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Editorials

Pot is Boiling

The electorate is restless

It's eight months to an election in Whitchurch-Stouffville and already the pot's boiling. Not because this newspaper's been doing the reporting (it seems a bit early for that), but because, in some areas, the natives are restless.

Critics claim the Town is stagnating, and because of this, business is suffering and services are falling behind.

Other complainants point to few visible accomplishments. What has Council done in the last fourteen months they ask.

The truth is, because of slow-growth (and total dependence on the Dulverson development), the Town is stagnating.

It's true too, that excluding a stepped up regional paving program, this Council has little to show for its time. Retro-active legislation is not the kind of thing that kindles a fire of enthusiasm within the electorate.

People, we find, don't mind forking over tax dollars, even additional tax dollars, as long as a portion of the money's being used for projects they can see. Paved roads, new sidewalks, improved lighting, tree planting, senior citizens' apartments, playgrounds, a curling arena, and indoor pool—the list is endless, all visible signs of progress that shows that, as a community, we're alive.

No one wants an extravagant or wasteful government. However, the opposite extreme is just about as bad. The latter does nothing for a Town's community spirit which, in Whitchurch-Stouffville has sunk to an all-time low.

If the Council, in its judgement, is determined to hold the tax line in 1990 (and few will fault members for this), along with an almost zero population growth (many will fault them for this), then there are other ways it can prove "everything is alive and well down at city hall". A community events committee should be established to create programs and activities all year round for every age bracket within the municipality.

This might eliminate the oft-heard teen complaint that "there's nothing to do in Stouffville"; senior citizens' week would not be restricted to seven days out of 365; Sunday band concerts would be a certainty in the Park; an old-time square dance could be organized at Maystone Court; there'd be skating parties and fishing derbies at the Town dam; community euechres at Vandorf; soap box derbies on Pike's Hill, Bethesda and box socials at Lemonville—the possibilities are endless and the cost so very small. Why not?



NEWS ITEM: Cut-backs in funds irritating to recreation organizations

Roaming Around

A good driver but we'll worry



By Jim Thomas

It's every boy's dream to drive a car. It was mine. However, I had to wait til the ripe old age of nineteen. Even then, I wasn't really ready; ditched 'er the first night.

Did a lot of other foolish things too; lucky to be alive.

Obtaining a licence wasn't so difficult "way back then". There was less traffic so less chance of an accident. But my folks still worried; I know they did. They'd watch out the window as I left, wondering if I'd return in one piece. Just to make sure, they always stayed up (or half awake) even into the small hours of the morning. I didn't appreciate their concern then. Heck, I was a teenager. I knew everything, like how to push down on the accelerator and keep pushing, til I earned a reputation. To out-gun the Thomas Ford was the challenge of every nutty kid in town. A lot tried but few succeeded. For ours was an eight, far superior to any pokey six cylinder Chev or Plymouth.

Now that I'm older (and wiser), I get to thinking; about all the young chaps my own age then who, like myself, thought they were kings of the road. They were carefree—and careless. Many never saw twenty, or even eighteen. Their parents, like mine, probably worried too. And for good reason, as told by the policeman's knock at the door. Game over.

Now, I've switched roles, from behind the wheel to beside the wheel; from student to teacher. Barry, now seventeen, wants to prove to himself and to the world, that he should spread his wings. He obtained his 365 two months ago and we've been out on several sojourns together. He's also enrolled in Driver's Ed at the high school.

While they say most fathers make terrible instructors, I must admit everything's gone well. I try to be as patient as possible and he's responding with a sensible persistence. I never dreamed possible. Unlike his father of thirty-three years ago, he doesn't pretend to know it all. He admits he's a little shaky on turns (still lacks confidence) and short on distances (needs to grow two inches), but all in all he's doing fine.

He's even had his first 'confrontation' with the law, a thing that, sooner or later, happens to all of us.

We were headed towards home on the Ninth Line, south of Bloomington, 'around 10:30 at night, when rotating red lights in the rear indicated something was wrong.

Barry immediately pulled to the right but I was the one who jumped out and met the officer half way.

"It's my car," I said.

"I don't care who owns it, it's the driver I want to see," replied the constable curtly.

By this time, Barry was out too, holding his temporary permit in one hand.

"Just learning eh," he said. "You were weaving from side to side and I wondered if —" He didn't finish, but we both knew what was on his mind. "Until you're a little more experienced, I'd advise you to stick to the back roads, less traffic there". That was that. He wished him good luck and we were on our way.

Editor's Mail

Light site

Dear Jim:

According to The Tribune, the location (or re-location) of the downtown traffic lights is being considered again.

I personally would question moving them to the intersection of Market, Mill and Main Streets. For one thing, when the surface is the least bit slippery, it's almost impossible for cars to stop, then start again on the Market Street hill.

The present location isn't satisfactory either. While the lights are a help to pedestrians, they offer very little assistance to motorists at either Market Street or Civic Avenue.

This being the case, I'd like to offer the following recommendations. The lights should be re-located at the corner of Main and Civic Avenue (the clock tower). Market Street should be made One Way (south), making the parking lots at the rear of the Commerce Bank and the I.G.A., readily accessible. Civic Avenue should be One Way (north), to Main.

This plan, I feel, would benefit both pedestrians and drivers. It would also provide extra parking spaces on Main Street that are now lost.

This is strictly my own opinion but I find it's also shared by others. I feel it's worth some consideration.

