The Tribune

Established 1885

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Editorials

Good to hear of street clean up-but how long will it last?

Members of the Stouffville Recycling Depot have volunteered to sponsor a clean up day for Stouffville next May.

As the rather grimy condition of Stouffville was the subject of a recent editorial tirade on our part it is only to be expected that we heartily approve of this proposal on the part of the recycling people.

Our only concern is that unless something can be done to change people's attitude toward littering, it will only be a very short time until the streets have deteriorated back to their present condition.

There is definitely a shortage of garbage pails on the streets and the addition of a few might make some difference but we suspect they wouldn't solve the problem entirely.

The other day we noticed, with some disgust, that there was as much litter on the ground within a few feet of the trash bins as there was further down the street where there wasn't a receptacle.

Maybe what we need is a public relations campaign to sell the idea that spreading garbage about the streets is revolting or maybe we should start turning in litterers to the police. After all Stouffville is on a provincial highway and there is a $50 fine for littering on a highway.

The other possibility is that we are perhaps being too cynical and that when the good citizens of the village see their streets groomed and immaculate they will never again foul them with candy bar wrappers and empty cigarette packages. We'll see.

In spite of these comments it is assuredly not our intention to discourage the clean up and in fact we hope it will be supported by the town as a whole.

Some beautification work has already taken place and the lawn around Latcham Hall has been landscaped. We hope council won't stop there and maybe eventually we will see trees growing in the downtown area that haven't struggled through the cracks in the sidewalk.

Anyone who has looked at the streets lately will have to agree there is no shortage of soil for potting trees.

More acclamations than contests again

Nominations closed Monday for the upcoming municipal elections and as per usual there is a dearth of candidates.

At least there is a contest between Gord Ratcliff and Cathy Joice for the mayor's job, a two way contest between Bill McNalley and Robert Pritzker in Ward 3 and wonder of wonders a three way race for Ward 6 between Eldred King, Gary Fisher and Sheila Brumell.

That leaves Ward 2 Councillor Becky Wedley, Ward 5 Councillor June Button, public school trustee Harry Bowes and Jack McDermott from the separate school board with acclamations. Untierd candidates Bill Kamps in Ward 4 and Jim Doble in Ward 1 have also graciously been given acclamations.

What an uncanny coincidence that all those people who were unhappy with council's performance over the past two years have had such a dramatic change of heart and are now absolutely content with their municipal representatives.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from November 21, 1946.

