

The Tribune
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Editorial

Fathers to the rescue

For about forty young Stouffville boys, in the 8 through 10 age bracket, the summer ahead looked like a pretty dull season.

While a team had been organized for the 'All-stars', dozens of lads, not quite good enough to make the grade, were sure to be left standing on the sidelines.

There appeared to be no one willing to look after them. No one that is, until a few fathers rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

Led by Murray Redshaw, Clare McGuckin, Mickey Hunt and Don Gibson, they employed the personal approach, button-holing every prospective coach and manager they could find - some by telephone, some on the street.

The response has been tremendous. So much so, that on Tuesday night, a Squirt House League was formed, with all games in The Ponderosa Park.

It's great to be a 'kid' again. Ask any volunteer.

Appearance improved

Persons visiting the Stouffville Plaza in recent weeks have commented on the improved appearance of the premises, not only the parking area and store entrances, but the property fronting on Main Street, Winona Drive and Westlawn Crescent.

Such has not always been the case. In fact, for most of last summer, the site

was a disgrace.

An immaculate exterior is an excellent advertisement for what lies within, be it a person attempting to 'sell' himself or a plaza attempting to sell its products.

The Centre, as it appears today, is not only an excellent advertisement for itself, but for all of town.

We sympathize

We visited Toronto, Friday, certainly no earth-shaking event in itself.

While there however, we took advantage of the opportunity to view the now-famous Yonge Street Mall, a two-block long area of asphalt and concrete, polluted by people rather than automobiles.

To a native country-towner, the whole makeup of the area, while indeed imaginative, was about as real as visualizing a Howard Johnson's Restaurant in the middle of Beach's dump.

It was phoney - a masquerade, an at-

tempt to convince a gullible public that a city's downtown commercial centre can, with the wave of a magic wand, be converted into something peaceful and pleasant.

Full-size trees, shrubs and flowers growing out of the pavement; hawkers and peddlers selling refreshments; crowded picnic tables in the heat of a blazing sun. That's living, the artificial way. We sympathize.

The Stouffville Park, the pool, the mid-town stream, our own backyard - it never looked so good.

A sad response

The Stouffville Home and School Association has been disbanded.

The decision follows a tabulation of replies on a questionnaire sent home with children.

Ninety percent considered the organization as 'obsolete' and a majority or, more than 50 percent, could see no advantage in replacing it with something similar.

While it is indeed distressing to see such an association fall by the wayside, the attitude of parents in this regard is more distressing still.

Out of 1,000 questionnaires sent out, only 150 were returned.

A disgrace.

And disgraceful too, was the parent's

support of the Home and School when it was meeting regularly. They'd fuss and fume about costs, transportation, old school closings and new school systems, but ask them to come out and hear it all explained and oh no - that was too much to expect. Even the presence of Stouffville's own trustee and then vice-chairman of the Board, attracted less than two dozen listeners.

Embarrassing. Admittedly, not all programs were so controversial as to prompt fist-fights on the floor. In fact, some were pretty dry. But the potential was there. Now there is nothing. And just at a time, in our opinion, when an organization of this kind, is needed most.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

The extension of C.N.R. service to Stouffville is a major breakthrough for transit users. For the first time, rail service has been expanded rather than reduced.

The Canadian Transport Commission has adopted a key aspect of the commuter concept advocated by Railroad Boosters and proposed to Trudeau. It calls for a transit grid serving the Toronto area, including service on the Markham-Stouffville line.

Nine years ago C.N.R. was ordered to continue the Toronto-Markham weekday evening train. In oxlike compliance with the order, the One-Way Wonder leaves Toronto at 5.15, arriving at Markham 6.00 p.m. It stops and runs back empty. There is no morning train. Last fall C.N. applied to discontinue entirely.

Simultaneously, C.P. applied to discontinue the Toronto-Havelock service via the Markham area. C.N. cited the C.P. line as an alternative service. C.P. cited the C.N. line as an alternative service.

