

The Tribune
 Established 1888
 JAMES THOMAS, Editor-in-Chief
 CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher
 BARRE BEACOCK, Advertising Manager
 EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving
 NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Dan Poyatz
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lois Wiseman, Rod Spicer
 CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshall
 OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Deacon
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover
 Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680.
 Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$12.00 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, Burlington Weekend 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

Attend drug seminar tonight

A drug abuse seminar will be held Thursday (to-night) at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School.

The success of this venture and of future programs along similar lines, will depend primarily on the interest shown by parents.

If few show up, it will indicate one of two things to local organizers. (1) That most mothers and dads just don't care or (2) That most mothers and dads feel their sons and daughters are immune to drug use.

While it's difficult to second-guess the feelings of most parents in this area of so-called concern, we can't believe there's any mother or any dad who "just doesn't care". The question is: Do they care enough to try and understand the problem and do they care

enough to seek a solution if, in fact, a problem does exist?

Even more tragic is No. 2. Most parents feel (or want to feel) that their sons and daughters are too smart to involve themselves in habitual drug use or even experimentation. Many a naive mother and dad, right here in Whitchurch-Stouffville, has been "brought down to earth" with a sudden jolt, on learning the hard-to-accept truth.

Young people using drugs represent a minority. We're convinced of this. At the same time, we've learned on good authority that drugs are readily available. And herein lies the danger. Who can and who cannot resist?

The seminar to-night is for YOU. Try and attend.

A bold move by Town council

The 1981 Town Council agreed, Dec. 23, to 'bite the bullet' and adopt market value assessment in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

It's a bold move, one that is sure to result in criticism from property-owners where sizeable tax hikes are a certainty. However, excluding the legitimate farm operator, we see it as a good move, particularly where lands are being held strictly for speculative purposes.

As for the 'dirt' farmer, who earns his living by the sweat of his brow, with no interest whatsoever in 'real estate', the decision seems unfair. However, there may be financial relief built into the legislation that will be explained when public meetings are held, Jan. 29 (Ballantrae Centennial Centre) and Jan. 31 (Latham Hall). It's up to the individual to attend and find out exactly what the taxman has in store.

Varied night school courses

Night school classes resume this month at S.D.S.S., in fact, the twenty-week courses are already underway this week, with registrations being accepted Jan. 5.

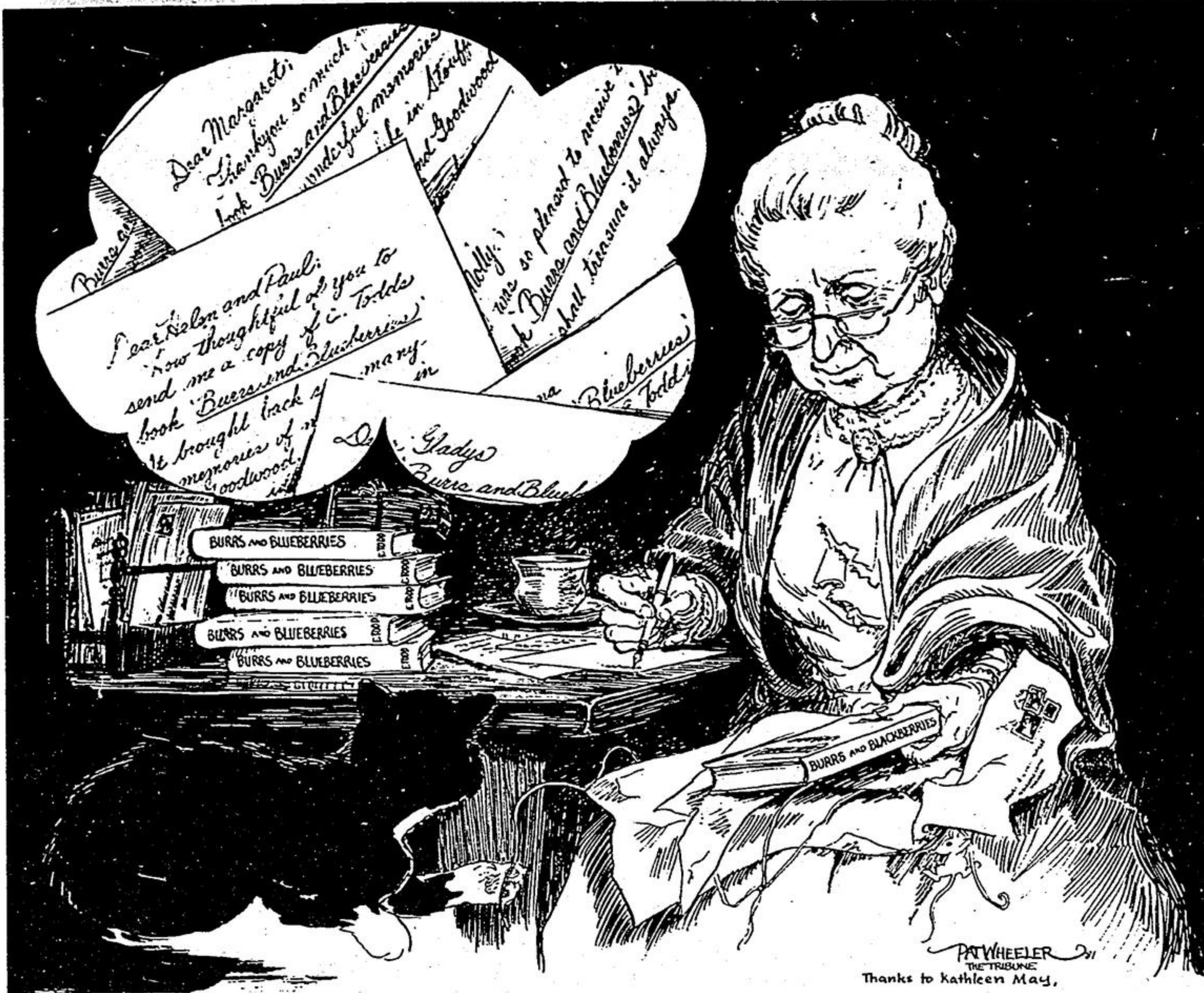
We noticed with interest, that several new programs are being offered. One of these is a Dog Obedience Class both for novice beginners and novice advanced. The instructor is Don Rintoul.

