



The Tribune

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Editorials

Fair president well chosen

It's significant and unique that the 1979 president of Markham Fair should also be the architect of the new site.

Mac Cosburn, a water resources engineer and an associate with the firm of Marshall, Macklin, Monaghan, has been closely connected with the planning of this project from the start. It would seem fitting then, that he should have an opportunity to head up a venture to which he's been so much a part.

Looking past year '79, the fair's future is obviously in good hands with Fred Crawford and Dennis Seeley following in that order.

A glance back over the financial report of '78, it's obvious some changes are necessary. Income is just barely keeping pace with inflation; admission prices and other rates will have to be raised.

While it has never been the goal of the Board to "make a bundle", the directors are anxious to do better than break even. A profit can no longer be assured on the present fee system, even with crowds as large as they were last year.

We're certain most people will understand the Fair's position when prices are advanced this fall.

Growing older can be fun

In Whitchurch-Stouffville, reaching maturity at age 60, should be a joy, thanks to an organization called The Silver Jubilee Club.

This program is undoubtedly the most rewarding project since the township and village amalgamated to become a Town.

To date, membership is close to 200, with more likely to join this spring and summer.

It wasn't too many years ago that seniors, seeking a little daytime relaxation, were

bounced from pillar to post in Stouffville. It was "men only" at that time and all they wanted was a place to play euchre for a few hours during winter afternoons. They weren't that well received.

How different now. The Silver Jubilee Club's the envy of us all, thanks to the perseverance of a faithful few and the co-operation of an understanding council.

In Whitchurch-Stouffville, reaching sixty is a joy, not a concern.

Beating inflation, and how!

Black Creek Pioneer Village has set some kind of record in the fight against inflation.

On Saturday, the snack bar and Half Way House dining room offered food at the following prices: A full course meal, 25 cents; Weiner on a bun, five cents; fried potatoes, five cents; coffee, one cent; hot apple cider,

one cent; hot chocolate, one cent; Coke, one cent.

Admission to the Village was reduced to ten cents per person.

While we're not suggesting stores and restaurants in Whitchurch-Stouffville should follow suit, it would be a sure-fire way of guaranteeing crowds.

Waste of public funds

A Page 1 story, a newspaper called the Christian Inquirer tells of a new film entitled "Summer's Children" that argues the case for incest between a brother and sister.

According to the report, several officials of the Canadian Film Development Corporation have been loud in their praise of this release. And this is fine. They have apparently seen it and have a right to their own opinion.

We haven't seen it and probably won't. That too is our right.

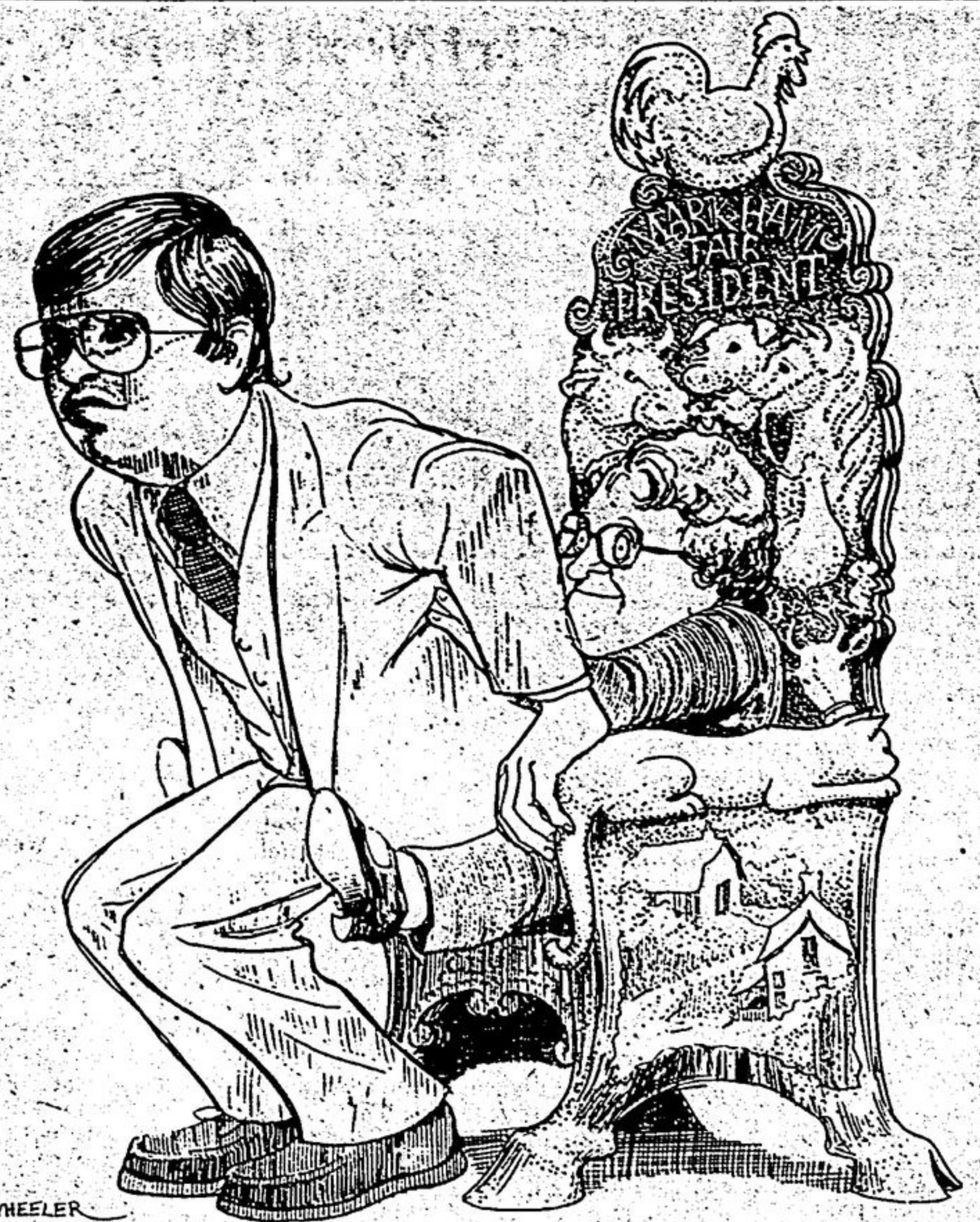
However, it becomes the concern of all Canadians when our tax money is used to

