



The Tribune

Established 1888



C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor

Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$9.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

Editorial

Every reason to wonder

At taxpayer's expense, the Twp. of Pickering erected a \$300,000 artificial ice arena and community centre. It has been in operation now for several months.

The project, while certainly a worthwhile venture, will be of no direct benefit to the people who are paying the shot - the adult 'establishment' who must absorb the debenture tab on their tax bills.

But they cover the cost without complaint, feeling as most folks do, that a place of recreation is required in a growing urban area of several thousand young people.

It is therefore discouraging and outright disgraceful for ratepayers to

learn that vandalism and malicious damage should occur in a building of this type.

Is it any wonder that residents question the responsibility of the teenage crowd? For they see it happening all over - destruction of public property on every side by a certain segment of youth that casts an unsavory reflection on all.

And these are the very young people who resent supervision but rather, demand complete freedom 'to do their own thing'.

We say - give them that 'freedom' after they've earned it. In too many instances, the experimentation period can prove costly. The Donald Beer Memorial Arena is a prime example.

Out of touch with reality

From the 1971 graduating class of Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, it is anticipated that more than half will go on to university.

This was the percentage last year and Principal, W.E. Duxbury sees little likelihood of any immediate change.

We predict however, that this trend will change, perhaps not this year, but soon, unless the universities can offer something more practical. A piece of parchment, a mortarboard and sheepskin are not easily digested by the job-hunting young man or young woman, scouring the ads or walking the streets.

Employers today are not interested in 'bookworms'. They want workers who can work. Many university courses do not develop such skills. Community colleges and technical schools do.

Professor T.H. Symons of Trent University, in a recent interview, put it this way. "Getting an education is important, but getting a bachelor of arts degree is not. I don't think it's important to obtain a B.A. But I think it's important to obtain an education. The two are not the same. An education consists of broadening the mind, stocking it with useful ideas and using it. For this, you don't need a B.A., and having a B.A., doesn't necessarily mean any of these things have occurred. A university is only one of many approaches to higher education. It is a disservice to the universities that so many people think it is the only approach."

Tell us then, Mr. Minister, will a B.A. degree produce a better public school teacher? The answer is obvious.

A commendable job

It is seldom that road department personnel at any level receive the public's appreciation for work well done.

More often instead, they are criticized, many times ignored, but rarely complimented.

It's time someone voiced a 'thankyou'.

Here is Stouffville this winter, the snow plowing, snow removal and sanding operations have been handled in an extremely efficient manner. We can only assume that the service has been the

same over the entire Area.

We feel the amalgamation of the two Works' Departments, Whitchurch and Stouffville, into a single unit, has tended to improve the service, not only in the type of equipment used but in the experienced employees using it.

With (we hope) winter's back now almost broken, we can now look forward to a spring and summer season free of dust and potholes.

Quite a challenge.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

The seat of County government was at Newmarket.

The Regional council meets at Newmarket.

And now there's a bid by Mayor Bob Forhan to have the new police headquarters located in Newmarket too.

Why not Aurora, Richmond Hill, Markham or Whitchurch-Stouffville?

As the little Wolf Cub said as he watched a group of Boy Scouts invade a Girl Guide camp - "Shux, them guys get everything!"

Harold Thompson,
Newmarket, R.R. 3.

