

The Tribune
 Established 1888
 JAMES THOMAS Editor-in-Chief
 CHARLES H. NOLAN Publisher
 BARRE BEACOCK Advertising Manager
 1980
 EDITORIAL DEPT.: Jim Holt, Jim Irving
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT.: Lois Wideman, Rod Spicer
 CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshman
 OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Descon
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover
 Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2100; Toronto phone 361-1680.
 Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$11.00 per year in Canada, \$30.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.
 The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and The Georgetown Independent.
 640-2100 361-1680

Editorials

Few benefit from gold

Few Canadians benefit from the rush over the last year or so, to buy gold. There couldn't be anything worse one could do for Canada than succumb to this lure of the bright metal.

What these purchases do is signal a lack of confidence in the Canadian fabric. It means savings are invested in a product that does nothing for Canada. It means that unless the government pumps more unbacked currency into the economy, there's less being circulated around to buy the products from which workers are paid.

The Me Generation withdraws from the economy that needs it desperately, and thus it

hurts itself. Many gold investors is a bad sign, a few can keep the market stabilized. Many novices in the market drive the price irrationally higher.

For those with goods to sell it does indicate there are still bulging bank accounts. Canadians fear for these accounts and buy gold instead of goods and services which keep people employed. Sales reports would indicate that Canadians are stalling on the purchase of durable goods. These are investments. Gold is very unpredictable.

Advertisers should see that here is an untapped market. Only a smart minority win the gold.

Play fair with developers

"This plan does nothing more than to declare what exists in Richmond Hill and leaves future development to the subjective discretion of the Municipal Council to plan as it wishes...For all of these reasons the Board...rejects all those parts of the proposed Official Plan for the Town of Richmond Hill..." - Extract from Ontario Municipal Board hearing, Richmond Hill official plan, June 29, 1980.

can't are the same kind of people as those who would spend all their lives trying to preserve the dinosaur.

Uxbridge council has been toying with a developer, who thought he had received approval from council eight times before for his estate residential development.

However, council has repeatedly promised and then revoked approval, and it's meant one revision after another, as well as more trips back to council.

Since that decision, Richmond Hill Mayor Dave Schiller has announced he won't be seeking re-election, and those who opposed council's version of the plan, have been standing around saying "I told you it was no good."

It's been a tough blow for the mayor. Perhaps he was a bit too idealistic, thinking the town might both expand and stay the same - thus keeping everybody happy - so long as town council sat in the control tower and flew the plane, too.

It doesn't take a profound knowledge to state that official plans are delicate matters. While it's impossible to please all, it is necessary to hear and to heed all. Change is coming, as it always will. Those who say it

According to Mayor Herrema, the township's got enough such projects, and is in "no hurry to process any more." He is right in trying to keep some control of the situation, but he also has an observation to play fair with those who have observed the rules.

However, his treatment of the developer has been cavalier to the point of being unjust. The developer has as much say as the preservationist. That his scheme is more practical than idealistic, doesn't make it any the less necessary. Especially for those standing by with door keys in hand, those in search of accommodation.

Just ask Mayor Schiller.

We pay for shoplifting

It may not seem fair that law-abiding consumers should have to make up the losses caused by shoplifting thefts, but that's the way it is. Every time you buy something a few cents goes to help pay for those same articles taken unlawfully.

Complicating the reduction of this type of

crime is juvenile involvement, reluctance of store owners to prosecute, and light sentence imposed on offenders.

Today the cost is staggering and rising along with prices and unemployment. Most people will not stop to realize that the crime itself is contributing to this condition.

Editor's Mail Special thanks

Dear Friends:
 I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for making the Canada Week Celebrations a great success despite the weather.

A special thank you must go to each of the 26 organizations that helped to make this weekend a very special time for each of us.

There were some activities that were cancelled because of the weather and some which were rescheduled. We appreciate your understanding and patience with these.

We look forward to making next year's celebration bigger and better by having more of you involved with ideas and a helping hand.

Again, I would like to thank every person that worked on the weekend and everyone of you that just attended and enjoyed. We, the Chamber, appreciate your support and concern.

