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Editorials
Community spirit in town is
apparently in short supply

The centennial year is fast approaching and thanks to considerable work by the various committees and service clubs the year promises to be a busy whirl of social activities.
We'll have banquets, barbecues, dances, parades, contests and parties galore but we are somewhat concerned that conspicuously missing are any projects that will upgrade or improve the former village in a permanent manner.
That is, except for a tree planting program to be carried out on the Orchard Park school yard by the students and teachers there.
The suggestion we have had made on several occasions and in this very space — that a program of tree planting and a general

clean up of downtown be embarked on — has been met with absolute silence.
Stouffville has an embarrassing amount of litter in the streets but perhaps it's been there so long it will be part of the centennial celebrations.
We can picture the slogan "100 years of trash". Maybe some of that crud is 100 years old (it looks it) and by removing it we would be irreplaceably destroying a wealth of historical artifacts.
The town's official centennial project, the new library, had to be mandated by council and it seems to be universally unpopular. A first for us, we had never, until now, heard of a community objecting to building a library. Most communities are proud of their library facilities.
Another thing that does not bode well for the community is that on the eve of our centennial we have become so apathetic about municipal affairs that only the mayoralty position is being contested.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from October 24, 1946
Legal pickpockets
The farmer who finds his pocket has been picked after he returns from market with a healthy-sized roll of bills, can just forget about it if the picking has been done by his own wife, according to Jean O'Rour, a past president of the Womens' Law Association. The practice, she declares, is not contrary to the Criminal Code — as long as the wife is not thinking of forsaking the household.
This will be encouraging news for housewives, as far as civil or criminal law goes, but the law that governs the individual household might argue with this decision, consequently each wife will have to give the matter consideration, with the knowledge of the kind of animal she has to deal with.
Knight of the road
"Just a minute now until I get straightened up before you shoot that thing," said this confirmed "knight of the road" to The Tribune when the camera was turned on him. Few know his name, Jim Shannon, but hundreds know his familiar figure as he saunters through the town on his frequent excursions, which range between Stouffville as his western point, east through Whitby and Oshawa as far as Newcastle.
"No I never take a ride, especially if it is offered by women. I keep away from them, but it is so seldom they ask me," he confessed.
Only in the dead of winter does Jim feel the comfort of a bed. He starts off in early spring to sleep out until November then seeks a farm job usually finding one among the big stock men who need help in winter season, such as Jim can offer.

For the past two years we have listened to people belly-aching and complaining that council are a bunch of tightwads, are spending our money like a drunken sailor, are holding up development or are selling out the entire municipality to the developers.
Yet when election time rolls around where are the critics?
The old saying is that people get what they deserve but luckily in this case that hasn't happened. If Stouffville got the kind of council it seems to deserve then we would have a bunch of opportunists and grafters running things to suit themselves.
We often disagree with council's decisions but their sincerity and conscientiousness cannot be questioned.
It would do well to remember that an acclaimed council, one whose members are in office by default, owes nothing to the ratepayers because the citizenry didn't elect them.
We have been regarding the situation in Uxbridge with more than a little envy. That community has a spirit that makes us look sick. They have a businessman's association (may ours rest in peace) that is doing a great job of beautifying and revitalizing the downtown.
We can look at the demise of Sports Day and the craft centre and then compare that to the vitality of Uxbridge's fair and a host of other activities held there. The comparison doesn't make us look good.
We are not attempting to belittle those people who have worked so hard to arrange the centennial activities. We appreciate the tremendous amount of work that has gone into arranging the festivities but we feel it is time to take a look at where we are really going as a community.
The question is are we going to maintain a distinctive identity and community spirit or are we going to become just another faceless characterless bedroom community?

HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ATTACK EACH OTHER — NOT ME!
STOUFFVILLE '76 MAYORALTY CHAMPIONSHIP
CATHY
GORD
REGIONAL GOVERNMENT
RON OGBORNE

SUGAR AND SPICE
Football — gave toothless character



BY BILL SMILEY
NOW that the hockey hysteria is over, we armchair athletes can settle into the football season, and lend our expertise, so lately freely offered to Scotty Bowman and the Canadian team, to those who really need it, like the hapless Russ Jackson and the hopeless Toronto Argos.
I must confess that I'm not as keen on football as I once was. When I was a young buck, I was crazy about it. I knew all the players in the big league, all the standings, all the records.
When I was a kid, we lived not too far from Ottawa, and I saw some of the greats in action — Dave Sprague, Bummer Stirling, Tony Golab.
When I was about 14, my big brother took me to a Grey Cup final, a classic between Winnipeg and Ottawa, with the great little Fritz Hanson, one of the first American imports, scampering around on the field like a waterbug on a pond until he was finally crushed by some huge home-brew, a behemoth like Bunny Wadsworth of the Rough Riders.
Those were the days when people went to watch football games because they loved the game, not because it was a status symbol to have a ticket, and also a great occasion for a weekend binge.
My first Grey Cup game was also my introduction to rye whiskey. I sat between two French Canadian gentlemen, knowledgeable about football. They had a mickey of rye. After a particularly great play, they'd have a polite swig each, to keep out the bitter November chill. With Gallic grace, they offered me a slug. My Methodist background and teetotal parents made me exclaim with horror. But my 14-year-old spirit of adventure made me wet my lips, with one eye on my brother. I've had a warm spot for the combination of football, French Canadian gentlemen, and rye whiskey ever since. My

mother would have killed me, if she'd seen.
Nowadays, a kid like that would probably have a mickey of his own. Or worse, he'd be bludgeoned to death by some drunken woman behind him, pounding on his head and screaming: "Go, Stamps, Go!" even though she didn't know the difference between a wide end and a big bum.
In high school, I played junior, then senior football. My best friends were the jocks on the football team, rather than the academic types, the boys in the school orchestra, the members of the students' council.
Autumns were not school work. They were long months of crisp fall afternoons, tackling, running, throwing, passing. Then the hot shower, and the painful limp a mile home through an October dark, with a sprained ankle or a loose tooth. And the occasional day of glory, when we stuck it to Smiths Falls or Carleton Place, and the cheers were like manna.
In those days, there was no money for fancy uniforms and buses to out-of-town games. Most of us wore home-made pads with felt from the local felt mill. There were about half a dozen helmets for the two teams. When we played out of town, parents and teachers transported the team in their own cars. When we played a home game, every student and lots of townspeople were out to cheer. The coach was a volunteer.
Times change. In the high school in which I teach, with a student population of 1,600 (my own high school had 400), it's impossible, this year, to muster two teams, senior and junior. We'll be lucky to have one. Because of education cut-backs, there's no money for buses to transport the teams. When we do have a home game, the students leave in hundreds to walk the streets, or just goof around.
It's sort of sad. Football used to be character-building, even though you wound up

with a tooth or two missing, and a gimpy knee. But if you weighed 140 and tackled some brute of 190, you knew you were on your way to being a man.
In my day, the emphasis was on offense: running, passing, trick plays. But with the massive influx of the American game, the emphasis on defense, and television to show it all, the game has become almost dull, except for the odd brilliant outburst of speed by some guy who is being paid a phenomenal sum for his skill.
And the main idea now is "hitting." That is, the player tries to collide with an opponent with such force, and in such a way, that the latter will be injured. And if it requires breaking the rules, deliberately, as I've seen it done, for example, on kick returns, then go ahead. Take the penalty, as long as you can "hit" and injure the kick returner when he's not set for a collision. It's dirty, dirty.
I went to university, and I played there. And I watched Joe Krol and Royal Copeland and company, and it was still great.
But after the war, the Yanks took over. Now it's mechanized. You have an "offensive" and a "defensive" team (we used to play 60 minutes, both ways), and the chief aim seems to be to disable the opposition.
No wonder it's losing its popularity with today's students. They are not so dumb.
One of our high school coaches revealed the new attitude. When he remonstrated with one of his rookies, "Hit 'im! Him 'im!" the kid retorted: "Why should I hit 'im? He's my friend."
Another kid started walking off the field in the middle of a play: "Hey! Where you going?" the coach wanted to know. The kid said: "I'm gonna have a rest."
It may not be football, and it may make coaches grind their teeth to the jawbone, but it's sanity.