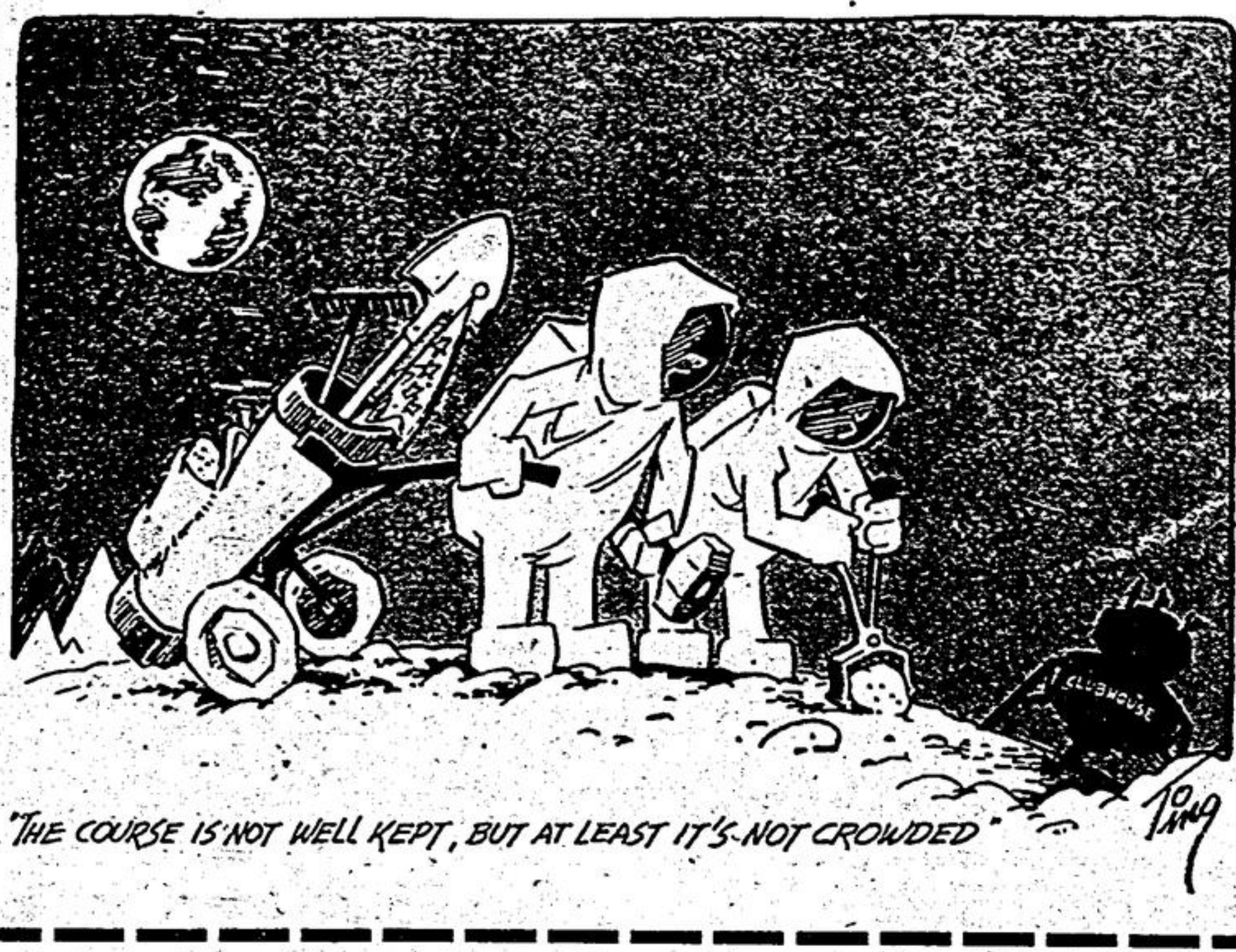
Roberts himself, can clarification of this point be made. It would seem to be in the public interest if a statement was forthcoming prior to the February Leadership Convention to enable the delegates to grasp the entire picture.

The original proposed legislation introduced by the Industry and the Mines Department primarily, was unacceptable to the municipalities. If there was revised legislation, it would seem that the Cabinet felt it too was unacceptable. In fairness to all leadership candidates, the Premier should clarify this point. It might well be that the Mines' Minister boxed himself into the corner and the Cabinet is going to let him get out of it himself!

Mrs. Loretta McNab,
Chalk Lake.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I notice with interest the pictures illustrating the progress of Stouffville to its present-day affluence. The picture which bears the caption 'Late W.B.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Why worry about fat in the bacon

By BILL SMILEY



It's one of those wild, Canadian nights, with the wind howling like a pack of wolves on an LSD trip, and snow seeking out every crevice. My wife came down today and found a little kid trying manfully to shut our front door, which had been blown open. There was about eight inches of snow in the vestibule, and the furnace was grunting away like a hippo with a hernia.

It's the sort of night when you think with awe of our ancestors. In their draughty log cabins, and their sod houses on the prairies.

We simply can't imagine getting up at five in pitch dark, lighting a lamp, building a fire, breasting it through three or four feet of snow to the barn or lean-to to see whether the animals have survived, feeding them, numb to the bone, and coming back in to make porridge.

A tough life, but in some ways we must envy them. They didn't have to worry about too much cholesterol in the eggs, too much fat in the bacon. They didn't have that demon of today, the alarm-clock, to tear their tender morning nerves.

And maybe, because they weren't geared to the clock, they missed some of the joys of modern life. They didn't have ulcers, because they had to do something

about their problems, not just worry about them.

They weren't constipated, because they didn't have time, in that cold. Their women weren't so neurotic, because they didn't have time to worry about nerves, cancer, gray hair and wrinkles.

It was a hard, brutal life, no question. But were they worse off than we? Maybe their kids had to walk three miles to school through the snow. But when they got there, there wasn't anybody trying to convince them that sniffing nail polish was the greatest.

And the same kids, when they hit their teens, were young men and women, capable and independent. My grandmother died at 33. Fatigue and child-bearing, common enough in those days. There were nine children. And my mother, the oldest girl, reared the lot of them.

