



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Deep wounds heal slowly

The lock's been turned on the committee room door. This newspaper's been discreetly told it's no longer welcome to sit in on informal discussion of this kind.

We don't agree with the decision, but we'll respect it.

By way of explanation, this 'Private-Keep Out' order, pertains to only one meeting each month — the third Monday, when members "let down their hair" and speak their minds on issues of a sometimes personal nature. The 'ban' has nothing to do with public sessions of Planning Board and Council every Tuesday.

While we doubt very much if Council has the 'legal' right to make such prohibition

tactics stick, we do not intend to argue the point. For, thanks to an explanation by the mayor, we've learned the decision is not a personal affront, but rather a deep-seated emotion dating back to an earlier confrontation.

Bad memories die hard. This newspaper appreciates the need for Council privacy within committee on certain matters that arise from time to time. We have always considered it a privilege, not a right, to sit in on such discussions. It's a trust that's earned and protected through tactful use of the reporter's pen. Once lost, the damage has been done, damage that's difficult to repair. But we're trying.

### Gravel-an election issue

The Environment Ministry at Queen's Park must surely be looking out Uxbridge way and wondering at the make-up of that municipal council.

In recent years, the province has taken a verbal pasting over its kid-glove treatment of gravel companies. And rightly so. For their laws were lax and enforcement slow.

However, after a hard-nosed councillor named Clarke Muirhead appeared on the scene, attitudes changed. He bared the atrocities that were going on and supported a claim by this newspaper that greedy gravel concerns were, in fact, digging the very guts out of the township, providing little or nothing in return.

It was through councillor Muirhead's persistence that regulations were tightened; not enough to strangle the industry, but at least to bring it under some form of control. It's been a long, hard road.

Now, just at a time when relief is in sight, the municipality appears to be buckling under a renewed assault — an application to rezone 500 acres for future gravel extraction.

The majority of members have said "yes".

We say definitely "no". While the reasons for council's cowering attitude isn't exactly clear, it would seem that there are those who would go so far as to make an area of the township a sacrificial lamb to appease, for the time-being, those business interests that would destroy it.

While Uxbridge no longer has a Clarke Muirhead to fight for its survival, a couple of elected representatives and a host of fed-up ratepayers are angry enough to make this would-be carnage an election issue. If, so, they're guaranteed this newspaper's unyielding support. The ravaging of Uxbridge Township must stop.

### Bus service to Markham Fair

The 123rd annual Markham Fair starts today. With any kind of co-operation from the weatherman, attendance should surpass all records set in previous years. We hope so.

While the fair is still located in Markham and bears that name, the new location puts it within a stone's-throw of Whitchurch-Stouffville, making it all the more convenient for residents here.