For novice beginners, the stress is placed

on proper pet care and management. In the novice advanced, instruction goes a step further, dealing with jumping, retrieving and heeling.

Although the registration date was Jan. 7 (last night), a call to the High School (640-1433), could possibly get you in. The new courses don't start until Monday, Jan. 12.

Check out the complete list of classes in the Dec. 31 issue of The Tribune. There may still be time.



Thank you note(s) for the perfect gift(s)

Roaming Around The Town was "frozen stiff"



By Jim Thomas

It was C-O-L-D!!
 Without exaggeration (column writers never do that), it would be correct to say that, on the morning of Sunday, January 4, 1981, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville was "frozen stiff"; stiff as a board.

As late as 9 a.m., a cannon blast down Main Street wouldn't have struck a solitary soul.

Yes, I spotted one hardy human on foot. He was headed for the Donut Shoppe to "fill 'er up" on something hot. Otherwise, the place seemed deserted. Either folks had got where they wanted to go or couldn't go where they wanted to get. For most, I suspect, it was the latter.

So what was I doing up and about?
 Thanks to Mike Reaman of Ted's Towing, I was mobile around 8:45. In fact, no sooner had I hung up the phone than Mike was out front. Talk about service! And with a smile too. How anyone could fracture his face under such conditions, I'll never know. Perhaps it was left over from a previous call; kind of frozen on. Anyway, I sure wasn't smiling, for a car that won't start on a Sunday morning at our house represents a catastrophe. Barry, the caretaker at the Presbyterian Church, was

supposed to be there two hours in advance of the service to turn up the heat and shovel off the walk. Susan was to sing in the choir and wife Jean was to play the organ. So there we were, all dressed up and no way to go.

In all fairness to the family Chevy, it did start—twice. However, in an attempt to keep it going, I pumped the accelerator too violently and flooded the carburetor. That was the end. Two coughs and a wheeze later, it died.

But I didn't feel embarrassed. It wasn't a self-starting kind of day; hoods up all over the place.

For example, Linda Ireson, the pleasant radio-telephone receptionist at Ted's, told me their three trucks had responded to twenty-five calls up to that point (10 a.m.), and were running ten calls behind.

Harvey Acton in Uxbridge said his fahrenheit thermometer registered 32 below. Ernie Carruthers at Goodwood reported a minus 25. At McNeil Laboratories in Stouffville, it was 18 below (in the sun) at 9:30 a.m. Was it the coldest?

