

Editor's Mail Mistaken identity

Dear Editor:
I think The Tribune should have a column entitled "Smile Of The Week". Almost every week someone recalls a humorous incident and writes in to tell others. I enjoy such letters. They're better than on-going complaints.

Here's a little thing that happened to me.

Recently, I went to a movie at Markville Mall. I was alone at the time. The theatre was three-quarters full.

On my way to a seat I spotted a girl that I recognized as my fiancée. I knew she was coming to the Mall, in fact, I planned to meet her later. To surprise her, I moved into a seat immediately behind, put my hands over her eyes and kissed her on the cheek.

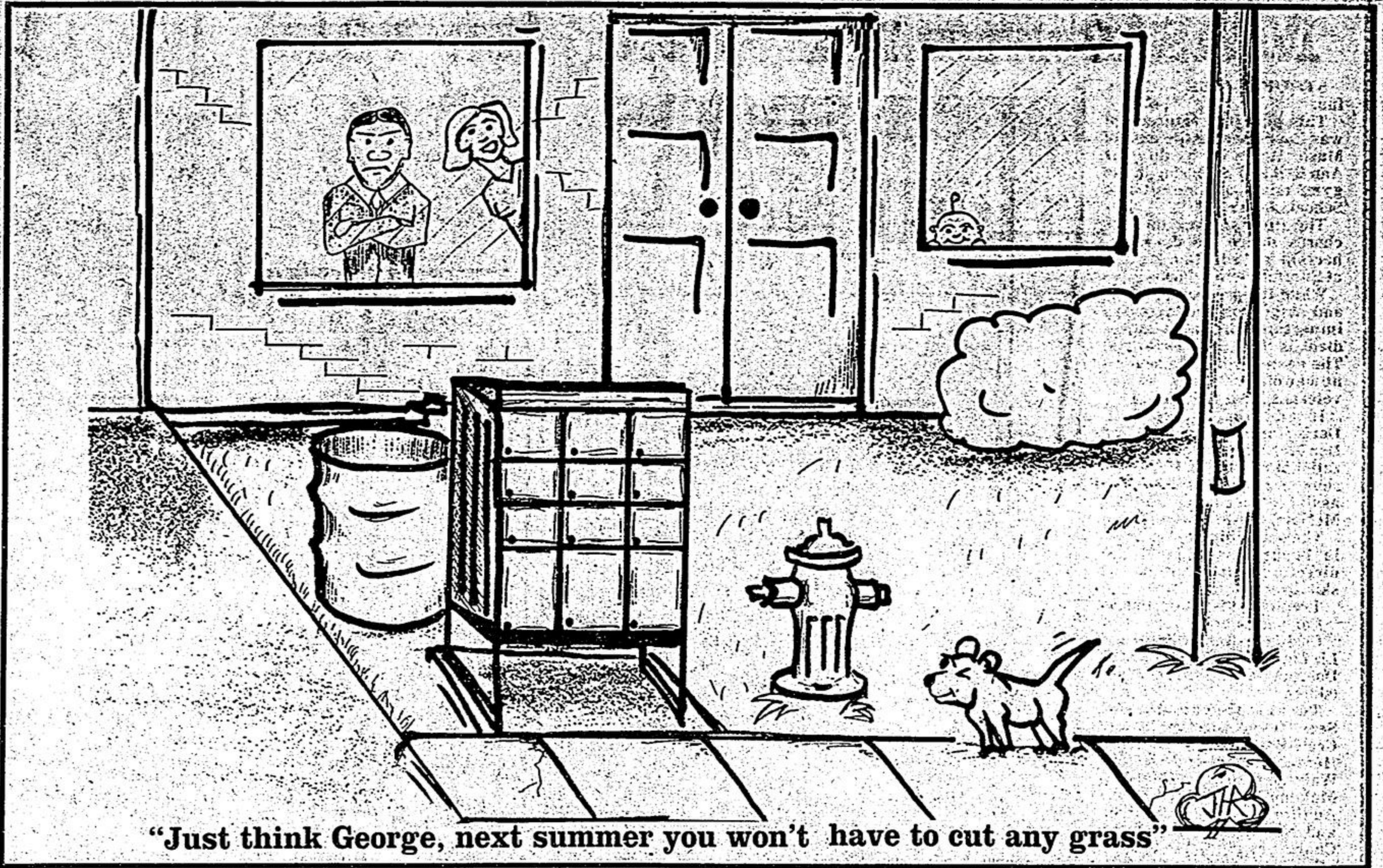
When she looked around, I discovered it was not my fiancée at all. It was a complete stranger.

I wanted to sink out of sight but there was nowhere to go. I'll never forget the look on her face.

I tried to apologize but I know she didn't believe a word. Lucky for me she didn't call the manager and have me thrown out.

Later, I told my fiancée about the case of mistaken identity. I don't think she believed me either.