Yours sincerely,
 WHITCHURCH STOUFFVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
 GED STONEHOUSE
 PRESIDENT

with the fact that Hwy. 47 and other roads were not built for their exclusive use.

Sincerely,
 M. Cornilisse,
 RR 1 Stayner, Ont.

Dear Sir:
 This is just a brief note to express my appreciation about an individual who exemplifies service and courtesy in this community. This gentleman always has time to help you, to "shoot the breeze," and to be actually interested in your needs.

He has a responsible job running one of the large operations in Stouffville. From observation, he treats his customers as well as his staff fairly.

By now some of your readers must have guessed I'm referring to Mr. Grant Larimer, manager of the Stouffville Canadian Tire Store. This kind of dedication and helpfulness is not so apparent in the cities to the south.

Sincerely,
 Jim Heldema,
 Stouffville.

Dear Mr. Thomas,
 Due to lack of adequate funding, it has become necessary to terminate Youth Advocacy (Markham).

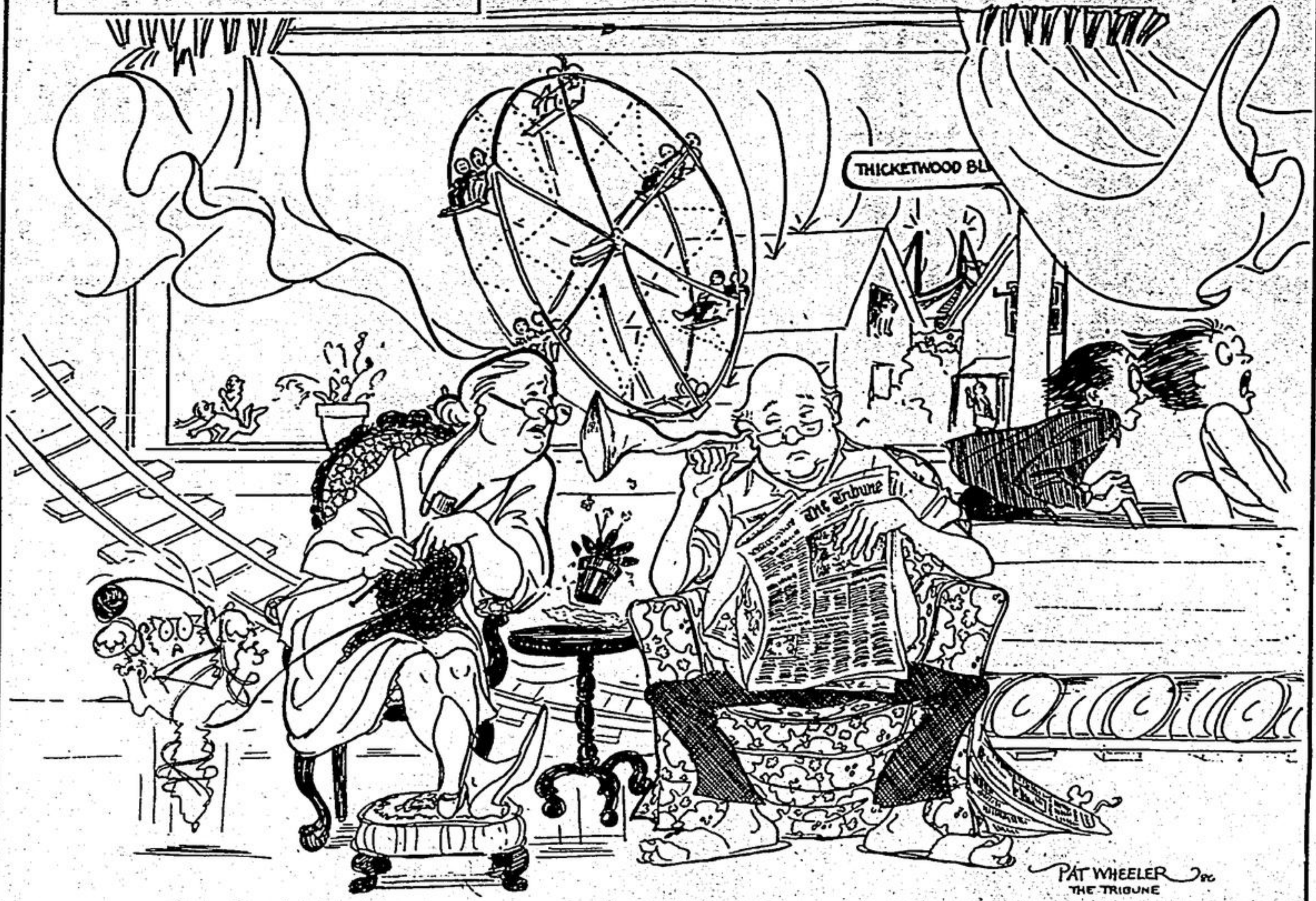
However, the Board of Directors wishes to express publicly its sincere appreciation to the York County Board of Education and the York Region Separate School Board for their support of the Youth Advocacy Teen Volunteer Training Program.

