

**The Tribune**  
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# Editorial

## Mini-morals

Bernie Smith, a free-lance youth worker and formerly a staff member with Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship addressed two separate assemblies of junior and senior students at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, May 27.

He was frank and certainly entertaining, holding the attention of his young audience throughout his address.

But on one point, that he stressed continually, we disagree. And from questions raised later in a classroom confrontation, many of the students did too.

Mr. Smith argued that mini-styles, popular with the majority of teen girls (and older) today, were morally wrong, since they tended to 'turn on' boys in a

way that could lead to unprincipled behavior.

Poppycock.

While we are in no position to judge the kind of lecherous conduct associated with young people in Mr. Smith's hometown of Warren, Ohio or in Barrie, Ontario, where he now resides, we would suggest that the very insinuation tends to place human morality at an animal level. This, we don't believe to be so.

There's not a man among us whose head isn't turned at the sight of a mini-skirted girl on Main Street. But few, if any, would be so 'turned on' by the view as to sweep her off her feet and head for the hills.

## Poor public relations

The Dept. of Highways, for some unexplained reason, has removed all 'welcome signs', erected recently on the boundary outskirts in the expanded Town of Markham.

The action followed the publishing of a picture of one of these signs in The Tribune. Their sudden disappearance resulted in several phone calls to this Office, questioning the legitimacy of the photo and the exact location of the roadside marker.

We checked and lo and behold, it was gone. However, we wish it known that the original sign was no act of trick photography or optical illusion, a fact supported by the Markham Road Engineer. But the existence of same was of rather short duration.

We considered the idea an excellent one, particularly on the Town's north limit where the line is divided between lots rather than utilizing a boundary

road. Secondly, it designates a particular Area, something that many people still find difficult to understand. Thirdly, it gives residents within that Area a sense of 'belonging', about the only personal aspect we've yet seen in the whole regional system.

The Town is now seeking means of penetrating Department 'red tape' - even to the point of re-erecting the signs on private property.

This is ridiculous.

If Highway brass are still a little miffed over the fact that no official approval was given the project, we're sure the Town employees would voice no objection if they dug the holes and erected the markers themselves.

And while they're at it, they can dig out a few holes more. The Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville could use a little roadside advertizing too.

## Sanctity was preserved

The 100 year old Mt. Pisgah United Church, north-west of Gormley is no more.

Its sale has ended officially, the building's status as a religious sanctuary within the community. The structure will be demolished and removed from the site.

There were many people present at the auction, Saturday, not to purchase anything or even see anything sold, but solely out of respect - respect for an institution they had known all their lives.

And that respect was maintained to the very end, thanks to the conduct of the sale by auctioneer Alvin Farmer. Such has not always been the case at similar church auctions we've attended.

At one point, when Mr. Farmer admonished a man for lighting up a cigarette in the building, the congregation applauded.

We applauded too.

The sanctity of the little country chapel was preserved to the final 'amen'.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Jim:

The Executive of the Couples Club has asked me to forward a copy of a letter which was sent to York Regional Board of Education following the presentation of Music Mania this year; the letter follows:

The Secretary,  
York Regional Board of Education.

Dear Sir:

I have been instructed by the Executive of the Stouffville United Church Couples Club to question the fees charged by your board for the use of Stouffville District Secondary School for our annual show "Music Mania". The cost for our 1970 show was \$89.73. This year, the cost was \$255.50. I realize that one more day was involved this year and that your schedule of rates has increased, however, this seems to be a tremendous increase.

I should like to point out that our show receives the endorsement of the local Parks and Recreation Committee as a community project, also that every dollar possible is donated to charity - this year a sum of \$350.00 to Participation House.

I realize that the Board has a schedule and must stick to it, however it is the

feeling of our Executive that the fees this year were too high and that the Board should in the future make special concessions to organizations such as ours - whose intent is not to become rich but only to help some worthwhile charity, at the same time developing a community spirit which is truly evident in the countless hours of time donated by a hundred or more citizens involved in our annual presentation.

