



The Tribune

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Editorials

Santa Claus Parade was a fine effort by all concerned

It seems everybody is agreed that this year's Santa Claus Parade was quite a success.

Credit goes to the Kinsmen Club for organizing it and to the local schools, athletic clubs, service clubs and businesses who expended so much creative effort to come up with original and interesting floats.

It would appear that Stouffville got the better of the deal this year as far as our sharing of bands and other entertainment with Markham went.

Markham's parade began at 10 a.m., in pouring rain and although it cleared up when the parade was in progress it was still pretty wet.

By the afternoon the sun was shining and except for a slight nip to the air the weather was pretty well ideal.

We spoke with many people who travelled from other places, some quite distant, to see the parade.

One group told us they enjoyed the local parade much more than the Toronto parade. The Toronto effort admittedly is many times larger than our parade but the spectators are so jammed in there that it is possible to miss just about the entire display.

The long parade route in Stouffville

thinned the crowd out nicely and it is doubtful that anybody, no matter how short, had their view obstructed.

It was obvious that some groups and businesses had put an immense amount of thought and labour into their floats and in our opinion it paid off.

Unfortunately there were a few business floats that were apparently viewed by their owners as nothing more than a cheap way to bring the company name before the public. In our opinion these few, and there were only a few, floats detracted from the parade.

There is very little that is pleasing in seeing a float with the name of the business prominently displayed and 'decorated' with one or two streamers.

Our only other suggestion has to do with the mini-bikes in the parade. There is no doubt the colourfully dressed individuals riding them added something to the parade but we feel the same effect could have been attained by using bicycles instead.

Our objection to the motorcycles stems from the noise of them and the increased danger of a collision.

At one point three or four of these machines were massed around the Newmarket Legion Pipe Band and they all but drowned out the music. It seems silly to hire so many good bands and then have them barraged by motorcycles.

A few times we noted that the mini-bikes were travelling at a great rate of speed with in a foot or two of the crowd and one step forward at the wrong time by a distracted small child would have turned a very pleasurable event into an immediate disaster.

But as it turned out there were no mishaps and we can honestly say that Whitechurch-Stouffville represented itself very well.

More snares for drinking drivers

The time of year is fast approaching when, as the old song says "Tis the season to be jolly".

Especially at this time of year much of this jollity is of course alcohol induced and when combined with winter driving can form a deadly combination.

This year York Regional Police will be using the new roadside breathalyzers which will make it increasingly difficult to avoid detection.

Only a few years ago impaired driving was viewed with relative leniency but the ever-increasing number of related traffic deaths has resulted in a turnabout in public opinion.

It is well to remember the mandatory penalty on conviction is a three month suspension of the driver's licence. Judges have heard the plea so many times that the convicted person will lose his job if his licence is revoked that their standard reply has become "You should have thought of that before".

Conditional licences that allowed a driver to go back and forth to work have been virtually done away with so there is no easy out.

We suggest that all drivers give the gift of highway sobriety to the rest of the travelling public.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Separatism threat may be needed jolt

By BILL SMILEY



Like so many others, I was completely astonished by the sweeping victory of the Parti Quebecois in La Belle Province.

I was also just dreadfully, dreadfully upset at the thought of that darn old separatistest Rainy Lavack taking over as Prime Minister of Quebec and exercising his rights to exercise that fair province right out of the body politic of this Great Nation.

In fact, I was so disturbed by the whole thing that when my assistant department head, Jeanne Sauve, came up to me in the hall, grinning fiercely, and said, "Vive De Gaulle!" I just gave her an icy look and walked on.

I made myself scarce when my old shuffleboard partner, Bill Chernier, was looking for me for our usual noon-hour game in the staff room. No way am I going to be buddies with some guy who is probably an underground agent for Rainy Lavack.

However, I got my own back in a sort of sneaky, and you might even say sadistic way. I asked my four-year Grade 11s if they'd heard the news that the government of Ontario was going to put everyone with a French-Canadian name in concentration camps, just as our federal government, in its infinite stupidity, did with the west-coast Japanese after Pearl Harbor.

Boy, that shook them. They started looking around at each other. Half my classes are made up of Robitailles, Cadieux, Cadeaus, Moreaus, Bourgeois and so on. I said: "It'll certainly be nice to have smaller classes". Their mouths were open.