Special thanks are expressed to the Stouffville Secondary School for its direct participation in the program, and to all the student volunteers too.

Thanks are expressed as well to the Stouffville Family Life Centre for its support over the years.

Dr. Mario D. Bartoletti,
 Chairman,
 on behalf of the
 Board of Directors.

News item: residents object to midway noise



I said, there's a frightful draft George and I believe we're experiencing earth tremors

As I See It

Our flag's disappointing

By Jim Irving



As a recent newcomer to the area, I hesitate to jump right in and criticize things. So, I will.

Mind you, the criticism is a small one, although apt, I think. And, I'm not alone here. Get to the point, you say. All right. It's about that new flag the town hoisted on us. It's not the price - \$12.50, although that would buy a lot of pancake breakfasts (with sausages) - it's the old ribbon itself. Somehow or other, it just doesn't seem to express what the place is all about.

That little white church, for example. It earned its place of prominence because there's a little township in England called Whitchurch, named so by Gwillim Simcoe, the wife of Lt. Col. John Graves Simcoe.

And with John Graves Simcoe it was a natural tie-in, because old John G. was ... was ... Just who was he, anyway? First, he was an Englishman, who came over in 1791 to command the Queen's Own Rangers against the Americans. He was named Lieutenant - Governor of Upper Canada (Ontario) a year later, and his chief duty from then on seemed to be that of renaming various lakes and rivers in his new abode after members of his family and native land.

That wasn't enough to help him keep the job, apparently. According to the Encyclopedia Canadiana, his "military and

aristocratic conception of colonial government was ill adapted to the needs and conditions of the country, and his views on the relation of church and state were not such as to ensure harmony....Friction with the governor-in-chief led to his departure from Canada in 1796."

While in Canada, he lived for the most part in Newark (Niagara-on-the-Lake), the first capital of Upper Canada, and York, (Toronto) the second. If he ever came through this way, history never recorded it.

So much for the Simcoe family and their association here.

The next major adornment on the flag shows the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the banner of the British Union, representing the former township of Markham.

The latter symbolizes the major part played by the United Empire Loyalists in settling this area," according to a town release. The present town of Whitchurch-Stouffville comprises very little of Markham. Certainly not enough to justify the space it occupies.

Why this passion for things colonial? Isn't it about time we started dropping the old connections? Why, we even have our own national anthem now, and our own flag, and, if we all look the other way and pretend not to

notice what's going on in Ottawa, we might soon have our own repatriated constitution.

The flag is a disappointment. Where are the symbols that abound in such plenty here? The land is beautiful and rich and green. To one who comes from a part of the country where the only time one sees a tree is on the hearth at Christmas time, I still have a poet's awe of them. And when I drive through the countryside, I always feel a bit more alive.

So, why wasn't some of that incorporated? And, maybe one of the new buildings, such as the library. Or the town clock. Or a Mennonite Horse and Buggy, with black-clad occupants. Or maybe a little patch devoted to Main Street. It must be the busiest street in the world. I know it helps me stay relatively slim, because by the time I make it to the doughnut shop across the street, it's time to turn right around again and come back.

The only legitimate symbols would seem to be the star and goblet from the town's founding family, the Stouffers.