Government still flogging Pickering

By Sinclair Stevens MP
The Pickering Airport scheme, is still alive and well, at least in the minds of certain Ottawa bureaucrats whose views are reflected by Transport Minister Otto Lang.
In the House of Commons last Thursday, Mr. Lang stated, "The fact is an additional air facility in the Toronto region is the only way we know of solving the problem of increasing traffic which will be presenting itself."
Having said this, the Minister ignored three facts:
First, compared to earlier years there has been little or no growth in Toronto air traffic during 1975 and so far this year.
Faced with these current activity figures, department officials simply reply "the growth will come."
Second, Mr. Lang's department has already made two classic blunders in trying to establish dual airports to serve one urban area.
In Montreal the billion-dollar Mirabel has turned out to be a white elephant.
Now it is intended to justify Mirabel by transferring traffic, including Toronto passengers, through Mirabel and by diverting Dorval activity up to the less convenient new airport.
In Edmonton, air traffic has been badly split to the great annoyance of customers ever since the federal government built a second airport 20 miles out of town.
Third, while Mr. Lang speaks of building Pickering, which will likely cost more than Mirabel, other ministers in the Trudeau cabinet talk of fiscal restraint, less spending and more energy conservation. Somebody is at cross purposes.
Few, if any, new airports are being built anywhere in the world today. Certainly they are not being constructed in the U.S. for

example, yet that country has eight airports that are more active than Malton. O'Hare in Chicago alone handles more passengers than all Canadian airports put together yet that airport is only slightly bigger than Malton.
The economic turn down and energy crunch has led other countries to at least delay airport expansion. So should we in Canada.
Better rail service between Toronto and Montreal, eliminating non-commercial and private flights at Malton and the routing of air freight to other airports would relieve Malton

from the stress of any future air traffic expansion — that is up to 1990 anyway.
Beyond that date who knows what will be needed to service future travellers.
Already it is known that larger aircraft, with modern noise control apparatus, will carry more passengers with less noise.
As that becomes apparent, it is likely today's anxiety among residents in the Malton area will lessen. They want to keep their airport but they want less noise. They may get both — that is if Pickering is not built.
precipitation for your excellently written article.
JAMES OOSTERVEER,
Senior Probation/
Parole Officer.
Group discussion in schools not wanted
Dear Sir,
I was glad to see that the York County Board of Education passed a motion stressing "the achievement of self-motivation and self-esteem through academic and vocational skills." I hope that this trend toward more basic skills for our children will also be a trend away from group discussions of personal and family problems and other group psychological techniques.
AUDREY CHRISTIE,
Elm Rd.
Stouffville.

COUNTDOWN:
Stouffville Centennial
1877-1977
Early Reeves of Stouffville
James H. Ratcliff, who was elected to the reeveship in 1897, might well be described as the father of the local domestic water system. He persisted in his efforts to bring the water question to a head, and it was voted on in his first year of office.
It required all Mr. Ratcliff's persuasive powers to even get the electorate to consent to vote on the question. Council was fearful of the \$25,000 bylaw required. The ensuing vote was one of the hottest ever contested in village history. The bylaw passed by seven votes. Most of the op-
ponents lived to see the error of their stand.
Initially Mr. Ratcliff held office for two terms. He was re-elected in 1917 and remained in office for five straight years. He was the youngest councillor the village had had and was often twitted for his youthfulness.
He was prominent in the grocery business and a son, Glenn Ratcliff recently deceased, also served as councillor and reeve in later years.
Mr. Ratcliff was born in Wingham and educated in Peterboro where it is recalled he walked five miles to high school each day.
Vaughan Marx, owner of Stouffville Monument Works donated the two plaques above honouring the upcoming Stouffville Centennial and the village dead from World War II and the Korean conflict. The two columns located at the Church St. S. entrance to the town park have also been rebricked. Unfortunately the lamps on top of the pillars have been smashed by the village's one seemingly inexhaustible natural resource — vandals.