Vigorous objection was made. Over 13

days, I attended hearings in Peterborough, Toronto and Scarborough, where C.P. claimed big losses. We showed that it made a profit on at least four of the days cited as examples, up to \$175.00 a day. C.P. claimed traffic didn't require extra cars, so I offered to rent an extra car and run it for a week. C.P. didn't accept the offer. The Commission ordered an inspector to check claims of overcrowding. On one day, the inspector found 170 people jammed into a 90 seat coach. The passenger section was so full, the inspector had to ride with the engineer. The Commission then ordered C.P. to run an extra coach.

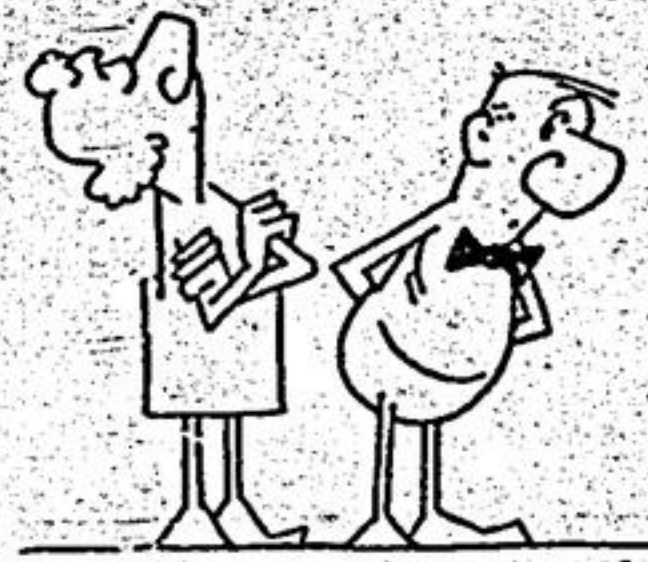
While the decision was pending, C.P. announced a 50 percent fare hike for stations in the commuter area. After protests, the Commission ordered the fare hike rolled back.

We asked continuation of the Havelock run and that Markham service be extended on the Uxbridge-Stouffville line and operated properly or abandoned.

The Commission has adopted this view over the objections of the Railway and ordered an extension of the Markham



RELATIONSHIP TO HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD?



...cool

MOTHER TONGUE?



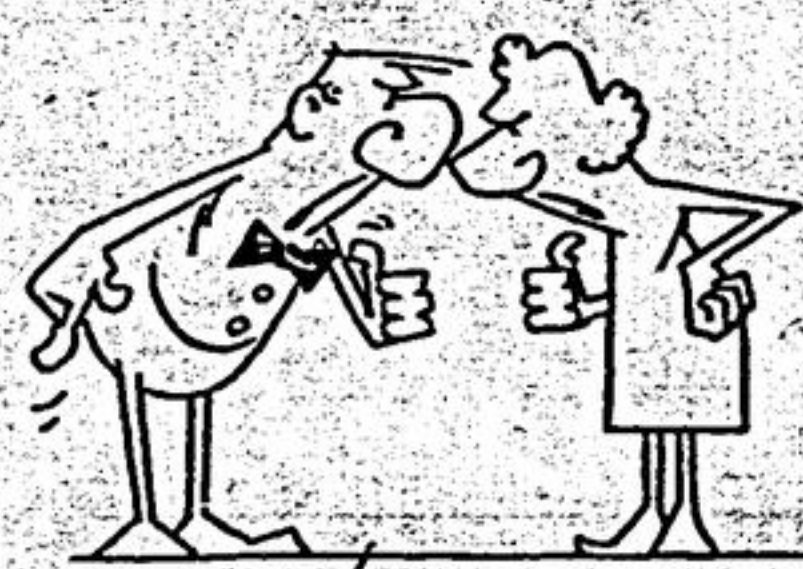
...annoyed

DO YOU HAVE THE USE OF A BATH OR SHOWER?