So be it. The next time the town fathers decide to press a little gift wrapping on the village, maybe they'll look around a bit first and take more note of the present.

Besides, when you're a politician, it's not a good idea to dwell too much on the past.

Sugar and Spice

It's tough being a celebrity

By Bill Smiley



YOU HAVE no idea how tough life is for us celebrities: signing autographs, beating off groups, phone ringing with congratulations and requests for interviews, trying to be triumphantly modest.

I'm certainly glad my celebrityness lasted only one day. Two days and I'd probably have started thinking I really was somebody worth knowing.

I did start charging students one dollar a piece for autographs, and had a fair little run there until one of them reminded the others that they could get a free signature just by reading the nasty remarks I make on their report cards. That was the end of that bonanza.

To the bewildered, your old, broken-down, favorite columnist was the subject of a profile in a national magazine called Today, and the phone has never started ringing since.

Some people thought the article was dreadful. An old colleague was disgusted because the magazine printed how much I make a year. My wife was furious. The photographer who took my picture scrunched up the drapes he drew behind me for a background, and they looked as they needed ironing. My assistant department head was annoyed about my picture, because the art department of the magazine had not used the air brush to wipe out the wrinkles, jowls, and other appurtenances of wisdom and maturity.

A bright young colleague, who writes well, expressed the opinion that the article was badly written, and was attacked furiously by other colleagues who thought he was jealous. He wasn't. He was right. It was a bit choppy because an editor had obviously been

busy with the scissors, to make the thing fit around photographs and into the space allotted, as is their wont in a magazine that caters to a typical TV audience-mentality.

But those wonderful people, my completely uncritical students, thought it was great: first, because my name was in big type; second, because it was a national magazine; third, because my picture was in it; fourth, because they got a little reflected glory.

They'd have been just as happy if I were an axe murderer, as long as I hit the media. So, one day my Grade 9 thought I was just that snarly old grey-haired guy up front who kept telling them that a verb has to agree with its subject. The next, I was in the same magazine as Richard Burton, and my wife was taking on the dimensions, figuratively speaking, of Elizabeth Taylor.

Personally, I have some scores to settle about the article. For one thing, it was too innocuous and kindly. The writer, Earl McCrae, is a cracking good sports writer, who has done some fine hatchet jobs on sports figures in Canada.

Least he could have done is carve me up a bit, and let me get into a slanging match with him, via the public print. It was as though McCrae, usually as soft as a sword, had muttered to himself, "Poor old sod; he's over the hill, I'll use the butter instead of the salt." This is the same writer whom George Churvalo threatened to punch right through the wall of a gym when he had written a piece about George, the perennial punching bag.

Another guy I have a bone to pick with is Ray Argyle, who owns the syndicate that distributes this here now column. At one point

in the article, he called me a "monument." Well, I'll think of something to call you, Mr. Argyle.

One adjective in the article is going to create endless amusement for old friends of my wife. It is the word "languid". Mind you, it's rather a neat word. Better than pudgy, pugnacious, bubbling, feisty, or any of those other over-worked magazine-article words.

But my wife is about as languid as a Roman Candle. We were at a big wedding the weekend the article came out. About halfway through the reception, I was fairly bubbling, fairly feisty, and pleasantly pugnacious.

I drifted over to where she sat, deliberately looking languid, and observed, "Migawd, you're looking languid tonight." She marched straight to the bar and had me put on the Indian list. (Oh yeah, somebody is going to write that that is a racist remark.)

You'll be glad to know that the wedding turned out well. I drove to the reception while she map-read. She drove home, but I couldn't see the street signs.

We drove around a strange city for an hour and a half, completely lost. Finally, I saw a car, and a place beside it that seemed to be open. "Stop! I'll ask where we are."

I nipped out, went up to the stopped car, and demanded of the two police officers inhabiting it, "How, in the name of all that is holy, does one find the Royal Connaught Hotel in this misbegotten city with all its stupid one-way streets?"

The cop was a modicum of decorum. "If you'll just look to your right, sir, you'll see that you are parked directly in front of it!"

So much for being a celebrity.