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## Library board states case for new facility

The need for a new public library facility in Whitchurch - Stouffville has long been apparent. Over the last fourteen years the Library Board has attempted to document the case. In 1972 the need was confirmed by an independent consultant. A new library now seems a reality, with only a few minor details to be confirmed. Yet, there are still members of the community who feel current facilities are adequate and that the new project should be scrapped.

The current Main St. location is excellent but the facilities are, in fact, barely adequate. They have been sufficient only as temporary quarters. Being an old building, the floors were never designed to hold the weight of book stacks. The floors, at present, are loaded to maximum capacity, and to add new stacks is structurally impossible without major, expensive renovations. Since the Library Board rents, but does not own the present building, expenditures of this kind make little sense.

Rather than pay rent, it is more practical to put the money into a building which the people of Whitchurch - Stouffville will own. The debenture money comes from the provincial government at a rate much below the current market rates. In effect a very cheap loan for what the province considers worthwhile projects.

Of the land purchased as a building site for \$105,000, only 25 percent will be deeded to the Library Board. The rest can be used or developed by the municipality as it so desires. This foresight is sound and responsible planning.

A cost to the taxpayer for the library of one-half million dollars has been hinted at by some citizens. The actual cost to the municipality for the building will be the \$250,000 debenture and a guarantee of \$35,000 until the old library is sold. All other building funds will come from donations and Wintario. There are no escalation clauses in the tender documents, thus we are assured of a firm price by the contractor, and this price is backed by a performance bond.

Even though there is no assessment on libraries, it is the case that any municipality with a Library Board collects a per capita grant directly from the Province for library service. This year that grant amounted to \$21,119. Not an inconsiderable sum.

We have also heard the argument that only those who use the library should pay for it. Since the passage in the 19th century of the Public Libraries Acts in Great Britain it has been considered a right in literate countries to have free access to information. Libraries are store houses of our culture and necessary tools to insure a literate and informed citizenry. To continue in this tradition is a right and a duty of all the citizens of Whitchurch - Stouffville.

The Public Library Board has attempted to the best of its ability to plan a reasonable and efficient building. Let the community now stand behind the board to make the official centennial project a successful venture.

Editor's note: The preceding is a guest editorial submitted by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library Board.

## Present library is quite adequate

Dear Sir,  
 We got money — let's spend it.  
 Away we go again — too much of our tax money just waiting to be spent. It must be a disease that's become an epidemic, perhaps we should call it a "spending flu."

Here we have a library that is in a very central location, is quite large enough, I've never seen it crowded, and the library board wants to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for a new library.

It will cost more than a half million before its through, as anyone who has seen projects escalate during the past few years will know.

The council apparently has \$250,000 it doesn't know what to do with. One tax way or another that money came out of our pockets and before that building is open for business we'll have to kick in a lot more.

There's no assessment on libraries; the land is worth a lot more to the town as a business or commercial site.

REG MACKAY  
 85 Maytree Ave.  
 Stouffville.



As expected there were numerous last minute entries for the Centennial Sketch Book. All entries have been handed over to committee chairman Bruce Burton who is arranging to have a panel of artists make the actual selections. In this way it was felt the judging would be objective. As it turns out the sketch book will be more of a folio than a book. The sketches will be printed on high quality paper, suitable for framing.

and won't be bound. The sketch above, drawn by high school art teacher John Roberts, was one of the last entries received. The house is located at the north-west corner of Main and Albert Sts. The house is approximately 90 years old and was built for J. L. Baker, who was involved in the lumber business in Stouffville before the turn of the century.

## Definitions for hockey

The Ontario Hockey Coaches Association recently gleaned some hockey definitions from an American newspaper that, while they do not accurately reflect the Ontario hockey scene, may serve as a warning for us to improve the atmosphere of the game.

**Red Line**  
 — The trail left on the ice by a player with a nosebleed, severed limb, fractured face, etc., as he is led to the arena infirmary for surgery.

**Crease**  
 — The line a referee gets in his forehead when he's informed he'll be handling a game involving the Philadelphia Flyers.

**Blue Line**  
 — A hockey player's conversation in which every second word is "you".

**Gloves**  
 — What a player throws down to signal the game has started.

**Penalty box**  
 — Where hockey is played. (If the penalty box is crowded, however, players may mill around on the ice until there's space for them.)

**Hooking**  
 — Hockey's Oldest profession.

**Trainer**  
 — The person who tapes the hockey players hands before the fighting begins, and their bodies after it's over.

**Stick**  
 — The most important bit of hockey equipment in that the player needs it to make obscene gestures to the crowd, impale other players, and hold himself up while skating to the penalty box.

