

Editor's Mail

"Foolish"

Dear Editor:
Town Council may feel its doing a very noble thing by placing the nuclear disarmament question on the ballot this fall. I'm not questioning the sincerity of the decision. What I'm wondering is who in Whitchurch-Stouffville REALLY cares?

While I don't wish to sound cynical, I don't recall any large deputation coming before a meeting demanding this kind of referendum nor do I recall any 'Letters to the Editor' on the subject in The Tribune. So I repeat, who cares?
Any person with an ounce of intelligence already knows the result of such a question. Whatever way it's worded, a ban on nuclear arms will be favored by 90 to 10. That's how people are thinking today so I doubt the passive residents of this Town will go against the grain. So what's the big deal? What's to be gained? The voters will only be telling government what it already knows.

If Council wants to give the electorate something on which to register an opinion, let it be a question of a local nature—something about which a "yea" or "nay" will have some meaning like: Do you favor an indoor swimming pool in Whitchurch-Stouffville? Do you favor a roller-skating arena in Whitchurch-Stouffville? Do you favor a \$2 million dollar recreation complex in Whitchurch-Stouffville? Should municipal elections be held every three years instead of two? Should the Towns of Richmond Hill, Aurora and Newmarket be allowed to annex all lands lying west of Warden Avenue (the 5th Conc.) presently in Whitchurch-Stouffville? Would you favor a Study related to the introduction of an Town Transportation System in Whitchurch-Stouffville? And so on. These are only a few suggestions. I could go on.

But a question on nuclear disarmament? Don't take us for a bunch of fools. We all know the answer already so why waste our time?

Sincerely,
Douglas Cameron,
R.R. 3, Newmarket.



"I'm serious Harry, I think I'll enter that Bikini Contest at Brougham next year"

The Tribune
Established 1888
640-2100

JAMES THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

BARRY W. WALLACE
Publisher

ANDREW P. COOK
Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Rod Spicer, Bryan Armstrong
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshman
OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Deacon
BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Dan Poyntz 363-1051

Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 25¢; subscriptions \$13.00 per year in Canada, \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspapers of America. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes The Acton Free Press, Ajax Whitley Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner Newmarket Era, Aurora Banner Newmarket Era Weekend Edition, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Weekend Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser Guardian, The Georgetown Independent, Markham Thornhill Economist and Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Mississauga News Weekend Edition, The North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Oakville Friday Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, The Richmond Hill Thornhill Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News.

ROAMING AROUND
Ron collects flat irons
By JIM THOMAS



Canadians are chronic complainers and Whitchurch-Stouffville folk are just as guilty of this practise as 'natives' of Pickering, Uxbridge, Markham or Carrot River, Saskatchewan. We seem to derive some kind of enjoyment out of being critical; and of feeling sorry for ourselves.

Admittedly, on occasions, criticism is justified, but most times, it's not. After awhile, it becomes a bit tedious.

On Saturday afternoon, I visited a Clarendon home where the exact opposite is true. Oh sure, Ron Gauslin, has just cause to complain. He's had muscular dystrophy for as long as he can remember; from birth, I suspect. But does he moan about the house and complain that the Lord dealt him a low blow? No siree, Ron's a busy young man, doing exactly what he wants to do—attending auction sales and collecting antiques.

But not any antiques. Ron's a specialist, dealing in flat irons; that's right, flat irons. He has a collection that would put most museums to shame. He's been at it about thirteen years.

Some of his pieces date back to the late 1700's, various shapes and sizes that I never knew existed. They're all precisely arranged on shelves in the family's recreation room.

Ron's a familiar figure around the auction sales' circuit and many folks know exactly why he's there. But he receives no 'breaks'; nor does he expect any. "An auctioneer wouldn't

dare show me any favoritism." (not even his uncle Earl), he says, "if he did, people would never come back". He admits, however, that his parents (Gord and Lillian Gauslin) have greatly assisted him in expanding his display.

Patience is Ron's virtue. He's been known to wait three and four hours for a particular item, then lose it to a higher bidder. "The sight-seers will leave, but those who really want a thing will stay," he says. Flat iron prices sometimes go as high as \$60.

Condition isn't all that important. It's amazing what a little lubricating oil, sandpaper and stove polish will do. However, if rust is embedded too deeply, Ron leaves them in their natural state.

Does he ever trade irons? "There's no one to trade with," he says. He knows of one other collector in the area but he deals more in weights than in models.

Are any of his irons for sale? Everything has a price, Ron admits, but keepsakes are expensive. "This is not a business," he explains, "it's a hobby—I'm not in it to make money".

Ron doesn't limit his "treasure chest" to irons alone. Other items include a whale oil lamp, a cobbler's last, a bed-warmer, a crank telephone, several Bee Hive and Beaver sealers, a two-ended baby's bottle, a hand-held streetcar bell, a pair of (brand new) high-button shoes and more.

In addition to a wealth of items, Ron also possesses a wealth of knowledge—knowledge he'll readily impart to anyone willing to listen.

I learned a lot in one hour, Saturday; about antiques and about life. Ron Gauslin is an example to us all. His parents must indeed be proud.



