

Editor's Mail Memories

BY ALEX DAVIDSON

I wish to add my congratulations to those already extended to the five boys who recently cycled the 620 kilometers (372 miles) from Stouffville to Ste. Anne des Plaines, Quebec.

Many years ago, accompanied by Wally Reesor of Cedar Grove, we made a similar but somewhat less ambitious trip to Ottawa.

Like the five Stouffville lads, we also made good progress the first day, spending the initial night at Catarqui near Kingston. The second day, we arrived in Ottawa around midnight. I recall the clock in the Peace Tower announcing our arrival at the stroke of twelve. We had earlier visited Richmond Fair, and almost forgot our ambitious plan to make it to the Capital in two days.

I had a three-speed bicycle. However, Wally's was the ordinary type, but he sure had extraordinary legs.

We had planned to bike home via Hwy. 7 until we visited the CPR station agent at Glen Tay, 40 miles west of Ottawa. He seemed to feel sorry for us, recalling that a train of empty box cars had passed through an hour earlier, stopping at Agincourt. "Hey, that's right behind our barn," I can recall Wally saying, "when's the next train due?" The agent said none was scheduled to stop until the following day but a through-train would be coming by in an hour. "If you fellas want to bail it, then I'll flag it," he said, "go down the track a bit but don't let anyone see you". We "bailed in" and no one saw us for about 125 miles until we stopped at a flag station called Vimy. It was there that the brakeman peered into our car. I can still recall the surprised look on his face when he spotted the bicycles.

"If you fellas had a chesterfield, you'd be all set," he stated, "you have to get off". Those were war years and security was strict.

We cycled north from there and hit Hwy. 7 at Kaladar. The next day near Bethany, we saw a truck with the name Stouffville printed on the side. The driver was having a snooze. He was happy to transport us (bikes and all) to town. It would be nice to know if he still lives in the area. I'd like to thank him again.

We hope the boys' trip will inspire others to embark on similar ventures. It would be good for them and for Stouffville. Their memories will last a lifetime.

Wally and I still have the bicycle licenses we purchased for 50 cents on our first day in Ottawa and we occasionally wonder what phony excuse the station agent at Glen Tay used to flag down the train that beautiful September day back in 1942.

NEWS ITEM:
Proposed rent increases
of 42 to 48%
are opposed by
apartment tenants



Editor's Mail Cover up!

Dear Editor:
Crime! Rape! Atrocities! Such shame against women is the cry of the day, until no female, young or old is safe alone, day or night. Yet no solution has yet surfaced to affect the slightest improvement on this sorry situation.

It is not time for every citizen to get involved and help stem this terrible tide. Have the citizens of Stouffville nothing to offer? If so, I haven't heard. Must we call on a dare-devil, a fire-eater, or a Joan-of-Arc to do it? I have often been branded one of the three, yet I'm still a "derring-do". When the gods open me the gates, few refuse me entry. However, once even The Tribune pushed me out the door! Yet I was within the law—I only sought to voice the truth which I cherish. Unfortunately, it didn't work that way.

However, time heals. I will bite my nails and try a second time.

I offer the following suggestions in the war against assaults and rape:

Whenever I go out, I look at the women I meet. I see even "grannies" walking about the streets with bare legs as far up as their shorts will allow. And with their tops scarcely covering their nipples; some not even their navels. I see lovely looking girls in "bathing suit apparel" so scant there's nothing left to the imagination. They seem to confuse the sidewalks with the beaches.

I ask you, is there an excuse for women, older women in particular, to parade up and down Main Street so distastefully clad? It happens even in the afternoon when their work should be done, and there's plenty of time left to dress properly. The stores are filled with lovely clothes; at reasonable prices, too. Why then is it necessary to go around three-quarters nude—or less?

You ladies, why not show the younger set an acceptable example? Walk around in your shirt-tail or in the nude at home if you like, but for heaven's sake, manifest some respect for others if not for yourselves!

As long as women exhibit their flesh, rapes will occur. Don't blame the rapists, blame yourselves. They are only doing what you entice them to do.

Cover up! This is my suggestion—take it or leave it.

See, I've done it again. So blast me and snob me. I'm used to it!

