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Editorials

Safeguard all busy corners

Automatic traffic lights will soon be installed at the intersections of Warden Avenue (5th Concession); McCowan Road (7th Concession) and the Stouffville-Gormley Road.

The decision follows by more than a month, the completion of both these projects, and by just one week, a serious two-car collision that may leave one person paralyzed for life.

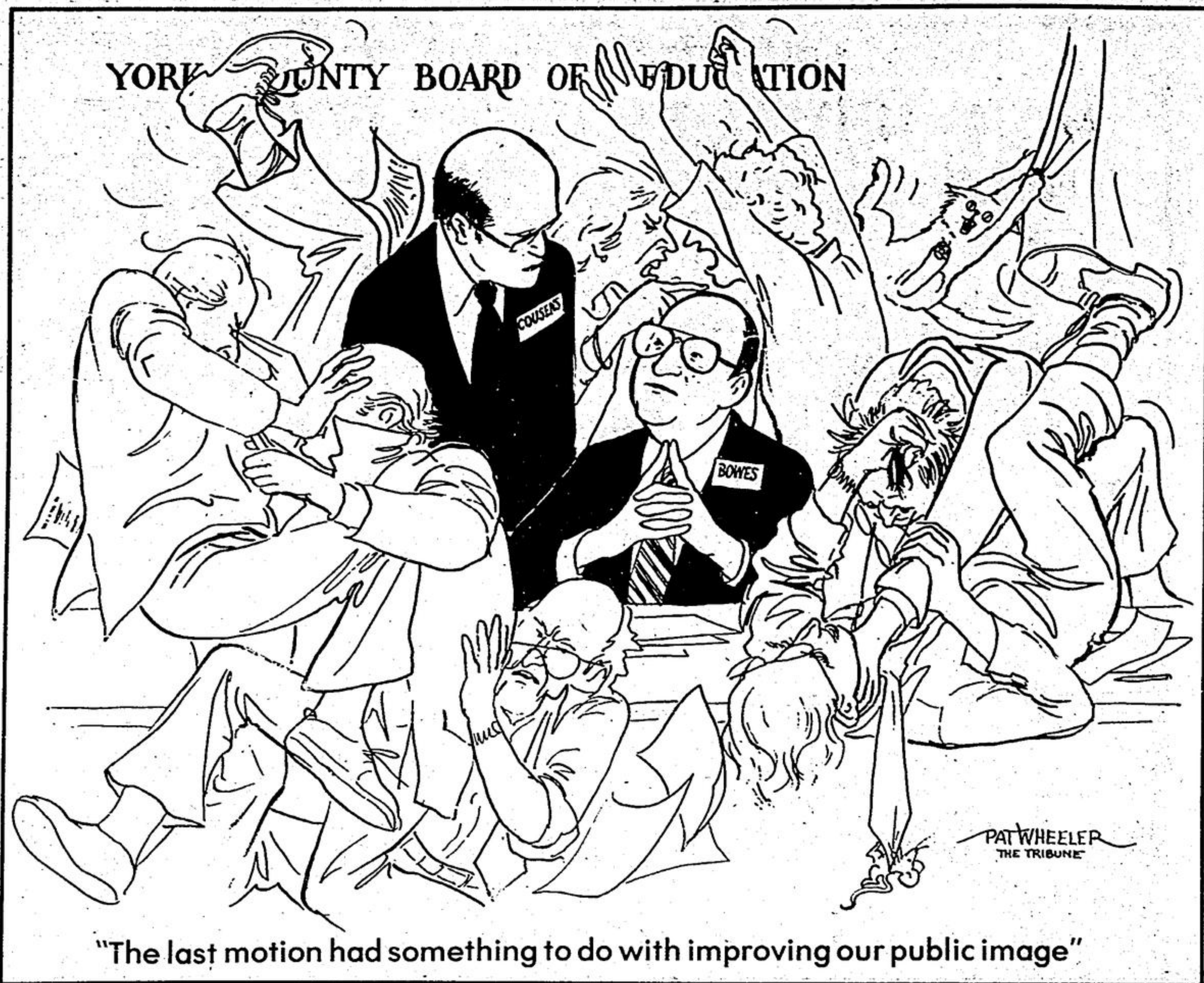
The new (and supposedly improved) intersection at Lincolnville, was completed in 1978 and the accident rate there continues to mount. But still no signals.

This summer, Major Mackenzie Drive was extended from Woodbine Avenue through to Hwy. 48. We predict a slaughter on this road unless something's done to safeguard the intersections at McCowan and Kennedy Roads and Warden Avenue.

