



The Tribune

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Established 1888
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Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680.
Single copies 20 c, subscriptions \$10.00 per year in Canada, \$26.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax / Whitby / Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket / Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and the Georgetown Independent.

640-2100

361-1680

Editorials

Disco-yes; drinking -no

A disco for Stouffville? Sure, why not. We see nothing particularly wrong with this form of entertainment, providing it's properly managed and controlled. Right now, discos are the "in thing". The dance craze has caught on in Toronto in a big way and young people here think nothing of a 30-mile drive to the city on a Friday or Saturday night. So why not offer it here rather than there? We have several opinions on the subject. First, we like the location. The Steerburger is far removed from any residential area and has plenty of parking. The music inside and the traffic outside should bother no one. The premises is also well maintained. There's no reason to think this will change. However, we feel the management will be catering to the wrong crowd. Couples, in their late teens and twenties, already frequenting

discos in Toronto, won't stay in Stouffville. The "big city" has an extra attraction our town can't offer, even though the entertainment may be just as good. Furthermore, this age group isn't complaining. Why should they? What Stouffville can't provide, Toronto can. The ones continually looking for something to do are a cross-section of 16 to 18 year olds. Yet these are the kids who will be excluded. So nothing's resolved. With regard to liquor at this location, we say "no". Dancing and drinking are a bad mix. Our recommendation? Lower the age (limitation to sixteen rather than nineteen; serve soft drinks instead of hard; and provide the kind of "community" atmosphere this town deserves. Stouffville isn't Toronto—not yet.

Sports hall of fame here

On Saturday, we had an opportunity to view, for a first time, Markham's new Hockey Hall of Fame. It's a fantastic gallery of hockey personalities, dating back to the early 1900's. The main 'push' behind the project has been John Lunau, local historian there and long-time sports promoter. Several of the exhibits are copies of pictures and stories from past Tribunes. Despite the fact the gallery's been open only a short time, hundreds of people have viewed the display, Kerry Gilmor, the Centre's manager said. We were impressed, so impressed, we'd like to see a similar venture started in Whitchurch-Stouffville, perhaps at Latcham Hall. We suggest, however, that the display not be restricted to hockey but rather take in all areas of athletics including lacrosse, baseball, speed-skating, lawn bowling, track and field; the list is extensive. This community, like the Town of Markham, has an impressive sports history, a history that, unless visually recorded, can soon be forgotten. A century from now who will remember names like Earl Cook, Bob Hassard, Betty Acton, Keith Acton, Bruce and Lou Lehman, Bob and Nick Bangay, Hal Gibson, Harry Barber, Eleanor Crossen, Don

Haynes, Jim Hill, Doug Feasby, George Stark, Laurie Buckland, Jim Chilvers, Cliff Dunkeld, Jack Watson, Doug Todd, Kevin Acton, Stan Miller, Lorne and Ken Schell? We feel the Whitchurch-Stouffville Recreation Committee, working in close cooperation with Town Council, should get something started in this regard. It could then be expanded upon in years to come. Thanks to interest displayed by the C.C. Riders' Snowmobile Club, a similar organization may be established in Whitchurch-Stouffville. This is good news, not that snowmobilers pose the problem they once did here, but the image, so badly tarnished through past experiences, will be improved through responsible leadership. Operating a snowmobile within the built-up area of Stouffville is a thing of the past. Owners realize this. But where can they go? Through an organized club, trails can be established that will benefit everyone including the sport.

Snowmobile club

News Item: Disco dancehall is opposed by Councillors Doble and McNailey



PAT WHEELER

Roaming Around

The Bazaar Bug's bite can be fatal

By Jim Thomas



Auction sales and church bazaars. What a great way to spend an afternoon. I enjoy both but I seldom attend either. Mainly because most fall on Saturdays and I've more to do those days than stand back and watch folks spend their money. Still, I've made up my mind. These are the two hobbies that will occupy my time on retirement—antiques and food, what an intriguing combination. If things get tough, I'll sell one to buy the other. In the antique line, I plan to collect clocks and lamps; that is, if there are any clocks and lamps left to collect. The way the professionals follow the auction circuit, I'm beginning to wonder. We laymen don't stand a chance. Still, it's fun; mingling with the crowds; rubbing shoulders with the pros; trying to look rich when I'm not. While there's a similarity between sales and bazaars, they also differ. For example, at an auction, the best is often left til last. Not so at a bazaar. It's first come, first served and heaven help the hindmost. Also, at an auction, the sexes are mixed; men, women, about fifty-fifty. At bazaars,

however, men are in the minority, one in twenty, maybe. And that "one" serves no other purpose than to trundle the bundles to the car. Regardless, I waded in with both feet Saturday. This particular bazaar was hosted by the senior citizens of Thomson Court Apartments in Markham. I missed it last year, so circled the calendar date early to make sure it wouldn't happen again. I arrived at 1:50, ten minutes before the rush. With the lineup at the elevator close to twenty persons deep, I headed straight for the stairs. This brought me out at the basement just as the stampede struck. An avalanche of ladies, hell-bent for the bake table, poured through the doors. Afraid of being trampled under foot, I 'chivalrously' stepped aside. That was my first mistake. I couldn't even see the table let alone the baking on it. My second mistake was not wearing a hard-hat; shin and elbow pads and metal-toed cloggers. I took a terrible beating. One woman even clipped me over the left ear with her cane. Unintentionally, of course. Her

