



The Tribune

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Editorials

Too few apartments

Apartment accommodation in Stouffville is less than adequate. The demand for living space of this kind far exceeds the supply, in fact, at one complex in town, there's a lengthy waiting list.

It must be terribly frustrating for couples, particularly young couples, to maintain a continuous search for living quarters, knowing all the while that only through sheer luck (or a close friend), will they find something they can afford.

The seriousness of the situation is known to this newspaper. We're continually receiving calls from apartment-hunters, wishing to find out what's available, before the paper's published. It's an attempt to get the jump on the other guy; to be the first in line. Naturally, we can't divulge such information in advance; it wouldn't be fair. But

we'd like to, realizing how desperate some folks are.

While we've no way of knowing, we would estimate that half our newspaper sales, Wednesday night, are to people seeking a place to live—any place. One advertiser told us he received twenty-five calls in a single hour, not to mention the numbers who tried but couldn't get through.

While the problem probably does not apply only to Stouffville, we would suggest that, for our size, apartment build-up is less than the Ontario average. Regardless, an attempt should be made to correct the situation.

There are downtown areas here that would make excellent apartment sites. Construction of same should be encouraged. The service would be two-fold; provide much-needed accommodation and give a shot in the arm to Main-Street business. We need both.

Good luck to plowmen

When Lloyd Grove of Baileboro (and formerly of Stouffville) and Herb Jarvis, Sheppard Avenue, Agincourt, go into the Canadian Plowing Championships near Fredericton, New Brunswick, this month, they'll enter as distinct underdogs.

Not that they're misfits at this level of competition. They're not. Both are seasoned veterans. However, those closest to the 'game,' say a three-furrowed plow doesn't (or shouldn't) stand a chance against a two. Some will even claim that to win the Ontario Title, as both these men did at Wingham last year, must have been some kind of fluke. As a layman, we shouldn't comment. But we will say that you have to be good to be lucky and these men are good, make no mistake about that.

Whether they (and their plows) are good enough to make a creditable showing in the Canadian, remains to be seen. Regardless, hundreds of Ontarians will be watching—and hoping.

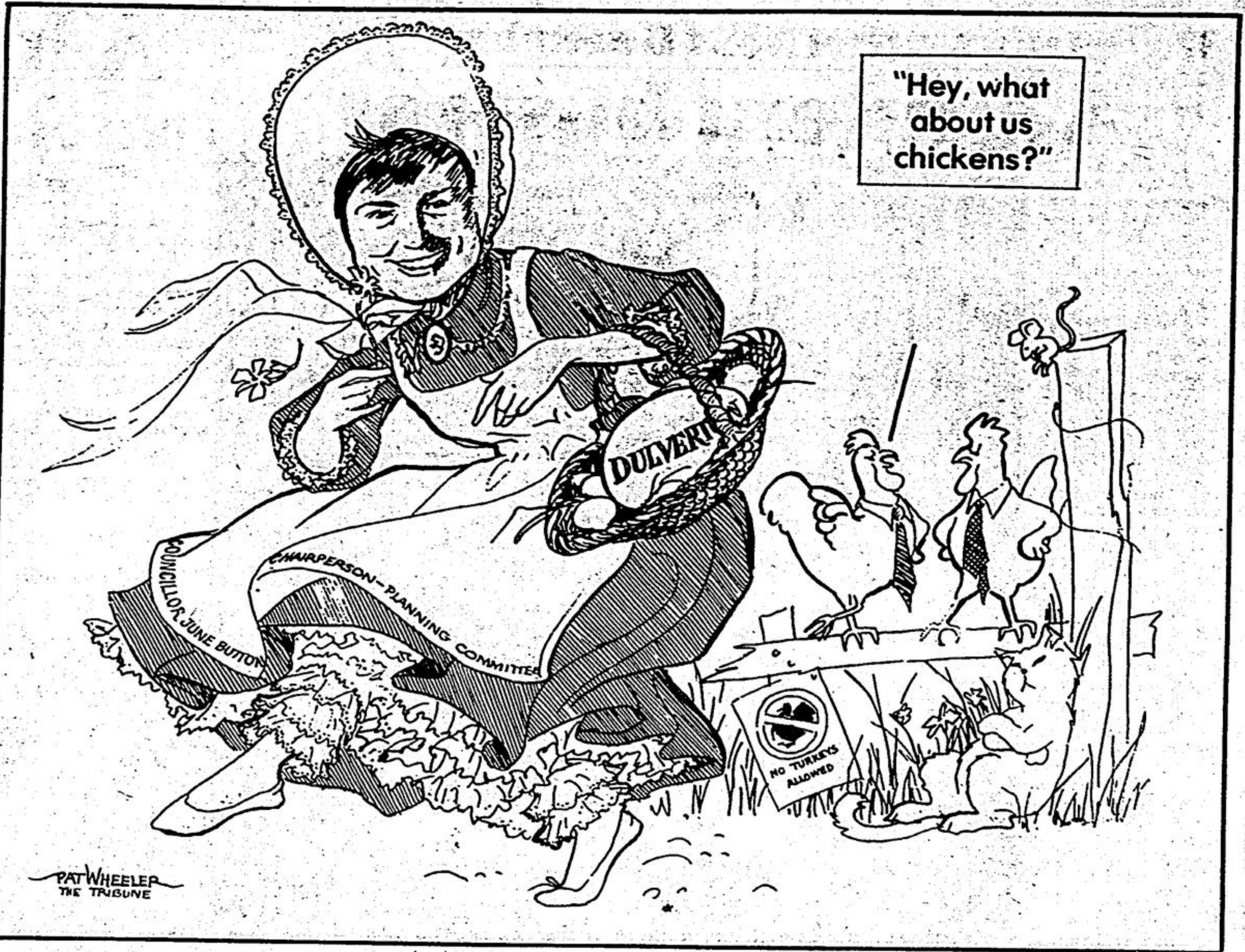
The fact that Messrs. Grove and Jarvis are not expected to turn championship calibre furrows down New Brunswick way, should