support a project of this kind. The Inquirer states that \$96,000 was invested by the Canadian Film Development Corporation in this venture, more than half the total cost.

The film's plot deals with a 22 year old boy who leaves home for the big city, pursued by his love-struck sister. She drops clues as to her whereabouts and the two eventually get together.

The C.F.D.C. is a federal agency, a Crown corporation operating under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of State. So it is our tax dollars that have funded this film, promoting incest. That's where our money goes. There ought to be a law.

NEWS ITEM: Mac Cosburn elected President of Markham Fair Board for 1979.



"Hold it a minute, Mac, the Fair's not til September!"



Roaming Around

Does television rule your roost?

By Jim Thomas

Does the T.V. rule your roost?

Do the kids park themselves in front of the set hour on hour, particularly Saturdays and Sundays?

Ours did, to the point where it was becoming a bit ridiculous. But not any more, at least not to the same extent. Beginning with the new year, we laid down a few rules that seem to be working well.

Why now, you ask?

The reason's simple. When we had the old black and white "clunker", nobody cared. In fact, on occasions, we had to coax the kids to watch. The only channels available were 9 and 5 and not too clear at that. Sometimes, by turning the knob half-way between 2 and 3, we could pick up Barrie, but that was usually due to a freak of nature rather than mechanical accomplishment. For best results, we found stomping one's right foot down on the third row of floor tile closest to the north wall worked wonders. All kinds of U.F.O.'s would flutter across the screen plus flashes from as far distant as Mars — science fiction without equal.

While I found it somewhat intriguing, no one else did.

"Hey Dad, why can't we have color like Joey Smith down the street?" they would ask.

"Because Joey Smith's folks (or whoever), have more money than we do," I'd reply, knowing full well each time I said it, they weren't impressed.

Anyway, a year ago last Christmas, "Old Scrooge" loosened the purse strings and made the big purchase — a 20 inch Electrohome from Stouffville Sound and Music.

For better or for worse, it brought about a complete change in the way of life within our family circle. It was television, morning, noon and night.

Come meal time, six empty places at the table. Come homework time, piles of books, none of them opened.

Come bedtime, repeated calls but no response.

Come church time, shoes unshined and hair uncombed. We were losing control.

That's when I purchased a dinner bell. One ring and everyone comes running — or else. And no one dare leave until the slowest eater is finished. Then the mad dash; the Charge of the Light Brigade.

However, as invariably happens, solve one problem and raise another. The first one to reach the set has the choice of programs. On Friday's it's Eight Is Enough vs. The Newlywed Game vs. Sha Na Na vs. The Incredible Hulk. On Saturday's, it's Hee Haw vs.

