



The Tribune

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Editorials

Tremendous accomplishment

Twenty thousand dollars and still counting. Unbelievable but true.

Whitchurch-Stouffville has responded to the Terry Fox Marathon of Hope like no other municipality (our size) in Ontario. You want to stand up and cheer.

It's been a community effort all the way, everyone pitching in to do his or her part.

The schools, just marvellous: over \$2,100 from Summitview, St. Mark's and Orchard Park. Another \$300 from Dickson's Hill; close to \$500 from the High School and Goodwood, in the Region of Durham, a bonus of \$1,239.

The four pool players, Bob Watson, Tom Stephenson, Steve Upton and Elio Zoffranieri are the talk of the town — over \$3,100. And 12 year old Mary Hoey, a blistered foot after running five miles a day for six days. Her donation — \$407.

And who among us can ever criticize

bumper-to-bumper traffic through Stouffville on a Friday night and Saturday morning, not after these drivers, (however frustrated), contributed more than \$6,000 to the Fund.

The list of accolades could go on and on.

Just as amazing as the end result, was the swiftness with which the whole affair was organized. Rick Ashton and Bruce Stapley, two Stouffville businessmen, started the ball rolling. Ged Stonehouse and the executive of the Chamber of Commerce joined in and the venture simply exploded into an emotional holocaust, an outpouring of volunteered time and funds like nothing ever seen here before.

And it's still continuing, including a giant "Street Sale" on O'Brien Avenue this Saturday.

When will it end? It can't, ever, until cancer has been beaten.

Approve P.A. Day for Fair

Benefits gained through Professional Activity Days are still being questioned by most of the media, some parents and even a few trustees. Why? Because, for most people, it's difficult to understand something they can't see. And certainly one can see little to be gained by taking a day off school only four weeks after the fall term has resumed.

However, on this one occasion, we applaud the York County Board of Education (our own trustee in particular), and all other persons responsible, for arranging a P.A. Day in Areas 2 and 4 on Friday, Oct. 3 so that elementary students can attend Markham Fair.

Last year, only pupils in Area 4 were granted this privilege. Children at Dickson's Hill, Orchard Park, Summitview, Whitchurch-Highlands and Eallantrae were excluded.

We criticized the practice, claiming time spent there, if properly organized, could be educational. And our opinion hasn't changed.

Mind you, this "professional activity" will be no easy task for teachers, certainly no holiday. Undoubtedly, some parents may be pressed into service. But out of it all will come benefits far greater than would normally be gleaned from books. We guarantee it.

Community cut to ribbons

There once was a hamlet called Gormley. Yes, it's still there — in name. But little else. The community's been cut to ribbons.

