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Editorials

Important cog in PC machine

An important cog in the Progressive-Conservative political machine in Ottawa, is Sinclair Stevens, Member of Parliament for York-Peel riding which contains the municipality of Whitchurch-Stouffville. In addition to conducting himself admirably on a personal level for the local riding, he has continually made headlines in the role of finance critic for the PC Party.

He has kept up a tenacious attack on the government in the Commons, and has made a considerable contribution to the Tory effort to come up with alternative economic policies.

His activeness in the local riding supported by his personal charm and pleasantness has widened his circle of friends and

supporters which will most certainly reflect itself at the polls on May 22.

Mr. Stevens is most critical of the government's handling of the economy, particularly in the realm of debt, but is ready to admit that the options for correction in the short-term are very limited. He has pointed out several times recently that this year's debt will amount to 13 per cent of the gross national product, and next year will almost double. This increase, he contends, can only mean higher inflation and higher taxes for the individual Canadian.

Support for Mr. Stevens has remained high in his previous campaigns and is expected to do so again on May 22.

Rules made to be enforced

Regional health authorities in both York and Durham, have come in for considerable criticism in recent weeks over planned enforcement of the Act governing preparation of food in community halls and churches.

While the approach to the problem in the Region of Durham will not win civil servants an A-Plus for diplomacy, they are, like it or not, carrying out orders "by the book" with little likelihood of deviating from them.

Politicians, as might be expected, have come to the support of the people.

"Use a little common sense," suggested M.P.P., Bill Newman, Ontario's Minister of Agriculture.

"Discretion" is the word that kept cropping up at a meeting of York Regional

Council, Thursday.

But that's all they are — words: What is "common sense"? What is "discretion"?

What the politicians are trying to say is: Enforce only part of the Act, that part most organizations are already complying with, and ignore the rest. But this cannot be. For the rules and regulations are very clear. They should be followed or discarded.

Health authorities have suggested a "waiting period" of three years for groups to meet these standards. This would seem fair. Organizations that cannot or refuse to adhere to this deadline, will be out of the food-serving business.

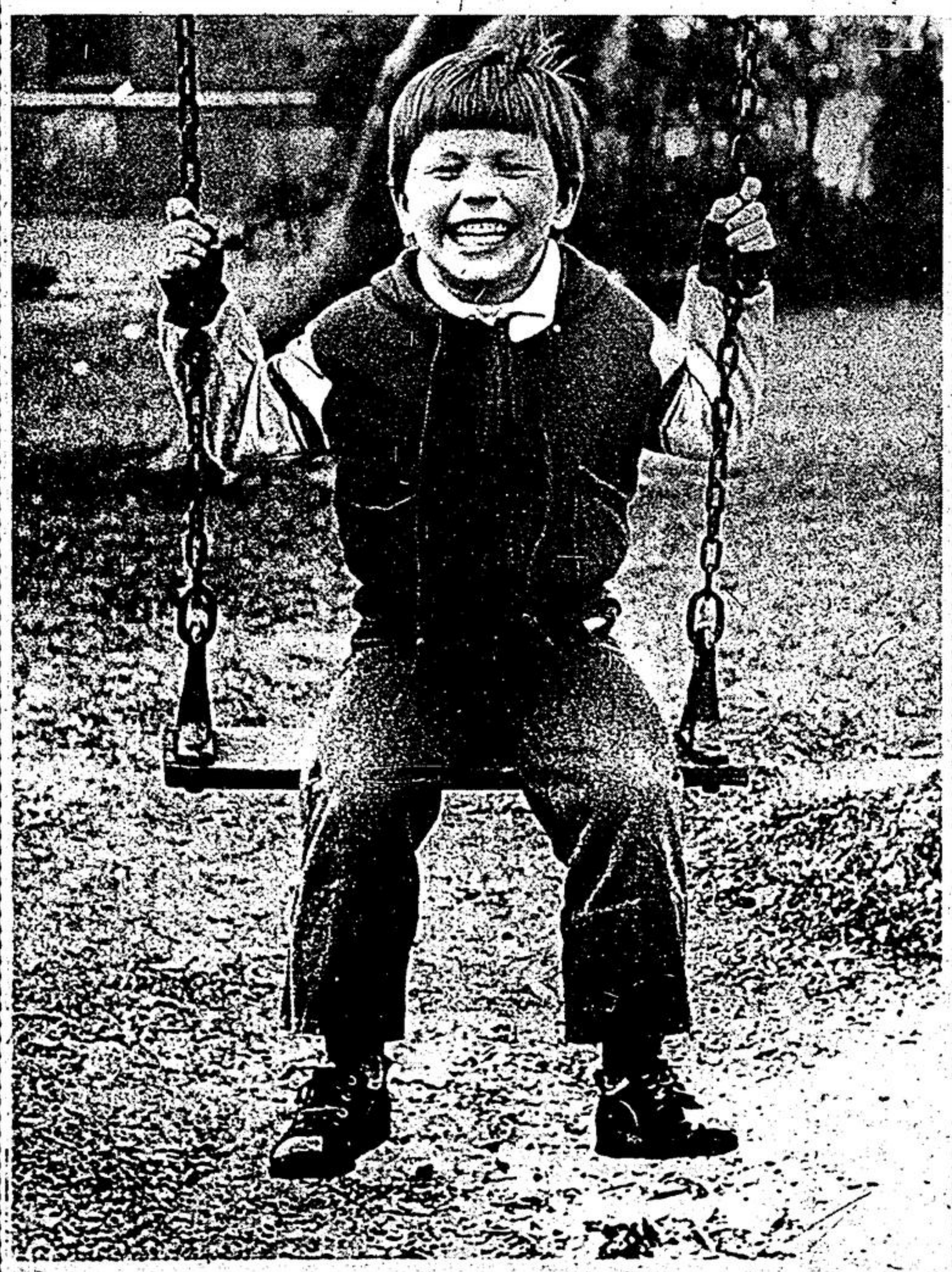
That's the way it is. No one can say they weren't warned.

