

The Tribune
Established 1888

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Editorial

A temporary parking site

No plans have been announced concerning the future use, on a permanent basis, of the Ratcliff property, Main and Market Streets in Stouffville. The site has remained sterile since the fire, Nov. 9, although completely levelled under contract, within three weeks. Unless an immediate sale is pending and some kind of construction anticipated soon, the downtown businessmen would be wise to lease the land for parking on a temporary agreement. The area could accommodate from ten to fifteen cars. Just prior to Christmas, the land was used for this purpose (squatter's rights),

but the ground was then bare of snow. It has been impossible to park on it since, a situation that could be corrected quickly, with a little work. The traffic congestion and parking problems in the downtown area on weekends, particularly on Saturdays, is terrible - and it's getting worse. But this is only January. Think of the weekends ahead. If the property is available and suitable maintenance is provided, an arrangement could possibly be worked out that would prove advantageous - to the merchant and to the motorist. Certainly, as the site stands now, no one is benefiting.

Spotlight on Minor Hockey

Minor Hockey Week in Stouffville begins Jan. 24 and extends through Jan. 29. It is timed to co-incide with Minor Hockey Week across Canada. The program here is tremendous, involving 480 boys, a record. The cost too is at an all-time high, approximately \$20,000 for the season. But it's worth it - every cent of it. Ask any lad. Ask his parents. Ask his coach. While the record enrollment is encouraging, the cost of the project is startling. To cover expenses through registration

fees alone is prohibitive. The Association must seek other means of raising money - dances, bottle drives and ticket sales. This week, 480 boys will be going door-to-door with tickets to sell. The idea is to encourage more people to take an active interest in minor hockey and last, but far from least, to assist in breaking even financially, at the end of the hockey year. So, buy a ticket, drop down to the Arena and see a hockey game. If recreation of this kind is not for you, buy a ticket anyway and be part of Stouffville's minor hockey program. It's a worthwhile investment in youth.

Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:
On behalf of the people who supported the petition to raise the speed limit to 40 m.p.h., on the 5th concession north of the Stouffville Road, I wish to thank you and The Stouffville Tribune for your support of our cause. We feel that your concern regarding this matter, and your presentation of it to the public, was of great help in bringing about the new bylaw that was approved Dec. 28, by Council. Also, we wish to commend the Mayor and members of Council for their prompt action in repealing the old bylaw, and instituting the new one. Fortunately, we have council members who are interested in the safety of our children.

of severe chest pains, putting me back in hospital. I'm still not out of the woods yet. Here's wishing The Tribune staff and all my friends in Stouffville the very best for 1972.

Theodore Nielsen,
'Sunshine'

Mrs. Wm. McGregor,
R.R.1, Gormley.

