

## Editor's Mail Felt sorry

Dear Editor:

Several weeks ago, a reader wrote to your newspaper concerning his experiences after picking up two girl hitch-hikers on Hwy. 48.

I also made this a practise, but no more, despite the fact I often feel sorry for young people thumbing rides.

This incident occurred late one night. The girl was standing south of the Ringwood intersection (Hwys. 47 and 48). She looked about eighteen. It was cold and she wasn't dressed very warmly.

I stopped and she told me she was going as far as Agincourt. I wasn't planning to go that far or in that direction, but I felt sorry for her. I made out it was 'on my way' and it was no trouble.

As we approached Markham, she told me she was running away from home, and was really going to Toronto, where in Toronto she wasn't sure. She pleaded with me to take her all the way.

I didn't know what to do. I expected her parents would be looking for her come morning. I felt I was contributing to juvenile delinquency. (She was only fifteen, not eighteen).

Rather than turn her out in the cold or take her back, (to Ringwood), I took her to the Yonge-Finch Subway; handed her ten dollars and wished her good luck.

She was very appreciative.

I've since wondered if I did the right thing.

I know for sure the problem would never have occurred had I not picked her up in the first place. It'll never happen again.

Sincerely,  
Fred Houghton,  
Alderwood Street,  
Stouffville



"Golly gee offisher, I didn't know you was checking people pasht New Years!"

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## ROAMING AROUND Needles not for me

BY JIM THOMAS



"I know you're not going to like this," Dr. Glenn Graham told me five days before Christmas, "but I want a blood sample to check your cholesterol."

My heart and everything above and below it sank to my boots.

It was as if he, as judge and jury, had just passed the death sentence for a crime I didn't commit. I felt that bad, so bad I didn't respond. I just sat there and shook.

No one, except those afflicted with an anti-needle phobia, could appreciate my apprehension at that moment, and the days that were to follow. To step out from the curb in front of an Anderson transport was the first thing to enter my mind. Yes, to me, a blood test request is good reason to end it all.

While my cholesterol count was No. 1 on the doctor's check list, it wasn't the only thing. There were also five other areas of concern.

I realized it was all for my own good even though I might not survive.

"I've a week's holidays coming up," I replied after five minutes of silence, "I'll do it then."

Glenn nodded okay.

The time period in between was agony, even tainted my Christmas. Regardless, I made the appointment for Dec. 30 at 5 p.m.

Heather, the receptionist, welcomed me with a smile and suggested I take a seat.

"I guess you remember me from the last time," I said.

Her nod indicated 'yes'. Lab technicians never forget strange patients.

After a few minutes of continuous

squirming, I received the best news I'd heard all week.

"You're in luck," she said, "can't do it today. You have to go twelve hours without eating. Come back to-morrow."

It was like someone had just cut the hangman's noose—a one-day reprieve, what a relief.

But at ten on Tuesday I was back.

Heather introduced me to Sylvia, a lovely looking young lady, bearing no resemblance to the human vampire I'd envisioned.

"Please tell her my problem," I pleaded. Heather indicated she already had.

Sylvia, I was soon to learn, wasn't one to fool around, not with me anyway. With two other 'donors' waiting in the wings, she had reason to get on with the job.

"I'll take off my shoes while you get me a drink of water," I said. She indicated I could jolly well get my own drink.

Before prostrating myself on a hard-board cot, I noticed a wreath resembling a funeral crepe, hanging directly over my head. That REALLY settled my nerves!

"Is the needle sharp?" I asked.

"I've been up all night sharpening it just for you," she replied. I knew she was pulling my leg.

On command, I closed my left hand, using the other to cover my eyes. Great beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead with the overflow dripping from the end of my nose.

The impact between needle and vein was not so much a prick but a sting. The ordeal lasted only seconds. I couldn't believe when it was over.

However, while Sylvia went about her business, jabbing some other poor soul, I lay there, too sapless to move a muscle. Even after five minutes, my legs felt like spaghetti. I wobbled when I walked.

But I persevered, an accomplishment that makes me feel great. For it marks only the second time in my life I've come through the ordeal without flopping like a cold fish on the floor.

I do have a reaction, however, so severe, it may force me to return. The technician taped the band-aid on so tightly, surgery may be necessary to get it off. But at least it prompts enquiries and gives me an opportunity to tell everyone my story.

## Editorials People not informed

Eighty-five Community Mail Boxes will be located in Stouffville, approximately one every 600 feet.

This is an excellent service, only a few steps short of door-to-door delivery.

Operation of the system is expected to start this spring.