Sincerely,
Dolores Deverell

A hazard

Dear Editor:
Children who persist in riding bicycles on the sidewalks of Stouffville are a hazard to pedestrians, young and old alike.

The problem has been worse this summer than any I can recall. I know of at least one senior citizen who was severely shaken up when struck by a cyclist. Undoubtedly, there have been others.

There was once a law forbidding this practise. I'd like to see it enforced before someone is badly injured.

Sincerely,
Ronald Lambert,
Stouffer Street.

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ROAMING AROUND
"The doc"- one of a kind
By JIM THOMAS



Dr. Nelson Freeman Tomlinson—physician to many a friend to all. The Claremont community said its farewells, Saturday "The doc", as he was affectionately called, was borne to his final resting place.

Dr. Tomlinson, a modest gentleman, would have been embarrassed by the 35-car motorcade that travelled up the Brock Road and across the 9th Concession. He would have wondered too at the hundreds who visited the McEachnie Funeral Home in Pickering. Expectations of tributes were not part of his nature. His was to give rather than receive.

Still, he would have been pleased to know that a life of "giving", has its rewards. Silent appreciation is one.

There are families, even generations of families, who can relate better than I to the genuine goodness of Dr. Tomlinson.

My first contact with him came one Monday morning when, during a weekly check of events within the community, I had occasion to call on "Mac" Forsyth, a former reeve of Pickering Township and warden of Ontario County. The conversation, as I recall, switched from politics (Mac was a confirmed Liberal) to

health. And that's the last thing I remember for the topic "went to my head" and I passed out on the Forsyth front porch.

Later, (how much later I'm not sure), I awoke to look into the compassionate face of Doc Tomlinson, kneeling over my still prostrate form.

"Whatever happened?" I remember him saying, in a voice filled with concern. When I told him of my mental weakness for all things related to doctors and hospitals, he helped me to my feet, slapped me on the back and suggested I not dwell on such morbid subjects.

Our paths crossed many times following that informal introduction—at the bowling green, on the golf course, in the ball park and at his home. In spite of an extremely busy schedule, he would always take time to talk, mostly about others; seldom about himself. For Claremont and its residents were close to his heart.

"Doc," Tomlinson was a combination of many professions—a teacher, a preacher, a doctor, a lawyer and philosopher. He would never pressure an opinion on others but was always willing to offer advice and suggestions when requested.

One issue, on which he chose not to get involved, was the controversial International Airport, proposed for the Claremont area back in the spring of 1972. When The Tribune canvassed the community, Dr. Tomlinson was one of several townsfolk contacted. I remember his prophetic reply: "By the time any airport becomes a reality," he said, "I'll have long since 'flown' myself!"

Dr. Tomlinson was always known for his wry smile and quick wit. For ten winters, he completed his calls by horse and sleigh. "Sometimes, I was lucky to get to a maternity case before the baby started crying," he once said. During depression years, he was often paid with a quarter of beef or a bushel of apples. More often, he received no pay at all.

Even after he announced his "official" retirement, long-time patients insisted on returning to the only doctor they'd ever known. And treatment was never refused.

On Wednesday, August 18, 1982, an era in the life of the Claremont community came to an end. However, should the Great Physician require an assistant in His heavenly home, "Doc" Tomlinson is sure to get first call.

Editorials Establish priorities

Support of a hospital or a recreation centre— which of the two is top priority?

This is the question facing our Town. Quite obviously, we can't support both, for regardless of the means employed to raise the funds, the major extraction will come from Joe Citizens' pockets.

Does Whitechurch-Stouffville require a hospital? Do we need a rec. centre? The arguments pro and con are about even.

With respect to hospitals, it would seem we're adequately served with facilities fairly convenient at Uxbridge, Newmarket, Richmond Hill and Scarborough Centenary—all within 30 minutes' travelling time or less.

Certainly, one seven miles' distant would be nice, a (Markham) status symbol if nothing else. But can we shoulder our million dollar

share? We say no we can't. The rec. centre issue's been banded about for years. The present arena, erected in 1949, won't last forever. Besides, we deserve something better.

The Council, in co-operation with the Parks and Recreation Board, has, in recent months, embarked on positive action. We want to see this project carried through to completion.

