



The Tribune

Established 1888



C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor

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Editorial

Stop - Look - Listen

Twice each day, Monday through Friday, a fast moving commuter train travels between Stouffville and Markham on a rail route containing five level crossings.

None are protected by automatic signals.

Four of these are cross-overs on sideroads where, for the alert motorist, visibility both ways is adequate.

A fifth, on the Ninth Line of Markham, is a definite hazard, particularly for southbound traffic in the morning. The dayliner should - and we repeat, should

pass this point about 7:10 a.m. However, a few minutes ahead of or behind schedule can be expected.

In recent years, with only a few freights lumbering through the area, drivers have had little cause for concern. And most motorists, including ourselves, have shown little concern, sailing across tracks without looking or listening, let alone coming to a full stop.

This kind of carelessness must now end. For eighty tons of steel holds priority over all else in its path. Don't take a chance and become a statistic.

A judicial disgrace

Within the last month, cases pertaining to the former Village of Stouffville, have been transferred from the court at Richmond Hill to Newmarket.

This has provided The Tribune with an insight into proceedings there and the atmosphere in which these proceedings are held.

The Newmarket courtroom, in our opinion, is a disgrace. So disgraceful in fact, that we wonder how Judge Russell Pearce and his associates are able to carry out their duties so well.

The premises, on the second floor of the Town Hall, shows no sign of proper

maintenance whatsoever with greasy fingerprints on the walls, holes punched through the plaster and the woodwork scratched and chipped.

The neighborhood outside offers even less relief. On a recent occasion the noise of garbage trucks in the street below was so disturbing, His Honor had difficulty hearing and making himself heard. Such an environment in no way commands respect for the law or for those whose duty it is to enforce it.

There is some talk of a new building. Just when, no one seems sure. One thing is certain - it's long overdue.

Just cause for complaint

The York Police Association has signified its opposition to a Commission ruling that requires all former chiefs and sergeants to write examinations in order to regain positions held prior to the setting up of a regional based force.

In some instances, as we understand it, officers must submit to tests to retain positions held now.

Both requirements, in our opinion, are unjust.

We feel the Association has every right to appeal this policy and, in fact, would be negligent if it did not.

What, we ask, are the requirements of a competent police chief, sergeant and constable?

Is it seniority - experience?
Or is it concentrated study - a 'book worm'?

If the latter is accepted as the sole basis for promotion, heaven help the people, officers accepted, who must bow to and live under such authority.

The experienced man may be no Albert Einstein, but at least, he's human.

And that's what we need in York - the human cop.

Editor's Mail

The Tribune issue, June 3, published a picture of an Arabian gelding at Pine Acre's Stables, Vivian. We referred to it as a 'thoroughbred' and immediately aroused controversy on all sides. Some argued there was no such animal. Others felt the description 'purebred' was correct. We have since received the following correspondence from Mrs. Lee Wong, R.R. 3, Stouffville, that may explain the proper terminology. It follows in part:

Dear Mr. Thomas:
Further to our conversation, I have looked into the use of the terms 'thoroughbred' and 'purebred.' Originally, I had based my opinion on what I had read in books about horses and riding. For example, to quote from the book 'Heads Up-Heels Down,' by C. W. Anderson, the name 'thoroughbred' is often used when 'purebred' is meant.

Actually, a thoroughbred is a horse whose sire and dam are both registered in the Stud Book, and who thus traces his lineage back to three horses that found the line - the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian and the Byerly Turk. These three were imported into England at the beginning of the 17th Century and all thoroughbreds in the world are their descendants.

However, on consulting Funk and Wagnall's Standard College Dictionary, I found the following definition, 'thoroughbred - pure and unmixed stock' and 'Thoroughbred - a horse whose ancestry is recorded in the English Stud Book and is therefore descended from one of three Eastern sires: the Byerly Turk, the Godolphin or the Darley Arabian.'

It seems therefore that it is proper to use the term thoroughbred (small 't') in the same context as 'purebred.'

