

Editor's Mail

Policy criticized

Dear Editor:
Limiting the number of young people in a store at one time is, in my opinion, extremely poor public relations. I believe the Becker's management in Success Square should change its policy.
Shoplifting is a risk all shop-owners take. However, all teens aren't guilty nor should they be suspect.
I'd hate to think of the reaction if all stores adopted a similar practice.
It's up to merchants to erect reflecting overhead disks and control the problem in this manner.
Shoplifting has and always will be a matter of grave concern. Prices must take these losses into consideration.

Sincerely,
Freda Menzies,
Booth Drive,
Stouffville

Invaluable

Dear Editor:
Through your newspaper, I wish to commend Peter Samuelson and members of the S.D.S.S. Sr. Band for the excellence (and the informality) of the concert involving band members from Boone County H.S., in Kentucky.
The 'feeling' generated at this gathering undoubtedly broke down any barriers that might have existed previously.
I have always felt that student exchanges, in whatever form, are invaluable. This feeling has been strengthened.
I found the Florence, Kentucky people, (adults and students), an extremely friendly group; also extremely talented.
Their Stouffville hosts made them feel at home. The warmth of the reception undoubtedly carried over into the return trip.

Sincerely,
Julianne Porter,
R.R. 3, Stouffville



"O give me my home where the old Herefords roam and all is quiet by day".

The Tribune
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Editorials

Stevens respected within the Riding

Sinc Stevens resigned Monday as Industry Minister in the Mulroney Cabinet.
It was the only logical thing to do—to save himself and save his Government. Both were headed down a dead-end road.
The Opposition knew they had a tiger by the tail. They intended to twist the appendage for all it was worth.
On Monday, Sinc Stevens cried 'uncle' and Conservatives everywhere breathed a sigh of relief.
Yes, even deep-seated P.C.'s were shaking their heads, including one of the most prominent, (and most vocal), Tories in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

At this point in time, it hasn't been proven that Stevens has done anything 'legally' wrong. Maybe, just maybe, by somewhat flexible conflict of interest guidelines, he hasn't.
But accusations were made, even by several of his strongest allies, accusations that couldn't be ignored.
Apart from Sinc Stevens' business entanglements, we contend he's served and is serving this Riding well, the best M.P. our Town's had in years. His response to residents' problems and requests has been above reproach. This, in our opinion, is what really counts.
By relinquishing his Cabinet post, Sinc will now be able to return to the "grass roots" of politics and devote more time to his people, the purpose for which he was originally elected.

Smile of the week
Dear Editor:
I hope this brief note will qualify for your 'Smile of the Week' column.
Back in the early fifties when gas was cheap(er) and high-powered cars were popular, one of my friends had a 1950 Ford that he claimed was faster than all the rest.
Naturally, the others, including myself, resented his boasting. We challenged him to a race.
A paved section of highway was marked off. My car, (a 1951 Oldsmobile), was selected to go against the Ford, both at the same time, side by side, neck and neck.
While my friend was out of his vehicle, a couple of the guys jacked it up so the rear wheels weren't touching the pavement. When the flag dropped, I 'took off' in a rubbery cloud of smoke but he stood still, the motor roaring and the tires spinning in mid-air.
He was going 90 miles-an-hour but getting nowhere. We never let him forget it.
Yes, those were the days.
Sincerely,
Cam Elliott,
R.R. 1, Goodwood

Bygone days revived

"I thought those days were gone, but they're not."
Don 'Beanie' Lehman looked on, Saturday, as seven young men under the direction of (foreman) Steve Schell, built a garage and bicycle repair shop on his property at 352 Boyer Street, Stouffville.
It will replace the structure destroyed by fire, Jan. 20 of this year.
The project, totally volunteer, will allow 'Beanie' to continue his practice of repairing bicycles, the majority of which are given away to children around the community.
"I was going to give up on it," he said, pointing to the dozens of bikes bunched together in the backyard, "but they won't let me stop."
'Beanie' recalled in times past, it wasn't unusual for people to organize bees in order to complete jobs as quickly and as cheaply as possible. "I thought those days were gone," he said, "but they're not."
Stouffville is changing, but when it to volunteerism, it hasn't changed that much. May it never.

