

# Editorial . . .

## Project Is Appreciated

The Stouffville Lions Club has added another gift to its lengthy list of park presentations in town with the installation of new swings in the playground fronting on Westlawn Crescent.

This project, ordered, paid for and installed with little fanfare is only one of many Lions Club promotions in Stouffville that too often are taken for granted.

This service organization is continually helping with donations of

park equipment and the club should receive full credit for its interest in the welfare of district young people. For this reason, we feel that every gift should be suitably inscribed with the Lions Club nameplate so that everyone, both young and old can know the source of its origin.

The Park Board, although acting within the limits of a \$3,000 budget, has been encouraged by this most recent Lions gift and proposes to add a slide and a sand box to expand the present facilities one step further.

## Laying It On Too Thick

Most reasonable taxpayers will go along with a pay raise in line with the times but a one hundred per cent increase in an employee's salary cannot come close to being reasonable. This is what the hike in pay for members of Parliament will amount to if they carry through their intention to have their salary increase with a \$6,000 tax free portion. This tax-free portion is the "deepest cut of all."

A previous government hoisted this \$2,000 exemption on the public to establish a precedent and give themselves unheard of tax preference.

We know it costs more for a

member to be in Ottawa now and no one would quarrel with some reasonable increase — but to load it on in this fashion in the face of promises of help for the beleaguered taxpayer is going much too far. The public has been thoroughly shocked that the members who just a few months ago were begging for their votes should now slap them in the face. None of them appear interested in seeing that there is a "law for all" and not "one law for one group and another for the rest."

Preferential income tax is definitely a sore point with everyone and one which, as we can see, few of the Members wish to discuss.

## Wrecking Yard Problems

Pickering Township Council has back-tracked on a previous decision to permit the establishment of a wrecking yard operation on a conc. 2 site within the municipality. We believe that the council members were "pressured" into an about-face on the project when residents in the area expressed resentment over the move.

We don't know how many times councils must get their fingers burned before they become wary of the complications that are sure to arise.

It wasn't too many years ago that Whitchurch Twp. Council found itself in hot water on a similar matter. They, like Pickering made a de-

cision one week and reversed it the next. Uxbridge Township members have also been kicked in the pants by scrap pile promoters and, within recent years have turned "thumbs down" on repeat requests.

As hard up for industrial assessment as most municipalities are, it is certainly no feather in their caps to admit a business that only tends to deteriorate all other lands that surround them. The would-be owners may describe their project in all types of glowing terms but in our estimation, a wrecking yard will never be anything but a pile of junk and a year-round eyesore from every direction.

## What's Sauce For The Goose

The weekend folk festival near Orillia attracted close to 20,000 young people to a public park ten miles north of the city. A number of Stouffville and district persons attended this program. They returned to town on Sunday with tales of wide-open liquor consumption on the grounds, the like of which they had never seen before. They noted that there were no incidents of rowdiness among the visitors but expressed some surprise that police authorities made no apparent attempt to curb the all-night drinking revelry.

One Stouffville youth told The Tribune that when he awakened in the morning and stepped out of his tent, the ground in the entire park

was literally "covered" with beer bottles. We wonder how many arrests or liquor seizures were made? Few, if any, we suspect.

This episode brings another incident to mind where district Provincial Police officers raided a picnic at one of the local lake resorts recently and charged several New Canadians with having liquor illegally in a public place. The parties were brought before the court at Newmarket and fined \$10 and costs.

We would like to know where a man's rights in regard to drinking privileges start and end. We feel that our laws should be enforced but if not workable, should be scrapped or revised. The Orillia episode is an eye-opening example of blind folly.

## Benefits of Walking

We have just spent a month and a half abroad where the benefits of walking are still very much realized. Whether it be in Britain or on the continent, hiking is a "big thing." To one who is more accustomed to riding than walking, the casual directions often given to visitors by a Britisher can be quite a shocker. "It's just down the road," is quite likely to be anywhere from five blocks to five miles. Weekend hikes by classes of school children are very common.

We notice that on this side of the water parents in a small community in Pennsylvania who have been driving their children to school

each day, have had their cars ticketed by the Parents-Teachers Association. This organization has decided that youngsters should do more walking and are trying to convince doting parents of the fact.

Certainly children need to do more walking, but we shouldn't stop there. A great many adults need the exercise and exhilaration of a lengthy stroll far more than the children who do get a certain amount of exercise at play.

Walking is recognized as healthful. It benefits the circulation and keeps one in trim. It not only aids in body development but acts as a tranquilizer on the mind.