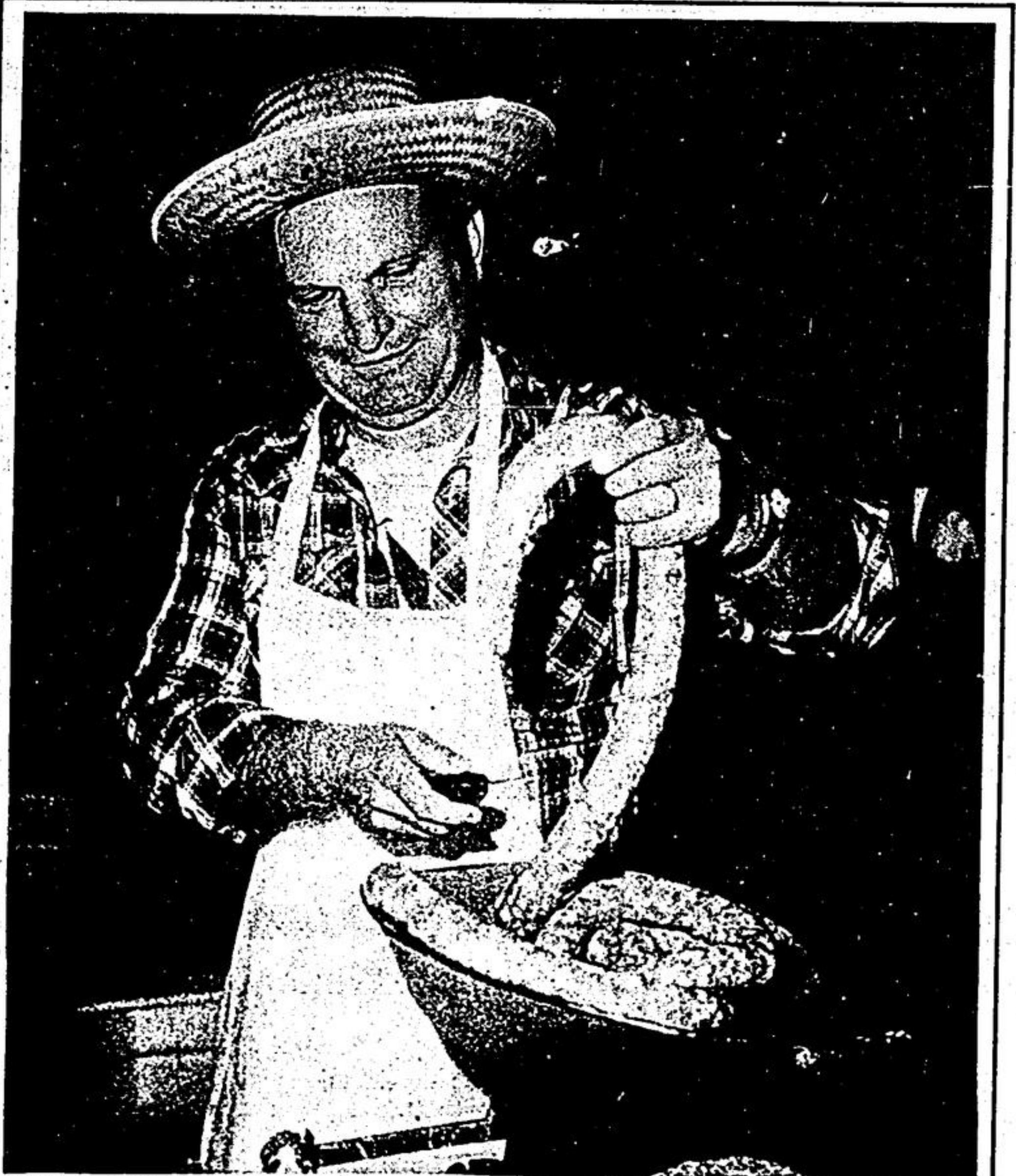
Persons returning to the area after a few months' absence, would never recognize the place. In short, it's a mess.

The problem, of course, is Hwy. 404. The little village just happened to be in its path so the 'obstacle to progress' had to be eliminated.

We viewed the 'massacre,' Saturday and

possibly saw it as its worst. When paving, scdding and seeding are finished, the community may come 'alive' again. But it will never be the same. Plastic surgery can only do so much.

While Gormley's "voice" may only be a whisper at Queen's Park and Ottawa, surely the powers-that-be will not see fit to close off the C.N.R. level crossing to either pedestrian or vehicular traffic. That, we suggest, would be the final nail in the hamlet's coffin.

