



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Sacrifice water for gravel

While the Ministry of Natural Resources is playing a more active role in gravel mining operations, restrictive measures in this regard are still too loose.

Municipalities are continually on the defensive and Whitchurch-Stouffville is no exception.

The Town is concerned over the operation of a pit at Bloomington and is looking to the Ministry for assistance. The province, for some strange reason, takes a "strictly business" approach to the problem or sloughs off its responsibility entirely.

It's the Town's fear that should excavations continue below the water table, it will affect not only the supply to neighboring wells but also to the village of Stouffville.

The Ministry, to its credit, has reduced the maximum depth from thirty to fifteen feet

below the water line. Some councillors, June Button for one, feels excavations shouldn't go below the water line at all; and we agree.

On the question of who should monitor the effect on private wells, the Ministry says: "Sorry, boys, that's the company's responsibility". Councillor Becky Wedley objects to this type of buck-passing and so do we. These checks should be made either by the Ministry or by an independent agency as Councillor Wedley has suggested.

Mr. Sabiston, owner of these gravel lands, has, according to Mayor Gordon Ratcliff, attempted to co-operate with the Town. And this is fine. However, we think it a bit much to ask him or his affiliated company to protect the interests of others at the same time as he's protecting the interests of his own.

### Help when it's needed most

On the weekend of Aug. 19, Roy Lewis was called home from a planned holiday, to face damage in the many thousands of dollars at his Glasgow farm. One can only try and understand the frustrations of that moment — equipment and property damaged beyond repair.

For corn-growers like Roy, the season had been difficult enough. A prolonged drought during June and July had stunted growth considerably. Then, just when an improvement seemed a certainty, a violent storm cut a swath of destruction through the area, hitting the Lewis premises harder than most.

Yet, as serious as the damage was and as

difficult as repairs may be, Roy Lewis is the first to admit he's benefitted to some degree from this experience. He's discovered that despite all the changes in the community, the good neighbors that have moved out and the new residents that have moved in, help in times of trouble is just around the corner.

That's one of the side benefits gained from living in places like Gormley, Lemonville, Stouffville, Goodwood and, yes, Glasgow. Assistance is available when required.

"It's been wonderful," Roy Lewis told The Tribune.

Why? Because Roy's friends and former neighbors know he would do the same for them.

### Re-cycling - yes or no?

Unless additional volunteers show a willingness to "lend a hand", the current re-cycling program may be turned over to the Town.

The situation, as we see it, appears desperate, with the responsibility resting on the shoulders of a few. We wouldn't be the least bit surprised if the municipality is asked to take this project on.