## No Refunds Requested

If ever local patrons received their money's worth of exciting entertainment, it was at the wrestling match in the Stouffville Arena on Saturday night.

There are those who tend to pooh-pooh such shows and brand them as fake and folly but we would suggest that even the most lethargic fan would have been caught up in the thrills of Saturday's ring spectacle.

Close to 1,100 men, women and children crowded into the arena and even the absence of the ever-popular Yukon Eric failed to dampen the en-

thusiasm of the spectators.

For those who object to the brute force "vulgarity" of the heavyweights, the exhibition of thrills and spills displayed by the Midgels was more than worth the price of admission. Their antics had the fans in a continual uproar of laughter.

Promoter Tommy Nelson will attempt to arrange at least one more professional wrestling card here before the ice moves in next month. If another all-star cast can be scheduled comparable to Saturday evening's events, a repeat sell-out is assured.

## Alter Course!



## By the way . . .

Annie Ross

Like many another Stouffville resident, there are times when I am most anxious to get some mail off to the City, or farther afield, in a great hurry, and it has been a real mystery to me, just when the mail leaves our Post Office. So, (again like many other Stouffville people) I have driven across to the Richmond Hill Post Office in the evening, where I knew mail would be sorted and on it's way during the night. (Mail is picked up at the Richmond Hill Post Office at 3 a.m. and will be delivered in Toronto in the morning).

Getting a little tired of driving so many miles to post a last-minute letter, I decided to do a bit of Sherlock Holmes sleuthing and solve the mystery of the mails. Using great ingenuity, and with more than a little fear and trepidation, I craftily directed some leading questions to our Post Master. In a fine spirit of co-operation, he suggested I investigate the north-east corner of the Post Office for a revealing clue. After a little concentrated effort, there on the wall among notices and declarations I discovered the evidence I needed to solve the case . . . . a schedule of mail dispatch and arrival times! And here, my dear Watsons, are the purely elementary facts of my deductions:

Mails for Dispatch —  
for Peterborough, close at 9:20 a.m.  
for Toronto, close at 6:10 p.m.  
for Port Perry, close at 9:20 a.m.  
Saturday Mail closes at 5:10 p.m.

Mails Due to Arrive —  
from Toronto at 2:20 a.m.  
from Peterborough at 10:20 a.m.  
from Port Perry at 7:15 p.m.  
from Port Perry at 10:20 p.m.

Now, I can't honestly say I needed a magnifying glass to make this revealing discovery, but I can honestly say that I could visit the Post Office twice a day, every day for a year, and never notice this important information . . . . unless of course, I happened to be filling in time reading Civil Service job openings and requirements, boning up on regulations governing use and mis-use of Her Majesty's mails, and other similar data for light reading.

And so, I would like to make a suggestion, and hope the proper authorities see fit to take it seriously, to the benefit of all of us who are sometimes forgetful of facts and figures. Could we have the mail pick-up and delivery schedule posted near the mail slots (both inside and outside the building) or perhaps painted on the Post Office doors, both back and side, as reminders to us of deadline times? After all, when the office is closed and the staff off duty, information hanging in a corner on an inside wall is of no use to us whatsoever.

We can deduce from the printed schedule that any mail we wish to post during the evening will not leave our Post Office before 9:20 the next morning, and if there is any urgency we will still have to drive some distance to be sure of quick transmission. However, with deadline times posted in a convenient location, where they could be consulted at any hour, we would be reminded to get our messages written prior to the last dispatch time.



Rev. ROBERT H. HARPER

WIRE brier LIMBERLOCK

Three geese in a flock. One flew East, one flew West, one flew over the cuckoo's nest." While the foregoing, which we learned in childhood, may not be an accurate pattern of the migration of birds, the words do remind us of the line of wild geese winging