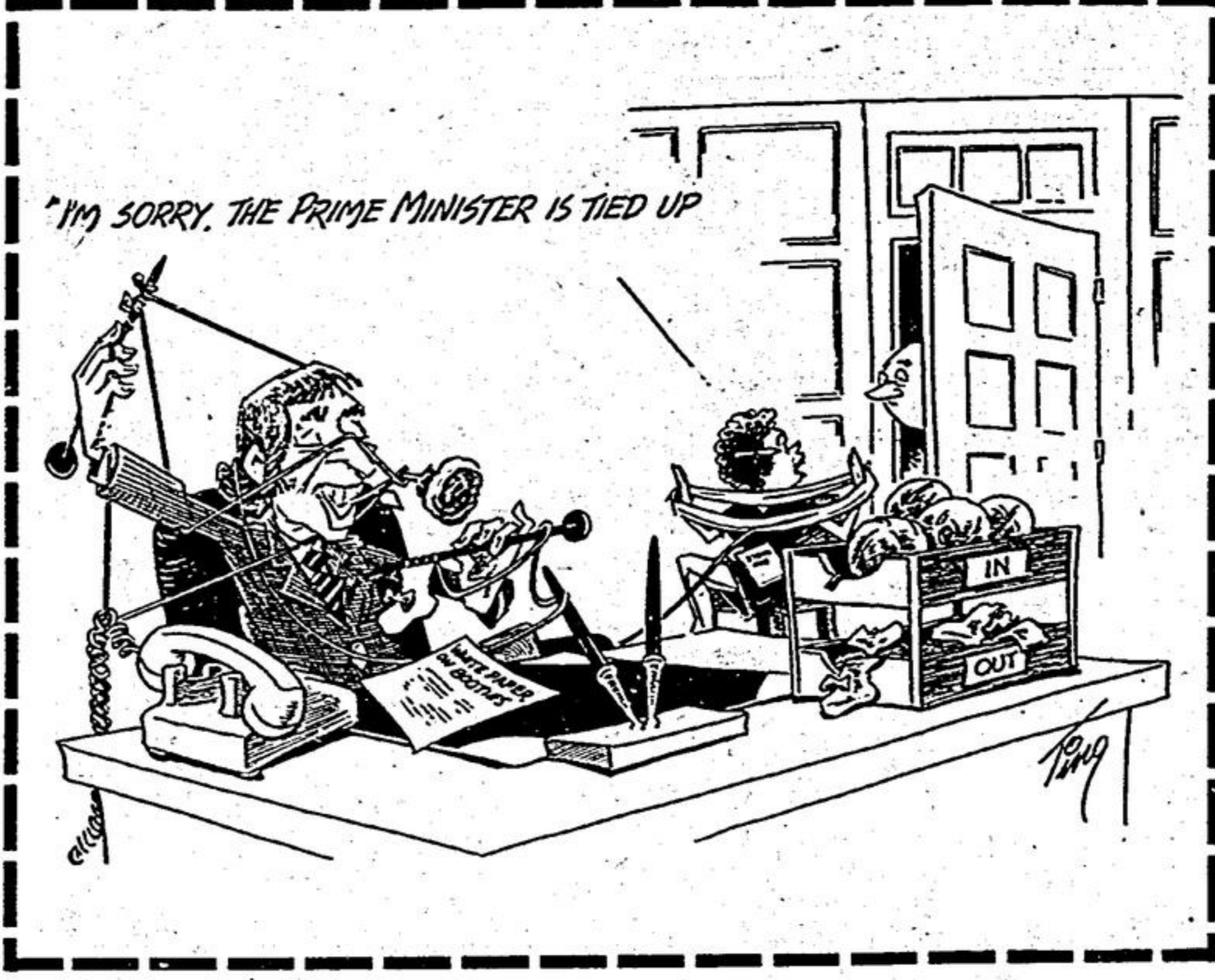
Dear Editor:
Could you please spare me a copy of The Tribune, for old time's sake? It has always been a great weekly. It must be close to 35 years since I saw my first copy. If you can recall when Mr. Talbot had the milk route, that was my first visit to Stouffville. That's a long time ago. In those days, there were people like Dr. Walter Sangster and Levi Forsyth, his wonderful wife and family. I remember when I contacted infection in my leg. Dr. Sangster wasted no time. One quick look and he had me in his car. I tell you, that Oldsmobile really 'burned up' the pavement. At Brierbush Hospital, he introduced me to the nurse, saying "they call him 'Sunshine', he hasn't any money, but he needs attention, so take good care of him". The memory of Dr. Sangster lingers. I'm sure he often went out of his way to help others. This old world needs more folks like him. I served as Santa Clause in Section H-4 of the 1,000 bed general hospital in Winnipeg. The patients, staff and even the merry old gent himself, had a wonderful time. Later, the head nurse gave me a wonderful lunch, a kiss and five dollars. I was disappointed to have to return to Victoria. The intense cold (25 below zero), was more than I could stand. I hitch-hiked to Banff and then took a bus to Vancouver. There, I suffered an attack