Hockey brains-not brawn

Bash-em, crash-em type hockey, so prevalent in the O.H.A. and the N.H.L., is on the way out. And the sooner it goes, the better.

While we may hate to admit it, superior skating and passing clubs as iced by the Russians and the Czechs, have taught us lessons we should never forget.

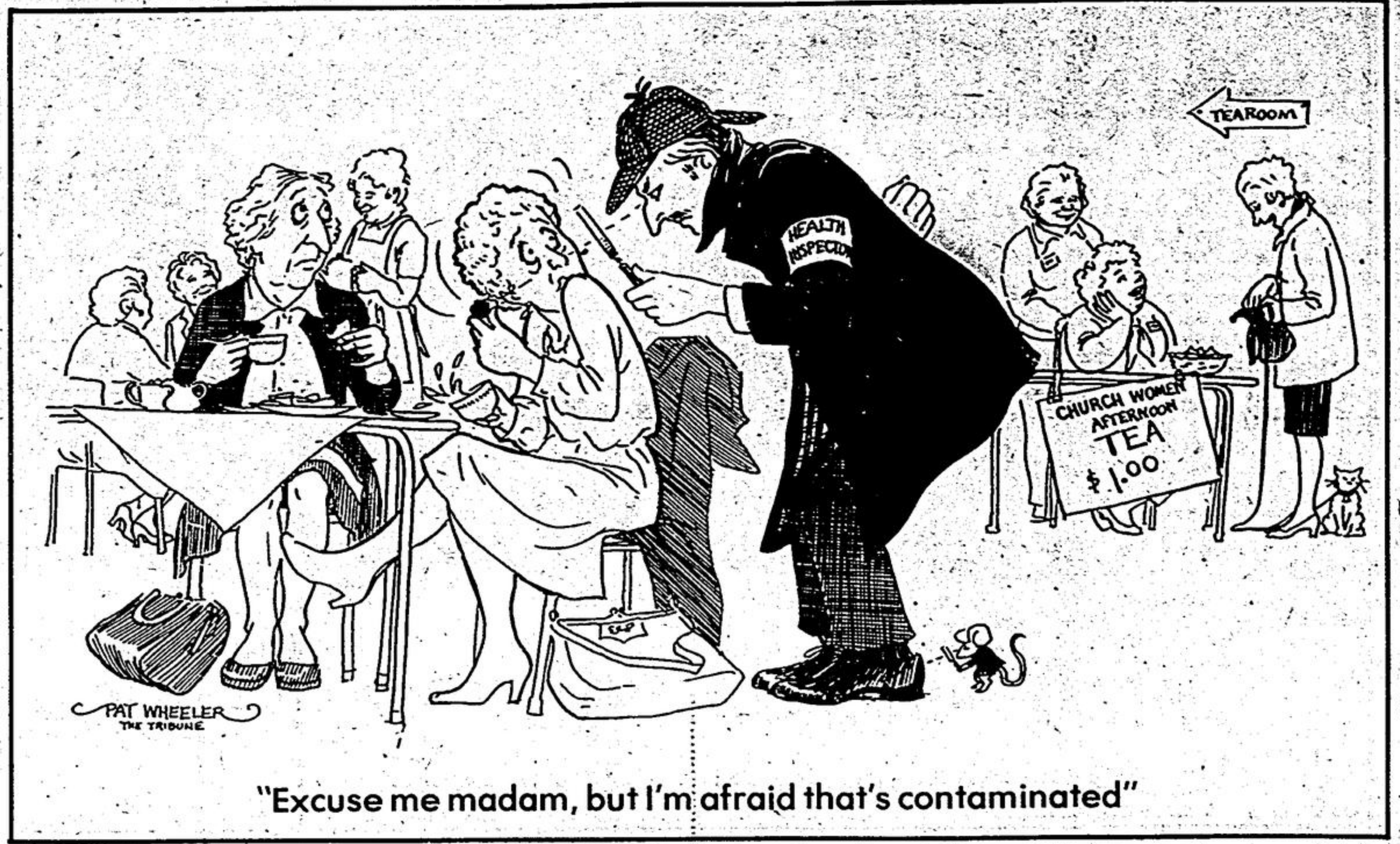
Closer to home, local fans are still discussing the two excellent games between the Stouffville "Selects" and the Uxbridge "Black Hawks"; no physical contact, no slap shots, only examples of skills mastered through years of experience. That's hockey at its best and that's what to-days spectators want to see.