Then one guy in a front seat, with a good Scottish surname, started to grin, and said, in the impeccable English I instil in my students,

"Ya, sir, I heard that there broadcast. But you didden hear it all. They changed their mind. They ain't gonna putten in camps. They're gonna line em all up and shoot'em." My cold, stern look began to crumble, and pretty soon we were all laughing as they realized they'd been "had" once more by Old Smiley.

Then we talked about what the separation of Quebec would mean. The kids, as usual, weren't too perturbed. Dynasties can come and go, as far as they are concerned, as long as they don't get a homework assignment out of it. The only thing that upsets them is a case of unrequited love, or the breakdown of the TV set just as the big sex or violence scene gets started.

The possibility of Quebec separating from the rest of Canada upsets me just about as much as it does the kids. I love Canada as it is, but I don't think that Confederation and all that jazz is a sacred thing. It was put together by a bunch of politicians for reasons that were not entirely altruistic, and if another bunch of politicians wants to disband the club, so be it.

The original blighting of troths was basically a marriage of convenience. After more than a hundred years of marital disharmony, if one of the parties feels the union is incompatible, why not get a divorce?

When I was the age of my students, the British Empire stretched around the world. In the cant phrase, the sun never set on it. Today that mighty Empire has shrunk to a tiny, beleaguered Britain, financially on the rocks. Does anybody really care, except a few elderly pukka sahibs?

People love frightening themselves and each other. Political columnists are having a hey-day, speculating on the "balkanization"

of Canada. After Quebec drops out, speculate the worry warts, B.C. and the Maritimes will probably become part of the U.S., the prairie provinces will secede and form a country called Manalsask or something, and Ontario will be left sitting high and dry, the only remaining bastion of the true-blue WASP Canadian. Nobody seems to worry much about Newfy.

Maybe it's time this country had a jolly good shaking up. We seemed to have changed in the last few decades from a vibrant and vital young nation with lots to be proud of, and plenty to look forward to; into a sour, crabby and suspicious middle-aged country, beset by inflation, unemployment and strikes.

We run down our leaders. We seek security rather than adventure. We whine about American domination and do nothing about it. We bitch about playing our part in NATO and giving money to poor countries and letting in too many immigrants and anything else that is unselfish.

Despite high unemployment, we have one of the most erratic labor forces in the world. Despite our tremendous natural resources, we let the Americans and the Germans and the Japanese do the investing in our development, because we haven't the guts to take the risks ourselves.

Maybe the threat of separation by Quebec is just the jolt this country needs to get the old adrenalin flowing once again. This is a great country, but it won't be great for long if it is inhabited by a nation of chickens. Or sheep.

Life is change. Things that don't change die. Let's remember that and not panic when there are indications of change, however great it may be.

Writing tells character, is 'frozen expression'

By J.E. Peckitt, C.G.A. Handwriting analyst

Handwriting is everyone's very own personal and individual identification that cannot be mistaken, lost, stolen or even successfully duplicated by anyone else. Bankers, lawyers, and credit people accept and rely on this to such an extent that our signatures etc. are accepted most of the time without question.

In all the world wherever people have acquired the ability to write — not one person in all history ever wrote exactly the same as someone else who lived before them, at the same time, nor after they had departed from the land of the living. This same may be said of your writing and mine. When you look at your friends' and acquaintances writings it will soon become apparent that each writes in a different script from your own. Did you ever wonder why we all write with such variations? There is a very good reason and this may be summarized by saying that we each have our own individual personality. The most easily understood definition of personality is to say that it is the writers outlook or attitude towards life and daily living as the writer perceives it. Not always exactly as it is but rather how it affects the writer inwardly and the inner interpretation which triggers the outward re-actions.

The determination of a writers personality from the writing depends on acceptance that the strokes that make up letters, words, and sentences are the keys to the elements of all the characteristics which are normally classed as personality factors. Basically there are only six strokes used to form these letters. The variations that we use in combining the strokes to form the letters can run to quite a large number but it is in the deviation from what one learned in the process of acquiring the writing ability that distinguishes our own individual personalities. Once the mechanics of writing have been mastered we then write as a habit without actual conscious thought. Much the same as the way we walk, talk, smile, or any other of many life-long habits. So too in writing, we infuse our own little quirks and mannerisms that tell others that it is ours. A letter from some friend not heard from for a

long time is easily recognized before we open the letter just by seeing the handwriting that penned the name and address on the envelope.

