

The Tribune
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Editorial

Member should be seen - and heard

The campaign managers for Bill Hodgson (Progressive Conservative) in York North, would do well to take their candidate out of wraps. Unless, of course, they feel he can retain the Riding without the help of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

Admittedly, the campaign in this area, has been anything but lively. So, in an effort to instil some pre-election interest in the community, we have recommended that at least one meeting be arranged here, with all three Party hopefuls in attendance.

This has been done. One before a student assembly at the High School and another at a Kinsmen Club gathering. Unfortunately, Mr. Hodgson cannot be

present - at least that was the last word from his campaign headquarters here. As a replacement, ex-councillor Jim McKellar has been commandeered to speak on Mr. Hodgson's behalf.

This places Mr. McKellar in an exceedingly tough spot. For he is not the one that speaks for Whitchurch-Stouffville at Queen's Park. In fact, Jim McKellar doesn't speak for anyone. Bill Hodgson does. And he is the man people want to see - and hear.

Local campaign managers would be wise to make a last-minute switch before the electorate starts asking embarrassing questions.

Police service much improved

Within the past month, there has been a noticeable improvement in the policing service, within the former Village of Stouffville.

We have observed it. Undoubtedly most residents have.

During this period, a cruiser has been visible on Main Street and elsewhere in the immediate area, almost continuously. And the problems experienced here previously, have noticeably decreased.

On two occasions within the last two weeks, we have personally requested police assistance, both minor occurrences. The response, in both instances, was immediate, leaving one to conclude that a patrol officer was close at hand.

There has also, we believe been a change in attitude on the part of local businessmen. The improved service has generated a feeling of confidence in the system - of co-operation with the officers that play an important part in the system.

Linking the three in one, Stouffville is now a much safer, quieter, more law-abiding community than it was two months ago.

This is all we were asking.

Show interest or else!

While the community of Bay Ridges lies beyond the southerly extremes of The Tribune's circulation coverage, the events that have followed the building of a \$45,000 Teen Centre there, are of local interest - and concern.

For, what has happened there, seems to be a problem affecting a large segment of today's teen generation; not just in one community, but everywhere.

First we had enthusiasm. The new building was the be all-end all. The financing of it would present no problem. Volunteers clamored aboard the band wagon.

Soon, disinterest set in, funds fell short

and the township had to dig into its general account to finish the job.

Now, it is described by Manager Spencer Coles as a 'hang-out' for those who can find nothing else more exciting to do in the area.

The conclusion to all this is an ultimatum - shape up or ship out! If a quorum of 100 teen members do not attend an election night meeting, Oct. 15, the Youth Centre concept will be dropped entirely and the project will be opened to the entire community.

This, in our opinion, is the only solution, to a very common problem. It's too bad.

Down the home stretch

Premier Bill Davis and his PC candidates began pulling out their "big guns" last week, as the present government leader announced a giant program to alleviate the troublesome unemployment problem.

Opposition speakers in explaining the move were less than convincing. The Premier has promised still further announcements this week to show voters that the present government has the economy in hand despite opposition statements to the contrary.

These are troubled times both economically and socially and the old adage of changing horses in mid-stream will undoubtedly stir many voters to consider whether this is an appropriate time to try out new and inexperienced candidates.

Leslie Frost and John Roberts proved able administrators and their image has cast a mantle of dependability on the shoulders of William Davis which appeals to the voters and which the Opposition finds it difficult to shake.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

A recent report in the Aurora Banner concerning alleged damage to Conservative headquarters windows, doors and signs headed: 'It Sounds Like a Frisky Fight', could be misinterpreted. It suggests that party workers are the vandals.

I would like to state that people who work on campaigns are those with attitudes of constructive involvement. Their spare time is dedicated to working and there is not time, say nothing of energy left over for pranks such as knocking down signs.

