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Editorials

Ball champs again in '79

For a Town to win a provincial fastball championship once in a decade is a commendable accomplishment. Here in Stouffville, the good fortune has come our way not once in ten years but twice in two years. The Juvenile boys took the Ontario Title in '78 and the Juniors, comprising many of the same players, repeated the feat in '79. Quite a record.

Those closest to the team are loud in their praise of these lads, not only for their athletic skills but also for their sportsmanlike conduct on and off the field. This speaks well for the management, the parents and the players

themselves. And indirectly, it speaks well also for the community. This newspaper, like others, often publishes unsavory stories concerning the exploits of young people. On this occasion, the opposite is true. So let it never be said we overlook the good and acknowledge only the bad.

On Sat., Nov. 3, team members will be honored personally at a banquet and dance in the Stouffville Legion Hall. Tickets at \$7.50 a person will be available up until Oct. 27. To get yours, call 640-1984. Let's show the players the appreciation they deserve.



"World Series '79 — We know who's No.1"

Sound advice from seniors

It's often been said that we pay too little attention to advice from our elders, folks older and wiser than we. True, we're a youth-oriented society. Just about everything circulates around the young. Still, there's a generation out there with much to offer if we'll only stop and listen.

Last week, we stopped by and listened in on a program billed as "The Great Debate," at the Silver Jubilee Club in Stouffville. Three timely questions were placed before the audience: The first, "Should The Strap Be Retained In Our Schools?" was supported by a vote of 42 to 22. The second, "Should A Municipal Council Have The Right To Raise Its Own Members' Wages?" was rejected 44 to 13 and third, "Is A Supermarket Needed In The East End of Stouffville?" was turned down, 47 to 14.

The arguments, pro and con, were not only interesting but enlightening, so much so, they effected the final vote on each issue by a considerable margin.

For what our opinion's worth, we agree that the strap should be retained as a 'last resort' form of punishment at the elementary level. We say too, that population is insufficient to support a third supermarket in the East End of Stouffville or anywhere else in town. On the question of councillors' salaries, we feel a recommendation should be put forward by outgoing members, to be dealt with when the new council takes office.

Regardless, Thursday evening was set aside for seniors to have their say, and the six who spoke, said it well. Too bad the entire town (Council included), couldn't have been there to listen.

Roaming Around

Tiny mouse is big trouble

By Jim Thomas



How would you like to be seated at the table, enjoying a pleasant, quiet meal, and suddenly have a wife and three daughters standing atop their respective chairs, shrieking to high heaven?

That's what happened at our house, Sunday, and all because a teensy-weensy mouse had occasion to poke his nose out from under the electric stove.

None said anything, just screamed and pointed. By the time I could ascertain the cause of the commotion, the furry little fellow had scurried from sight; back to the safer confines of the basement from whence he came.

While any stranger in our midst would have been startled out of a year's growth by such excitement, not me. I tend to take such occurrences in stride, almost to the point of ignoring them completely. For it happens every fall. The first wee mouse that ventures in out of the cold is met with cries of concern and threats of extermination.

Why do women react this way? I'd like to know and so, undoubtedly, would the mouse. If he did, he'd probably try a different approach, like staying hidden all day and coming out in the dark. It'd be a heck of a lot easier on all of us. Now, because of his grandstanding, his very existence is in jeopardy. You see, my wife's bound and determined I'll set a trap. Some way to treat a "guest".

The fact I'm a bit of a nature 'nut' who wouldn't hurt a fly (let alone a mouse), infuriates her. She calls them ugly, dirty and dangerous. I say they're cute, clean and harmless. She says, dead or alive, he's got to go. I say, catch him, okay, but kill him, no way. Hence a stalemate.

The strange thing about this current stand-off is the realization we once had two white mice for pets all one winter. They were provided all the tender loving care that any rodent could want. Even now, we're hosting a hamster and nobody minds a bit. So what's the difference?

The fact I wouldn't kill anything, be it a mouse or a moose, is one reason for my ho-hum response. The other is, being a born and bred 'country' boy, I tend to accept such seasonal agitations as a way of life, a kind of here today, gone to-morrow sort of thing.

Back home on the farm, the mouse processional started in the fall and ended in the spring. No, my mother didn't like them; neither did Dad, but there was no solution. For everyone that was caught, there were ten more to take its place.

Not until we introduced a cat to the kitchen, was the situation somewhat relieved. Old "Matilda" as we called her, was alerted to the slightest sound and woe betide the errant mouse that crossed her path. Despite the fact she had no tail, (it was run over by the milk

truck), she could move extremely fast; and the mice knew it. Rather than risk their necks, they seemed content to play tag between the baseboards upstairs. One could hear them scurrying back and forth at all hours but no one seemed to care.