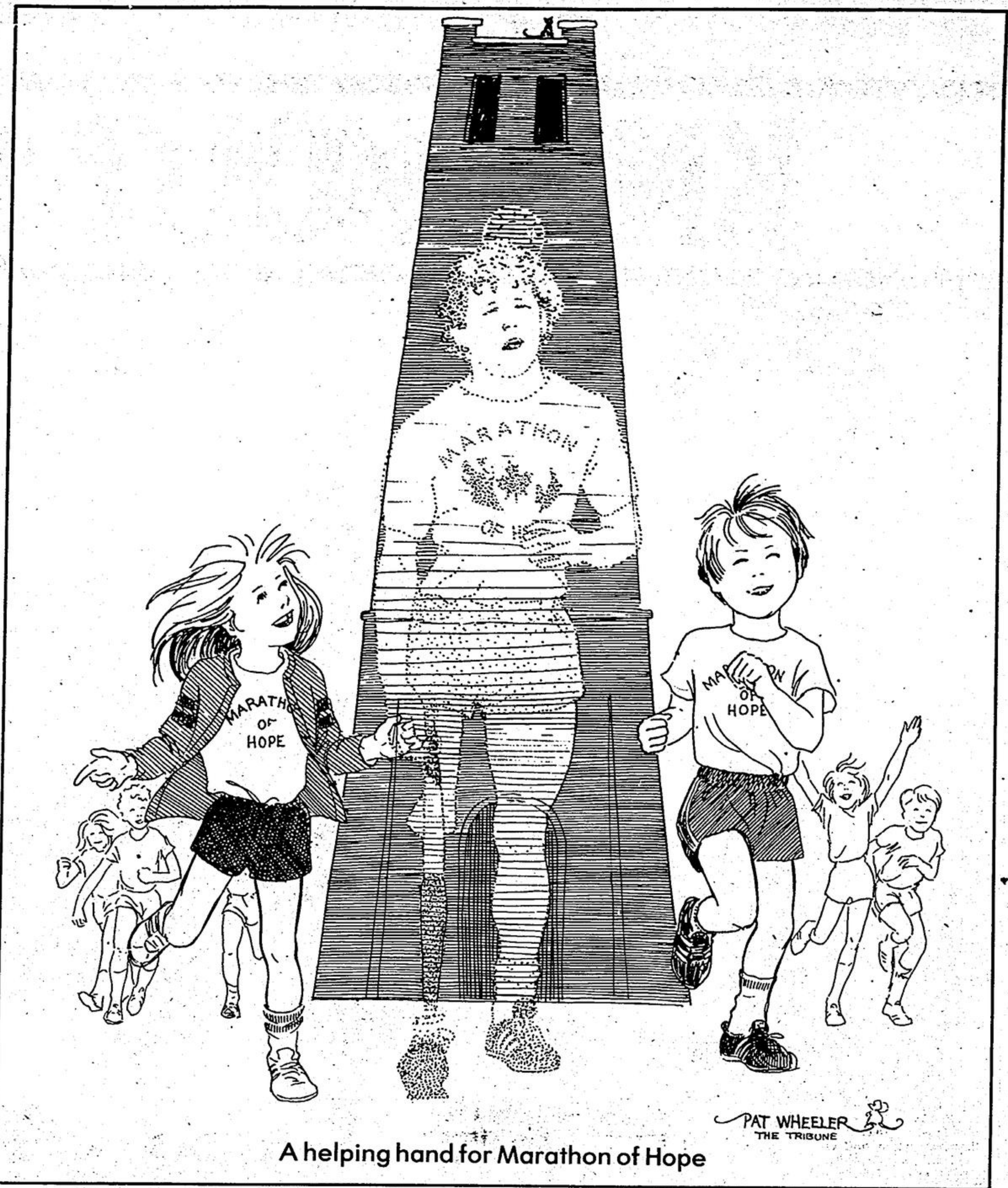


Sausage-making pioneer style

Professional sausage-maker Lorne Smith of R.R. 2, Markham, helped out Saturday at the Mennonite - sponsored festival on the grounds of Black Creek

Pioneer Village, Steeles Avenue and Jane Street. Sales had to be conducted "under cover" because of a steady rain.

Jim Thomas



PAT WHEELER THE TRIBUNE

A helping hand for Marathon of Hope

Roaming Around

Middle-age 'inflation'

By Jim Thomas



Four weeks ago, after flaking out on the bathroom floor and hitting my head a resounding bang on the 'bowl,' I decided it was high time I dropped in for a visit with good friend and family physician, 'Doc' Glenn Graham.

Not that I wanted to. It's just that, well, with a wife and six kids still dependent on me for grocery money, I felt it would be somewhat of a tragedy if my years as head of the house were suddenly cut short. Not that I couldn't be replaced. I'm not so egotistical as to think that. However, even Jean admits that a successor, facing my kind of responsibilities, would be hard to find.

The appointment was for five o'clock, but I arrived fifteen minutes early, unconsciously hoping the lineup would be so long, they'd ask me to come back in a month. But no, I was immediately ushered into one of two downstairs offices by a staff nurse.

She was a no-nonsense type of girl who didn't fool around. A split second after I'd grabbed a seat, she had a grey 'bandage' wrapped around my arm and was pumping it full of air. That over she requested I step on the scales. What a shock — 174 pounds! I couldn't believe it and said as much, so she checked again. Gulp, right the first time.