Clarence Hood of Lemonville didn't think so. He recalled a date back in January, 1934

when the mercury almost dropped out of sight. He remembered how many of their apple trees died that winter.

A Tribune issue of Jan. 4, 1934, supports this claim. In that paper, the temperature in Stouffville was recorded at 34 below. Nor was that the end. The Tribune of Feb. 1, 1934, tells of temperatures of 20 below. In one home, thirty house plants were frozen. In another, the water taps snapped off. Water pipes, it seems, were bursting all over the place.

While weather and temperature extremes may cause problems, they can also be blessings in disguise; total strangers suddenly become friends and home-owners become neighbors. On Sunday morning, it was people helping people everywhere.

However, even under unusual circumstances, there are limitations as to how far one will go to aid another in distress. For example, I froze both my thumb and forefinger on the ignition key while trying to start the car. Later, I sought solace at the Donut Shoppe, fully expecting the waitress there to (under the circumstances) hold my hand. Instead, she sold me a cup of coffee, suggesting that as a cure-all for ills both inside and out.

I can hardly wait till spring.

Viewpoint My resolutions for 1981



By Jim Irving

My follies of the past year well behind me, I feel I can now sit down and set out my New Year's resolutions with impunity.

After all, it's a whole 365 days and more since I last acted with such resolve and I can't remember any of the things I promised to do or not to do in the year to come.

That leaves me somewhat in the position of the newspaper psychics in the United States, who, apparently predicted a total of 422 happenings among them in the past five years, and only four of them came true.

In other words, who remembers, anyway. Nobody would have known about the seers, except that someone kept a scrupulous account of their prognostications and revealed them for all to see; or maybe that should be, not to see.

So, who will remember what I promised a year from now, especially me. In the meantime, it will make me feel as if I made an effort to start the New Year right.

Here then are my resolutions for 1981:

- (1) - Quit smoking. Mind you, I haven't smoked for 21 years, but that way it makes it easier for me to keep the resolution.
- (2) - Quit driving my car to the last cylinder of recorded time, and get it tuned up before I get left behind on the Stouffville Road in the next white-out, sans song, sans singer and sans longjohns.
- (3) - Stay awake at council meetings, just in case they inadvertently allow a sub-division to proceed some day and the first inking the editor has of it is when one of his new neighbors comes over to borrow his lawn mower.
- (4) - Don't eat in restaurants with piped-in music thrashing around in the background.
- (5) - Especially, don't eat in any whose radio's tuned to CHUM.
- (6) - Don't wait until Dec. 24 to send out

Christmas cards. Try to get them off at least by Dec. 21.

(7) - Don't send any more letters to New York Times or Tehran Tribunal telling them how to handle the hostage situation. Obviously, they don't feel ex-President Nixon and the rest of the Watergate warriors are a fair exchange.

(8) - Don't go across street to bakery for donuts between meals. Traffic is heavy and slow. Make sure to get in supply night before.

(9) - Don't pick up with women in bars, unless, of course, they agree to pay for their drinks beforehand.

(10) - Don't correct cop's grammar next time he stops you to inform you "You don't have no lights on." It takes too long to explain that double negative has nothing to do with photography, and leaves you both wishing you'd not come across each other that particular day.

(11) - Buy a new suit this year; it's bad

when you go to a 30's party and find you're the only one there who didn't have to rent a costume.

(12) - Get windshield squeezer on car repaired. Leaning out of window at high speed, trying to shoot anti-freeze out of liquid detergent spray bottle, not the easiest way to keep window clean, let alone stay on the road.

(14) - (I always thought 13 came after 12, but after looking for apartment past few months and finding no such floor in any of them, I see I've been wrong all these years. I certainly hope the schools have caught the error and are now teaching children to count properly.) — Find an apartment where rent doesn't overshadow salary. Now, there's a resolution that will be hard to meet.

(15) - Don't make any more resolutions, except to say:

A Happy and Prosperous New Year, everybody.
 Consider it said.

Did members flip-flop?