Sincerely,
Gordon Jensen,
Stouffer Street,
Stouffville



"Just think George, next summer you won't have to cut any grass"

ROAMING AROUND



A gift of new glasses

BY JIM THOMAS

Santa Claus was good to me at Christmas.

I received more than I deserved. The best gift of all was a pair of glasses; no, not the glasses themselves but a note saying they'd be ordered (and paid for), once I underwent the test and selected the frames.

"A gift for a gift," was the way the card read. I concluded my wife was referring to me as the 'gift', a gift to her, 26 years ago. But alas, she wasn't. Her reference was to my eyes—a gift for my eyes is what she meant, a little less romantic than the original assumption but appreciated just the same.

For the past six months I've been squinting through a used pair. Someone located them on Montreal Street and they wound up in our Lost and Found box on the counter. While in this case, finders aren't keepers, the good Lord obviously felt my need was greater than that of the loser. I've been wearing them since July.

The emergency occurred when I lost my originals.

How could anyone lose his glasses? I'm sure you're asking. It's easy; it is for me. First, almost every time I bent over, they fell on the floor. Second, I was continually taking them off and putting them down. Last June, I put them down and forgot where; one or the other. Regardless, I was useless without them.

As luck would have it, some kind soul brought in a pair and I've been using them ever since.

Strange isn't it how folks laugh when you tell them you're wearing someone else's glasses. They seem to liken it to borrowing another's false teeth. Believe me, the need was just as urgent.

Although it would be terribly unkind to criticize the page-peepers I've been using the past twenty-six weeks, they haven't suited me all that well. For they're bi-focals, the top part for long-distance viewing and the bottom part for reading.

Ever try to walk down the cellar steps and look where you're stepping through bi-focals? Don't! Many a husband has met an early demise in such an unfortunate manner. What you see, (or think you see), isn't always what you get. That falling feeling's extremely unpleasant, not to mention the impact at the end.

For this reason, I always left my borrowed specs at the Office. No use tempting fate.

My date with Dr. McDowell was Wednesday. Since twelve months had elapsed since our last visual contact, (on a professional basis), he put me through a thorough examination. The report, I'm pleased to say, wasn't all that bad. Nor was it all that good. Very little change from before—almost no sight in one eye and almost perfect sight in the other.

While the testing was more extensive than I expected, an even more difficult chore was yet to come—the choosing of

frames to compliment my features. What goes good with big ears, small eyes and a big nose? I didn't know and neither did the girl who tried her best to please. Rather than run his office staff into overtime, Dr. McDowell suggested I take a pair home and try them out on my wife, which I did.

She was ecstatic!

"Perfect," she said, "the receding frames match your receding hairline."

With that, the order was signed and sealed. Delivery's expected today. However, like anything brand new, I may take a week or two to break them in. So if I don't see you and you don't recognize me, we'll both understand. Nothing personal. But please, should I trip over the curb at the corner of Market and Main, ignore me and grab my glasses. Jean says her budget's shot for '86. Lose 'em or break 'em, I'm on my own.

From the files of '23

From The Tribune files of Nov. 30, 1923, the following items are gleaned:

According to reports, police have a clue to the identity and whereabouts of the thieves who robbed the bank in Stouffville of more than \$100.00 in cash and securities, a Tribune Page 1 story said. The gang was believed to have come from the United States.

"Watch Stouffville Grow" read an advertisement by Ambrose Stover. "You can do your part by eating Stover's good wholesome bread, baked right here in Stouffville under best sanitary conditions. If you eat Stover's bread, you will grow healthy and the town will grow also because Stover's bread is made right here in your own town by local labor. Try a loaf today!"

Mr Norman McLean appeared before a meeting of the Stouffville Board of

Trade to demand that all babies and adults too, be nurtured on pasteurized milk. The matter was turned over to Dr. S.S. Ball, the local Medical Officer of Health. Dr. Ball said he was not prepared to discuss such a big issue before giving it due consideration.

Swift's Garage, Stouffville's Maxwell and Dodge dealer was advertising tires for \$12 and \$15, also tubes for \$2 and \$2.20.

Twenty teams engaged in the work of filling in the roadway across the marsh on the 8th Concession of Whitchurch Township, (now Hwy. 48), have been taken off the job due to a major cave-in affecting the entire project. It was said that the fill-in had sunk from ten to twelve feet. Soundings made at the site indicated no solid bottom to a depth of 36 feet in one place. The Road Commission was planning a meeting to determine how to handle the problem.

R.E. Brown, Stouffville Ford dealer was advertising new 1923 automobiles at the following prices: Sedan, \$785; Coupe, \$695; Touring, \$445 and Runabout, \$405. Said the ad: "On the Coupe and Sedan, starting and electric lights are standard equipment. On the Runabout and Touring, they are \$85 extra."