While commonsense should prevail in such areas, this would be all too simple for the professionals who must do all things by the book. They must take traffic counts first and, if warranted, instal lights later. The sensible approach would be to do the two in one.

Automatic signals will eventually be installed at Lincolnville; at Kennedy and the Stouffville-Gormley Road and along Major Mackenzie Drive. So why waste time, money and lives putting off the inevitable?

The cold hard truth about such matters is the realization that no one really cares. Why? Because no one thinks for a moment that an accident at these corners can happen to him. We know it can, for we remember Ringwood and Bloomington and Gormley and countless other corners where nothing was done until, for some, it was too late. So get with it guys and do the job right the first time around.



"The last motion had something to do with improving our public image"

Civilian Citation deserved

At the next meeting of the York Regional Police Commission, a Stouffville father and son will be presented with a Civilian Citation for what Police Chief Bruce Crawford has described as "an outstanding example of citizen participation in the maintenance of law and order in the community".

It was back on August 24 that Jim Rehill, a teacher on the staff of Stouffville Dist. Secondary School and his son, David, 19, witnessed a robbery not far from their home. A 17 year old youth had grabbed a lady's purse.

Jim Rehill and David reacted quickly; apprehended the culprit and held him for police.

Fortunately, purse-snatching is not a common occurrence in Stouffville. Most of us don't even think of it happening here. But on Aug. 24, it did and two people, witnesses to the crime, knew what to do.

Action of this kind should be recognized and we're pleased Chief Crawford's recommendation has been endorsed. Every town needs people who care enough, to help others in times of trouble. These are the good things we like to know about and so do our readers.

Parking problem for years

Parking too close to intersections on Main Street in Stouffville has been a problem for years. With one's view blocked by parked vehicles, it's like playing Russian Roulette, moving out into the line of traffic, particularly on Saturdays.

Town Council is attempting to overcome this. Two readings have been given to a bylaw that, if approved, will prohibit parking in certain areas. Before members take this final step, they want to hear from YOU. Check out the list and if you don't like it, tell them about it.



The ingredients for a happy Hallowe'en

That magic night called Hallowe'en is fast approaching. Well prepared for the onslaught of pumpkin-buyers and jack-o-lantern-makers is Lehman's Gardens.

Ninth Line North near Bloomington. Eleven year old Denise Lehman displays a couple of samples.

Jim Thomas

Roaming Around



The town cut off my water

By Jim Thomas

Back in "the good old days", the weekly newspaper office was a kind of meeting place for people, all types of people. They'd stop by to talk, maybe spend an hour or two on a Saturday afternoon when nothing much else was doing.

The Tribune was no exception and each caller was always made welcome. Very often, some juicy news items were gleaned from these casual conversations.

Such is not the case to-day. Sure, folks still drop by but seldom do they stay more than a minute or two. If their visits last longer, it's usually because they have a complaint they wished aired in print. Nothing social any more; too busy I guess. And so maybe are we.

Because of this change in people's ways, I was surprised to look up from my desk, Thursday, and see Ron Gibson, the Town's genial Road Superintendent standing there.

I knew what he wanted, or thought I did. "You're working on the street and my car's in the way. I'll move it," I stated, without giving him a chance to speak.

He shook his head. "We're shutting the water off to-morrow," he explained, "likely the whole day, but only in this block. Thought I'd warn you".

I thanked him and suggested it should

present no serious problems. Then it came to me: "Holy cow, the bathroom. Ten of us here and no place to go, what'll we do?"

In a flash, I dashed off a half-dozen hasty notes and left them on each employee's desk. It read simply: "NO WATER FRIDAY—DON'T GO!"

While it's simple to issue an order, it's sometimes difficult to make it stick, particularly when one offers no alternatives. At that point in time, I had none.

Strange isn't it, how one takes so simple a service for granted until it's withdrawn. Then it's a catastrophe. So it was with us, Friday.

Fortunately, two of the clerical gals were taken suddenly ill and didn't report in. Two girls in advertising were out on the road most of the time and our lone gal reporter had assignments galore to keep her on the hop. Circumstances, it seemed, had taken care of those situations. But what about the rest of us?

A noon-hour lunch at the Regal Restaurant was glorious relief and no one was the wiser. However, the times in between were pure agony. Sure, I could have made a "deposit" at the Commerce Bank, a few steps down the street, but with no current account there, the staff might have suspected something strange going on. Besides, for a

"squatter" to be caught redfaced on the manager's ivory throne would be tantamount to grand larceny. And that kind of front page news I don't need.