Claude Kerr,

Dear Editor:

I'm a trucker. Hauling gravel's been my bread and butter for close to twenty years. During all that time, I've never had an accident or a speeding ticket. I can't afford to drive wrecklessly. I've too much at stake including my life.

I therefore resent the blanket criticism by one Bill Stone of R. R. 1, Locust Hill that we gravel-haulers (with the exception of those who drive grey and green Macks) are all 'crazies' and 'idiots'. That's pretty tough talk.

Some of us truckers could say the same about a good many motorists who drive the Brock Road every day. Believe me, many of them are idiots too as the accident records will prove.

For the number of gravel trucks on this highway daily, collisions are few and far between.

So don't be too rough on we gravel haulers. The majority (in my opinion) are sensible, safety-conscious guys.

Hilliard Leslie, West Hill, Ont.

"He seemed like a pretty nice guy," Barry replied as he settled back behind the wheel, totally unflustered by the experience.

We've been out a dozen times since and I'm actually enjoying it. My protegee's improving steadily. Mind you, I'm not taking all the credit. The Driver's Ed training is terrific. There, they get everything. Best eighty-five dollars I ever spent. He's paying half of it back on the installment plan.

What impresses me most, is the fact Barry's no speed fiend. Jack-rabbit starts, smoking tires and zero to sixty in eight seconds are the farthest things from his mind.

Still, the first time he goes it alone, we'll worry. And the second and the third. That's a parents' prerogative. In thirty-one years, that much hasn't changed.

Plain people



GLADYS CLARKSON, Montreal Street, Stouffville.

Many Stouffville activities rotate around the enthusiasm generated by Gladys Clarkson, 16 Montreal Street. Her involvement in community programs is endless. She's a charter member of the Legion Ladies Auxilliary. She helped organize the Friendship Club and the Silver Jubilee Club. She's been involved in Scout and Cub work for 18 years and currently holds the office of 1st vice-president. She's a member of the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum Board and has attended several seminars related to that work. Gladys worked on the historical committee that produced the town's centennial book and still helps the Cubs in organizing regular paper drives. She's been a strong supporter of Sr. Citizens Week in Whitchurch-Stouffville and is currently assisting in arranging events for the Canada Day celebrations this summer. In addition to all this, she's the mother of three girls, Carol, Beth and Jane; one son, Blair, and four grandchildren. In her spare time, Gladys enjoys re-finishing furniture, family pieces in particular, also collecting antique glass and china. Her interests are restricted to no single age group. "I enjoy working with senior folk as well as young people," she says. It is because of persons like Gladys Clarkson, Whitchurch-Stouffville's a better place in which to live.

Written history priceless

The history of a municipality, be it a hamlet, a village, a town or a township, is invaluable—priceless.

The time alone, in preparing such a publication, cannot be measured in dollars and cents—days, months, even years.

Putting the facts down on paper, is only part of it—a small part. It's the research, the delving and the digging into happenings of the past, that taxes the patience of the most resolute of historians.

Even apart from this is the cost, almost too great a gamble for the individual. Certainly, some have tried it and succeeded, but few can afford to take the chance.

For this reason, we feel any legitimate

endeavor of this kind should be subsidized by the local council. And we're speaking specifically of Eleanor Todd's history of Uxbridge Township, now nearing completion.

Knowing Eleanor and the knowledge she possesses, this book will be a masterpiece—a must for every home. But again, there's no guarantee of one hundred per cent acceptance. There are always short-cuts, with the temptation to borrow rather than buy, always strong.

The council will be doing the writer and residents a wonderful service by underwriting at least a portion of the expense. It's a record that will remain long after the present slips into the past. Then, it will be someone else's 'obligation' to take on such a task.

Youth movement is united

In recent years, there's been a parting of the ways between young people and programs relating to religion. Whenever adults get together—at church retreats, annual meetings and Sunday School gatherings, it's a topic of concerned discussion. And for good reason. For statistics show that most teens aren't interested in the general format of worship offered today. And since we're living in an era when "freedom of choice" is the acceptable thing, the kids are staying away in droves.

What to do about it?

Some churches have elected to do nothing, just continue on until their numbers have dwindled to the point of no return.

Others have turned to the opposite extreme—rock music, dancing in the aisles, coffee houses, drop-in centres, whatever's requested, they've given it a whirl. With very limited success.

In the Stouffville area, another approach is being taken—the bringing together of young people from all denominations into a single church or church affiliated setting. Adults, serving as youth leaders, assist in organizing the programs, but decline to "take over". Instead, they're working behind the scenes, directing but not dictating.

And it's working. The response we've witnessed to date has been tremendous. Long may it last.

First Wesleyan Church

Chapel became blacksmith shop

This picture, believe it or not, is the original Wesleyan Church at Victoria Square. The photo was resurrected recently from the archives belonging to Mabel Anderson. The chapel was erected in 1845 at a site north of the present United Church, built in 1880. The structure was later purchased by local blacksmith, William Frisby and he had it moved to a property on 18th Avenue, west of Woodbine. The shop boasted two anvils, one operated by Mr. Frisby himself and the other by Harry Flavell, seen on the left. On the right is Rolf Perkins. Mr. Flavell later bought out the business.

The blacksmith shop was next door to John Rowbotham's carriage works. Mr. Frisby was the agent for Wilkinson plows.

While there's no definite date on when this picture was taken, it's believed to be around 1880 or 1890.



This blacksmith shop on 18th Avenue, west of Woodbine Avenue (4th Concession), once served the congregation of the Wesleyan Church at Victoria Square.