Your usage was then correct. My

apologies!
One way to avoid the whole controversy is to use the term 'Registered.'

Mrs. Lee Wong,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.

P.S. - I suppose only a horse enthusiast can become so interested in such technicalities.

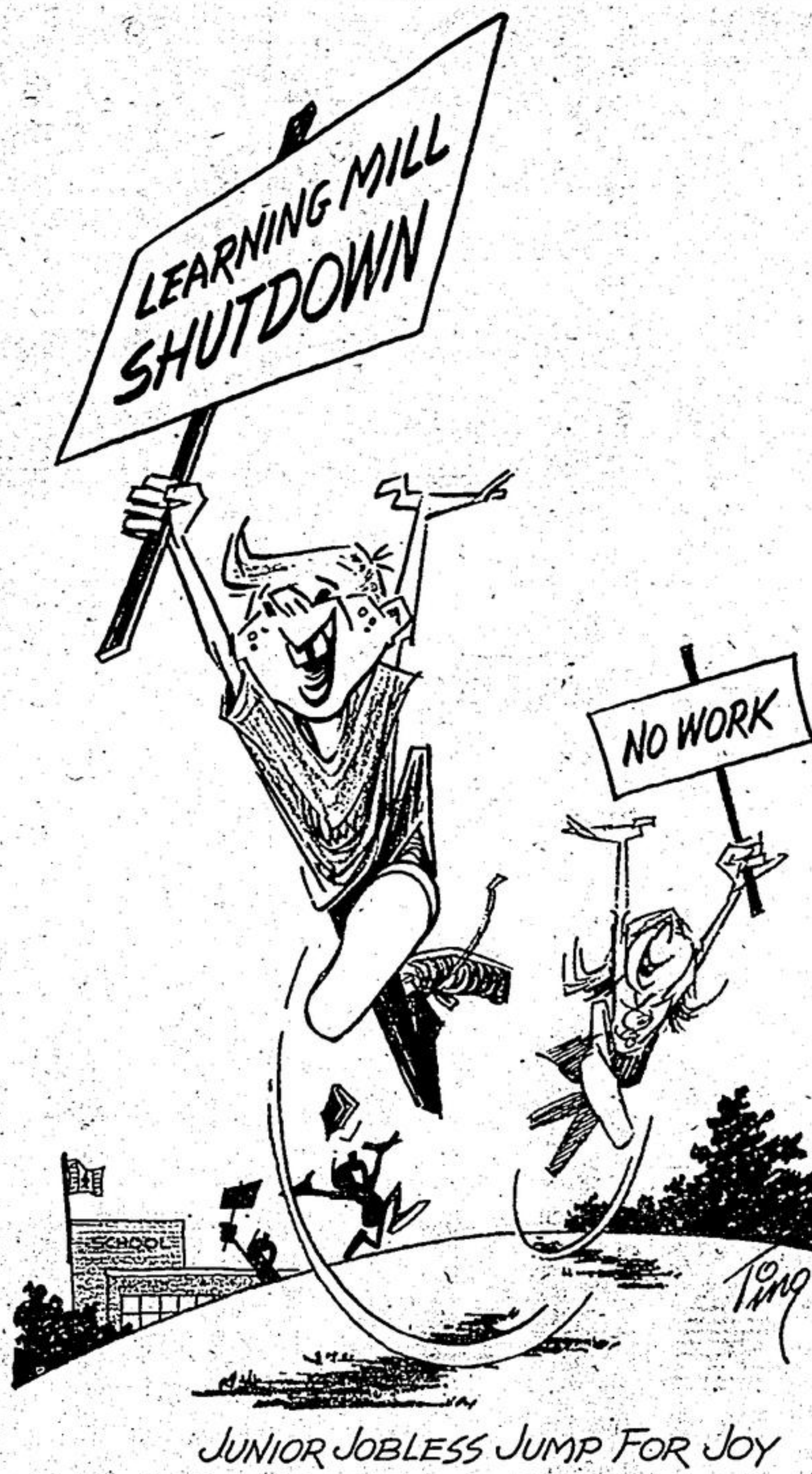
Dear Sir:
I am disappointed to think that your paper would downgrade a person trying to help young people (Bernie Smith) and upgrade four young people dedicated to communal living.