There is one great difference in the habit of writing that may be a blessing really. Where a fleeting smile soon vanishes, writing remains as long as the material it has been placed on. This makes it quite possible to study the writing months and years after it was written even though the writer may no longer be among the living. Because of this it is quite possible to know what kind of a person even our ancestors were — how they thought, reacted to many of the same daily living encounters that you and I live with today. It has been said that handwriting is "frozen expression" and this is quite true in the sense that it is a form of outward expression of inner feelings, thoughts, aspirations, hopes, dreams, plans and conclusions.

Handwriting analysis may be learned by anyone willing to use common sense and willing to work at it. The accuracy of this method of knowing self as well as other is far beyond the possibility of chance. What are the benefits? It reveals ones strong and weak points so that there is the opportunity of making use of this knowledge. It is helpful to know if one should spend time in studying to

become a lawyer or a doctor when they may not be sure that they even have the kind of inner self that may be required for this. It is quite possible that a person would be better suited to be a super-salesperson. What kind of mate should one look for to match up with ones own personality?

Knowing oneself thoroughly is the strongest form of assurance for a happy future. Handwriting analysis can be learned and, if readers are interested in seeing columns appear periodically in this paper demonstrating the personality characteristics revealed in your handwriting and mine please let the editor know your thoughts.

Local rebel fell at Montgomery Tavern

By Jean Barkey

Next Tuesday December 7th marks the one hundred and thirty ninth anniversary of the death of LUDWIG WIDEMAN, the only man killed at the battle of Montgomery's Tavern on Yonge Street, which ended the rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada.

Some forty-five years ago last Sunday a group of men paid homage to the memory of Mr. Wideman. This group visited the grave in the Union Cemetery at Dickson Hill, south of Ringwood on Highway 48. Their pilgrimage they said was made as a tribute to a Canadian patriot who answered what he firmly believed, the call of his country.

Mr. Wideman who owned the present farm of Claude Kerr and east to the ninth concession, was also the owner of the Stouffville Monument Works, had served in the war of 1812, with the rank of Lieutenant.

He turned over to the rebels during the general election of 1836. It is said to have been the result of his vote being challenged at Newmarket, when it became known that he was a reformer. When ordered to take the oath of allegiance, he is said to have taken this as a reflection on his loyalty, which as a soldier he bitterly resented.

Letter to the editor

School theft of son's skates shocks parent

Dear Sir,
Last week our son took his skates to school so he could go public skating after school. Someone took his skates. They were a new pair of Bauer, Junior Supremes that cost us \$42.

I can understand a child taking the skates but what I can't understand is the parents letting him keep them.

We ask what is happening to our youth today? Is this the answer?

Yours truly,
MRS. D. REX GRAHAM,
Stouffville.

COUNTDOWN: Stouffville Centennial 1877-1977

Early Reeves
James McCullough, member of the prominent law firm of the day in Stouffville, McCullough & Button, became reeve in 1905. Mr. McCullough beat out Dr. Walter Sangster for the honor.

It was in the days just prior to local option Mr. McCullough advocated wiping out the hotels and Dr. Sangster took a more neutral stand. Both men were capable but the so-called "drys" won this first battle which was to go on for many years.

Mr. McCullough dropped out after one year in office. With him on council were Messrs. R. P. Coulson, J. A. Hisey, C. Armstrong and S. B. Hoover. James McCullough died in 1928.

Queen contest
Next week, Friday, Dec. 10, nominations close for the Centennial Queen Contest. Potential contestants may be lured by the array of contest prizes now on display at Crest Hardware. Pageant tickets are on sale at

Crests and Morgan Jewellers: Nominations for girls 16 to 25 years old should be submitted to: Centennial Queen Contest, Secretary, Box 1036, Stouffville.

Sketch book
A tentative price of \$5 has been set for the sketch book folio of 10 prints.

Centennial logo
Stouffville's centennial logo is getting plenty of mileage these days. We reported a few weeks back that Jim Brazier had painted the crest on the side of a Rennie Transport truck. Since then he has recreated the design on a tanker truck belonging to Don Anderson Haulage. This bit of advertising proved especially visible to the public at large as the truck was entered in the annual Ontario Trucking Association show in Toronto. People from all over Ontario are now aware of the approaching centennial. Sometime in January the logo will appear on the side of a Spademan Disposal Services vehicle.