


**The Tribune**  
Established 1888



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## Editorial

### Legal or not ?

The alleged dumping of refuse in a gravel pit area, west of Bloomington, has been reported to members of Whitchurch-Stouffville Council.

The Tribune has also received several calls on the same matter and while foreign materials are definitely being deposited there, no one in authority has actually caught them in the act.

What we wonder is - how serious is

Council about having its bylaw enforced? Do members fear it will not stand up in court?

And if not, could the Town be turned into another cesspool site for Metro?

It's time the Town took a definite stand on this issue - enforce the bylaw to the letter of the law or scrap it in favor of something that can be enforced.

### A sign of better times

While opposition parties at the federal level, continue to flail the Trudeau Government over problems of unemployment, locally the picture is much improved.

The management of Stouffville Machine and Tool Limited reports the re-hiring of fifteen men and more are required to keep pace with job orders.

For this firm at least, it's a sign of better times.

Elsewhere also, business appears on the upswing, although in some lines, the trend is to 'make do' rather than buy.

During the spring and mid-summer recession, there were 'cries' across the

country as supplies outstripped demand and layoffs occurred.

Such was not the case in Stouffville. Employees took the news in stride and went out looking for other work - any work, until the word should come for them to return. These kind of people are to be commended.

There is still the thinking among many that those who holler the loudest are the ones least interested in finding employment to tide them through such stormy times.

However, it is difficult to assess how any one of us would react unless faced with a similar situation.

### Scraping the bottom of the barrel

The Ontario Liberal Party is surely scraping the bottom of the vote-catching barrel, in making the Separate School grant rejection, an election issue.

The same goes for the N. D. P.

What do leaders Nixon and Lewis hope to gain through this? Certainly not the Premier's post. For, if we read the majority of Ontarians correctly, and we sincerely hope we do, they will not be drawn into any 'war' for the sake of religious convictions or Party affiliation.

An indicator of this, was the conclusion reached at a recent Separate School trustees' conference held in Toronto and

explained to the York Board by its Chairman, Eugene Jacobs. "The tenure of the conference was," Mr. Jacobs said, "that the grant rejection (Gr. 11-13) should not become an election issue".

Here, in our opinion, out of potential chaos, comes a policy of common sense. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the Liberals and the N. D. P.

We predict that this 'plank' in the opposition's platform will backfire in the next Provincial election. And instead of providing the vote-catching power they so sadly require, it will sink them deeper into the slough of despond.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

In answer to your article "A Haven or Hangout Residents Wonder". Yes, one person, a teenage girl did fall off the dam and was seriously cut on both of her feet, caused by the broken glass in the area.

A number of her friends, including two of my daughters, brought her home to our house, as she was staying with us at the time. Approximately ten of the teenagers who brought her home were not under the influence of drugs or alcohol. I drove the girl to the hospital and she was treated for cuts and shock and no traces of drugs or alcohol were present.

Every week, we are visited by some twenty-five to thirty-five teenagers. A lot of them make our place their second home. Sure, some times they get noisy and I yell at them, but they keep coming back. None of these kids have been on drugs while at our home and as far as I am concerned these kids do not take drugs.

My wife and I are concerned about drugs and as far as I can determine a lot of this drug business is just talk to try and impress their friends.

Sure I know these kids should not be out at that hour of the morning. A lot of the parents including my wife and I did not know that the kids sneaked out late at night to go to the dam. But, are you too old to remember what you did when you were young?

While I am on my soap box let me ask you what this town does for these teenagers - NOTHING.

So, until the kids find something else to do they are welcome in our home anytime.

So, in closing, may I offer some advice, open your eyes and ears before your mouth!

C. W. Jones  
Elm Road  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

In your editorial "The One Church" you noticed the joint meetings of the Stouffville Presbyterian and United Churches. And you propose we should have one church only.

You could mention the volunteer helpers at nearby camps or at Toronto Mission Works and medical and social workers all over the world who, without being disloyal to their particular church worship together every day.

If Christians love one another and serve the same purpose must they therefore meet in the same place? You may as well say, because everybody likes a menu for dinner we should have only one restaurant in town or because everyone needs gas and oil for his car, we should have only one gas station.

Furthermore, if you know that people need to worship you should also realize that people have different ideas about whom to worship and how. You may be devoted to the Gods of sports and recreation. This means that you won't spend much time in art exhibits and museums. People who worship God will not spend much time in places where people worship man.

We see different churches and denominations because we see different people. We may wish everybody had our own skin color and spoke our own language. However, though others belong to different races and nations they are still human beings and share our own experiences. Just so, the Church of Jesus Christ has always been one, and is one to all eternity. At least for him who has eyes to see and ears to hear.

Volker Klau,  
Elm Road, Stouffville.



**SUGAR AND SPICE**  
Things to do  
if one year to live  
By BILL SMILEY

Don't worry. Not me. I hope to live for at least two, or even three years more.

But I sometimes wonder what I would do if I were told that I had exactly one year to live. And I'd like you to think about what you would do.

This is not a new theme, but it's always an interesting one when it comes up in fiction or philosophy or just a plain gab-fest.

