



A landmark

I don't suppose too many people around the province have seen India's famous temple, the Taj Mahal. But many have seen pictures of the beautiful mausoleum that was built by an Indian ruler as a memorial to his wife.

Well, about 20 miles northeast of Toronto up on a hill on a country road near Uxbridge, is Ontario's own Taj Mahal. It's not nearly as big, and it's not a replica, but it's similar to the real thing.

It's called the Foster Memorial Temple and was erected in the mid-Thirties by Thomas Foster as a memorial to his wife, and his daughter, who had died at the age of ten.

Foster was born near Uxbridge, eventually became a wealthy businessman, and was Mayor of Toronto at one time.

When in his late seventies, he decided to tour the world. One of his stops was India where he saw the Taj Mahal and got the idea of creating a temple something like it, but with a Christian adaptation.

Gould Barton, a retired teacher who lives nearby, remembers Foster bringing over workmen from Europe to build the temple. These skilled craftsmen fashioned it in white limestone with a green dome. There are twelve stained glass windows around the dome, marble pillars, and mosaic floors. There's also a marble altar that holds the remains of Foster's wife and daughter, and when he died, Foster himself was buried there.

The temple is about sixty feet high, and roughly a mile north of the town. It's never been clear just what it cost to build it but Foster didn't pull any punches. The limestone alone was worth well over a couple of hundred thousand dollars. It's now valued at about two million.



PAT WHEELER FOR THE TRIBUNE

"Okay, okay I'm convinced --- two-way radios are a necessity"



The Tribune

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Editorials

Radios in school buses

In the day in which we live, education is vital. Because most parents give it a No. 1 priority, the cost of providing it is secondary. Anyway, few complain and some are even willing to pay more as seen by the growing popularity of the Stouffville Christian School.

In the Regions of York and Durham, attention is continually focused on in-classroom activities. However, for hundreds of students, there's another aspect to the system that too often goes unnoticed. That is transportation.

Fortunately, the busing of children to and from isn't a concern for most in-town parents. However, for rural 'kids', it's a "way of life". There should be no short-cuts on safety.

This being the case, it's inconceivable in this day and age that two-way radio communication isn't an authorized requirement.

For almost two years now, a committee of parents in the Claremont-Greenwood areas of Durham, have been pressing the board to enforce this regulation. They're confident the application will be approved, not only for buses serving these schools but those travelling to all schools in the region.

We feel the same type of request should be made in York. At present, some have them and some haven't.

This recommendation is in no way a criticism of the bus companies now serving the two regions. From a strictly visual standpoint, their vehicles would seem to be in excellent shape. However, where children's safety is concerned, nothing's that good that it couldn't be made better. Two-way radios would be a step in the right direction.

Magic festival is fun

This being a free country (and community), everyone's entitled to their opinions.

On occasions, however, those opinions must be debated and even refuted. Criticism of Stouffville's upcoming Magic Festival, as voiced through this newspaper and before Council, cannot go unchallenged.

Magic is fun. Magic is enjoyment. It makes people think, wonder and even laugh. What's so wrong with that? We would suggest that with all the turmoil we've been subjected to in recent years, townsfolk are due (even overdue) for a little fun, a little enjoyment and a few laughs.

We would suggest that if people search deeply enough into the dark caverns of history, they can find something sinister about everything. Even religion has its spiritualists and its cults.

Stouffville's Magic Festival (May 6 to 9) will be none of these. Rather, by exercising a little imagination, we see the event as transforming our Main Street into a magic carpet that, for four days at least, will give us something else to talk about besides inflation, taxes, and water.

Credit for arranging and promoting this project must go to George Schlukker, the Town's chief librarian. More than 25 magicians will appear on stage, in restaurants, on Main Street and in the Park, making it the largest festival of its kind in the country.

Culmination of this four-day event will be the dedication of the Art Latcham Collection in Latcham Gallery, May 9 at 3:30 p.m. The only thing missing will be Art Latcham himself. He would have been proud.

Roaming around

Honey-good for what ails me

By Jim Thomas



Have you been filling listless lately; like your engine's running on seven cylinders and your transmission's stuck in low-low?

If so, then join the club. I'm the self-appointed president of Listless Incorporated, a Whitchurch-Stouffville based organization that has the potential of becoming national, even international in scope.

There are thousands of would-be members out there, particularly at this time of year -- midway between the end of a long winter and the start of a late spring. I see them every day.

So far, I haven't arrived at any solution, but it's not for trying. In fact, I've tried just about every tonic on the market without success. That old run-down feeling still persists.

Needless to say, my wife's worried for she remembers me as being full of vim and vigor seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. Heck, I was always the last of the family to bed and the first one up in the morning; nothing to it, just go, go, go. But not any more.

As one might conclude, the advice from "the head of the house" is to go see a doctor. She's even threatened to arrange an appointment if I won't do it myself. But so far I'm a hold-out, anxious to experiment with

home remedies first before yielding to x-rays and whatever should follow.