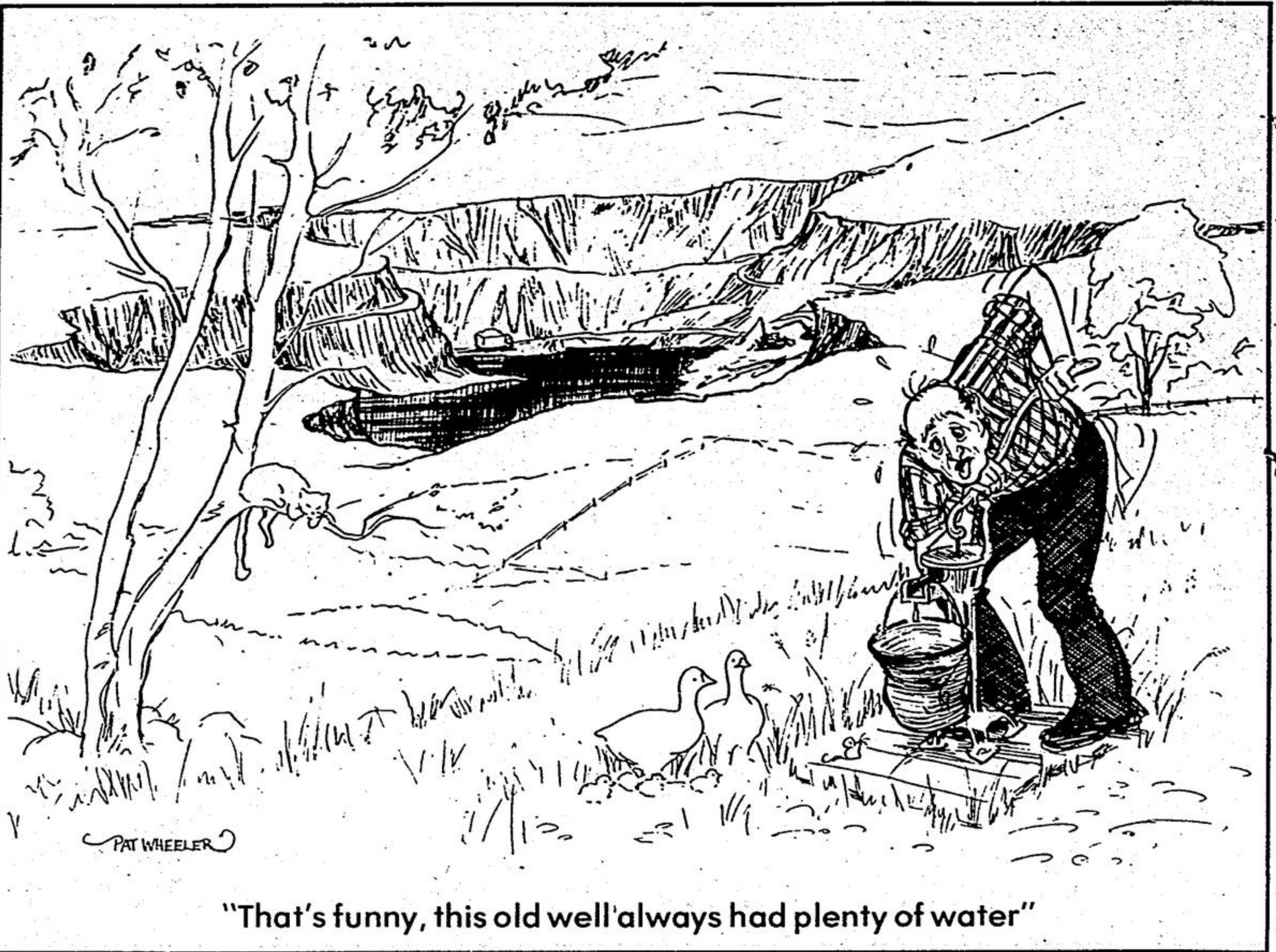
Should this occur, Council will find itself in a tough spot. Should members refuse,

they'll be accused of dropping a very worthwhile service. Should they agree, they'll be accused of bowing to pressure.

We ask, if this organization had not instituted a re-cycling program here, would the Town have proceeded to do it on its own?

If the answer is yes, then the municipality should take it over.

If the answer is no, then the project should be scrapped.



"That's funny, this old well always had plenty of water"

### Roaming Around



## The Mennonite Market gone modern

By Jim Thomas

It's been a great summer; for me anyway.

As a family, we went more; saw more and did more than on any previous holiday I can remember.

There's something satisfying about accomplishing everything you set out to do; no hollow feelings way down deep like I've experienced on occasions before.

Speaking as a parent, I say there's nothing worse than seeing the kids trudge back to school, knowing you let them down. There's no making up the two months just past; that's history.

I don't know about you, but when we go on vacation, everyone goes along. It's always been this way and, despite the fact eight in one car can constitute a crowd, a stationwagon now fills the bill quite adequately; at least there's room to breathe.

I realize we'll not always be able to go together. With a spread of 14 years between the youngest and the oldest, interests vary greatly. Still, Susan (our eldest) voices no objections and agrees to come along, more to please us, I suspect, than herself.

Oddly enough, our best trip this summer was also the shortest. We went "west", out Cambridge way and stayed only two days and a night. While the time away was brief, we accomplished more than sometimes was the case in a week.

This time around, each did his or her own thing and this new-found feeling of "independence" made it pleasant for everyone. Jean's choice of activity was a visit to the

Kitchener Market, something we both had heard about but never seen.

I had my own ideas on what it would be like. I received the surprise of my life...

I had envisioned rows on rows of horse and buggies lined up at individual stalls; Mennonite folk in black suits and black dresses; country people either selling their week's produce or purchasing their weekend needs. I saw very little of this, in fact, I saw no buggies at all; only a few authentic Mennonites and a minimum of country cousins stocking up on supplies.

The Kitchener Market's gone modern, maybe, too modern. I thought, surely, I had picked the wrong place, but no, a pedestrian assured us that it was indeed the right location, albeit, a far cry from what we had expected.

