



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Y.M.C.A. can help

Every town has its "do nothing kids", a group of young people who, for reasons known only to themselves, have little interest in anything.

By this, we mean, they're not actively engaged in any visible form of recreation. They don't play ball, hockey, tennis or soccer. They don't like swimming, bowling or skating. They're a minority but still, their numbers are many, so many in Whitchurch-Stouffville, they can't be ignored.

Our attitude has been to criticize and condemn. "Lazy bunch of bums," we say, a denouncement that, applicable or not, isn't solving the problem. Some organization here, like it or not, must face this situation head on and come up with a solution.

In to-day's society, these kids are looked on as misfits. Why? Because we tend to admire the person who excels. He may not be able to add two and two but if he scores the winning goal in a playoff final, he's a national hero. He may never lace on a pair of skates but if he obtains an M.A. Degree in Math, he's considered a success.

But what of the also ran? The less than average? Is there nothing for him? In Whitchurch-Stouffville, it would seem not.

From what we have observed, this segment of youth is interested mainly in a place to congregate and talk. Their language, while often rough, is no worse than you'd hear

at the local arena or on a ball diamond. Yet the appearance of cars and kids, all in one place, automatically raises suspicions. So they're kicked around from pillar to post, hassled by police, business people and the public.

Usually, they end up in a plaza, the area of least resistance.

The difficult thing about the "do nothing kids" is their dislike for adult supervision (even direction) and organization. This is where the clash occurs. For grown-ups believe that for any program to be a success, it must be planned; leave nothing to chance.

This group wants no part of this. To them, informality's the attraction, the "do your own thing" kind of arrangement. So we end up right where we started—worlds apart.

While it's very convenient for a town to sit on its hands and pretend no problem exists, the truth is, it does and will, until some effort is made to resolve it.

The hope we see is in the successful formation of a Y.M.C.A. branch here. The pre-selected location is the rear of The Steerburger Restaurant, Main Street West. The size of the property is excellent. So is the site, with plenty of parking, far removed from residential build-up.

So to the 'Y' we throw the torch. May you be successful in doing something for those with nothing to do.

### New road-no traffic

At considerable expense (and inconvenience to some property-owners), the Region of York has completed a two-lane highway, extending a distance of about five miles from Hwy. 48 to Woodbine Avenue.

To some, it's 17th Avenue; others, Major McKenzie Drive and still others, the Maple Road. Regardless, it's a beautiful stretch of pavement, excellently laid out and engineered.

However, it's not being used, at least not to the extent that was intended. We travelled it twice, Friday, and met only three vehicles, all of them cars. There wasn't a single truck on the entire five-mile route, and this was to serve as a truck bypass around the former village of Markham.

A reason for this could very well be a decision to erect stop signs at every north-south concession road. No trucker, rolling along at 60 miles per hour with a 25 ton load, will tolerate that kind of aggravation. It's even irritating to many motorists, some of