Let's suppose. Suppose you have been to the doctor and have learned that you have a fatal illness (make up your own) and will die in approximately one year. You won't be sick or in pain until the last hour and you'll go out quickly.

How would you spend that year? What you would do would certainly reveal very clearly what sort of person you really are behind that facade that most of us wear daily.

There would be the initial shock, of course. Humans have some weird idea that they are immortal, until they finally are stricken by some deadly illness. But after the shock wore off? Then we'd see a separation of the men from the boys, the sheep from the goats.

Some people would become constant whiners. "Why does God have to do this to me? I've contributed to charity". And so on. Some of these would become so bitter they would turn against God, their friends and relatives. A pretty sour way to go.

Some would be so depressed they would crack up mentally and become vegetables. Others would adopt a fatalistic epicureanism (if there's such a thing). Their attitude would be, "If I'm gonna go, I'm gonna enjoy it". They would escape into alcohol, drugs, sex; not necessarily in that order.

Some people would become instant Christians or whatever. They would be filled with a terrible fear of the after-life, and would spend their twelve months on their knees, in church, and desperately doing "good works" in an effort to make up for all the bad works they had done in the rest of their lives.

Now, not one of us, gentle reader, would fall into any of those

classifications. Question is, where would we fall?

First decision I would make would be not to waste one second of that year. If every second in the year were used fully, the one year could be more rewarding than all the previous ones put together.

Next, I would make a superb effort to love my neighbour as myself. This is a tough one. In the first place, it's extremely difficult to love oneself. Most of us seem to, but many of us secretly despise ourselves. In the second place, some of us have appalling neighbours (we don't). But I'd have a good whack at it, not as a "hedge" to make sure of getting through those pearly gates, but because I believe in it. Good old love.

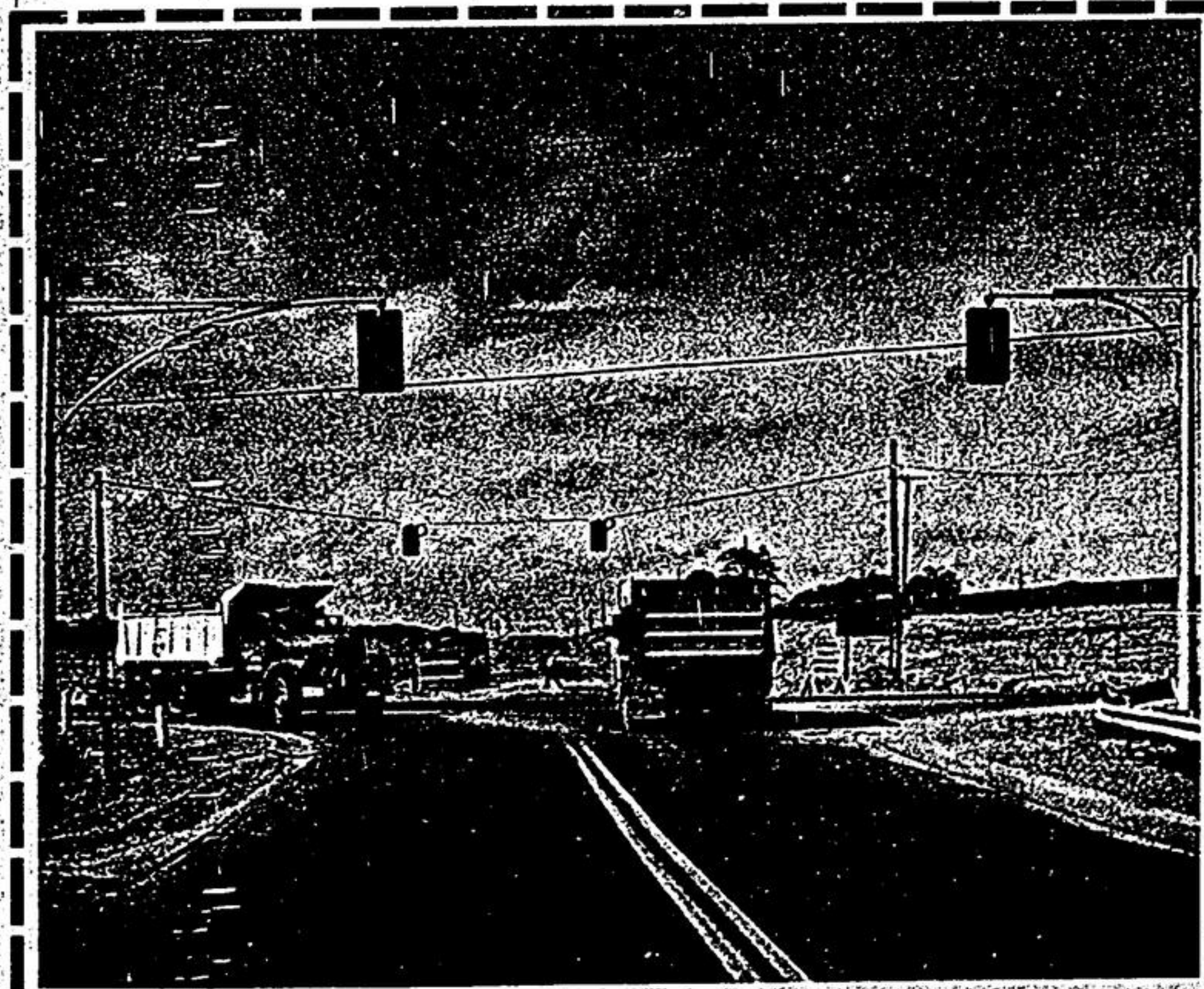
My first action would be to divest myself of all material possessions, except a toothbrush and a few clothes. Would even get rid of my razor. The proceeds? I wouldn't give them to the poor. The hell with them. They can go on welfare, and it would be only a drop in the bucket anyway. And I wouldn't leave them to my family, either. They could go to work for a change.

