

The Tribune
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Editorial

Police office needed here!

A meeting between the Stouffville Businessmen's Association and York Region's Police Chief, Bruce Crawford, was held Tuesday evening.

At this time however, we cannot comment on what, if anything, was accomplished, since our editorial deadline is Monday.

We can offer one recommendation that we sincerely hope will be considered by the Chief. That is - re-establish a branch police office on Main Street.

When the 5-man force was removed from the former Village of Stouffville, last spring, many feared the result.

So did we. But it's unfair to criticize a plan before it's been put into practice. It's now had a fair trial and the results, it's safe to say,

are obvious to everyone. This area is not receiving the police protection it needs and deserves. And it will not, with operations directed out of Vandorf, let alone a further withdrawal to the Town of Newmarket.

During the past weekend, a stepped up patrol system was introduced here, but the efficiency of such operations is still subject to question. For indeed, while a cruiser is in plain view, trouble is non-existent. But let the officer return to Vandorf, for any reason, and the area is wide open.

To be specific, there's too much waste highway space between Vandorf and Stouffville, for an effective police surveillance program. The solution - move the police office here and close the gap.

Schools for community centres

Do the residents of Lemonville wish to retain their 48 year old school as a future Community Centre?

If so, they should say so - and soon.

Deferment of its sale has been delayed for two weeks, although tendered prices are now being accepted by the York Board of Education on eleven other similar properties.

The question arises however, should a school building, required by a particular community for public use, be subject to the same tendering policy as one that is not?

Whitchurch-Stouffville councillor Betty

vanNostrand says 'no' and we agree. It belongs to the section that built it and paid for it - in this case, S.S. No. 9. Many of the same taxpayers should not be forced to pay for the property a second time - at tremendously inflated prices.

But rather than become involved in a wrangle over legal ownership, we say that the school should not be sold at all. Instead, the title should be held by the Board and the property leased to the Town for one dollar a year.

In this way, if the community centre project should not prove practical, the trustees could then dispose of the premises by whatever means they see fit.

Excellent service

The Vance Ambulance Service has been sold. It will become part of a provincial government operation as of Oct. 1. The program as planned, is still not clear.

Regardless of how efficient the new system may be, it will be difficult to improve upon or even match the kind of service the Vance firm has provided in the last six years. We never once heard a legitimate complaint.

The same could not be said for the hodge-podge arrangement that existed

previously - drivers lost on rural roads, patients taken to wrong hospitals and arguments over pay while the dead and dying lay on stretchers.

Like life insurance, Bill and John Vance had a difficult time 'selling' the service to local municipalities, including Stouffville. But they were not discouraged. Later, the province entered the picture. Now, they're taking it over.

At this point, we can only hope that, for the sake of bigness, efficiency will not be sacrificed.

Editor's Mail

Dear Jim: Your editorial "Buyer Beware" is misleading and unfair.

It is misleading when you ask "Why... after ten years in business, is the fuss being made now?" If you had gone back through your files of the Tribune you would have found yourself reporting a 'fuss' compared to which this present fuss is a mild breeze. At the time of the licensing of the Go-Kart track the whole community stormed the Council chambers protesting the installation of a noisy commercial operation in our quiet countryside, and we were no newcomers. My wife and I were the only newcomers and we had been her for a quarter of a century.

The Council, as you apparently do not remember, turned us down in favor of a couple of very newcomers. Men who were elected to serve the people turned against the very people who elected them, and instead gave two newcomers the right to destroy the peace and satisfaction which our labour and our money had purchased.

The attitude of the council of the time was best expressed by one of the councillors in a terribly disparaging remark about our community, a remark which you yourself reported. At the time we people here thought that you were concerned about us. I wonder what has changed you. I have always enjoyed the sensitive columns that you write about people. I have especially enjoyed your writings about church and your religious experiences. Some Sunday afternoon I suggest that you come out to Wagg's sideroad on the second of Uxbridge and

write a column entitled "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

When the Council imposed this noise pollution on us most of us did our best to tolerate a problem that we could not solve. Unfortunately the human body cannot adapt itself to noise. Mr. F.P. Kirby, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Conservation Council of Ontario, writes in the Globe and Mail "Though amazingly resilient to most environmental changes, the human body shows no sign of ability to become conditioned to noise." Then he adds and documents a frightening statement, "Noise can be a contributory cause to almost every known disease in the medical books." In his final paragraph he says "Noise at 180 decibels will kill. Lower levels of sound may kill more slowly. Yes, noise can kill."

So much for the misleading part of your statement. The reason that you have heard no fuss from us is that we have done our best to tolerate a pollution that has now proved to be intolerable.

The unfairness of your article lies in the fact that as you berate recent purchasers of land near the go-kart track, so also you appear to show no mercy to the vendors of the land. Would you be happy, as apparently you would, to have owned that land and watched the value deteriorate to a point of no sale? Arthur Knight lived across the road from the go-kart track. At one meeting during that time in which you said nobody had made any fuss, Arthur (who was then a councillor) said "I doubt that I will ever be able to sell my



SUGAR AND SPICE

The ivy-covered halls of learning

By BILL SMILEY

Teaching in our school this fall has been a combination of walking the plank and running the gauntlet.