Dear Mr. Thomas:

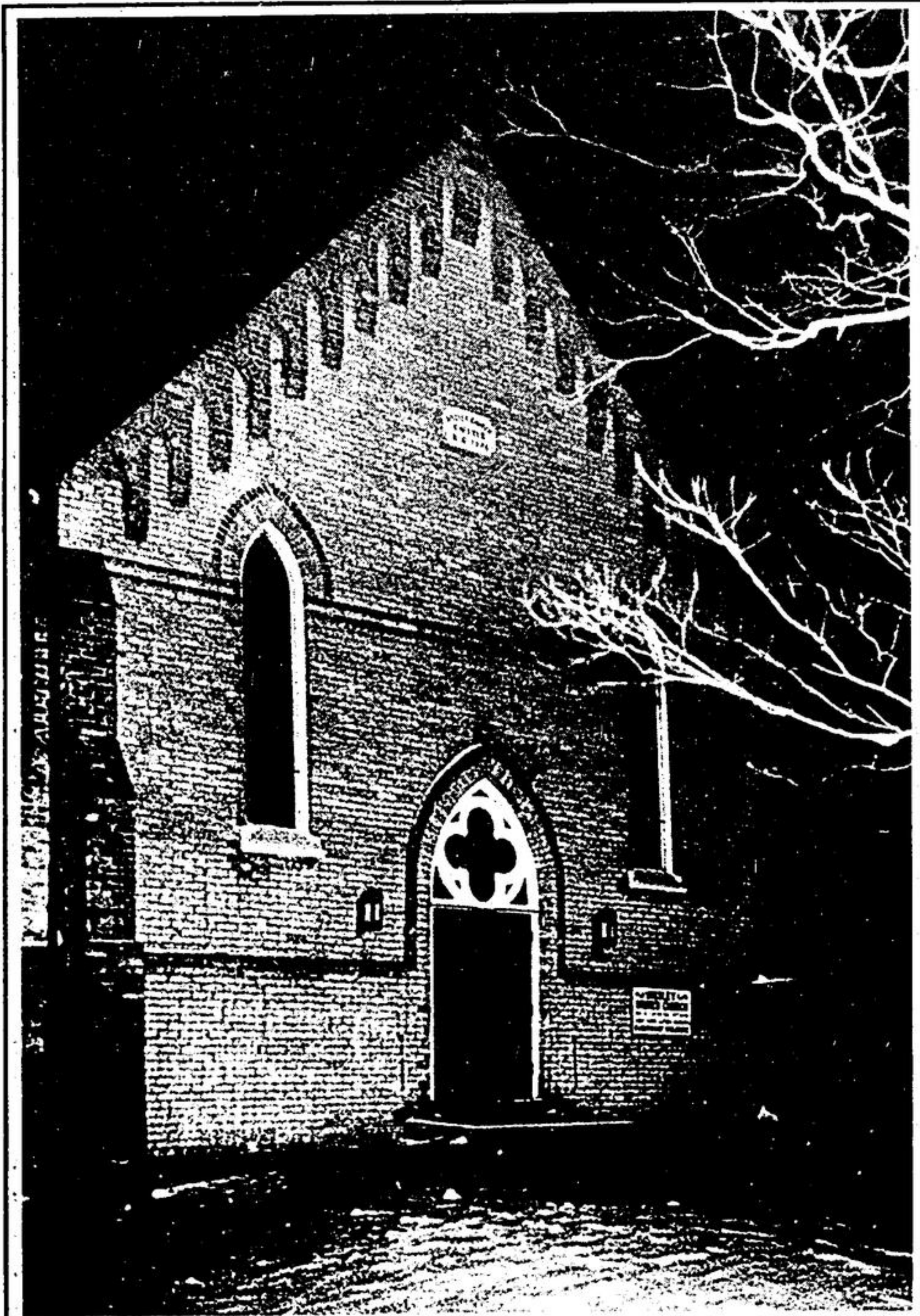
Town Council has adopted market value assessment. Fine. I have no strong argument against the decision even though it will mean a tax increase of about \$35 on my property. On the surface, at least, it would seem to be the fairest system.

What bothers me just a little bit is the apparent flip-flop some members have done on this issue. It was my understanding that at least two councillors were strongly

opposed to this measure but now they're not. How come?

If the opponents of this scheme are no longer in office, then I withdraw my accusation. However, if my memory serves me right, I think Mayor King and one other councillor spoke against it during the 1980 election campaign. Correct me if I'm wrong.

Sincerely,
 Erik Jensen,
 R.R. 2, Stouffville



Wesley Church congregation - 100th anniversary

For the pastor and congregation of Wesley United Church, Woodbine Avenue and the Aurora Road, the year ahead is a historical milestone — their 100th anniversary.

Special services and programs are planned to mark the occasion. The church was erected in 1881.

Jim Thomas