I'd quit my job, take the whole \$500 of my estate in one-dollar bills, and burn them, one at a time, to the screams of anguish from on-lookers. That would be cutting the umbilical cord of the system and I'd be free for the first time in many years. Then don the knapsack, pick up the begging bowl (a wooden salad bowl) and take off.

I'd see every inch of Canada I could see, and I would savour every sight, sound, taste, touch and smell (even whiskey-breath and onions) I could come in contact with in this most wonderful of worlds. Might die in a ditch, but what's the difference?

How about you? Put down carefully and briefly what you think you would do with a year to live. Send it to your local editor. I'd like to reprint some of your ideas.

Hey! I might even get a divorce, remarry, and make some other woman's life miserable for a year. Just an afterthought.



**Signal lights erected at busy corner**  
Automatic signal lights have been erected at the intersection of the Bloomington Road and Hwy. 48. The project was completed after Mayor Ken Laushway brought the matter to the attention of Regional Council. By safe-guarding the corner, the Mayor hopes heavy gravel truck traffic may be withdrawn from Main Street, Stouffville and South Road, Musselman's Lake. —Jas. Thomas.

## ROAMING AROUND

### Something missing on Main Street

By Jim Thomas

It was last Saturday afternoon in Stouffville.

The highway was crammed with cars, many families taking advantage of the warm weekend for a late-summer jaunt to the cottage.

For them, the town's Main Street is really nothing - nothing more than an additional ten minute delay between where they left and where they're going.

For city folk, bound for the cottage country, seldom stop to talk - unless, of course, the driver makes a right turn at the wrong intersection. Then, and only then, will he tend to seek assistance from one of the sidewalk natives.

Townfolk, believe it or not, kind of enjoy this. It gives a local yokel a sense of superiority. For it's not every day a country bumkin can tell a city-slicker where to go.

To me, it's too bad more of these urban oriented residents don't take the time to stop and visit awhile. They might learn something. After all, the way they're growing, they'll soon be part of us anyway. And sooner or later, they'll have to fit into our way of life.

If they had stopped Saturday, or even looked, they would have noticed a sizeable lineup of senior citizenry congregated in front of a shop known only as 'Shiners'.

Mind you, such a scene is by no means unusual. For there's seldom an hour that someone isn't standing or seated there. And, with all respect to Council, much of the Town's business, past, present and future, is conducted from this site.

With the change in seasons, from late fall to early winter, the gentlemen simply move indoors to what is commonly called 'Shiners Back Room'. There, tales are told and re-told. And some, I suspect, even originate there. They'd fill a book - a best seller.

"Why, I mind the time up near Goodwood, a bunch of us were raisin' a barn -", recalls big Morley, slapping his right knee and sending a shower of cigarette ashes about the worn wood floor.

That's only the start. The stories go on and on, each one that follows, more humorous, more exciting, more unbelievable than the one before. On occasion, The Tribune would do well to set up its news office there or, better still, bury a tape recorder in the old coal-box just back of Morley's favorite chair. The circulation would soar.

I suppose every town in Ontario, at one time or another, has had a 'Shiner's Back Room'.

But they're disappearing fast. And it's too bad.

For nothing will ever replace it - the place, the people and the stories they tell. It's part of our past.

But what is its future?

If you read The Tribune carefully, last week, you may have spotted this small item on Page 4. It read: "Mr. K.R. 'Shine' Davis announces that his Main Street Tobacco Shop will be closed Sept. 13, until further notice."

A hand-printed sign on the front door says the same.

So now you may understand why the members' meeting, Saturday, held special significance. It was the last adjourned sine die, until the chairman of the board is completely well again.

In recognition of what 'Shiner's Back Room' has meant to Stouffville, we dedicate this poem.

The shop is unpretentious  
At No. 11, Main  
The paint is chipped, the floor is bare,  
A simple store and plain.

So much more than just a place  
Where things are bought and sold,  
It's here that friends meet face to face  
And many a tale is told.

Regular every afternoon  
When there's nothing much to do,  
The menfolk gather at Shiner's shop  
To spend an hour or two.

But the years flash by in restless haste  
Too soon the lights grow dim,  
Silence comes to Shiner's Place  
All quiet from within.

But soon, he's back, completely well,  
The tales again we'll hear.  
Let 'life' return to Shiner's Place  
This is Stouffville's prayer.