When school opened, about fifteen hundred kids and eighty teachers walked into something that looked as though the Irish Republican Army had been using it for a couple of years as a testing ground for bombs.

A new addition, about the third since I came here, was in its glorious death throes. That means it might be finished in six months. It was begun a year ago.

It wasn't so bad during last winter and spring, because most of the construction was outside: brick piling and steel work. In fact, it was quite lively, especially in the spring, with the Italian workers ogling the girls through the windows and being ogled back, and drinking beer on the job, and yelling and laughing.

But during the summer, the termites, the inside workers, got into the mausoleum and the result, for a while at least, is complete chaos.

The termites are the electricians, plumbers, floor and ceiling men and others of that ilk. If you aren't tripping over an electric cable or walking through some fresh-poured concrete, you're liable to be showered with sparks by a welder working overhead.

The library isn't ready, there is no cafeteria, and the gym is not finished. These are pretty important areas in a school that size.

Did you ever try to teach poetry with a jackhammer blasting a few feet away? It's like trying to have an elegant garden party in the middle of a monsoon.

Did you ever try to teach anything in a

farm." Don't you care about us old-timers or the property in which we have invested all our savings?

Although I have commented unhappily about previous Township councils, I must add my sincerest appreciation of the protection and the services that recent councils have done their best to provide for their electors. So when you conclude your editorial with the hope that the Uxbridge Council will co-operate, I want to reassure you. In the light of their recent actions I feel certain that they will co-operate—with us.

W.R. Wees

ROAMING AROUND

Growing older

By Jim Thomas
The village of Brougham was once my beat.

I 'covered' the community religiously, stopping by every Monday morning, pad and pencil in hand, to pick up all the tidbits of news available.

Those were the days when I knew almost everyone - most by their first names. And if I didn't, Mary Mathews, the local correspondent did.

Regardless of how 'dead' the weekend might have been, Mary (Mrs. Mathews to me), always managed to glean a few interesting items out of the area. Mind you, the doings within the W. A. and W. I. sometimes were stretched a bit, even to the hymn numbers and who pronounced the benediction, but never once did she let me down.

On occasions, I would help her out, dropping in for a chat with Bob Miller, the hamlet's renowned softball star; Elsa Storry, known and respected by everyone; township clerk Lloyd Johnston and a few of the natives that often congregated in the shade of the big verandah that semi-circled the old municipal hall - a one-time tavern.

But a half-hour on a Monday morning was not enough. No sir, Brougham deserved better than that. After all, the 'village' was the recognized seat of local government and, for better or for worse, the community's identity was related to weekly occurrences within those chambers. Oh, the verbal battles that often went on there.

I can still recall one such meeting when Sherman Scott, then the reeve, and a very tolerant man, crashed his gavel down on the desk with such force, a lady reporter, seated on my left, screamed out in fright and shot two feet straight in the air.

There were a few laughs too. Like the hot and humid night in July when councillor Harry Ashton rose dramatically from his position of importance to answer the phone. His apparel included a pair of black rubber boots, turned down at the tops; a pair of red and white striped shorts; a white turtle-neck sweater and a brown undershirt, that stuck out in the rear like a Rock rooster's tail.

But all this is changed. Mary Mathews has departed to her just reward.

The municipal building is empty forlorn.

Even the protective verandah is gone. So are the local gentry that once sat in its shade.

I know, for I re-visited the community, Saturday - a bit embarrassed to return for a few hours, once a year. The event was the annual 'History in Action' day on the grounds of the Brougham Museum. I wandered about the Park where the parade chieftan, Noel Marshall was busy putting the entries in their proper place. I felt awfully alone.

But then - a familiar face. It was Bill Newman, high on the M. P. pole but still close to the common people. He extended his hand in a farmery shake and called me 'an old Grit'.

I suddenly felt better. Friend No. 2 - Doug Morden of Greenwood, driving the 'Miss United Appeal' float and mobbed by a bevy of beauties.

"Some guys have all the luck," I said. "Put my bid in two months ago," he replied.

Friend Three - Ward 2 councillor Jean McPherson, riding atop a wagon-load of grain. "How-you-doing, Jim," she called out, as the team clomped by. She had remembered.

There was Hugh Miller. He also hollered hello. So did Sherman Scott and Bill Storry and Mac Middleton and on and on.

All sounded the same. All looked a little older. As I was about to leave, a hand tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned around, and there stood the prettiest girl I'd seen all day.

"Remember me?" she asked, "you took my picture when I was in Grade 3 - nine years ago."

The only appropriate response seemed like 'WOW', but I quickly reconsidered. "You've changed," I said finally, "I mean, you look great."

"You've changed too," she replied. "I recognized the camera."

She didn't elaborate. She didn't have to. What a way to end a day.