**Net**  
 — What's left from the gross after expenses.

**Hockey Fan**  
 — A person who pays \$12.50 to witness the kind of thing he can see for free outside any sleazy bar late Saturday night.

**Teeth**  
 — There is no such word in the hockey dictionary.

**Goal**  
 — Well, we all know what the goal is in professional hockey, to make money, right?

## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Bill spends unconstructive summer

By BILL SMILEY



End of summer notes, Can't think of one, single, useful, constructive thing I did during the past summer. Which is as it should be.

I did threaten, once or twice, to paint the back stoop and the picnic table and chairs. But on the days when I was ready to put the stain on the picnic equipment, it rained, thank goodness. And I never did figure out how to paint the stoop. The cat sleeps there all day. I was either going to have a cat with green feet, or I'd have to tie him to the lilac tree until the paint dried, which I thought was a bit inhuman.

One of the big events of the summer was having an oak tree taken down. It was about 70 feet high and two feet thick at the base. It was quite a thrill to watch the tree-slayers, two of them scrambling away up into the blue of a summer evening, slinging ropes around in all sorts of mysterious ways, shouting incomprehensible directions to each other, like a couple of sailors reefing the foresail around Cape Horn, and lowering the mighty oak in sections.

I now have four woodpiles in my back yard, about six cords of firewood, on which all sorts of people are casting an envious eye. Forget it, friends. It cost me \$300 to have that oak down, and I'm going to enjoy it, if I have to keep the fireplace burning day and night all winter.

That was a bad week. Just after the oak came down, the automatic washer in the basement blew its guts. The dryer was shot too, so this was another \$700. An exciting installation. The washer and dryer won't go down our cellar stairs. The boys had to rip out the stairs and lower the machinery. But they labored with great good nature and ingenuity. We didn't lose a single man. Nor even a married one. It could never happen if you bought the outfit from one of the big, out-of-town firms. They'd just sneer if you said:

"The stairs have to come out."  
 That was a \$1,000 week of pure loss. But it was somewhat redeemed the following week when I went to Halifax and won an award which included a handsome cheque for \$500. It made me think God was back in His heaven, after being out to lunch for a whole week.

That Halifax is quite a place. It looks like a city in Germany, circa 1950, that has been badly bombed, and is re-building. Beautiful new buildings rising right next to deadly, three-storey slums, with winos hanging out the windows.

Last time I was there was in the spring of 1942, on my way overseas, and Halifax was real crud then. Cold, wet, dismal, blackout, poor food. England looked like paradise after war-time Halifax. Now it's a swinging, lively city.

Had a fine trip on the Bluenose 11, all sails set, spanking along in the sunshine. Don't miss this, if you're there. Watched in fascination as a prominent western editor fell asleep, not once, but three times, during a speech by Joe Clark, a potential prime minister.

Humored an eastern editor who, armed with a credit card from the Grand Trunk Railway, personally signed by Sir John MacDonald, thought he could finance a trip for several of us to Paraguay.

Listened to a number of editors of my vintage tell me they're rich, retired and work one day a week. "Just to keep my hand in." Which, of course, means interfering with their sons, or daughters, who are trying to pay off the tremendous sum the old man wanted for the business.

Gave sage advice and a bottle of rum to a young woman called Alice B. Toklas, who assured me she had quit running around with Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald and all those rotters.

And then, of course, we've had The Boys, as they are now called. The Boys are the two grandsons. When they are here, it takes four adults full time to keep things even minimally sane. One is at the hell-on-wheels stage. The other is at the crawling, "if you can't eat it pull it over on your head" stage.

And every time our daughter leaves, with The Boys, we are cleaned out. She goes away with a big, green garbage bag full of steaks, chicken, pork chops, a box full of canned goods, and a pillow case stuffed with new clothes for The Boys and herself. Next morning, we have to go shopping to get enough grub for our own breakfast.

Then there's been the golf. No matter what she does, my wife is an enthusiast. She believes that nothing succeeds like excess. So we've played golf every day. She is really a rotten player, because she reads books about golf and practices her swing. I am just ordinary rotten.

I'm afraid we're going to be thrown out of the golf club. If anyone had tried to tell me that my sweet, shy bride of a few years ago would come out with the language she uses on the golf course, I'd have said: "Sir, pistols at dawn, or nine irons at nine. Take your pick."

I try to help, in a gentle, sincere sort of way. When she flubs a shot, I merely point out that her grip was slack, her stance sloppy, her back-swing too fast, and her head went up like a toilet seat, and she screams at me, right across the fairway.