Swings into Spring

It's a sure sign of spring! with the return of the warm weather children are flocking to the local playgrounds. Six year

old Bradley Poole, Booth Drive, enjoys a swing ride in Stouffville Memorial Park. Ed Schroeter



"Excuse me madam, but I'm afraid that's contaminated"

Roaming Around

Medicinal cure-all in short supply

By Jim Thomas



Woe is me, woe is Stouffville. Our town's run out of Lily Medicine.

How such a catastrophe could occur without some public announcement, I'm not quite sure. Anyway, the three drug stores here are dry — bone dry. I checked.

Genial Cliff Aiken gave me a "who are you kidding" kind of smile when I asked. "The main ingredient is water that runs up hill on a cold day in July and that's mighty hard to find," he replied with a sly wink. "No sir, I haven't carried it in years." He suggested I trot a few steps further down the street and enquire at Houston's. Which I did. But the end result was the same.

"Sorry," answered the friendly clerk, "but we no longer handle it. Yes, we used to; made it ourselves; good for what ails you, inside and out, but no more. Maybe you wouldn't be asking for it if you knew what was in it," she stated, pricking my curiosity.

"What?" I asked.

"Rye," she responded.

Gulp! That's all I'd need; to go home from work some night with the smell of that on my breath. It'd be the doghouse for sure — permanently. I thanked the kind lady for the information and left; still not totally satisfied that this wasn't the spring "booster" I needed.

So I called Widdifield's in the Plaza. A similar response.

"Never heard of it," the druggist said. Three strikes and out.

But it wasn't the end of the game. I'm a pretty determined kind of guy and when someone suggests a guaranteed cure-all, three no's merely spur me on.

It must have been ten to twelve years ago, I first heard of this medicinal miracle called Lily Medicine. Margery Mertens, who once worked here at The Tribune, advocated its use for everything. Mention the common cold, an ingrown toenail or a bad back and she'd haul a little bottle out of the drawer of her desk.

Try this, she'd say, I've been using it for years. Apparently it worked wonders for her. She was seldom away sick.

On Sunday, I started digging — through every home remedy book in the house. The first I came across was "Look Younger, Live Longer!" by Gaylord Hauser. The introduction follows: Are you just living and not alive? Do you want to live as long as you can? Do you want good looks? Do you want to stay young? If so, then follow the world-famous Hauser way to new health, new youthfulness. Another I found was entitled simply:

"Folk Medicine" by Dr. D.C. Jarvis; fascinating reading, but nary a mention of the "fix-it" I was looking for.

After close to an hour of steady searching in which I turned our "book room" upside down, my wife, her curiosity aroused, questioned as to "what in the world I was looking for."

Lily Medicine — the formula for Lily Medicine, I answered, in a somewhat aggravated tone, figuring any milder approach and she'd laugh me to scorn.

The result was the most amazing revelation heard around our house in months. Not only did she have the "recipe" but had actually used some (borrowed it from a friend), for an aching tooth.

The "prescription" reads as follows: Madonna Lily leaves, whiskey, gum camphor and aloe (amounts not available). Mix a half to one teaspoon in water and add a little sugar.

While the trial and error approach may be a little risky, a single application and my wife's toothache miraculously disappeared. So she's sold on it.

I'm not so sure. For I tried a little on my comb and now my hair's falling out.



Sugar and Spice

Spring sunshine reveals hidden havoc

By Bill Smiley

Like most people in this country with any intelligence, I welcome the advent of spring, which in Canada consists mainly of mud, slush, cold rain and colder winds.

It is the end of that suicidal season in which we get more and more depressed, irritable, and bone-weary of living in a land where the national sound symbols are the wet snuffle and the barking cough, the national sight symbols are the filled-in driveway and the rusting fender.

It's a trying time. For years, I've advocated a mid-February holiday to save the national psych from self-destruction. I've suggested calling it National Love Day, the third Monday in Feb.: a day to love your neighbour, your neighbour's wife, yourself, and life, not necessarily in that order.