Dear Editor:
Your last week's editorial, supported by Mr. Niblett's article, (the Bremner Dump), reminds me of Mr. Trudeau and his guided Russian tour. As a cultured gentleman he did not ask what's behind the ornamented gates of "freedom" camps and his VIP's dignity would not allow him to use the side entrance. Instead he tasted vodka and caviar, saw no more and no less than the sweet-talking comrades wanted him to see, and became instant "expert" and admirer of Soviet affairs. Many Canadians have surprisingly short memories and lack of concern about future. That makes this country a perfect breeding ground for politicians and businessmen, and the hybrid specimen of both. Everything but everything for them rotates around business and the "almighty" greenback, that must be pocketed fast and plentiful. Should the coffee some morning have an oily taste, they would, probably, suggest you to drink Coca Cola or Pepsi, and rent the idle Bremner tank trucks and unburied drums to haul water from Lake Simcoe. In the name of business! Some more peculiarities strike an unbiased observer and newcomer, like the emphasis of wrappings over contents. The books here are usually judged and purchased by the front covers, and the facades and gates are photographed much more often than what's behind them. For obvious reasons, because the name of the game is - business.

A. Zakis,
R.R.4, Stouffville.

Deacon for leader

Don Deacon (York-Centre), is the obvious choice as Leader of the Provincial Liberal Party, writes Walter Pittman, in a recent issue of The Star. He then goes on to give positive reasons for his choice; reasons that have been obvious to many of Mr. Deacon's supporters in the Riding for several years.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Junk good for capital gain

By BILL SMILEY

Either I'm slowing down or life is speeding up. Probably both, which is one reason I'm so confused these days. The other reason is that I've always been confused. For one thing, the new tax legislation. It may be manna to lawyers and accountants, but to the ordinary, rather stupid Canadian, like me, it's like wandering around in a bog in a fog, blindfolded. What did I do before Valuation Days were announced? Nothing. I didn't have a clue where to start, and besides, the whole thing had about as much fascination for me as a January sale. Now I discover that I should have valued some of my precious antiques and stuff, so that I could pay taxes on them when they increase in value. Well, I haven't any stamp collections or coin collections or paintings that are going to increase in price steadily. I don't have a summer cottage, which seems to be a bad thing to have, according to the papers. But I do have some antiques. There's the violin, for example. It's an authentic hand-made instrument. My Uncle Tom made it about forty years ago, and somehow it came into my possession. No one in the family has played it, because there is only one string, the bridge is broken and the frame is slightly warped. Therefore, it's not just junk but almost pristine, and surely is increasing in value daily. The case in which it is enclosed is equally antique, (I'd say about 1850 vintage). I definitely slipped up there. That thing could be worth as much as \$38 in ten or twelve years, and I got it for nothing. How much will a rapacious government snatch from me in capital gains for that? And the beds, of course. They are genuine antiques. My mother bought them at an auction sale, and they must have been 100 years old then. We inherited them, and they're probably priceless by now. How about my hip waders? If they're not antiques, I'll eat your hip waders. They're so old I can't remember when I bought them, and they are full of genuine holes, just like old furniture. And where does my wood-pile come in? One of my oaks blew down last summer, and I had it cut into firewood. Now I didn't pay for the oak when I bought the

property, and I have about \$35 worth of wood there. Do I pay capital gains tax on it? Enough of that. I'm becoming steadily more worried. I can see my entire estate going down the drain to the greedy tax collector. Something else has me just about as puzzled. It's the educational system. It's different in every province, so that you can learn as much in twelve years in Manitoba as you can in thirteen years in Ontario. That is understandable, because of the difference in climate (the only reason I can think of). But a whole new, frightening aspect of the black-board jungle is being introduced in my province. It's probably something the Yanks tried out ten years ago and found unworkable and have since abandoned. That's the way Canadian education, at its worst, seems to operate. Beginning next September, the kids and their parents choose what subjects the kid will take in high school. So far, so good. I've always been opposed to the old, rigid system under which you had to take math or French or something you were hopelessly inept at. I think there should be lots of options. But surely, this is going a bit far. The provincial government with the aid of federal help, has spent millions and millions of dollars setting up schools with all manner of equipment, especially in the technical departments. Different subjects, let's say English and History, will be vying for students so that teachers won't lose jobs. The History department will make its play by showing pictures of nude statues of Rome and Greece and the Renaissance. But I've laid my plans too. We're going to lay in a supply of dirty modern novels, and also give everybody at least 75 percent. Don't tell me that a 13 or 14 year old will choose anything except what he thinks are the "easiest" subjects. This could lead to courses in basket weaving, archery, or mope and gawbery. And what do I do if the principal informs me that nobody wants to take English next year? I'm not a bit worried. I am convinced I can cook better than some of the Home Economics teachers, and could fit in nicely there. I know the first four letters of the Greek alphabet, and could teach Greek in a pinch.