The influence exerted by the editor is obviously limited to The Tribune's circulation area and I'm sure that if a poll was taken among your readers, the latter would not necessarily be true either.

W. M. English,
R.R. 1, Stouffville.

Dear Sir
Canadian National Railways commenced its commuter service between Stouffville and Toronto, June 28. In making the announcement, CN listed one-way fare as \$1.45. Checking with CN Information revealed no lower 'commuter' rates are planned and there is no reduced rate for buying books of 10 tickets as is the case on GO Transit. For anyone travelling to and from the city, five days a week, this would mean a cost of \$14.50.

Only one train a day is planned, leaving Stouffville at 7:05 a.m. and returning at 6:20 p.m., almost a 12-hour day when one gets home.



JUNIOR JOBLESS JUMP FOR JOY



SUGAR AND SPICE

Time to call back the old junkman

BILL SMILEY

There's a lot of talk about recycling these days. That does not mean that great numbers of middle-aged people are going back to the bicycle in despair over traffic and their own wretched physical condition, although this is also happening, and a good thing too.

Recycling is basically the smashing up of such things as paper and tin and turning them back into more paper and tin, instead of the polluting of our countryside with such garbage.

It is common practice in many of the countries of the world which are outstripping Canada and the U.S. internationally. It also makes a great deal of common sense.

It boggles one's mind to think of the millions of tons of paper, cans, bottles and other reclaimable materials which head each week for the garbage dump.

There are several reasons for this vast wastage. One of them is that we have tremendous natural resources and we throw them away with a lavish hand. It's like living on one's capital. A second reason, obviously, is that industry is not geared for reclaiming waste. In many cases it's probably cheaper to produce new tins than to recycle tin.

For those who travel to the city by car each day, the average cost of parking is approximately \$1.50 a day, with oil and gasoline averaging about \$7.50 a week. This means the motorist spends approximately \$15.00 a week to commute, has the privacy and convenience of his car, and, in most cases, would have a 10-hour day. One can readily see, there is not much incentive to use the rail service.

Since the government has forced CN to provide the service, and undertakes to make up 80 percent of any losses involved, I predict the losses will be substantial, losses that will be paid by everyone.

Roger Varley
16 Pine Street,
Stouffville.

A luxury?

The interior of the Whitchurch Highlands School is beautiful - in fact, some first-time visitors might consider it luxurious. But at the graduation exercises, Friday evening, parents, teachers and students would have to agree, one absolute necessity was omitted from the contract - an air conditioner for the auditorium. At one point in the program, the interior became so unbearably hot, many folks were forced to leave.

Neither of these reasons is a valid one. In the first place, those "inexhaustible resources" of raw material could be exhausted in a few decades. In the second, industry should, and must, find cheap means of recycling manufactured materials into raw materials.

But of course it's much simpler to look at the immediate buck. It's much simpler just to raise the price of the product than to find methods of using disposable items over and over again.

Like everything else, the recycling business seems complicated. A local organization is raising money for a worthy cause. It is collecting newspapers. But they must be bundled and tied just so. And they don't want any other kinds of paper. In the meantime, I throw out five hundred pounds of books, which have a higher rag content than the newsprint which is being picked up. Seems silly.

What ever became of the old junkman? There was the ideal catalyst between the consumer and the recycler. The perfect middleman.

When I was a kid the junk-man was my chief source of income. A vast, genial Jew with a benign twinkle, he treated us as one business to another. There was little haggling on our part, because it was the only game in town, but on the other hand, he didn't try to beat us down.

Prices were established. Pint beer bottles were worth a cent, quarts two cents. He'd double his money on them. Old car tires were a nickel apiece. Paper and scrap iron were carefully weighed, and after a judicious pause, beard cocked to one side, he'd say, "I gif you twelf cents."