The parking accommodation alone is not unlike the circular labyrinth at Toronto International Airport. To get back down, there are both stairs and elevators.

What I had anticipated most was an opportunity to "rub shoulders" with natives who

might have something in common with folks around Stouffville, but I couldn't find a soul. Not only did they not know anyone here, most had never heard of our town.

"Stouffville," said one lady, "that's up near Dundalk isn't it?" I assured her that it wasn't. One gentleman from Elmira said a relative had married a Burkholder from Markham, but that was as close to home as I could get.

Totally disillusioned by it all, I made a point of picking up a brochure from an Information Booth in the building. From it, I learned that the Kitchener Market is the largest of its kind in Ontario and one of the largest in Canada. It had its start back in 1830 when a Waterloo pioneer by the name of Andrew McCullough set it up on a monthly basis in Berlin, now Kitchener. In 1907, a new structure was erected at a cost of \$17,272.00 and this served the community for 66 years. In 1973, the old quarters was demolished and replaced by the present one, opened June 29, 1974.

Seems I had arrived five years too late.

### The Fourth Quarter

## "What's your biggest beef?"

By Leslie Holbrook

In the summer of seventy-seven, when this column was but a pup, many of you took part in my "What's Your Biggest Beef" contest — a hot-weather idea to keep your letters coming during vacation time.

This summer I considered another contest (with prizes somewhat less than Loto Canada); but (for those who have asked) with many more papers now running these weekly pieces, summer mail proved heavy enough — too heavy for me to keep on top of it really, so please be patient.

Here are more quotes and comments from recent letters:

"You are so right about old company pension schemes being inadequate. At 69 my company pension plan now gives me enough to almost pay my gas heating bill — before the latest rise in natural gas prices." — H.T., Owen Sound.

"I want to stay in my own house as long as possible but my little bank account is shrinking to pay increasing municipal taxes — half of which is for "education". I wouldn't mind so much if the kids were learning to read and write and add, like we did — even though I had to leave school at 14." — W.H.

"Senior citizens who had to educate their children at their own expense should definitely not have to pay the higher education costs of today." — Mrs. E.C., Port Elgin.

I have received sad tales and additional warnings and tips following my piece on smoking in bed and other fire hazards (ranging from letters from elderly ladies living alone and fearful of fire to one from a fire chief writing about adequate protection).

Citing several sad accidents, Mrs. C.B., Renfrew, warns of reaching across hot electric stove elements "with loose, nylonny sleeves" to get at the controls. She says elderly people should have stoves with controls on the front (hers has). It should be noted, however, that front controls may be a hazard for small visiting grandchildren.

A man writes: "All our married 43 years she has been a very good wife except for one thing and as we all know a good sexual relationship sure helps a marriage. So what does one do in a case such as this? I know there must be many more such cases.

"Going to a counselor may be O.K. for the younger ones. I'd be willing to but if I

suggested this to my wife she'd be disgusted. I have read of cases where the boot is on the other foot and the wife is complaining. If I had a wife like that she wouldn't complain!"

A St. Catharines widow writes: "After my husband died, I received a war widow's pension - about \$18 a month; this was cut off as the Old Age Security was raised by a small amount, not enough to cover the difference.

"I also received pension payments of about \$30 per month from my husband's former employer; when this was raised to \$66, the supplementary from the government was reduced to \$5.88."

Ottawa sure can be Scrooge-like sometimes that is!

### Editorial

## Honor to our Town

Proficiency in sports has once again brought honor to our Town.

Stouffville's juvenile fastball team won the All-Ontario Title, Sunday, in convincing fashion. They defeated Kirkland Lake in two straight and extended their undefeated playoff record to eight games, quite an accomplishment.

It was unfortunate, the finals had to be played on a foreign field. It was unfortunate, the boys' "homecoming" occurred while the town was fast asleep. However, the promise by Mayor Gordon Ratcliff that the club would be fittingly recognized at another time, made everything right. They deserve it.

As a unit, this team will never play together again. But for the many fans who have watched them progress through the years to the peak of championship calibre, their outstanding skill and success will not soon be forgotten.



Their names engraved in community history

Several years ago, K. Ross Davis, Morley Symes and Ray Fleury, were guest visitors at the Markham Museum. Following a tour of the building, each signed the guest book. "Shine" Davis (left)

and Morley Symes (centre) are two of Stouffville's best known citizens. Mr. Fleury has since passed away.

—Jim Thomas.