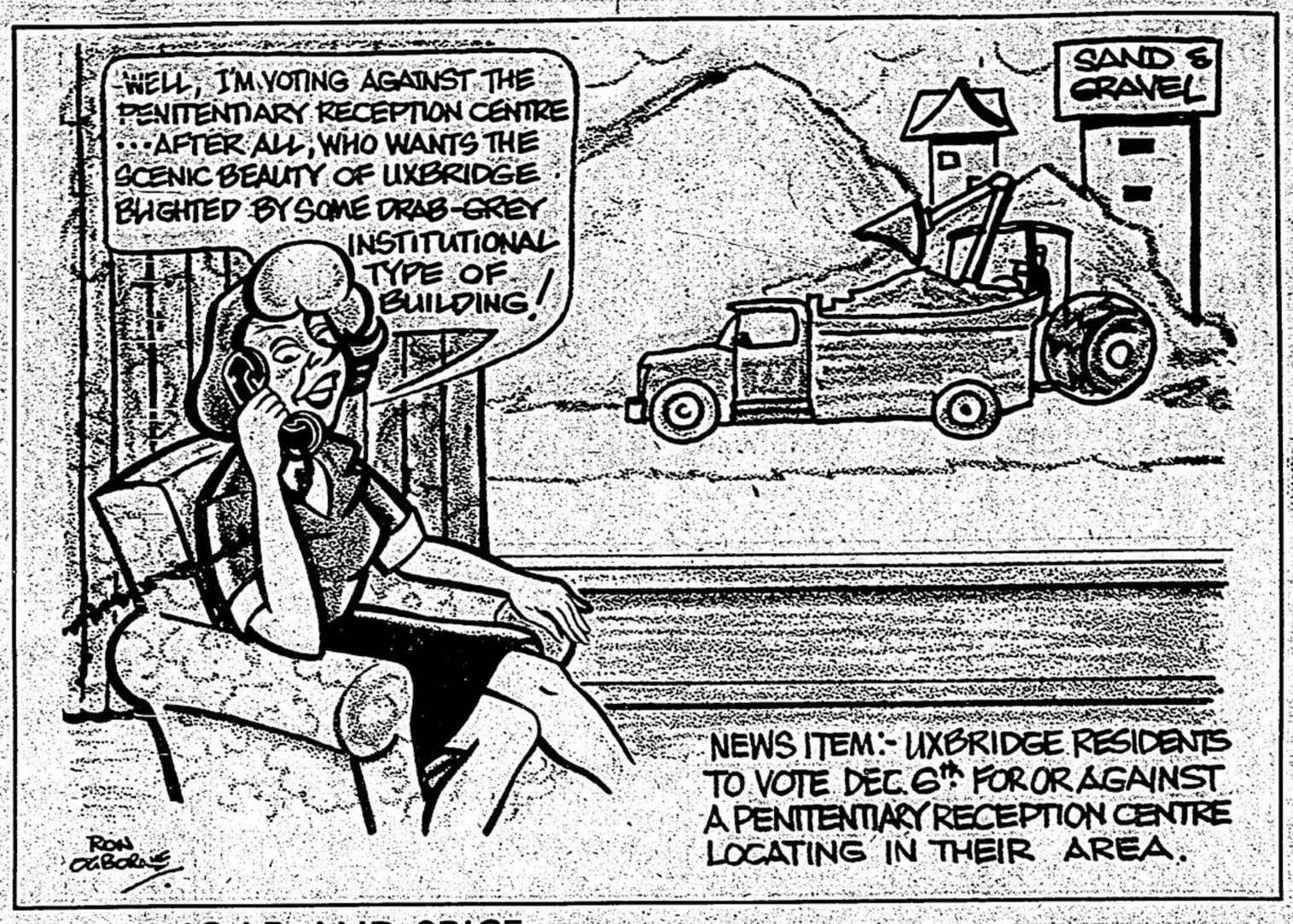
Nomination evening

This Friday evening, Nov. 22nd, is nomination time in Stouffville, when the offices of reeve, councillors, cemetery commissioner, and members of the Board of Education will be filled. In case more than the necessary number are nominated to fill any of the vacancies, an election will be held on Monday, Dec. 9th.

The reeve and councillors all say that they are willing to hand over the reins of office to any group who care to offer their services. The reeve claims the town is poorly organized to handle the ever increasing responsibility of the council. Hydro and water departments are growing by leaps and bounds, and should have better supervision than a municipal council can give. He will urge some improvements in our municipal setup, we understand.

No new names are mentioned for office, but it is hoped that good, responsible citizens will be ready to offer their services in some capacity or other.

Big wages
Qualified
ELECTRICIANS
Wanted at Once. $1.00 an hour, 44 hour week. Apply immediately to Box 191 Stouffville.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Aren't we sick of those hypocrites?

By BILL SMILEY

There is one type among the species Man that puzzles and saddens me.

In an age that congratulates itself on its openness, its honest, its "Let it all hang out" attitude, the hypocrite is still very much with us.

Some people might think the 19th century was the golden age of hypocrisy. Certainly, it set some high standards in this line.

There were the manufacturers who preached enlightenment and progress on the one hand, and on the other worked children 60 hours a week in their factories.

There were the men who brayed on chastity as one of the prime virtues, and dallied with prostitutes. There were the men who spoke glowingly of a gentler way of life, and set savage fighting dogs on one another. The list is endless.

And the women! Oh, but weren't they the hypocrites, too? Just as tough and voracious as any woman of today, they hid these traits behind a facade of gentility, humility, helplessness and fainting fits.

It was an era in which the public mouthing of the Christian virtues was only exceeded by the private materialism, corruption, and sometimes downright viciousness of the middle and upper classes.

Well, then, have we got rid of this particularly obnoxious type, well into the second half of the 20th century? Not bloody likely!

Perhaps we're not quite as hypocritical as the Victorians, but I wouldn't want to bet on it. All that's changed is the terms of reference.

No manufacturer today could get away with hiring children. But don't think they're any less heartless than their forebears. At least, in the 19th century, you knew the boss was a bastard. Today, a company can "reorganize," and turn half a dozen middle-aged men into the street by an "executive decision."