My latest and last attempt is Byer's honey. It was Colin Kerr who gave me the idea. He claimed it was working wonders with a couple of mynah birds one of which, by human standards, is 120 years old. I figured that if it could perk up "an old bird" like that, it might also give my lethargic corpuscles a bit of a boost.

Honey's an excellent health food, physicians will tell you that. There are those who mix it with vinegar, a combination that supposedly's some kind of cure-all. I'm not about to go that far, in fact, the vinegar additive curls my hair. So I'm taking it straight, right from the jar.

Since my interview with the same Colin Kerr and the subsequent Page 1 story in the April 14 Tribune, my phone's been ringing off the desk. I've also received several letters -- all from wives with similar problems -- their husbands. While none (of the phone callers) agreed to give their names (and I didn't have the nerve to ask), it's obvious that a multitude of hubbies, like myself, are in need of some sort of rejuvenation, a spring change-over so to speak.

Such was indicated in a note received Friday. It reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Thomas: I've purposely omitted a signature because our situation's somewhat embarrassing. My Post Office box will be sufficient for a reply. Prior to our marriage, we dated three years and felt we had much in common. I want a family badly but my husband's very ho-hum about it all. It's not that he doesn't like children, he's just disinterested in taking the necessary steps to bring it all about, if you know what I mean. I'm not sure if he no longer loves me or is just plain lazy. Maybe it's a bit of both. With this exception, he treats me well and is a wonderful provider. His "providing", unfortunately, doesn't go far enough and I feel we're missing out on something very important in life. Do you honestly feel that Byer's honey is the answer? At this point, I'm willing to try anything, even to putting a spoonful in his coffee.

Sincerely,
P.O. Box -- Stouffville
By the time this column is published, she'll have her reply. However, I'm really no authority; for her husband's problem is somewhat different than mine -- we have six children, they have none.

That's why we're hoping the reaction will be different too. At our stage of the game, it would be vinegar not honey should surprises occur.

Editor's Mail

If it works for mynah birds!

Dear Editor:

Honey is an excellent source of nutrition. I firmly believe this. I've also heard it said that honey and vinegar are a good mix, but I've yet to try it.

Mr. Kerr, the owner of a couple of mynah birds, seems to feel (according to your paper), that it could be the secret to many unproductive marriages. He may be right. However, as far as he's concerned, not just "any honey" will do. It must be Byer honey.

Would you be so kind as to tell me (and possibly other unproductive women) where one might find the Byer apiary. I don't live in the Stouffville area, so am not as acquainted with people's names and places of residence as those who do.

Sincerely,
RETA (MRS. WM.) BOWLES,
LITTLE BRITAIN,
ONT.

Editor's Note: The Byer family of honey fame reside on the east side of Hwy. 48, between 17th and 18th Avenues, Markham.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I was intrigued by your story concerning the mynah birds and Byer's honey. I've talked to several of my friends (all childless) and they are interested too.

Each of us has considered adoption but not before we've "gone the limit" in our attempts to have children of our own. Perhaps Byer's honey may do the trick.

My husband and I get along wonderfully well. However, when it comes to filling this "void" in our lives, we have different opinions. He claims I'm at fault while I say he's to blame. Trouble is, neither of us is "in the mood" at the same time. My husband's a "morning man" while I lean towards early evening.

Here's what we're going to do. Around midnight, we'll enjoy a snack of Byer's honey right from the can, then maybe we can "put it all together."

If the arrangement works, I'll let you know.

Sincerely,
ISOBELLE PAULE,
R.R. 3, STOUFFVILLE.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I was greatly saddened that Stouffville may be given the title "Magic Town." I left my home in California four years ago when I married a Canadian whose home was in Stouffville. I was immediately charmed by this Christian community where most people expressed warmth and a concern for their neighbor. Each Sunday, on route to our

Christian gathering, my family and I have witnessed the buses from the various churches picking up unchurched children to help them go where they can go to learn of God's love for man. This, I think, is the warmth and the charm one feels when driving through our lovely town. This is what makes Stouffville "Home away from home."

Stouffville doesn't need "magic" to lose the water problem image. A title like "a warm place to visit" would be far more suiting. Mr. Latcham lacked sympathy for Christian gatherings to the point of stipulating in his will that Latcham Hall not be used for any continuous time by churches. Yet, the sweetness of our Stouffville has been born of Christian love and hospitality.

Furthermore, I fear the future impact of such a label for Stouffville. What is beginning as a carnival of tricks and rabbits pulled from hats could someday result in drawing spiritists and mediums who derive their power from the occult. How I have seen this result in the streets of San Francisco! Lions are cute but we don't keep them as pets.

Thank you for listening to a concerned member of this community.

Sincerely,
MRS. TERESA NINKOVIC.