relieve some of the pressure. And that's just when upsets can occur.

They did it at Wingham when the 'experts' said it couldn't be done. Maybe, just maybe, they'll repeat at Fredericton. One thing sure, they'll give it their best.

'Black Tuesday'

Sept. 4 was 'black Tuesday' at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. Despite an announced 'agreement' following several days of serious mediation, the teachers elected to stage a work-to-rule stunt, a caper degrading to themselves and the profession they represent. So now the Board's locked them out. Trustees had no alternative. They gave the teachers sufficient rope—and they hung themselves.



"Hey, what about us chickens?"



Roaming Around

Happiest and saddest day

By Jim Thomas

She promised she wouldn't cry. Why should I? she asked. She's old enough; mature enough; she's ready. In fact, when I think back to some of the others and compare, I'd say she could have gone last year. Cry? No, I'll be happy; happy she's happy. She's so prepared; so excited. She'll do well; I just know she'll do well.

So went the one-sided conversation around the dinner table, Monday; my wife trying desperately to convince herself (and the rest of us) that Tuesday morning would be just another ordinary day. But she wasn't fooling anyone, least of all me. For it would not be just another ordinary day. It would be the end of the line; the end of a family era—Mary-Lynn would be skipping off to school.

To a lesser extent we'd been through this sort of thing for the last eighteen years. First Susan, then Barry, then Paul, then Cathy, then Neil, each exodus tinged with a little bit of sadness. However, there was always the reassuring feeling that there was still another one left. Now, come Tuesday, the one that was left, would leave and a little bit of both of us would leave with her.

How time flies. Seems like only yesterday I was vaulting the stairs, two steps at a time,

en route to the maternity ward of Newmarket Hospital, wondering if it might be twins or triplets. Luckily it was neither. Five plus one was about all our budget could stand.

Mary-Lynn wasn't exactly planned; she just arrived. One of those abakadabra kind of deals. And while I wasn't exactly elated by the "guess what?" announcement, she's been a joy to us all ever since.

In this day and age, when anything over two is a community scandal, we've taken an awful kidding about our clan.

"Here comes the Thomas bunch," is a familiar greeting, with the "bunch" sometimes replaced by other comparable synonyms.

"Open House" at Orchard Park always gave well-meaning folk an opportunity to pass comment. Like, "how many more to come?" or "it takes time when you must visit every room." Now, we're down to two. Neil and Mary-Lynn marched off hand-in-hand, Tuesday.

My wife, of course, will notice the change the most. She's always been used to having someone round the house. Now, all she's got is the dog.