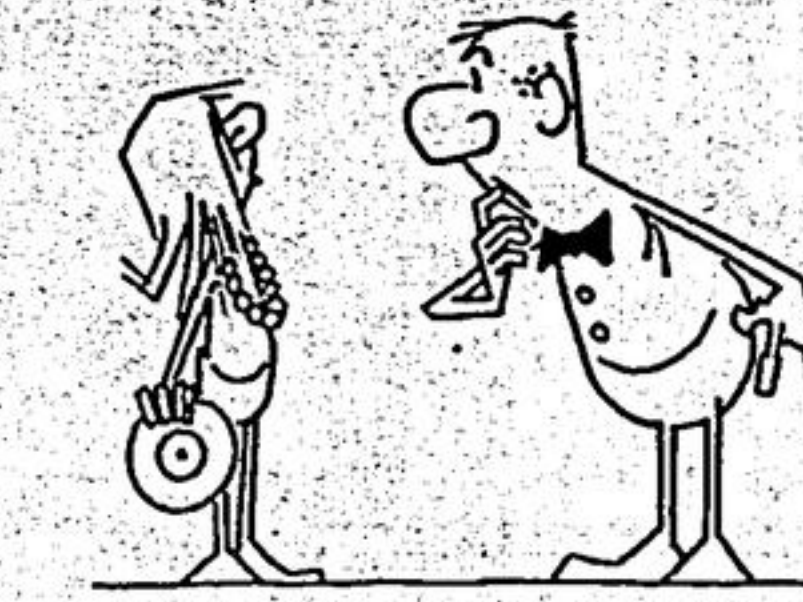
...seldom

HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD?



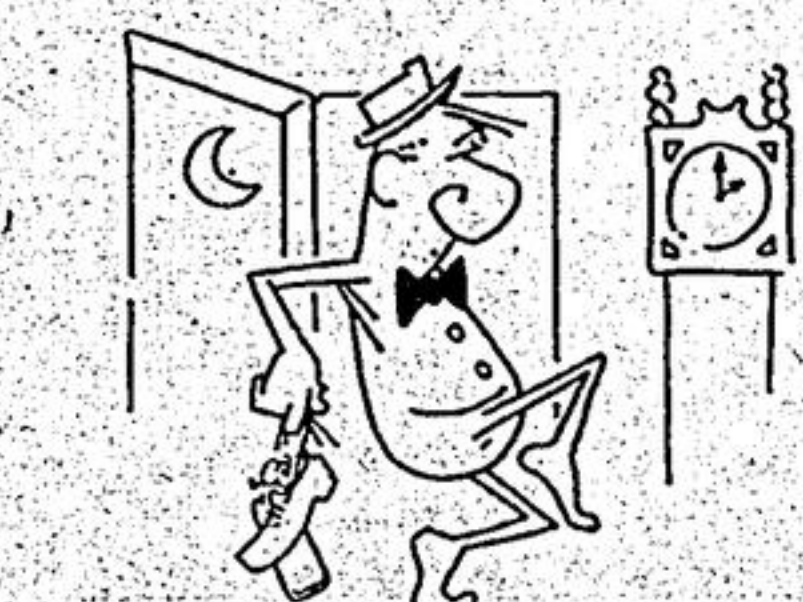
...decision pending

SON OR DAUGHTER?