An enterprising kid could pick himself up forty or fifty cents a week, big money in those days. And if we caught a nice pike in the canal (this was before people worried about sewage and such) it was a bonanza, worth a dime or fifteen cents. But a meal for his family.

He prospered. And many of the big fortunes in Canada today started out in the junk-yard. The junk-man was an unrecognized benefactor to society.

During the war, there were tremendous drives for scrap metal and newsprint. It must have been used for something. Pig farmers picked up the food garbage from big military kitchens.

Why couldn't we do the same today? It would provide employment, stop wasting resources, and do a lot to clean up our environment.

I'd be perfectly willing to sort my garbage into waste food, bottles and cans, and newspapers. How about you? We could all be our own junk-men, and do a lot for our country.

ROAMING AROUND

Another landmark soon a memory

By Jim Thomas

It seems like only yesterday. We, as a family, would all be gathered around the old DeForest Crosley - the supper dishes done, the cows milked and bedded down for the night.

The big farmhouse kitchen was the centre of activity with Amos 'n Andy competing for attention against a review of the Pythagorean Theorem.

Nine o'clock was Treasure Trail time. It was also time for Dad to sit back in his favorite chair and light up his pipe. But then the discovery - the height of all tragedies - no tobacco. It posed a problem as comforting as an oil-less lamp in the middle of a thunderstorm.

The only solution - get some. "Jump on your wheel and slide over to Graham's Store," my Dad would say, "Pick me up a package of Old Chum."

I needed no urging. For a bike ride to Markham for me then was probably more exciting than a trip to Toronto for kids today. And Graham's Store, every bit as interesting as Eaton's. Perhaps more so. For at least, they knew me there - well, perhaps not my first name, but at least it was Herb Thomas's boy from over on the Ninth.

I can still recall the nice wholesome smell that permeated the inside, although I never did figure out its source. Very likely, it was a combination of many things. For the stock included almost everything.

The store was a busy spot, people coming and going, a few standing to talk awhile. For some, like myself, the mission was an emergency - a one-item purchase. For others, it was a weekend order.

But friendliness across the counter was never measured in dollars and cents. It was ladled out as liberally as jellybeans and humbugs.

I could have stood around for an hour. But my Dad and Old Chum had a more limited period of accepted separation. Thirty minutes was time enough to pedal the distance there and back. Anything over and likely as not he'd be meeting me half way. And the old bike seat was hard enough without a sore bottom to boot.

Graham's Store has a history that dates back to 1892 - seventy-nine years.

It was built by Aretus Urmy, an 1830 native of Whitchurch. He and his wife, the former Judith Wismer, farmed on the 7th of Markham, later selling the property to Tillman McDowell. A son, Albert assisted his father in the store and also taught in the Mt. Joy Public School. That site is now the Markham Museum where this bit of history is recorded.

The late A.P. Graham purchased the business from a Mr. Rodd in 1915. A son, Earl joined his father three years later. His wife, Nelda has carried on since her husband's passing in 1958.

But all this will soon end. For the property has been sold. The purchaser, Norman McLeod of Toronto plans to turn the store into an antique shop.

I called in, Saturday. Nothing seemed changed - at least not really changed. Some of the shelves appeared a bit bare, but this was intended. A clearing sale of products was in progress.

Nelda took time to reminisce a little. "At one time, 220 people picked up their mail here," she said, "our hours were 8:30 to 7 and often until 11 on Saturdays. Then the war came and early closing was ordered to conserve power."

"The town's changing," Nelda continued, "there was a time when I knew everyone on the street. People's shopping habits change too."

But a few of the North Markhamites have remained loyal - like Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reesor, Mr. and Mrs. Russ Beare, Ken and Mary Deffett and the Snowball family next door.

"Folks seem to like the plazas, they want a variety. If they run out," she continued, "they walk to the corner store for a jug of milk. But it takes more than that."

I then made my purchase - two boxes of Shreddies and two boxes of Grape-Nut Flakes, feeling my neck a little as I left. No, corner stores can't exist on sales of breakfast cereal or Old Chum pipe tobacco either.