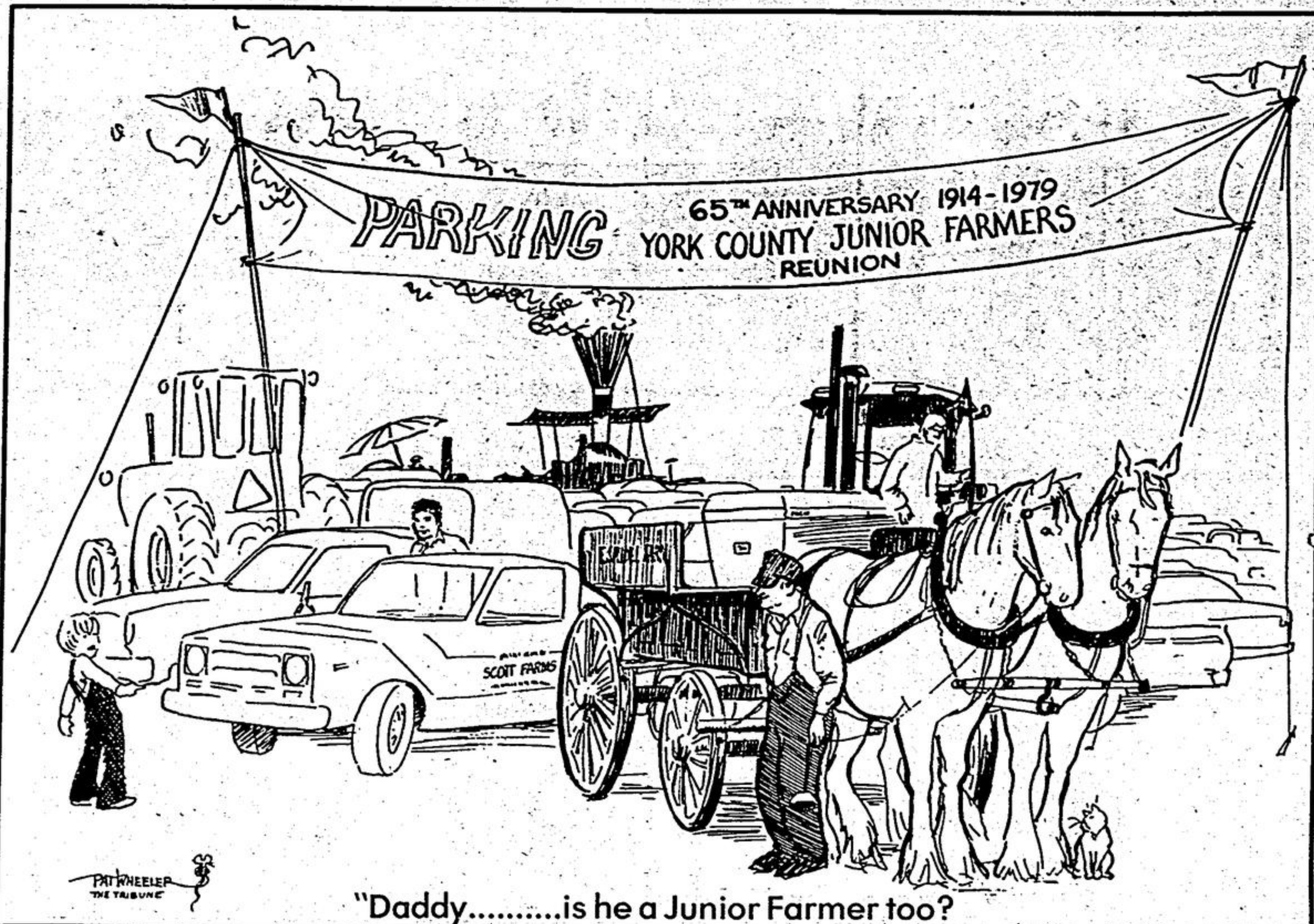
whom (at risk to life and limb), have zipped through intersections at the 7th (McCowan Road) and the 5th (Warden Avenue), without even slowing down.

In our opinion, the only east-west stop should be at the 6th (Kennedy Road), and the sooner the sign-switch is approved, the better it'll be for everyone.

### Our fair too

One month from to-day (Sept. 27), is Markham Fair. And while this truly great country exhibition is located in Markham, it's also Whitchurch-Stouffville's fair. The board of directors stress this point and so do we.

The directors are anxious to have townsfolk here feel more a part of the Fair, so much a part, we'll participate more wholeheartedly in it. That's the invitation—the challenge. Now it's up to us to respond.



"Daddy.....is he a Junior Farmer too?"



### Sugar and Spice

## Back to candles and coal

By Bill Smiley

It's a little like being an observer of the Fall of the Roman Empire.

That's how I feel as I read and hear the latest energy crisis news.

One of these days, in the not-distant future, the last drop of that black stuff is going to drip into the last receptacle. How then, brown hen?

Will we freeze in the dark? Well, a heck of a lot of red-blooded Canadians will need every bit of that red blood to avoid doing so.

It's not as though the hand-writing has not been on the wall. It's just that nobody has been looking at that particular wall. We've all been looking out our picture window, instead.

I've been thinking about it during a particularly busy week in which a dentist saved one of my ancient teeth, a doctor gave me an allergy shot, and a barber removed some of my ancient white hair.

Needless to say, I drove my ancient car to each of these places. None of them is more than a ten-minute walk. On my way to one of them, I drove down to the dock, parked, and watched about three thousand boats trying to wiggle their way out of marinas, so that they could open her up and cut a swath across the lake with their oilburners.

At the doctor's, people were complaining because the air-conditioning wasn't working. The dentist used a high-speed electric drill in his air-conditioned office, with all the fluorescent lights on. The barber was sweating, turned up his air-conditioning, washed his hands in hot water, and switched on his electric clippers.

By George, I thought, it's going to be quite a change. I visualized the dentist pumping away with his old foot-powered drill. The doctor giving me a shot by flashlight, because there are no windows in the joint. The barber using the old hand-powered clippers and shaving my neck with cold water, in a steamy-hot barber shop.

It wouldn't bother me too much. I was brought up on weed stoves, coal-oil lamps, a block of ice in the refrigerator, and a coal-burning furnace.