For the time being, at least, Whitechurch-Stouffville can manage very nicely with hospital facilities now available. We can also get along with our present arena. But a major breakdown in something we have, will be much more serious than delaying something we haven't. The Town must cut its coat according to its cloth. Two projects, a hospital and a rec. centre, will leave us naked.

Change bicycle laws

The time has come for bicycle laws to be changed, not only in Whitechurch-Stouffville but across the province.

It's ridiculous for bike-riders to be classed in the Highway Traffic Act under the same category as motorized vehicles. They're decidedly different and so should be the laws that govern them.

For example, cyclists should ride facing the traffic, not with it. Their place is on the left side of the road, the same as pedestrians, rather than the right.

If such a ruling was adopted, death and injury would be greatly reduced.

The present law is equally hazardous for motorists—a driver can see the cyclist but the cyclist (with his back to oncoming traffic) can't see the driver. The motorist is continual-

ly second-guessing what the cyclist is going to do. With the bike-rider on the left, the two would face each other.

Also, in-town, there should be no law that forbids cyclists from riding on sidewalks. Rather, they should be encouraged to do so. However, the pedestrian also deserves protection.

It should be mandatory for every bicycle to be equipped with a bell. Through the schools, riders should be educated to show consideration towards people they meet. Walking past pedestrians is not too much to expect.

This summer, The Tribune has received more complaints on the subject of cyclists than any other vacation period in our memory. The time has come to take a long hard look at a serious problem. Bicycles, in our opinion, are more compatible with people than with cars.

Window on Wildlife
Reflections on a pond
By Art Briggs-Jude



The pond lay like an aging emerald mirror, whose quick-silver-backing had broken through and etched parts of the reflecting surface. Yet, the one end was still clear, unblotched by the half-drowned shrubs and other pond growth. In this open area, several hooded mergansers repeatedly dove for minnows and a single kingfisher hovered above their ripples, readying itself for a fish-producing plunge. Flights of tree swallows swept the light misty air for flying insects, their white underparts catching glints of the rising sun.

On this tranquil scene, a great blue heron arrived. It dropped over the rim of the high ridge and with set wings, sailed over the low shrubbery. On it came, its usually crooked neck stretched out to the full, its wings swept back like a huge lawn dart. In another moment, the long-billed bird was over the water on a set course towards a patch of sedge grass. But it never reached its destination. For hardly had the heron cleared the shoreline before its intrusion was challenged by a pair of red-winged blackbirds. This sudden attack, aided by a family of belligerent swallows, caused the long-legged wader to swerve in violent evasive

action and over-shoot its intended resting place. With a loud protesting "aawk", it pumped its wings a couple of times, swung to the left and with long legs now extended, dropped into the sunken-bushes to escape its tormentors.

There, the heron remained motionless, blending in so well with the grey surroundings, it appeared only as a dead snag. The blackbirds soon lost sight or interest and resumed their nesting activities along the far shoreline. And except for an occasional fly-past, the swallows paid the patient fisherman little heed.

After a short time, though, the heron cautiously moved towards an open pool where the fishing prospects seemed better. Its slow, deliberate motion was almost indecipherable. Only when it dove its spear-shaped bill into the water to seize a fish, was there any perception of its presence. But this sudden splashing triggered a new wave of harassment by the tree swallows who nested in a hollow stub not far from the heron's fishing hole.

And while the young swallows were out of the nest and learning the art of insect-catching on

the wing, the parent birds still treated the area as their territory. They also knew, from past experience, that the heron is a potential enemy, a cause for alarm and apprehension.

Now, when the heron lashed out and took an unsuspecting frog, the male swallow, uttering short-quipped alarm notes, dove to the attack. The female, flying nearby, also began to pester the heron from above and behind. Several of the immatures, short on experience and not knowing exactly what was taking place, joined in the fray, forcing it to crouch low and head for the nearest tangles. One young bird, still showing slight traces of down on its feathers, came to rest on a weathered spar beside the heron's new retreat. In a flash, the heron's serpentine neck struck forward, its eager bill taking the little swallow off the limb as deftly as it would a dragonfly.

The pond was quiet once more. The great blue heron lifted with a full gullet and headed towards its own young in the heronry beyond the ridge. Overhead, a pair of tree swallows summoned their young to a feast of flying gnats. But this time, only three answered the call.