Photo from a family album

While checking through an old file at The Tribune recently, Publisher C.H. Nolan came across this picture, that could well have come from a Hoover family photo album. Many of the names are familiar: Back Row (left to right) - Mrs. Johnny Hare, (Sarah); Josh Hoover, Jemima Hoover, Alph Hoover, Mile

Hoover, Ludwig Hoover. Front Row (left to right) - Mrs. W.H. Meyer, (Tillie); Levi Hoover, Mrs. Joe Mowder (Lib) and Mrs. Nels Mowder (Lydia). The photo, while not dated, was addressed to Mrs. D.N. Reesor, R.R.2, Maple.

ROAMING AROUND

I apologize!

By Jim Thomas

Enjoy writing letters? Not me. I leave that tedious chore to my wife. But when I do take the time to drop someone a line, I want it to say something fairly important - at least something worth the price of an eight cent stamp. Such is usually the case, I feel, when someone takes the time to write a letter to the editor of a newspaper - any newspaper. Unfortunately, however, most writers wish to remain anonymous - not only to the general public (which I can sometimes appreciate), but also to me, (which I don't appreciate). So, into the garbage it goes, another wasted effort. But there are exceptions - an occasion now and then, when I lower the bars a little and allow an individual the opportunity to speak his or her mind on a particular issue, minus an identifying signature. Such is the case this week. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Thomas:
When are you going to write something nice about Uxbridge? In almost every issue of The Tribune, I read of you poking fun at some occurrence here. Sometimes it's the Council. They helped stop 'Century City' didn't they? And the washroom in the Goodwood Hall? Certainly, it's no more 'air conditioned' than the ladies' toilet in the Stouffville Park! And gravel pits, so what? There are gravel pits in Whitchurch too. You also have a place called Bremner's Dump! You write about our go-kart track, but have you ever tried to carry on a conversation with a friend on the Main Street of Stouffville, with dozens of gravel trucks roaring through? That's what I call NOISE. And you published a picture and the history of the former Goodwood Hotel. Stouffville also has a 'hotel', one with quite a history too. I also recall a picture of a substandard house, south of Coppins' Corners. But have you seen the many estate-type homes in Uxbridge? Some are magnificent. I could go on. Might I be so bold to suggest you remove your shaded glasses and view Uxbridge for what it really is. There's no other place I'd rather be.

(Unsigned)

I hadn't thought I'd been as critical as all that. On the contrary, I feel quite the opposite - and that goes for the Town as well as the Township. But don't get me wrong. I like Stouffville too. But I fear it won't be long before we're caught up in the menacing tentacles of an octopus called Metro (if we aren't already), and all those homespun luxuries, that Uxbridge folk still enjoy, will be buried under an onslaught of residential subdivisions, high-rise apartments and traffic tie-ups. When this happens, I'll be packed and ready to head for the hills - Uxbridge hills.

With respect to the letter from Mrs. 'X', I can only say that, for the most part, my comments were not meant to be critical. However, if they sounded that way, I apologize. Rather, I'm envious. For example - meetings of township council. It's the only municipal gathering of a kind that adjourns halfway through the agenda so the Road Superintendent can serve each member (and the Press), a fresh-brewed cup of coffee. Now show me political hospitality to top that. And the councillors, from the reeve right down - a great bunch of guys. Mind you, as a group, they're top-heavy Stanfield supporters, but I suppose, even in Uxbridge, there can't be perfection in all things. As for the municipality itself, looking past the 'Century City' blight, the gravel pit scars and sterile sections of blow sand, the scenic beauty is outstanding. How I'd love to own a chunk of land at Chalk Lake. But these are material things. They can be acquired with dollars and cents. But not the people. They are the same yesterday, today and (I hope) tomorrow. These are the folk who don't take too kindly to change - unless first assured the change is an improvement. That is why, new heated toilets in the Goodwood Hall should warrant some kind of celebration. Whoops - there I go again.