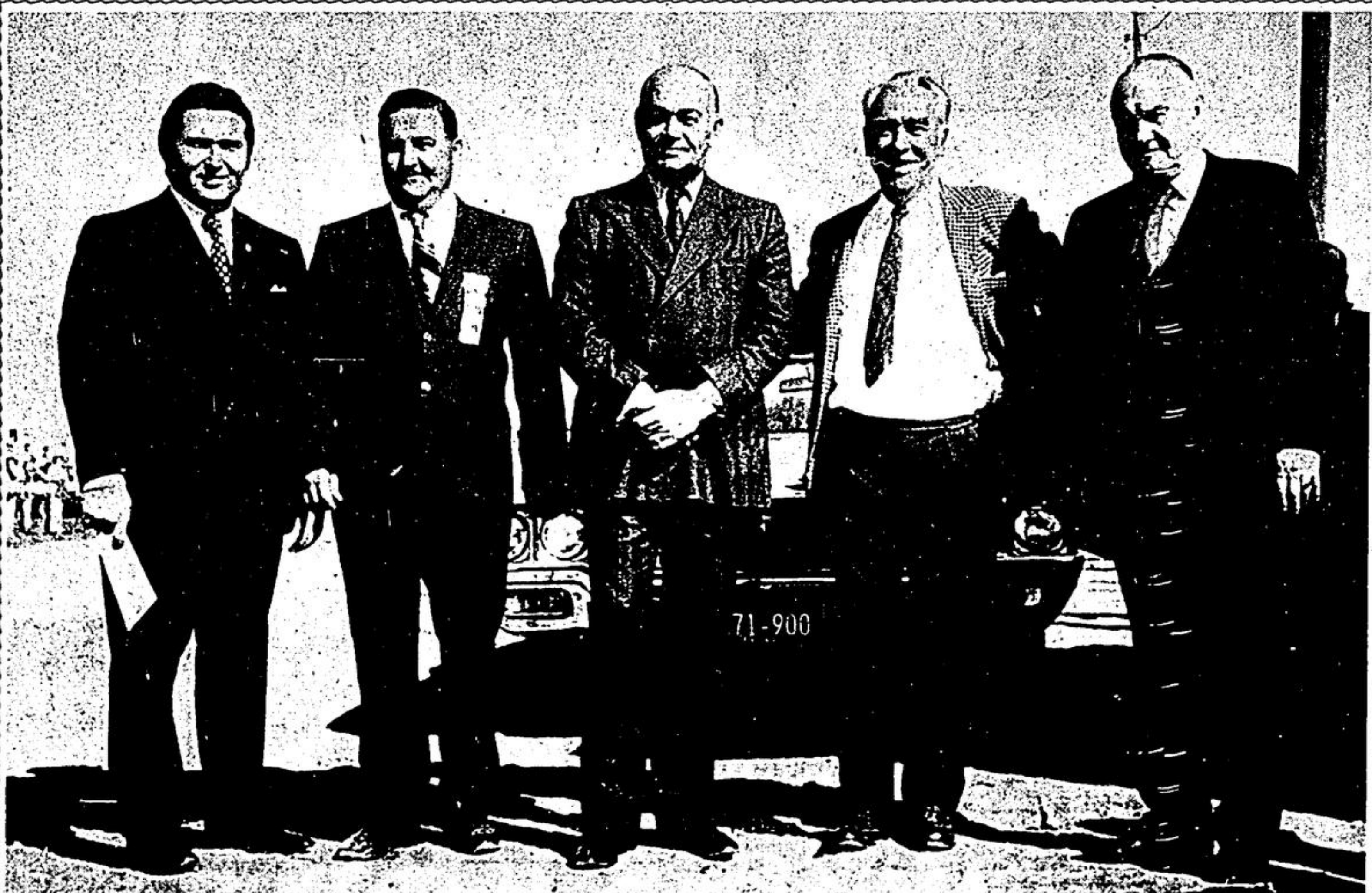
Still, unless you're the energetic kind who doesn't mind a five-mile walk, the site's still a bit far to reach on foot. With this thought in mind, the Board has set up a shuttle bus service, that will operate from Stouffville and return, both Saturday and Sunday. A similar schedule has been arranged for Unionville. From the former Village of Markham, the

service also includes Thursday (to-day) and Friday.

This convenience will be appreciated, particularly by senior citizens who could find it a hardship to get to the fair otherwise. The pick-up point in Stouffville is the corner of Stouffer Street and Main (Success Square). The times Saturday are - 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4 p.m., and 6:30 p.m. The times Sunday are - 12 noon and 1:30 p.m. Buses will leave the grounds Saturday at 12:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 6 p.m., and 11:30 p.m., and Sunday at 4:30 and 6:30 p.m.

The fare is very reasonable, fifty cents, ages 6 to 15 years; twenty-five cents, over 65; children 5 and under, free.

So it's Markham Fair, the place to be this week. With a program to please all ages, you'll have the time of your life.



Dignitaries at Markham Fair's official opening-1971

These five gentlemen presided at the official opening of Markham Fair back in 1971—seven years ago. They are (left to right), Markham Mayor Tony Roman; Fair President, Bert Paisley;

the late Jack Dennett of CFRB; Dean Hughes and the late T.H. Paisley, President in 1958.

—Jim Thomas.



PAT WHEELER

### Roaming Around

### Our Pet Show entry may lay an egg

By Jim Thomas



Markham Fair opens today and I'm exhausted before it starts.

It's not that I've been personally involved; strictly an onlooker. But even that's driven me to the brink of insanity. For the past week our place has resembled a madhouse.

Funny how, despite the fact the 1978 prize list's been out almost two months, things have been left off to the last minute. It's no one's fault really. It's just that the Fair-kind of snuck up on us when we weren't looking. So we suddenly became panicky.

Susan's the most involved. She sees it as a last opportunity to enter the Eighteen and Younger Class, and she wants to bow out in a flurry of ribbons. Unfortunately, she too started late and has been trying to make up for lost time ever since.

Most of her exhibits I haven't even seen. She's toiled away on her own, sometimes to

two and three o'clock in the morning; always in the privacy of her room.

However, in recent days (and nights), she's taken over the kitchen, a part of the house so small, there's scarcely room to swing a cat. So it's chaos, because all the kids want to be where the action is; sampling a bit of this and a bit of that.

