

**The Tribune**  
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# Editorial

## Calling all cyclists

The cycling's not crowded - at least not yet for the May 1 bike-a-thon, sponsored by the Stouffville Lions Club. There are only two more Saturday's in which to register. To date, less than 100 have signed up. Originally, it had been hoped that up to 400 might participate. In spite of the publicity given the event, there seems to be confusion in the minds of many concerning the rules. The bike-a-thon is NOT a race. If anything, it might be classed as an endurance contest - the more miles you ride, the more money you earn for a chosen club or charity. For example - 10 sponsors at ten cents equals one dollar per mile. If a rider completes five miles, he earns \$5.00. This means \$2.50 goes to the charity of his

choice and \$2.50 to the Lions. Organizations to which earnings may be channelled include - Stouffville Cancer Society, York Association for the Mentally Retarded, Stouffville Scouts and Cubs, Stouffville Guides and Brownies, Stouffville Figure Skating Club, Stouffville Minor Hockey Association, Stouffville Lions Club, Claremont Lions Club, Lemonville Scouts and Cubs and the Markham Pony Club. This project was meant to be an all-community affair. And it will be if everyone, young and old alike, get in on a piece of the action. Registration dates are April 17 and 24 at the municipal office, Civic Street from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Join in the fun. It will be good for you and the community too.

## Sales site too small

Dozens of drivers had their cars 'tagged', Saturday, on Hwy. 47, in the area of the Stouffville Livestock Sales Arena. The Ontario Provincial Police, while somewhat reluctant to penalize the motorists, had no alternative. Vehicles were parked on both sides of the pavement, some in the wrong direction. The section is clearly signed. The owners however, had little alternative either. The inside lot was filled by noon and some had to walk a half-mile to get there as it was. This sales 'site', often described as 'like Markham Fair', is now facing one of Markham Fair's problems. The property is too small to accommodate the crowds that are attracted to it. Every year the

situation worsens with last Saturday's throng of buyers and customers, the largest yet. But a parking ticket is not conducive to bringing customers back. Some solution should be found. The owners have undoubtedly considered the possibility of expanding their parking premises. Perhaps this is not practical. Their only alternative then, is to invest in a new and larger site. Certainly, the problems encountered Saturday can't be ignored. Many Stouffville residents can recall when this business had its start on Park Drive North, some twenty years ago. It soon outgrew the location there. That's the price of progress.

## Slum area in the making

Pro Century City. Anti Century City. The battle lines have been drawn and the war of words rages on. But all the while the two factions talk a good fight and attempt to win support for their sides, the area in question, or part of it, sinks slowly but steadily into rural economic ruin. Much of this property could be classed only as marginal farm land at best. But take it out of agricultural circulation completely and a slum atmosphere soon sets in. This, in our opinion, is the most pressing problem at present. One that should concern everyone with a stake in the community. One that should also concern the municipal Council.