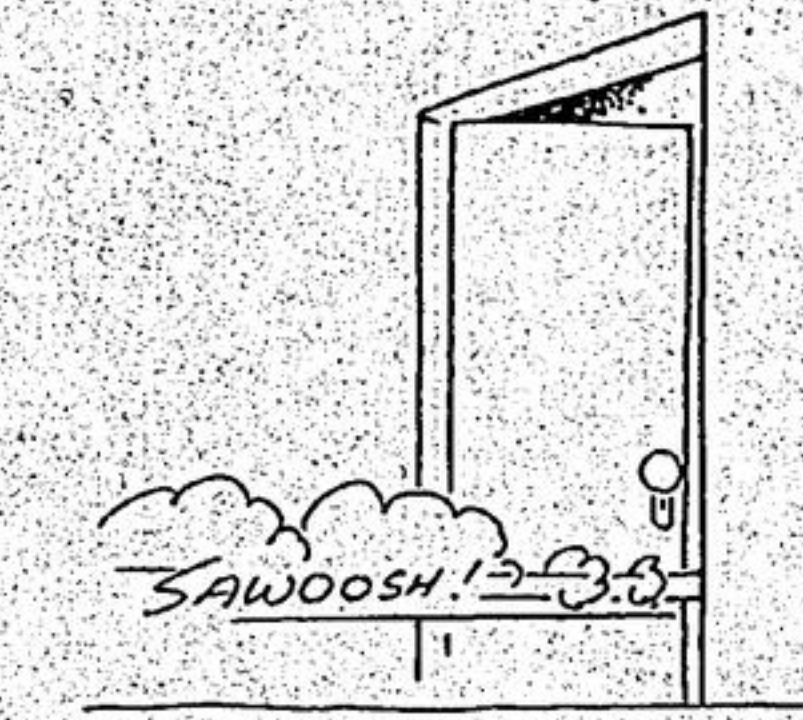
...not sure

HOW DO YOU ENTER YOUR LIVING QUARTERS?



...tippy-toed

DO YOU HAVE THE USE OF A FLUSH TOILET?



...you betcha!

SUGAR AND SPICE

There's three choices and he likes none

BILL SMILEY

Boy, show me a silver lining these days and I'll show you a dark cloud.

It's only a couple of weeks since I was crying the blues about being stuck with a jobless child for the summer, and wishing my daughter could find work in this slim summer for students.

She has a job and she likes it. It's waiting on tables in a smart hotel dining room, overlooking the water. The pay's not much, but tips are fair.

She has learned the joy of coming home with her apron pockets loaded with quarters, dimes and nickels, and arranging them in neat little piles, and counting them over and over. Anyone who has ever worked as a slavey knows the sheer, Scrooge-like delight of counting tips.

But there's always a catch, and in this case, I'm the one who has been caught, and not for the first time.

The catch is that the job is about ten miles from home, and there is no transportation to and from. Bus service is strictly from the stone age, and it's too far to take a cab and take any money home.

I guess I don't have to draw a picture. Good Old Dad. It's not the money I mind (about \$1.00 worth of gas, and five dollars depreciation on the car - most of the journey is on a highway under construction.)

service to Stouffville with morning and evening service and continuation of the Havelock line.

This is a new policy direction reversing the previous pattern of steadily reducing rail service. It is the second real victory for transit users, since we ran the successful Barrie experimental train. First the C.T.C. ordered continuation and upgrading of the C.N. Guelph service. Now the Havelock continuation and the Stouffville extension mark win number two.

If transit users continue the pressure, we may yet get a transit grid so badly needed.

John C. Medcof, Mt. Albert, Ont.

It's the fact that she starts work at 7:30 in the morning. We are a one-car family. She doesn't have a driver's license, so it's up at the crack of 6 a.m. for yours truly. I am not at my best at 6 a.m., except on those occasions when I haven't got to bed yet.

Good Old Mom can also drive the car, but she always seems to have the vapours at 6 a.m.

I have two alternatives. One, have Kim get her driving license, in which case I'm stuck without a car all day. Two, buy a second car, let her use it, and fork up price of the car, license and insurance. The latter, considering what she'll probably earn, would put us about \$500 in the hole for her summer's work. How do you like them for alternatives?

I've scabbled desperately at other solutions. I might be able to hire a boy to take her out and pick her up for about \$4.00 a day, plus gas. That doesn't seem too profitable, and he'd probably rack up my tired 1967 model.

I could physically kick her mother out of bed and make her drive. But I haven't the guts to do this at 4 p.m., let alone 6 a.m.

I could let her hitch-hike. But I don't like girls hitch-hiking at 7 a.m. (That is, I don't mind the girls, but the hitch-hiking.) Why, she might be picked up by some renegade and I'd never see her again. (That, on second thought, would solve the problem.)