Reports are handed in at our headquarters of all signs that have been knocked down, regardless of whether they are our own or not. My son fixed the Conservative sign erected on the Ninth and Bloomington Road, which had partly collapsed. Similarly, we have heard of

the opposition returning the favor.

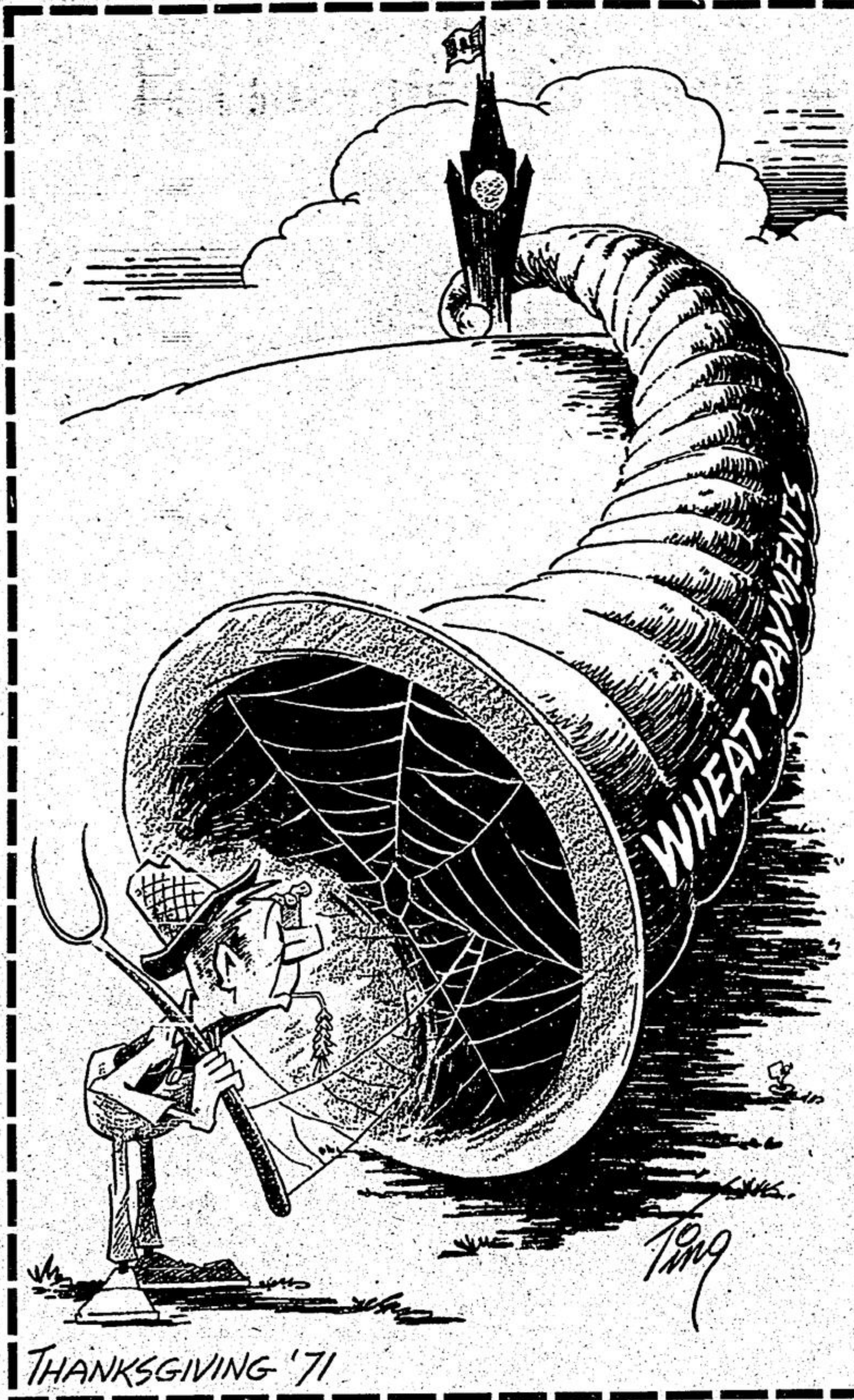
We do perhaps have less problems than our opponents, since our 'NDP' signs are located in front of properties whose owners have given us permission, and are generally maintained by those same people.