Lawrence Welk vs. Star Trek vs. I Love Lucy. On Sunday's, it's the Gong Show vs. The Hardy Boys vs. The Beachcombers vs. Alfred Hitchcock. On Monday's, it's Little House On The Prairie vs. Family Feud vs. The Price Is Right vs. Fantasy Island. On Tuesday's it's Mary Tyler Moore vs. What's My Line vs. The Muppets vs. Walt Disney. On Wednesday, it's Charlie's Angels vs. Wonder Woman vs. The Dating Game vs. Good Times. On Thursday's, it's Hollywood Squares vs. Stars On Ice vs. CHIP's vs. Lawrence Welk!

To keep peace in the family, we've arranged alternate schedules between 7 and 8 p.m. On a rotating basis, each one sees his or her favorite show on the sixth day of the sixth week, with one exception. Everything stops for Wonder Woman. And why not? After all, the purchaser of the set should have some say in what programs are fit to see.



Sugar and Spice

An eccentric in '79

By Bill Smiley

With a whole new year extending itself lubriciously before us, perhaps it's time to wonder what we are going to do with the next 10 or 12 months.

My plan is to become an eccentric. This may not seem much of an ambition, but I've always admired eccentrics, and secretly desired to be one.

My wife and other close friends have already suggested that I am a bit weird, but that's their problem. After almost 20 years as a teacher of English, I'm gona spell 'er like she is, the way my students do.

That's only one of my eccentricities. I am also going to grow hair in my nostrils, not to mention my ears. No more of this to the barber, "Yes, give the ears a liddle trim, and the eyebrows." I want hairy ears and eyebrows. I want to look like an ancient Jewish prophet.

If that isn't enough, I'll grow flurd in my belly-button. You know what flurd is, I hope. It's that cottony stuff that grows in your belly-button.

Flurd was the real cause of the American civil war. The Northerners were growing more flurd in their belly-buttons than the Southerners were on their plantations.

But enough of flurd. And who ever heard of a "civil" war? A war may be full of fiendish cruelty or dreadful atrocities or monumental indignities but there is nothing civil about it. A civil war occurs when you sue your neighbor to tear down the fence that is bowing over your begonias.

Back to my eccentricities. Every summer, until now, I have eschewed the wearing of a tie. And I know my dignity has suffered. I've heard people say it. They say, "Look at his dignity. Did you ever see such suffering?"

Next summer, come what may, I'm going to chew a tie. Every day. It may be a little rough, a tie a day, but with the price of lettuce what can you lose?

Another thing I plan to do next year is dribble. No, no, not dribble a football about the backyard. Any in eccentric can do that. I mean dribble at the nose and mouth, constantly. And I will wipe it with my sleeve. This is only slightly less eccentric than picking one's nose in public and eating it, which a real eccentric will do every time.

Do I begin to disgust you? Don't worry. It gets worse. I have well-formulated plans to wear white wool socks with black patent-leather shoes, brown shoes with a blue blazer, and white shoes with an orange tuxedo.

I will wear my hair long, but always in a discreet bun to go with my granny glasses.

I am planning a big party for the Twelfth of July. So far, only the Pope and a few cardinals have accepted. But I'm expecting a few other rare birds. Like King Billy the Eleventh. It promises to be quite a conflagration.

Another thing I'm going to do in the new year is Not Go South For The Winter. This is becoming one of the more eccentric things to do.

And I'm going to change my whole attitude toward my grandboys. No more love and attention. That's not eccentric. That's bourgeois. This year it's going to be, "Get off my clavicle, you little monster, or I'll give you a good scelp in the lurch." That'll teach them that it doesn't pay to fool around with a relic.