Still not convinced, I went through the procedure myself, after she'd left the room. No mistake, the hand stopped right where she said.

Twenty-one years ago, when first married, I weighed 134. My blushing bride was a mere 105. Since then, inflation has hit both of us. I'm up forty and she by thirty-five.

What's the solution? While jogging's the most economical (all it costs is a little shoe leather), it's not very practical because we can't be regular. Neither of us is ever free at the same time. Besides, it's kind of embarrassing. What would the neighbors think watching two middle-age 'crazies' romping up and down the street?

I think she'd go for TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly), but I prefer Weight-Watchers, only because the group's new in town and we'd all be starting from scratch. Besides, as I understand it, Weight-Watchers seem to cater more to men than some of the rest, and they meet Thursday evenings, usually an 'open night' for me. Might be fun.

But how did the forty pound increase all come about? Gradually, I might say, until my journalistic sojourn down at Markham. The newspaper there was (and still is) located in a plaza called The Village Shoppes. Close by (too close for my own good), was (and still is) a combination grocery store and restaurant. In there, they sold the finest black forest cake

I'd ever tasted. Once a day (and sometimes twice), I'd order a huge slice of the stuff — eighty cents I think it cost. It got to be such a habit, the gal behind the counter would dish me up a hunk without my even asking. That, along with a quart of chocolate milk and a pound of cashews would keep me going to well past midnight.

You'll be sorry, the girls on staff would say, holding up their hands in envious disgust. And they were right. What went on, won't come off, even though the black forest cake

and cashews are long gone from my diet. But there's a faint ray of hope a few months into the future.

Come December, according to Realty Communications Incorporated, an urban beauty spa, dedicated to fitness for both women and men, will open at 255 Davenport Road, Toronto. Mira Linder, its operator (the first of its kind in Canada), has booked me in for a "workout" some time before Christmas which means, I suppose, no second helpings of turkey, mince pie and plum pudding.

Editor's Mail

Farm land for gravel

We are continually being bombarded with warnings about imminent peril to our democratic way of life from arrogant foreign systems.

While this may be true, one wonders if this barrage is designed to distract our attention from serious threats to our freedom from our own "servants of the people," the Provincial Government.

Every citizen of Whitchurch-Stouffville ought to check out the government's decision to designate some of the best residential and farming sites as gravel areas.

I suspect this designation is only a step away from eventual expropriation under the guise of "the greatest good for the greatest number" — the greatest number in this case implying the greatest number of gravel pit operators.

Sincerely,
CLARION BAKER,
R.R. 2,
Stouffville.

well done. We are extremely proud of you. Let us each, in our own way, keep Terry's dream alive.

Sincerely,
BARBARA TINDALL,
"A proud Canadian,"
Goodwood.

Dear Jim:

A pat on the back to ourselves for the tremendous response, last weekend.

I, for one, took part in the 'walk-a-thon,' Saturday morning, and (believe it or not) actually enjoyed it.

In my opinion, it's time one of the organizations here got a 'walk-a-thon' going on an even larger scale. History repeats itself, they say, and I think hundreds would respond if the event was organized properly.

Fred Hopkins,
Stouffer St.,
Stouffville.

Dear Editor:

Along with others, I wish to add a word of praise to those folks who 'pitched in' and made last weekend's 'Marathon of Hope' such an outstanding success.

A special thanks to the school kids, especially those from Goodwood and Dickson's Hill (outside the Town), who crossed municipal boundaries to lend a hand.

The event was a tremendous display of community togetherness. It made me proud to be a resident and a participant.

Glenn Hooper,
Main Street East.

Dear Editor:

Through your newspaper, I wish to thank the principal, Mr. Hannah, the staff and students of Goodwood Public School for their enthusiastic participation in Stouffville's "Marathon of Hope," including the run and walk, Friday and the jog-a-thon, Saturday.

Our school raised over \$1,200 — a fantastic achievement.

A word of appreciation to the parents and community residents for their marvellous support in this, a very worthwhile cause.

Congratulations to everyone for a job