I heard one elderly lady golfer saying to her husband, quite concerned: "Mark my words, she's going to kill him. Why do you think she takes her seven iron home every day, after they play? I hear he's well insured."

All in all, it was a pretty fair summer. I think.

## COUNTDOWN: Stouffville Centennial 1877-1977



**Early Reeves of Stouffville**  
 Of the early Reeves of Stouffville, none was more eminently a community builder than Robert J. Daley, fourth reeve. The Stouffville Market flourished at its height when he was reeve.

He took office in 1890 and served for three years. Prominent in the legislation enacted when he was reeve was the Liquor Local Option Bill of which he was a strong advocate. In 1892 a largely signed petition asked for the vote to be taken and it passed in April of that year by a good margin over the three-fifths requirement.

Council meetings were held in the hall owned by the reeve and no charge was made.

The tax rate during his three-year term of office remained at 13 mills. Mr. Daley was never defeated for the reeveship but in 1892 declined to seek re-election. Mr. Daley was buried in Stouffville in 1930.

During his term of office the clerk-

treasurer W. H. Woodgate resigned and Uriah C. Hamilton took over the duties.

Mr. Daley's councillors had been R. J. Armstrong, auctioneer and storekeeper; J. C. Clark, veterinarian; Hiram Johnson, baker, and Thomas Williamson, who became one of the village's most well-to-do residents and on his death left the Williamson Trust Fund to the "deserving poor" of the community.

**Centennial book**  
 The book on the history of Stouffville is now in the final stages and should go to the printers by the end of November. A target date set for sales to the public is January.

**Commemorative plates**  
 Centennial plates are being looked after by Helen Hassard and Marian Hodgson.

Plates will be available for sale by December. The plates come in two designs with either a picture of the original Summitview School or the train station. Plates will have some historical notes on the back.



## Do the English really have it?

By C. H. Nolan

LONDON — Despite all their problems, economic, climatic, and other wise, do the English really know how to live better than we do? After making more trips to Britain than I can remember I still come away each time more than a little impressed by the manner in which they appear to enjoy life.

The anxiety which we on this side of the water are constantly faced with, that need to "slow down", is never a topic of conversation. Neither mountainous taxes, nor high prices occupy the priority place in conversation that one would expect.

High pressure salesmanship is hard to find and the speed with which many transactions are completed can drive a North American nearly wild.

Why are we in all this hurry? Suddenly faced with this question we are at a loss for an answer. Should we be driven to "explode" in the face of this "couldn't care less" manner of doing business, we are merely looked on with faint curiosity. Over the last twenty or thirty years we have lived in Canada with a constant feeling of being pushed. We fight against it with great difficulty. The end result, continual tension. We can deny it but it's there.

The exact cause of this continual scramble is not known, but it undoubtedly feeds on the TV, the daily press, the anxiety over jobs and status. We are constantly looking for change and feel uncomfortable

with the uncertainty of it all. While British newspapers are a weak copy of those to which we're accustomed, particularly in their breadth of coverage, they are enjoyed. Likewise TV, while minimal in variety compared to our own, is excellent in quality, and is likewise much enjoyed. There is a pleasure in doing nothing which we in this country cannot quite grasp. We rush from place to place, scarcely knowing why.

This slowness of pace in Britain, most pronounced outside the large metropolitan

areas, is a treat once one gets used to it and it's only natural to wonder why it has to be otherwise.

All this is not to say that we in Canada, are not conscientious — we are. Many are so much so that their frenzied lives lead them to take on more than their share of community tasks.

A great majority of people will deny their tensions, but it is a condition throughout our society that has become chronic, and a trip to Britain is a sure way to see the difference.

## Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from October 10, 1946.

**Quite happy**  
 Cute little Martha Anne Pogue, 3-year-old Gormley girl, spent all her money at the first stand at Markham Fair on Saturday.

**Record receipts**  
 Markham Fair receipts this year established a record, reaching \$3,594.55, plus grand stand admissions of \$274. "One of the most orderly and largest crowds on record for this fair," said President George Little.

**Clock bathed**  
 The town clock has just had a bath, first since it was installed fifteen years ago.

Caretaker Jake Smith, who grooms the clock each week, stopped the works for a few days and gave the whole mechanism a thorough cleaning. We wouldn't want to be without our big time piece.

**\$80 snack**  
 The value of farmer Elmer Henderson's calf took a sudden \$80 rise — too sudden for its own good. Henderson put his wallet containing \$80 on a bush when he started to mow a meadow. When he returned, the wallet was gone. Henderson killed the calf and found his \$80, only slightly chewed. The farmer lives near Russellville, down in Arkansas.