Thanking you for past courtesies and hoping this letter will be considered by the Board at its next meeting, I remain,

Stanley J. Schmidt,  
Secretary,  
Stouffville United Church Couples Club.

## They can't lose

Mayor Ken Laushway is arranging a tug-of-war as one of many events in the Whitchurch-Stouffville Sports Day, July 1, presumably between the Town Council and opposition of equal strength and virility. Commented one program organizer - "With councillor Merlyn Baker as an anchor man, the home team can't lose".



## The gift of kindness

By Scott Young

A man was telling me about his summer cottage. I didn't know he owned one. "It happened like one of those things you dream about," he said. "You know - a little old lady leaves you one in her will?"

"A relative?" I asked.

"No," he said. "My mother-in-law is a nurse and had helped look after this lady after her husband died. We got to know her that way."

"Yeah, but why did she leave you the cottage?" I asked.

This man is in his thirties, deals in real estate and has a wife and two children. He is a hefty man with a round face and he laughs a lot. "I do not know how well he does in real estate. He is not one of the biggest operators but he is not one of the smallest, either."

"All I knew about her really was that she owned a house and rented out rooms," he said. "I thought that was her sole means of livelihood. Then she got phlebitis and eventually had to have one leg amputated. I remember when I went to see her in the hospital, she told me that she had had the amputated leg buried. It had something to do with her religion. 'So here I am, one leg under the ground and the other on a banana peel,' she said."

"I think it was the kind of guts she had that made me think of taking her out for drives. I used to have a board in the car. I'd lay the board across from her wheel chair to the seat. If I was feeling strong I'd pick her up and sort of slide her across". He laughed. "But lots of times I wasn't feeling strong and I'd just put the board there and tell her to slide across by herself... sort of bum her way across."

He said, "eventually the other leg had to come off, too. But talk about guts. The last little while she was alive, and she was over 70, she was taking taxis downtown to the hospital several times a week to practice walking on artificial legs!"

He said that these drives sometimes were a drag for him. They'd come at the

end of a long day when he'd like to go home. "But", he said, "once you start a thing like that you can't stop, you know. That's what I always told myself - that she looked forward to the drives so much that I'd be a heck of a guy if I started to find ways to get out of it."

"Anyway, eventually she died. The rest of her body followed the legs that had been buried earlier and of course all our family was sorry to see her go. We'd got pretty attached to her, and the sharp tongue she had, and the part she played in our lives. Then one night I got home and found that her will had been probated and she had left us this cottage up north - a beautiful 200-foot lot on a good lake, grass right to the water, and lots of room. It'll sleep 20 comfortably."

"Do you go up there all summer?" I asked.

"The family does", he said. "I go up on the weekends. But it still seems one of those things you dream about, to me."

The obvious moral is that kindness paid off. I prefer the less obvious moral. Because when thousands of families head out of Canadian towns, and cities in the next few weeks, there'll be this one to whom the gift had been given.

And I mean the gift of kindness, not the gift of the cottage.

## One clothes peg, please

Holidayers - all roads lead to Ontario's provincial parks, read a news release from the Dept. of Lands and Forests. Well, hardly. Over the past holiday weekend, I took my family on a 'scenic tour' through the resort centre of Wasaga Beach. Piled up on the shoreline were millions of dead fish with millions more in the water. The stench was terrible. And yet, thousands of bathers lay on the sand, soaking up the sun - some even eating their lunch.



**Whitchurch S.S. No. 12 (Bethesda) 1938**

This photo should re-kindle memories for pupils of Bethesda Public School (S.S. No. 12) Whitchurch Twp. The year is 1938.

