

Editor's Mail

Church 'used'

Dear Mr. Thomas:
It's often difficult for people, particularly elderly people to face the fact that all things change.
The older one is, the more difficult it is to alter one's habits. Senior citizens (myself included) tend to live in the past. Most of us (but not all), tend to live with our memories.

So it is with the members in the congregation at Goodwood United Church. In the last fifty years (and even less), the Goodwood community has changed — in some respects drastically. It's no longer the busy 'village' it once was, but just a hamlet and barely that. Three churches in a place so small is ridiculous, particularly when the society in which we live is so mobile. What's seven miles to Stouffville or ten miles to Uxbridge?

Apart from this, the 'new generation' of adults (and their children), aren't so church and Sunday School conscious as their forefathers. Sunday isn't a day of rest but a day of recreation. Many see little 'fun' in sitting through an hour's service that's become very routine. Better (they say), to be out shooting a few holes of golf, visiting relatives or taking the kids on a family picnic.

Few feel obligated to attend church any more and no one can be forced. They'll do as they please.

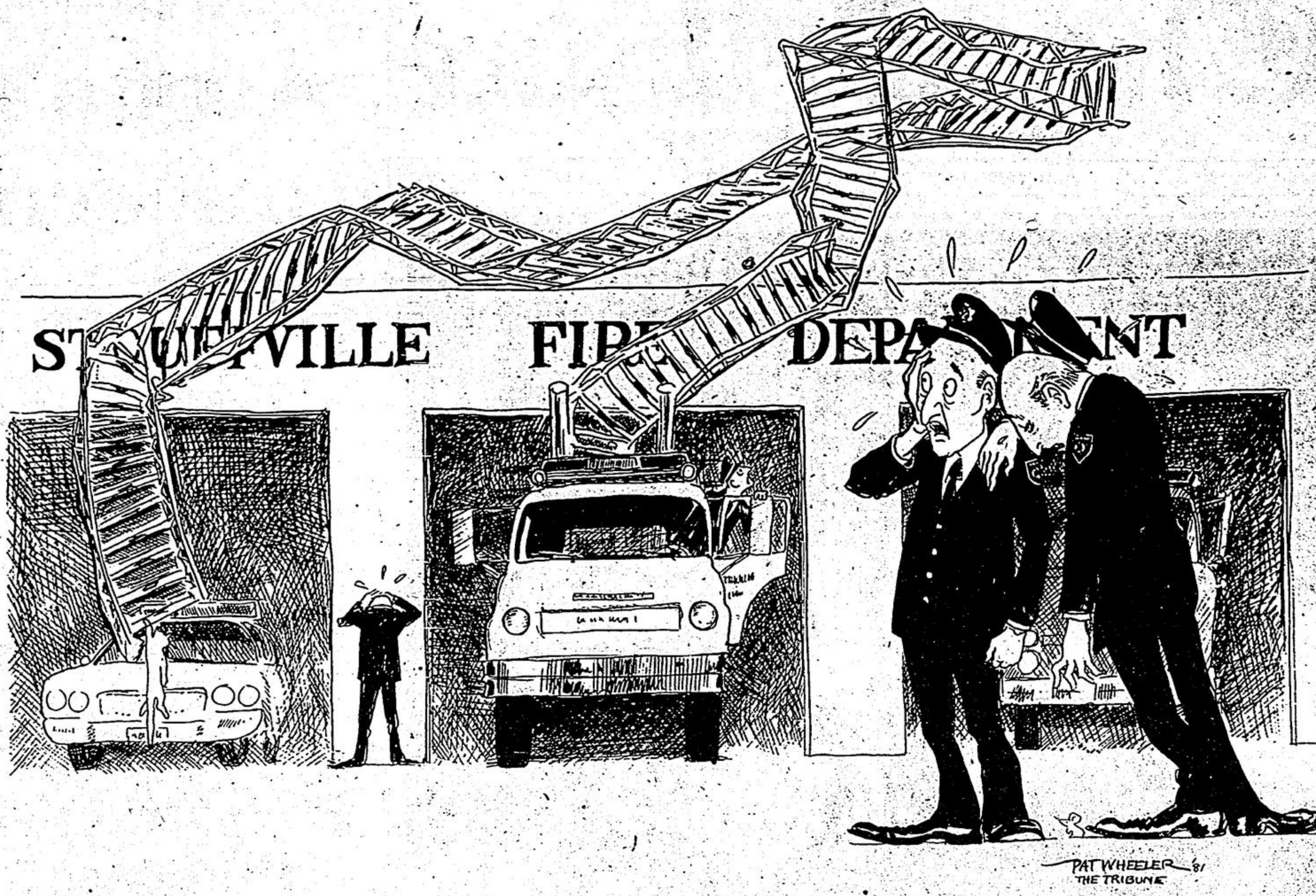
I feel sorry for dedicated church supporters. They deserve a better fate. But for Goodwood, the hand writing's on the wall. The building will have to close, if not this year, then likely next. There's no practical reason to keep it open other than for baptisms, marriages and funerals. And what church can exist on that?