But it sure would bother the doctor, the dentist and the barber, along with practically every human being in North America under the age of sixty.

It's going to be quite an auction sale, I thought, when that last drop of black stuff flows from the last spigot.

Listen to the auctioneer. "Lincoln Continental, 1982 model, like new. Tear out the insides and you have a grand out-door rec room for the kiddies. What am I bid? Do I hear thirty dollars?"

"Here's a real steal. A forty-foot cruiser with built-in cupboards, septic toilet, sleeps six. Get a teamster to tow it into your back yard and you have a dandy sleeping cabin for guests. Will somebody start the bidding with twelve dollars?"

"And here's another beauty. Three 1980 Thunderbirds, worth \$23,000 the day they were bought. Cut the tops off, remove the wheels, and they'll make beautiful flower beds. Not ten dollars apiece, not even nine dollars each, but the three for \$24.98."

"And here's today's superspecial. She's only thirty-five years old and guaranteed to work day or night, not like those electric things that were always breaking down. An almost automatic dishwasher. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the real thing. This little lady came on hard times. Her husband had a heating oil franchise. She's willing to wash your dishes like they've never been washed before. Only \$300 a week."

And so on. Snowmobiles, aircraft. It's

going to be a great day for the junk dealers. On the other hand, there's the bright side. Just as people today pay fabulous sums for junk furniture dug out of attics, the good folk of 2010 A.D. might go as high as \$200 for an ancient, beautifully-finished Cadillac or a fine specimen of four-burner electric stove with infra-red oven. They'd make nice conversation pieces.

Away back there, I failed to continue the analogy to the Roman Empire. But it's there. They had their bread and circuses as the countdown approached. Our arenas, like theirs, are packed solid with sweaty, sadistic spectators watching the gladiators. We don't have enough Christians left to throw to the lions. But we can always fire the coach, which is almost as good.

And we have something Romans didn't. We have an almost-instant view of disasters all over the world. So I guess mankind has made one giant step backward in the past 1500 years.

It looks as though the hand-in-hand waltz of the oil companies and the car manufacturers, which has lasted nearly half a century, is going to become, "Good Night, Ladies."

But the merry Walpurgisnacht of the western world continues its mad whirl as oil companies and airlines and car manufacturers and boat makers furiously advertise their wares. And the rest of us just as wildly rush out to buy them.

Of course, I don't mean a word of all this. Somehow, the human spirit, though at one of its lowest points in centuries, will survive and prevail. We'll find something.

But in the meantime, I'm going to sharpen my axe and get busy installing a windmill. See you in the bush lot.

### Pet Subjects

## Proper grooming

By Karen McEwen

Proper grooming of your dog is important. With the many kinds of equipment and sprays on the market, it's best to enquire about grooming techniques from the kennel or the previous owner. If you have a purebred, a good place to obtain pointers is at a dog show. I've yet to encounter anyone who's not willing to talk about his dog. However, never touch the animal or get in the handler's way when he's about to enter the ring.

Purebred or not, there are two basic kinds of coats. With the regular, a brushing and spraying should be sufficient. With the double coat, the first layer is rough and the second is downy. It serves as protection against cold weather. The soft coat often gets into matts that usually must be cut out. It must be kept combed because parasites lodge there.

For small haired dogs, a fine toothed comb will do. For others, a special comb is needed.

Remember to always dry your pet thoroughly. Hair dryers are useful, but make sure the temperature isn't too high. Comb the fur while it is drying for a neater appearance.

A dog's toenails should be cut when you hear them clicking on the floor. It's cruel if you don't. Dewclaws, when left to grow, go into a circle and up into the skin. The other nails become so long, they spread the toes outward. Nail clippers can be bought almost anywhere, but be sure you know what you're doing before you start.

Half way along the toenail and up the middle is the quick or blood vessel. Be very careful, for any accident, your dog will remember as a bad experience. If you do cut too far up, treat the injury with a disinfectant and cover it. In white nails, the quick is seen as a red line. Black nails are best snipped a little at a time each week and filed back.