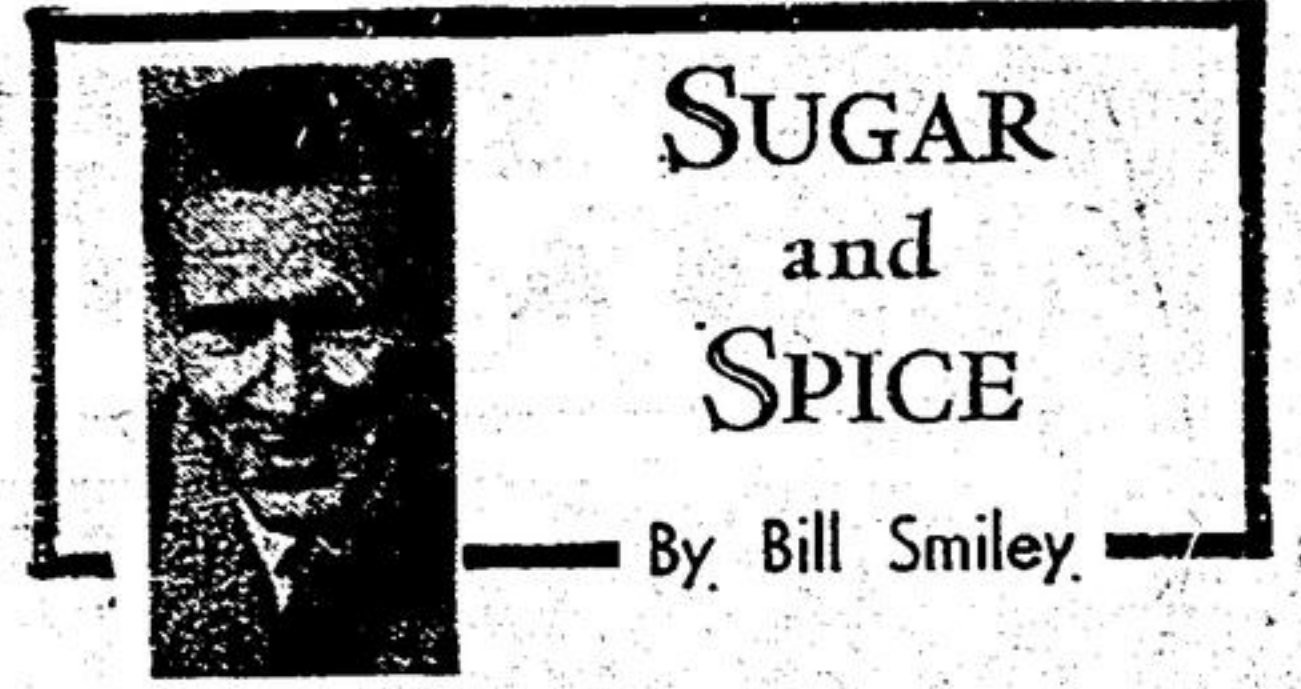
### JUST A THOUGHT:

Those of us who consider ourselves such outstanding judges of character might do well to "keep score" on the number of times we have been fooled by a "first impression."

across the autumn twilight, I confess to a boyish delight of memory as I recall the sight now seldom known.

Would you say the wild geese have the right to wing their way overhead, undisturbed, because their ancestors have done that from time immemorial? Certainly not. Who has the right on the continent of North America, anyway? After the Vikings had visited the northern part of the continent of North America, and an Italian sailing in Spanish ships had discovered an outlying island of the New World, this portion and that was taken in the name of some king as if the country in question were an unpopulated wilderness.

But you say there were people in this country before the European came. Did they have any rights? Well, they were known as wards of the U.S. Government and shut within reservations often in arid, barren regions of the West, a situation that long endured.



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Summer-time . . . and the livin' is eeeeeezzy. That's what the man said in the song. I beg to differ. Today, a typical summer day at the Smiley's we've got a girl going to camp, a boy going to the dogs, a dog going to the vet's, a mother going around the bend, and a father going to seed.

And the livin' is anything but easy. We have spent all our money except the last baby bonus and there's a month to be put in before we get the next paycheck.

Kim is in the next room, getting ready to go to camp. To hear her talk, in the preceding weeks, her fortnight at camp is the only oasis in the bleak and dreary desert which comprises the life of a kid going into Grade 8. Her method of preparing for camp is a familiar one to many parents. She's lying on her bed reading comic books.

Six weeks ago our son was an earnest Grade 11 student who practised the piano three hours a day, beginning at 7 a.m., did his homework, received a nominal allowance, went to bed at a reasonable hour, and eschewed the company of females. Now he is an orange-piler in one of our mighty chain stores and as a result, wealthy, a devotee of the midnight dance, and as lively as a log until noon, time to go to work.

Today is his day off, and he's down at the beach giving the teen-age tourist girls a treat, or he's tearing around in some delinquent's car, or he's trying to drown himself on somebody's water skis out in the bay. Who knows? His parents don't. We'll be lucky if he's home in time to eat his usual eight pounds of supper before he casually mentions that he's off to the dance at the local sin-pit.

As for our little black spaniel, Playboy, he's more confusing than anybody. Recently he lost an eye when he got smart with a tomcat. He was at the vet's for a couple of weeks, while the damage was repaired. Now each time he gets out of the yard, he vanishes smartly and no amount of whistling or bone-waving will recall him.