In my opinion, many churches are being 'used' and I mean 'used' for purposes other than originally intended.

How many babies have been baptized at Goodwood and where are they now?
How many couples have been married at Goodwood and where are they now?

To most, the church is a convenience. Maybe when that convenience is withdrawn, residents will more readily appreciate the part it played in the community; unfortunately, too late.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Joanne Roberts,
RR 1, Goodwood.



"Something tells me we should have altered the building before we bought the truck"

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Roaming Around
Findlay stove-warm memories
By Jim Thomas
I love auction sales, particularly farm auction sales where everything imaginable is spread out on display. Occasionally, a few real 'gems' come to the surface and if the word 'antique' is inadvertently left off the list, the purchase price is sometimes within reason. Unfortunately, for we peasants, professional collectors have invaded the market, even far out into the country. The rest of us don't stand a chance.
However, even when I come home empty-handed (which my wife hopes and prays I will), I never begrudge the time. For, likely as not, I can pick up the odd news item, just from rubbing elbows with my farmer friends.
Trouble is, these folks are becoming less and less in this neck of the woods. Most who once owned land in what is now Pickering Airport property, have either packed it in and retired or packed it up and moved elsewhere. And who can blame them? When a man can't find a soul to talk to over the line fence, then it's high time to do something.
Things, it seems, have reached such a state, that to scrounge even as much as a pound of sugar or a roll of twine, you must drive half way to Woodville. Much cheaper to stop off in Stouffville.
However, despite the rural migration to points north-east and north-west, there are still a few farm folk left. Most, it seemed, were at the Alvin and Owen Gray auction on the 7th of Pickering, Friday. Caught between winter shovelling and spring seeding, they flocked to the site in droves; if not to buy, then just to talk. It's been a long time since Markham Fair and the International Plowing Match. They had a lot of catching up to do.
My reason for being there was different than most. I was intensely interested in one item — a Findlay Oval cook stove; not to buy it but only to see it sold.
A few others had the same idea. We were jammed into the kitchen like sardines.
To the present generation, brought up on electric, gas and micro-waves, a Findlay stove means nothing. However, to the farmer and his wife of forty years ago, it was everything; much like the Model 'T' of a generation previous; everybody had one.
I'd be stretching the point a trifle if I said John and Laura Paton of Claremont didn't need it. Maybe they do. In talking to them though, it seemed like they were buying back a memory.
For \$800? Heck, price is secondary for something precious out of the past.
"We had one in our home out in Melford, Saskatchewan," recalled Laura. "I was only a little girl, but I still remember my mother making pancakes on top". Sure she does, and so do I. We had a Findlay Oval too. It was the most prized possession my Dad ever purchased, exceeding even the Motorola black and white TV.
Everything revolved around that stove. We cooked on it, were warmed by it, dried things around it, and our old black cat always slept under it.
With a base of coal or coke and a few sticks of apple wood on top, it would throw out heat like you wouldn't believe. As a lad, I can never recall coming in out of the cold when our kitchen wasn't hot. And while I probably never said it, I surely did appreciate it. After skating (a five mile walk to Markham and back), Mother always had a bubbling pot of cocoa waiting our return. M-mmmm good! And the food she turned out; cookies, biscuits, the Christmas turkey, hot apple pie, everything just perfect. Despite all the hard work (and believe me, she worked hard), I think she actually enjoyed it. I hope so, for we ate like bears.
Our Findlay Oval was purchased from Charles Cooper Limited at Claremont. It was beautiful, jet black with yellow enamel; and my mother always kept it that way, continually cleaning and polishing. The price was ninety dollars, a lot of money in those days, but worth every cent. It paid for itself a thousand times in warm hands and warm hearts. Its departure was like saying farewell to a faithful friend.
The old wooden stove would crackle As the cedar dried and burned. Through the grating coals would tumble Glowing red to black they turned. And the firelight through the covers Of that fine old kitchen range, Turned the ceiling into patchwork With each dancing fairy flame.
Many crops were planned and planted As the winter lingered on. Near the hearth the neighbors gathered Till the glowing coals were gone. Woolen socks were always drying Near the kitchen range back home. The old kettle hummed a love song Folks today have never known.
I see the kitchen of my childhood, Feel the warmth of that old range. To have known its glow and comfort Is a joy I'd not exchange.