Not so to-day. The slightest sound and everyone's alerted; like the harmless little creatures were re-grouping their forces for some kind of mass attack. Which they're not. It's probably only one, I try and convince my wife, and he's moving about only to keep warm.

While I'm against man-to-mouse combat in the middle of the living room floor and even the employing of mechanical means to rid the house of a single rodent, I've agreed to sneak in the neighbor's cat and let nature take its course. But even conceding this much, I know I'm safe. For she hates cats every bit as much as mice, claiming I'd only be compounding the problem.

So "Whiskers" stays. So will the commotion he'll cause all winter long. Spring can't come too soon.

Co-operation means success

Town Council has authorized an expenditure of \$10,000 for trees to beautify the Main Street of Stouffville.

The Chamber of Commerce, interested in playing some part in this project, wants to be kept informed on where exactly these trees will be planted. We see nothing wrong with this.

By the same token, Town Council should be kept informed on what the Chamber of Commerce is doing. The two must work together.

To accomplish this, a Council representative should be appointed to the Chamber's executive. In this way, nothing would be approved or even discussed, without the other's knowledge.

There's much to be done by way of improving the appearance of Stouffville's business area. It will be done better and faster through total co-operation. The Chamber of Commerce and Council should be thinking and working as one.

Tremendous accomplishment

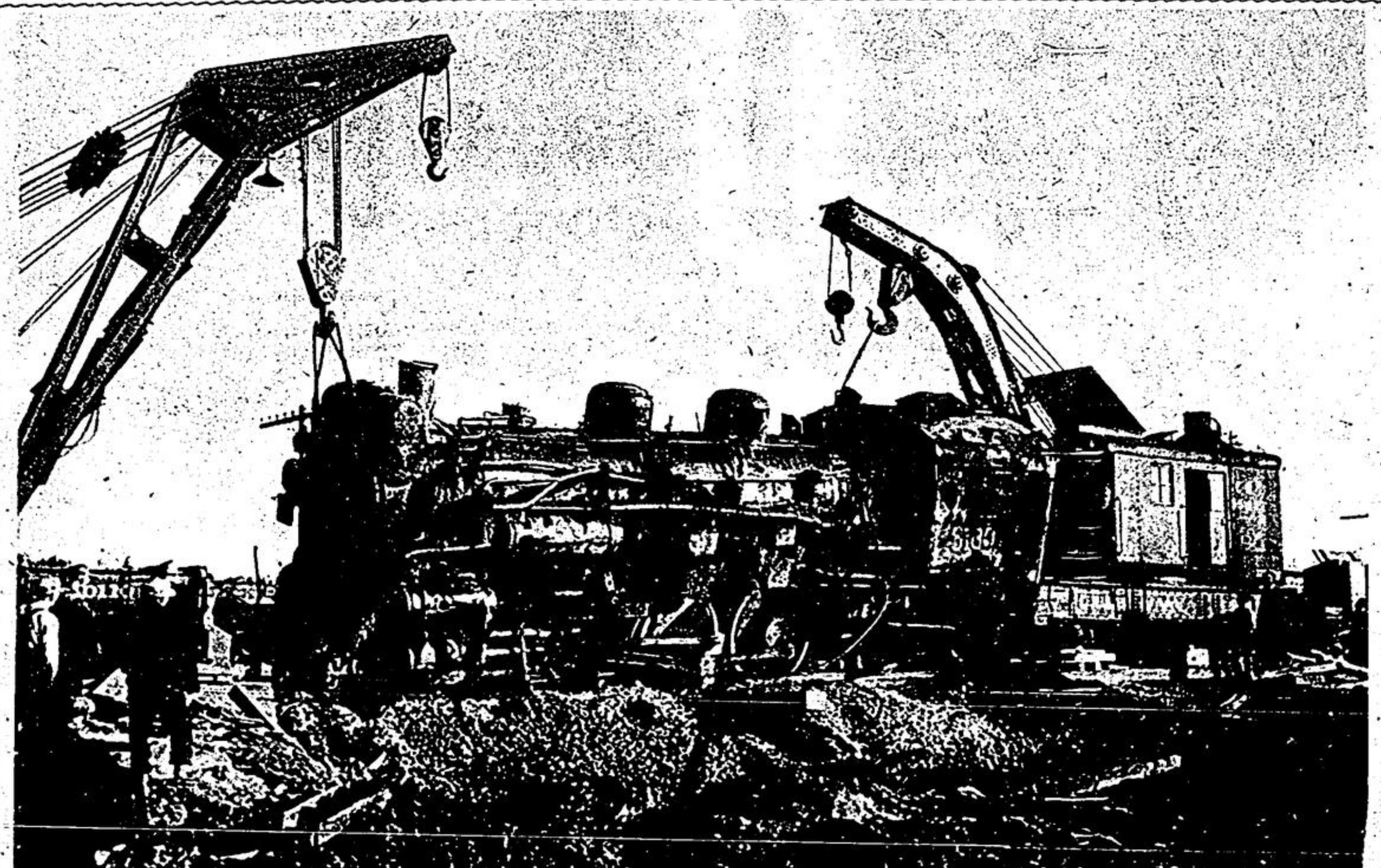
The area branch of the Canadian Cancer Society, including Stouffville, Markham and Unionville, collected nearly \$56,000 in its canvass last spring.