There are people with purpose who work toward a cause they believe in. Their efforts are often wasted because of others bent on destruction.

Bob Lewis,
Stouffville, R.R.2.

Dear Sir:

As a mother of a player on Stouffville's champion Peewee ball club, I wish to express my appreciation to the coach and managers for their instruction and



THANKSGIVING '71

SUGAR AND SPICE Bizarre answers to

"A year to go"

By BILL SMILEY



Recently I wrote a column on the subject of what the individual would do if he or she had one year to live. I asked for suggestions from readers and have received quite a few.

Perhaps the most interesting ideas came from a Grade 9 class. Their teacher had suggested my topic and asked them to write an essay on it. The results were revealing, touching in some cases, rather horrifying in others. I'll give you a sampling, reproduced just as they were written, grammar and spelling intact.

In most cases, the boys were brief and pungent. The girls tended to write what the teacher might think was worthy, with a few notable exceptions. They waxed romantic and dramatic. The boys were blunt and honest.

Grace: "About a month before I was to die I would go to a church every day talking to God and then later to a priest".

Lynn: "If I had one year to live I would quit school, leave home and go live with my brother in Montreal. When I died well I guess I die".

Debbie: "I would quit school and...go to Las Vegas because my mother and father...said it is the best place to go if you want to win money. After I go there I am going to go all over the world. Then I will go to the hospital and just wait until I DIE. But I will have a wonderful time before I go. THE END". Obviously a hedonist.

Cindy: "The first thing I would quit school because what's the use of getting an education if you don't have time to use it". Good thinking, Cindy.

Barb: "I would quit school leave home and take lots of money. Then I would

guidance all season long.

Anyone who attended the game, Sunday, or on previous occasions, could not help but feel proud of these young men, for their immaculate appearance and fine sportsmanship, on and off the field.

Although perhaps a little prejudiced, I feel Stouffville has just cause to be proud of this team and their accomplishment. Mr. Watson, their coach, has been a source of inspiration to our son - to all the boys. I hope they all can be together again next year.

One mother.

travel all over by my thumb. Have cops after me and get all kinds of trouble...".

Susan would smoke in front of her parents and come and go as she pleased with no housework or baby-sitting to do "and probably get anything I wanted, especially from my dad".

Bonnie: "I would like to leave school, leave home and go with a motor-cycle gang for a year...have cops after me all the time and getting in lots of trouble. And about one month before I was to die I would try to take a trip on speed and see what it really did. And just live in freedom".

Tom: "I would borrow \$5,000 and make a formula to blow up the world just before I died". That's one way out, Tom.

Jim: "I would like to turn 18 and quit school, start drinking, get my drivers license and start working". There's a combination.

Tom: "I would get leave of school and burn it all the way. And buy a snowmobile and a bigger boat".

Frank: "I would go to banks and borrow \$20,000 and go have some fun. First I would go and steal a car and smash it up. I would buy a lot of food and give it to Care. I would go to Toronto and steal a bunch of junk and sell it to somebody. I would get into fights. I would burn down the schools and factories". There's a nice, wholesome kid.

Steve: "First I would quit school. Then since I'm 18, go out and get stoned (bloody maries). After about a week recovery I'd buy a .303 and shoot President Nixon (good). Then I'll go to the electric chair and go the fast way".

Jim: "I would want to go all over the world with my wife also I would write a will leaving everything to my wife and would donate my eyes to a blind person". He must have a girl friend.

Mike: "I would like to drink, eat and live it up (have stag Parties, booze, lot of girls, food and money). About a month before I die will arrange my funeral".