Editorials

Hall of Fame a priority

Whitchurch-Stouffville needs and deserves a Hall of Fame. Our persistence in pushing this project may seem redundant to the disinterested. Be that as it may, we do not intend to let it drop.
Mayor King has suggested that the Recreation Committee and, to a lesser extent, the Library Board, are confused as to what form this display should take. Perhaps he's right.
As a guide, we offer the following recommendations.
First, a hall of fame committee of not less than three and not more than five should be established.
Second, set up a budget — five hundred dollars should be sufficient in 1981.
Third, the committee should recommend five Hall of Fame candidates to the Library Board each year. Each would be considered carefully on the merits of his or her achievements. Final approval would be followed by an induction ceremony when framed photographs would be unveiled.
However, several questions remain. First, the location? The Latham Gallery is ideal, adequate size, excellent location. As an alternative, the Library lobby can be utilized — for now. Later, when the Town has its own recreation complex, the display could be set up there.

Second, who should qualify? Anyone who, in the opinion of the selection committee and the board, has brought honor to this municipality and has contributed to the betterment of it.
Third, should more than just photographs be included? Yes, but not in the first stage. With space at a premium, photos will be sufficient. However, the committee, when established, should begin immediately to assemble artifacts related to those persons elevated to Hall of Fame status or considered as candidates in years to come. Once larger quarters become available, such items can become a part of it.
Fourth, would the Hall of Fame be restricted to sports personalities only? Certainly not, although persons associated with sports will be a part of it.
Fifth, what would be the cost? At the present time, five hundred dollars will provide five large photographs (color or black and white), suitably framed and ready for hanging.
Sixth, is there time to start such a project in 1981? All budgets have been submitted but not yet finalized by Council. For this year at least, it could be included as part of the Library's allocation. We trust that it will.

Prices go up-demand also

Statistics and surveys do not show that raising gas and oil prices to high levels ensure conservation. Our modest increases in this country have done little to hold down the overall demand.
In the United Kingdom where gasoline prices have just passed the \$4 per gallon rate, demand is not expected to diminish to any great extent. France, Italy and West Germany all have gas in the \$3 and up range and demand continued to go up by three percent. Great Britain was up 1 per cent last year.
The only country showing some noticeable reduction was the United States where allocation of supplies by the companies themselves did the trick.

It is interesting to note that even with our vast country and its long cold winters, our demand is less than Britain where the overall weather is much milder and distances much shorter.
Canada is seventh in overall use of gas and oil, behind United States, Japan, West Germany, France, Italy and the United Kingdom in that order.
Although we all realize that when the oil runs out there will be no more, the argument that increasing prices will reduce consumption is largely false. If it were not so then surely the countries mentioned with gas prices at triple ours, would surely be reducing demand rather than increasing it.

Woods and Wildlife

Bats unfairly maligned

By Ron Reid

Perhaps no creatures have been more unfairly maligned through history than the bats. Their ancient association with the supernatural and the forces of evil may have been dispelled, but most of us still feel a vague repulsion about these shadows of the night. Even Shakespeare perpetuated the mythology in his famous recipe for witches brew — "Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog."

But in fact bats are useful and quite unique creatures. Their specialized wings, which are actually leathery skins stretched over elongated finger bones, make bats the only flying mammals. And their sophisticated sonar system, which pinpoints flying insects even in total darkness, is a superb adaptation for night-time activities.
Ontario has eight different species of native bats. Five of these traditionally hibernate in colonies within natural shelters such as caves, or in man-made sites such as attics. In parts of northern Ontario, abandoned mine shafts have also become important roosting sites, and therein lies an encouraging tale of enlightenment and cooperation.

For reasons of public safety, the Ontario Ministry of Labour had instituted a program of sealing off these old mine shafts, unaware that in some cases this caused a problem for bat colonies. But when informed of the conflict by staff of the Royal Ontario Museum and F.O.N., the Ministry staff involved were immediately cooperative, and passed on the request to one of the companies involved. As a result, the entrance of an old shaft of the Caland Ore Company in Atikokan now sports a heavy steel grate, rather than the usual complete blockage. The grate allows access to the bats but not to human visitors, ensuring the future of a secure haven for the bat colony.
This particular example is especially significant since the Atikokan site is the first known over-wintering roost for the Big Brown Bat in northern Ontario. In any case, both the company involved and the Ministry of Labour deserve a pat on the back for their concern for wildlife conservation. It is to be hoped that other mining companies with similar bat colonies will follow their lead.

Editor's Mail
Initiative?
To the editor:
The progress of Stouffville as a viable town, seems to rest on the development of one 500-home subdivision. I've been hearing this excuse ever since coming here four years ago.
I ask this question? Why can't the town provide the required services on its own like it must have done originally? Why must the community stagnate while a single developer bides his time?
Where's the initiative to support ourselves?
In my opinion, Stouffville's been dragging its feet on development of its own services and the result is evident.
Russell Walker,
Manitoba Street,
Stouffville.