Many men in today's society still practise a double standard, one for themselves, one for their wives. A man who gets drunk has had "a few too many." A woman who gets drunk is "disgusting." A man can go to a business convention and have a little fling with a call girl. If his wife kisses a couple of guys at the New Year's Eve party a bit too warmly, she's a sex maniac.

We have politicians who spout of peace and plan for war, doctors who preach against drugs and tell you cigarettes will kill you, even as they butt their 50th coffin nail of the day and pop a couple of bennies to keep going.

We have pillars of the church whom you wouldn't trust as far as you could bounce a bowling ball in a swamp.

We have all kinds of characters who will cheat on their income tax, and then berate people on welfare for "ripping off the government."

We have teachers who "Can't understand the attitude of young people today," completely forgetting that they themselves were insolent, lazy, and not even that bright when they were young people.

We have mothers who got in the family way at 19, and had a shot-gun marriage, bewailing the "sexual licence" of their daughters.

We have fathers who deplore at length the slothfulness of their sons, conveniently ignoring that they had to have a good boot in the tail from their own fathers before they'd even carry out the ashes.

We have school trustees who will double over in an agony of glee after hearing a filthy joke, but in public sternly deplore the "pornography" children are being exposed to in their school literature.

They are the type who will respond with chuckles and even belly laughs to the sexual leers of Norman Lear in Maude and All in the Family, but thunder fulminatingly against a fine novel like The Diviners by Margaret Laurence.

They are the type who don't want anything racier than "The Bobbsey Twins" taught in school, but will shout with ribald laughter at smut on television and take in every restricted movie in town, laughing when there is blood-shed on the screen, and nudging heavily when a couple of naked bodies start squirming on the celluloid strip.

What about today's women? Are they less hypocritical than their greatgrandmothers? On the whole, I'd say yes. They're just as blasted irritating as ever, but they're more honest. They still cry for no apparent reason, but they know there's no percentage in pulling a faint. They'd probably just get a glass of water in the face.

But even the women are a long way from being out of the woods, when it comes to hypocrisy. And many of the biggest hypocrites are "surface" feminists. They want all the perks of the new freedom, and all the treats of the old "essence of woman."

Letters to the editor

Legion 'Operation Service' obtains benefits for veterans

Dear Sir;

As President of Branch 459, The Royal Canadian Legion, Stouffville, I wish to express our thanks to you and your staff for the fine coverage of Legion affairs in the news columns of The Tribune.

Our 'Operation Service' campaign with Legion volunteers calling on homes in the Whitchurch - Stouffville area has resulted in the compiling of many claims for benefits from ex-service men and women which will be examined by the responsible authorities. As of this date one area resident is now receiving War Veterans Allowance and other cases are under consideration.

Branch 459 is pleased to have served the community in this way and appreciates the role of The Tribune in publicizing the program.

Yours truly,
LOU HERTLE,
President,
The Royal Canadian Legion,
Stouffville.

No stop sign notice a hazard-reader

Gentlemen:

I am extremely pleased to notice that the intersection of Stouffer - Hawthorne - Millard Street has now been made a 4 way stop. This should help stop the lead-footed hot rodders and idiotic motorcyclists who were using the street as a race track test strip.

However, the roads department could have used a little common sense.

First — the signs were erected on Thursday and no advance warning was posted. It is amazing the number of locals who have yet to take note of the stop signs — 3 days later.

Second — the stop sign at the south-east corner is obscured from the driver's vision until he is less than 40 feet from the intersection — what chance had a driver got to stop safely.

Let's get with it and relocate the sign before someone gets hurt. A little foresight could have saved the taxpayers the extra expense in re-positioning the sign.

Yours truly,
W. S. SPENCE,
Millard Street.

Wants details about ancestors

I am researching my family tree and as some of my ancestors were residents of either Markham or Whitchurch Townships, I would like this letter in your newspaper.

The name I am seeking is Thomas Holder, born Jan. 17, 1804, died Aug. 16, 1852, married Mary Hemingway Oct. 8, 1836 in Markham. I would like any facts as to where he and his wife lived.

Also have lost contact with an old school mate, Betty (Elizabeth) Smith (nee Leslie). If anyone has information about her, please let me know.

Thank you for your kindness.

JEANNE SEARS,
Box 193,
Minden, Ontario.