RON GAUSLIN

Editorials

Stonehouse for Council

Town Council's current two-year term is rapidly drawing to a close, and, compared to the previous two, it's been very productive; a lot has been accomplished. The reason for this is obvious—co-operation rather than confrontation has been the watchword of all members. The results speak for themselves.

This doesn't mean there isn't room for improvement. There is, and we feel it's the newspaper's responsibility to push for improvement wherever possible.

Several months ago, we recommended Daphne Goldman as an excellent Council candidate. We based this opinion on her lead role as a member of the Town Recreation Committee. That opinion hasn't changed.

At this time we're also giving strong support to the candidacy of Ged Stonehouse—not for the position of mayor, but for one of the six ward posts. We trust he'll give our recommendation serious consideration.

The decision by Mayor King to seek reelection (announced last week), came as no surprise. We'd have been surprised (and disappointed) if he hadn't. For the last two years have revealed strong leadership qualities in the man; qualities most (including the media) knew existed but couldn't see. They were kept camouflaged by his policy of cautious conservatism.

But no longer, at least not to the same degree. This will make him an extremely strong adversary should anyone decide to contest the seat. We predict an acclamation.

Ged Stonehouse, however, should not remain on the sidelines. For he also has strong leadership qualities, qualities that, combined with experience, will make him an excellent mayoralty candidate three, or maybe six years down the road. The time to take that first positive step is NOW!

Need a traffic-stopper

Most towns in Ontario, languishing in the doldrums of an economic slow-down, would give their eye teeth for the type of traffic congestion seen on Stouffville's Main Street last Saturday.

Yet, to many (even most), this migration from Metro, is considered more of a deterrent to business than a benefit.

While it's true, 95 per cent of the people coming here are en route to the Stouffville Market, the potential is here; it's up to us to harness it.

We feel the Chamber of Commerce should embark on a plan to do just that, even if it means hiring a marketing expert to do it.

Thousands of (Toronto)ians travel thirty miles every Saturday for a reason. The Stouffville Market obviously has something to offer; and so must Stouffville's downtown merchants. We think they have. But they must

make it sufficiently attractive to prompt drivers to stop.

To prove it can be done, the new Carousel Ice Cream Bar, next to the firehall, stationed a clown, last Saturday, at the corner of Main East and Tenth Line North, handing out pamphlets. They had another, in front of their premises, handing out balloons. Every time we passed by, we noticed the place filled with patrons.

Just one example of how good promotion can be made to work.

We'll never concede the fact that Market-bound motorists won't stop. They will and they do if there's something to stop for. Let's give them a reason and cash in on the biggest Saturday tourist attraction this side of Niagara Falls.

Window on Wildlife

Swallows-aerial acrobats

By Art Briggs-Jude



When someone asks us what is the most common bird seen here during the summer, we answer without hesitation—the swallow.

Yes, bluebirds are our favorites (we have at least twelve pair of these hard-pressed songsters using our nest-boxes) but swallows appear wherever we go—even in some of the bluebird boxes. But we don't mind. We merely put up a few more nest sites so there will be room for all. Actually, it's only the trim little tree swallow that nests in such places. The others, like the barn swallow, nest inside the out-buildings, using old beams as supports for their mud-ball cradles.

In reality, when we talk about our swallow population, we are in fact discussing five different species. In addition to the aforementioned tree and barn swallows, there are three other kinds of these swift-flying birds frequenting our farm. One of these, the cliff swallows, attach their gourd-like structures under the eaves of the house and have now started a new colony under the overhanging roof of the barn. Another species, the rough-winged swallow, usually digs tunnels in the old sand pit walls

and raises its brood there. This season, however, since the cattle have been dusting themselves in the sand pit, the swallows have moved across the road to carry out their nesting activities.

Another type of swallow that spends a lot of time near our house is the big purple martin. They don't nest here every year, but they do come almost every day from somewhere close by and entertain us with their gurgling sounds and aerobic flight. Although they are the largest and hence the strongest flyers of the swallow family, they often are quite finicky when it comes to starting a new colony. While in most areas, house sparrows and starlings prove too much competition for martins trying to become established, such is not the case here. Tree swallows and a certain male bluebird, have been observed chasing the martins on numerous occasions.

Much has been written concerning the design and location of a martin house, to give the best results. A 16 foot pole, a special ventilated central shaft, a 2 1/2 inch hole, an open flyway, and nearness to a pond or lake, have all been

mentioned as necessary for a successful attraction.

Certainly, the hole size is important and some of the other points are a necessity; but in certain areas, martins will come, and in others, you must have more than a bit of luck. A good point along these lines is the village of Westport. Here, the martins nest right up behind the residents' garages—and along the fences in boxes no higher in some cases than eye level. And I well remember a number of years ago at Long Point when the duck hunters used to put up their wooden shell boxes for the martins at the end of every boat dock.

But whether they're martins, tree swallows or any of the other kinds mentioned, swallows are interesting birds to have about. They each destroy as many as a thousand mosquitos and flying insects daily, and their aerial manoeuvres are a constant source of wonderment.

How else can you describe a bird so deft on the wing that it sips water while skimming over the surface; catches a feather on the fly or rides the back of a menacing hawk like a tiny avian jockey.