Back Row: Teacher - Stanley McDowell, Lloyd Bolender, Leonard Brillinger, Elsie Taun, Marie Scott, Mae Foster, Harvey Wideman. Fourth Row: Marion Ferguson, Dorothy Taun, Marguerite Preston, Harold Ferguson, Harold Wideman, Preston Arsenault. Third Row: Donna Arsenault, Jean Reaman, Shirley Taun, Margaret Wideman, Paul Bolender, Alan Empringham, Arnold Brillinger, Robert Arsenault, Oral Preston, Roy Scott, Earl Wideman. Second Row: Barbara Steckley, Joy Grove, Lois Taun, Thelma Preston, Joyce Taun, Dorothy Foster, Doreen Ferguson, Louie Bolender, Grace Bolender, Dorothy Brillinger, Jean Empringham. Front Row: Glen Taun, Robert Clubine, Eugene Ferguson, Edward Arsenault, Buddy Muirhead, Douglas Reaman, Glen Wideman, Roy Arsenault, Gordon Ferguson, Jack Ferguson, Harold Atkinson.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Jack and Chris - Grant and Linda

By Jim Thomas

If I have a minute to spare and am going any distance, I seldom pass a hitchhiker. I'm not sure why, but suppose it's because I've done a fair amount of it myself and I know what it's like to 'beg' for a lift while hundreds of drivers breeze by, hardly giving you a glance.

My wife thinks I'm crazy. She feels it's too risky, particularly at night, when all kinds of 'characters' are on the prowl. And I suppose she's right, but aside from the odd inebriate, I've never had an unfortunate experience with anyone. In fact, quite the opposite. I've met some real great guys (and girls), all with a story to tell and more than willing to tell it. On occasions, I've driven a few miles out of my way, just to carry the conversation further.

This summer, more than ever, the highways are crowded with kids, most of them students, some hiking to the next town, the next province or across Canada. I like this adventuresome spirit. If I was twenty years younger, I'd hit the open road myself.

So it was that on Friday, I spotted a couple of hikers at the intersection of Main and the Tenth. I took them to be girls, (it's sometimes hard to tell these days) and they were, real nice looking kids. They hopped in, one in the front and the other in the back, expressing appreciation for the ride and at the same time explaining they were going less than a mile.

"Visiting here?" I asked.

"No, we live here," replied the passenger up front.

I stopped at the laneway entrance to the former home of Les Wideman, now part of the Century City property.

Naturally, the thought of two young ladies living alone in a rather dilapidated, looking house on the outskirts of town, prodded my curiosity. I wanted to learn more, but didn't have time. There's got to be a story there, I said to myself.

Late Saturday afternoon I returned, hoping to re-kindle the conversation that had been cut so short the day before. But what a shock. My bold knock at the side door was met, not by two friendly girlish faces, but by two very manish looking chaps, one with a mop of wind-blown locks that fell down past his shoulders and the other sporting an Iroquois-type head-band without a feather.

My first thought was to turn tail and run. But the 'feeling' of an arrow embedded in my britches made me reconsider. I told them who I was and what I was doing there. They asked me in.

There I was introduced to Jack and Grant. Chris and Linda, the two I had met informally on Friday had taken the bus to Toronto and had not yet come home.

Their help however, was not required. The two men were friendly, honest and sincere.

A commune? Yes, of a sort, but nothing permanent, explained Grant, a fourth-year graduate, U. of T.

The people? Absolutely fantastic, said Jack, a teacher on the staff of York University.

"Would you believe it, but Victor Little, our next door neighbor plowed our garden and gave us manure - and all for nothing," said Jack. Grant said that a lady at the Co-op in town took ten minutes time on the phone to explain the proper way to grow beans and peas.

"What a difference," said Grant. "In New York State, where I came from, they'd rather shoot you than talk to you."

With Chris and Linda's help, they are remodelling the interior, starting first with the kitchen. "This place was filthy when we came here," said Jack. "There was garbage all over the place - like someone had dropped it out of an aeroplane." He admitted there was little use in fixing up the outside since the house undoubtedly would some day be demolished. They moved in last April.

The townsfolk? Are they resentful suspicious?

Quite the opposite, said Jack, everybody's real friendly. "Of course, we don't know what's going on inside their minds, but on the surface, they've been real great." "This is the nicest place I've ever lived!"

What about tomorrow?

Jack's going back to York but Grant's not sure. "After 4 years in University, I want a little experience at living", he said.

Welcome to Stouffville.