Over-worked and under-appreciated for

years, she's now wondering what she'll do with all her spare time. She knows and I know she can't just sit around drinking coffee and watching soap operas all day. That's what drives suburban housewives insane. So she may do more visiting, particularly at Parkview Home. Or she may ignore my separation threat and seek a part-time job. Regardless, she'll need to keep busy or boredom will set in. The adjustment from six to zero is great, too great to be ignored. But that's in the future. Tuesday's hurdle was a current concern and Mary-Lynn, as might be expected, was up at the crack of dawn, all excited and anxious to get going.

For her Kindergarten debut, she selected her prettiest dress, green and yellow, with matching bows on the shoulders and yellow socks. Her hair, washed, combed and brushed the night before, shone in the September sunlight.

Gone was the jam from her face; the sand from her hands and the grass stains from her knees.

Gone too were the walk-worn shoes; dog-shredded shorts and limb-torn shirt.

And in their place, a reincarnated angel. Her mother cried.

Sugar and Spice

Politics is goofy business

By Bill Smiley

If you have never been involved in municipal politics, you should have a go. Run for anything from dog-catcher to mayor. If you lose, it will be good for your ego. If you win, it will be good for your humility.

I speak, as always, from personal experience. For two years I served on a town council. It was illuminating, if not very enlightening.

I was elected, of course, by acclamation. As was everybody else. So keen were the citizens to serve that some years, on nomination eve, we had to go down to the pub, drag a couple of characters out, and guide their hands while they signed up.

When I was elected, I was present as a reporter. There were only five other people in the council chambers, so it was decided that I would be elected as the necessary sixth. Since I had already served on the executives of various moribund organizations which had died forthwith, I agreed. It didn't die, as I'd hoped. The next year we were all re-elected. By acclamation.

It was pretty heady stuff, at first. As a partner in a printing plant, and a newspaperman, I was immediately appointed Chairman of the Printing, Advertising, and Public Relations Committee of council. This meant that our firm automatically received the contract for the town's printing and advertising, which we already had. The public relations part meant that I had to stop suggesting in the paper that the town council was made up of nitwits, nincompoops and nerds.

Another chap, with a pretty good heating and plumbing business, was named Chairman of the Interior Municipal Modification Committee. Heating and plumbing.

A third, who had a tractor, a back-hoe and a snowplow, was appointed Chairman of the Public Works Department. He immediately introduced a by-law raising the rates per hour of such equipment. It passed, four to two. The opposition was from another councillor, a retired farmer, who also had a tractor and a threshing-machine, which he thought could be converted to plowing snow. His brother-in-law voted with him.

But these moments of power and glory soon faded. The conflict of interest became apparent, and there was no way out for a man of honour except to resign. It took me only two years to reach that conclusion. You may think that a fair time, but it's not easy to walk away from a \$75.00 a year stipend. The mayor made \$150.00.

As a reporter, I had been more interested in the conflicts than the interests. I had delightedly heard, and printed, one councillor call another councillor a "gibbering old baboon." And watched the victim of the pejorative, a strippling of 78, invite the name-caller outside, stripping off his jacket during the exchange. Cooler heads prevailed. It was thirty-four below.

Well, as you can see, as a member of that august body, the Town Council, I couldn't print that sort of thing. I had to report that the two councillors "had a difference of opinion."

All of this is a preamble to a thickish document I got in the mail the other day. It is a new by-law printed and dispersed (at what enormous cost I shudder) by our local town council. There are 39 numbered pages of legal inanities, and about an equal number of pages of maps of the town, equally unintelligible.

As I said, the mailman delivered it.

Editor's Mail

Please explain

Dear Mr. Thomas:

You won't believe this, but I went to High School, Tuesday, and sat at my desk for over two hours, doing nothing. I had no timetable and no books. It was a little better in the afternoon but not much. I wish someone would tell me what's going on. My parents are as confused as I am.

Signed,
Student in Grade 9.



Fear of vandalism prompts action by Cemetery Board

Fear of vandalism, has prompted the Stouffville Cemetery Commission to place restrictions on hours in which visitors may enter the grounds. At sundown, the gates

are closed. Damage to grave markers and theft of flowers from grave sites, has prompted the Board to take action.

Jim Thomas