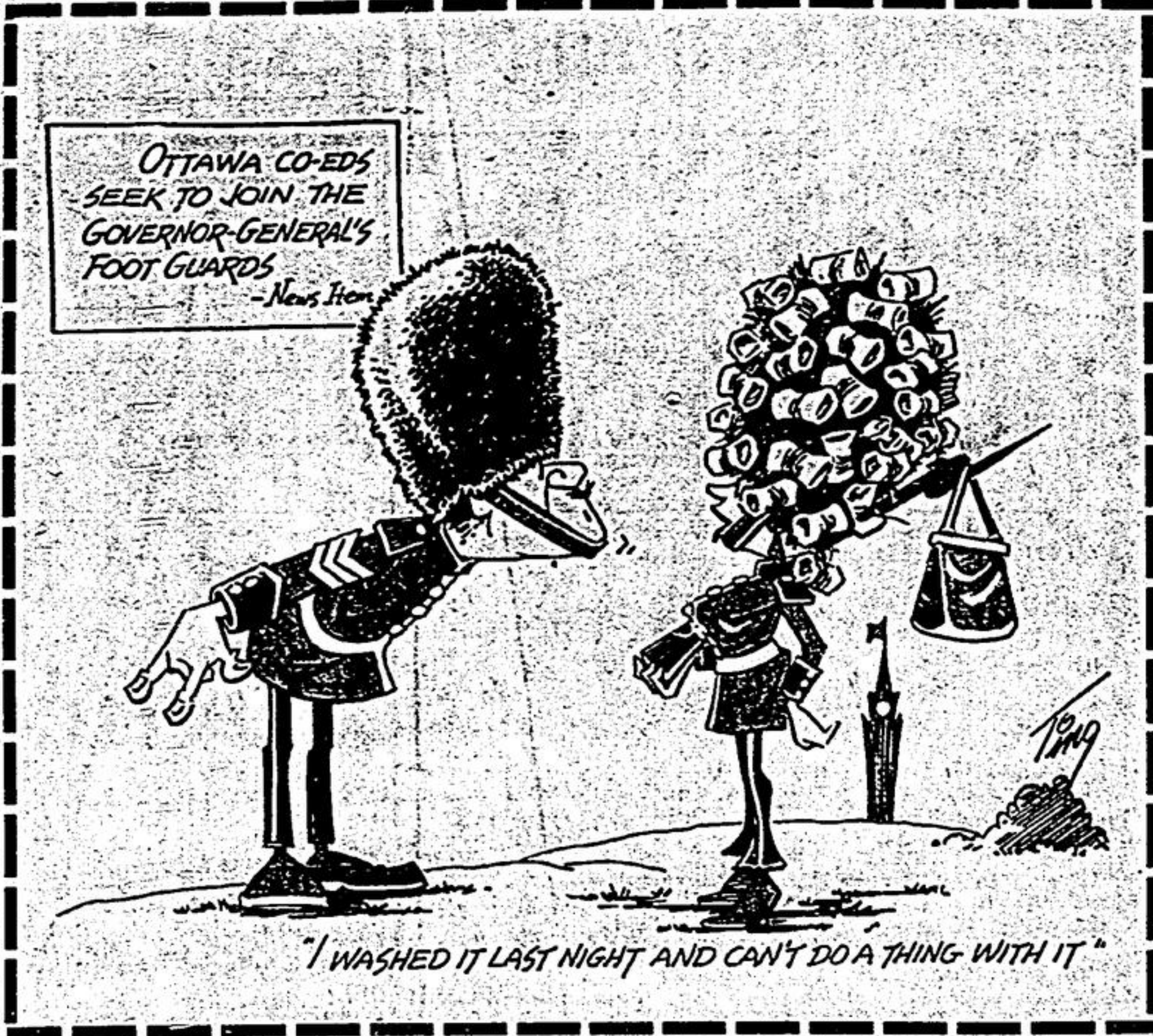
We toured the site, Saturday. And while this particular time of year is not conducive to the creation of scenic surroundings, the signs of rural depression were evident on every side. Many barn buildings are falling apart. Some of the houses look much the same. And so soon. Think what a few more years could bring. We feel the time has come for Century City Developments Limited to take a long look at itself and where its headed. The situation, as we see it, appears hopeless. So hopeless in fact, we see only a compromise settlement as a solution to the present stalemate. Something would be better than nothing. Agriculturally, that something will soon be nothing.

# Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
 I would like to thank you very much for helping to publicize our 'Train Show'. We had 1602 people and raised \$801.00 for charity. Without the help from people like yourself this would not have been possible. Thanks again.  
 Morley Sproule,  
 85 Clifcrest Drive,  
 Scarborough.

Dear Sir:  
 On March 24, the National Railways of France gave a cocktail party. In the ballroom of a posh Toronto hotel, I saw a crowd of about 300 travel agents and media people. A squad of waiters dispensed assorted delicacies and among those lined up three deep at the free bar were a representative of the C.P.R. and a director of the C.N.R. It was a sophisticated effort to encourage Toronto people to use railways in France. Toronto's rail network is ideally suited for passenger service. It could relieve pollution, traffic jams and the high cost of expressway construction. But what are

our railways doing? Canadian Pacific has applied to discontinue Galt service. Canadian National applied to discontinue Guelph service and when ordered to replace the 50-year old coaches on the run, delayed complying for three months. C.P. ran its Orangeville service north on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and south Tuesdays and Thursdays; by 1970, traffic declined to the point that permission was obtained to discontinue. C.N. proposes to reduce Barrie line service from 42 trains a week four years ago to 18. C.N. provides no Beaverton line commuter service. C.N. has run no passenger trains beyond Markham on the Uxbridge line for 10 years and has even applied to discontinue the one-way wonder to Markham. C.P. applied to discontinue Peterborough service via Agincourt. When ordered to add extra coaches by the Canadian Transport Commission, they attempted a 50 percent fare increase until ordered to roll it back. If National Railways of France promote traffic in a country 3,000 miles away, why do C.N. and C.P. apparently discourage passengers in the Toronto area?  
 John C. Medcof,  
 Mount Albert.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### The honest thief still must pay

By BILL SMILEY

Towards the end of a long, dreary winter like this year's, even the most jubilant of spirits begin to flag. The world takes on a gray monotony, about the colour and taste of English gravy. We seem to be suspended in a vague nightmare in which we are swimming in porridge, with no land in sight. We have forgotten the glory of the individual spirit and our fellow-beings seem to merge into the murk. Right there is the point at which we need a good spring tonic. In the old days our mothers gave us a physical one, in the shape of a good purge, and it seemed to help. But in these days of instant laxatives, we need something for the spirit, not the body. I got my tonic this year, just in time. It was in the form of two stories, both true. My faith in the colour and vitality of the human spirit was restored, and I feel like living again. The first one contained enough irony and humanity to satisfy the most demanding of writers. It concerned a bank hold-up. The manager was out to lunch when the desperado struck. He slipped a note to one of the tellers informing her that it was a stick-up, then slipped a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat, and went to the front counter. Chatting happily on the phone to his girlfriend, the accountant had his back to the villain. The latter waited politely for him to finish his call and get the message. A lady teller, trying to get the accountant's attention, kept hissing at him, "Dave! Dave!" He went blithely on, while the robber began to drum his fingers on the counter with just a touch of impatience. Finally, he roared in a stentorian voice, "DAVE!" Dave looked over his shoulder and dropped the phone as though it were red-hot, as he looked into that shotgun barrel, about the size of a Cyclops' eye. The intruder shoved a bag at Dave and told him to fill it. It was done, and the

visitor left with what turned out to be \$3,000. He got away clean, though three of the staff had rung alarm bells which were directly connected to the police station. A customer saw the getaway car and got the license number. The chap was picked up about a week later. A sordid story? Not at all. This was no ordinary hood. This was a man of character. What did the hold-up man do with the money? He went to his own bank and paid off a \$500 loan. Then he went to a finance company and paid them \$1,000 he owed them. What a pity he was caught! An honest man who paid his debts, pushed by them into an armed-robbery charge. A man of character. The second story is also true. The hero lives in a small town. He owns and rides a beautiful horse. On a recent Saturday, he rode uptown, feeling no pain. He wanted his horse to enjoy life, too, so he took him to a hotel and tried to take him into the beer parlour. Unaccountably, he was refused. Undaunted, he took his steed across the street to a tavern and tried to buy him a double. Foiled again, he was trying to lead his pal into the beverage room of the other hotel in town, when the law arrived. It was no contest. The cowboy told the cop exactly what he thought of him, for about twenty minutes. He then mounted Old Paint and galloped up the sidewalk of the main street, scattering old ladies into snowbanks and children into store doorways. Allegedly, when the constable was asked why he didn't put the strong arm on the cowboy, he replied, "I didn't know what to do with the dam' horse". And a perfectly sensible answer. Don't ever let anyone tell you that Canadians are a dull, mousy, colourless lot. Jesse James was a violent clod and Dodge City a home for old ladies, compared to this bank robber and this cowboy.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Proud but pooped

By Jim Thomas  
 The season's over. House league hockey concluded its activities last week. And, as the father of a first-year champion, I'm naturally proud. I'm also unashamedly pooped. I died a thousand deaths throughout the entire sixty minutes of that final game. My concern was not that our little No. 7 might miss out in scoring on the other guy's goal. Quite the opposite, I was more afraid he might score on his own. To live with that disgrace all summer would be more than our family could stand. Thus, I swallowed my heart every time he so much as touched the puck. And I cheered lustily out of relief when the buzzer sounded and he headed for the box. It's not that I don't have faith and confidence in this numerical version of Phil Esposito. It's just that - well, on occasions, he can do some pretty rash things and putting the puck in his own net would for him, be pretty ordinary. Between peeks through my fingers, I prayed oh so softly that he and we might be spared such embarrassment. And we were - possibly to go through the same hair-raising experience again next season. I hope so. It's been a lesson in parent-child relations. I wouldn't have missed for the world.

For instance, in previous winters, I have been openly critical of the hockey player's parent. I charged all Moms and Dads with alleged indifference to little league play. That was before I became a hockey player's parent myself. This attitude has since changed. I now feel most parents deserve a medal. At least the ones in Mite classification do. Kids that age are so helpless and yet so demanding. I know. For I went through the ordeal every Monday night from the 19th day of October to the 12th day of April. If the schedule had lasted a week longer, I'd never have made it. Think of this. For an early game at seven, it's supper at 5:30 - a deadline I could never meet. Dress-up time is set for 6:15. The scene is one of mass chaos. Have you ever seen the stuff the kids must wear today? More gear than some of the N.H.L. guys. Piece by piece, spread out on the floor, it spells c-o-n-f-u-s-i-o-n. And confused I become, attempting to piece it together. Particularly, when several of the pieces are missing. The list, not necessarily in order of merit, runs something like this - shin pads, hockey stockings, jock strap (alias athletic support, alias Sam protector), shoulder pads, elbow pads, hockey pants, hockey sweater, hockey helmet, mouthguard, skates, skate guards, gloves and stick. These are the basics. There are other incidentals however that must be cared for. For example, his skates must be sharp, his stockings must be pinned and his stick must be taped. But for all these little inconveniences, I must admit it was a proud moment for all of us when No. 7 lined up with the rest of the lads to shake hands with his rivals; to touch the championship trophy and pose for a championship picture. That one event alone made all previous problems seem trivial. Even the occasion, two minutes before game time, when the usual personal and often disturbing pronouncement is made - "Sorry Dad, but I have to go to the bathroom!"



Lemonville Public School (S.S. No. 9 - 1931)  
 Nothing kindles memories like school photos of yesteryears. This one at Lemonville (S.S. No. 9, Whitchurch Twp.) dates back to 1931. The names follow: Rear Row (left to right) - Doris Baker, Elda Hutchinson, Reta Wells, Keith Hutchinson, Bruce Baker, Geo. Gibner, Margaret Simpson (teacher); Alan Baker, Frank Hall, Harold Preston, Fred Gibner, Jim Rae, Louis Wells. Centre Row (left to right) - Sam Fockler, Jim Attrid, Marion Hastings, Betty Ham, Vera Wells, Norma Rae, Blanche Preston, Mary Baker, Ruby Fockler, Velma Yake. Front Row (left to right) - Walter Hall, Doug Ham, Elgin Hastings, Andrew Hutchinson, Elmer Hood, Gorman Dixon, Roy Flewell, Ken Ham.

Dear Editor:  
 I wrote you last week, expressing my personal concern over the obvious injustice meted out to our town's former Police Chief, Orland Keating. I was very pleased to see that you also saw fit to lend your editorial support to this cause. Your stand summed up my feelings perfectly. It's nice to know that in this big, impractical, impersonal area of Regional Government, there's still one individual who will take time to think of another. I only hope you are speaking for everyone.  
 Dennis McLean.