Me too. In fact, I'm the worst offender. While fraudulently posing as a judge, I gorge myself on chocolate chip cookies, apple pie, rhubarb and strawberry jam, bean pickle and banana loaf. Delicious!

Since all others follow, Dad's terrible example, it's meant Susan has had to make a double batch of everything. I sure hope she wins something — anything. She's earned it.

Not to be out-done by her older sister, Cathy's been up to her elbows in projects too; not to the same extent, but enough to keep the pot boiling. They'll have fun comparing notes.

For the boys, however, Neil in particular, this year's Fair is tinged with sadness.

They lived for the Pet Show; for one reason. To show off "Rolfie". And show off he did, winning two ribbons in '76 and another in '77. But Rolfie's no more, killed by a car last April. We're not over it yet.

Yes, we have a replacement, but it's still not the same. It'll never be the same; replacements never are. For one thing, "Prince" is but a pup; twelve weeks old and still in the silly stage of life. He'd go crazy in the ring with so many side attractions.

But the boys must enter something; they're insistent and so am I.

So we're busy training a successor, of sorts. Quacker's no dog, a fact you'll quickly recognize, Friday. We're not sure she'll even lead. We'll know better come show-time at 5 p.m.

More than likely, she'll lay an egg.

### Council Capers

### My press pass didn't help a bit

By Ed Schroeter



Being rejected is a very traumatic experience for anyone, but it's especially tough on a young reporter; it happens to him often, and it's always unexpected.

When I chose to make a career of journalism, I naively assumed reporters were loved and respected the world over. After all, I reasoned, keeping the world informed is an important job. I never dreamed I'd be lumped

with the dregs of society — muggers, tax men, and dog catchers! An outcast, almost.

You can imagine how disheartening it was to learn I couldn't attend Town Council's Monday Planning Committee sessions. I'd been brushed off before, but never like this. I felt unwanted, and unloved.

The last time I received such a setback was 14 years ago, when, as a child my older brother and his friends threw me out of their treefort.

Now Council has done the same thing; I can't play with them. At least it seems that way. There I was, the budding young reporter with a new toy — Monday Planning Committee! I was eager and enthusiastic to provide the public with information about their municipality. Then Council kicked me out of their treehouse. Ouch!

The public's probably wondering by now what it is that Council's trying to hide. It's unfortunate for the politicians that election-time is so near.

However, the electorate shouldn't jump to conclusions or confusions, as the case may be. Council certainly has valid reasons for their decision. That all-day Monday marathon is

used to thresh out policies. Most of what's debated there does eventually turn up in open council meetings, Tuesday nights.

Anyway, the average citizen would probably find much of what is discussed in committee boring; the routine reports; the departmental correspondence. But to reporters, these discussions are a valuable source of background material. It's impossible to write a story on something you know nothing about, although I do know some journalists who try.

I sense Council is suspicious of me. This adds to my growing paranoia. Nobody trusts me. Not even politicians. It's a shadow that must haunt every newsmen in the country. I asked my seven year old nephew how he liked his new baby sister. He replied, "Is this on or off the record?" Someone should explain we're not undercover agents for the R.C.M.P.

Council distrusts me, because I'm a reporter. Perhaps they are justified. Some time ago, they had an unfortunate encounter with the press. Now they're being cautious.

I can't help but regret that I, as a newcomer to The Tribune, have to suffer for what amounts to ancient history. There's a lesson in all this somewhere.

Editor's  
Mail

### Two sides to police story

Dear Editor:

I was pleased to pick up your latest issue of The Tribune and read comments by Regional Police Chief Bruce Crawford concerning the operation of the Force.

Personally, I'm sick and tired of hearing the Police Department continually berated, the very officers who are protecting you and me.

I will always uphold the side of law and order because, without it, there'd be chaos. And that, I believe, is what many of these agitators would prefer.

If all the police critics would take the time to look at themselves, they might see an image that could stand some alterations too. There are two sides to every story. I'm glad you saw fit to print the Chief's side.

LLOYD WISMER,  
Markham, R.R. 2.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

A word of appreciation concerning your lead editorial in the Sept. 21 edition entitled "Town mayor retires a winner". No one could have said it better.

In any discussions I've had with Gordon Ratcliff, he's always been the perfect gentleman; willing to help in every possible way. Believe me, when problems arise, it's nice to be treated in such a manner.

Politicians of Mr. Ratcliff's stature are few and far between. Regardless of what the future holds, our Town has benefited by his being here.

GLADYS REID,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville.