



The Tribune

JAMES THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

Established 1888
CHARLES H. NOLAN
Publisher

BARRE BEACOCK
Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Ed Schroeter, Jim Holt
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lola Wideman, Art Dixon
BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marshall, Doreen Deacon, Eileen Glover

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, \$25.00 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

Caring for "special" children

The majority of parents are blessed with what can be described as "normal" children.

They're not particularly gifted, nor are they retarded. Also, they possess no physical handicaps.

Yet, it is estimated that, in York Region alone, there are more than 4,000 young people who require some form of special education.

Alarming? Yes it is, when one realizes this number represents about ten per cent of the region's total enrollment.

More alarming still is the realization that this problem has always been with us, not the same in total but close to the same in percentage. One can only imagine the frustrations for hundreds of mothers and fathers who, once faced with these difficult tasks, were at a loss on where to turn for aid.

In recent years, the York County Board, working in close co-operation with parent

groups; York Centre M.P.P., Alf Stong, York North M.P.P., Bill Hodgson and the Province, have made tremendous strides in an effort to over-come such inequalities in education. We give the aforementioned, full marks for their accomplishments.

Last month, close to 60 recommendations were put forward by a special education committee comprising Frank Wilkinson, a special ed superintendent; Margery Boggs, a special ed consultant in Area 4; Bob Anderson, principal of Fairmead School, Newmarket and Bill Armstrong, principal of the secondary school at Langstaff. The majority were approved.

Harry Bowes, Trustee for Whitchurch-Stouffville, has called it "a great move forward". Truly it is, a program that we trust will continue to move forward, filling a need that was so badly neglected in years past.

CNR Station site-a disgrace

Stouffville's C.N.R. Station's a disgrace. As much as we wanted this landmark preserved and attempted to persuade local politicians to preserve it, nothing concrete was ever accomplished. So now, the structure's reached a point of no return. The sooner they bring in the bulldozers, the better.

If we sound bitter, you're right, we are. We feel the matter was badly handled.

Regardless of previous statements, we're certain the C.N. could have been coaxed into leaving the station at its present site. We're certain too, that renovations (at one time) could have been completed for less than \$30,000 if made a community project.

A future use? A town museum of course. What is it now? A monument to a council that refused to do anything; a disgrace. We should be ashamed.

Advance into second century

The congregation of Christ Anglican Church in Stouffville is marking its 100th anniversary this year. The Tribune is pleased to join with all denominations in offering congratulations.

One hundred years is an enviable milestone. For the few individuals who reach it, the end is near. For a church, however, it can be a beginning of new and greater things

in the years ahead. So it would seem to be with the Anglicans here — one hundred and ten families and growing, the rector, Rev. Frank Edney said.

Worship services and social events in the weeks ahead could be the catalyst to spearhead the church into a new era, an era where support is sufficient to retain a minister for this congregation's needs alone. Therein lies the challenge of the second century. May it take only a few years to achieve.

NEWS ITEM: Chairman Ken Lausway announces "End of an Era" for Stouffville Public Utilities Commission.



Roaming Around

Is there a pied piper in Stouffville?

By Jim Thomas



Mention rats and folks cringe. Don't ask me why; they just do. Next to snakes, they're probably the most despised (and feared) creatures on earth.

It's been said that the bravest of men, able to face up to anything from an enraged Indian elephant to awesome Bengal tigers, will flee in terror at the sight of a single rat. Okay, laugh if you like. I'd have laughed too if someone had suggested such a thing four weeks ago. But not now, for I've seen the kind of effect they have on people. It's scary.

Back in December, demolition work was completed on an age-old building south of The Tribune Office on Market Street. I watched its dismantling with casual interest, agreeing with other onlookers that the structure, while possibly a landmark, was serving no useful purpose in its present state. Not until later, did I realize the building had served as the winter habitat for hundreds, maybe thousands of rats. With their 'home' destroyed and cold weather setting in, the rodents sought out the closest under-cover protection they could find.

On a straight line, the shortest distance between life and death was The Tribune. This place was quickly invaded.

Obviously, it took these long-tailed 'squatters' a while to become accustomed to their new quarters. They were content to lay low, nary a sound. Then, just before Christmas, things began to happen. They became daring.

At first it was just a rustle, like a couple of playful mice playing tag between the partitions. Later, the rustle turned to a clump, clump and the clump, clump to a thump, thump.

Squirrels, I said to myself. Uh-uh, no, it can't be. Too loud for that. Must be raccoons.

Then it happened, a vibration so enormous, I was sure the intruders were coming straight through the ceiling.

Not wishing to create undue alarm, I didn't breath a word to others on staff when they arrived for work the next morning. You know how girls are about such things. They grab for their skirts; vault onto desks and scream to high heaven. I wanted none of that.

However, when Doreen, the head accountant, pulled open a drawer and discovered a half-eaten apple where a whole apple had been the night before, she started

asking questions. Then, as if in answer to her queries, a rat, with a full head of steam, raced up the stairs, catching ad salesman Art by complete surprise. He did a pirouette with such grace and style, it would have put Eddie Shuck in his prime, to shame.

From that point, the rat-war was on; Traps, large enough to catch a hipopotamus, were set at convenient locations — convenient for the rats but not for nighttime patrons of the men's washroom.

No, I didn't sit on one, but something almost as serious. I stepped into one and nearly lost a toe.

Had it been placed on the 'seat', I could have been maimed for life.

Anyway, it gave me some idea how a rat must feel; poor thing. I found myself a wee bit remorseful over the fact they should meet such a terrible fate; hardly a hospitable reception for a family wishing only to come in out of the cold.

Regardless, everything's pretty well back to normal now. Except, during the wee small hours, I can still hear the patter of little feet above my head, an ominous sign of more clumps and thumps to come.

The Fourth Quarter

Seniors with contrasting outlooks on life

By Leslie Holbrook

"I fell in love with a male; we cannot get married but we live together."

This is a quote from one of numerous chucklely letters I get from readers across the land - to counteract complaining that comes from lots of others.

This jolly writer (Mrs. L.M.G., Meaford) explains: "He is a little canary and his name is Pept; he sings his heart out and brings joy to my soul."

A trio of sad-faced, basset hounds is pictured on Mrs. G's stationery; under the picture she has penned "Three Senior Citizens". Her whole letter bubbles with humor; but she can be serious too.

"There is not another country in the world which takes care of its senior citizens like Canada.

"Since my husband's death I have made my way back to Meaford where I live in a seniors' apartment; I am happy for the comfort that I have. I feel sorry for older folk who grumble about this or the other, about being confined to a small apartment. We should be grateful. I am."

Mrs. G ends with some good words: "To awake each morning with a smile brightening my face. To greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains. To approach my work with a clear, clean mind. To meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart. To be gentle, kind and courteous through all hours. To approach the night with weariness that woos sleep. To feel the joy that comes from work well-done. This is how I desire to spend wisely my days."

"Are Senior Citizens Being Robbed?" was the way one paper captioned a recent Fourth Quarter column. Many of you were quick to shout "Yes".

"Of course we are," says W.L.L. "Unless we have benefitted substantially from owning real estate, the only asset which has kept up with inflation, we are slipping behind all the time. 'Harder' monies invested in government bonds, life insurance and certificates of deposit are paid out. Sno Flako Sr. principal, in 'so

"Rates of interest on savings have not equalled the rate of inflation, especially if income tax has to be paid on the interest. For us, this indirect consumption of savings is not compensated for fully by income increases such as most workers enjoy.

"At the same time, we are faced with increased costs for both necessities and reasonable comforts (newspapers, books, music) - plus rising taxes.

"Income and sales taxes are considerably lower in the U.S. (Florida for example) and,

in some cases, there is no school tax on seniors' homes.

"In Connecticut real estate taxes are fixed at retirement, protecting seniors from being taxed out of possession. Later increases in taxes are collected from the estate.

"We also suffer from outrageous prices charged for goods and services required to keep us and our homes going. A curb needs to be put on the cowardly and greedy claims of already over-paid workers - who so often give us only a shoddy job."

Editor's Mail

Praises Town planners

Dear Mr. Thomas:

With respect to the letter from Frances Baker under the heading "Favors supermarket", published in the Jan. 4 issue of The Tribune, I can't understand her logic.

The writer complains about the Main Street being weakened by too many hair salons, real estate offices and restaurants. Then, she suggests a third supermarket should be established in the Harding Gate Plaza which, in my opinion, would only weaken the downtown core even more.

I'm not a professional economist, but it's quite obvious, a third store of such size is NOT needed in Stouffville, not now or for many years in the future.

This town is fortunate to have two excellent retail food outlets. The I.G.A. and the A & P are more than capable of handling all the trade that's available here. Another would only reduce the number of patrons at the other two, making it difficult for each to survive.

Rather than criticize the Planning Board for its "delaying tactic", I commend them. Members' action is long overdue and should be an across-the-board policy rather than a single specific act. Too many of anything is bad be they service stations, restaurants,

drug stores or barbershops. Your newspaper has stressed this fact on several occasions and I wholeheartedly agree.

A third supermarket? No way. Support the two that are here now, that's my recommendation. Thanks for allowing me to air my feelings on this matter.

KENNETH ARTHURS,
Manitoba Street,
Stouffville.

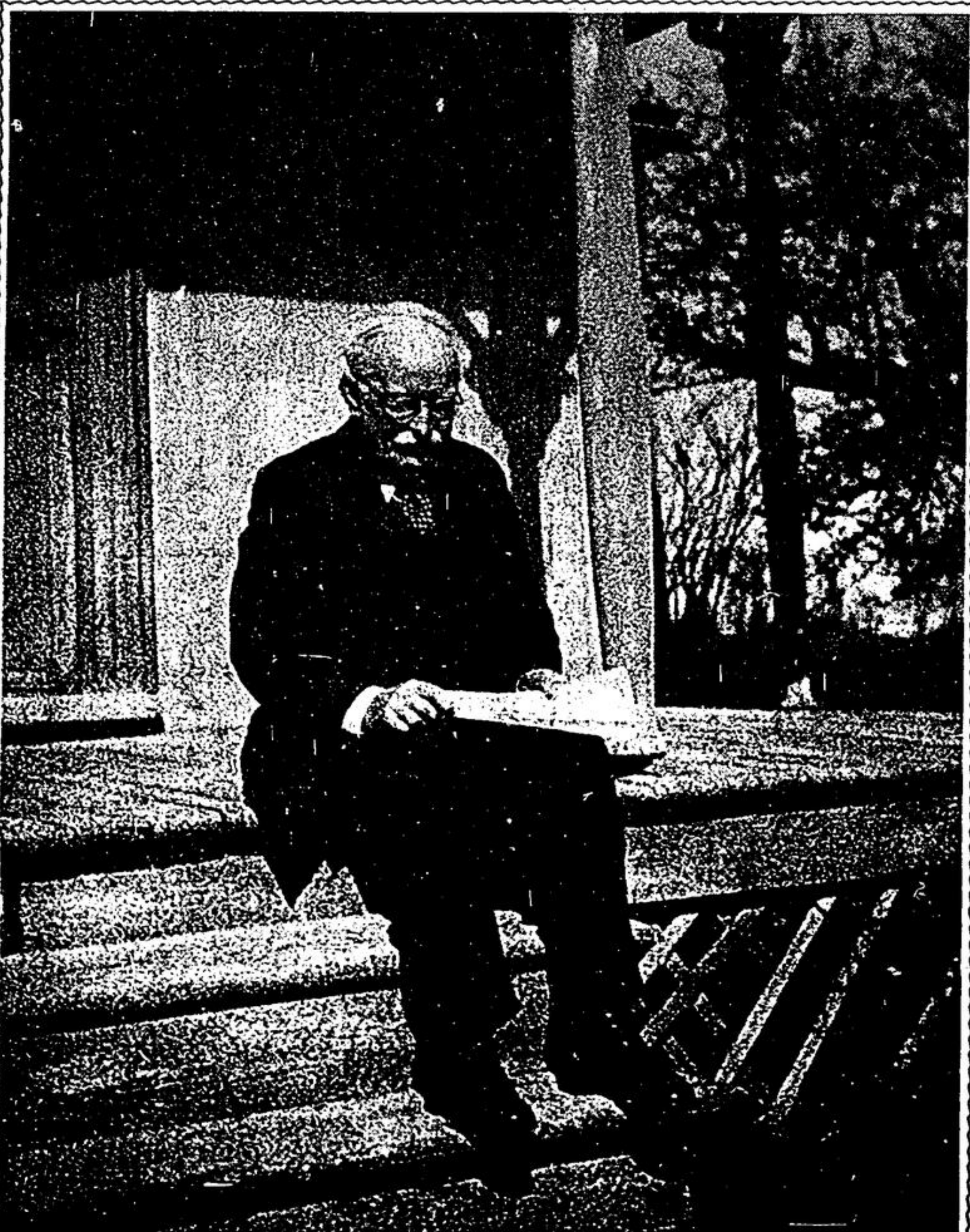
Dear Editor:

I despise chronic complainers and I'm sure most readers of your newspaper do also. Regardless, I have a 'beef' that I feel should be aired.

Recently, a rather severe ice storm turned Stouffville streets into skating rinks. The next morning when I left for work (around 6:30 a.m.), the back streets were as slippery as glass; not a sand truck to be seen anywhere.

Surely, in a town the size of ours, a night shift could be pressed into service to handle such emergencies.

Norma Jenkins,
Stouffer St.,
Stouffville.



Area telephone pioneer

A.D. Bruce, a pioneer of the Bethesda and Stouffville Telephone Co., is shown here on the front steps of the Bruce family home, south of the Stouffville-Gormley

Road near the 5th Concession. The well-patronized Conservation Area bears his name. The picture was resurrected from an old photo file at The Tribune.