This is amazing; almost unbelievable. But there it was in black and white - \$29,037.96 from Markham; \$11,966.80 from Unionville and \$10,240.93 from Stouffville.

While the cause is good and the challenge

is great, this is not the point. It's the fact that three individual communities can join forces and work so diligently together that stirs one's appreciation of the end result.

Since the Unit's campaign went "over the top" by more than ten thousand dollars, the goal will undoubtedly be increased for next year. Here's hoping they can do it again. With YOUR help, they will.



Hurricane Hazel swept through area 25 years ago

Remember Friday, Oct. 15, 1954? Many folks will, for it was twenty-five years ago next week that Hurricane Hazel swept through this area, tearing out trees, destroying bridges and wrecking roads.

On the C.N.R. line between Markham and Stouffville, a 130 ton locomotive was derailed along with two baggage cars. The engineer and fireman jumped clear and no one was injured. — Jim Thomas.

The Distaff Side

Health foods only

By JoAnn Thompson



Really want to lose weight? Then become a reporter. I've been with The Tribune for about three months now, and I've lost seven pounds. Fantastic!

It's not that I'm overweight, but after graduating college in May, I noticed I'd put on a few extra pounds, in the wrong places of course, because of sitting all day and eating Parnell cafeteria food.

Now that I work for a living, I'm constantly on the road. I have a standard car, and my legs get a work-out every time I go to the corner store.

When a person keeps busy, his or her food intake is lowered.

When you're interested in something, and all is going well, you don't even think about eating. It's when you're bored and irritable that you feel sorry for yourself and find consolation from that luscious cream pie in the freezer.

Between Tuesday night Town Council, and Thursday night Uxbridge Council, along with features in the Goodwood, Claremont, Greenwood, and Brougham area, all I have time for is a mid-morning snack and between-assignment munchies.

It's not chips and pop either. I buy only the freshest, most nutritious foods I can find. With the opening of the new Health Food Mart, I can get quick energy boosters and I know I'm getting quality.

Raisins, carrots, alfalfa sprouts, and granola bars are my favorites. I'm becoming a real health food nut.

But I'm not the only one on staff who finds it difficult to get three full meals a day. Jim, our busy editor, is often seen scurrying out of the office "to get something to tide him over." He usually comes back with a toasted western, lots of ketchup if you please, from the Regal Restaurant. But I've also seen him munching on cashews while deep in thought at his typewriter.

Jim Holt, our roving sports editor, doesn't have to worry about his weight. He can eat anything. A hamburger and french fries is all he gets time for on a busy Tuesday.

I've forbidden myself to eat junk food of any sort, in favor of natural juices, vegetables, cheese, and eggs. I try to stay away from any kind of meat as well. I've read too many books on how animals are cruelly treated in crowded stockyards; brutally butchered. Not to mention the chemicals added later to give the meat an esthetically-pleasing appearance, and supposed flavor.

I think, and truly hope, people are becoming more aware of what they put into their stomachs. An excellent book on the subject entitled, "How To Get Rid of the Poisons in Your Body", is available in any health food store.

Editor's Mail

Forced truancy

Dear Editor:

I am one of the parents you talked about last week who accompanied her child to Markham Fair. I'm not proud of the fact nor am I ashamed. I weighed the educational benefit of one against the other and concluded he would gain more knowledge from an afternoon at the Fair than three hours in class. I'm satisfied now that he did. If a P.A. Day had been declared in our Area, 'truancy' of this kind wouldn't have been necessary.

Jennifer Flett,
 Stouffville, R.R. 2.

I thought I'd read everything on the processing of food, but what was in the book really shocked me. I was so repulsed at the truth of our mass-produced foodstuffs, I had to close it before becoming physically ill.

So really, the basic tricks to losing weight aren't tricks at all. Just common-sense. You must keep busy every day, (you don't have to become a reporter), lower your food intake, and make sure the food you do eat is the very best. After all, we can't trade our bodies in for something better. And, as a leading hair coloring firm proclaims, "You're worth it!"