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Editorial

What's a few dollars?

What's a few dollars? Such was a gentleman's remark in an over-the-counter conversation at The Tribune Office this week.

His reference was to the additional cost per subscriber for placing the 640 exchange in the 'free-call' zone to Toronto.

As a former Metro resident, he seemed to feel the move should be automatic - no survey, no estimate, no anything. Just do it.

Well, it so happens, there are others, many others, in the Stouffville area who neither want nor need this additional service. While so far silent on the issue, they may still represent the majority. We'd like to know. And the Bell can provide the answer.

Until the time comes, when Metro calls from Stouffville reach a percentage as to require an extension of the exchange, let those who use it, pay for it - as individuals.

Keep it private

A local resident, in a letter to Mayor Ken Laushway, has questioned the rate increase of .25 cents per month for private garbage pickup in Stouffville. He wonders if the same service could be provided for less by the Town.

We say 'no' - that is, if the cost trend on government-sponsored programs runs true to form with garbage collection as with everything else.

For instance Lehman and Madden utilize a second-hand vehicle. The

municipality would undoubtedly purchase a new one.

The two gentlemen put in the required hours to do the job. Municipal employees however, would work their usual shifts with overtime added or time off in lieu of overtime.

And the service undoubtedly would be no better.

So we say - leave well enough alone. At fifty cents a week, there's no cause for complaint.

Paving pitfalls

An organization called 'The Gormley Action Committee' has been established through the Consumers' Association of Canada.

The representative for this area is Mrs. Ursula Shephard, Gormley, R.R.2. The goal is - better products through better packaging and honest advertising.

Consumer Week across Canada extends from March 1 to 6.

One of the most interesting items to come to our attention concerns home driveway paving. In a period of two months, three contractors were charged and convicted under The Consumer Protection Act of Ontario.

In this regard, The Consumer Protection Bureau offers the following tips to avoid such pitfalls:

- (1) Be sure the price is realistic.
- (2) Get a minimum of three estimates before you pick your paver. Check to see if the contractor is registered with the Consumer Protection Bureau.
- (3) Don't be misled by a lengthy guarantee. Remember a guarantee is

only good for as long as the company remains in business. Most reputable contractors will guarantee their work for one year.

(4) Be honest with the contractor when he asks questions. Don't tell him that no heavy trucks park on your driveway when you know the fuel tanker parks there once a month. Do you park your boat or trailer there during the winter months? These are factors which govern the cost of a good job and if you are dishonest with the contractor then you must accept the consequences.

(5) Don't insist on a smooth surface driveway. A coarser texture of asphalt may not be as aesthetically pleasing, but it is more durable.

(6) Accept no verbal agreements. Insist that the contract list in detail the depth of stone base, compacted thickness of asphalt, date of completion and terms of payment, length of warranty and a list of specific situations when the guarantee is not applicable.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:
 I agree with Mr. Kettle that people in this area are being discriminated against by Bell Canada. Stouffville, 1971 A.D., is considered a 'suburb' of Metro Toronto with 'big town' property taxes and 'big town' salaries to our municipal brass and employees. In addition, Toronto is the source of earnings and income for the majority of 640 exchange subscribers. Yet a phone call from Stouffville, to a hospital - any hospital, is a long distance expense.

To your question - Is it worth it? - my emphatic answer is 'yes'.
 I would gladly pay more for improved communication services so essential to our 20th Century life and a few dollars is not really that much when compared with what we must pay in other, less important fields. We simply cannot afford to walk backwards.