### Editor's Mail

## First benefactor

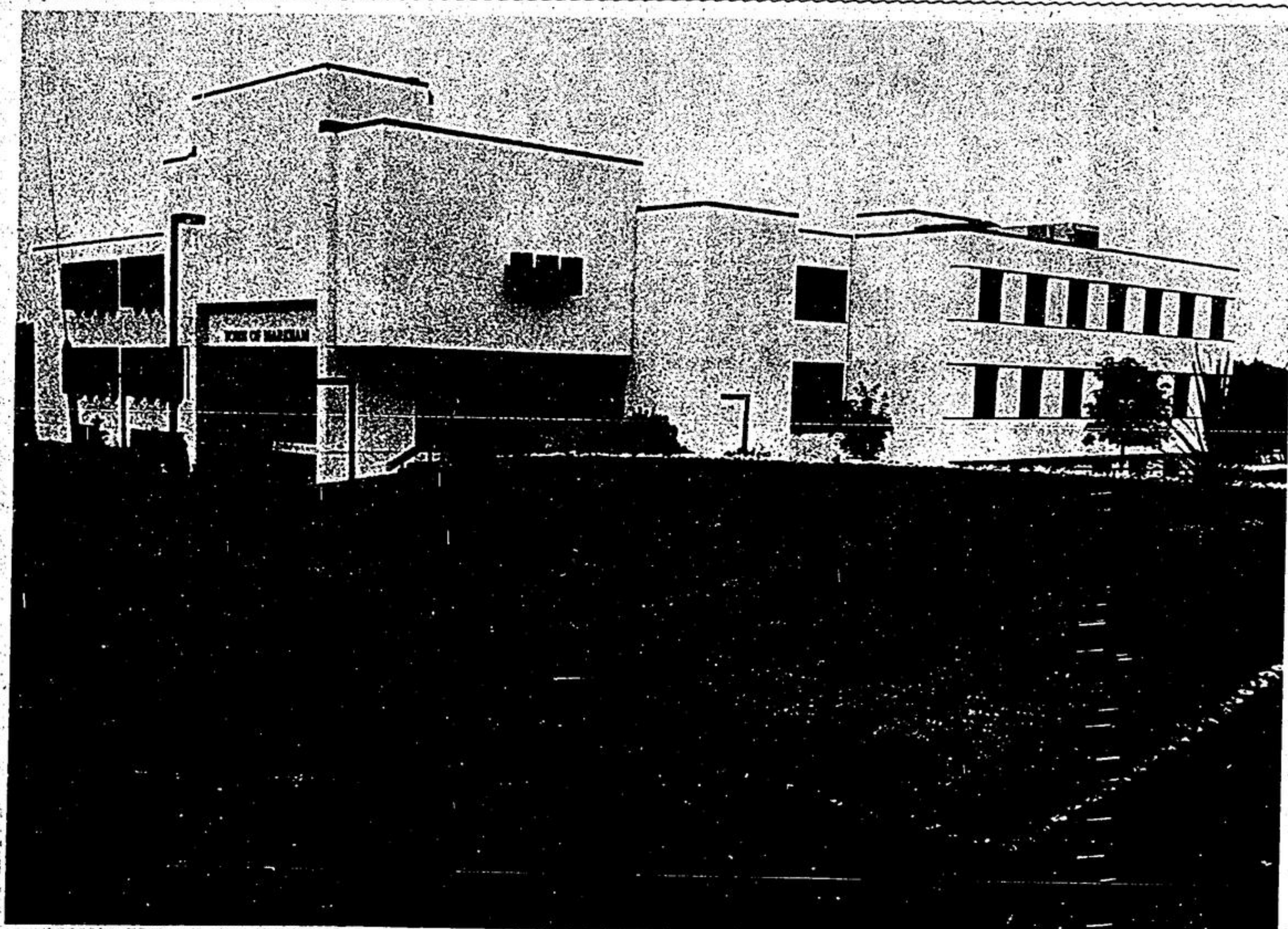
Dear Jim:  
With regard to your editorial in the Aug. 23 edition entitled "Call it Latcham Park", I'd like to point out that everything west of Church Street South through the park was provided by Dr. W.A. Sangster and called Sangster's Grove. A sign at one time indicated this.

Dr. Sangster built the first picnic shelter, part of which is still in use. He bought the swings, teeter-totters and other pieces of equipment. At the time, he put the Stouffville Park on the map.

The sign, denoting Dr. Sangster's contributions, continued to hang there until Arthur Latcham began providing facilities. The trees were trimmed, the sign was kicked around and eventually disappeared.

Dr. Sangster also started the high school library. In addition, he provided a good deal of medical aid to hundreds of townfolk free of charge. He was respected and revered by everyone.

Jean Barkey,  
Rose Avenue,  
Stouffville.



Markham municipal site is Town beauty spot

Each summer, the Markham Parks Department transforms the grounds outside the Municipal Offices at Buttonville into a Town beauty spot, and this year is no exception. The site has been admired

by thousands who pass by on Woodbine Avenue during the week and on weekends.

Jim Thomas