Most of our kids today couldn't raise a guinea pig without the help of two parents and a veterinarian.

I am presently trying to convince my daughter that the free-enterprise system has its points. She has some piano pupils. She thinks it is atrocious that she gets only half the fee the kids pay, a mere \$2 a half-hour, while the studio owner takes the other half, \$2.

I point out to her that he picks her up and delivers her home, that it is his studio, his piano, his advertising, his overhead. Nope. It is a clear case of vicious capitalistic exploitation of the young.

And my mother hitched up the horse-and-buggy, or horse-and-cutter, and drove all over Calumet Island and half of Pontiac County, giving lessons at fifty cents an hour. And drove the long, dark, lonely road home.

It's not the money. Half a buck then was probably worth more than four dollars today. It's the attitude.

There's nobody to be blamed. They grew up in an era of comparative peace, when a strong back and a strong will gave you a life that was rewarding. We grew up through a depression and a world war and sought security. Our kids are growing up in an era of violence and fear, and rapid change and insecurity.

And perhaps the last are more idealistic than any of us, closer to the truth, with their slogan of "Love and Peace."

Harold A. Sanders



Portraits of the past

Remember riding from Stouffville to Toronto in a bus like this? This was the kind of 'deluxe' transportation offered in 1930. At no extra cost, the driver provided each passenger with a couple of heated bricks and a lap robe. That was 41 years ago.

ROAMING AROUND

All about bulls and things

By Jim Thomas

Have you ever heard the song - "You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy". Those words used to fit me - but not any more. I've been brain-washed by suburbia - at least that's the opinion of Rod Torrance, Markham, R.R. 1. With reference to a Page 1 picture in The Tribune issue of Feb. 4, Mr. Torrance writes as follows: "For the first time in my long farming career, I've had the opportunity to see a 'thoroughbred' bull. Any previous experience I've had with 'thoroughbreds' was at the racetrack and that is no 'bull'. But perhaps next year, I will have, for the first time in my life, the opportunity to see a 'purebred' horse run at Greenwood". This point sent me scurrying for my dictionary which gives the following definition: Thoroughbred - of pure stock; bred of parents of official pedigree; Purebred - belonging to a breed with recognized characteristics maintained through generations of unmixed descent. Not much help. But just to prove I'm not an unyielding kind of character, I'll bow to Mr. Torrance's superior knowledge about bulls and things. I'd sure hate to see him lose any money on a photo-finish between a thoroughbred Hereford and a purebred Holstein.

And talk about a photo-finish, Stouffville District Secondary School has selected its first Winter Carnival 'queen'. Tape-measured statistics are (gulp) - 42-38-42. Even more 'revealing' is the fact that the winner turned out not to be a Miss or even a Mrs. but, of all things, a Mr. - staff teacher Bill Sanders, no less. Physical education instructor, David Connell, a chief organizer of the event, was accorded the privilege of the first dance.

The recommendation by District 11 teachers of the Ontario Secondary School Federation, that birth control information centres and clinics be established for students, Grade 9 to 13, has gone over like a lead balloon, not only in Stouffville but across the Region. "It's the federation that needs the information and the parents that require the clinics," commented one girl in Grade 10. She may have a point.

A tip of the hat and a Boy Scout badge to Stouffville's assistant postmaster, Howard Smith. At the height of last Friday's wind and sleet storm, he could be seen changing a flat tire on a mail carrier's car, stranded on Mill Street. Who said chivalry is dead?

Why insurance company presidents grow gray! The Oak Ridges Detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police report property damage at \$55,220.00 in highway collisions during the recent snow storm, Jan. 26. And this was in only one area. Think of the total across the Province.

Most wives will readily admit their husbands look pretty terrible first thing in the morning. And while mine hasn't said so, I expect I look as bad as all the rest. I must. For it was just last Saturday, I had to 'coax' two pretty young Jehovah's Witness girls to come in out of the cold. And when they left - they ran.

The color of Stouffville's Pontiac police cruiser will soon be changed from Bell Telephone green to yellow. Something like the exterior of the old Goodwood hotel!

Speaking of Goodwood, I'd like to know who drove the 70-passenger bus into the farm field on the 4th concession of Uxbridge, south of Hwy. 47. While a roadside sign reads 'No Trespassing', it's for sure, no one is likely to get in to drive it out - at least not until Spring.

A word to the wives whose husbands complain about standing in line for a haircut at Steve's Barbershop in the westend Plaza. Don't believe it. They're just catching up on the latest edition of Playboy.

And thanks for all the wonderful calendars - particularly the beautiful one from you, the folks at Second Markham Baptist Church. The children each have their own and everybody's happy.