Ten minutes later, we get a call from the vet. "Have you seen your dog lately? No? Well, he's back again."

He has fallen in love with either the vet or some dimpled lady dog who was in hospital with him, because he goes haring off to the vet's seven blocks away, every time he gets loose. And he gets loose much too often. This week he fell frantically in love with a vast, tired, nine-year-old male boxer who was visiting, with friends. It was pitiful, Playboy did everything but sing Indian Love Call to prove his passion. The boxer was bored. Today the pup is sitting on his rump in the yard, glaring with appalling ferocity about his domain, while the black squirrels, cats and butterflies, secure in the knowledge that he could not lick a baby robin with both wings tied behind its back, flirt about on the lawn just out of reach.

Downstairs my wife is fussing and cussing over the ironing, the sewing on of labels, the searching for last year's sleeping bag. This is on the top level.

Below that she is stewing over the visitors arriving tomorrow, the fact that we don't know what time Kim's boat leaves for camp, and the realization that the new clothesline I installed at the cost of complete damnation of my soul (swearing) doesn't work worth a diddle. There are several other levels, deeper down.

Within the last hour, we've had at the garden gate several callers. The first was a vast, happy, plastered commercial fisherman, who wanted to know where the piano was. It was his birthday, and he caught a dozen lake trout. It turned out that a lady a block away was advertising a baby grand for sale. You figure out why a commercial fisherman, drunk, wanted to buy a baby grand.

Another apparition was a tourist woman. Her car had stopped just beside our garden. She said her daughter was a cyclic vomiter, whatever that is, and the kid had been in the hospital all day, and it was so hot and her husband was at the cottage, and she couldn't get the car started and wha-wha-wha, she started to bawl. I fetched a mechanic.

And just 30 minutes ago I received a call from Old Binker, an old air force friend of mine who is a rim-racked, brass bound alcoholic. Said he was in Elmburg (real name Elmvale) only 18 miles away and thought he might as well give me a hoot.

What else could I do? I asked him up for a couple of days. It was only after I hung up, and saw my wife's face, that I remembered our former rector and his wife had been asked to spend the identical pair of days with us.

Summertime . . . and the livin' is eeeeeezzy.

## Ted's Scrapbook

# Hair Does Nothing For People

— Ted Schrader

To put it baldly, I have no hair. There's a monk's halo that grows a milligram or two, but the part has less coating than most people's tongues. I regard my condition as a triumph for evolution. Charles Darwin would say I had arrived.

As I understand it, nature provided animals with hair to protect them against the elements, but human animals can protect themselves. Hair is a nuisance. It gets in your eyes when you swim and wind makes it quiver and dance. The advanced members of the species need no hair.

Reason for bragging this way is that most people blush and squirm when they permit their eyes to dwell on my happy state.

The other evening, a lavender-type lady, who takes my night-school course, observed: "Pierre Berton would look much better on television if he wore a hair-piece." Then she broke into giggling sounds and waxed a delicate pink. Within seconds she felt the social need to assure me that I had a handsome head, baldness suited me, and I was indeed a good-looking guy. (I wouldn't repeat her statements, except I am under oath to speak the truth.)

One day I was dallying with my coffee cup in a restaurant, when a preschool child sauntered up to my table, fixed his gaze on my dome, and squealed: "Look ma! He has no hair!" The mother scrambled down the aisle, seized her social delinquent by the wrist, and wrenched him to his chair. I assured the young matron that her child had done nothing more than make an accurate scientific observation and he did not deserve the opprobrium of the entire cafe. She blustered that she would smite her offspring when she got home. What a pity.

Even my barber blushes. I know I need a haircut when my neck itches. Nothing is more unkempt than an uncut neck. I now keep track of this need by going on paydays: the ninth and the 24th. My barber snips for three or four minutes, massages my neck. (my concept of sheer luxury), but refuses to accept payment. "I couldn't," he says, blushing. "I didn't do anything."

One of my journalism student observed: "If you would wear a wig, you'd look 25." Who wants to look 25? Except 21-year-olds.

When I emerge from the swimming pool at the university, other members of the graduate club search for combs. (One man said: "If you don't mind communicating bacteria, you can have mine," which sounded very erudite, I thought.) Not me. I don't even smooth my hair with my hands.

The only place I regretted being bald was in Southern California. I had been basking in the sun for seven weeks, and my head acquired the lustre of teak. The night before my departure, the apex of my head began to itch. In satisfying the itch, six square inches of suntan peeled off and I returned to Canada a blushing pink.

Hair does nothing for people and is a nuisance. I pity men who are on the lower scale of evolution.

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