As I said, just a sample, but it makes you think. I've used only bits, but there's a pattern. About 80 percent would leave school at once. About 50 percent would leave home. About 90 percent would travel around the world. About 60 percent think bank managers are philanthropists. About 20 percent are idealistic, and rest materialistic.

Rather frightening, what?

ROAMING AROUND

Rain - a Fair and pumpkin pie

By Jim Thomas

The success of any outdoor event depends so much on the weather.

And in the spring and fall seasons of the year, the weatherman can be a pretty fickle fellow - sometimes sunny and warm; sometimes cold and wet, usually one extreme or the other.

So it was on Saturday - Uxbridge Fair Day: Not so cold, mind you, but brother, was it wet - a real 'soaker' as some old folks would say.

Why then did I bother to go, you ask? The reason may sound a bit strange, but it's true. I wanted to taste a piece of home-made pumpkin pie.

Seventeen miles for a piece of pie, you ask again?

Sure, farther than that, if I had to. But I didn't, not on Saturday. I knew there'd be pumpkin pie a-plenty at Uxbridge Fair. Just in case you've concluded that my wife can't cook or I'm seldom home for meals or our rabbit ravaged our backyard garden, you're wrong. We haven't had a garden for the last eleven years; I seldom miss a meal (except on Tuesdays, Saturdays and Sundays) and my wife's culinary skills rank with the best.

The trouble is, I'm the only one in the family that likes pie. Consequently, the half I can't consume is thrown out. What a waste.

So it was, five minutes after I arrived on the grounds, I was headed for the nearest home-baking booth. The ladies there, the W. I., the W. A., the W. M. S. or the U. C. W. had undoubtedly anticipated a better day and a bigger crowd. They had every model of pie known to man, lined up, including pumpkin. I ordered two - pieces that is, not pies. They were fresh, delicious, fairly melt in your mouth. I could have contained another, but I hated to leave the Town with a reputation of a proverbial pig.

The price for a single serving was fifteen cents, pretty reasonable I thought. In fact, right then, it was worth double that much just to get in out of the wet.

Oddly enough, in spite of the weather, few folks complained. Oh sure, they talked about it, but that's what a Fair is all about. A time to get together and talk. "Shoulda held it last Saturday," said one, the water dripping off the end of his nose.

"Couldn't," replied his companion, "It was the Fair day at Markham".

"Wouldn't have made a bit of difference," replied the man with the downspout schnozzle.

"Sure would," answered the other, "I couldn't be here".

And that's the way it went. More laughter than lament - making the best of the worst.

But casual spectators, like myself, had it pretty soft. We, at least, could seek shelter, even if it meant using the foliage of a leaky maple tree for a temporary umbrella. But the exhibitors, the young kids with the horses and heifers, weren't so fortunate.

"If Number 24 isn't in the show ring within one minute, she'll be disqualified," called out the rather impatient announcer.

Yes, No. 24 arrived on time and twenty minutes later, she left, looking more like a drowned rat than a girl.

Like equestrians, politicians too are a peculiar breed. They were out in force, particularly the Liberals under the banner of Bob Timbers. Their fancy red and white hats, buttons and balloons were prominent everywhere - and impressive.

But if old Noah himself had of paddled his Biblical ark onto the Fair Grounds Saturday, it wouldn't have phased the experienced story-teller, of which Uxbridge has its share.

"You think this is a 'ad," said a well-known native, "why I mind the time we was fillin' silo up on Joe Harrison's place, the water was so deep in the field, the corn sheaves were fairly floatin'. And mud, clean up to the horses' knees it was. But this today, t'aint nothin' really, just a steady all-day shower".

No one argued.

No one could remember back that far. But one thing for sure. I'll bet the pumpkin pies of eighty years ago, couldn't hold a candle to the ones they bake today.

That's right - I purchased a third piece, then headed for home.

But I'm going back next year - rain or shine.