ROAMING AROUND
Minister on the move
BY JIM THOMAS



Stouffville is a church oriented community.
Ours could be correctly described as a 'Town of Churches'.
There are so many, and most are well supported.
On a given Sabbath morn, I would estimate half the motoring public on Main Street are travelling to one church or another of their choice. And goodness knows, there are plenty of choices. I can quickly count up to nine, not to mention those located in the 'suburbs'.
But places of worship don't tell the total story either. At least two churches have multi-services in the morning to accommodate their congregations and some still meet at night.
I point this out because I found it strange, just this past Sunday, to see a preacher standing, first in front of the Bank of Commerce, and later in front of Aiken's Pharmacy, his taped gospel songs playing through two portable loud speakers to anyone wishing to hear.
The sign on the front of his two-wheeled P.A. podium read simply: "Peace With God Through Jesus Christ".
Initially, like dozens of other east and westbound motorists, I passed him by. However, a block further on, I found myself wondering. What's he doing here? Who's he preaching to? Why does he bother? Is anyone listening?
"Don't just wonder, stop, go back and find out, a journalistic voice deep down inside demanded. I agreed.
Not wishing to disrupt the 'service' I

stood on the edge of the sidewalk a few minutes listening to the gentleman sing. When he spotted me, he turned down the volume a notch or two, came over and shook my hand.
He identified himself as Frank Tucker of Scarborough.
"What's the purpose? I asked, not wishing to sound cynical or negative.
"I'm reaching the ordinary man on the street," he replied.
I wanted to ask 'who?' for there wasn't a soul around. But the question was answered before I could enquire.
The end result of this curbside ministry often isn't revealed for weeks, even months, Mr Tucker said. He related several instances where this had occurred.
Frank Tucker is known by customers and concessionaires at the Stouffville Sales Barn. He describes Norm (Faulkner) and Frank (Wilbur) as "fine people". It was Norm who actually invited him to establish a gospel ministry at the Market on Sundays. Often, he's there Saturdays as well.
"The devil never takes a holiday," he smiles.
Do folks complain? I asked.
"If they do, I move," he replied. He recalled how, on one occasion, a man carrying a 12-pack under each arm, became so angry, he kicked the cart with terrific force.
"I only hope his beer didn't taste quite so sweet after that," Tucker laughed.
The itinerate minister only shrugged when I mentioned denominationalism.

"The body of Christ isn't divided," he said.
Tucker says he switches from selling insurance, Monday through Friday, to selling 'assurance' Saturdays and Sundays. As for any reward, he only gestures towards the sky. "From there," he motions.
The street-corner pastor says he's not looked on too kindly by many ordained ministers. However, he feels preaching the Word can occur anywhere—on the highways, in churches or on television.
As for himself, "I'm attempting to reach the ordinary man," he repeats. "People see there's someone around, who still believes."
Frank Tucker appreciates the support of wife, Mary. She remained seated in the family car during our Sunday morning interview, obviously preferring a less visible role.
Those people who do 'give him the time of day', are handed a not-so-subtle slip of paper entitled "Ten Reasons Why I Never Wash". The reasons, the kind one hears every day, follow:
(1) I was made to wash as a child. (2) People who wash are hypocrites—they reckon they're cleaner than other people. (3) There are so many different types of soap. I could never decide which one was right. (4) I used to wash but it was boring so I stopped. (5) I still wash on special occasions like Christmas and Easter. (6) None of my friends wash. (7) I'm still young. When I'm older and a bit dirtier, I may start washing. (8) I really don't have time. (9) The bathroom's too cold. (10) People who make soap are only after your money.
Do these replies have a familiar ring? They do to me.



Hockey coach on an outdoor rink
Bob Bangay, Ninth Line South, Stouffville, coached Stouffville's Sr. 'B' hockey team to an Ontario championship in 1951-52. But his on-ice instruction extended from the enclosed arena to the side-yard rink. This photo goes back 29 years to the winter of 1967. The little lad on the left is Bob Bangay Jr., then only three.
—Jim Thomas

Sad turn of events
Dear Editor:
I'm very disturbed that the Ontario Humane Society can no longer conduct rural cruelty investigations because of a loss of funding by the Ontario Government.
This is a sad turn of events that has set this province back many years.
It now falls upon the Ontario Provincial Police to investigate cruelty cases. They have neither the time nor the expertise to do the job adequately.
It's up to a concerned public to rectify the situation.
Would those who care about animals please write to:
Solicitor-General The Hon. Kenneth Keyes, 11th Floor, 25 Grosvenor Street, Toronto, Ont., (M7A 2B7). Please request that the Ontario Humane Society be allowed to refer this matter to a committee of the Legislature.
Sincerely,
Lynne Cherevaty,
Bolton