lily limbs covered. Oh, I get what we call a farmer's tan; forearms, face and neck, but the rest of me is white as the driven snow.

I don't turn around to look behind me at that house. Aside from my suffering wife inside, there is the outside. That beautiful green vine, so much admired by visitors, is climbing the brick wall like a giant squid, pulling the bricks loose one by one, and occasionally hurling 'em down, just above the back door. At today's rates for repairs, that brickwork will likely cost me more than it cost to build the house, 70-odd years ago.

Let's change the subject. In fact, I think I'll break off for a moment, it's so painful. There's the garbage can to bring in. Maybe I'll get my seven iron out of the car trunk and cut some weeds. That's what I use instead of a hoe.

There, that's better. My swing was right on today. Kept my head down, my eye on the weed, took a slow back swing, and one whole flower bed is weedless.

Also pushed the lawn mower under the spruce tree, to keep the rain off, and picked up the grandkids, inflatable swim pool, which, after a week sitting there full of rain, grass and bugs, left a big round dead patch in the lawn. Good work, Bill.

More distractions. A cheeky black squirrel, looking for a handout. Dumb cat rubbing against my leg, looking for the same. Three ugly grackles, striding splay-footed and insolent, across my lawn, pecking up the fresh grass seed.

Ahah! What's that noise, down the lane. Better stroll down and see. Great. A Bell telephone truck and two young fellows digging a post hole. Entire neighborhood watches. Machinery digs hole, erects pole with ease. Old timers comment scornfully. Remember when you dug them by hand, with a spoon shovel. Brutal hard work.

There's the fire engine! Better jump in the car and follow. Holy old jimpin'! Why do they let all these crazies follow the fire truck through town at 50 miles an hour? Somebody might be killed.

Wasn't much. Just some dumb housewife let the fat boil over on the stove while she was watching her soap opera. But it might have been a good one, like the old lumber mill last week. That was a dandy.

Should get back to the column. Oh, no. There's the old battleaxe at the back door, wailing. "What are you doing out there, just sitting around enjoying yourself, when you know I'm in agony? Least you could do is put a washing through and sweep the kitchen floor, it's filthy. And you haven't brought me any fresh tea for two hours."

Oh, lordy. Who's this pulling up? It can't be. It is. It's those people we met at a party two years ago and insisted with great fervor and sincerity that if they were ever in our neck of the woods, to look us up. Look at that. Three kids and a dog. Oh, dear.

Perhaps you can understand now why I hate being a schoolteacher and having the summer off and having to write my column out under the trees, instead of writing it at my desk in mid-winter.

BOB LEWIS
 RR2, Stouffville