For eight long hours, I wished I had never switched professions; that I had stayed on the farm where I was born and raised. There, one could let nature take its course, be the location a corner fence row in the back forty or the shady side of a barley stook. Out of sight, out of mind. Not so in town where everything hinges on the mechanical. A line break, be it intentional or accidental; be it hydro or water, can create unprecedented problems. Even to the point of throwing a guy's customary practices out of kilter.

While I didn't mistrust the road superintendent's word, the situation around 2 p.m., became so desperate, I pushed on the plunger to test the result. It simply gurgled, wheezed and gasped.

That's when I ran, agonizingly cross-legged into the meadow lands at the northern extremity of Mill Street; and barely made it.

While residents may have wondered at the strangeness of my gait, I offer apologies only to Wilma Woodchuck, a ring-side spectator to the whole affair. Progress, it seems, is hurting both of us.

Sugar and Spice



No problems if nothing done

By Bill Smiley

Some people, like me, believe in rolling with the punches, rather than sticking out our chins to show how many we can absorb. I have found that, in general, if I avoid trouble, trouble avoids me.

If I know that some pain in the arm has been trying to get me on the phone, I also know immediately that he or she wants me to do something that I don't want to do. Therefore, I take the phone off the hook and leave it off until the pain has found some other sucker.

Another invention of mine to stay out of trouble is patented as Nega-Prod. This is short for Negative Production. The theory is simple. The more you produce, the more problems you have, whether it is children, manufactured goods or farm products.

The more children you have, the more emotional economic problems you create for yourself. The more goods you produce, the more you have to hustle to find customers and meet payrolls. The more farm stuff you raise, whether it's beef or beans, the greater your chance of being caught in a glut on the market.

Our great national railways caught on to this years ago. When they had lots of passengers, they had lots of problems. People wanted comfort, cleanliness, decent meals, and some assurance that they would get where they were going on time. There was much more money to be made, and fewer problems, by transporting wheat and lumber and cattle.

So the railways began treating people like cattle. Passenger trains became uncomfortable and dirty. Quality of the food dropped like a stone. And they never arrived on time.

Presto. End of problems. No more passengers. So the railways were able to cut

off non-paying passenger lines, get rid of all those superfluous things like station agents and telegraphers and train conductors, and concentrate on taking from one point to another things that paid their way and didn't talk back: newsprint, coal, oil, wheat.

Perhaps this is the answer for our provincial governments, which are quickly and quietly building massive mountains of debt for future taxpayers.

Perhaps they should just stop building highways, and repairing those already in existence. We'd all be sore as hell for a while, but as the roads got worse and worse, most of us would stop driving our cars. The governments would save millions of dollars now spent on highways, and they could fire two-thirds of the highway cops.

I don't quite see how the governments could use Nega-Prod to get out of the liquor business, which certainly produces plenty of problems. The booze trade is so profitable that asking government to abandon it would be like asking a millionaire to forsake his country estate for a run-down farm.

Perhaps if they had a Free Booze Day, once a week, every week, say on a Saturday, it would solve a number of problems. It would certainly reduce the surplus population. This, in turn, would cut down, drastically, the unemployment figures.

Should the provincial governments find that Nega-Prod is all I've suggested, some of it might spill over into the federal government, usually the last to catch on to what the country really needs.

Instead of the manna and honey flowing from Ottawa in the form of baby bonuses and pensions, we might get some terse manifestoes:

"People who have more than one and a

half children will be sent to jail for four years. Note: separate jails."

"Persons who plan to live past 65 and claim a pension will be subject to an open season each year, from October 1 to Thanksgiving Day. Shotguns and bicycle chains only."

"All veterans of all wars may claim participation by reason of insanity, and may apply to Ottawa for immediate euthenisation."

These might seem slightly Draconian measures, but they sure would put an end to a lot of our problems and troubles. Think of what they would do for such sinful activities as sex, growing old, and hanging around the Legion Hall, playing checkers.

But we must also think of the economic benefits. With a plug put into that river of paper money flowing from Ottawa, taxes would drop, inflation would vanish and undoubtedly, separatism would wither on the vine. People would be lined up six deep at the U.S. border, trying to get across, and that would solve, in one swell foop, our unemployment difficulties.

We could go back to being hewers of water and carriers of wood, which was our manifest destiny before the politicians got into the act. Fishermen or lumberjacks, in short, which most of the rest of the world thinks we are anyway.

Nega-Prod may seem a bit lofty and abstract at first glance, but it works. I know from personal experience. Every time I try to make something, or fix something, it costs me a lot of money, and I get into a lot of trouble.

So, I have a policy of never trying to fix something or make something. It's a lot less trouble to put up signs: "Beware of falling bricks; Not responsible for slivers from picnic table." And so on.