apologies, however, didn't ease the pain. The baked goods, once I came within smelling distance, was a 'spread' unlike anything I'd ever seen. As fast as one thing would go, another would take its place. The reserves seemed unending. I purchased a beautiful 3-tiered lemon cake. The price was \$2.50 and worth every cent. I also bought a circular loaf of homemade bread, so fresh and moist I could have eaten it on the spot. That's when I made my third mistake. I placed the cake on an empty chair and a woman sat on it. Then I set the loaf on the floor and a lady stepped on it. Still, I was able to rescue both and escape with my life—the cake and bread somewhat re-designed but still very eatable and me, slightly battered and bruised but still in one piece. Fun? Sure it was; an affair every man should experience, at least once. However, if bitten, the bazaar bug can be fatal. The mortality rate's extremely high. But what a lovely way to go—surrounded by women and tons of food.

Council Capers

Councillors don't mean what they say

By Ed Schroeter



More and more people are availing themselves of the democratic process and appearing before local councils.irate, irked, irritated, squawking, scolding, and screaming, whimpering, whining, and wailing they come with assorted and sundry complaints, grievances, beefs, and laments. When they leave the chambers, they're absolutely and thoroughly confused. I've seen it happen at least a dozen times. The glassy eyes. The little twitch at the corner of the mouth. The way they shuffle out of the room. Beaten with words. Council has an entire arsenal of potent verbal weapons. Deftly employing barbs, allusions, metaphors and a deviously formulated vocabulary, they have no need to concoct secret plots or lie outright. They baffle citizens into submission. Who could penetrate this veneer of venomous verbosity without adequate preparation? Of course, councils don't do this intentionally. For some unknown reason, people don't ask the councillors to explain themselves. Perhaps they're too proud to admit ignorance. This column has been designed to provide an introductory course in the political jargon and doubletalk of municipal governments. (1). MAKING A MOTION — It is a common misconception that this term refers to the wild gesticulations of a frustrated councillor. In actual fact, it means to advance a formal proposal or suggestion. (2). TABLING MOTION — Under the impression this process involves overturning tables and benches on unsuspecting citizens when the going gets tough, many people never learn the phrase's true denotation. This action merely defers consideration of a proposal for the future. It is the government's way of procrastinating. (3). COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE — The word "whole" is often confused with its homonym, "hole." There is no connection between the two. A municipal council generally delegates authority for matters such as recreation and public works to committees of a few councillors. A committee of the whole, however, is composed of all members of council. (4). IMPORTANT ISSUE — Often assumed to be the sons and daughters of

ambitious councillors planning to found a dynasty, it is defined, rather, as an area of great concern. (5). A SEVERANCE — A large segment of the population inevitably comes to council seeking one of these. Contrary to popular opinion, the process involves no decapitation or bloodletting. Instead, the construction indicates the splitting of a property into two lots for the purposes of selling one parcel to another. (6). FRONTAGE — This linguistic form is completely unrelated to another oft-used word, cleavage. (7). RESOLUTION — Photography buffs

understand this expression to indicate clear, sharp pictures. An informed councillor would explain it is a proposition adopted by council. (8). AN ACT OF COUNCIL — Though it may be true the body has a flair for the dramatic and often puts on a good show, it is improper to use the clause in the sense of putting on a good performance. (9). THE MINUTES OF A MEETING — It is a common misconception that the "minutes" of a meeting are what every councillor has his eye on at 11 p.m., toward the end of a council meeting. The term is in no way associated with time or clocks. It refers to a synopsis of the previous meeting.

Editor's Mail

Letter from 'home'

Dear Jim: It is with considerable interest that I've been following your career and I notice you're again back at The Tribune. Having read some Markham Economists while you were working there, it was quite apparent that the paper improved greatly. No doubt the same will be true of The Tribune and we should appreciate it if you would send it to us on a yearly basis. Tom has been unable to do anything at all for the past three years due to a heart problem. He has a pacemaker which I monitor twice weekly to Toronto General Hospital. In spite of this, he still has blackouts, the cause of which he has not been able to determine. So I'm sure he'll enjoy having some Stouffville and area news read to him. Your story in the Economist and Sun related to one "Turnip" Chapman was much appreciated. I do not remember him specifically but I do recall he lived somewhere near the Bowling Green. The item brought back childhood memories and many laughs.

Also, I can vouch for the authenticity of his remarks. In this day and age, it all seems rather incredible. We shall be looking forward to receiving The Tribune and if you and your family are ever in this neighborhood, we'd certainly enjoy a visit with you. We live about two miles south of Barry's Bay, Hwy. 62 on Lake Kamaniskeg. (Mrs.) Kay Hastings, RR 1, Barry's Bay, Ont. Dear Editor: The organizers of the Ashburn Craft Sale wish to thank you for the advertising received through The Tribune's weekly "Events" column. Your co-operation was much appreciated. We had good results. Thanks again. Gail Kozyracky Betty Gardiner.

Appreciation



A sure nominee to Sports Hall of Fame

If the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville had a Sports Hall of Fame, Eleanor Crossen would be a certain nominee. She has excelled at softball, curling, lawn-

bowling, swimming and yes, even hockey. This picture was taken back in 1965—thirteen years ago.