Ah, it's just one of those rotten little problems that will have to sort itself out.

I've got another problem today: I haven't felt so tough since the Germans beat me up about twenty-three years ago.

Did you ever fall down a mine-shaft? I hadn't either, until a couple of nights ago. At least I thought it was mine-shaft. Drove some people home. Into their driveway. No lights outside the house. Invited in for coffee. Stepped out the driver's side and straight into an excavation nobody had mentioned.

Tore a quarter-inch of skin, tissue and muscle off my left palm. Sprained the thumbs on both hands. Raised a lump the size of a baseball on my left thigh. Twisted my right knee. Hit my chest on something else and have a great purple-

ROAMING AROUND

Some you win - Some you don't!

By Jim Thomas

I often wonder what percentage of arguments are won by fathers with their eldest sons.

I often wonder too, what percentage of arguments are won by husbands with their wives.

This past week, I had a confrontation with both. Nothing violent mind you. Merely an expression of opinions, for and against.

In the first, I was the winner. A major personal victory for the cause of all parenthood.

In the second, I lost - badly. The initial debate concerned an 'old phobia of mine or 'hang-up' as the kids call it today.

It's long hair - a 'style' trend with so many young guys that I thoroughly detest.

Now don't get me wrong, I've nothing against the lad with well-brushed locks to the top of his collar, but that 'peek-a-boo look', like a Cotswold sheep - uh, uh, it has to go.

So it was, at the noon-day meal, Friday, I turned to son Barry, now 8, and suggested he take a quick trip to the barber after school.

What a shock!

"Do I have to?" he asked, wrinkling his forehead into furrows of total disgust.

For a moment I was speechless, then re-swallowing the last forkful of potatoes, I replied with a firm "yes, you do have to."

"But some of the others -", he protested.

"Never mind what the others do", I interrupted. "Would you rather look like a girl?"

He hunched his shoulders like he really didn't care.

But care or not, come four o'clock, he was off to the barbers lickety-split. And I've heard nothing more on the subject since.

So father, the supreme head of the house, had faced his first crucial sub-teen test, and had won. Hopefully, the trend in the next five years, will change back to brush cuts. To a boy of thirteen, I may not be quite so convincing. Only time will tell.

My argument in a losing cause was related to charitable donations. And while I don't consider myself a 'Scrooge', there's got to be a limit on a body's generosity, particularly a body with seven mouths to feed.

Our policy has been - something for everyone, but all organizations must be local. That is, they must assist folks in the immediate area, not necessarily Stouffville, but certainly the community.

It was again at noon-time when the door bell rang. My wife answered.

When she returned in a couple of minutes, she held a slip in her hand.

"What was that all about?" I asked, thinking it was Don Lehman collecting an overdue garbage account.

"Just someone collecting for Metropolitan Toronto Mental Health", she replied bravely, knowing full well the repercussions that would follow.

"Metropolitan Toronto what?" I asked, in a voice that disturbed the whole household, "you know very well what we decided on things like that."

"I know, but it was Miss -", and she's such a nice girl, I didn't have the heart to say no. Besides, I only gave her one dollar."

One dollar! It seemed like pouring a cup of water into the Pacific Ocean. Disturbed as I was for the moment, five minutes later, all was forgotten.

On Saturday, I received the following letter - or at least Jean did. I opened it by mistake.

It read: Dear friend: You are one of the lucky winners of the Mental Health Lottery Draw. We are happy to enclose your prize. On behalf of the Mental Health (Metro), Canadian Mental Health Association, our congratulations and thanks for your support. Sincerely, John M. Hannant, Executive Director.

Pinned to the correspondence was a cheque for \$50.

and-gold bruise that hits me like a spear when I cough.

Can barely manoeuvre the stairs, but apart from that, feel terrible. But good thing I'm a tough old nut. Scrambled out unaided, dripping blood and bad language.

It makes the transportation hang-up recede a little.