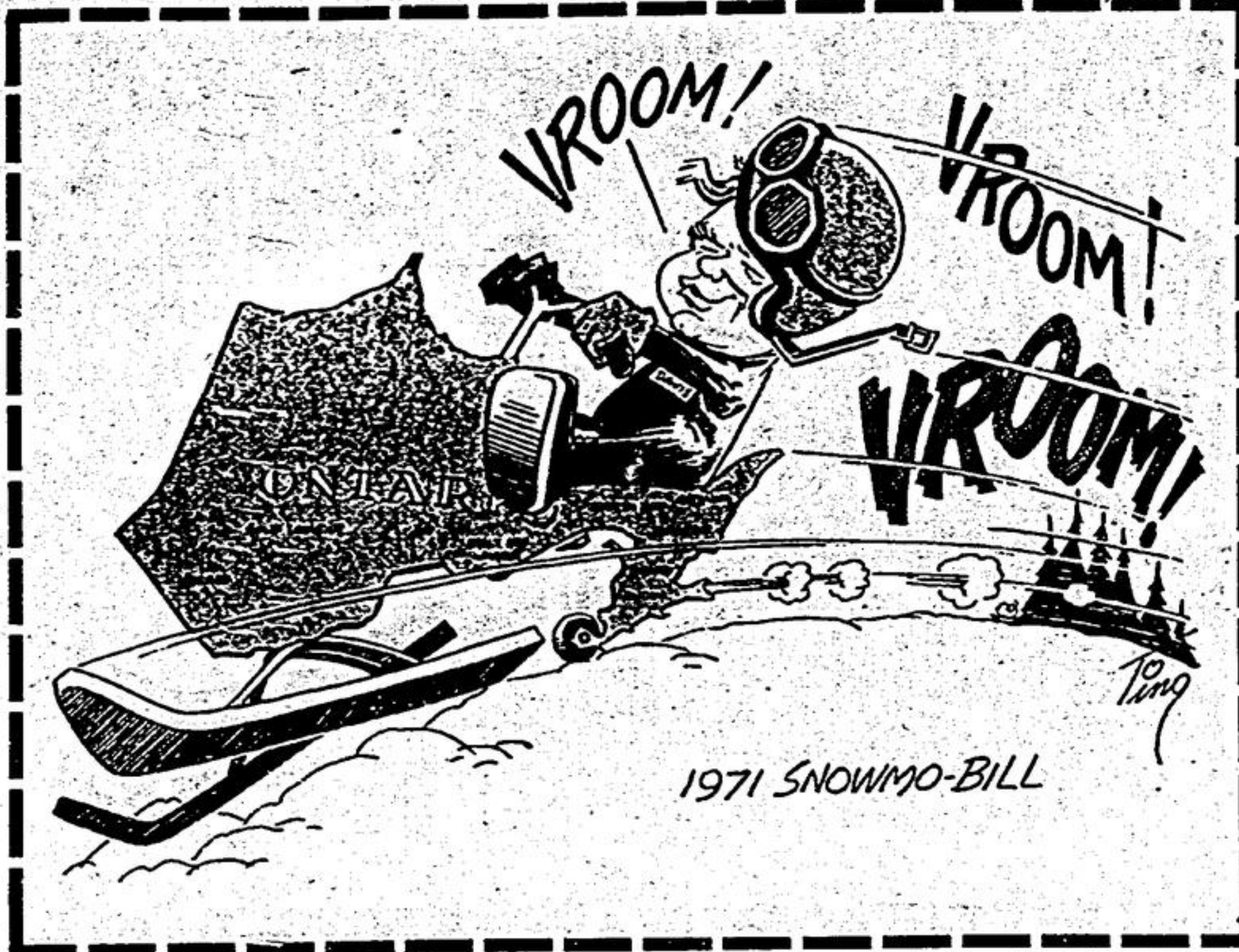
A. Zakis,
 Stouffville, R.R. 4.

Dear Editor:
 Please permit me to reply to the article under the caption "NAME DEBATE", in the Feb. 4 issue of The Tribune, because I happen to be the one who is indirectly involved, in the said debate.

The person who was directly involved was Mr. A.D. (Sandy) Bruce, now deceased, and to make a long story short, he contacted us, as fellow craftsmen in the early '30s, to enlist our assistance in having the spelling, as by then, DIXON HILL, corrected to its original DICKSON'S HILL form, and realizing that his recounting of the early history of both his business and ours just had to be correct, we agreed to use our best efforts to have this brought about. This we did by changing the sign on our place of business, altering our advertising, stationery and by word of mouth.

What actually happened back in those early years was that a certain Mr. DICKSON discovered water power possibilities on the Big Rouge creek, purchased several hundred acres of land and developed the water power, and also built a flour and feed mill prior to 1842. This he sold to Bruce Brothers, as a going concern, and turned his attention to developing a similar project on the little Rouge below Ringwood. No records seem to be available as to how long he operated this business, but the names Jonas Miller, Job Kaiser, Fred Betz, William Burkholder and ourselves as the last ones to operate same, are a matter of record.