Mysterious business of late

By John Montgomery

Things have been appearing and disappearing from the pages of The Tribune in an alarming manner of late.

A witch that wasn't there appeared in our Hallowe'en edition and last week a fireman who was there disappeared from the front page.

The non-existent witch flying past the clock tower was of course deliberately placed there but the amazing thing was that some people accepted it at face value as an 'apparition' that one of our reporters chanced upon.

To our surprise we have been contacted by people who believed it was the real thing. In fact one person, purportedly from a UFO organization came in and asked for the negative so he could blow it up to determine what it really was.

To set the record straight the picture was nothing more than a night shot of the clock tower, a picture of an apple doll witch and a Canadian penny pressed into service as the moon.

The only supernatural aspect was the wizardy displayed by George Ross and his darkroom assistant Orval Hostetler in combining the three separate objects into one unified whole.

The case of the disappearing fireman is much more mysterious. I attended the fire at the home of Lamont Tilden and when I snapped the picture fireman George Wilson was in the window and did appear to be carrying on a conversation with Marvin Betz who was perched on a ladder outside.

When the picture was printed George was plainly in evidence and when last week's front page was made up George was still there.

The pages went off to the printers and when the finished paper came back George had disappeared. Where he went I certainly don't know. Honest he really was there.

Very curious to say the least.

Appearances and disappearances seem to be very common in my life of late and this trend continued last weekend when my wife, Alice and I went to the sales barn.

There a lost little girl appeared to us who had disappeared from her parents. We were walking by the booths behind the barn when this child, only about two years old, went staggering past us, running in a blind panic and crying loudly.

We could see nobody else heading toward her so Alice swooped down and picked the girl up. I fully expected that this tactic would result in hysterical screams from the baby, followed shortly by our arrests for attempted kidnapping but the child immediately laid her head on Alice's shoulder and was perfectly quiet.

Not even a sniffle, a tear or a sob. Frankly, I was amazed.

We headed toward the public address system inside, while trying to get her to tell us her name. As we wended our way through the warren-like interior of the barn the baby offered such helpful comments as "Clock" and "Doggie" as she pointed to the appropriate objects. She never did say her name though.

The sound booth was closed so we went on to the office. There the two ladies kindly offered to look after her until her parents showed up.

Alice went to hand her over the counter but the child clung firmly to her neck and showed real distress at the prospect of being turned over.

It took a bit of a selling job to convince her it would be great to sit on a stool behind the counter and watch the door for her mommy. Finally the kid bought it and we were free.

Before we left we dropped back to see if she had been claimed and she hadn't but she was sitting contentedly on the stool scrutinizing everybody that came in.

Later on we phoned back from home and found out that sure enough the mother had come in and claimed her.

COUNTDOWN: Stouffville Centennial 1877-1977

Early Reeves

Prominent in the life of Stouffville was Joseph A. Todd who died in 1913. He was widely known in the grain trade and in 1902 was honored with the reeveship.

For the first time since incorporation, council was not originally filled that year and a second nomination had to be held. There was strong pressure to have a more equitable assessment established and Nathan Forsyth and Sam Carter were named to do the job. Their remuneration was $5 each.

William Pryne offered to establish a flour mill if a bonus of $5,000 was paid, but the offer was rejected. A new gravel road was built through town in 1902 and the cement bridge which carries the stream across Main St. near O'Brien Ave. was built. The cost was $950. The road and bridge combined had to be debentured for $5,000.

Council also discussed the possibility of establishing an electric light plant in town but it was not looked on favorably.

Following his term as reeve Mr. Todd became postmaster.

Signs up (we should have said)

Last week in this space we announced the Centennial Countdown sign is now in place in front of the clock tower. This was correct as far as it went but we did neglect to mention a second sign is in place in the west end. These signs will keep track of the time remaining before the centennial year and during the year a regular schedule of events will be posted there.

Queen

A slate of judges for the Miss Stouffville contest, including Eddie Luther, Judith Muir, Director of Miss Canada Pagent, Marlene Stewart Streit and Bob McAdory, has been chosen. Competitors must live here, be single and between the ages of 16 and 25. The winner will be chosen on her personality and skills as well as beauty. Entries must be sent, by Dec. 10 to: Centennial Queen Contest, Secretary, Box 1036, Stouffville.