The Mansion House, Main Street, Stouffville, published the following advertisement: "Pie (per cut) five cents; Hot Dogs, five cents; Tea and Coffee, five cents; Ham and Beef Sandwiches, ten cents; Cheese Sandwiches, five cents. Parking in sheds free of charge."

At a regular meeting of the Stouffville Orange Lodge, the election of officers took place and positions were filled by the following: Worshipful Master-Norman McLean; Deputy Master-Samuel Armstrong; Chaplain-Richard Rae; Recording Secretary-Fred Pratt; Financial Secretary-Samuel McDonald; Treasurer-Wm. Armstrong; Lecturers-Delbert Holden and C.E. Shankle.

George Baker, of Stouffville, was advertising phonographs, "pleasing to the ear as well as the eye". A full cabinet with shelving for 80 records, silent motor and beautiful tone was priced at \$84.50. This included a record brush, 300 needles and 14 records.

Yake and Company in The Button Block were advertising 100 acre farms priced from \$7,000 to \$12,000.

Said The Tribune, of Nov. 30, 1923: "This week, the roof is being rushed on the new curling rink so that very soon the building will be closed in, ready for Jack Frost to lay a floor of good ice thereon!"

Harold Borinsky, of Stouffville, has leased the Todd Store in Goodwood. The Tribune reported. It is the same location where the late Bert Crosby conducted a thriving business for several years, the paper said.

The Tribune

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Editorials

Appreciate assistance

Whitchurch-Stouffville has long been known as a 'caring community'. We needed no convincing of this. However, this fact has been confirmed following The Tribune's 'call for help' with respect to the Tustin family of Glasgow. Mrs Tustin and children were made homeless by fire Dec. 26.

Since the appeal, our phones have been ringing constantly. People with no connection whatsoever with the family, have been offering assistance. Ruth Hutchings of the Markham Clothing Centre, for example, agreed to open the storeroom of apparel and provide any-

thing the adults and children might require, free of charge.

In addition, there have been offers of beds, mattresses, food and firewood. Since accommodation is limited for several in the family, (six are still living in two buses), items can be accepted only as required. The mother, two sons and a student boarder have moved into a rented house and will remain there until something more permanent is available.

We are appreciative of the tremendous support and so are members of the Tustin family. Help is ongoing and will be for several weeks. At this point, we ask that you keep in touch with our office and leave your phone number. We'll contact you.

We'd be remiss if we didn't say thank you to the Claremont, Goodwood and Stouffville Lions Clubs. Members' response was instantaneous, when it was needed most.

A caring community? You bet we are. And we'll continue to be whenever the need arises.

Fair fees

We're opposed to extra-billing by physicians. We can only assume that here in Stouffville, the physicians are too. To our knowledge it's never been done.

Doctors, at least some doctors, seem to take exception to legislation forcing them not to extra-bill. But how else is the government decision to be enforced?

The Province, caught between a rock and a hard place, has no alternative. Ontario will lose \$50 million per year in funds from the federal government if extra-billing isn't outlawed by 1987.

We like to think that in Stouffville, at least, patient care holds priority over the physicians' pocketbook. It has up until now and we see no likelihood of change.

Reunion

Former School Section No. 8, Uxbridge Township, (Siloam), is planning a reunion.

In all likelihood, it will be held on location, a property west of the hamlet, now used as a Community Centre. Mrs Ivan (Betty) DeGeer, a former pupil, has started the ball rolling. A first meeting was held at her home Monday night.

Since many of the teachers and students are far removed from the area, considerable publicity is needed to 'spread the word'. The Tribune has pledged its assistance. But we need YOUR help.

In the weeks ahead, we'll be publishing as many Siloam School photos as are made available to us. Each must contain the names of ALL pupils and the name of the teacher. The pictures will be returned.

Also, this newspaper will be contacting former students for background stories on recollections at S.S. No. 8. We're certain we can count on your co-operation.

If we don't call you, then you call us. And keep those pictures coming. Together, we'll make it a day to remember.



Melville Public School, (S.S. 13, Markham)—1930-31

The Tribune expresses thanks to Isobel Nigh, Watson Drive, Stouffville, for making available this photo of Melville Public School, S.S. No. 13, Markham. The year is 1930-31. The teacher and pupils are: REAR ROW (left to right) George Foot, Doug Klinck, Ethel Walters, Marjorie Miller, (teacher); Mary Steckley, Vera Topham, Edna Klinck, Cora Hisey. MIDDLE ROW (left to right) Eldon Boyd, Jim Ross, Claude Foot, Clarence Powell, Eleanor Conner, Betty Foot, Isobel Fleming, Ruth Hoover, Jack Nigh. FRONT ROW (left to right) Roy Carter, Clarence Foot, Earl Sellers, Billie Ross, Margaret Carter, Fern Hoover, Lily Ross, Jean Sellers and Vivian Boyd.