Perhaps the main point of the above, for our present purpose is that in deeding the earlier site to Bruce Brothers he signed his name DICKSON, and of



SUGAR AND SPICE

Pour your own
 with Smiley's Mix

By BILL SMILEY

Well, we ventured into Sodom or Gomorrah recently, and escaped with nothing worse than a case of pop. Or thirteen cases, to be exact.

We just had to visit our daughter at university because she's lonely. This is the Old Battleaxe's story, and Kim aids and abets with sly innuendoes in her letters.

How anybody can be lonely when she's living in a house with thirteen other girls is beyond the simple comprehension of a male parent.

Maybe she is lonely, but her real reason for wanting us to go down and see her is that she knows she's going to get a night in a hotel room, have a smashing good dinner, and see a show, none of which is included in her budget.

The day before we were to go, my muffler blew. This, coupled with dire weather warnings and my phobia about the city, made me suggest cancelling the trip. Nothing doing: *now there comes an* Turned out to be the worst weekend for

course, this would remain so indefinitely. The fact that he also built the home now occupied by the Sherwoods, lived and directed his business from there, leaves no doubt that this, then tiny hamlet, derived its name from him, for if my memory serves me right there were no other homes there at that time, and a flour mill in those days was invariably the nucleus for a hamlet to spring up.

Also, equally noteworthy is the fact that no one to my knowledge ever heard of a family by the name of DIXON having ever lived thereabouts or buried in the adjoining cemetery, and we ask ourselves was the name so alluring that it was snatched out of thin air? Well I suggest that it was alluring enough, but only because it was easier written, and by folks who had little regard or respect for ones who pioneered the now prosperous countryside.

And so, after forty years of endeavor, we find that there are still those who would openly deprive the founder of the DICKSON'S HILL hamlet the one small honor of spelling his name correctly; and I would close by tendering my sincerest thanks to our present DICKSON'S HILL correspondent for having taken up the cudgel in honor of one of the great pioneers of our countryside.

W.A. Jones,
 Kitchener, Ont.

Dear Sir:
 As a person who grew up at Dixon's Hill and attended school there, I am very interested in the current name debate, Dixon's vs. Dickson's.

It is my understanding that Dixon's Hill is named after one of its earliest residents, Mr. Dixon who actually owned part of the hill and the land on which the Missionary Church stands was donated by him.

Perhaps the gentleman who wrote the letter, (Feb. 18 issue) and signed himself 'committee of one for Dickson's Hill', was not aware of the historical background of the area. While 'Dickson's Hill' may 'look attractive, sound pleasing and simple to write', in truth, 'Dixon's Hill' historically, is the only name that does have meaning.

Former resident.

driving this winter, and that's a big statement. However, we made it. Had a room reserved, but had forgotten about the big political convention.

The hotel lobby was chaos. Wild-eyed room clerks. Red-eyed conventioners arguing over the bills they had run up, which they had signed with a flourish for food and drink before the rusty dawn of the last day. Not a bell-hop to be had.

Finally got a key. The people had checked out, said the flunkie, but the room wasn't made up yet. All we wanted to do was relax after a 150-mile bad drive, so we found our own way up. Not only was the room not made up, it was still occupied. But the residents, a charming couple from Ottawa, let us in while they finished packing.

Both the room and the couple looked like the tail-end of a convention. It was actually two adjoining rooms and they looked like a scene from Ten Nights in a Bar-room. Not the people, the rooms.

This had been a "hospitality room", it turned out. That is a polite way of saying a place where the drinks, usually supplied as a public relations deal by the distillers, are free for every moocher who arrives, as well as the hard-working politicians.

There was still plenty of booze, and about eighteen cartons of mix. There was one made-up bed in the two rooms. The rest of the space was a conglomerate of glasses, bars, desks, placards and posters.

Sam, the husband, was a fairly big wheel organizer. He was tottering with fatigue and sounded as though he had swallowed two pounds of sand, after four days and nights of working for the cause.

But within twenty minutes, we were fast friends. At four p.m., they informed us that they had to meet their son and his wife at the station at four p.m. They got away about 4.15, leaving us with the chores of telling their son where they might meet him and protecting the booze that was left.

Everything worked fine. Son phoned, got the message. Booze, men, looking like a couple of hotel dicks, picked up the hooch, giving us the cold suspicious stare. I hadn't taken a single jug, so help me. My wife wouldn't let me.

But they wouldn't take the mix. Cartons and cartons and bottles and bottles of it. We sat around desolately in the wreckage for three hours, waiting for the maids to come. Finally, the Old Lady got sore, phoned the desk and demanded action. We were given another room.

But leave all that mix? Not an old prisoner of war. We carted thirteen cases with us, after giving several to a raucous party from Timmins, across the hall, who had been ogling and whistling at wife and daughter, to former's delight and latter's amusement.

Settled in new room. Knock on door. Family of four entered. They had been given same room. Dad exhausted, mother distraught, teen-age daughter excited and twelve-year-old son sitting sullenly in corner, muttering, "Never trust an alcoholic." Gave them a drink. Buddies in no time. But they still had no room.

Saw show. Wife shocked at nude scene. Checked out next day with thirteen cases of mix, about \$35 worth. "Real Hicks", said the bell-boys' arrogant glares. Carried it off with aplomb.

Dropped Kim and eight cartons of ginger ale and cola at her residence. Arrived home with five of soda and tonic water. Drop around, and bring your own booze. Any time. We're set for mix.

ROAMING AROUND

Everyone move to
 the front of the
 Church - please!

By Jim Thomas

I skipped morning service, Sunday. And I'm ashamed. Ashamed, because I could have been there - and should have been there. But no, I had other things that, at the time, seemed more important. Now I know they weren't. For I missed out on an innovation I've advocated (but never practiced) for years.

The innovation was this - all members of the congregation were ushered from the back of the church to the front. A kind of bus driver's order in reverse.

So what, you say?

Okay, so the Anglicans or Baptists will sit anywhere - but a Presbyterian! Let me tell you, a devout Scot regards his seat (pew) as divine. And woe betide the ingrate, be he session clerk or pastor, that dares deprive him (or her) of this right.

It's grounds for withdrawal; that's what - more likely the withdrawal of the clerk or minister, should the offended parishioner be a generous giver.

Customs die hard - but they're dying. And the sooner for some, the better. Can you think of others that should go? I can.

Can you think of new ones that should be introduced? Sure, lots.

How about the pastor's black gown? Terrible - like the apparel of some stuffy English professor or a comic-strip Batman.

And that long pastoral prayer. What purpose does it serve? Only time to remind mother she forgot to take the diapers out of the drier and the switch-off switch won't switch off or that dad's promised to take the kids on a picnic when he'd much sooner go playing golf. Better, I say, two minutes of perfect silence, so each member can concentrate on his or her own problems without interruption.

And the sermon - fifteen minutes at the most with a question and answer period at the end. Gets the congregation involved and lets the minister know who's been sleeping and who hasn't.

And ladies' hats. Ban them, except on Easter Sunday.

And the rear pews - remove them (including mine) unless required. Utilize the space where mothers can muffle their crying kids (including mine) and make it a rule that all criers (including mine) be removed to the 'crying room' immediately.

And let's do away with the ceremonial passing of the collection plate. Instead, have individual containers conveniently located at the entrance or exit where envelopes and loose nickels can be deposited without fanfare or embarrassment.

And music - every congregation loves music. Not just vocal solos, but instrumental - accordions, guitars, banjos, violins and yes - even a bagpipe tune or two. The latter could be restricted to Presbyterians only.

And weddings - where the prospective bride must first introduce herself to the minister before requesting his services at the ceremony. No more of that! All brides-to-be should be required to attend services regularly at least one year prior to the occasion with the couples' marital status wholly dependent on continuance of this practice.

Outlaw the kissing custom in full view of all the guests, but allow it following the signing of the register where the embrace can be shared only with the minister.

And baptisms! Mother, father, baby, grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins - fill half the church and never seen again. That's out. All couples should agree to a minimum of six months regular attendance both before and after the christening.

And missions! A little less money into the 'melting pot' overseas and more consideration to the needs of our underprivileged Indian and Eskimo friends at home.

And an organized schedule of union services among all denominations during the summer vacation period when attendance is lowest.

And a fervent prayer that the World Day of Prayer, March 5, 1971, will result in the bringing of all Stouffville congregations together under one roof, for one day, for one hour, for one purpose, March 3, 1972.