While the proposal has our support, we're disappointed at the poor job of public relations implemented by Canada Post. Except for hand-out sheets at the local Post Office, (and a Page 1 story in Saturday's Weekender), people haven't been properly told what's going on. Naturally, folks are curious. When someone begins digging holes on the edge of front lawns, residents wonder what's happening.

Town councillors received complaints, resulting in a meeting with postal authorities, Friday.

Several box sites will be moved.

But this may only be the tip of the iceberg. When other home-owners are

made fully aware of the plan, they may complain also.

Approval of the Community Mail Box service didn't occur over night. It's been weeks, even months in the making, plenty of time to put the public relations machinery in motion.

Maintaining the image for which it is known, Canada Post was slow, slow in getting its story to the people. This tends to tarnish what we believe is an excellent project.

If the service isn't to begin until March, we'd recommend nothing permanent be established until the opinions of all complainants are heard.

## Please help

On Dec. 26, a family of nine was made homeless when an early-morning fire destroyed the interior of their rented house at Glasgow, north-east of Stouffville.

Although no one was injured, the occupants were lucky to get out alive. Most of what they owned was lost. The content was not insured.

The Lions Clubs of Claremont and Goodwood have been quick to respond. So far they've contributed \$300, most of which has been used to buy clothes.

The family's extremely appreciative.

But the problem doesn't end with the purchase of clothing and food. Nine people have no place to live.

As of Sunday, they were crowded into two old buses parked on the property. The vehicles lack washroom facilities, proper heat and hydro. They're fire traps.

We've long prided ourselves as being a caring community. Let's show we REALLY care and find these folks a home.

The Tribune will pass on all calls received. Once these people have a roof over their heads, we can provide for the necessities of life most of us take for granted.

Our number is 640-2100. Please help!



**Stouffville has changed in twenty years**

Recognize any landmarks? This is Stouffville's Main Street, (looking east from Lloyd Avenue), as it appeared twenty years ago. Notice the vast open space at the rear of the old Arena. The Ratcliff Block, now the site of The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, can be seen at the corner of Market and Main Streets. The building was destroyed by fire in 1971.

## From the files of '69

From The Tribune files of August 14, 1969, the following items are gleaned:

Winnifred Ann Skinner, 21, daughter of Mr and Mrs Jack Skinner, Somerville Street, Stouffville, graduated as a stewardess with Air Canada.

Leslie Kinton, 18, son of Mr and Mrs Stanley Kinton, Edward Street, Stouffville, was awarded a \$500 scholarship to be applied to tuition fees at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Rev. Stanley Grant conducted a service of baptism at the Stouffville Community Pool. The following persons were baptized—Mrs Phyllis Gedling, Kelly Mitchell, Sheryl Forsyth, Shane Cogswell, Vincent Cogswell, Mr and Mrs Charles Oxley, Douglas Page, Murray Hughes and James Saunders. The congregation numbered fifty-four.

Mario Petramala, proprietor of Mario's Hair Styling, Main Street, Stouffville, suffered a fractured skull and two broken bones in his neck when he fell from a ladder while washing windows on the second storey of his shop. He struck a first floor awning and landed on the cement sidewalk below.

Reeve Alvin Redshaw of Uxbridge Township reported many people opposed to the construction of a C.C.M. plant in that municipality. The clerk was instructed by Council to contact Revenue Properties Limited and find out exactly how much land would be required to accommodate the factory. Initially, 200 acres was thought needed to handle a building of such size.

Markham Police Chief Fred White reported vandalism totalling \$4,000 on the site of Markham Volkswagen, Hwy. No. 7. Chief White said the damage was caused by vandals jumping up and down on the roofs of automobiles.

The Tribune published a photo of the Entrance Class at Stouffville Public School dated 1933. Students included Donald Rowbotham, Gordon Baker, Lealand Fairles, Bruce Stover, John Smith, Morley Brown, Elmer Winn, Bert Clarkson, Ruth Nendick, Gloria Castle, Marion Hastings, Luella McMullen, Ruth Marshall, Jean Pipher, Laurel Thompson, Ruth Ferguson, Joe Austin, Walter Holden, Ivan Goudie, Ruth Downswell, Molly Grey, Edith Grubin, Evelyn Dougherty, Bill Still, Ken Rusnell, Elrie Thompson, Gordon Hoover, George Bartholomew, Garnet Fletcher, Gordon Hare and Floyd Forsyth.

Donna Ratcliff, daughter of Mr and Mrs Donald Ratcliff, R.R. 4, Stouffville, graduated from John Brown University in Siloam Springs, Arkansas with a B.Sc. degree in Radio and Television Production.