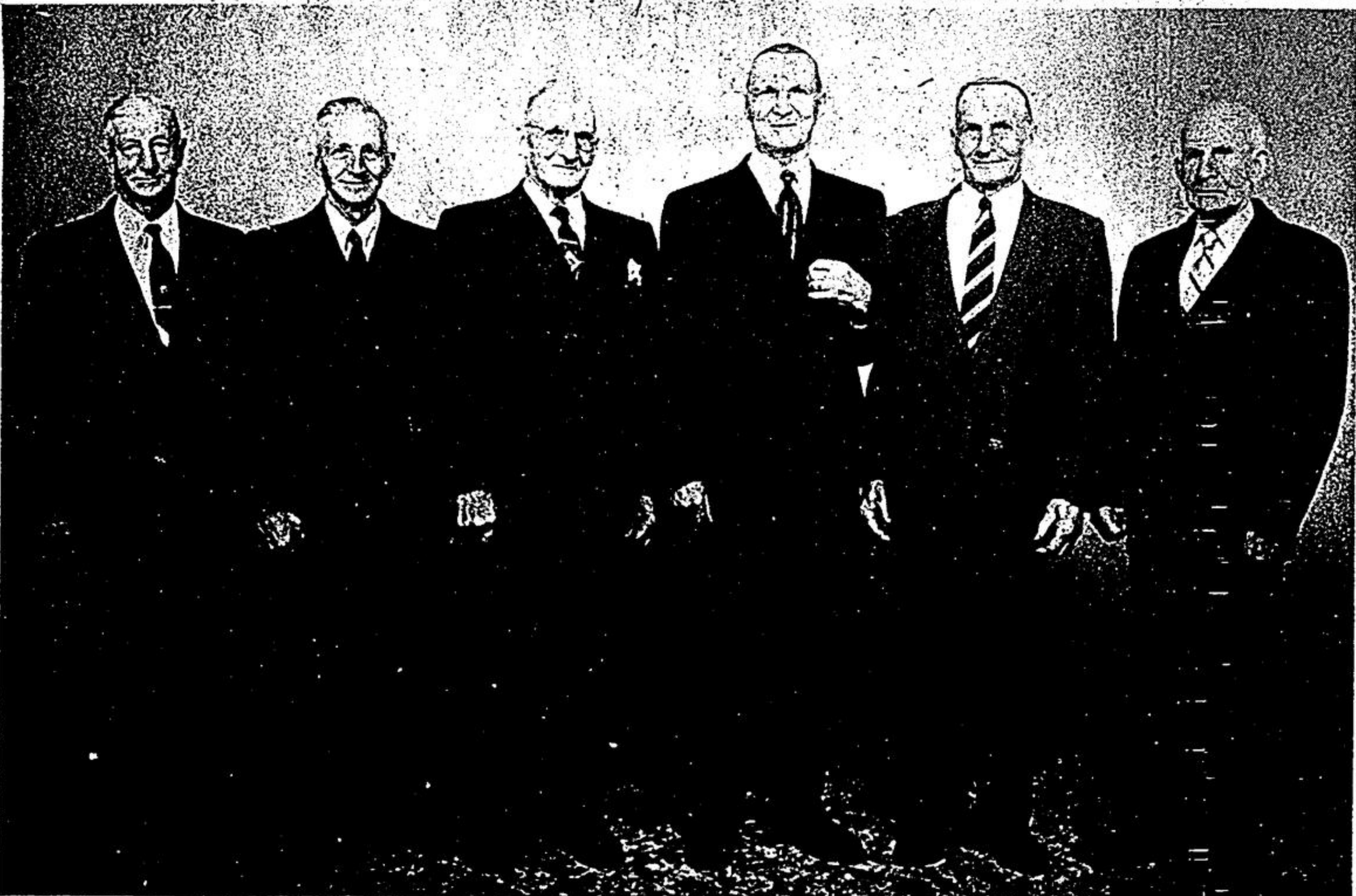
I have some eccentricities in store for my old lady, too. Instead of sitting there reading the paper, I'm going to look up, smile brightly and say, "Darling, that's the most fascinating account I've ever heard of how you made the bed and did last night's dishes and vacuumed the living room." She'll probably go into a state of total oblivion.

There are a few other bad habits I'll have to discard if I want to become the complete 20th century eccentric. (Don't try to say that one unless you have your partial plate in.)

I'm going to stop semi-supporting my kids. No more handouts. Perhaps this seems excessively eccentric (see paragraph above), but at the respective ages of 30 and 26, they are no longer my business. In fact, I wish I had a business, so I could disown them. A nice hardware business, for example, with a net profit of about \$50,000.

I'd just love to say, "I disown you, and I'm leaving the business to your cousin Elwood, who smokes pot, hangs around the pool-hall, goes out with fallen women, and doesn't know whether his arm is glued or tattooed." I'd love to see the look on their faces.

Or would I? This eccentric business is not as simple as it seems. And you'd better have your dentures in for that one.



This rather unique picture of the Ward brothers was taken by Stouffville photographer Ted Cadieux back in Jan. 1956 — twenty-three years ago. The gentlemen, at that time, all residents of Ontario County and representing 458 years, are (left to right): Roy Ward, Fred Ward, Evans Ward, William Ward, Walter Ward and Judd Ward. All have since passed away.