But I've been blocked, year after year, by politicians, who fear the opponents might score a victory if it were named Sir John A. MacDonald Day or Sir Wilfred Laurier Day; and by the industrialists and business community, who blanch with terror at the thought of paying their employees for one more non-productive day in the year. Hell, a third of their employees' days are non-productive anyway. They may as well throw in a bonus.

Yes, I welcome spring, but there's one aspect of it that I very nearly loathe. That's when the first yellow sun begins to filter through those murky storm windows, which we daren't take off until mid-May.

It isn't the sun that bothers me. It's the Old Battleaxe. She throws away her survival kit, the cataracts are peeled from her eyes, and she starts driving me out of my skull.

"Bill Smiley, look at those drapes!" I look. They look fine to me. Same old ones we had in January. Green and gold, turned to a sort of gold with cigarette smoke and hot air from the ancient furnace, but perfectly serviceable drapes.

"Look at that rug. Filthy! Look at the chesterfield. The Boys have ruined it: jam, bananas, yoghurt! Look at that woodwork. It was off-white in the fall, and now it's off-black! The wall paper is disgusting!"

Well, I look up from my paper with every demand, and everything looks just the same to me as it did a month ago. Comfortable. Warm. Lived-in. I venture such an opinion. It is met with a torrent of abuse, self-pity, and materialistic avariciousness.

"You don't care, do you? You'd live in a pig-pen, wouldn't you? Other men help their wives keep the place decent, don't they? Have you no eyes in your head? Aren't you ashamed of this "wreck" room that used to be our living-room?"

Faced with a barrage of rhetorical questions, I shift uneasily and answer, "Yes," or, sometimes, "No." I never know what to say, but it's always the wrong thing.

Frankly, I don't care. And yes, I would live in a pig-pen, if nothing else were available. And no, other men don't help their wives keep the place decent. Not decent men. And yes, I have eyes in my head, two of them, one apt to be black after this column appears. And no, I'm not ashamed of our wreck room. I know who wrecked it, and I love them just the same. And if visitors don't like it, they can go and visit someone else, with a real rec' room. It is confusing, is it not?

However, I am an amenable chap. I don't kick a dog, just because he bays at the moon. I don't kick a woman, just because she begins raving when the March sun filters into the dugout where we've spent the winter.

I merely blink benignly, start talking supportively. Yes, we should have new drapes. How much? Yes, we should have a new chesterfield suite. How much? Yes, it's time we got rid of that old dining-room suite, which we bought second-hand for \$100 twenty years ago. How much for a new one? Certainly, the rugs need cleaning and the whole house redecorating. How much?

It always comes out to somewhere around \$8,000. I remind that we have to borrow from the bank to pay the income tax. That we have two cars which we could sell in a package deal, to an experienced mechanic, for \$400. That if we don't have some brickwork done, the whole house will fall down, and we'll be sitting there, in full view, on our new chesterfield.

I suggest that she save money from teaching her piano pupils, pay back the \$1,000 she has spent on long-distance phone calls to her relatives, and take a job as a cleaning lady for a year, and all will be doozy. New everything.

She counters with arrows about the booze bill, the cigarettes account, and all the money I gamble away on lotteries.

I remind her gently that if she hadn't spent a cool thousand on gold chains last summer in Switzerland, we'd be in clover. And so it goes.

After a week or two of this, we have arrived at an impasse. The sun keeps shining, something important, like the children, crops up, and we sail happily into a new year, with the wreck room intact: warm, comfortable, lived-in. Doesn't cost a nickel. And you know something? Nobody cares.

Editor's Mail

Cost cutbacks too

Dear Editor:

The average home-owner in Whitchurch-Stouffville will pay \$463.40 for education tax alone this year, according to your newspaper.

This is an eye-opening revelation, particularly when one constantly reads of decreasing student enrollments and cutbacks on teacher hirings.

With all this going on, there should also be cutbacks in costs instead of annual increases; and substantial increases at that.

There's been a turn-around in the pupil population. When will it occur in the budget?

I'm not downplaying the importance of education. It's all-important. But when I keep reading about reductions in the classroom, I wonder when it will be passed on to we the taxpayers.

Cyril Martin, RR 3, Stouffville.

Dear Editor:

I wish to commend the Whitchurch-Stouffville Planning Board for their apparent determination to "clean up" the westend "strip" between Ringwood and what was once the town limits.

This section could and should be Stouffville's "show window" and I for one hope that eventually this will come about.

However, I can visualize all kinds of pressures from outside; people who don't really give a hang about the town, only the making of a fast buck at the town's expense.

I see the day when this area will indeed be our "Golden Mile" and it will come about through the determination of planners to have the job done right — the second time around.

Stick to your guns!

Paul Murray, R.R. 4, Stouffville.